



Dorothea König

*I Wasn't Just a Housewife  
and a Mother ...*



### **About the author**

Dorothea König was born in Budapest in 1948 and has been living in Switzerland for over 40 years. She has two adult daughters.

She works as a spiritual healer and teacher. She is a qualified and recognized member of the Swiss Natural Healers Association (SVNH). She holds courses in both Germany and Switzerland. She taught in Hungary for several years, led spiritual camps and meditation evenings. She has led and directed meditation groups for many years and does so until her students are able to follow the spiritual way unaccompanied but at the same time they are stronger and more resolute in their everyday lives.

Dorothea's life began totally "normally" and remained this way until she was age 33 when the VOICE spoke to her and began to lead her. It soon transpired that the VOICE had already made vital decisions before she was even born and, albeit quietly, had been directing her life up until that point. It was now that the teaching began. At first she was taught in dreams from the spiritual world and later on while completely conscious in the day.

### **About the book**

Why had the VOICE chosen her as a pupil as had the other enlightened Masters living in the spiritual world?

Who were her Teachers and Masters?

Had she done something in her life to deserve this?

Or perhaps in her previous life or former lives?

Perhaps this teaching was a consequence of all these?

Did she know about this task before her birth?

Or perhaps she had chosen to take it on. But why?

Is there a "fee" for attending such a spiritual school?

How does a person like this change?

And most of all how does her life change?

Where exactly does this path lead to?

Dorothea König's book provides answers to these and many more fantastically interesting and vital questions. She strives to present these experiences to her Readers in a way that allows them to virtually live through them, and so her stories and teachings merge into the consciousness of the Reader: exactly as if the same had happened to him or her.

The author would like the Reader to carry on learning from where her book leaves off.

Does this mean that the next book is already on its way?! ...

**Dorothea König**

*I Wasn't Just a Housewife  
and a Mother ...*



*For my daughters  
Claudia Ildikó and  
Antonia Emőke  
and all the members  
of my family*

*Title of the original version:*

“Én nem csak feleség és anya voltam ...”

Published by the author

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As I read the text of *Dorothea König's* book, the following words spring to mind: "Man's fate is his own mirror. Exactly the same on the outside as on the inside. We have to live through what has been marked out for us by Higher Powers."

I would say exactly the same about my own life. I had no choice and neither did she. She does what she was called to do. She has to experience the great and the shocking because the world needs her as God blessed her with extraordinary gifts. She has just the same need to do what no one else can do in her place, as the world has of her, and all those who have the joy of meeting her. She is fully aware of the fact that there is no such thing as chance and that she should never give up striving to help those in need.

Her consciousness is continually being refined by her knowledge drawing from the Inexhaustible. The world has never needed a light like this so much as it does today.

Her tales had a deep effect on me. They contain so much wisdom that if these were all acted upon then people would grow wings and fly away.

*Mária Szepes*

*Budapest, 11.02.2005*

Mária Szepes is the doyenne of esoterics in Hungary. She is the author of "*The Red Lion*" (*A vörös oroszlán*), first published in 1946, Hungary. First available in German translation in 1947, and now also in English, Spanish and Portuguese translations.

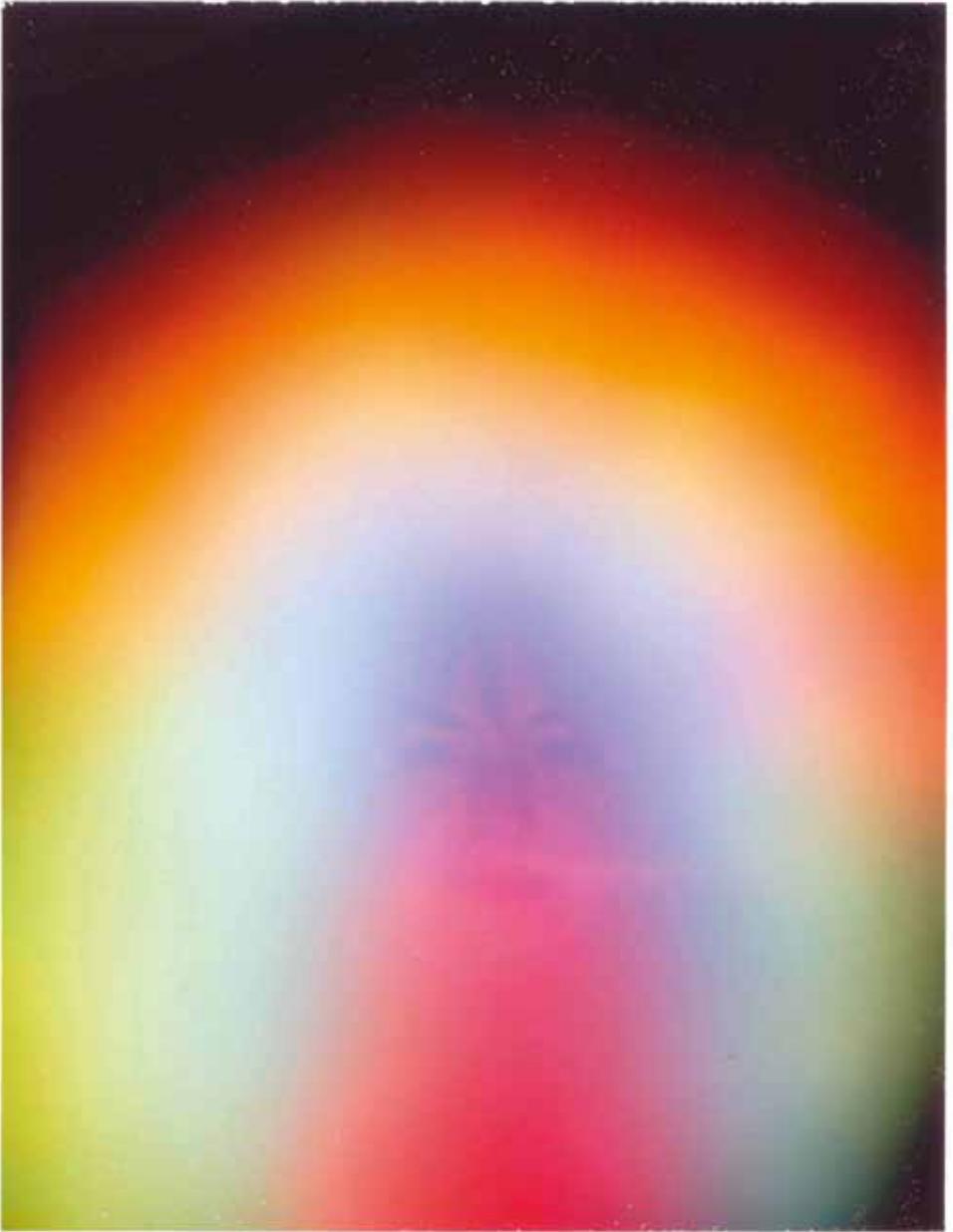
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Aura photography of the author, 1994



Aura photography of the author, 2004

*“A god speaks very softly in our bosoms,  
Softly and very audibly, and shows us  
What to accept and what we should avoid.”*  
Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

## *Prologue*

“Write your epilogue when you have finished your book and then write the prologue last of all!” is what I was told by an old friend who knows a lot about writing books. He is the one who offered to put my work in written form or type it into a computer if I dictated the story to him. He thought that it was impossible that I sit down and start to write my book by hand. Our joint project became repeatedly postponed over the years. There were occasions when he had the time and the energy but I thought that the moment had still not arrived for me to be able to publish everything. This would have meant me sharing all too personal experiences with “strangers”.

Both of us were able to dedicate time to our joint project in 2001. I had, by now, arrived at a point where I was able to turn the key in the lock that held my secrets and to lovingly offer the events that had occurred to me to those who discovered my book. I got about half-way through the book with my friend when, during a discussion, he said that he “no longer could nor wanted to help in the writing and publishing of my book”. The dream that I had the previous night had warned me of what was about to happen. I recalled ancient times in my dream and I lived at the time of the Greek philosophers. I was also a philosopher, as was my friend with whom I was working. We were friends despite our contrasting views and theories. I respected everyone else’s thoughts but I believed, lived and taught my own. Then he attacked anyway and couldn’t accept my theses or rather was unable to accept that thoughts could exist other than his own.

In the dream, my thesis and my teachings cost me my life. Back in the future, in 2001, right in the middle of our discussion, I couldn't catch my breath and a fiery pain shot through my heart. It was as if I had been poisoned and I thought that my heart was about to take its last beat—thinking back to the dream of the night before and the 1,000s of years of pain that it held. I couldn't do a thing. I needed help and I needed it quickly. My friend, recognizing the danger that I was in, ran frightened straight to the kitchen to get a strong drink of some kind. I tried to stand up but I passed out. I heard a voice as I was falling to the floor: **“Don't be frightened, you are going to collapse but everything is going to be OK.”** That is how it happened. Not only did I come around within a couple of minutes but I had regained full consciousness and all my strength.

I said goodbye to my friend and thanked him for his help up until that point. I knew then that no one was going to be able to help me with the writing of my book. This had happened to me and it was me who was going to write about it. “I literally need to write it out of myself; I need to give birth to my baby.”

Yes, “birth”, that meant the end to a long pregnancy, is the best word to describe the writing of my book. I don't want to give away the secrets of my book beforehand only to say that I was simply the mother of my book; the child that I had carried to full term. The seed was planted in me by other spiritual forces and I promised, despite not remembering anything of this at the beginning, that I would carry, look after, protect and care for it. Then, when the time came, I would bring it into the world and would finally present our joint child; “our book”.

The place of birth was no coincidence either. This was despite the fact that I thought that I had consciously chosen Greece. It was only here that I realized that this was the place to explore and relate experiences and truths.

It was while writing my book that I realized that, over the last 22 years, I had sought refuge and protection on one or other island of the ancient Greek motherland just before any great change in

my life and, at the same time, drawn energy into myself for the task that I was about to undertake. This is how I had found my way to the islands of Samos, Lesbos, Crete, Pathmos, Naxos, and now to the beautiful Peloponnese Peninsula. This place had been the home to Greek history and philosophy in ancient times.

I can feel the soft breath of my loyal companion, my dog, Naxa, gently stroking my feet. He joined up with me on the island of Naxos and it was impossible to say “no” to the loyal way that he followed me around.

We have walked the streets together ever since, we travel together and he is by my side day and night. He even sits by my side at my practice and I wouldn't be able to imagine my meditation group evenings without him.

The small place that I took myself away to write my book, Ancient Assini, was chosen by chance. One of my oldest friends in Switzerland, Jeanette, whom I have known for nearly 25 years, married a Greek. She spent every summer with her children in Nafplio. Her marriage failed and a year ago she decided to stay there with them and not go back to Athens to her husband. I went to visit her last summer and hoped that I would find a calm and quiet place to write my book the following spring.

I definitely found it. Not only was the apartment on the coast and close to a historically important castle in Ancient Assini, but helpers also arrived here. Yes, in this little out-of-the-way place in Greece. It was as if the ancient Greek gods had prepared everything for my presence here. Not long before I arrived, in April, Jeanette befriended a Hungarian couple who moved here in January to run the new riding school. She soon introduced me to them. Meeting Gergő and his wife Judit proved to be a turning point for writing my book. In fact, I started to rewrite my book again from the beginning and this time not in German but in Hungarian, my mother tongue, and by hand. On hearing this, Judit offered to type it into a computer and she even corrected it. Judit did a massive amount of work. She and her husband were my first readers and I was very curious to hear their opinion.

I held meditation sessions for them and their friends in our free time to deal with the problems arising as a result of the differing views and temperaments that had cropped up during the course of their new work in Greece. None of them had ever experienced anything like meditation before.

It looked for a while as if not only their work here was coming to an end but that the riding school didn't have enough strength to stay open either. They asked for help and I recommended meditation. I asked them to concentrate on their hearts and to ask all their helpers (luckily the Greeks are very devout people) for a way out of what appeared to be an unsolvable situation. Everyone went back to work after the meditation. Later in the evening, when those involved met up again, they shook each other by the hand and they all said, without exception: "Come on, let's give it another go and start the whole thing over again but differently this time."

I knew that this would "now" be a great success. I was happy that I could be here and that I was able to help them.

While writing my book, I also realized why it was that I had wanted to study to become a teacher back in Budapest. I wanted to teach ethics and philosophy to young people but I also wanted to live according to these teachings. There wasn't such a great demand for this kind of teacher under the communist regime and so it was impossible to get into university.

In time, I became attracted to religious science and parapsychology. I read day and night and, in so doing, tried to stifle my hunger for these subjects.

My first yoga book found its way into my hands when I was still quite young. It was Selva Raja Yesudian's book, the Indian doctor and yoga teacher who lived and taught in Hungary before the Second World War. I practised from this book for years; at the time, there was no such thing as yoga teaching.

Today, I am the proud owner of the Yoga Siromani diploma that I received in an Indian ashram. This qualification not only allows me to teach yoga positions—*asanas*—but also to teach ancient Vedanta philosophy.

Life, fate and the spiritual world still led to my becoming a housewife and a mother, although I acquired a different college qualification, but I was still able to realize my old desire which was to teach.

**“Your work is for the future of your children’s children; for free thought and life!”** said my leader’s VOICE.

My gratitude is endless to both my visible and invisible helpers. But also to those who stood in my way and who tried at all costs and with everything at their disposal to talk me out of it. They helped me to persevere and to stand resolute despite everything.

I knew and suspected something. I was searching for something and my motto was, “Just you wait, I’ll show you!”

The contents of my book, all that I have gone through—from the first letter to the last—all happened to me and this is how I experienced them. I had to experience all of this for a reason but it could have happened to anyone at all. Why did the Great Spirit choose me? Why did he entrust me with this huge task? I don’t know. Perhaps my faith, my perseverance and my purposeful exploration is what did it but perhaps there was another reason that I cannot now know. There were certain events and things happening that I have not been able to write about here. Perhaps this is because I still haven’t understood them or because they would seem so unbelievable that my readers would question the truth of what happened. Reading the book still provides a great lesson!

I am happy that I can now hand you my “spiritual child”. I hope that it will also help you in your search, in understanding things and strengthen your persistence and belief. But perhaps you will now not have to go through what it is that I have been through! You can carry on where I have left off with this book.

May the Lord of the Skies bless you as he blessed me with his love, trust and protection! May God guide your life too!

With love, 

Ancient Assini, Easter 2003

It happened in late autumn 1984. I woke in the night to see something lit up in our bedroom. “Did we forget to switch the bedside lamp off or let the roller shutter down?” This is the kind of thing that went through my mind as I struggled to fully open my eyes. But I quickly closed them tight shut again. This time I opened them more cautiously but what had seemed unbelievable was still true—it had remained true. My hands lay on the duvet and were glowing. My first reaction was to shove them under the quilt but they shone through it. I lifted them out again and stared at them transfixed. I had two enormous red hands giving off a red light and they were about twice the size of normal hands. There was blue-white light shining out of the ends of my fingers to a distance of about 20 centimetres. I turned them around and looked at them in detail even though the room was in pitch darkness. “What could this be? Are these the hands that I saw disappearing into Klára’s stomach? This means that it could break into material and illuminate it? Just like now with the duvet!” Maybe the light that it was giving off was what brought about the change that allowed the black goo to be pulled out for Klára to be able to speak again after 16 years of silence. Even these thoughts seemed totally unbelievable and I had tried to forget them for two years but they were still true! I had managed to convince myself with time that I had imagined everything that had gone on back then.

My next thought was: “Can other people see it?” I started to gently nudge my husband with my elbow who lay sleeping next to me to get him to wake up. He eventually started to move. I acted quickly.

“Tell me what you can see in the room.”

He was half asleep but wasn't really able to think too much about his answer, he opened his eyes a tiny bit and said: “There are two lamps shining on the duvet.” And then he turned over onto his other side and went on sleeping as if nothing had happened.

He didn't remember anything about it the next morning. But I sure did! “So he had seen it as well! This means that they can be seen by the naked eye in the dark just like a laser or x-rays. But why is it shining out of my hands or more to the point, why is it shining out of me?”

I had done everything that I could to prevent something like that happening to me ever again! I didn't accept it! Maybe I had just been imagining things! I didn't touch people and I most definitely never prayed to be able to help. But it happened all the same! I would even have been able to convince myself that it was a bad dream, that I had been forced to experience this in Heidelberg and if it had really happened then maybe it was the result of the pity that I felt for Klára and my prayer. I could explain all this with my “fairy tale faith”. And now, when I hadn't done a thing: “I am busying myself with so many other things and I haven't given it a thought for ages! And now this happens!”

“OK, then what should I do with you?” I asked the hands that had given off blue light glowing from some strange power. My question somehow was also asking: “Where can I hide you away and lock you out of sight?” But it also had a ring of helplessness to it.

In that instant, I knew perfectly well that there was no point in fighting it, and that this was going to happen again!

The feeling might have been the same when the twins in Erich Kästner's “Lottie and Lisa” met for the first time and realized that there were two of them.

I had two hands like that! It was years afterwards after that I read about this special quality in a book by Bob Monroe called

“Another Body”. He could also travel with his second body. I was really surprised that people have told me over the years that they have seen me in a room or here and there where I knew I had never been. The most interesting is what my goddaughter told me about myself 12 years later.

But let’s get back to the present “impossibility” that was starting to look like reality but a different kind of reality to the one that we are capable of grasping in our everyday consciousness. We (or at least I) dream that we are flying in our sleep without ever having wings. Here there is no space, no time and no weight and we can be here and there in a matter of seconds.

But my hands were somehow different—they were here, and I could pinch myself. Things hurt but they stayed real.

OK, but what did this all mean? Quite possibly there is something inside me that might be abnormal and not run of the mill. My childhood came to mind when I had suffered so much from the very same thing. I saw things then that others didn’t see and I knew things that other people didn’t know but happened in time. Then there must be something “not normal” in me after all. “I do what I want to overcome it but it is going to come up again and again!”

“But perhaps it will calm down if I accept it!” I thought. Maybe this is another talent that I was born with like my good hearing and movement. So few people are born who go on to become famous musicians, painters or ballet dancers and perhaps this is a similar kind of talent that not only need to accept but to spend time developing.

But the counter-argument popped up: “I don’t know anyone who has had a thing like this happen to them and maybe they will just say that I am lying like they did when I was a child. And maybe I’ll end up in the madhouse if I even mention it to a doctor!”

In the meantime—I think—hours could have passed because the morning light started to filter into the room through the chinks in the roller blind. During that time, I was able to accept the ability that I had hidden deep within. The one thing that did help me was the thought that this power was perhaps there to help others.

“Then I really must embrace what it is that I can do with my hands and pass it on to others! It is quite possible that if I die they are going to ask me up there, ‘What exactly did you do with your talent?’”

I knew that I not only had to accept but also to develop and therefore to touch people. The thought wasn't so reassuring and made me quite frightened. But I decided nevertheless! I told my husband everything the next morning about what had happened in the night and all about Heidelberg as well. Christian listened with care and love all the way through. No one was ever able to understand me and feel me like he could. (Of course, if he wanted to and he could.)

“I have always felt that there was a special kind of energy within you, but I hoped that it would never show itself,” he said.

“What do you mean by that?” I asked surprised.

“I can't explain what I mean. There was something and there is something around you or inside you that I have never felt with anyone else. But what should we do now?” he asked.

## *I Receive Startling Information About a Personal and Political Future*

Back from our trip to Australia, our lives went on much the same as before. All of Christian's time was taken up with his new job and the poor thing had to prove himself all over again. I didn't like his new company very much and I liked his new boss even less. Ever since my dream when I had seen through the situation and the underlying intentions, I was scared by the knowledge that this would shake the foundations of our family.

In my dream, we had lived in our previous apartment as we had done in reality. The doorbell rang. I went out to see who it was. It was late at night and I couldn't think who could be coming to see us at such an hour. The owner of my husband's office was standing in the doorway. I didn't want to let him in, so I slammed the door and went back into the room. The man rang the bell again. My husband asked. I told him who was standing outside the door and that I really didn't want to let this man into our home. My husband still went out but I shut the door to the room behind him so that there would be no way this uninvited and rather unpleasant guest should come into the room. After a while, my husband returned. As it was getting late, we went to bed. Our living room opened off a corridor which led to our bedroom and the children's rooms. I was shocked when I looked into our bedroom as not only was all the furniture missing but the parquet floor had also been taken up and the raw earth was visible underneath. I looked at my husband in horror for some explanation as to what had happened. He was completely

calm in his response as if what he intended to say was the most natural thing in the world.

“My future boss recommended that I should move our bedroom across into one of the children’s rooms as he thinks that will be quite enough for us. I didn’t notice them taking the floor up as well!”

Our bed really had been squashed into the smaller of the two children’s rooms.

I woke from my dream in floods of tears. It was then that I told my husband of the bad feeling that I had about the new company and the new boss as well. As I have already mentioned, he laughed at my dream and also at my fear.

“There isn’t the slightest reason for you to worry!” he said and he accepted the new post.

We moved into a new house in August 1986. I was the one most pleased about this. As I worked from home and I didn’t have to take the children anywhere in the car, so I got less fresh air and rarely moved out of the flat at all. The four-room flat had been getting very small but the fresh air was the main thing that was missing.

The story of our new house began at the end of the winter. We made the most of the winter sunshine. One afternoon, I set out on a walk with my husband around a local leafy suburb. We also lived by the edge of the forest but we looked for a new place to take a walk. We stood about two kilometres from our flat and stared at the splendid view and the elegant villas and family homes on the other side of the road. You could see that the area wasn’t exactly populated by the poor.

“You see, it’d be great to live here!” The idea just slipped out of my mouth.

“Naturally, Mrs König, you can take our house right away! Please move in at once and we will set the rent to suit your budget,” Christian retorted rather sarcastically and then he added: “I don’t like this quality in you, always wanting or saying the impossible! Why can’t you stick to normal things! I know that you’d like to move into a larger flat or even a house but we can only make a choice based on our means.”

I was upset again. I knew that everything was possible, if only we give it a try unless we were to give up too soon. I always thought differently about the saying about only stretching as far as a blanket covers. It wasn't the blanket that was important, but me! I don't adjust to the blanket but the blanket is made to fit me. Yet I had long since given up debating such topics with my husband.

I could have well imagined that there was a house in the area where we were standing that was available and that we would be able to afford. I was an optimist and I wanted to prove that there were always other options to the ones that people believe and generally live by.

I had been looking through the small ads in the newspapers. It could only have been a couple of months after our walk that I found a house with seven and a half rooms, with an enormous garden and the price fell within range of what we could afford. I rang the number immediately and got an appointment for that afternoon. It might seem hard to believe but the house, with its massive garden and glorious views, was only a couple of doors away from where we had stood in the winter sunshine that day. I found it pretty hard to believe myself but that was the reality. The house was exactly what we wanted. The only problem was that there were a lot of parties interested and wanting to move in right away. So that night I reserved the house in my prayers and said that I really wanted to live there and how happy I would be if we managed to get it. I could work in the garden as well as in the office.

There were three families in the "final" and we were one of them. The owner lived abroad and he was the one who had to decide. He wanted to choose between two but in the end, he didn't choose in our favour. The news came two days before we were about to set off on holiday. The owner signed the agreement with the new tenant, I just couldn't believe it. I was so sure that we would come through. I had even furnished the rooms in my mind. It was hard to get to sleep that night. I didn't feel at all motivated to start the search all over again. Thankfully, we were just about to set off for beautiful Corsica!

We got an unbelievable call the next morning. The owner had changed his mind despite the fact that a contract had been signed. He had decided to give us the house after all. But what could have happened?

The original tenant, whom we immediately arranged to meet, told us what had led to the sudden change of mind. It turned out that there was a condition attached to renting the house. The previous tenant had only forwarded to the owner the telephone numbers of prospective tenants who were willing to take things over from them that the tenants had purchased while they had lived in the house. As this wasn't so much, and everyone wanted to get their hands on the house, we had all agreed. The new tenant had phoned the old tenant, who was still living in the house, to say that they had changed their minds about paying the price that they had asked. The old tenants then contacted the owner who had the contract cancelled. This meant that in the space of a single night we had become the proud new tenants of a seven-and-a-half room house. So we enjoyed our holiday even more than usual and, strangely for me, I was especially happy when we returned from Corsica to Zurich.

I really did get a lot of pleasure out of living in the new house. I had a separate room for an office and I just couldn't get enough of the glorious garden and the wonderful view. I planted a lot of new flowers and I tended the old ones. I had never had a garden before and now I saw just how much joy it could give. The children got a dog about six months later. We were finally living in a place and in a way that I had always wanted. Everyone seemed happy and satisfied. I had a load of work but I was happy to see an increasing number of people who were only coming to me for treatment. I wanted to take my exam with Mrs Steiner so that I could officially open my practice. I had only been practising massage on friends and acquaintances up to now.

We had been living in our new home for three years by 1989. We held a big garden party in August. We invited all of our friends and we wrote "White Nights" on the invitations and so everyone came dressed in white and all the decorations were white.

I was now giving my reflexology sessions in another place that we had converted out of a space in the basement. I was working with a good friend that day. She had a lot of complaints but I knew her well and I knew that the real reason lay in a bad marriage. She never mentioned it but she came to see me regularly for me to lessen her pain. Suddenly the VOICE spoke and he said: **“Why do you think that you are living in Switzerland?”**

I had never been “disturbed” like this when I was in the middle of my work and the question took me aback a little. “Why should I be here? I married here and my children are here. But I don’t know how it’s possible to ask such a question!” I reflected because the one who was asking me should have known all these things.

**“That wasn’t the reason, that was the solution!”** I heard back.

“What? That wasn’t reason enough but a solution? But for what?” I asked in return.

**“When you grew up in Budapest and we wanted to teach you, we couldn’t find a good teacher for you there. The old one’s either left the country after the war or, if they carried on, they ended up in prison. Many fell silent but many more died. That’s why we organized for you to come to Switzerland and find a teacher here. We had to wait for a long time for you to cure your childhood trauma with your current family. It was only after this that we awakened you and now we are soon going to need your work. We would like to send you to Hungary to teach. You have to go there to give back what you owe to your roots.”**

I couldn’t stand it any longer and I spoke up: “Teaching in Hungary? But what? It’s true that I have been studying for years but I really don’t know enough to be able to teach anyone. And anyway, what I am learning about spiritual and medial development is banned in Hungary!”

**“That is exactly what will make the difference!”** I heard him say. **“You must write down what I am about to say and show it to as many people as possible! You will need witnesses as proof otherwise they will never believe you! Three months from today (it was now August) Communism will start to come to an end and great**

**reforms will sweep through all the communist states and all without loss of life.**

**The transformation will begin in Hungary. The country will open her borders for the citizens of another country and that is what will set the whole thing in motion.”**

It was impossible to believe what the VOICE was saying. “Hungary and the other countries freeing themselves from Communism? Unbelievable!”

As I had promised, I wrote down everything that he had said. But whom should I tell? Everyone would laugh at me! I wanted to tell someone who was capable of believing what they had heard and I thought of Elisabeth Haich whom I had already met through the yogi, Mr Yesudian but also from her own classes. I was in awe of both of them for being able to preserve such spiritual freshness despite their advanced years. I called them on the phone and asked for a personal meeting saying that there was something important that I wanted to tell them.

Auntie Lizzy (as I was to call her later) was the only one at home but she agreed to see me that same afternoon. I told her what the VOICE had said and she looked at me lovingly and said: “My dear, the shadow that is there is so very dark that it won’t be so easy to remove it. I shouldn’t think that it will change in our lifetimes, though it might in yours. But God only knows: I really hope that your vision will come true!”

Mr Yesudian had a similar opinion when I told him after the yoga class which I had gone to with the specific purpose of relating this information to him afterwards.

However, three months later—despite what everyone knew and believed—the unimaginable did happen at last. The fact that Hungary opened up its borders to the East Germans led to previously unimaginable changes.

I went back to the Haich after this and I was welcomed accordingly.

Auntie Lizzy had tears in her eyes and all she could say was: “Who is leading you my dear? Who is the VOICE?”

I wasn't able to answer as it had never occurred to me to ask. The things that he told me were normally so amazing that I was always taken up with the contents of his message. I couldn't have ever asked as I must have been ashamed of such a question.

If he wanted to tell me who he was then, he would do so when the time was right. What he did have to say was always important and true. Whether I liked it or not, whatever he said did come true and would go on like this in the future too. This was the reason for my present fear.

The VOICE said something else in the August of 1989. In response to the questions whether or not I really did have to go to Hungary and what it was that my husband would do there because he couldn't speak Hungarian, he gave the following answer: **"You'll be going there on your own."**

"But why?" I asked, rather alarmed by what I had heard.

**"Your husband won't be going with you. Your path isn't his path!"**

"Oh, well I'm not going then in that case," I answered quite firmly.

**"You know that will change in the end."**

"In what? In my marriage?" I asked again but I answered just as quickly. "No, then I won't do anything. No, I won't do it!"

**"Unfortunately, there's nothing that you can do about it!"** came the final answer. I swallowed hard and was curious to see what still awaited me.

"Very well then, but the children?" What were they going to do in Hungary, they didn't even speak the language!

**"You won't be going home straight away, it will happen after the change. The false teachers and false prophets will appear before then. The people's spirit will be so dry after Communism, like parched earth, and it will suck everything in. People will realize in time that this isn't what they were really looking for, what they were longing for. That is when they will find you and call you back home. Your return will take place step by step at first. By the time that you get there, your children will no longer need you!"**

I wasn't so happy to listen to what the VOICE had to say and especially now after the political changes had taken place, how was my life and my marriage going to alter? As the VOICE had said, there was nothing that I could do to stop this happening. I heard him but I really didn't want to believe it.

My first trip led to the Indian Ocean. I wanted to feel the sea and the sun of southern India on my skin after the long, long winter. I arrived in Trivandrum with Air India and I went to Kovalam Beach to relax and mingle with the Indian people. I loved everything! The people who live there are open, helpful and believe very deeply in their gods. It was a little difficult to get used to so many deities but I soon switched over to be able to understand. They have one main god: Brahma. The others simply bear his important qualities in a similar way to our Father, Son and Holy Ghost, angels and archangels. (This is just a comparison to help you understand what I want to communicate.) They also revere Jesus, Mary and the Apostles. I felt this way when I was in a temple of Vishnu or Shiva, Shakti or Krishna. I tried to feel the strength with which the local followers of the faith believed in these gods. So I didn't enter their temples as a stranger but with openness and I was taken into places where not only Europeans rarely visit but also Indians never see unless they happen to be a devotee of that particular deity. Accident or good fortune?! No! Openness and deep respect for other faiths opened doors that remained closed to many. Secrets hid behind these doors and I was able to take part in magical, healing ceremonies. I would prefer to keep events there to myself. The main reason for this is that I didn't know their rituals and I don't really want to pass on my incomplete knowledge. The fact that they allowed me to take part and they asked me to help them in their healing was much more than I had ever dreamed of experiencing in wonderful India.

I did, however, have to provide healing throughout my whole journey. Things, or rather people, were always falling into my hands. I had been on the road for several weeks and I decided to visit the deeply respected Sri Sri Sri Satchidananda Yogi in Madras. I arrived at Madras airport and took myself straight there by taxi. Yoga Ashram was written in my information exercise book which I had put together back at home. I gave the exact address to the taxi driver.

It was late, getting dark; Madras is unfathomably large with more than 5 million residents. It is mainly populated by Tamils who have very dark skin. The taxi found its way into the centre of Madras. There were people bustling to and fro in their 100s with cars and buses trying to weave through the crowds, packed to the limit with people hanging out of the windows and clinging to the roof often accompanied by the odd goat or two. The whole thing stopped dead for a couple of minutes when a cow happened to want to cross the road and everyone waited patiently for it to go on its way. But, they often had no intention of completing their journey and rather lay down right in the middle of the road. It was like some enormous joke. The traffic came to a standstill in all directions, the important crossroads was no longer and people had to make their way around the holy animal as it is forbidden to disturb them. It made an interesting spectacle for a European onlooker, like some kind of surreal film. 100s of people stop and that means buses, taxis, rickshaws: the whole lot. It is as if the cows sense that they can do exactly as they like, and they lie down in the most inconvenient place imaginable.

Eventually, we set off again and arrived in the little alley. I guess you could say that it was a market. There were hawkers in the shops but they were also selling from barrows and all kinds of vehicles. They were surrounded by a mass of animals such as cows, goats, dogs and the odd chicken and all of this was in the centre of an enormous city.

The taxi simply couldn't go any further. The driver said it was only a couple of streets away. Was this where I would find the Yoga Ashram? And, amazingly, it was right there down a couple of narrow little streets. He got out and said that we had arrived. We were immediately surrounded by curious children but there were also grown men and women in the crowd. It was completely dark by this stage and I really couldn't believe that the Yoga Ashram could be in such a place. The driver was stunned when I opened my little book again and showed him the address of the Hotel International. It was really close to the bus station as I planned to leave for a small trip from there. Well, I was in charge, and paying the bill, so, de-

spite vigorously shaking his head, he climbed back into the taxi and we started to pick our way back out through the narrow alleyways.

I rested well that night and tried again with another taxi the following morning. The result was exactly the same and so I gave up. This time I got out and, in the light, I could see the words “Yoga Ashram” written on the wall right there in the middle of the market.

The noise was absolutely deafening but the smells also took a bit of getting used to. I made my way up the stairs and soon laid eyes on the holy man who had been three-times enlightened and had lived in silence for several decades. His hair was bundled up on his head like a mountain and they said that it would reach the floor if he were to let it down. His simplicity was sublime. His whole being radiated knowledge and humility. He waved that I should sit down. In time, he placed photo albums in front of me when he thought that I had managed to calm myself after my journey. They had old photographs in them which showed him as a young Yogi. He looked wonderful even in his younger days. The *asanas* couldn't have been done more beautifully than he had done them in the photographs. The only difference between then and now was that now his hair was completely white and the skin wasn't quite so smooth over his muscular body as it had been back then. But the devotion and faith with which he had welcomed me was also in the pictures.

We sat there all day as he worked. This was the place where he both worked and lived. He only lived in one room in the building. He brought me information from time to time or wrote something for me on a little blackboard and handed it to me.

The house had been a gift and this was where the Yogi ran a school for the children of the very poor. Everything was provided for free, even the food. In fact, that day was *pudja*, when parents could also come along and were provided with something warm to eat. The reverential Yogi quietly prepared the room (his room) for the celebrations. I was also able to take part in the work. He would call me over from time to time to help but he was the only one who could decorate the altar. He also slept just in front of the altar.

Sometimes he left me for an hour or two and he went off to meditate but in the same room as me. And so I decided to meditate as well. In his presence, I sensed that my being, born in another faith, began to lift up. I could no longer hear the noise coming up from the street or the chatter of the children running around the school.

At the end of the day, when the time arrived for his *pudja*, I was there in his silence but I was also there in all the flower garlands that were placed around his neck or laid at his feet. He also blessed a garland himself and placed it over my head. I was scented that evening by the sweet smell of jasmine but there was also something deliciously scented in my soul that was indescribable. It was the scent and the breath of silence, holiness, devotion and the perfume of the gods wafted through my whole body and carried its beauty deep into my soul.

He placed a blessing on my head that evening for my onward journey and I left the touch of his hand, the scents and the experiences of the day and dissolved back into the bustling Madras night.

I had decided to visit Amma, Ammachi's ashram, in southern India with a very nice couple I had met in Kovalam. My new friends lived in Provence and spent several weeks in India every year and were happy to go and visit Ammachi when they were there. I had never heard of her before but I have discovered that she comes to Zurich every year when she is in Europe. I didn't know what went on there but I was happy to go along because everyone who visited her always spoke with such love and devotion. I was curious to see for myself ...

I was surprised to see something that looked more like a little palace than an ashram. We were told that this was necessary to accommodate the 100s and sometimes 1,000 of people who flock there. Everyone sat on the floor. They waited for the "ceremony" to begin. The Ammachi appeared at the appointed time and there were steps leading up to the throne where she took pride of place. The expectant crowd had been waiting for her arrival and all set off on their knees towards her. I didn't feel good and most definitely not at home despite the fact that they were playing the most

blissful music in the background. I really didn't like all the pomp. Amma embraced everyone and each individual came away smiling making a place for the next devotee.

I saw a familiar face and I knew that it was a guy who used to make frequent visits to Sai Baba's ashram. But now he lived here as he said he felt much better in these surroundings. I respect the feelings of others but I have always followed my own convictions. I really wasn't enjoying this but I stayed because of my new friends. They were virtually glowing with happiness at the thought that they too would be "embraced", which they had been waiting for, a whole year. I let them go in front of me, on their knees, and I went up after they had been embraced. It was only now that I saw Amma from close up and she rather reminded me of my dear, old grandmother. She seemed very pleasant but it was the atmosphere of all this ceremony which I didn't like.

Now I stood before her and she embraced me before releasing me and embracing me again. She really was like an amma or a nanny, for all those who sought solace and love found it in her bosom and her embrace. She embraced me one more time and gestured that I should stay. I wondered why this should happen to me. Those who actually lived in the ashram looked on with what I would call "devout jealousy" and signalled that I really should stay, where I was, if that was what Ammachi wished. My friends waved at me to see if everything was alright and then went back to their places at the back and waited patiently. There were those who joined the back of the queue and waited in line to be embraced a second time. Suddenly Amma signalled to say that she had finished. She had called a small circle of people around her as well as me. She spoke to us all in person so that no one else could hear what was being said other than the young girl who translated. I went closer to her in order to hear what it was that she said. She turned to the young girl who turned to me with eyes wide open and said: "She wants you to embrace her."

"Me, her?" I asked back.

Amma tilted her head to one side which means "yes" in India.

I felt really strange. All eyes were on me. And she requested that I should embrace her?! I could do nothing else, I thought. She had embraced me and now I would embrace her. It was difficult but in the end, I did it with joy because now I felt the great amount of love that came flooding from her. I was reminded of my grandmother again. She signalled that I could now release her and she turned back to the interpreter and asked her to tell me that I had a rare and beautiful strength within me and, if I had not realized so far, this was to be used to heal and teach people which I should do with all my time and with all my strength.

I looked on her with love but I wasn't so willing to look around at everyone staring at me. Many pairs of eyes looked on me with jealousy and radiated much worse than that. I waved to my friends to tell them that I wanted to leave right away. They didn't ask a thing and I was more than grateful. I wasn't so happy to talk about the feelings that I had in the ashram. I felt sorry for the people who were there and who were not able to leave their negative thoughts behind them and, I guess, not for the first time. If they had managed to do that, then one embrace from Amma would have been more than sufficient for them.

This was the ashram of Osho, the ex-Baghdwan. I was there at last and going to see the truth for myself! What was the secret that had been so closely guarded behind closed doors? The whole thing had been an incredible challenge not to mention the vast amount of paperwork that I had to fill in to get into the place ... Bureaucracy! But now I was in!

The ashram covered an enormous territory. You couldn't see anything from the outside because of the wonderful vegetation. I

had found myself in the Garden of Eden. There were flowering trees and shrubs with little streams and lakes with white swans (which were Osho's symbolic animals). It was just like a magical wonderland. The first thing that I had to do was to swap my outside clothes for the purple ones that they wore inside. It looked something like the nightshirt that my grandfather used to wear but his had light blue stripes. As the colour was the only set thing—it had been orange when Osho had still been known as the Baghwan—many of the women wore their robes very short with them held up very high by a belt. There was a swimming pool as well where, in the good old days before condoms, everyone had been free to swim together in their birthday suit, just as they had been born into the world: gloriously naked. There were no signs of those times now and just white bits of flesh showing at the edges of purple bikinis and shorts on the bodies of tanned Europeans by the side of the pool.

There was to be no swimming for me though: not enough time. The most important thing was the Samadhi and I read on an information sheet, if I remember correctly, that you could go in at 3 pm and at 10 am. I was delighted to realize that it was not yet three. I looked on the board to see where the Samadhi was. It wasn't that far from where I was standing and I managed to get there just a couple of minutes before three. There was someone standing in front of the door. This wasn't the Samadhi, but the first barred door that I wanted to pass through. He said that it was to the left where a woman was sitting at a desk and I'd be given a piece of paper, and only then would I be able to gain entry. I said that was OK and I went over to the girl in the purple robes. She searched a list which she held in front of her.

“But you're not on the list for this afternoon!”

“What list?” I asked.

“The list that contains the names of those who can go in at 3 pm this afternoon.”

“Did I need to register beforehand?” I asked, virtually crushed by this unexpected news.

“You mean to say that you didn't know?” she asked back.

“No, but I’ll register now.”

She pointed to an office that was close by.

“Good, I’ll hurry,” I said, dashing off. “So that I am back in time for three.”

I could say that it was laughable, or at least that she and the other lucky ones with their names on the list laughed as I dashed off.

“Well, you’re going to have to wait a while!” I was told rather spitefully by the boy standing behind me. His tone was more than a little condescending. Novice that I was, I naively asked why.

“Because, in order to get in—along with the other 50 happy faces who go in at the same time—you have to wait for days.” (I don’t recall exactly but I seem to remember that 50 people went in on each occasion.)

“Well, that’s impossible!” I said, automatically and rather loudly. “I’m only here for two days!”

Shoulder shrugging and “Well, that’s your problem!” was the response. I’d heard that the day before as well. How good it felt, for a novice like me, to feel such sympathy from the crowd of fortunate ones who had been waiting for ages to get in themselves and to meditate in Osho’s old, earthly residence in such great silence. It was the same big-headedness that I had experienced from sannyasin in the past, even back home in Zurich. This seemed like some kind of special quality of theirs. I was never going to feel good in such a community. So then, what next? I would go to the office to register and it was there that I met the first person who had any sense or sympathy for what I was feeling. I knew that I was going to have to do my utmost to get in as I only had two days. I started by saying that all I wanted to do was to get in to the Samadhi and I had two days rather than three because of the AIDS test and to help if they could.

The guy must have felt pretty important as he was the one who could help. He told me that he could put me on the waiting list for the day after tomorrow at 10 am. He said that he would first have to let in the 50 on the list, and only if someone didn’t turn up would he be able to let anyone else in and then that would have to be ac-

ording to the order that they appeared on the waiting list. (It was just like the airport, yet even there, this degree of regulation and regimentation didn't apply.)

"OK. Well I'll be here and I'll just hope."

"I really have had enough of this treatment! I'm going to go to the park and take a walk." I thought, and that's what I did.

The park was wonderful and was made up of many separate parts. There was an area like a tropical rain forest, a Japanese garden with parrots in enormous cages and there was even a banana plantation. I walked the whole day and the beauty of nature and the delicious scent of the flowers lifted my mood. I wasn't so happy to be surrounded by people in purple anymore!

I was getting a little hungry so I thought that I would go out to see Kish, as I had arranged at the German Bakery, and get a bite to eat there. I didn't want to burden my stomach too much before meditating. I had plenty of time. I had brought my beautiful white dress with me in the morning and I had put it in a locker together with my outside clothes. Now I walked out of the ashram and I was one of the many purple-robed figures who populated the streets that led to the German Bakery and back. Kish was sitting there as he had promised; accompanied by a very thin girl with long, black hair and a young man. They were speaking English but when it turned out that the other two were Italian, I started to speak to them in Italian. "At last, two likeable figures," I thought. Sampati—that was the girl's name—said that she was also going to attend the evening meditation and then they were going to meet up with another couple and go on to have a meal at an Italian restaurant. They invited me to join them if I liked. I looked at Kish who I was dependent on because of my lodgings being so very far away. The others all lived in the ashram hotel. Kish winked at me, as if reading my thoughts, and said that he would come along too and then take me home afterwards. "Hm, he understood what I was thinking," I pondered to myself. "What abilities did he develop while he was living with Anna? It really is something of a talent and he would make a good therapist. That is if he wasn't stuck here all day long." He

knew everyone and everyone knew him. It was obvious how many women smiled at him and how many would come over to him for a kiss on the cheek or a simple smile. I could see and sense how much he was loved and liked. Then I remembered that he had mentioned how rich he was. No one had a motorbike here and I thought that it must be quite an expensive one as every time he parked it a small crowd would form around to take a better look. I hoped that it wasn't his wealth that attracted so many people. He really did appear to be a helpful and kind individual.

I thought that perhaps the time had come to get back as I still wanted to have a shower before I put my white dress on and go into the long-awaited Buddha Hall to meditate. I had been told that, when Osho was still alive, they had smelled everyone before they went in to check that they were clean but also to see that they hadn't used scented soap or deodorant as Osho was terribly allergic to such things. Sampati and I went back together. Her clothes were somewhere else and so we didn't shower together but agreed to try to meet up before the meditation so that we could sit next to one another. She had been there for two years and I was pleased to find that she was so kind and was a new friend. She was just like many of my other Italian friends who I really love for their kindness and directness. Freshly showered, I happily took my place in the queue, dressed in my white wonder. Everything was made of white, transparent glass and sparkled in the sunset. We had to put our shoes on a stand first of all and to carry on along a carpeted path. I didn't see Sampati as there were so many of us. "No problem," I thought, "I'll have plenty of time to look for her." And, with this, the procession started to move slowly forwards.

Now it was eventually my turn. There were people standing at the door to check and see if everything was in order and especially to see that everyone was wearing a long, white robe. I felt quite pleased with myself at how good I must have looked in my beautiful white, silk dress. I was standing quite proud as the robes that the others were wearing didn't look anywhere near as good.

“Stop, you can’t go in!” The queue came to a standstill and we all wondered who the poor unfortunate was who wouldn’t be allowed in after such a long wait. I was being shoved from behind and I looked around to see what they were pushing me for only to discover that the guy at the door, with an unkempt beard and odd stains on what looked like a white nightshirt, was pointing to me: “You, you can’t go in!”

“Me, but why not?”

“Because your clothing isn’t right.”

“What? My clothing?” And I was already being pushed out of the line. I stood in front of the door and wanted to know what on earth was wrong with the clothes I was wearing.

“You can only get in here in a robe and you are not wearing a robe!”

“So what is a robe then?” I asked back.

“Like mine!” he said pointing to the dirty nightshirt that he was wearing. I still didn’t understand. What was wrong with my beautiful, white, silk dress? It was a floor-length, white skirt with long sleeves tied at the waist in a bow of the same lovely material. The top was completely closed looking rather like a kimono. So the cut couldn’t have been a problem. I asked again what the problem was as, according to my English, “robe” is the same thing as a dress. All I knew was that I had to wear a “white robe” and that is what I was doing.

He looked at my dress in virtual disgust and said: “It’s in two parts,” and he pointed again to his filthy white shirt. “This is a robe and yours is not.” I tried to talk to him about this but he wasn’t willing to listen and he gave an agitated wave to tell me to go away. I thought that I’d try just one more time.

“Listen, I am only here for three days and I already lost a day yesterday because of the AIDS test ...” but I just got the usual Pune reply: “Well, that’s your problem but you are not going in dressed in that thing!”

This was just unbelievable! The bureaucracy and unkindness that I was experiencing and now for the second day. I saw a clock

somewhere and saw that there were still 12 minutes to 7 pm. I had 12 minutes to think of something. This man-eater was never going to let me in dressed like this, I knew that now. I remembered a place on the corner near the German Bakery that sold clothes in white and purple and thought that I had seen something there that looked a little like a nightshirt. I had bought my purple clothes from a similar place but they had been new and packed in cellophane. They also had used clothes there from the sannyasin that no one had gone to the trouble to wash out. They were also very cheap and cost no more than three or four Swiss francs. And there were some even cheaper than that. They sold them in the same state they had been left by their previous owners. I thought that I would rush to the changing rooms for money, buy one of these things, go back to the changing rooms and swap my white dress for one of these unwashed “ROBES” and go back to join the queue. I needed to do all this in less than 12 minutes in order to get back and be allowed into the hallowed Buddha Hall. I didn’t want to and I couldn’t give up now. I wasn’t going to let them do this to me! I was going to win! I wasn’t going to give up all the joy with which I had prepared for weeks and months to meditate in the Buddha Hall among—as many have described them—an army of angels. I was beginning to doubt the humanity of this “army of angels” to say nothing of the level of their spiritual development. I was going to win! I simply would not give in now!

I ran back along the queue towards the entrance, not forgetting to pick up my shoes with my photo card inside. Over to the other side and I showed my ID. Then the locker. Where’s the key? Here! Money. Ran back to the entrance and showed my card again. I sprinted the 200 or 300 metres to the shop, grabbed the first filthy, once-white robe that I could find and handed over the couple of rupees. Then back to the ashram. Showed my card again no more than five minutes after I had run out of the place to the same face who was still standing there. But I knew there was no way I would be allowed back in without my card. Changing room, locker, dress off, “robe” on. The sweat was running down my face in rivers and

the white wonder was virtually completely transparent from the moisture. There was nothing for it other than to use my beautiful dress to wipe the rest of the sweat from my body and to slip into the nightshirt which had been last worn by God-knows-who. I was disgusted by the idea but this goes to show the extents I was capable of in order to be allowed into the Buddha Hall to meditate with the others.

My face was bright red from all the rushing around and I took a look in the mirror and caught sight of a clock which told me that I only had three minutes left. I knew that they wouldn't let me in if I was any more than a second late at the door. I ran out and showed my card at the entrance opposite and now I was there. Everyone was inside and I arrived out of breath but in time. The guy in the dirty clothes and tangled beard looked me up and down and said: "Now, you see. This is how you need to go in: in a 'ROBE'."

I didn't want to believe what was going on inside. I eventually found myself inside the "LONG-AWAITED BUDDHA HALL" in my smelly, disgusting, once-white nightshirt.

My joy vanished within seconds. I was ashamed at what I witnessed. Not for myself but for the fact that this was the Buddha Hall and for all that was sacred to me. I sat among the meditating white angels (all dressed in robes, of course).

I didn't meditate but rather prayed for a lot of things and a lot of people; I mainly prayed for happiness not here but at home in my group that I held twice a week—after work and not freshly showered and not in a white robe—that I would be able to meditate with those who surely were angels to me.

## *Thanks and Thanksgiving*

My book “Én nem csak feleség és anya voltam ...” was self-published in Hungary with 2,500 copies. Its success was like a small bomb and it soon sold out. My friends quickly advised a translation in English – one of the world languages. When the translation was finally finished, I was involved in other vital projects.

This book awoke like “Sleeping Beauty” on 22 August 2017! Enjoying the sunshine on my birthday, I took a long walk and found a small sign by a house entrance. A friendly lady opened the door, asking me politely what I wanted. It was the publisher Anne Ruffer. I told her the story of my book, while she listened and then said: “Send me the manuscript and I will review it.” She soon contacted me and said that she would support my book publication. She also had a recommendation for a translator from England. I thought I was dreaming!

Suzanne Kirkbright refreshed my 13-year-old, outdated translation. Suzanne certainly achieved a “masterpiece”, and I express my warmest gratitude! At the publishing house Saskia Noll instantly won my trust. Saskia carefully prepared the layout, and she was there for all my questions and to give advice. Special thanks to Saskia for your wonderful achievement!

The book will soon go to print; I would like to give a blessing beforehand. Just like mothers once blessed their sons when they left home to explore the wide world and seek their fortune.

“May God make a level path for my book.”

With thanks and in gratitude, *Dorothea*