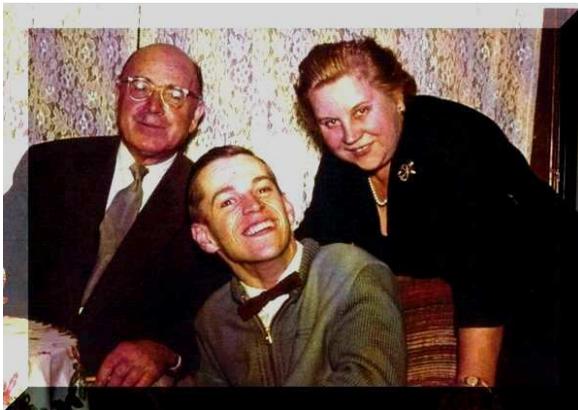


# Powers of the Spirit



**By Alfred (Freddy), Hosp**

## Foreword

There was nothing at all trivial about my decision to write this book. It deals, after all, with events that, as I now come to write them down, already lie more than forty years in the past. Nevertheless, the experiences that are reported in what follows made such a powerful impression on me that they permanently engraved themselves on what was at that time my very young mind. It seems to me today as if there is a kind of biological data storage unit in my head, with unlimited capacity. Interestingly, it is not only sounds and pictures that have been recorded, but all of my feelings as well, and even smells, and all of this remains available to me on demand. I was therefore able to relate "*My Experiences with Bruno Gröning*" in the form of an autobiographical account, in which I only touch on those events in my life that directly or indirectly relate to the phenomenon of Bruno Gröning and his activity, which were often just loosely strung together and not always in chronological order. Bruno Gröning was born in Danzig-Oliva on 30 May 1906, the fourth of seven children born to August and Margarete Gröning. During his childhood and youth, which he spent in his parents' house, he gradually became aware that he possessed unusual abilities that enabled him to exercise a calming or healing influence on people and animals. Even when he was an *infant*, heavily burdened people were freed from their afflictions, even chronic illnesses, in his presence.

In March 1949 he was introduced to the Hülsmann family in Herford. He was there to help their son, who was suffering from amyotrophy, which is precisely what happened. Mr. Hülsmann then widely publicized what had happened and a great crowd of people subsequently gathered outside his house. Many healings occurred, even spontaneous healings, and from then on until his death on 26 January 1959, Bruno Gröning was regarded as a miracle healer, quite *unjustly*, as I show in this book, while by many he was even considered a charlatan. On account of this great error in the history of mankind, this man, who only wanted to help, had to endure an unimaginable amount of trouble from official institutions and, as a consequence of the strict healing ban issued by the authorities, also had to put up with severe restrictions on his personal life.

So that his activity can be better understood, I want to emphasize here that this man, who had a deep faith, was striving to

reactivate the teaching of Christ in a powerful and natural way, and to reveal the possibilities hidden in our spiritual life. He therefore gave more extended definitions of the concepts of “Good” and “Evil”. Bruno Gröning started from the position that life in its healthy, harmonious state has a divine nature and therefore, to put it briefly, incarnates or embodies the good itself. But everything that disturbs this inner and outer harmony, such as, for example, bad character traits that lead to tension in the relations between people, or negative habits that spread through people’s thoughts and feelings and end up afflicting the body, was, in his eyes, evil, which endangers, then disturbs and finally destroys the good, and therefore the health of the body. So when he frequently said to the people who came to him seeking help, ***“It is evil that led you to me,”*** he meant to say that people only came looking for him because they were tormented by some suffering or other. It was therefore only in very rare cases that Bruno Gröning meant that the person he was talking to actually had the devil in his body and was therefore a man of evil will himself, though such things did happen.

As you read this book, please always bear in mind that, with every event or explanation you find written here, it is always a matter of real, actual occurrences, to which I have added further comment and interpretation only very rarely, to aid better understanding. Please also take care that you do not skip a chapter, otherwise the spiritual and logical structure of the book will be lost. Take all the time that is necessary for reading this book; although it is autobiographical and designed to be easy to read, it is no novel for which a mere superficial reading is sufficient. This book contains wisdom and wise words, which, if they are taken to heart, can serve as inner guidance for every spiritually striving person. So free yourself from the critical attitude that springs from a logic that is purely material and therefore limited, for it will make you blind and deaf to those things and occurrences that are not yet officially recognized but which exist nevertheless.

I have one more great request to make of all of you who are holding this book in your hands: As you read it, lay aside all doubting thoughts for the time being. Do not restrict yourself to one position or view of the world; if necessary, get around your logic by using the reassuring argument that you are simply following an exciting but

still worthwhile “fairytale”. In this way you will never fall prey to the compulsive temptation to be tensely alert and always on the lookout for counterarguments. Only in this way will you be able to give yourself to these wonderful reports of actual facts, undisturbed and without any inner compulsion; for it is only when logic AND reason become instruments of the heart that the truth can be ‘full-filled’. To give you a good start, then, I would like to place at the very beginning of this book a wise saying that comes from Bruno Gröning himself, which goes as follows:

*There is much that cannot be explained,  
but there is nothing that cannot happen.*



Alfred Hosp, im November 2000

**The author**

## My life before meeting Bruno Gröning

### 1933 to 1949

At last, I have decided to relate, *unvarnished and true to life*, and exactly as they occurred, all of the events that have left their mark on my soul and body to this day. There were several reasons for my long hesitation: Firstly, the following remarks deal to a high degree with purely personal matters and relationships, which also took place in the psyche of all the other people mentioned here. Secondly, after several decades, we now have clear evidence of the absolute truth of the things Bruno Gröning said, and, thirdly and finally, it is only now, as I look back over the course of my life, in which I *have always lived and acted in accordance with the teaching of Bruno Gröning*, that I can observe a certain ripening and rounding-off.

In the following text, I will only mention those incidents, circumstances and afflictions, both spiritual and bodily, that are, and only to the extent that is, absolutely necessary for understanding my experiences with Bruno Gröning. At this point I would like to ask my readers that, as they read, they *at no point allow themselves to participate in what is said with sympathy or even pity*, since my recollections should in no way become a burden to anyone, but, on the contrary, are meant to help in awakening the spiritual conviction that *there is not a single situation in life that is truly hopeless, provided we do not give up on ourselves*.

I was born on 1 March 1933 in Vienna, the first and only son of Alfred and Hermine Hosp. My mother, born in 1901, was a businesswoman, and my father, born in 1893, was a civil servant, who worked in the diplomatic service. My birth occurred one month too early, went badly and, on top of this, the midwife had the following misfortune: As she was unwrapping me ready for washing, I slipped out of her hands and struck the wash-basin with the back of my head, which caused a haemorrhage in the cerebellum. The effects of this for me were disastrous, and were to be decisive for the rest of my entire life. My motor nervous system had been seriously damaged by this injury to my brain, and this caused severe spastic disturbance and disruption in the functioning of my whole body, including the internal organs.

It is neither good nor sensible to go into specifics. Nevertheless, in order to understand my situation better, and the enormous improvement that subsequently occurred, a few details of my physical condition at that time must be mentioned. My understanding and intelligence, which, as all of my doctors attested, was above average, were fortunately *not at all* affected by my disability, though the immediate consequence of this was that I had to endure the painful convulsions in full awareness of what was going on. These spasms caused my arms and legs to jerk continually and painfully, and rendered them quite *unusable*. My speech was so distorted that only my closest relatives could understand me, and when a visitor came into my room I could hardly get one intelligible word through my twisted lips. To my exasperation, this, along with all my other uncontrolled movements, often gave the impression that I did not have all of my marbles intact. As a consequence of these motor disturbances, I was to be bound to a wheelchair for my whole life, and had to be fed and looked after like a baby.

In 1938 we moved from Vienna to Gallsbach, a quiet, somewhat remote spa town in Upper Austria. The mental attitude of the people who were nearest to me meant that, from 1938 to 1949, my aunt, my mother's sister, who was born in 1885 and looked after me lovingly, tried to hide me away as much as possible, something that immeasurably increased the inferiority complex that my disability had already brought with it. It was certainly not the best thing for my scarcely existent sense of self-worth that my aunt, whenever a stranger directed an inquisitive glance my way, would immediately and ostentatiously place herself in front of me to prevent any kind of contact.

During my childhood my mother had done all that was humanly possible to free me from this severe disability. She travelled with me through half of Germany and Austria to the so-called medical "authorities", though most of them just gave an apologetic shrug. One of them, for example, prescribed some drops for me, but after I had taken them for a few days my vision became blurred. Although I stopped taking the medicine immediately, my vision only slowly improved. Another doctor muttered something about experiments with pigs' nerves, which would supposedly be able to replace the damaged neurones in my brain, but, luckily for me, he was unable to

give any guarantee of success. The horrendous cost of such an operation, which in those days was very risky, finally frightened off my mother.

Yet another medical man gave my relatives the sarcastic piece of advice that they should keep me in complete isolation in a darkened room, in the hope that my spasms would die down due to the lack of all external stimuli. Significantly, the psychological damage that this kind of treatment would more than likely have led to did not even enter the equation. Nevertheless, the shattering diagnosis that was common to all of the doctors, and which my mother had to hear again and again, was: ***“Your son’s disability is incurable and, as far as we can tell, it will gradually get worse over the following years. He will therefore not be able to live without powerful tranquilizers. In any event, he will not live beyond his 20<sup>th</sup> year.”***

Unfortunately this statement occasioned the development of a ***fixed idea*** in my mother, so that, when Lisl, my nurse-to-be, came to me when I was eighteen years old, my mother urgently pleaded with her to make ***the last two years he had left bearable*** for her son. It is interesting that she never managed to free herself from this clearly false view of things, even after I had been helped by Bruno Gröning. For even much later, she would never make a will in my favour but would always say, “In the event of my death, she would have to rewrite her will again and so pay the lawyers’ fees twice over”, even though I was already forty-one years old at the time of her unexpected death. In this connection it is worth mentioning that, as I write these lines, the good and loyal Lisl has been looking after me now for fifty years. ***It is therefore essential to be alert to any form of spiritual apathy, even when this has come about as a consequence of a severe psychological shock.***

But now back to our time in Gallsbach: It was impossible for me to go to school at that time and so when, after 1940, I was of school age, despite my severe disabilities, I had my first private lesson, with a retired school-mistress. She soon noticed, however, that my bodily affliction also deeply affected me psychologically, especially when I saw other children of my age happily leaping around without any problems, whilst I...???

Gently but surely, this school mistress then introduced me, to my great good fortune, to *the spiritual knowledge concerning karma and reincarnation*, through which I learnt to accept the deficiencies of my life. Then, somewhat later, in 1944, Lilo, later my wife, came to stay with her friend, who lived in the same house as my aunt and I. She was born in 1921 and, as a result of a childhood paralysis, was also seriously bodily disabled, though she had sufficient use of her arms to be able to live and work independently. She now became my second teacher and gave me a good general knowledge. Lilo also drew courage and encouragement from a conviction concerning the reality of reincarnation, a conviction in which we were then able mutually to strengthen each other.

Then, in 1946, when I was thirteen years old, I got a secondary school professor as my private tutor, who initiated me into the secrets of higher mathematics, an undertaking that, despite a lively interest on my part, always turned out to be very demanding for me on account of my bodily weakness at that time.

Now, my dear lady professor was also a deeply religious older lady, and since she was concerned for the well being of my soul, she immediately sent our village priest to my house to be my religious instructor. With his help I was able to take my first communion and to be confirmed, for which I am still grateful to him today. But when, in the course of my religious instruction, our discussion came round to the causes of my severe disability, somewhat helplessly he gave me this reply: *“Well, you know, dear Freddy, God’s decisions are inscrutable! You cannot ask about that! But perhaps you have been given the grace to suffer for others, so that you will be able to get to heaven more easily.”*

I gave no reply to my confessor’s answer, bound up as it was in mere dogma; inwardly, though, I was delighted that, on account of my knowledge of karma and reincarnation, I did not have to submit to any God who, at a whim, could make the entire lives of *innocent children* – as Christian circles emphasize – one continuous vegetative state. What kind of pitiless and cruel God would, as is often believed, condemn a “newly created soul” from the very beginning of its being to an existence filled with suffering, without taking into consideration whether this embodied spiritual being in any way had the will and ability to put God’s harsh decision to any use for its own spiritual well being. In absolute honesty I must admit here that I would have become *a convinced atheist* after this

heartless and short-sighted explanation by my vicar, if I had not then already had a wide and illuminating spiritual knowledge of karma and reincarnation.

During puberty, my health rapidly deteriorated. The cramps became simply unbearable and I could only endure my bodily condition when, amongst other things, I held both of my arms close against my back, even at night when I was asleep. On account of these continuous spasms, my internal organs also had to struggle with severe disruptions, especially my digestive tract. All of this gradually became so unbearable for me that more and more frequently I begged God to set me free. For example, when my aunt took me out walking in the village in my wheelchair, desperate thoughts would come to me, such as, “Ah, how wonderful it would be if a car were to run me over, then I really would be rid of all this misery.” Nevertheless, my life, unmarked by such spiritual depths, and as if without any pity, continued to run its course.

Then, at the end of 1949, news of Bruno Gröning – a German *miracle healer* – finally reached us in Gallsbach. It was extremely difficult to get an objective picture of him from the newspaper articles. Although many of the articles were positive, the majority of the reporters did not understand the Gröning phenomenon at all. At this time, immediately after the war, almost no one knew anything about spiritual powers, and so it was hardly surprising that, sadly, the reporters constantly regarded all the reports of miraculous healings as mere fraud and hysteria. But nevertheless, against these negative articles there stood an amazing number of accounts by fortunate people who, in an inexplicable way, had been completely healed from even the most serious afflictions after they had been certified as incurable by experts.

We followed these events around Bruno Gröning with increasing attention, and when we finally learnt about the mass healings at the Traberhof near Rosenheim, I became convinced: ***“This man is my greatest and, most likely, last hope!”*** I therefore dictated to my aunt an urgent letter to my parents, who were living in Switzerland at that time, as my father was working in the diplomatic mission at the Austrian embassy in Bern. In this letter I urgently begged my parents to take me to Gröning as soon as possible. The end of my letter, which I remember well even now, went as follows: ***“Please take me as quickly as possible to Bruno Gröning, for:- nothing ventured, nothing gained!”***

Several days later, my mother visited me in Gallsbach to convince herself of the necessity and urgency of my request. After an intensive discussion with my aunt, the two women decided to grant me what they thought would be my *last wish*. So in January 1950 we, that is, my mother, my aunt and I, made our way by taxi and train to the Traberhof near Rosenheim. When we arrived there, no one knew where Bruno Gröning was staying at the moment, so my mother looked for a private lodging for us about ten minutes from the Traberhof.

In the following days and weeks, my aunt took me every day in my wheelchair to the great square in front of the Traberhof, and we thought about the many people who had assembled at this place just a few weeks previously, when thousands had received healing. At that time we had *not the slightest idea* about Einstellen and taking in energy, but we nevertheless always felt very well when we were in the neighbourhood of the Traberhof. My mother managed to get the mother-in-law of the owner of the Traberhof, who was herself still disabled, to invite us to tea in the wonderfully planted winter garden. For me, who had hardly had anything new to see before, the sight of the many exotic plants was an unforgettable experience. This lovely lady told us about how Bruno Gröning worked, and for the first time we heard about the concept of “*Divine Power.*”

She showed us how we had to lay both arms on our thighs, with the palms of our hands open and facing upwards, so as to be able to receive the divine Heilstrom better, by observing the feelings we noticed in our body as we did so. As we sat at the tea table, we did Einstellen for a few minutes in the way I have just described, and although my arms did not want to do what they were told, I nevertheless felt, for the first time in my life, a peculiar prickling feeling in my body, along with a strong sensation of warmth. My mother was also amazed at the current that was flowing in her arms. After a very harmonious afternoon we took our leave of our dear hostess and went back to our lodging deeply impressed.

After this decisive experience, my wish to meet with Bruno Gröning became much stronger and the efforts of my mother increased enormously, the more so as, in addition to my existing afflictions, I now began to have serious problems with my kidney function. My generally anxious mother had, quite superfluously, visited some shady fortune teller a few months before, who, in all seriousness, had given her the opinion that her disabled son would

sooner or later die of kidney failure. It can therefore well be imagined what a desperate situation we found ourselves in during those weeks and months.

Finally – it was already April 1950 – my mother was able, after several detours, to make contact with Mrs. Hülsmann, the mother of the boy who had been healed in Herford, who was then staying in Munich. In the course of the long exchange between the two women, in which the seriousness of my condition played a dominant role, my mother succeeded, by persuasion and by making a donation, in getting from Mrs. Hülsmann a wonderful picture of Bruno Gröning. My mother brought this A4 size photo, which even today has a place of honour in my bedroom over my bed, to me on the next train and laid it, beaming with pleasure, on my lap. I contemplated the picture carefully, which came from his time at Herford. At the bottom of the picture, in silver writing, was the saying I quoted in the foreword:

***“There is much that cannot be explained,  
but there is nothing that cannot happen.”***

And then his personal signature: ***“Gröning.”*** I looked and looked ... thought about nothing ... I only saw his shining eyes ... I became hot ... an unusual prickling flowed through my body ... without me doing anything, my limbs began to twitch and shake ... until for several minutes my whole body was trembling with pleasant, rhythmic movements... Then came the release.... I sat there, peaceful and more relaxed than I had ever been in my life, and, for the first time, ***both my arms were in front of me, resting on my thighs.*** Some more shaking...and a powerful current the like of which I had never known throbbed in my legs....

Then ***something inside me made me want to stand up!*** With a movement of my hand I put the picture to one side, bent forwards a little... stood up, a little unsteadily of course, but completely on my own, and, without any help, I was able to ***stand*** with ease for several minutes!!!



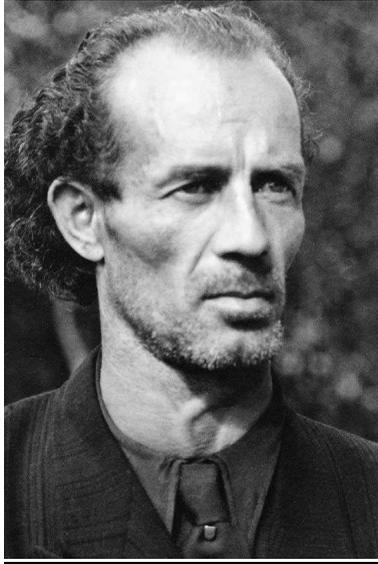
Der Autor dieses Buches.

### “Hooray, I’m standing up!”

This event was for the three of us already the *first miracle* and tears of joy ran down all our cheeks. I now laid the photo of Bruno Gröning on my lap every day. Each time I experienced the same effect which became stronger each time. Nevertheless my stomach began to rebel and I often had to vomit, for no obvious reason. It was only much later, when I got to know Bruno Gröning in person, that I learnt that such ailments are just side effects of spiritual healing and are called *Regelungen*. After a few days we noticed, to my great relief, that my kidney function was completely normal again.

We were now convinced that somehow, somewhere, we had to find Bruno Gröning, and this was also our heart’s wish. Again it was my mother who, through intensive and dogged searching, finally succeeded. Looked at critically, her behaviour was nevertheless illogical and ambivalent. On the one hand, she lived, as I have already said, obstinately and right up to her death in 1974, in the sure and certain belief that she would survive me; on the other hand, while Bruno Gröning was alive, she was driven to do with energy and enthusiasm whatever was necessary for me to *make the very best use* of the time I had with our great helper. This interesting phenomenon could be observed with my mother very frequently, until the end of 1958.

One day – it was already May 1950 – my mother called us on the telephone from Munich: *“Pack your bags and settle the bill for your lodging. I now know where Gröning is living. We’re going there right away.”* A few hours later we were sitting on the train on our way to a new, hope-filled future!



**Bruno Gröning in 1949**

## **The First Meeting**

**1950**

Because of the interest of the authorities and the press, the information that my mother had obtained concerning Bruno Gröning’s whereabouts was so secret that she only dared to reveal the goal of our journey to us when we were in our compartment on the train. And so we travelled from Rosenheim via Munich and Garmisch-Partenkirchen to Kleis, near Mittenwald. This is a small, sleepy place, one stop before Mittenwald. To the south, the Karwendel Mountains form an impressive backdrop, which, in the sunlight, reflects a dazzling array of colours that change with the time of day.

Not far from the station, my mother found a suitable lodging at full board, where we rented a room with a large roofed terrace. The view of the mountain range was stunning and inspired me anew every time I sat on the terrace during the next few weeks. On the very evening of our arrival, my mother went to the little guesthouse five minutes away where Bruno Gröning was living, together with his self-styled manager, Meckelburg, and a secretary. As would soon become clear, Bruno Gröning was treated like a prisoner in his tiny little bedroom. My mother's way therefore led her first of all to this Mr. Meckelburg, to whom she had to pay her "contribution to his expenses" before the first date for a meeting was agreed upon. We then appeared at the appointed time in the guesthouse and waited for what was to come.

We were led into the guest room, where Mr. Gröning was already waiting for us. I sat hunched up and surrounded with cushions in an old-fashioned folding wheelchair from the 1920s, which we had borrowed from Lilo for the journey. Mr. Gröning regarded my cramped posture with a frown – and then he looked at my two companions for a long time... Suddenly he pointed at my aunt with an outstretched arm and said with a forceful voice: ***"This woman disturbs me!"*** The expression on my aunt's face betrayed astonishment, dismay and embarrassment; at that moment she had no idea as to how she should react. My mother was the first to recover her composure, and tentatively asked Bruno Gröning: ***"Should my sister go outside?"*** But his reply was shattering: ***"Even if she were in America, she would still disturb me!"***

My aunt was struggling not to cry, something she never did. After a rather long pause, during which we had no idea how things would develop from here, Gröning indicated to my aunt that she could now remain in the room, which was a great relief to us all.

He then asked my relatives to sit me on the hard wooden corner seat so that I would have to sit more freely and unsupported. But this was something that caused me appalling anxiety as I had often fallen off the armchair at home. Nevertheless, with some effort they managed to sit me on this corner seat, on which I at once began to flounder and sway. My aunt stayed right next to me so that she could grab me if I lost my balance. Mr. Gröning looked at all this for a short time and, turning to my aunt, he said: ***"Don't be so worried, dear lady, he's not going to fall down, he SIMPLY CAN'T!"*** I soon noticed that I was becoming steadily calmer and calmer; I even

became aware of an astonishing relaxation in my body, so that I was no longer upset by sitting on the hard corner seat; indeed, I almost did not feel how hard it was anymore.

Then Bruno Gröning suddenly came up to me, squatted in front of me, looked deep into my eyes, and asked with great seriousness: “*Will you help me?*” In my initial bafflement, I had no idea how to begin to answer this question. I did not understand what it meant, since I had come to him because I myself *was in the greatest need of help*. Nevertheless, although I was rather uncertain on the inside, out of sheer politeness I answered with a firm *Yes*. “*That is good then!*” replied Bruno Gröning. And after he had spoken a few more comforting words to my relatives, he gave each one of us a small tinfoil ball that had been charged with the divine power and said: “*Now go back to your lodging, have a good rest, and we will see each other again tomorrow...*”

When we were back in the hostel, my aunt admitted why she had been to vehemently spurned by Gröning. As a result of the many failures we had had before with a variety of different methods of treatment, she had thought, and I emphasize, *only thought*, without showing it in any way on her face: “*So what will this man be able to do to help my nephew?!*” After my aunt had recovered a little from the severe way in which Gröning had spoken to her, the following thoughts came to her: “*My God, this man seems to be a good person and will certainly do everything he can to help my nephew.*” She had hardly finished thinking this when she realized that he had noticed this inner change of heart and therefore gave her permission to remain in the room.

At that time neither I nor my relatives knew anything about the enormous power and effect that thoughts have, and up to our meeting with Bruno Gröning we believed, like so many others, that all thoughts are purely private things and so do not concern anyone else at all. Our recent memories of wartime were too oppressive, when people had to keep quiet about too many things because there was no freedom of opinion, and people comforted themselves even then with the erroneous saying: “*Thoughts are free of charge!*”

For my relatives, therefore, the experience I have just described was completely overwhelming, impossible to understand and, yes, *uncanny*. Never in their lives had they considered that something like this was possible and so they kept asking themselves: “*What kind of a man is this, who has such abilities?!*” In any event,

how is it possible to read and know someone else's thoughts? Is there any such thing as privacy or does each person, in the spiritual realm, stand naked and without protection before a spiritually wakened master?

We were preoccupied with these and similar questions and gradually we had to recognize that there are more things between heaven and earth than we can conceive of. In the course of the following days and weeks, we realized that Bruno Gröning never used his spiritual abilities *to influence or expose anyone forcibly*. He only did so when he was seeking to bring about an inner awakening in the people who were seeking his help. He was absolutely scrupulous in taking care that *he never infringed a person's freewill*. He respected this even when someone maliciously wanted to, or actually did, cause him harm.

We had the good luck to meet regularly with Bruno Gröning for several weeks. My mother managed the sheer impossible with Mr. Meckelburg: Gröning was allowed to come to me in my lodging, accompanied by a female attendant. This usually happened quite late in the evening since, during the day, he was out and about visiting other people who were seeking his help. It was because of this that Bruno Gröning said: *“Never wait for me, I will always come when it is the right time!”*

The following weeks were thrilling and full of incident: My healing process – with all its side effects – took an ambiguous course. On the one hand, my kidney function was very quickly back in order again. The symptoms disappeared, and even the numerous flecks in my urine, which for weeks had indicated the presence of an inflammation of the kidneys, vanished forever. The painful arthritis, which had already been affecting my right knee for many years, so that it was difficult to move and had swollen to almost double its normal size, receded entirely within a few days. My right knee looked normal again, and since then, that is, for *fifty years*, it has been completely problem-free.

On the other hand, I had to go through unpleasant disturbances to my health, which I only realized much later were side-effects of the healing process. Bruno Gröning called this atypical kind of complaint *Regelungen*. They make their appearance when the body is being brought out of its previous illness, or disorder, and restored to health, which is also called order. As this occurs, the deposits and toxins that have built up are dissipated and eliminated. Bruno

Gröning said regarding this: ***“What doesn’t belong inside must come out!”***

In my case, so Gröning explained to us, the nerves in my head had become soft and my brain was not being properly supplied with blood, which is why my spasms had become so dangerously strong in the course of my young life – I was then seventeen years old. Bruno Gröning was usually very affectionate towards me, though he could, when necessary, also be very strict and implacable. He had noticed that, as I have said above, I could only go to sleep when ***both of my arms were held tight against my back***; all twisted up, I would struggle to get some sleep, which, for a short time at least, brought me some relief.

Gröning sat next to me on the bed and said: ***“It is absolutely essential that you hold your arms in front of you, both by day and by night, and that you exercise them regularly.”*** ***“I can’t do that!”*** I replied, shocked.

Bruno Gröning became very serious and said with an insistent voice: ***“If you do not do what I say and work with me, I cannot help you. It’s just as if I were pulling your cart out of the mud for you while you kept pushing it back in. I can support you in your efforts only once, not a second time.”***

Sheepishly, I promised Bruno Gröning that I would make the effort, but, without saying anything, I scarcely believed that I would manage it. He knew immediately what I was thinking and relied sharply: ***“Everything now depends on YOU, and if you do not make the effort, then no one can help you.”***

My spirits had sunk well below zero and I awaited the coming night full of care. As soon as I lay down, the struggle with my recalcitrant arms began. I desperately tried to clamp them between my legs, but my spasms increased until they became unbearable. Because my whole body was rigid and I was getting short of breath, I gave up this time. Immediately my arms were pressed tight against my back, I turned on my side and fell asleep exhausted. The next morning I had an unspeakably bad conscience and waited meekly for Bruno Gröning.

When he came into our room that evening, he looked at me seriously: ***“Now, how was last night? Why didn’t you keep your promise?”*** ***“I couldn’t do it,”*** I answered, scarcely audibly. ***“Come, come, you couldn’t do it – you were anxious, quite simply anxious!”*** he said. He sat next to me and explained: ***“The cramps***

***become stronger if you are afraid of them. Whatever someone is anxious about becomes stronger. It comes from the evil side, it is evil. So long as you do not have complete trust in the almighty power of God and cannot believe and have faith in the right way, you will not receive any divine help.***

I well understood what Bruno Gröning meant by saying what he had, but I felt that I was helpless to do anything about this fear of my spasms. But, at bottom, this was my main problem: Spasms, anxiety, then more and stronger spasms, - a vicious circle. Gröning knew that it was of the utmost significance for me and my future to break this disastrous and negative link between psychological-spiritual and physical **disorder**. That is why he was so implacable on this point and asked me every evening how the previous night had been. Very gradually my body became used to the new sleeping position; and, after a little agitation, exhaustion would finally triumph. Finally I was also inwardly ready and determined, with divine help, to get my recalcitrant body under my control, at least to a certain extent. As soon as I had come to this realization and was able to stand by it, strong Regelungen immediately came on, with frequent vomiting and an occasionally raised level of spasm, which I was able to endure only with steadfast trust and belief.

It was not only by helping my body that Bruno Gröning straightened me out and strengthened my will to live. Even at that time, he imparted valuable spiritual knowledge to me that influenced my future decisively and positively. Once he took off his wristwatch and held it in his right hand in such a way that he could easily read it while I could not. He said to me, while he made a throwing movement with his left hand: ***“I am now throwing my watch into your right eye! Pay attention and tell me where the second hand is now. If it’s pointing to the right, then you say ‘a quarter’, if it’s standing at the bottom, that means you say ‘a half’, if it’s on the left hand side, that means three quarters, and if it’s pointing upwards, then you say ‘full’! Pay attention, here we go...”*** Agog, I concentrated on my right eye and, lo and behold, I suddenly saw a watch, quite near to me, ghostly and rather blurred, with its second hand moving. ***“Three quarters!”*** I shouted excitedly, and a little later, depending on the periods of time: ***“half”.... “quarter”.... “full”....*** Bruno Gröning allowed the woman who accompanied him to look at his watch and explained: ***“Freddy can certainly see the position of the second hand, only... he sees the watch in a mirror***

*image. For him, the second hand is going around towards the left, that is, at the moment he can look through the watch face when it is turned away from him. Thank you, Freddy; that was just a test of your spiritual capabilities. That's enough for today, but in the future your ability, which I have just awoken, will continue to grow. One day, when you have become mature, you will **BE ABLE TO SEE THROUGH MATTER** quite clearly! But never wait for it and don't attempt to force it, for it will come at that hour at which you have achieved the necessary maturity."*

After Bruno Gröning had transferred to my body the divine power that it would need for the next Regelung, he left me for the time being. Only 24 years later, in 1974, did this seed that he had planted sprout in my consciousness, in a way that I describe in detail in the second part of my autobiography "UNDER SPIRITUAL GUIDANCE."

Other people who were seeking help were also allowed to see Bruno Gröning by Mr. Meckelburg, but only after they had paid an appropriate sum in Deutsch Marks to this wily manager. I still remember very well a young woman who had come with her wheelchair-bound mother, who was suffering from severe polyarthritis, hoping to receive help through Bruno Gröning, the more so as it was well-known that afflictions of that kind had verifiably vanished from the bodies of many people who were seeking help in 1949 at the Traberhof, *during the night of the great healings*. This young woman handed over all her savings, which had been intended for her wedding expenses, to enable her mother to see Gröning. Naturally the two women were expecting an appropriate return, in the form of a miracle, for what was in their eyes such a large amount of money. But all of us were unaware at the time that this linking together of material cost with purely spiritual grace, together with the demand that arises from it, was condemned to failure from the outset. In two weeks these women ran out of money and went away empty-handed, disillusioned and feeling that they had been conned.

Bruno Gröning knew perfectly well what was going on around him, but was continually kept from the outer world by Meckelburg and his employees, and could only speak with the people who had come to him for help in the presence of his female attendant. It was this shady gentleman who decided *who* was allowed to see him, and who also promised things and gave advice to people that had

absolutely nothing to do with what Bruno Gröning knew or wished. Not even important questions such as the likelihood of recovery or consulting doctors were agreed with him first. For Meckelburg, he was just a cash machine, which he could use without let or hindrance.

This situation was also the background for the following incident: One evening when Bruno Gröning came to us, he seemed very unhappy, flat and depressed. He sat for a while in silence and looked at us searchingly, then spoke, more to himself than to us: ***“This can’t go on! – I want to help, I want to pass on the good, the Godly, selflessly, and I will not and cannot take any money for it. I don’t even have enough to be able to buy a stamp for an important letter. And what are my closest fellow workers doing behind my back? They don’t get anything done ... they just GET whatever they can! And because this is done in my name, they are also burdening ME and cutting me off from the divine power. I’m sorry, Freddy, but I CANNOT HELP you today!”***

There was an embarrassed silence for a while. --- Suddenly Bruno Gröning looked at my aunt, who had just THOUGHT the following: ***“My God, but he is such a good person and lets himself be SO exploited by the others. Why doesn’t he defend himself though?”*** His answer to her thoughts came in a flash: ***“They are all utterly COLD! If I interfered, I would be taking their free will from them. But by doing so I would take their guilt onto myself. But I will not do that, they must sort out this mess themselves!”***

My aunt was stunned by what he had said and sat there silent and pale. --- Yet again Bruno Gröning had known what she had been thinking. Cold shudders ran down her back. She surreptitiously turned her gaze to heaven and secretly prayed: ***“Dear God, help me not to think anything else!”*** For a second a slight smile lit up Bruno Gröning’s face, which was so serious today. He now looked at me: ***“Tonight you must take in the divine power on your own. Don’t be anxious, you can do it!”*** He looked at his wristwatch: ***“It’s late, we’re going home now... I’ll be able to give you power again next time.”***

It was only in 1999, when I saw a filmed interview with Gröning, that I fully understood the whole tragedy of that day. Meckelburg had driven with Bruno Gröning, without his consent, to the Kuhfuss family, whose eighteen year-old daughter was suffering the final stage of bilateral pulmonary tuberculosis. Even during the

drive there, Gröning strenuously resisted his manager's intentions, who, without asking him, had arranged a date with the father, Mr. Kuhfuss, while highhandedly adding for good measure that Gröning would certainly be able to heal his daughter, if only he was willing to do so. In truth, Meckelburg had no idea about how a spiritual healing comes about, but was only interested in making money. For his part, Gröning had already made it clear to the Kuhfuss family weeks before that his personal presence was not essential, as the necessary help would still be given to her spiritually. He also gave the father and daughter the urgent advice to put themselves under the care of the doctors and to leave everything else, in complete faith, entirely to God. Things were the same then as they are today: There are human destinies in which the hourglass runs out early, so that even every kind of medical treatment fails, and what the Almighty has given, he takes away. In the case of Ruth Kuhfuss, Gröning saw clearly that her earthly path was at an end and had accordingly prepared her for it spiritually.

Her father would not or could not accept what he said, and made the decision to refuse any further medical therapy for his daughter. He justified this with the words: "We have been to a great many experts and my daughter Ruth has already had to go through so many unpleasant medical treatments. Nothing at all has helped, just the opposite: up to this day, her suffering has only continued to get worse. Therefore Ruth and I have decided not to allow any more doctors near her and to hand over her future destiny to the judgment and power of God." In the following months and right up to her death, the two of them refused any further medical examination, which was clearly contrary to Bruno Gröning's advice. Unfortunately Ruth's sister-in-law was a doctor; since she could not explain her relatives' refusal to consider any kind of medical help logically, without thinking about it for very long, she attributed everything to what was in her opinion the life-threatening influence of Bruno Gröning. This unreasonable behaviour on the part of these suspicious and anxious people led, several years later, to an absurd charge of involuntary manslaughter being brought against Gröning.

Seeing at first-hand and becoming aware of these connections showed us how even someone like Bruno Gröning could be massively affected by the malevolence of the opposing side, after the complete spiritual shock he had received in his confrontation with Meckelburg's profoundly materialistic character and disposition,

even though – thanks to his clairvoyance – he had foreseen the catastrophic consequences of what Mr. Meckelburg and his love of money were doing to him, and the negative effects that this would have on his selfless spiritual mission. It is understandable that Gröning needed a period of rest after this, in order to restore his harmony with the divine frequency and energy by ***burning away everything that was not good***, so that, in him too, the inner balance that was indispensable for his activity would be present again.

In the following days, my stomach almost completely refused to serve me. At any rate, I could only hold down very small amounts, and usually only tea with some rusk biscuits. The reason for this worsening in my health obviously lay in the cooking habits of our hostess, who, without our knowledge, prepared all of our food using margarine. She certainly could not have suspected that I had always been allergic to it. Sadly, we only got to the bottom of it much later, because the lady never allowed us into her kitchen and kept assuring us that everything was quite in order, as only genuine Bavarian fare was to be had at her place. But because my stomach kept rebelling more and more often, my doughty aunt forced her way into the kitchen and spotted at once the *corpus delicti*, in the form of a large block of margarine.

This tour de force of criminal investigation on the part of my aunt came almost too late for me, as there was now a full blown allergic reaction in my stomach. One evening I thought that my final hour was near because I had to keep vomiting without interruption. At that point I would not have been able to tolerate even one more sip of tea. My aunt decided to go to Mr. Gröning to ask him to help me. He was living only a few minutes walk from us and fortunately he was at home. My forceful aunt managed to gain access and told Gröning about my critical condition. He looked into to the distance for several minutes, touched my aunt's hand, and said: ***"I am now charging up your hand with divine power; you too are now one of God's transformers. This ability is located in your hand and you can also help other people with it, but don't get up to any monkey business with it! Go home now and lay your hand on Freddy's stomach. Go straight away, though, because he is in dire need of it. Give him my heartfelt greetings and I'll come and see him as soon as I can. He should not wait for me, though."***

When my aunt returned to me, beaming with delight and with her hand held in the air, I was close to tears. "Quick, pass me the

bowl, I feel **so** bad!” I begged her. But, without a word, my aunt laid her hand on my rebellious stomach. --- Something remarkable now took place in my body: In an instant, a hot current rushed into the pit of my stomach, flowed through my body in waves, and, within a very short time, quietened my unpleasant ailments. The distressing nausea entirely disappeared and a pleasant weariness spread through my whole body... Relieved, I fell asleep at once.

Bruno Gröning came looking for me a little while later. I was delighted, but I felt very weak and miserable. Because of my physical state, I said to him in the course of our conversation, amongst other things: ***“It doesn’t matter, Mr. Gröning, even if I don’t manage it this time, in my next life I will certainly have a healthy body!”*** When Gröning heard what I had said, - his face beamed and, turning to the woman who accompanied him, he said: ***“At last, a person who knows about this and with whom I can speak about it!”***

But when I went on to express the opinion that it made no difference to me whether or not I needed any food in the future, as he himself ate almost nothing, - he then became very serious and said, almost irritably: ***“What on earth possesses you to compare the afflictions of your body with my circumstances? The one has absolutely nothing to do with the other. If you start imagining such things about yourself, you will die of your own arrogance.”***

***“I didn’t mean it like that, I only wanted to comfort myself with it,”*** I replied sheepishly. Gröning cut me off with a firm voice: ***“Not for a single moment should you entertain such nonsense! Your body must now get back into good order and will need good, solid, healthy fare, which your aunt will now look after. You must not be anxious about eating anymore, because then you will be able to digest things. Never forget this, otherwise the divine power cannot do its work.”*** After I had firmly undertaken to take all of this to heart, I immediately felt much better.

During the day we went out often and eagerly to go walking into the glorious mountain landscape. My aunt, who was then sixty five years old, pushed me in my wheelchair over “hill and dale”, through meadows that glowed blue with thousands and thousands of short-stemmed gentians. The two of us were enraptured and in my elation I kept saying: ***“Take me just a little bit further, just so that I can see around the next bend!”*** My aunt did as I wished, because I was so happy and relaxed. With a bright red face, she pushed me

further and further, and we only got back home *three hours* later. I must add that our excursion had taken us several kilometres from the place where Bruno Gröning was staying, so that we were definitely completely out of earshot, but, what a shock, when he visited us that evening, he said to me reproachfully: ***“What you did with your aunt today was NOT in order! You must take account of the age of her body; it cannot be exposed to any over exertion.”***

“But she herself was so delighted by this excursion!” I said, wanting to justify myself, but Gröning cut me off again: ***“Even in my room I could hear how you were egging on your aunt. You couldn’t get enough. NEVER do anything like this AGAIN, otherwise I won’t be able to look after your aunt for you; you will still need her for a long time yet.”*** I felt guilty and firmly resolved to take better thought for her well-being. And here I would like to add that she obtained through Gröning the good health that she thanked for reaching almost ninety years old. After the incident described here, she was able to go on looking after me for another twenty years without any problem.

I exercised day after day on the large, roofed terrace, whatever the weather. I could soon stand on my own for minutes on end, and eventually I was able to walk with my aunt if I linked arms with her. But time did not stand still and it became ever more difficult for Bruno Gröning to continue his spiritual work in the money-grubbing environment he found himself in. Therefore, as soon as the opportunity presented itself, he asked my mother to help him get out of this situation, and requested that she tell Dr. Kurt Trampler, the author of the book ***“Die Grosse Umkehr”*** [The Great Reversal], where he was staying, so that he could come and take him away. My mother went to see Dr. Trampler in Gräfelfing, near Munich, and he promised, out of gratitude for this hot tip, to make sure that her son could go on being looked after by Gröning in Gräfelfing.

The day before this, Bruno Gröning was with us again in our lodging and concerned himself with my wellbeing especially affectionately. Then he turned pensively to my aunt with the following words: ***“It may be that I will be in another place for a little while, where you won’t be able to come to me, but no worries, we will certainly see each other again!”*** We were amazed at what he said, because we had Dr. Trampler’s so-called promise in the bag.

On the following day, Dr. and Mrs. Trampler visited Meckelburg with a lawyer – and they managed to get Gröning free.

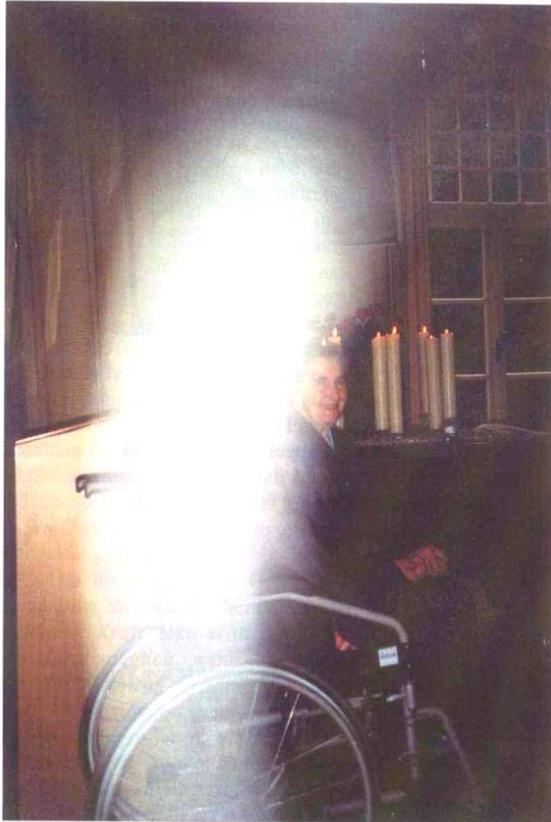
Delighted, we travelled to Munich on the next train. My mother had also arranged lodgings for us in Gräfelfing and took us there, full of hope. She went immediately to the Villa-Trampler and rang the bell... But no one let her in. She was fobbed off with these cold words: ‘Bruno Gröning had said that he could do no more her son for the time being, that she could therefore go back home with him and feed him well, so that he would regain his bodily strength’. We doubted that this message really came from Bruno Gröning, and all the more so as we were never allowed to say goodbye to him. Had he escaped from one imprisonment to end up in another kind of dependency? Downhearted, my mother took me for a few months to Bern, where my father was working in the diplomatic mission. It was going to be four long years before, in better circumstances, we were able to see Bruno Gröning again.



Unsere treue Lisl, im November 2000

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Lisl, our carer.



**Phänomenfoto** vom 26. Oktober 1997 in Bonn  
Fotografin: Birgit Böcker, Hannover

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## **Lilo, my wife (an odd photograph!)**

### **The time in between** **1951 to 1954**

In this section I would like to describe only those incidents, often difficult and frequently alarming, that are necessary to understand what happened later with Bruno Gröning.

Shortly after I was so brutally separated from Bruno Gröning, I had the following remarkable dream: I saw a beautiful Christmas

tree standing near me in my bedroom. Instead of candles, its branches were decorated with huge, fire-red, hibiscus-shaped flowers, each one of which was sending out a bright light. A great angel stood half-hidden behind this tree, and spoke to me in a comforting voice: ***“Have complete faith and rejoice, for we will see each other again on the ninth of October!”*** And then the unforgettable dream image vanished and left behind an unforgettable feeling of happiness and well-being in me. I pondered this promise for a long time, but I could not come to any conclusions. As my health increasingly left a lot to be desired, one can perhaps sympathize to a certain extent with the tense and feverish expectation with which I awaited this ominous ***ninth of October 1950***. When the long anticipated day dawned, the waiting began for me already in the morning... The hours crept past inexplicably slowly... My excitement, but also my nervousness, grew immeasurably. – Since I had mentioned to my relatives neither the dream nor my expectation, I was alone with my problem in my soul. Nothing happened – absolutely nothing at all... Disillusioned – and very, very depressed – I hardly got any sleep at all that night. It took a long time before it became clear to me that it could well be some other ninth of October in the future, rather than the present one. Every year, although with diminishing intensity, I hoped for a special occurrence. When, on the ***ninth of October 1955***, I had forgotten all about it, precisely because we were then staying with Bruno Gröning in Stephanskirchen near Rosenheim, I then had the unforgettable and decisive experience that I will describe at length in due course.

I was able to stay with my parents in Bern until November 1950. My digestive system kept giving me serious health problems, as my gall bladder went on strike whenever I made the slightest mistake in my diet. There was, for example, such wonderful, juicy fruit in Switzerland. Once, after my mother had brought home some ripe, yellow peaches, I could not resist and hungrily ate two of the fruits. A short time later I had to bitterly regret this carelessness of mine. I lay for days on end in my bed, terribly ill, and could only take small sips of tea. I recovered from this attack only very slowly, and it left me with severe loss of weight and strength. As a consequence, the success I had begun to have with walking was soon gone again. My spasms too afflicted me more strongly again. My mother, as so often in the past, feared the worst for me, and was relieved when I expressed the wish to return to Gallsbach. My aunt

too was delighted at the prospect being in old familiar surroundings – and so we set off on our return journey without further ado.

Lilo was delighted by my homecoming; though did not show me how shocked she was at how bad I looked. In the following weeks and months, she helped my aunt to look after me with great care and diligence. At times, I could bear to eat almost nothing at all. Because Lilo's gall bladder had also suffered as a result of the months of famine after the end of the war, she completely understood the tricky state of my health. Lilo soon showed me a possible way of getting my strength back again: From her earliest childhood, she had mastered the art of *the pendulum*. This method consists in this: Many sensitive people have the gift of testing, with the help of a small plumb line, whether or not someone can tolerate the food on the plate in front of them, that is, whether or not they can digest it without problems. The man or the woman who is doing this holds the object that is hanging on a string – it can also be a ring – with a steady hand over the food that is being tested. The pendulum at once begins to move all on its own: When the person holding the pendulum has posed a question in their mind, if the pendulum swings in a straight line, this symbolically conveys a clear *No*. But if it moves in circles – then that means *Yes*. If it moves in ellipses, it means that the question needs to be posed more precisely. It should also be mentioned that, in order to get correct results, the person who is doing this must be completely neutral with respect to the question that is to be answered. Every expectation, for whatever result, falsifies the outcome of the pendulum and renders it useless as an aid in making a decision.

It must also be borne in mind that the pendulum only gives a useful result in *concrete situations and contexts*, and that such a result can only ever be used *as a means of checking, NEVER for making binding decisions*. Using the pendulum for problems or questions to do with the future, and which concern the private life of another person, also lead to erroneous results. Further, it cannot be forgotten that one can become dependent or even addicted to the pendulum. This is the case as soon as someone is no longer able to make free decisions. For example, whoever finds themselves consulting the pendulum in every trivial matter should in all seriousness ask themselves what has happened to their free will and self-reliance.

We should also remember here why Bruno Gröning was in general so against the pendulum. Years later, in the course of our schooling, he said regarding this issue: ***“It is very difficult for people today to discriminate between what is true and what is false. You have all received an education, though for most of you this is mere IMAGINATION. That is why using the pendulum, just like, for example, automatic writing, is so dangerous, because no one can check from which side these suggestions are coming. In most instances it is the evil side, which wants to lure inquisitive and weak-minded people onto the wrong track.”***

With respect to Lilo, Bruno Gröning, during our meeting with him in 1954, approved the use of the pendulum on the following grounds: In her very earliest childhood she had already learnt to switch off to such an extent that she was a neutral instrument, and never entertained any expectations, wishes or definite ideas. She only asked about real, actual situations, such as: Can this body tolerate this particular food at this time, and what quantities can it cope with so that the weakened stomach does not revolt. In addition, Lilo only did this because she wanted to help, and so out of pure love of neighbour: ***“Whoever uses the pendulum only in this way may do so for the benefit of their neighbour. They must always take care, though, not to allow themselves to be induced into asking questions that will influence their own personal freedom in making decisions.”***

With the help of Lilo’s checking-instrument, my stomach and intestines gradually learnt how to process both liquid and solid food again, but raw fruit, for example, remained taboo for us both. I often told Lilo about Bruno Gröning and I had also brought a few tinfoil balls with me. I gave one of them to Lilo, with the advice that she should put it under her pillow at night. On the following morning, she told me that she had soon put the ball to one side as she had felt such strange sensations in her body and had also become amazingly hot. Because she had never experienced anything like this before, her reaction was understandable: worry and anxiety. I told her that this could well be a so-called ***Regelung*** – though I too didn’t know anything more precise at that time.

Then, in addition to our physical problems, there came the problems with our relatives on both sides, problems that bore down heavily on our souls. As previously mentioned, Lilo lived in the same house as me, though at that time she had a room in her friend’s

apartment one floor below. But as this friend now intended to marry in Germany and was vacating the apartment, Lilo also had to move out of her room. I therefore asked my aunt to give her a room in our apartment on the first floor, and this was what was arranged. But for the time being Lilo's things remained packed as her parents were in any event planning to bring their disabled daughter back home to them in the Swabian Mountains. As I saw it, that would have meant being separated for good, especially as my parents too would be much more relaxed if they only had to go on looking after *one* seriously disabled person. But Lilo and I already understood each other so well that it was our deepest wish to live together and also to work, as far as our limited abilities allowed. A tough and remorseless struggle began. For at that time, a disabled person was not regarded as an independent and responsible person but as a perpetual minor, a thing almost, for which other people had to make decisions, which, of course, would be the best, that is to say, the most problem-free for these defenceless creatures. Wherever you went you could hear people say behind hands raised in front of their mouths: ***“My God, to have ONE such seriously disabled person in a family is already a trial sent by God, but to have TWO of them? That is impossible, unreasonable, pure madness. Such a thing cannot and will not go well.”***

Lilo and I were very, very depressed and felt misunderstood and abandoned by everyone. Both of us already had the impression that life without the other would be meaningless. The weeks and months crept away – and our coming separation hung continually and threateningly over us, like the sword of Damocles. At this point I would like to confess that this period of my life constituted one of the very worst trials of my life. Every day I experienced terrible anxiety in the face of this seemingly inevitable separation. Although Lilo – with her thirty years – had been an adult in the eyes of the law for a long time, she nevertheless felt bound to her parents on account of her severe disability. She even said to me: ***“People who cannot live independently must obey those who look after them. In this physically helpless condition of ours we should not saddle our relatives with any additional complications. So you too must bring your wishes and desires in line with the inevitable.”*** Lilo remained true to this deliberate and considerate self-limitation until the end of her life, and her relatives often took full advantage of this considerate disposition of hers.

In early 1951, my mother and my sixty-six year old aunt held yet another “council of war”. ***“You simply cannot inflict this separation from Lilo on Freddy. He would then have no joy in life at all. And anyway, Lilo is a tremendous help to me in looking after him,”*** my aunt said forcefully. My mother nodded her head thoughtfully and answered: ***“Freddy on his own is already too much for you at your age, and with Lilo too?”*** But then came the saving idea! Both ladies decided to employ some additional help to assist my aunt in looking after us.

On the following day my mother travelled to Vienna, firmly resolved to find the right person. On her journey there something unbelievable happened: In Wels, a town in Upper Austria, my mother, as usual, had to change trains, from the local train to the express train for Vienna. In the carriage she found a pleasant compartment, at the open window of which there stood a large and strong-looking young woman. She was holding a lovely baby boy in her arms, about one year old, with blond curly hair. “Is that your son?” my mother asked nosily. “No, no, it’s my married sister’s child. I’ve just been visiting her as I was passing through,” was the friendly reply. Then she held out the baby to its mother through the carriage window, carefully closed the window, and then the express was thundering towards Vienna.

I only know of the conversation that took place between the two women from Lisl’s report. For she was the young woman who had met my mother on the train. It is therefore possible for me now to give the gist of their dialogue:

My mother, struggling with her tears: “Your little nephew is such a lovely child, he reminds me of my son, when he was as old as the little one.” She continues, sobbing: “Now he is already eighteen years old and seriously disabled.” She then spoke in detail and full of despair about the extremely serious condition of my health at that time. She concluded her report as follows: ***“As far as the doctors are concerned, my eighteen-year old son has only two years to live at most. He is being looked after by my old sister who has heart problems, and sooner or later we’ll have to think about what happens when she passes away. Yes, and then there’s another elderly white-haired disabled woman with him, but she’s going to be taken back home to her parents’ house in a few days time. That’s why I’m urgently looking for a carer for my son, someone***

*who will look after him carefully and considerately in the short time that he still has to live."*

Suddenly my mother looked at Lisl attentively and asked at once: "What plans do you have for your future? What do you do for a living, or do you already have a family? My God, you are such a young and strong woman! Just right for looking after my seriously disabled son. After all, it would only be for *two years!*!"

Let me remind you that this conversation took place in April 1951, while the person who was then supposed to be on the point of death, that is, myself, is now cheerfully typing up this report on his computer in November 2001. But even my aunt went on to live until she was almost ninety, and lived with us until she died (went home) in March 1975.

My mother then looked at the woman opposite her with pleading eyes. At first Lisl had absolutely no idea as to how she should reply to the desperate, crying woman, and to begin with she just gave a broad outline of her life: As she was born in Pressburg (Bratislava), and so a German by birth, she was evacuated in the final months before the end of the war, initially ending up in Hamburg after finding employment there as a nurse in a military hospital. Years later, with the help of the official tracing service, she eventually found out that her parents were living in Vienna, in a home for old aristocratic ladies. Because this home happened to be looking for nursing staff at the time, Lisl's mother was able to arrange that her daughter was offered a permanent position; and she was now traveling to Vienna to be interviewed by the matron.

As soon as my mother realized that the young woman sitting opposite her was a professional nurse, she would not let up. She positively forced Lisl to consider the whole thing one more time, since, as she said, she could still take up her post in the care home after the aforementioned *two years*. When Lisl gave her address to my mother, as they were taking their leave of each other, her future destiny was already sealed, even though she did not think it possible at the time. And when, on the very next morning, my mother appeared at Lisl's lodgings, the trap snapped shut, irrevocably: She thrust a train ticket for Gallspach in the astonished young woman's hand and begged her: "*Please see my son at least once before you make any further decisions.*"

On account of my mother's sorrowful look, Lisl really could not say no, and so it happened that, a few days later, she stood in the

doorway to our apartment in Gallsbach. At this point I would like to relate the first impression from Lisl's point of view, since it was this, which was the decisive factor for the future we would share together. She only told the story much later.

*“As soon as I entered the room on the first floor of the apartment building, I saw the two seriously disabled young people. Freddy and Lilo were sitting peacefully and happily next to each other on a folding bed that had been set up temporarily. At the same time I noticed their uncertainty and anxiety. Despite the grey in her hair, Lilo was a lovely young woman, only just 30 years old, and so only two years younger than me. As this sight began to have an effect on me, I suddenly had an indescribable feeling of fondness and love for the two of them. Although it was clear to me that I would have had things easier in Vienna, I intuitively said to Freddy’s mother, with a voice full of conviction: “I will stay – but only with both of them. They are meant for each other and should NOT be separated!!”*

My mother (thoroughly astounded): *“I absolutely do not understand you. Both of them need the most intensive kind of care! And you want to take THAT on yourself?”*

Lisl (forcefully, which is not usual for her): *“Well then, Mrs. Hosp, either you see to it that these two can stay together or I’m leaving at once!”*

My mother (uncertain and moved): *“Well, if you are serious and really think that you can manage this task, then I too will do what I can so that Freddy and Lilo can stay together.”*

The two women sealed their – for the time being, secret – deal with a firm handshake and agreed on a trial period of one month. When she subsequently came back into the room where we were and told us that Lisl would be staying with us for the time being, my mother seemed remarkably different. All of a sudden she was very friendly to Lilo; she sat next to us and chatted animatedly with her. She even looked with interest at the craftwork with which Lilo could sometimes help me to forget my disability. It was only now, apparently, that my mother had noticed how happy, peaceful and emotionally balanced I myself was. She even said that she was delighted that Lilo was with me and that she personally had nothing against this remaining so in the future.

Although we did not really know what to make of my mother's sudden change of heart, we nevertheless felt that at least

*one front had been demilitarized* and that our life with my parents would be much easier as a result. Unaware of this, Lilo's parents increased their efforts to bring their daughter home, and the cause of this urgency was due to the following: Lilo's parents, both of whom were teachers by profession, were Saxons of German descent from Transylvania. But because of Lilo's severe childhood paralysis, which she only narrowly survived when she was five years old, they had already emigrated to Austria in 1940, to what was known at the time as the Ostmark. They worked as teachers there until the end of the war, but after the defeat the Americans sent them away to the country of their ethnic origin, as they did with all displaced persons who did not have Austrian citizenship. And so Lilo's parents ended up in Germany.

It was only because Lilo had such influential friends in the Gallspach town hall that she had been spared deportation indefinitely, and was therefore able to stay in Austria. But in 1951, Lilo's father had received an appointment as headmaster in Breithülen, a small town in the Swabian Mountains. The comfortable, one-storey house that was now at their disposal would have made an ideal home for their disabled daughter, and from their point of view it was impossible to understand why she so obstinately refused to leave Gallspach. Since we were unable to give any reasons as to why Lilo should stay that would seem plausible to people who were not disabled, my anxiety at an imminent separation grew immeasurably.

One day Lilo's mother's elder sister came to visit us. Aunty Lore, as everyone called her, was a loveable and understanding lady. She had a long, private conversation with Lilo, while I felt as if I was sitting on needles and could only keep my agitation under control with considerable effort. After speaking with my aunt as well as with Lilo, aunty Lore was convinced that our desire to stay together was no passing fancy but a carefully thought out necessity. Promising that she would do her best, aunty Lore then drove to Lilo's parents.

Soon after this, we were relieved of our difficulties to the extent that Lilo's parents granted their permission for her to stay while making it clear that their daughter *was always welcome at home and the sooner the better*.

Although Lilo assured me countless times that she would stay with me forever, I could not overcome this daily anxiety and fell into a panic if Lilo was out of the house for just a few hours visiting her

friend. So that the reader may appreciate, to some extent at least, the enormous help I later received through Bruno Gröning, I must also describe a very dark spiritual and emotional mental state that really turned my life at that time into a hell. Only then can the wealth of healings I have been granted by God in the course of the years be properly understood.

As a result, on the one hand, of my physically weak condition at that time and, on the other, of my panic and anxiety about the future, which had to a large extent robbed me of any trust in God, I had no real strength to resist the *negative spirit world*. One morning I woke up with a feeling of despair and negativity the like of which I had never felt before. When I wanted to pray, the alien presence in me began to rage and utter wild blasphemies and curses against God and the world. From this day on there was a painful split in my inner life: Whenever I attempted to think something positive, all I got was mockery and derision from the other side.

Once, when I was experiencing very strong pain, I asked my aunt to pray with me. But we had hardly begun when my spasms became unbearable and with the last of my strength I gasped: ***“Stop it, please stop it! I can’t bear it!”*** After the cramp had subsided, I asked Lilo for advice, and together we got to the bottom of it. We realized that in my case it must be a matter of a very bad kind of spiritual and emotional possession. I then confided in my confessor, but even the prayers ordained by the church for such conditions brought me relief for only a few days.

A few months later my mother yet again brought a self-styled healer to the house, a large, powerful gentleman with long snow-white hair. He had promised her that he would be able to bring some relief to her son – with the help of naturopathy. When the self-styled healer, who came from Hungary, entered our room, something very remarkable happened: After he had greeted us, he suddenly lifted his nose, sniffed, wrinkled his nose and said: ***“There is a demon in this room, I can smell it! Which of you has already noticed this? Who is being plagued by it?”*** Astonished, we told the mysterious stranger about my spiritual affliction and the anxiety attacks that were linked to it.

The white-haired man nodded and said that he knew about such things and would do all he could to help me. First of all, for general cleansing, he prescribed an extremely strict vegetarian diet for the whole family. I can no longer remember the details, but I do

know that for the first eight weeks we were not allowed to eat one little bit of animal protein, not even dairy products, not to mention eggs or cakes. In addition to this, he tried to bring the shortened sinews in my legs back to normal by means of painful stretching exercises. Along with a prescribed amount of sprouted wheat as my daily rations, the whole thing was a really drastic, exhausting treatment.

The evil that had lodged itself in my inner, emotional world immediately began to flare up in an almost unbearable way, though it diminished over the following weeks until only a more or less bearable residue was left, and even my spasms became more easily bearable on account of my unexciting diet. Only the clubfeet on both sides remained unchanged. My feather-weight of only twenty one kilograms – and this at nineteen years old – caused my relatives great concern. After the period of our extreme fast, we gradually moved onto a more moderate vegetarian diet, in which only all forms of meat were forbidden. Lilo and I stuck to these eating habits *for more than four years!* When the self-styled traditional healer saw that this diet was not having any serious consequences for our health, we parted on good terms.

And so time passed and the year 1954 began! We occupied ourselves with handicrafts a great deal and were in general content and happy. A few months later I noticed that Lilo was grimacing with pain when she bent forward. When I asked her why, she said that she could feel a lump about the size of a fist in the area of her right kidney which, when she bent over, caused a stabbing pain which radiated right up into her head. I was exceptionally worried and my first thought was: *Only Bruno can help with this!* Lilo too had the deep wish to meet him, but we had absolutely no idea where, how and when a meeting could take place.

It was only a few days after this that Lilo managed to get hold of a contact address from a woman she knew, in Stephanskirchen near Rosenheim. But to begin with it was a complete riddle for us how we, both of us confined to wheelchairs, would be able to get there. But destiny had already prepared a good solution. Lilo's sister was intending to get married in the summer of 1954. The marriage was going to take place in Breithülen in the Swabian Mountains and we were invited. Lilo's cousin, who lived in Linz, said that he was prepared to drive us to the wedding in his car – an ancient Steyer 50 with only twenty-three horsepower. But only four people could fit

into this vehicle, Lilo's cousin, his wife, Lilo and I, so my aunt had to go ahead by train.

I only give the following prelude to this story in order to make clear the way in which disabled people were in general regarded and treated at that time: My mathematics teacher was still coming to see me regularly, to discuss the most difficult examples with me, which turned out to be very useful for me in my later work as a private tutor. Just before the date of our departure for the wedding, I quite innocently said to her: ***“Well then, professor, I'm not going to be here for the next couple of week because I'm off to a wedding!”*** I meant, of course, Lilo's sister's wedding and never dreamt that my brief remark could be misunderstood. My teacher simply said: “Well, well” – and we said goodbye after arranging a date for our next meeting.

A short hour later my confessor appeared, completely out of breath and red in the face. He had hardly answered my greeting when he burst out: ***“So, Freddy, I have heard that you want to get married?”*** --- ***“No, not me, Lilo's sister is getting married and we have been invited,”*** I replied, shocked and aghast. The good parson collapsed onto a chair with a sigh of relief and then said something that did very deep damage to my self-esteem at that time: ***“Thank God, Freddy, that that is the explanation, for there is one thing you must take careful note of: You can never, ever make such plans for yourself. Have you understood that? Indeed, in your situation, it is a great SIN before God even to think about it!”***

***“I really have never thought about any such thing.”*** In my confusion I produced the required lie, even though that was precisely my most earnest wish at that time. Nevertheless, Lilo and I could not confide in anyone, as we knew well enough that for everyone else this would be a very good reason for separating us forever. And so ten long years had to pass before this too, the deepest wish in my heart, was fulfilled with Bruno Gröning's help. After which, despite all the prophecies of doom, we enjoyed a happy and harmonious marriage for thirty-one years until my beloved wife went home. It was thanks to Lilo that, during this long period, I was only very seldom aware of my severe physical limitations.

But now back to the journey we had to make on the occasion of Lilo's sister's birthday. All unsuspecting, we had been delighted at the prospect of the journey, but as it turned out we had to endure a virtual nightmare since, because the

clapped out old car broke down several times, the four hundred and thirty kilometre journey took (believe it or not) *two days*. This experience alone would fill an entire book! We reached our destination almost at the last minute and we immediately had to swallow yet another bitter disappointment: In accordance with Lilo's parents' stipulations, neither Lilo nor I were allowed to take part in the official marriage festivities, though several slices of the cake were generously brought to us. We shrugged this off as yet another act of discrimination. I mention this inhumane way of behaving only to make it easier to understand what happened later. Incidentally, my aunt also kept away from the festivities, out of solidarity with me.

### **The Second Meeting**

**1954**

On the journey home we asked Lilo's cousin if he could drive us to the contact address we had been given for Bruno Gröning, since the place practically lay on our route home. Laughing scornfully he did us this favour, and so we were very soon standing in front of the little house in Stephanskirchen, in which the friendly couple Mr. and Mrs. Bavay lived. They immediately invited us in for tea, and Erich Bavay outlined for Lilo and me what was necessary in order to have the right attitude to Bruno Gröning's work and activity. We listened with great interest and at once felt the divine Heilstrom. We were so happy and content that we almost missed the time at which we had to leave to continue our journey. Mr. Bavay wished us a good journey home and promised us that, as soon as he knew it himself, he would let us know in good time when Bruno Gröning was going to be at his house again. Our mood then was so good that we had the feeling that nothing at all could go wrong anymore. We even took it with good humour when the clapped-out car finally gave up the ghost in Wels. We cheerfully got a ride on the post bus and waved goodbye to Lilo's cousin, who was visibly relieved. My aunt and Lisl were already waiting for us in Gallspach, twenty-five kilometres away. Overjoyed, they pushed us home in our wheelchairs.

About fourteen days later we were informed by Mr. Bavay that Bruno Gröning would be with him the following week and that we could come. And so, on the appointed day, our adventure began: *The Journey from Gallspach to Stephanskirchen!!* For people who

needed to use wheelchairs, the train connections were, to put it lightly, catastrophic. To make this more easily understood, I should mention that we had to set off at nine in the morning with two wheelchairs: At that time Lilo had a massive and solidly built wheelchair, with three wheels and about a hundred and fifty centimetres long, which she could push herself, while I was pushed in a chair that was almost like a cart, and old-fashioned as far as today's concepts go.

So our voyage began in Gallspach *on foot!!* My sixty-nine year old aunt was pushing me and Lisl helped Lilo when we were going uphill. The road to the station was almost five kilometres long and took us, amongst other things, over a steep hill, twenty metres high. After ninety minutes we finally reached the stop for Grieskirchen and wanted to buy our tickets for Stephanskirchen in Bavaria. The man behind the counter shook his head doubtfully and said: ***“First of all, you can only travel to Salzburg; you’ll have to buy new tickets for Germany there. And anyway, you can only travel with your wheelchairs in the guards van.”*** We agreed to all of this, bought three tickets (Lisl could not travel to Germany since, at that time, she did not have Austrian citizenship), and waited for the next train.

***When it came, powerful arms lifted us, wheelchairs and all, eighty centimetres high and wedged us so firmly in a corner of the guard’s van that we would not roll away when the train rocked and rolled. As my aunt did not want to leave us alone, she sat next to us on a large crate. The local train dawdled its way through the countryside, the door of the guard’s van open, and it seemed to me as if there was a stop at every cowpat. When we finally reached Wels we were loaded, along with the other packages, onto a wooden wagon, which was the same height as the guard’s van, and pulled along several tracks until we eventually reached the safety of the platform. While this was going on, Lilo clung on to me tightly so that I would not topple out of my wheelchair.***

After several hours' wait, the express to Salzburg finally arrived and – what else should we expect? – the guard's van was the last carriage of the long train. Again the railway workers pulled us along several tracks as we sat on a high trolley until we reached our freight car where, just as before, we were stowed away as well as could be expected. During the journey that now followed, this end of the train swung and bounced like a mad dog's tail and, as we went

through the many places where construction and repair work was underway at that time, Lilo had to cling on to me and my wheelchair with all of her might, even though the train was jolting along really slowly. Although that stretch of the journey was only one hundred kilometres, it was ten o'clock in the evening when we arrived at the Salzburg terminus, just about exhausted but happy. We wanted to continue our journey at once, but we received the disappointing news that trains would only begin running to Rosenheim again on the following morning. Since we were travelling in the luggage car, we had to be unloaded again in Freilassing, which was the first stop after the border.

Out of interest I would like to point out that at that time Salzburg station was divided between an Austrian and a German customs sector, and the border checkpoint lay in-between them. We had to wait on the Austrian side until five o'clock in the morning and were processed an hour before the departure of the train, so that our eventful journey could continue: We were loaded onto the train at Salzburg and, after eight kilometres, we were unloaded and reloaded again in Freilassing, in the way I have already described. Yet another marginal detail should be recorded here: We had to accompany the engine as it pushed various carriages and wagons around the goods yard. My aunt had taken a seat in the normal carriage when, to her consternation, the freight car was uncoupled and the engine steamed off with us in tow... After some to - ing and fro - ing, the whole train set was joined together again and our journey took us another eighty kilometres to Rosenheim. However, this train did not stop in Stephanskirchen and so we were yet again loaded onto a local train which took us ten kilometres back in the direction we had come and, after more than a day of travelling and after getting off and on five trains, it eventually brought us to our eagerly longed-for destination.

On top of this, the two-kilometre walk from the station to the Bavays' house also took us over a two-hundred metre stretch of steeply rising ground. My aunt first pushed me to the top, parked me there and then went back to fetch Lilo. By that time it was already ten in the morning and we were asked to wait in the garden for a while. I have decided to go into such detail in relating this journey so that the reader will be able to get some idea of the lengths to which we were prepared to go in order to meet Bruno Gröning again. Our common and heartfelt wish to establish contact with him again was

so overpowering that we would have been prepared to endure even much greater sacrifices.

Suddenly Bruno Gröning was standing in the open doorway to the house, smiling and greeting my aunt with the words: ***“Well then, aunty, didn’t I say that we would see each other again?”*** After he had also welcomed Lilo and me with great friendliness, we were asked into the house and were able to take our place on the sofa. Soon a powerful energy was flowing through our bodies, but Bruno Gröning gave the impression that he was oblivious to what was going on in us. I quickly noticed that the outer aspect of the way he worked had completely changed in comparison with the years 1949/50. At that time the way in which he worked put the emphasis on the healing of physical suffering, in the course of which he would also employ some very interesting methods. I well remember an experience that I had from 1950, in Kleis near Mittenwald.

One evening Bruno Gröning came to see me again in my lodgings and saw at once that I was in almost unbearable pain because of my spasms. Because of my shortness of breath I gasped out in despair: ***“Please, Mr. Gröning, help me quickly! I can’t bear it anymore!”*** He looked at me kindly, threw something invisible at me and said in a determined voice: ***“I’m now giving you one injection – now pay careful attention to what you are feeling!”***

Although he did not touch me and was sitting motionless some distance in front of me, I felt a prick on the skin of my left arm. Then something flowed in and spread pleasantly throughout my whole body via my bloodstream. A short while later all of my muscles relaxed and a complete and restful peace that I had never experienced before – a peace that was just as much spiritual and emotional as physical – bestowed upon me a heavenly feeling of wellbeing. Bruno Gröning smiled: ***“That’s as it should be! Now you will sleep well and in the morning everything will be much better. If you really have faith and trust in God, this severe affliction will never come back again.”*** Even though my faith at that time was not all that strong, I nevertheless received the help I so vitally needed.

Now, after four years, Bruno Gröning was perfectly aware of what memories were going through my head, since he immediately answered: ***“I have received a strict healing ban from the authorities and so I cannot treat a person seeking help in any way, that is, I cannot touch anyone or speak to them regarding their healing, yes, I can’t even recommend a harmless chamomile tea. But all of that***

*cannot stop me, since I can and may have conversations with my friends and make them aware of a few truths. If I then press a little aluminium foil ball into the hand of one or other of my friends, then that is just a little keepsake from me. But I do not heal anyway, because I simply cannot, but it is always the DIVINE POWER that helps and heals. Therefore it is always up to people themselves whether or not they feel something and how they experience it. If someone experiences a healing in themselves, then that is clearly the grace of God. Therefore no one can or may REQUIRE [verlangen] a healing from me, but rather, through changing the way they are inside, they must simply ACQUIRE [erlangen] it.”*

Nevertheless, during the afternoon friends kept coming and asked for advice, comfort and help. It was calming to observe with what patience, love and consideration Bruno Gröning spoke to these people. He knew very well the problems they had to struggle with and what was oppressing them. Usually all that was required was a few striking words from him and a joyful light lit up the faces that had been so troubled before. It was especially illuminating to be able to listen-in when Bruno Gröning was asked about difficulties between partners. It was usually the husbands who were making their wives' lives hell with their bossiness, jealousy and lack of faith. When one of these women burst into tears and complained about her suffering, while emphasising that she had done everything she could to get her husband to understand, she had begged, entreated and sworn to him, but her lord and master had only classified her as an hysterical woman and laughed at her..., then Bruno Gröning answered her seriously: *“Wrong, my dear woman, absolutely wrong! So far you have not been doing what is right in your family. You can't convince someone only with words – and you certainly can't force them. But there is this lovely saying: “Silence is...”, he looked at the woman questioningly and she hesitantly went on: “...golden and speaking is silver.” “Yes, that's how it is... But speaking is not always silver. Very often it is worthless chatter and even the bearer of the evil one,”* said Bruno Gröning meaningfully and nodded his head. He explained this further to the puzzled and sheepish looking woman: *“If you want to convince someone – your husband, for example – about spiritual truth, you must first of all put into practice, without words, the conviction that you yourself have obtained. It is only when the change in your behaviour*

*becomes apparent to the other person and he asks why you are now suddenly reacting to him in such an understanding way that you can then gently tell him about the GREAT REVERSAL.”*

To begin with the woman was silent, struck by what had had said, but then it all came bubbling out of her, full of indignation and despair: *“How can I be nice to him when he is such a rotter, and takes every opportunity to ridicule and even humiliate me. Yes – and love? For us older couples that’s been extinguished a long time ago... Ah, Mr. Gröning, life is horrible you know! I often think that I can’t go on.”* She held her hand in front of her face and wept bitterly.

Bruno Gröning gave her an understanding smile and answered her patiently and kindly: *“I’ll explain it to you with an analogy: As you know, an unripe apple is very unimpressive. It’s as green as grass, feels rock hard and tastes – if you bite into it anyway – terribly sour! In short, unripe fruits are inedible and also bad for your health. But if you give them the time they need in order to ripen, they become wonderful and are then also easily digestible. It is just the same with a person’s character: As long as they are not ripe, they are, so to speak, inedible and many difficulties will arise while living with them. But in this case the other partner needs to show a great deal of consideration, warmth and spiritual love, so that here too a process of ripening will be started in their closed-up soul – just as happens in the apple on account of the sun’s rays. You cannot get anywhere by forcing and lecturing someone, because that only wakes up their inner resistance. It is important to trust in God’s help and guidance in this situation as well, and to let time – time is God – do its work. So, my dear woman, now finally have the trust that you need, and then your husband too, sooner or later, will recognize what is right and then thank you that you have been so careful and considerate with him. So, finally let this go, otherwise you cannot be helped.”*

Although the woman bravely nodded her head in agreement, her inner disquiet and anxiety were nevertheless clear to see. But Bruno Gröning behaved as if he had not noticed and turned to the other friends, answered a question here and there or gave some advice and explanations. All of this took place with incredible love and patience. Even I plucked up courage and squeezed my words laboriously out of my mouth – on account of the severe speech impediment I had at that time. Nevertheless Bruno Gröning

understood me very well and gave me illuminating answers. But when I informed him of my differing opinion on several matters, since I would have loved to have unleashed an interesting debate, he only looked at me sternly and said: ***“Dear Freddy, we are not here to DEBATE but to ACTIVATE, and under God’s orders, too.”***

Turning to the rest of the friends he continued: ***“If a human being needs help, they must learn to receive the divine power without any interference. So every prayer can be compared to a telephone conversation: When you telephone someone you must concentrate fully on the matter at hand! First of all you have to lift the receiver, then dial the correct number and wait for the connection. But then comes the most important thing: When the other person comes on the line and begins to speak, it is necessary to listen to them in silence in order to understand the person who is speaking properly. You must already have noticed that only one person can speak at a time during a telephone conversation, otherwise it is impossible to understand each other. So, either you are silent and listen to the caller’s words – or you yourself speak and the other person has to listen to your words. Doing both at the same time will never reach the goal of a trouble-free, mutual understanding.***

***When you pray, you establish the connection by having the correct inner disposition and a reverent trust in God. So, dialling the right number means taking your stand with what is good and not allowing any doubt to come in. Only in this way is it possible to receive the Heilstrom without disturbance or interference and to stay in harmony with the divine. And – dear friends – there is another very, very important thing: Once you have achieved this spiritual connection, please never hang up ever again, that is, honestly make the effort never to linger in a bad thought, not even for a single MOMENT, because, if you do, the connection with God is immediately broken and it often takes an incredibly long time before it can be established again, if ever! So now you understand why it is SO important for all human beings, always, in any and every situation, to take their stand with the good, and so with God.”***

After these impressive and serious words, there was at first only a deeply moved silence. While everyone present considered the implications of these interrelationships for their own future life, Bruno Gröning sat motionless and radiated such a powerful divine

energy that the room was practically sizzling. It is impossible to convey the calm and peaceful mood that had settled in the souls of the people sitting there. It was only the lady who had a problem with her marriage who, after a short while, stole a glance at her watch, pulled a shocked face and began to fidget on her chair. To begin with, Gröning deliberately took no notice of this, since it was often his way to put the friends to the test. So the more someone was sitting on needles, the more calm and quiet he would become.

Suddenly he looked at the lady and seemed visibly surprised: ***“What’s up with you, dear woman? Why are you so restless? You know full well: Being calm and quiet should be something sacred and holy for human beings!”*** ***“Yes, yes, I know!”*** said the lady bashfully and continued hesitantly: ***“I asked my husband to pick me up here at four o’clock... He’s sitting outside in the car right now, waiting for me!”*** Bruno Gröning acted as if he didn’t understand: ***“Your husband’s here? Well, go and bring him in then...”*** ***“I can’t do that, he won’t want to. Absolutely no way, he said,”*** explained the lady in great embarrassment and already struggling with tears. Our great instructor looked into the distance and then kindly said: ***“This time he’ll say yes. Just bring him in, don’t be anxious, he won’t bite!”*** The lady got up and diffidently left the room.

Shaking his head Bruno Gröning turned to the friends: ***“People really do get far too anxious in the face of evil, and it will continue to have power over them as long as they go on being afraid. Only when we say yes to that which is of God do we have protection and become unassailable. That is why I must tell you again and again: Trust and believe!”***

Minutes later there was a knock at the door to the room, and after Gröning’s friendly ***“Come in!”*** Mr. and Mrs. M. stood in the doorway: She was beaming with happiness, while he looked tight-lipped and embarrassed. Bruno Gröning: ***“Ah, Mr. M., I’m delighted to meet you. Please take a seat!”*** He passed him a chair and Mr. M. sat on the smallest corner he could manage without falling off. There then ensued the following thought-provoking dialogue between these two spiritually very different men:

Gröning: ***“So you love your wife and want her to be well?”***

Mr. M. (unwillingly): ***“Yes. Why?”***

Gröning (in a forceful voice): ***“Then just listen, for once, to what your wife has to say to you, or don’t you think that she only wants what’s good for you as well?”***

Mr. M. (with a shrug): ***“I don’t know, I don’t understand all this. It’s so strange to me!”***

Gröning (kindly): ***“But it is only the good, which you shouldn’t reject. And in the depths of your heart you really don’t want to. It’s only that you haven’t become conscious of it yet. But you should listen to your wife’s advice nevertheless... It is also what is best for you.”***

As Mr. M. obviously felt uncomfortable and was also very embarrassed, Bruno Gröning continued to concern himself with him: ***“How do you feel with us here? Just look around you a little, these are nice people, aren’t they?”***

Mr. M. just sat there with his head bowed and gave no answer. His wife, for whom this was all very painful, directed a pleading glance at Gröning. But he behaved as if there was absolutely no problem and began to talk with other friends in a low voice. Mr. M.’s face was as red as a turkey’s and thick beads of sweat were forming on his brow, which he laboriously wiped away with his handkerchief. Obviously suffering in this unfamiliar situation, in his discomfort he kept looking at his wife, but neither of them had the confidence to say anything. Suddenly Bruno Gröning looked at Mr. M.: ***“So, my dear man, you can take your wife home now. Have I put your patience to the test for a long time? Never mind, when you learn to hold on to your peace things will be easier for you as well, and you’ll understand your wife better. And do come inside again, when you bring your wife here.”***

After Bruno Gröning’s friendly farewell, the couple left the room, greatly relieved, and Erich Bavay said with a chuckle: ***“Well, he was sweating good and proper!”*** But Gröning explained: ***“If the divine power is poured over a closed vessel – which is what, spiritually speaking, this man is – then it only flows over the surface, on the outside, and can’t get in anywhere, and the person concerned – who wants to know nothing about the good – experiences this as something very, very unpleasant.”***

We were all deeply impressed, since we had never experienced the opposition between good and evil so clearly before, and the astonishment of the people present was all the more obvious because Mr. M. was well-known as a distinguished and respectable local businessman. ***“Yes,”*** said Gröning, who was well aware of his friends’ thoughts: ***“In the spiritual realm, the concepts of good and evil signify something other than what people usually take them to***

*mean: Even when someone is completely blameless so far as the laws of the state are concerned, they can nevertheless – from a spiritual point of view – be a servant and an instrument of evil. As soon as someone doubts the divine and lets only the material world count for something, since they assume that they can live their lives in a neutral zone without any further consequences, they have nevertheless already started to be influenced by evil, and such a person will sooner or later end up being completely and helplessly at its mercy. In reality there is no grey zone that one may occupy without further consequences. So no-one should be surprised if the body also falls into disorder – as a result of the psychological burdens that were previously allowed in, and for which the individuals themselves are responsible. On the other hand, a spiritual healing of the body is only possible when the person concerned becomes inwardly peaceful and calm, and finally has the will and determination to get along with themselves and the world in peace and NEVER to squander the divine power on anything that is not good, no matter how it has been picked up.”*

In the afternoon Bruno Gröning withdrew for a short while, and the people present enjoyed the lovely tea that our hostess, Grete Bavay, had set out for us. We asked Mr. Bavay to organize a lodging for us where we could spend the night. After making a telephone call, he told us a little later that we would be able to spend the night at a farmhouse that lay about two and a half kilometres away to the east.

As it was already getting dark and Mr. Bavay said that the evening had been set-aside for the *closest friends* only, Lilo began to pack her bag. At the very moment that she was helping me into my jacket, Bruno Gröning came into the room, frowned and asked: *“Do you want to go already?”* Lilo answered truthfully: *“Mr. Bavay has just told us that this evening has been set aside for your closest friends only. So we don’t want to cause any problems and we’ll be on our way.”*

Gröning (clearly indignant): *“What? Bavay has been too hasty yet again. I’ve told him many times that in such cases he must ask me first, before he takes it upon himself to make such decisions. You belong to my closest friends and so I invite you to stay. Or are you tired and want to go to bed? In that case I won’t stand in your way.”*

We, almost 'out of one mouth' said: ***“No, no, Mr. Gröning, we don't feel tired in the least and are happy and grateful that it is now possible for us to be allowed to stay here.”***

Gröning smiled contentedly then turned to the other friends and said: ***“It is of absolutely no importance how long someone has been part of this circle. As to whether I can reckon them amongst my closest friends or not, the only thing that counts is their inner RIPENESS. None of you, not even our friend Bavay, can and may make a decision on this, and in the future, when I am not present, no such decision must be made. Otherwise it would be a matter of pure prejudice, the consequences of which would lead to injustices and so to evil. Here, amongst my friends, there can be none of this banding together in cliques that arises out of human weakness. On the path to God there should never be any kind of personally - motivated favouritism or discrimination. Aspiring to or lobbying for certain positions within the communities would lead to rivalries, and that is already the seed of evil that would like to destroy the good, the godly. That should not and may not happen, both here and now, and in the future.”***

On this first evening in the inner circle around Erich Bavay, Bruno Gröning spoke for more than four hours. During this long time, which seemed unusually short to all of us, it was so silent that you could have heard a pin drop. It was only when he occasionally posed questions in a low voice to one or other of the friends that there came mostly tentative answers. Although these were not always correct, Gröning was never annoyed or impatient. He never directed a sharp criticism at anyone and corrected any mistakes with superhuman patience. In this connection, the following words clearly show how profoundly humane his nature was: ***“... And if someone makes a mistake, we should not laugh at them or get angry with them, but, on the contrary, we must be grateful to them. For it is in the consequences of an unjust act that we see that it was wrong, and so we don't need to make the same mistake ourselves in order to extract a bitter lesson from it. Through such reciprocal gratitude the disastrous thought that we are better or something more than the other person completely evaporates. And so everyone helps everyone else, since one person needs another and everyone needs God.***

***Do not ever be so presumptuous as to imagine that God needs human beings. That is absolutely wrong!! But never forget:***

***At all times, every minute, yes, every SECOND, human beings are dependent on God's grace and help. Without God there would be no life, and, in that case, none of us would exist, not even the smallest living thing can be here on earth without God. And so I am right to say: LIFE IS GOD! And this whole earth that we are allowed to live on, because we have received from Him this gift of our wonderful bodies, is divine by nature."***

We, that is Lilo and I, already knew a little about spiritual things, but these clear and far-reaching words from Bruno Gröning had us shuddering to the very depths of our souls, with reverential awe and great happiness. He had the blessed ability to say, in a precise and carefully-directed way, and without any decorative padding, just what the people seeking his help desperately needed for their everyday lives, without getting diverted from their true tasks in life by any kind of fantastic daydreams and personal interpretations.

Before we became Bruno Gröning's *students*, we had read a great many books on supposedly spiritual subjects. These included the most outlandish descriptions of past and future periods in the history of God's creation as well as precise descriptions of the conditions that prevail in the spiritual realms. Other kinds of literature portrayed, in the darkest of colours, the imminent end of the world, which was to occur as early as the year 1950, and ice-cold shivers of panic and anxiety would run down one's spine. All of these works, many of which were written in a very exciting style, had one thing in common, despite all their imaginative detail: They all basically consisted of occult, otherworldly descriptions and only very rarely gave any concrete guidance on how to cope with everyday life. Someone who took this literature to be hard currency and behaved accordingly would perhaps give the impression of being terribly clever. But when faced with the most trivial of practical problems such a person will mostly have no idea about what to do but will doubt, and indeed, despair of themselves and the world. Apart from this kind of thing, the most common subject of these books was karma, which was always inexorable and inescapable, and they always contained the hidden threat that ***every error, even the smallest, must be paid for, down to the last penny, in your own body, - while there was not even the slightest mention of Christ's spiritual path of divine grace.***

When, with a certain boastfulness, I mentioned to Bruno Gröning that we were quite at home in spiritual matters as we had

already read very many occult books, he immediately asked us, with pretended ignorance: "***Occult? What is this occult? What does that mean?***" I was astonished by his question and relied somewhat bumptiously: "***But Mr. Gröning, it is knowledge of secret spiritual teachings!***" He replied thoughtfully: "***Ah, I see, secret teachings! But there are no secrets with God. All of this is only something that human beings have said because of their arrogance and desire to show off. Pay careful attention to what I will now state clearly and simply: The time for secrecy is well and truly over! From now on, what human beings need and what God wants will be said simply, clearly and in complete openness. Everyone needs to be connected to Him. There are no exceptions, for the divine power and God's help are available to every person who truly trusts and believes!***"

We were deeply impressed by Gröning's clear words and were silent, as were all the others present. His talk on faith and belief began after the evening meal and went on until after midnight. As he gave his clear explanations, the room was perceptibly filled with the divine Heilstrom. Bruno Gröning always invited the friends to give an account of their own experiences of divine assistance and would kindly and considerately point out any errors that slipped in to what they said, though as he said, never to criticize them, but only so that the other friends would not have to make the same mistakes in order to extract a bitter lesson from them. Gröning often said, and, because of its importance, I would like to repeat it here once more: "***Never be angry with someone, even when they have done a lot of bad things to you. For everything evil does harm to the body and, if you get angry about it, you will pick it up too. On the contrary, you should be grateful that your unpleasant contemporaries have shown you how things are NOT done. God's help can be bestowed on you only if you stop picking up evil and storing it away.***"

I would also like to go into an interesting and important detail of this first evening that we spent with Bruno Gröning when he was giving a talk: that very evening he founded – to everyone's surprise – the ***Working Community*** and made the following remark: "***Enough words have been spoken. From now on everyone must WORK on themselves if they want to obtain help and retain it.***"

You could see at once how surprised and disconcerted the people present were; they just gasped and were unable to make any response. Gröning noticed their uncertainty and explained: "***Yes, my friends, up till now you have always believed that, when difficulties***

*arise – then we go straight to Gröning! He will soon put everything back in order again. But it is not as simple as that. I am certainly keen to help, and I even believe and have faith on your behalf as well, faith that you will receive help, when you yourselves are unable to do so. But please pay attention, that is, pay attention to the help you receive from God, show that you are worthy of it and, when you have received healing, be continually thankful for it. Help always comes from God Himself, never from me. I am also not your dustbin, into which you can throw all manner of filth while thinking: He'll soon gulp it down. Who amongst you thinks of me as their dustbin?"*

The embarrassed silence that now filled the room felt like a palpable admission that he had hit home, but no one had the courage honestly to say what they thought, and simply went on waiting in silence. Gröning finally broke the silence: *"Why does none of the friends have the confidence to answer my question? Have none of you had such thoughts, or are you just too cowardly to admit to them here?"* One of the persons present plucked up his courage and hesitantly said: *"Well now, Mr. Gröning, I would not want to put it as bluntly as that. Naturally we are pleased when we receive help through you. But a dustbin? No, I am absolutely certain that none of us has ever thought such a thing. You can believe us on that one. Besides, we respect you too much."*

Satisfied, Bruno Gröning said: *"I only asked you this question because I wanted to make you aware of what a person can load onto another whenever they thoughtlessly believe they can say: one or the other will soon help me, I don't have to contribute anything. Even if such considerations have no evil intent behind them, they nevertheless contain the DEMAND that someone should be able to take away their own filth, for which they are personally responsible – and that is dangerous. If I myself am allowed to do this for one or other of the people who are seeking my help, this is always freely granted to me by God, and the evil, the burden, is BURNT UP. But if any of you tries to do something like this, then this ATTEMPT will always end up leading to something bad for you. I warn you, dear friends, NEVER occupy yourselves with what is EVIL, and especially not with other peoples'. If you really want to help, then ask God for His help and leave it entirely up to Him as to how and in what way the necessary help will be provided. If this request for help and healing is a deep and heartfelt wish, it will be heard and*

*fulfilled, according to your spiritual maturity. This is the background reason that explains why you may never REQUIRE [VERLANGEN] healing but only ACQUIRE [ERLANGEN] it, through divine grace.*

*People also pick up a great deal of bad things from their immediate surroundings, and even from their own family. If there is someone there who still cannot believe in the good, they extinguish the divine power that their friend or relative has received in the community hour. You see, no person who is seeking help is strong enough at the beginning to successfully defend themselves from all the evil that comes at them from their usual surroundings. That is also the reason why I keep on saying that being looked-after in a clinic would provide the most ideal conditions for a healing to run its course without disruption. In such a case, afflicted people – with medical supervision – would be able to give themselves over to the Heilstrom for several weeks on end, in a state of inner calm and balance. Only when the healing – spiritual and organic – has become secure, is a return – even to surroundings where people are full of doubt – no longer dangerous for the people who have been healed.*

*I must also point out how damaging it is to someone's health to live in constant agitation. Because of this, tension develops in the body, at every point that it can, and this hinders the circulation of the blood in such a way that the organs do not receive an adequate supply and so become debilitated, and this can often be the seed of future serious afflictions. When you look at it this way, you can understand why I keep on saying that all illnesses have spiritual causes, in that they come about through the degradation of a person's inner powers of defence."*

It was after midnight when, full of thanks, we took our leave of Bruno Gröning and our hosts. Mr. Bavay, who accompanied us as far as the garden gate, told us the way to the guest house and then we two wheelchair users, together with my aunt, were finally alone. The night was pitch black and the fog was so thick that it took some effort not to lose sight of the edge of the road.

Lilo had the good idea of fastening our one and only torch, which had quite a weak beam, to the steering rod of her wheelchair, which was the kind you propelled yourself. Then we set off – with incredible faith in divine protection. Before us lay a completely unknown road, from which, with patient endurance, we had to wring

meter after meter. The few cars, which, because of the thick fog, could only go at walking pace, passed us carefully while we waited as close as possible to the side of the road. But it was precisely these cars that gave us the assurance that we were still on solid ground and not stranded somewhere in an unreal sphere between space and time.

Then, after what seemed an infinitely long walk, we finally reached the little village with its handful of farmsteads. That we also managed to find the place where lodging had been arranged for us seems to me even now to be something that borders on a miracle. When we had finally reached our room, after we had been carried up a steep set of stairs, we had a real surprise: We had been given the room for honeymoon couples, and when we opened the drawers to put away our sparse luggage, we found that they were full of items to do with weddings and at least twenty candles with an estimated burning time of several hundred hours. But we were not put out, we accepted everything just as it had been presented to us and contentedly went to sleep at once. The first day of this our second meeting with Bruno Gröning, our spiritual teacher, was the beginning of an inner and deeply respectful friendship, which was to outlast all bodily limitations.

When we woke the following morning, we were filled with an indescribable feeling of ease. It seemed as if, at a stroke, a new and more meaningful life had begun. After a hearty breakfast with real country butter and delicious brown rye bread, which, on account of my damaged gallbladder, I had only eaten after some hesitation, we set off again on foot. By day we became aware of the peace and gentle beauty of the Bavarian countryside and we allowed ourselves a substantial amount of time for the journey to the Bavays' house. It was a magnificent, sunny morning. After more than an hour we had managed to negotiate the rising road and, at around half past ten, we were standing in front of Mr. and Mrs. Bavay's garden gate, a little out of breath, but very happy.

We were asked to wait a little longer in the garden, which did not put us out at all. In the shadow of a tree I was able to relax completely and I sank deeply into prayer. The divine power flowed through me in warm waves, and it was remarkable that, at the same time, a spiritual and emotional change began which was to develop powerfully somewhat later on in the house: The constant anxiety [Angst] that had never left me alone suddenly did not feel so agonizing anymore, because it was being replaced by a feeling of

inner peace and liberation. I gave myself completely over to this profound and fundamental experience without being able to understand or explain it. After a while – I had lost all sense of time – Mr. Bavay told us that Mr. Gröning was waiting for us. Full of joy we entered the room and were warmly invited to take a seat. Lilo and I sat on the sofa and everyone was quiet. After a little while, Bruno Gröning looked at me and said: ***“You don’t need to be anxious anymore about Lilo being taken away from you, for God is protecting you and will not let such a thing happen. She is meant for you in this life!”*** I was very disconcerted that he had been aware of my secret problem in such detail and that he had spoken to me in such a comforting way. After a little pause for thought I plucked up my courage and hesitantly replied: “Yes, but Lilo’s mother wants to force us apart...” Gröning at once asked me indignantly: ***“Who is mightier, God or Lilo’s mother? If you honestly have faith in spiritual help, no human being can do anything that goes against God’s decree. All you have to do – and you must do it in every situation of apparent danger – is to maintain your connection with the world above through an absolute trust. The slightest doubt or the smallest trace of anxiety is enough to cut off your protection – and then you become a football for evil to play with! But evil can only send you the thoughts that make you anxious if you accept them. In such a case you would not be able to sleep anymore because of terrible nightmares. So whatever the future brings for you and Lilo depends on you alone.”***

Almost stunned, as if I was mentally paralysed and helpless, I could hardly follow Bruno Gröning’s explanation. The possibility of being able to direct my future destiny myself, simply by having the correct spiritual disposition and despite my physical disabilities, seemed to me too new, too unreal. Up to now the people around us who were not disabled had repeatedly ***drummed into us*** that people who are disabled have no right to express even a small wish. Someone who is dependent on other people, so they said, must do what their already over-burdened family tells them to do, and there’s an end to it!

So what Bruno Gröning had said seemed to us as if it had come from another world. When I then thought again about Lilo’s mother’s pigheadedness and about the unfriendly remarks my parents made, rising anxiety was already tightening around my throat – simply as a result of thinking about them. I struggled with tears.

Gröning read my soul as if it were an open book and explained: ***“Anxiety comes from evil. Indeed, it is evil! Whoever picks it up loses their connection with God. There is only one possibility for you to master your future together: If you NEVER pay attention to people, but ONLY to God.”***

While Lilo nodded her head with relief, I desperately tried to get free of the anxiety that had just about become a permanent state for me, but it kept coming back at me, just like a ravenous wolf falls on its helpless prey. A struggle now began to rage in me. Moments of calm and comforting trust in God would be followed by states of choking despair, which made cold sweat stand out on my forehead and aggravated my spasms. Lilo, who noticed my inward struggle, lovingly supported me, though she did not say a word and sank deep into silent prayer. Gröning too was completely still and intensely focused. Some time later, which seemed simply endless to me, the incomprehensible happened: After a final, furious attack of evil, a peace and harmony that I had never experienced before spread throughout my psyche, which had previously been so agonized. All the menacing thoughts and ideas faded away and oppressed me no longer. They had suddenly lost their power to terrify me. To put it briefly, at a single stroke the world of my feelings and emotions had been filled with confidence and trust in God. One of my many spiritual and psychological healings had occurred.

Bruno Gröning smiled contentedly: ***“That’s the way it should be! Take note of what you have just experienced and never again allow yourself to be troubled by other people, because they know nothing about either divine guidance or divine protection. But this can only become real and effective through your own trust and faith, and that is why I say, as I often rightly said before: TRUST AND HAVE FAITH!”***

Our second day with the Bavays was an unforgettable experience, because we had the opportunity of getting to know Bruno Gröning not only as someone who gave instructive talks but also as a “private person” in a small and friendly circle of people. Our conversation was relaxed and moved easily from one thing to the other. At one point the topic of “receiving messages from the beyond” was broached. Several of the people present spoke about all the things that they had experienced in this connection, and mentioned that there were people who claimed to be clairvoyant. They could see angels and even look right into heaven itself. The

question as to whether all this had any justification was directed at Gröning. He gave the following serious and powerful reply: *“Many people have an education [Bildung] but in most cases this is just a FANTASY [EINBILDUNG]. They suppose that they are seeing or hearing something, but most of it stems from their own wishes, ideas and opinions, or a craving for recognition. In the spiritual realms there are many delusions, and all the more so because most mediums do not know who is really lurking behind the so-called “higher spiritual being”, for which they are claiming to be the medium. In most cases it is extremely low, indeed evil spirits, who make use of the bodies of weak-willed and credulous people in order to cause confusion. The dangers in doing this kind of thing also lie in the fact that – even from what seems at first to be harmless mumbo-jumbo – serious preoccupations can develop which can lead such people to become dependent, to go mad and eventually to kill themselves, because they are no longer master of their own thoughts and feelings. I warn you, dear friends, evil is always and everywhere lying in wait – in order to lure from the divine path people who are excessively curious and always want to know more. You are lured and led astray by fervid predictions and promises, while that which is true and genuine, that which is natural, remains denied to you. In any case, no one who has been incarnated here as a “normal mortal” knows what it is really like in the BEYOND. The spiritual world is so beautiful, so different, that there are simply no earthly comparisons, images or words with which to describe it, and whoever has once been able to look into this other world never wants to look back. For this, your earthly life, you have received your bodies as a gift from God, so that you will be able to learn here and accomplish the specific task that has been set you. That is why THIS SIDE is so important, yes, absolutely vital. You must continually aspire to live each day consciously and with joy, while being ready at every moment to make the right decision, with God’s help. Only here, on this divine earth, do you, as a growing, immortal spiritual being, have the possibility, AT EACH MOMENT, of overcoming many of the earlier burdens that you brought here with you. In the world beyond this is much, much harder, without the body to protect you and to point out to you at once the consequences of afflictions as they arise.”*

Certainly no-one had considered their earthly life from this point of view before. You could see the deep shock and emotion on people's faces. I should mention here that at that time numerous people would find their way to Gröning who were interested in spiritual things and had already become spiritually burdened in some way. Amongst them were mediums who practised automatic writing and believed in everything that their uncontrolled hands scribbled on the paper. Then there were those who put their trust entirely in spontaneous inspirations, without critically examining the content of the messages they received, while the most bizarre versions of an immediately imminent apocalypse circulated *ad nauseam*, especially in the years after the Second World War.

It was a terrifying and cloudy mystic brew, in which so many anxious people got stuck and could no longer be happy in their lives. It was in this mixture of physical pain, emotional and psychological suffering, and spiritual ignorance that Bruno Gröning worked and, with his striking, crystal clear words, brought light into the jungle of human errors and presumptuous opinions. And so, amongst other things, he would say to his friends: ***“Let go of everything that is not good, let go of despair, of mourning and hopelessness! The earth is divine by nature and therefore has God’s protection. Evil cannot and will never be able to destroy it. What other people prophesy should not trouble you. The only thing that is important for you is yourselves and your own lives in these bodies that God has given you as a gift. You must find your own path to the great reversal and recognize and accomplish the task that has been assigned you in this life. It’s not I, “little me”, that’s important – and no other human being is important for you either. When it’s a matter of doing what is right, you are all on your own. If you would like to obtain health and healing, it is up to you and what you really want. It is absolutely no use at all to know about a lot of unimportant things and to forget about yourself and your own body. But rejoice in life and receive each new day full of gratitude.”***

During these important teachings, one was continually aware of changes in one's body. Suddenly there was some prickling in one spot, and here and there a part of the body became warm or even burning hot, without Bruno Gröning appearing to do anything. It often seemed to us as if the entire room had a current running through it. An invisible and pleasant energy field that had a calming influence flowed through each one of us with optimal effect. On the

one hand one had the impression that time was standing still, on the other it flew by like the wind and, before we had noticed it, it was evening again.

These two days with Bruno Gröning made such a deep impression on us that our entire approach to life was changed forever. Overjoyed, we took our leave of him and all the lovely friends that we had met. We asked to be told as soon as Bruno Gröning came back to the Bavays' house and arranged to meet again when he did so. On the following morning we returned home by train – with all of the difficulties I described above. But during the journey home we at once became aware that a spiritual healing process can never be a purely pleasant experience: All of the muscles in my body suffered severe spastic attacks, which expressed themselves in an unpleasant and very painful jerking of my limbs. I sat in my wheelchair in the rocking and juddering guard's van, bathed in sweat. Lilo helped and comforted me as best she could.

It was only days later that it became clear to us that these nasty, physical episodes during our journey home were part of the so-called *Regelungen* that *always* accompany such healings when they get under way. Once we arrived at home, we took great care to tune in to the divine power regularly. Bruno Gröning had given each of us one of the tinfoil balls that he himself had prepared and charged up, while warning us never to keep it near money. He explained this warning by saying that every type of money, because of the materialistic and covetous human thoughts that cling to it, interferes with the energetic field that emanates from the charged tinfoil ball. We therefore carried Gröning's precious gift in a little linen pouch around the neck. The powerful connection with the divine Heilstrom that the tinfoil ball supported helped us successfully get through the time we had to wait until we met him again.

## **Our new car**

**1955**

It is of course almost self-evident that, after these unforgettable experiences, we sought out every opportunity of meeting Bruno Gröning again as soon as possible. When, a few

weeks later, we received the news that he was going to be giving a talk on a given evening at Gmunden, at the home of a family that belonged to the circle of his friends, we decided at once to travel there by taxi, a journey of fifty kilometres. Lisl could also come this time as well, as she would not have to cross any borders. And so it was on this day that she got to meet Gröning in person.

Even this trip ended up seeming like an adventure! The meeting was scheduled for eight o'clock in the evening, and it was already getting dark as we began our journey, full of optimism, at six o'clock on an evening in November 1954. At that time Gallspach was linked to Gmunden by a small winding country lane and on this evening there was also a thick fog. The taxi driver carefully crept along at between thirty and forty kilometres an hour so that it was already almost eight o'clock when we arrived at our destination. Then too, as was so often the case, we had to be carried up quite a steep staircase before we were able to take our places in the medium-sized, dimly lit living room of the host family.

We also very briefly met Mr. Sterneder here, the author of the book "The Miracle Apostle". Bruno Gröning received him with the significant words: "*Oh, the prodigal son is back again. What brings you to me?*" Sterneder was a little embarrassed and asked Gröning whether he could speak with him alone. He disappeared again soon after this, just as silently as he had arrived. Turning to Lilo Gröning remarked dryly: "*Sterneder still has a great deal to learn!*"

The evening passed harmoniously in this little circle and the divine power had its full effect. Fortunately our taxi driver waited patiently until the end of our visit, at around eleven o'clock. And so – after our return journey, which also took place in thick fog – we were back home again at around one o'clock, happy and content.

Unfortunately we could not take part in the Christmas celebration in the year 1954 because of the circuitous train journey and the cold weather, though in early 1955 we were fully back in circulation again. My father, who, as previously mentioned, was in the diplomatic service, had managed to arrange a German visa for Lisl, which had no limits on its validity. So from this point on we always travelled to see Bruno Gröning as a foursome. To begin with, though, we could only do this by undertaking exhausting and difficult train journeys.

In May 1955 we were again staying in Stephanskirchen and were really happy at being able to see Bruno Gröning again. As

always, the evening went on very late and so Mr. Bavay asked us to come on the following day no earlier than noon. So, after breakfast, we decided to do a bit of exploring in the immediate neighbourhood of our lodgings. We immediately discovered – only a few hundred meters to the south – the Simsee, a small but very impressively situated lake. The meadows on its shores were level and dropped about half a meter into the lake, which tempted my aunt to go paddling. She stopped abruptly, though, when she noticed the many leeches that were swimming eagerly and determinedly towards her naked legs. We were tickled pink and had a good laugh at my aunt's dismay.

A little later a three-wheeled vehicle, a Goggomobile, came round the corner – and the driver brought it to a halt very near to where we were. He snapped open the doors, which were on the front of the vehicle, and we were astonished to see that, even though he was sitting at the wheel, his legs on both sides had been amputated above the knee. Although he was a war invalid, he had nevertheless learnt to push himself nimbly along over the ground – with the help of his strong arms. He quickly let himself slide onto the soft grass and he and his non-disabled female companion enjoyed the snack they had brought along with them. The two young people called out a friendly greeting to us wheelchair users and we plucked up the courage to start a conversation with them.

In the course of our conversation it became apparent that, on account of the numerous war invalids in Germany, there were several garages that were adapting four-wheeled cars so that they could be driven by someone using only their hands. We were deeply impressed that something like this was even possible. The young man invited Lilo to take a spin with him and on her return she was full of praise for the machine that had been adapted in this way. On account of this almost fateful encounter with the Goggomobile, the range of what we wished for ourselves decisively widened, since it seemed that even in our situation a possibility existed of which we would never have dared to dream.

On our way to the Bavays' house, we were completely preoccupied with this subject. The vehicle that we had so admired was indeed only built for two persons. However, the two of us, Lilo and I, were not able to live independently. At least a third or even a fourth person would always have to accompany us if we were going to manage a journey like this. So it seemed impossible, for the time

being at least, to find a practicable solution, and we therefore pushed to one side these thoughts that seemed so alluring.

After greeting us, however, Bruno Gröning asked us, smiling mischievously: ***“Well then, how was it? Did you like the little car?”*** We nodded, astonished, but he continued in a convincing tone: ***“But you need a proper car, so that you can move about more freely and independently.”*** Our mouths were wide open: “Really, a proper a car – and who will drive it?” ***“Lilo, of course. She’ll manage it very well!”*** Gröning replied at once. Lilo said hesitantly: “But how will that be possible, seeing that my back is so weak on account of the paralysis?” Gröning looked through her for several seconds: ***“Your back WAS weak! If you have the necessary faith, you will manage it!”*** And he directed his question straight at Lilo: ***“Do you have faith that you are able to drive and control a car?”*** Without a moment’s hesitation, Lilo answered with a decisive “Yes”.

Gröning nodded contentedly: ***“It is always a matter of a person’s conviction. But whoever continually thinks only of the past and does not establish any distance from their afflictions cannot receive healing and remains trapped in their current physical condition. If you want to accomplish the great reversal in yourself and in your body, you must learn to let go. From now on the only important thing is what is coming, God’s grace, health, and everything else will be added to this.”***

In the afternoon my mother also arrived; she had travelled from Munich to attend the community hour. Bruno Gröning spoke about how we should not put limitations on our own lives and those of our fellow human beings through our fixed preconceptions – nor prevent unforeseeable and necessary developments simply because it doesn’t fit in with our way of seeing things at the time. God has ordained good things in abundance for each one of us, though at first we cannot believe that this is possible. Only someone who says yes to all of this, without **ifs and buts**, becomes an effective instrument of God on this earth, and His blessing can then have it’s full effect. Suddenly Bruno Gröning turned to my mother with the following words: ***“Well then, Mrs. Hosp, how are you feeling today? Your heart is better, isn’t it, it’s beating perfectly calmly and in a normal way, is it not?”*** “Yes, I can hardly feel it, I haven’t felt this good for ages,” my mother replied, beaming with happiness.

Gröning: ***“You cannot go on brooding, and you must also give away all of your worries. All of that kind of thing weighs you***

*down - and your heart too, naturally. When you calm down and no longer take-in anything else that is not good, you will then experience and be able to maintain the full and complete healing of your body."*

My mother: "I feel as if I've been born again. The only worries I have are for those I love. It's always so difficult for them to come here and yet it is so very important that they be here. How can this problem be resolved?"

Gröning immediately replies: "*Your loved ones need a car of their own. They will then be independent and won't need to stay at home all the time. Otherwise they would just rust away there.*"

My mother went pale: "But Mr. Gröning, that is simply impossible! Their own car? But who will drive it? I certainly can't and my husband is in full-time employment. Besides, we are already too old to take a driving test. No, no, that won't work!" At that time my mother was 54 and my father was 62.

Gröning, forcefully: "*Lilo can manage a car if it's adapted to be driven with hands only. The Laberger driving school in Munich, where I took my driving test, has its own patent for this. Lilo can also go to the driving school there and take her driving test. So no more worrying, Mrs. Hosp. Just do the right thing and God's blessing is already there. Do you understand this?"*

Although my mother nodded timidly, her frowning expression conveyed an absolute NO. No-one mentioned this delicate matter again for the rest of the afternoon. Since my mother did not utter even the slightest word about it even as she was taking her leave, we seriously believed that we would have to bury our audacious pipe-dreams for good. As so often before, we resigned ourselves to what we regarded as the [unsurpassable](#) limitations that a physical disability brought with it.

Towards evening, before we wished Bruno Gröning good night, he gave Lilo an especially large, ripe orange with the words: "*And before you go to bed, share this with Freddy. And make sure you eat it all up!!*" he added as a warning. At that time we still had no idea that he knew perfectly well just how much embarrassment, indeed, into what a painful dilemma regarding our trust in God he had brought us with this tasty gift of his. The weighty cause of this was as follows: Both Lilo and I suffered from functional weakness of the liver and gall-bladder which meant, as one of its many unpleasant consequences, that we could not tolerate any kind of raw fruit at all.

Now and then we would experiment by eating a piece of apple or even one ripe cherry. But up till now we had always had to pay for this a short time later with nausea, vomiting and even pains in our gall bladder.

It was therefore understandable that we hardly uttered a word as we went back to our lodging. Once we got to our room, we first of all sat next to each other in silence for a while... Eventually, with a little sigh, Lilo reached into her handbag and pulled out the ominous orange. The fragrant gem was already lying on the table in front of us and there was now no going back: Either we had faith in spiritual help and followed Gröning's advice or our bad experiences in the past would manage to make us fainthearted, in which case, full of shame, we would have to pack our bags and disappear never to be seen again.

Slowly and without a word, Lilo peeled the fruit, separated it into segments and laid out half on my plate and half on hers. And then everything happened on its own: First of all Lilo put a segment into my mouth – and then took one herself from her plate. Oh, how good it tasted!! We both thoroughly enjoyed this thing that had been impossible for us for so long, fully aware of what we were doing, though we now only thought about how good, how wonderful a ripe piece of fruit can taste. Significantly, at that moment everything else was a matter of complete indifference to us.

All at once both of our plates were empty and straightaway we wanted to lean back in satisfaction as, almost at the same moment, we looked at each other in utter astonishment: “Do you feel anything?” I asked. “Yes...do you?” came the reply. She felt, I felt, we both felt, at the same time but independently of each other and without any previous discussion, the following: ***It suddenly became almost unbearably hot in the pit of my stomach... A current of energy that I had never experienced before began to flow and circulate... A little later all of this spread to the region of the liver and gall bladder, only to die away in the abdominal area. Immediately after this I experienced the most awesome and amazing thing that had ever happened to me: Both Lilo and I had the feeling that there was a complete emptiness in the region of the stomach, no pressure, no noises, no unpleasant feeling of being full. We simply felt well and hollow, and that's all. This complete freedom from any discomfort continued for both of us, even after***

*we'd eaten a large meal. On that evening, therefore, two spontaneous and lasting healings had occurred.*

When we went to Gröning the next day, he greeted us with the following words: *“Well then, did the orange taste good?”* After we had told him about what we had experienced, he nodded his head contentedly: *“Where evil has been removed, there is at first a hollow space, which only gets filled with divine power a little later. So you have felt everything absolutely correctly. Now you must take good care and see to it that what is bad can never again, I emphasise – never again - force its way into you. You see, when there is any agitation, the weakest place in the body is the first to be afflicted and falls into disorder. Yesterday you experienced for yourselves, in your own bodies, what a weight falls away when God grants a healing. All thanks belong to Him alone.”*

This conversation made it very clear to us what an absolutely precise knowledge and understanding Bruno Gröning had of all his friends, all of whom were in truth people in search of healing. When somebody once asked him about this, he replied: *“I must indeed know more, see more, hear more and feel more than other people, so that I can know who can be helped and who cannot or may not yet be freed from their present afflicted condition, because they do not yet have any spiritual ripeness or maturity of their own – or because they must learn something from it. However, no one has the right to devalue or condemn a person who has not yet experienced full and complete healing. God alone has the necessary knowledge and power to ordain a healing at the time when it is most beneficial for the spiritual maturity of the individual concerned. It is therefore so important to see clearly that a healing can only be ACQUIRED [ERLANGEN] and never REQUIRED [VERLANGEN]. I must remind you of this again and again.”*

The hours flew past and in the evening Gröning drove to a large community in Rosenheim. He surprised us by saying: *“It would be good if you could stay here until I come back after giving my talk. Even if it gets very late, it makes no difference. Take in the divine power in complete calm and observe precisely what occurs in your bodies. You will have to give a report to me about it when I come back again.”*

Bruno Gröning left the house at about 6 o'clock in the evening and our hostess regaled us with all kinds of treats. And with the

tinfoil balls in our hands we allowed this wonderful divine power to flow through us. I would especially like to describe in rather more detail the, occasionally rather dramatic, occurrences that then took place in my body in the hours that followed: I suddenly felt a leaden weariness and was scarcely able to keep myself upright. I was therefore laid out on the sofa and covered with a light blanket. I then became very hot and sweat poured out of every pore. Later on it was as if I was floating for quite a time over my body, first higher and then lower, up and down, high and low, just like a bed sheet fluttering in the wind. I hardly noticed the high fever that was heating my body and how Lilo was continually cooling my scorching forehead with a damp cloth. As I had lost all sense of time, I only became aware after the event that this feverish condition had lasted several hours.

But then I opened my eyes and had myself put into a sitting position. Only a pleasant sensation of powerlessness filled my limbs, which were usually completely cramped. All at once my forehead was no longer hot. In short, the fever went away as quickly as it had come. Astonished, I looked at my watch, which showed half past one in the morning. Gröning came home and asked as usual: ***“So, how was it?”*** Lilo gave a brief report on the fever that seemed to have set in. Gröning nodded contentedly: ***“That is very good, because things were being worked on feverishly in Freddy’s body. I was there! Now go back to your lodging and have a good rest.”***

Fortunately we had brought the house key with us so we were able to get to our room at about 2:30 in the morning without being noticed and without disturbing the owner of the house. By means of this feverish episode, which disappeared just as quickly as it had come, another piece of my original and very heavy affliction had again been removed from me. We travelled back to Gallspach in great contentment, where a few days later a great surprise was waiting for us.

It is worth mentioning that there were almost no private telephones in those days, and we were not yet among the lucky ones who did have one. This wish was only fulfilled in 1962, in Klagenfurt. Therefore, to begin with, the only contact I had with my parents was either in person or by letter.

From one such letter, we learnt that my father – on account of Bruno Gröning – was having himself transferred from Bern to Munich and that my mother was therefore looking for a place in the

Bavarian capital where they could live. Unexpectedly she came to see us in Gallspach and, to our great astonishment, said straight out: *“So, while I was in Munich looking for a place to live, I walked past the Volkswagen showroom. Something prompted me to go in and have a look at a Volkswagen Beetle. The nice salesman explained everything to me... and then I simply ordered a car for you... To this day I have no idea why I did it! To begin with I had not wanted this at all... and then I go and sign the order form! I don’t understand it at all, I simply can’t grasp it....!”* She propped her head on both her hands and, lost in thought, she gazed in front of her in silence for several minutes. Then she spoke again: *“I have also made inquiries at the Laberger driving school; as soon as the Beetle is delivered they will adapt it so that it can be driven only using hands, and that will happen in about two months.”*

Our astonishment and joy were indescribable. Lilo’s cheeks went completely red at the thought that she would be driving a car. At first it all seemed as unreal as a dream, but the reality soon snapped us out of it. When we told Bruno Gröning about it the next time we met him in Stephanskirchen, he laughed mischievously and only remarked: *“When God has already decided something and human beings are prepared to do what is right, then things will happen that no one would have thought possible.”*

From then on everything went like clockwork: When the day on which the car was to be delivered finally came, which was also the day on which the driving course was due to begin, the four of us, that is, my aunt, Lilo, Lisl and I, went to stay in Munich for three weeks, in a guest house at 25 Prinzregentenstrasse. The driving school was a fifteen minutes’ walk from this house, and in the adjacent assembly shop stood our brand new beige-coloured VW-Beetle, which had been partially disassembled ready for its adaptation for hands-only driving.

I was extremely proud and happy over the possibility that I could participate in the theoretical part of the driving course. So I also got to know everything you need to know when driving a car and travelling on the roads. The course was taught by the owner of the firm, a nice older gentleman who used a lot of humour and amusing punch lines in his teaching. I would like to give just one example of this, which is his explanation of how a left hand turn should be taken: “Well then, make sure you are nicely in the middle of your lane and don’t take the turn too sharply or else you’ll get in

the way of oncoming traffic. But the turn should not be so wide that you hit the right curb and jolt over it, because then you'll have to turn the wheel frantically to get back to the correct position for driving on the road. Every left hand turn that is taken at more than 90 degrees is just an amateurish *potato turn*." I never forgot this definition. Whenever I'm travelling in a car and - due to some small lapse in attention - we scrape against the curb, an unpleasant feeling comes over me and the thought shoots through my head: "There goes another *potato turn*!"

Then there were also the practical driving lessons in the practice car, which had also been adapted for hands-only driving. Lilo had to sit behind the wheel right from her very first lesson - and we were off into the traffic mayhem of the great city of Munich. After the half-hour practice drive, Lilo was beaming. The driving instructor praised her for how quickly she picked things up and for not weaving from side to side when she was driving in a straight line, which is not always the case for beginners.

Out of interest I would like briefly to describe here the sophisticated and ingenious hand control mechanism that had the task of transferring the three functions of the foot pedals - there were no automatic cars at that time - to the hands by means of a telescopic arrangement of rods, but in such a way that whoever was driving could always hold on firmly to the steering wheel. This was solved in the following way: The accelerator, mounted on the left of the steering column, was a dial that stayed in whatever position it had been set to and which you could operate without having to take your left hand off the steering wheel. The long gear stick was fitted on the right and had a double function: When it was pulled thirty centimetres from right to left the clutch was disengaged. The gear stick locked into this position and stayed where it was. Pushing this same gear stick down at most fifteen centimetres engaged the foot brakes and the gear stick would also lock in this position. Both of these ways of moving the stick operated independently of each other. So, for example, starting the car and driving off on a rising stretch of road would go as follows: Pull the gear stick to the left while pushing it down until it locks in both positions. Then let go of the gear stick and, still with the right hand, use the gear switch to engage the first gear. Now steer with the left hand and accelerate as you carefully engage the clutch with the right hand, release the foot brakes by pushing the gear stick away from you and the car will begin to move

without rolling backwards. The handbrake has been entirely dispensed with! Just think how much strength was needed to operate the *clutch and brake* in this way, since there was no hydraulic assistance. It is therefore easy, perhaps, to get an idea of how strong Lilo's right arm and back, which had previously been paralysed down one side, had become through Bruno Gröning's help, so that she was able to manage the interplay between brakes, clutch and gear-change on journeys of several hundred kilometres without complaint and without any apparent fatigue. ***So yet another divine healing of a special kind!!!***

This exciting and interesting time in the Bavarian capital city simply flew past. At the same time my mother was arranging their new official residence. With all of the fret and worry this caused she had forgotten about Gröning's warning that she should not overtax her body and one day, as a result of this, she had such severe heart pains that she could hardly drag herself to see us. She sat huddled on a chair and groaned: "I feel so awful, so frightfully awful!" She hardly let us comfort her and when we mentioned Bruno Gröning she only said in a flat voice: "Say hello to him for me!" And then the taxi arrived that took us to the train that went to Rosenheim. Gröning was at the Bavays' house surrounded by a great many friends. During his impressive talk about faith and trust in God, I completely forgot about my mother's physical affliction. In the evening Bruno Gröning said goodbye to us last of all: "***Well then, Lilo, how's the driving school? Is everything going well – and your back is strong enough now, isn't it?***" Lilo just nodded happily. Gröning took a medium-sized piece of tinfoil and made a semicircular arch out of it, which was about eight centimetres long and one centimetre thick, and gave it to Lilo with the words: "***And give this to Freddy's mother. She should place it on the front of her neck like so, for the whole night, so that the ends of the arch are lying on the neck arteries on the left and right side. But she must do it today, right away, as soon as you are back in Munich. Say a fond hello to her from me and tell her that she should pay more attention to her body!***"

When we left, Gröning had a tinfoil ball ready for each one of us, including one for my father, which he gave to my aunt to give to him. My mother was already waiting for us in Munich with the words: "***So, what did Mr. Gröning say? I'm not feeling any better at all!***" My aunt told her what he had sent for her and how she should use it. And she added emphatically: "***And make sure you***

*actually do exactly what he has said!"* My mother crept off sheepishly to her house, which was fortunately not too far away.

On the following morning we had a great surprise: My mother, beaming and in a good mood, greeted us jubilantly! ***"I am healthy, my heart is in good order and I don't have any pain in my legs any more!"*** After saying this she quickly climbed onto a chair and, in high spirits, jumped down again, and this, mind you, at 54 years old. When my mother met Bruno Gröning again a few days later he explained: ***"Yes, I know what has happened in you and your heart is beating normally again. It's not beating so disagreeably fast any more. But do not thank me, thank God!"***

Four weeks after beginning the course, Lilo passed her driving test with distinction - and was a little later the proud owner of a German driving licence. The specially adapted VW-Beetle was also ready. On a beautiful autumn morning, Lilo, for the *first time in her life*, drove the fully loaded car with four people sitting in it for a distance of two hundred and eighty kilometres on a non-stop journey from Munich to Gallspach. With this, a new and unexpectedly larger dimension of our lives had begun...



# The Liberation

1955 to 1956

In Gallsbach it was naturally the sensation of the week that we had a new car and that Lilo could drive it herself. Right away we both enjoyed to the full this new motorized mobility that we had acquired and took shorter and longer trips, so that it was possible for us to get to know areas that had previously seemed inaccessible to us on account of the difficulties that would have to be overcome. For example, a trip to the nearest large town, Wels, which was twenty four kilometres away, had until now only been manageable by hiring an open goods truck: we were firmly strapped on the back, together with our wheelchairs, and given a really good shaking in the course of the subsequent journey. We only dared to embark on this exhausting adventure once a year at most, when the *Wels Fair* was on. The trip would therefore usually take a whole day.

But now, with the new car, there were no restrictions on our enjoyment of travelling and we could already be at our destination after only thirty minutes. This meant that the journey there and back was nothing but a short spin. Is it any wonder that we rejoiced? Through the enormous psychological and spiritual support that Bruno Gröning had given us, our lives had become more varied, more eventful, richer in experiences, in short, more worth living.

But ultimately we had been given the car so that we would be able to meet with Bruno Gröning more easily and more frequently. In those days only eighty kilometres of the two hundred and twenty kilometre stretch of road from Gallsbach to Stephanskirchen via Wels were motorway, but Lilo only needed three and a half hours to complete the journey - a *dream time* as it seemed to us then. I would also like to add a little marginal note here: On the motorway from Salzburg to Rosenheim, most of the bridges across the valleys had been destroyed during the war so that, whenever we came to a valley, we first had to drive down a steep and very winding road to the bottom of the valley and then up again on the other

side. But despite all the imperfections and bottlenecks on the roads at that time, compared to travelling by train, driving in the car was sheer delight.

It was almost a matter of course for us that we would strive to be with Bruno Gröning as often and for as long as possible. At the Bavays' house we also got to know the friends from Carinthia, such as, for example, the Loy-Leute family and the Declevas and Pratneckers, significant personages who would determine the history of our association after January 1958. Also friends such as Walter Häusler and his later wife, Grete Holzbauer, and many people from Klagenfurt and St. Veiter were also in our group. We all immediately felt connected to each other by a close friendship. We were happy together, just like one big family.

A serious occurrence from that time frequently comes to my mind: A seriously disabled middle-aged woman was sitting in the group with us, along with her companion whose concern for her welfare was very touching. Erich Bavay happened to be sitting next to her – he was sitting there calmly but had his eyes closed and seemed somewhat stiff. Then Gröning came into the room and immediately looked intently at Bavay: ***“What’s up with you then, dear friend? Why are you sitting there motionless like that? Just stand up!”*** “I can’t, I can’t move,” came the reply, quiet and subdued.

Gröning (serious and forceful): ***“So, Bavay, you can’t move anymore! Yet again, out of compassion, you have carelessly decided to take it upon yourself to remove evil, illness, from someone else. And now you can’t get rid of it. Just thank God that I am here and can help, otherwise you would remain paralysed for the rest of your life. How many times have I already told you: Neither you nor anyone else may dare to make the attempt - an attempt is a temptation - to imitate what I do. Even if they should do it in good faith and in good will, it ends up leading not to salvation but to disaster. Only someone who has specifically received the task of helping other human beings from God receives the gift they need for this, when they are still in the cradle. A spiritual***

*healing only comes about when the evil, and thus the suffering, is not just taken away but BURNT UP by the divine power - and so dissolved away. Only thus is it rendered permanently harmless, everything else just leads to an amplification of the evil, since the person who had it originally still has it, while the other person, who has compassion, picks it up, because they suffer too out of sympathy. And so, friend Bavay, I say it yet again: DO NOT do anything like this EVER AGAIN. Next time no one can help you.”*

Bruno Gröning made a movement with his hands about twenty centimetres away from Bavay’s legs, as if he was pulling off a large cloth. Then he held the palm of his left hand open a little distance from his back, looked into the distance for a few seconds and finally said to him: *“Well, you’re free again now and can stand up, but in future pay more attention to your body. It’s already had to cope with several things in the past and it really needs to be protected now. And besides, you smoke too much, Bavay, and this puts unnecessary strain on your body as well. Your body is not as resistant as mine, you see. As long as I still come here, I can help you. But once I am no longer physically present on the earth, you won’t be able to smoke a single cigarette, otherwise you’ll come to a sticky end.”*

Erich Bavay seemed not to have been particularly struck but what had been said and what he had heard. Delighted at having been relieved of his affliction, he got up briskly and left the room. For a short while, Gröning stood in silence in front of the friends, looked at each of them with a penetrating gaze, and then abruptly began to explain how important it was to trust completely in God. Everyone was full of reverence and smiling with happiness as they listened to him. But his searching gaze continued to examine everyone who was sitting there... Suddenly he said to the disabled woman: *“So get up, my dear woman, you can definitely do it! But don’t be so lethargic. Don’t think about it for a long time, just simply do it!”*

The woman's companion sprang up and wanted to take her by the arm to help her. Gröning resolutely warned him off: ***"No, no, she must stand up all on her own. She'll do it soon enough, provided she lets go and has complete trust in God. So, finally, stand up!"*** But she gave the very reply that reduced all her chances to nothing: ***"But Mr. Gröning, you know I can't do that. I'm paralysed!"***

Gröning, indignantly: ***"Yes, if you look at things like that and go on clinging to what is not good, then you will remain paralysed!"*** And turning to us: ***"The healing would have occurred right now, if she had believed in the omnipotence of God. Human beings must be ready and prepared to receive the divine gift – health – when it is given. Otherwise it can be lost forever. Every limited point of view and staying stuck in old habits impedes spiritual help."***

Now Bruno Gröning spun round to me ***"So, Freddy, don't just sit around like that - just stand up. You can do it, can't you?"*** I bent forward and tried to get up, but to begin with I could not manage it. As a diversion and to gain some time, as a freshly baked automobile passenger I just said: ***"One moment, Mr. Gröning, it's getting there, I just need to give it some more gas!"*** It was only when everyone present burst into gales of laughter that I became aware of the double meaning of what I had said. Even Bruno Gröning chuckled quietly to himself and then said to me: ***"So get on with it, give it some more gas, I'm waiting!"***

I now exerted all my strength, bent a long way forward and - up we go ..., I stood there for minutes on end - completely at ease and without any exertion. Gröning nodded contentedly and made me promise to practise this exercise every day. At this point I would like to point out the following facts: Although we have been through many difficult and unhappy experiences in the decades between then and now, nevertheless all the good order that I achieved when I was with Gröning or later on has remained in my body right up to the present day.

In the evening Gröning said goodbye to me with the words: ***"Many things will still be done in your body, but first***

*of all it must be cleansed! With you almost everything has become thick and gooey. But it will be thinned and diluted and will leave your body at the given time. So do not be anxious, whatever you go through; I am always there with you.”*

Once we got back to our lodging, we went to bed without anticipating anything in particular. But I had hardly been tucked in when I suddenly felt a strange change taking place in my bronchia. From one minute to the next it felt as if they were filling with mucus, as happens during a heavy cold. Now I had to cough forcibly, and when I noticed that the mucus was loosening, I asked my aunt to sit me up. What happened next was incomprehensible for all of us: Although I had previously been completely unaware of the affliction in my bronchia, a great deal of mucus now came up. I coughed it up and spat it out almost continuously for half the night. Only towards morning were my lungs clear, and clear as I had never known them before. The whole thing was over just as suddenly as it had come on; and I then went to sleep, exhausted but relieved.

Although we had only had a brief sleep during this night, we woke up early the next morning, refreshed and well rested. I in particular experienced yet again an improvement in my attitude to life, which, after the many partial healings that had come to pass, reminded me of how burdened my body must have been to begin with. Full of joy we travelled to the Bavays' house, by car now and therefore very quickly. ***“So, how was the night?”*** Gröning greeted us with a smile. ***“I wheezed and puffed like an old steam engine,”*** was how I wanted to begin my account. But he waved it aside: ***“I know, I was there! What doesn't belong in a body must come out. That is, wherever the good sets to work, evil can expect nothing more there and must give way. Every Regelung occurs like this! The healing process ALWAYS runs its course in this oscillating or wavelike way. The only important thing is that there is an overall sense of ascent or improvement, that is, the next crest of the wave must be higher than the one before it. But when an afflicted person has an oscillating condition like***

*this that goes on getting worse and worse, this is not a Regelung but the effect of the evil, which continues to spread in the body because of the incorrect disposition of the person concerned. That is why it is so essential that you always pay close and careful attention to your body, so that nothing that is not good can lodge itself there. So once again: When the condition of someone's health oscillates or moves in waves in an UPWARD direction, it is a Regelung that leads to healing. All other developments arise from incorrect views and ideas and have nothing to do with the path to God or with His Heilstrom."*

In the afternoon about thirty people met together again for a smaller scale community hour. Bruno Gröning – who, as ever, was aware of the thoughts of the people present – immediately began to talk about important and enlightening things from his private life, which was something he very rarely did. He said: *"One of the reasons why I married my first wife was so that I could father my two sons with her. In the moments when they were conceived I was a human being just like all of you, for this is also something that God wills. My two sons were my closest friends and fellow workers from the spiritual world. Free from all earthly attachments, they were under no compulsion to be reincarnated. But they had the wish deep in their hearts to live a few years with me on this earth, and they received God's permission to be born as my physical children. That is the reason why I could communicate perfectly normally with both of my sons right from when they were tiny babies, even without words to begin with. Those were the most beautiful days of my life. My two children and I were one spiritual unit. When, a little later, I took them both with me on my wire donkey – which is what I called my bicycle – the smaller one up front on the handlebars, the bigger one at the back on the luggage rack, the three of us saw and heard more than other people. Often the two children would say, as if with one mouth: 'Look daddy, do you see the big temple over there – and do you remember how happy we were then, when we lived here?'"*

*Yes, dear friends, I also saw the site of the ancient temple, but it was only its spiritual counterpart that was still present. The real building had been razed to the ground more than a thousand years ago. Nevertheless, human beings whose spiritual eye has been awakened see everything that has ever existed on this earth, even today.*

*In the other world, everything is present, it's only here, in the material world, that things pass away. That is why every human body is limited in time, mine as well. Compared with other people, the time allotted by God for my sons was very short, only 9 and 11 years. All three of us were aware of this and accepted it, even though it would have been lovely to live together on the earth for a longer time. Since this had already been decided, I could not intervene to help them, and this was something my wife did not understand at all. She made the bitterest accusations against me and pointed out that so many wonderful healings had already occurred in my presence. She kept on asking me: 'Why aren't you doing anything? Why is it that our children don't get any help from your God?' I could not make it clear to her that, in the spiritual world, there are other considerations that determine when a human being, no matter what the age of their body, leaves this earth in order to accomplish tasks that God has allotted it in the other world.*

*As far as my sons are concerned, I knew from the very beginning that the time of their being in their bodies would only be very short, but even so, as a human being it was hard for me in their case to accept and endure what had been decreed without being able to intervene. Because of this my wife made heart-wrenching reproaches against me and in the end she handed over our children, without asking me, to the care of the doctors, where that which had been decreed by God was accomplished. In my wife's eyes I had been a miserable failure as a helper. She did not tolerate at all my task, which had been given to me from God, and so presented me with the following alternative: Either I stay with her and am no longer able to help even one other single person, or*

*our ways part. But I had to accomplish this divine duty of guiding human beings back onto the right path. Even though it involved the very existence of my marriage, even here I remained obedient to God, for I had been sent to earth for the sake of suffering human beings who had wandered away from the right path. So a separation from my first wife could not be prevented.*

*Every human being that is born on earth has, right from their birth, taken on a special task for this life, to accomplish which he received from God the gift of a body. When somebody is aware of their task in life and honestly makes the effort to give of their best, then they have not lived in vain. Therefore everyone should listen to their inner voice, and by disposing themselves in the right way, they should feel what they need to do. But whoever allows themselves to be deceived and led astray by evil inevitably comes off the path to God. When this happens it has often been the case that these people had - to begin with - a definite feeling for how they would give shape to their lives. But they unfortunately allowed themselves to be brought away very easily from the life task that had been intended for them by so-called good friends and any arguments that sound logical. They no longer listen to their inner voice and so they lose their connection with God, which means they ultimately lose their connection with their own selves.*

*My dear friends, I am warning you! Whenever your own future is concerned, this is always a matter that is entirely personal to you. So pray for understanding, which will be granted to you by God. Only in this way will you too become obedient to God and recognize the task in life that has been designated for you, the fulfilment of which will lead to true happiness and peace of soul. But whoever only ever listens to the opinions of others never finds the way to themselves. It is of decisive importance for each of you that you recognize why it is we are living here. This story should help you understand this:*

*A man had apparently come to the end of his life. Everything had gone wrong for him and he could not see any sense anymore in remaining on this earth any longer. In a word, he made the firm decision to commit suicide. Suddenly he felt the need to go for a walk. He dejectedly wandered the streets. He had no definite goal in view so he just let himself drift around. A little later he met an old friend, whom he had not seen for a very long time. After they had greeted each other, this friend immediately asked: What is wrong, you look so unhappy? The other man shook his head despondently: I don't know how I can go on! At first his friend wrinkled his brow somewhat disapprovingly, but then a smile came over his face and he quite casually mentioned: This evening I have got a very interesting meeting in a group that is interested in spiritual matters. I'll give you the address, if you like, and I'll be there around 8 o'clock. The man thanked his friend and thrust the address absentmindedly into his coat pocket.*

*Amazingly this man was nevertheless present that evening. He only remarked to his friend that something inside him had led him to come here. After my talk about having faith in God, he walked past me and I said to him very quietly: 'Don't do it this time!' The man looked at me in astonishment and went pale, since he had not breathed a word to anyone about the terrible thing he intended to do. But I repeated once more, very emphatically, the same warning. Profoundly shocked and deeply shaken inside, he promised me he would not do it. This man kept his promise and six weeks later he was able to go home in a natural way that was willed by God.*

*Dear friends, he did not know why he had drifted to me on that evening, he simply did the right thing and thus became free - free forever. You see, in his spiritual past he had already violently ended his life several times. In our time he had been born with one single task in his life - to refrain from doing it this time. If he had again put an end to his life himself, a constant repetition of this act would have been inevitable, in conditions that would become continually more*

*difficult. Even the circumstances of your own lives today, my friends, are also the consequences of things you have done or failed to do in the past. Take note of this: God never punishes and never sends illnesses, for from HIM there only ever comes what is good. Everything that oppresses human beings, that they have to deal with, they have brought about themselves. They have left the good, the divine path a long time ago, and they must first of all walk this path again to show that they are worthy of God's grace.*

*That is why, time and again, I summon you all to the GREAT RETURN. Every person must first of all learn to stand by God in themselves, before they can receive and retain the good. No one has a right to spiritual healing, since it was they themselves who first allowed the evil into their bodies. For this reason a healing is always an act of God's grace and therefore also a HALLOWING. I myself am only the little Bruno and once again I emphasize that I do not heal, because a human being simply cannot do this. But the path to health and wholeness, this I can and will point out to you. That's why you are here and why I am here, and this is what the communities are for. For this reason it is so important for you not to miss a single one of them, because such a failure can never be made good again, it doesn't work like that, it's already been and gone. I say it now again, so that you'll remember it: Make use of your time. Making use of your time means making use of God, for time IS God. It is he that gives us this time so that we can tread the path that leads to HIM on this divine earth of his.*

*Yes, friends, only here in your bodies are you able, with good will, to accomplish your goal, since on the other side, that is, in the spiritual world beyond this one, where you can't call any body your own any more, it is much, much harder. So you should be grateful for every day that you are ALLOWED to live. But always live in such a way that you are willing to learn while you are here, and serve that which is of God. We all have a task that we received before we were born and which we have to accomplish in the span of life that has*

*been made available to us. The length of a human life is predetermined by God. But if someone, from a spiritual point of view does not carry any readiness within them to learn, there then comes an early RECALL, and that means that the person concerned must mentally, spiritually and physically repeat this in a later existence. Such a recall can also happen, however, when other people or the environment of the person concerned renders any further stay on earth meaningless. In this case, all of the people who caused this become responsible and must sooner or later make good the wrong they have done.*

*That is why I must warn you, my dear friends: Beware of prejudging anyone or of not thinking them capable of anything, since by doing so you are taking from them the possibility of achieving what they were capable of, and which in actual fact belonged to their task in life. Even when we are unjustly suspicious of another person we make ourselves guilty and thus burden our own future destiny. It is always the case that every limitation we place on ourselves and on another comes from evil and serves evil, for no one of us has the right to pass sentence on another human being. A human being is never in a position to judge their neighbour, and so it can only ever be a condemnation. Only God himself can really JUDGE everyone. He is ALWAYS just and helps us in every situation. All we have to do is be ready to receive his help and grace, without disturbing the flow of the divine power with any SELFISH DEMANDS.”*

The doorbell rang and a little later Erich Bavay appeared with a woman who was in a somewhat frantic state. Gröning invited her to take a seat, but to begin with she refused and spluttered out excitedly: “I myself am well, Mr. Gröning, and do not need any help. But my daughter is in a very bad way: it’s on her account that I’m here, to ask for healing for her.” For several long minutes, Gröning looked dispassionately at the agitated woman, before he replied in a strict tone of voice: *“You’re only thinking about your daughter, dear woman, and you are not aware that you yourself are the one most in need*

*at the moment. It is not possible, you see, for me to establish a connection with your daughter through your degraded body. You must first of all get yourself back into good order before you can take back home with you for your daughter the divine energies she needs. When it's a matter of the good, it is absolutely necessary to be an egoist and only think about your own well-being for as long as it takes until health has been firmly established within you again. I cannot use as a carrier a vessel that has been contaminated with disharmony! For otherwise you would get home and all the good power that I would have given to you would be lost. You see, every person can only pass on what they are already carrying inside them. Just sit down and be calm, for to the degree that you achieve good order, your beloved child will also receive the help and healing that she needs. But never have any doubts about the good, because doubting the good means doubting God, and if you do that you will only ever experience things that are not good."*

This unforgettable afternoon and evening with Bruno Gröning was one of the most impressive of the many days we spent with him. He spoke in a low, kind voice - and it was so quiet in the room that you could have heard the proverbial pin drop. We lost all sense of the passing of time. It grew darker and darker, but it mattered to no one. --- No one switched on the light or even had the desire to do so. Soon only Gröning's figure could be made out, around which flowed a remarkable milk-white shimmer of light. Now and then - in the course of his important statements - golden flames shot out of his half-opened mouth. This phenomenon was indescribably powerful and thrilling. You could detect the crackling energy that was filling the room and all of us.

We now began to have an idea of what it means to find yourself in a concentrated divine energy field. Nothing bad could hold out there, every spiritual, emotional or physical disturbance was removed, burnt up and forced out of the body. Many friends felt a tingling in their body, many became hot and began to sweat. Almost everyone felt that something in

them had changed forever as a result of what they had experienced in the hours that had just passed. We all felt: “Nothing will be the same as it was anymore, from now on we will have to examine everything that lies ahead of us in the light of good and evil and so learn how to bear our spiritual responsibility and also share it with others”. With deep respect the friends took their leave of Bruno Gröning and went home, silent and thoughtful.

We passed the night in a deep, refreshing sleep and, fully rested and content, we enjoyed our breakfast. Lilo and I discussed what we had experienced during the talk the previous evening, and by doing so it became possible for us, and especially for me, to retain inextinguishably in my memory to this very day all the details of Bruno Gröning’s striking and so important explanations. Before we drove the few minutes to the Bavays’ house, we went for a spin in our car in the countryside nearby. Driving in the car with Lilo was always a great joy and very exciting for me, all the more so as I would go through the motions of driving with her in my mind, and frequently began to sweat as I did so.

Then, at around 11 o’clock, we drove very proudly through the garden gate, which was already open, and into the Bavays’ front garden. We sat down immediately on the sofa in the living room, full of expectation. Gröning greeted everyone who was present in a friendly way and then turned to me and said: ***“What on earth are you getting up to in that car of yours? I saw you today! You flail about quite dreadfully and disturb Lilo while she’s driving.”*** Embarrassed and shame-faced I tried to object: “Well, you see, I just enjoy it so much - and my excitement just goes right through me.” Somewhat impatiently he replied: ***“You’re just anxious! It’s anxiety, plain and simple! In this matter too it is very necessary to trust in God. When she is driving, Lilo is under divine guidance, in the future she will detect EVERY DANGER in advance and respond at the right time. But you must support her as she does so, and you do this by staying calm; she can’t do it on her own. So, Freddy, NEVER forget this!”***

Abashed, I promised that I would mend my ways and sat there silent and withdrawn for quite a while, but in the room too there was suddenly a strange, almost uncanny, rapt and intense stillness. A little later just about the most terrifying, but also, as it later turned out, most fortunate experience of my life began: The *evil spiritual being* that had tormented my inner spiritual life for so many years had become so quiet in recent days that, on account of the wonderful hours we had spent with Bruno Gröning, I hardly ever thought about it any more. But all of a sudden the devil began to rage in me: My body was so shaken by cramps and spasms that I was soon sitting there bathed in sweat, while I felt as if something was wanting at one time to crush me completely and at another to rip my insides out. Lilo needed all her strength to hold onto me, so that I would not fall off the sofa. Looking for help - and close to despair, I looked towards Bruno Gröning. He sat there motionless and with a stony expression. It seemed as if he was taking no notice at all of the state I was in.

All of a sudden I became nauseous and I said that I thought I would have to vomit. Mr. Bavay brought a bucket, I bent over it and Lilo held my head. I retched fearsomely and vomited hard and for a long time. But the whole thing was over as quickly as it had come on and, lo and behold... the bucket was *empty*. I was suddenly aware that I was now entirely free inside, freer than I had ever been in my life. I felt that everything, all the evil, was gone. I was suddenly overcome by an indescribable feeling of gratitude and I began to cry loudly. I kept on calling out: *"I've been set free, I've been set free!"* And tears of joy were running down Gröning's face as well.

It was only after some while that he explained to his friends: *"If you had seen what was in this bucket, you would not have been able to bear the sight. We can only thank God from the depths of our hearts!"* And after a pause for thought: *"Human beings are wired up all wrong: They cry when they are sad and laugh when they are happy. But it should be exactly the other way round. Tears of joy build us up and make us strong. But tears of sadness make people weak and*

*deliver them all the more into the hands of evil. So you should smile when bad things assail you, because then you obtain enough divine energy to ward them off, and you should weep with gratitude when God brings about a healing.”*

When, a little later, I noticed that this day was 10 October 1956, I told Gröning about my prophetic dream, which I had had more than six years before. He nodded: “*Yes, Freddy, you’re right, your dream was announcing the healing you received today.*”

The feeling I had after the great liberation of my ego still cannot be put into words even now, after forty five years, but it took this length of time for me to be able to speak about it without being overcome with emotion. It is also worth mentioning that, as a result of this unfathomable act of grace, I had received spiritual protection against the assaults of evil for all my future life, a protection that I would only lose if, in a fit of rage or madness, I were to allow evil to get inside me again.



*I give you back this original,  
this genuine human instinct;  
Then we have got everything necessary  
to live together in peace here on this earth,  
no matter which religion, which nation.  
These are the Divine Blessings!  
You are to continue absorbing the Healing Power  
and it is meant to be spread everywhere.*

*Bruno Gröning*