

"A Pure and Contrite Heart" explores various core traditions of Christianity, such as Jesus Christ, the Bible, Faith, etc. through energy readings. Making sense of the Christian religion through this modality, with often startling and unexpected perspectives, enriches our spiritual aspirations in ways that are impossible through normal channels.

A Pure and Contrite Heart

by Beryl Broekman

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Mystic Storyteller Series

*A Pure and
Contrite Heart*

NEW LIGHT ON
CHRISTIANITY

Beryl Broekman

Energy Healer, Author

A Pure and Contrite Heart

Part of the Mystic Storyteller Series

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ISBN: 978-1-64438-338-4

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Published by Powapress Books, 66 Central Road, Linden Extension, Johannesburg, South Africa.

Printed on acid-free paper.

Powapress Books
2018

First Edition

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Prologue

I have always been an admirer of illuminated manuscripts. Somehow beautiful writing sings to my heart and having attempted to write in an italic script I know how difficult it is to master. But the interest and appreciation has always been there. It is not surprising that, on a trip to Ireland in 2011, a few hours in Dublin led me to visit the *Book of Kells* (a 9th Century manuscript of the four gospels) housed at Trinity College. It is so exquisite I just had to buy a book with many beautiful illustrations reproduced from the original, from the visitors' centre.

Fast forward to 2015. A long-standing school friend, who has got further along the road with italic script than I ever did, happened to be in a bookshop and a notebook in the journal section caught her attention. Due to its attractive cover and special binding technique she felt she had to have it. Then she thought I had to have it more than her. So, shortly afterwards she had it delivered to me.

Given our connection with writing, I was most intrigued to note that the cover picture is the same picture as one in my *Book of Kells* book. I, being me, could not regard this as coincidental. I had to know why, and for me to find the why of something I often do an energy reading on the subject. So I sat down and called the energy of the *Book of Kells* into my presence to tell me why it had presented itself to me. The eloquence and sensitivity that came through the reading was deeply moving. My first thought was that the Pope should read this. And my next thought was how was I possibly going to get the Pope to

read this. And then my very next thought was, “I know, I will do a whole lot of readings on Christianity, put them all into a book and call it *The Path to the Pope*. Surely then I will have a chance of him reading it.”

I came down to earth a little while later. The chances of having the Pope read such a book is a very remote possibility but the idea intrigued me. Soon afterwards I did a reading on the Pope, then the Star of Bethlehem, then the Crucifixion and then, over the next few years, the rest of the topics you find in this book.

Every single reading has amazed me by the remarkable perspectives presented and the sheer depth of feeling expressed by each concept.

I present them here to you in the hope that you will read them with a mind open to the possibility of new perspectives on the Christian world to those we have been taught. I can only believe that such extraordinary viewpoints will give us a deeper understanding of this religion, help followers of it to be better Christians, enlighten those who aren't, and help us all to be better humans.

The Book of Kells

Let us begin at the beginning when the Word was first sent out
to create this universe.

Let us read the ancient lettering of ancient scripts to feel, in the
formation of the exquisite font,
The imprint of the Hand of God.

As we turn the pages the story unfolds;
Of creation and heritage, of floods and mountains,
Of giants and humble shepherd boys, of kings and wise men.
Of births, of deaths, of stars, of suffering, of mysteries and
miracles.
Of hope, of healing, of love and longing, of resurrection and
redemption.

We are lost in these pages of vivid imagery and we struggle to
understand the import of it all.

We feel we are part of it. Somehow we feel responsible for the
trials and tribulations of the storytellers.

In some way we are caught up in the dramas as if we are an
intrinsic part of the tale.

Without us the account could not have any truth, without us
there would be no message,

Without us the sun could not shine and the day could not turn
into night.

We notice now how our scribe has festooned each stroke of the
pen with a garland of exquisite embroidery.

Each second spent contemplating the delicate, whimsical
designs filled with saturated vibrant hues,
Draws us deeper into the presence of our artist.
As we admire each detailed mark we are automatically brought
into the presence of its creation.
We see the world around us as seen by the holy one who
records the tale.
We feel the reverence and the love flowing from the blood of
the scribe
Into the ink of the pen and onto the blank, open soul of the page.
As we see the thoughts and dreams and prayers tumbling onto
the paper in so painstakingly patient and precise a fashion – in
the glow of the candlelight of the wee hours of the morning –
We sit transfixed by the passion and purpose, captured in a
concentration oblivious to the passage of time,
Unfolding before our very eyes.

The symbols of our hearts are written on the pages of the Great
Book of Life.
We are exposed – in all our sins and shortcomings – on each
leaf of this book.
And we try to hide our shame behind pictures and naïve
renditions of the natural world.
Painstakingly we bury our atrocities behind the veil of harmless,
innocent and humble creatures.
We vilify the rodents as bringers of scourges and plagues.
We brand the mask of predator on the brows of lions.
We cloak the peacock with the tar of pride
And we place the burden of sacrifice on the soft wool of the
lamb.

A Pure and Contrite Heart

Who are we to place ourselves so firmly at the forefront of the stage?

Why is it that we feel everyone else and everything else must act in supporting roles?

Why is it that we just can't help demanding the limelight for ourselves, and keep insisting on playing the leading parts?

And yet it seems that our scribe wishes it to be so.

For as we can see no moment is lost in the waste of superfluous script.

No extra space is left without an intrinsic purpose, no word noted without a message or meaning.

And we sit in awe of this work; of its beauty and illumination and splendour.

Feeling as if it is written

To us,

For us,

By us.

It is like a song that we sing:

We know the tune and the words, we know the harmonies and the cadences,

We know its beginning and its end.

But we do not have an adequate voice of our own.

We do not know how to harness the power of our own instrument to give resonance to the song

And allow the expression of ourselves to be revealed in its Truth.

Beryl Broekman

Hence our scribe, so masterfully and assuredly,
Translates the song – our song – into words and images,
And exquisitely etches them onto these pages of this book:

Lest we forget the words of our own song,
Lest we forget the colour of our own image,
Lest we forget our place in the world.

The *Book of Kells* is a treasure trove of love, wrapped in a cloak of colour and words, penned into the pages of ancient mystery. It is kept for us to remind us of our part in the history of the universe and to help us fulfil our own destiny with the fortitude and single-mindedness shown by those dedicated monks who, with such love and selflessness, humbly gave their lives in our service.

Christianity

I think a lot.

I use my intellect to guide me in matters of the spirit.

Waking my soul is too big an ask.

And although I know it is the right thing to do,

I am not yet ready to leave all that is dear to me behind.

I am well aware that sacrifice is the name of the game.

Sacrifice of the highest order is demanded to be true to the Word of God.

And as any good Christian will tell you the word “sacrifice” is splattered through the bible and other sacred texts with eager abandon.

You can't miss it: which is why, when something is constantly thrust into your field of vision,

So close up it cannot be missed,

It is so usual to gloss over the familiar and not attempt to dig deep into its real meaning.

I am afraid it is all too easy to do things for show.

And through the ages people, on all levels,

Have found it expedient to be more than enough on the outside While severely lacking within.

All the great religions of the world have been and are guilty of providing an amazing vehicle

For humans to look pious, saintly and worthy on the surface.

The immense power of the delusion that salvation will be yours
if you blindly follow the words and dogma
Spewed out by self-appointed “guardians of souls”, professing
to know what the scriptures mean,
Is singularly astounding.
And it is understandable that, not being able to see anything for
ourselves,
Following someone who believes he does is attractive.

But we have to grow up.
We have to search for the truth.
We have to look deeply into the construct handed to us
And discriminate fact from fiction.
We can no longer afford to be the blind following the blind.
Surely the mere attempt to genuinely discover the truth for
ourselves
Must pull on the heartstrings of God
And get His attention.

I, for one, am tired of the game of power and profit.
It is meaningless at the time of departure from this world.
And, just as professing the humility of poverty
Beguiles us into thinking we are righteous,
Falling into the habit of thinking we are saved just because we
are believers,
Gives us a disproportionate sense of being better than others.

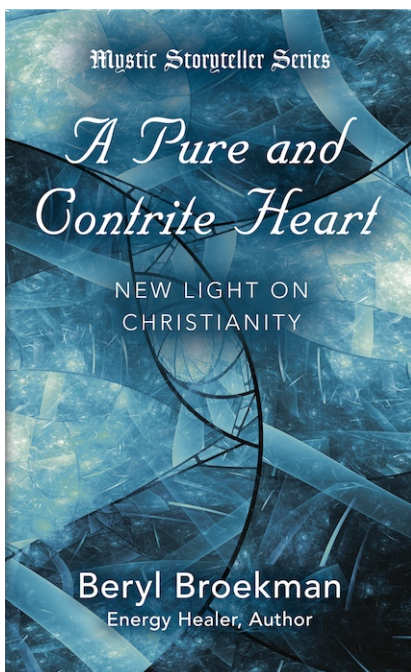
In the end it gets uncomfortable to pretend
That unintelligible jargon, with no reference to our present
circumstances,
Has any point whatsoever.

A Pure and Contrite Heart

And I, for one, would rather confess
That I am ignorant of the real meaning behind the scriptures,
Than exhaust myself and my precious life being something I
am not,
Just to please others.

Christianity is a vast ocean of spiritual truths squeezed into the limited frame of historical hearsay and intellectual straightjackets. It is a mystical and exquisite example of the teachings of a saint being made available to the people who needed it most in the time that they lived. Instead of trying to grasp what the teachings were, many have exchanged a pure and contrite heart for the trappings of ritual and ideology.

Perhaps it is time, once again, to shed the shackles of intellectual belief on spiritual matters and go with the guidance felt in one's own heart.



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