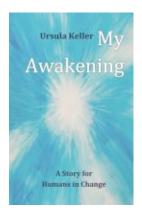
Ursula Keller My Awakening

A Story for Humans in Change



Each story of awakening is unique but this experience often involves similar challenges. Awakening begins when you start listening to the voice inside the heart, which creates a new connection to your own soul and wisdom. Life changes and feels very different than before. Join Ursula Keller on her way to herself and to the reconnection of her human with her eternal nature. Let yourself be touched and inspired.

My Awakening

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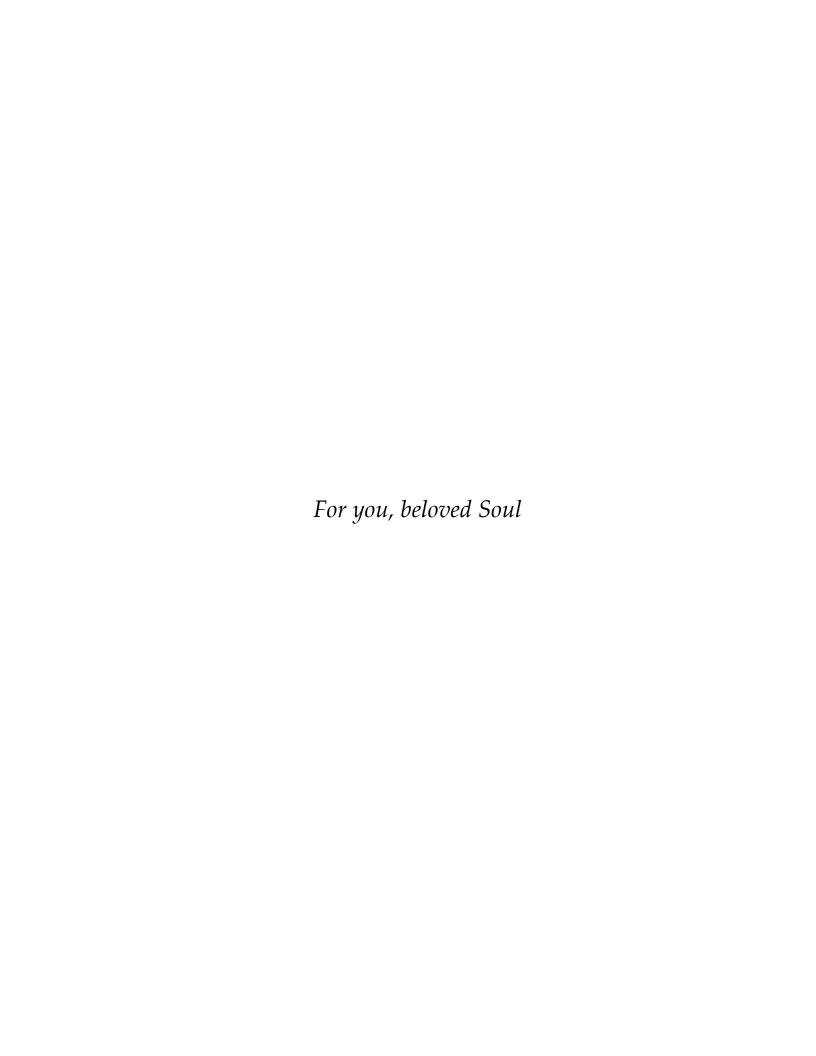
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First Edition

My Awakening

A story for humans in change

Ursula Keller



Original written in German: Mein Erwachen Eine Geschichte für Menschen im Umbruch

Transcribed into English by Lisa Warner

Introduction

Dear Reader,

Thank you for your interest in my book. I've written my story because I feel that many humans are now beginning to awaken. Although everyone's story of awakening is unique, we will all experience some similarities along the path. Perhaps my story will remind you of some similar situations or challenges you've experienced along your own journey.

We live in a time of great change and awakening. Many humans are now coming to the realization that they are actually much more than just their physical body and their assumed identity. This insight is the call of the soul to the human identity to remember their true Being.

This realization is often accompanied by a dramatic experience. I had often wondered why it had to be like that. Today I would say that if we didn't come to a dead-end, or a point of desperation or hopelessness, we would just continue along our paths with our usual patterns and habits.

But the call of the Soul wants to be heard and this happens in a unique way for each individual. Sometimes a drama is the easiest way for the soul to get the human's attention and make him start to reflect about himself.

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Gathering Experiences



This painting tries to show the immense light I write about in the chapter entitled "Journey to the Stars." I painted it in the spring of 2011, exactly 20 years after my experience.

Before the Big Bang

When I think back upon how my awakening started, I realize that although I didn't recognize it for many years, there was something extraordinary going on within my life story.

I grew up in a small village near Zürich in Switzerland. In my childhood I spent a lot of time playing outdoors in nature and, along with my sister and my cousins, I spent a lot of time helping out around my uncle's neighboring farm. At that time much was still harvested by hand and I enjoyed the collaborative work in the fields very much.

I had a relatively normal childhood, experiencing the normal human highs and lows, sometimes playing and rejoicing other times feeling lonely and misunderstood. It was a time of experiencing and integrating the general challenges of growing up and adapting to life. However, I did have one challenge that had a great impact on the shape of my life.

From birth I had a lazy eye which gave me double vision. Until I was given glasses at the age of three, I couldn't tell which of the pictures I saw was the 'real' one. This caused me to have many accidents, and as a small child I began to feel trapped and insecure inside my own body. My physical insecurity made physical activities very difficult for me. It took much longer than usual for me to learn to walk and to ride a bike, and activities such as gymnastics were essentially impossible for me, as the appearance of the apparatuses scared me to death!

The double vision also caused something else to happen, which I would not come to understand or appreciate until much later in my life. Because I could not tell which picture was the real (solid) one, I was constantly knocking into things and

getting hurt before I received glasses. This caused me to distrust the physical world and forced me to focus on the 'safe' space inside myself, my inner perception, in order to choose the 'real' picture and keep my body in balance. I was forced to develop my confidence in my inner perception.

When I was pre-school age, I had two operations on my eyes. At that time in Switzerland, it was not yet allowed for the parents to stay with their child in the hospital. As I was still so young, my perception of time was not yet fully developed, so when my parents said goodbye to me, I had the horrible feeling that they were never coming back.

At the hospital, I was confronted by deep fears of being abandoned, helpless and at the complete mercy of the hospital. I experienced most of the nurses as being cold and brutal. They would perform procedures on my body without asking my permission, and I was often forced to hold still for injections which scared me to death.

I grew up with two younger sisters: one is three years younger than me and the other is eleven years my junior. My relationship with my sister who is just three years younger than me was intense and difficult. As children, we fought often and she was a constant challenge for me. Through her I learned to continually forgive and to start each day with a clean slate for her. In the years after I left home, I had very little contact with her due to our different interests in life.

My youngest sister was a great gift to me when she was born. We got along wonderfully well right from the start, always comfortable together. With her I experienced that a close relationship can be easy-going and stress free.

Through these childhood experiences, I established the themes I had chosen to work through in this lifetime. It would

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take me many years before I would begin to understand and integrate these difficult experiences. I have learned that we all come to Earth to experience, work through and then eventually release and integrate one or more core issues. When we listen to the call of our soul, and begin to trust that voice from within, piece by piece it all becomes clear.

I invite you now on this journey through my life.



Shattered Dreams

When I was 20 years old, two experiences within short succession of each other dramatically shook my life and served to change something deep inside my Being. My two biggest dreams were suddenly shattered: I had suddenly found myself without the prospect of my dream profession and my love life had come crashing down around me.

I had always dreamed of becoming an Activation Therapist in Switzerland. I love working with people and I have a natural empathic ability to connect with them. I longed to use my gifts and talents to help those who needed mental or physical therapy or rehabilitation. At that time in Switzerland, one had to be at least 20 years of age before applying for Activation Therapy training and certification.

I had finished my schooling by the age of 17, and had made my first apprenticeship at the Post Office to pass the time until I turned 20 and could apply to become an Activation Therapist. Although it was a good job, there was no room for advancement for women in that profession at that time, and I wanted a career that would bring me joy and fulfillment by sharing my natural gifts and talents with others.

Directly following my 20th birthday, I took my entrance exams, which I passed with flying colors. I was told by the Head of the Activation Therapy Department of the hospital, where I had done a short practical training, that I had a real talent for the profession. Naturally, I was extremely excited to begin my dream career.

I soon found out that the Canton where I lived did not subsidize either of the two Activation Therapy schools in the German speaking part of Switzerland. The only chance I had for

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an apprenticeship training position was if there were not enough applicants from the other two Cantons. I soon found out that all of the candidates had been chosen and all twelve available slots had been filled. There was no space for me. I was devastated. My dream career suddenly seemed to vanish right before my eyes.

With my dream now gone, I went to a Career Office to see if they could propose something else for me. They found that I was well-rounded and talented in many areas, but there was not any particular career that stood out amongst the rest. I suddenly remembered that when I had done a short practical training at the hospital, I was encouraged by one of the nurses to consider doing the training to become a nurse because I would be good at it. I hadn't considered it at the time, because I didn't feel comfortable in the hospital setting, but I asked the Career Officer if there were any careers that involved nurses visiting and caring for people in their homes. She replied that, yes, there were, and I soon began my training to become a nurse.

Three years later I had my degree as a Specialized Home Nurse. Although I was happy to have found a new direction, in my heart of hearts I still longed to be an Activation Therapist, as I really wanted to incorporate my natural creativity with Social Work.

At the same time that my original dream of Activation Therapy came tumbling down, I was heartbroken a second time when my dream love life suddenly ended. I had been in a relationship with a wonderful man. We had so many interests in common and our philosophies of life were the same. I was caught blindsided one day when, out of the blue, I received a letter from him stating that he no longer loved me and was ending our relationship. I was totally shocked to receive the news of our breakup in a letter! How could this be?

The pain was immense. I couldn't understand why all this was happening to me. Was this a punishment? Were my expectations of life too high? Was a life of happiness and fulfillment just an illusion? Why weren't my dreams and desires being fulfilled?

Because I wasn't finding any answers to these questions, I began to wonder if I had to just settle for my lot in life. Although it was one of my greatest desires, I gave up on seeking romantic relationships because I just kept meeting the 'wrong' men.

It would not be until years later that I would discover that it was not 'wrong men', but rather my own closed heart that was causing the problems. The fear of abandonment I had experienced in my childhood had caused me to close my heart in an effort to keep it from feeling that excruciating pain again. However, our hearts are not meant to be closed, so I would be given more opportunities through a few more doomed relationships until I put the pieces together.



Being Attacked from Behind

After completing my training to become a nurse, I began working in a small group of three nurses. Each of us was responsible for a group of patients. I had a wonderful working relationship with the nurse who coordinated our team and represented us to the foundation board, but after a few months she took a new job and left our group.

This was difficult for me, because she had a good relationship with the third nurse on our team and she was like the connector between the two of us. Now we had to learn to work together in a new way. A new nurse joined us and we slowly began to build our new team.

At this time I cared for an elderly man with cancer who knew he would soon die. He had an open tumor and wished to remain at home for his treatment. The doctor asked me if we could do the antibiotic therapy through infusion at his home. Although this procedure was rather unusual at this time, I spontaneously agreed to do it, as I had learned how to do the treatment during my training and I knew how much it would mean to my patient to be able to remain in his own home.

I saw no problem with this arrangement, as it was the wish of both the doctor and the patient and I knew that the other nurses could also do the treatment on my days off. Apparently I was very naïve.

When I told my colleague of our treatment plan, she asked me why I didn't consult the team before agreeing to do the treatments at home. I answered that he was my patient, it was his wish, the doctor supported it and I knew all of us were capable of administering the treatment. As they would need to administer the treatments on my days off, I was also very happy to show them how to do it in his home. When she didn't say anything else, I thought everything was okay.

When I showed her how to do the treatment at my patient's home, I noticed that she hardly spoke a word. I supposed that she was insecure because she hadn't done much of this kind of therapy in the past. My patient and his wife were very thankful to be able to receive this kind of treatment at home.

A few days later, just before going home from work, my colleague handed me an envelope and said, "Read this!" Very surprised, I opened the envelope. What I read in this letter shocked me deeply. It was a letter addressed to the Foundation Council accusing me of making all kinds of mistakes in the treatment of my patients. The council consisted of non-professionals headed by a priest. Her accusations against me were so serious that, if taken to be true, would be grounds for instant dismissal.

I felt like I had been stabbed in the back! I was stunned. Of all the supposed infractions on her list, there was only one I could say was true. Of the other items on her list, two were true but taken out of context and the others were completely untrue. My whole body was trembling. It was terrible. How was I to defend myself? My mind ran amok.

When I arrived at work the next day, I showed the letter to the third nurse on our team. She agreed to speak the truth and defend me where she could; however, there were some actions on the list that had no witnesses. She thought it was very strange that our colleague had taken this drastic action without having ever voiced her concerns with me directly or in a team conference. She thought that there must be something wrong with this nurse for her to make up some of these things out of thin air. Her attitude helped to calm me down a little bit.

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When my colleague returned to work after her days off, I tried to speak with her. She told me that she had nothing to say to me, and that my fate was now in the hands of the foundation council. I assumed that she had already spoken to the council regarding her accusations, as she was now our group's new delegate to the council meetings.

My new colleague was soon called in for a special meeting. No one was speaking directly to me. This was like hell for me. I was awaiting my fate, paralyzed by the prospect of being thrown into the abyss. I was completely overwhelmed.

Finally, after what seemed like an eternity, I was invited to a meeting along with the colleague who had accused me. There, for the first time, I was able to defend myself and set the record straight regarding the accusations. I was honest and told my version of the events. I knew that the third nurse had spoken well of me during her meeting with the council and had defended my work practices.

In the end, the priest said that we would have to forgive each other and continue to work together. I asked how this should be accomplished, since by unjustly accusing me of wrongdoings, my colleague had proven herself as untrustworthy. He responded that it should be done simply out of 'Christian charity.' I realized that the board was unwilling to take any action to rectify the situation. Although I was reassured that they did not believe my accuser, they fully intended to simply sweep the whole incident under the rug. I was supposed to just 'forgive and forget.' This was not an acceptable solution for me. So I took matters into my own hands and began searching for a new job.

To my amazement, almost immediately I was presented with an offer in my hometown to become a full-time home

nurse. I was reluctant to accept the offer, as I did not want to work full time. When I told my new teammate about the offer, she said, "We could take this job together and do job-sharing." This was a wonderful idea! Suddenly my teammate and I had found ourselves a great new job!

Although my life was getting better, I was still quite angry for a long time about the unfounded accusations and continued to wonder why my colleague had done this to me.



Death Threat

My next attempt at a love relationship was quickly doomed to failure. Together with my new boyfriend I moved into a house with six housemates. I had already had flat-sharing experiences living with one other roommate, so I was looking forward to this expansion of horizons.

Shortly after we moved in, my boyfriend got into an altercation with the oldest housemate and decided he didn't want to stay in this new house. He found a squat situation in Zurich and asked me to come with him. We were both actively involved in the squatter movement. However, I felt that all of the comings and goings of a squat would be too distracting for me, and I was not yet ready to pack up and move again so soon. I suggested that if he moved out, that we could still remain a couple and both have our choices met. He didn't see it this way. He said that if we couldn't live together that he wanted to end the relationship.

I was shocked. Weren't we in love? Doesn't love always prevail? I couldn't understand why there could only be a relationship if we lived together. After all, love knows no boundaries of time or space. Was I jinxed? Were all of my love relationships doomed to failure?

With a heavy heart, I watched him leave and there I stood...alone again.

I was very comfortable in the new house-sharing situation. I felt that I was with a group of familiar souls, with one exception: the oldest housemate. He lived there along with his wife, their daughter and their dog. He was smoking a lot of hash and began encouraging us to join him, but I couldn't endure the effects of hash.

As time went by, he began to become increasingly aggressive and hostile. We soon discovered that he was dealing drugs from the apartment. Twice it had already come to violent clashes with members of the group. In a community meeting we gave him the ultimatum to either stop dealing drugs or move out, as we did not want our house to be raided. This infuriated him. He rose up from the table, drew a knife in his hand, and threatened death to anyone who betrayed him. We were shocked.

We then learned that, in addition to the hash, he was also using methadone. He was becoming totally unstable. For days I was scared to death of him. I was the only one who lived on the upper floor along with him and his family and to make matters worse, my room had no lockable door.

It became an extremely challenging situation for all of us in our house-sharing community, but it also served to bring us closer together. Fortunately, almost as if by a miracle, he and his family soon found a new apartment and moved out, allowing us to return to our peaceful lives. Our house soon began to be filled with spontaneous celebrations and visits from interesting people.



The Wall Falls Down

In early November of 1989, I traveled with a friend to Berlin. I had always been attracted by the allure of Berlin, and now I was there for five days! I was delighted by the diversity of arts, culture and creativity in this lively city.

It was gray and rainy the day we visited the wall. I was shocked by the sight and the feeling of separation in this 'death zone' that ran right through the middle of this magnificent city. As I saw and felt the suffering inflicted on countless people and families by this division, I was startled. It made me sad to think that there was still no solution to this artificial separation.

On our third evening, as we were sitting on a bus, we heard a woman tell the bus driver, "I heard on the radio that the wall is open and I'm going to have a look for myself!" He told her that certainly this could not be true!

We also could not believe her, so we continued on to the concert we had planned to attend for that evening. As we awaited our bus after the concert, a car stopped in front of us. The car was a Trabant with East German plates. The driver hollered out, "Which way to Kurfürstendamm?" A passer-by called out to him and asked if the wall was open. He replied, "Yes! And they're letting us through!" We all stood there, stunned, as we could hardly believe what we had just heard.

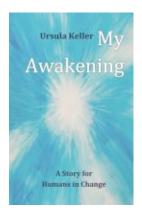
After a long day we were quite tired, so we decided to return to our hotel and go see the wall in the morning. After breakfast, we set out to discover what all the commotion was about. We headed out for Checkpoint Charlie to see for ourselves what was really happening at the border.

Upon our arrival, we found a huge crowd had gathered. Every car that drove through the border was being greeted with

flowers and champagne. The city was delirious with joy! We stood there with thousands of people, up on the wall, celebrating the liberation and reunification. It was total euphoria!

We spent our two remaining days in Berlin celebrating with the people, in their great exuberance, overjoyed with their newly acquired freedom. To this day, I still feel a thrill of joy when I think about the coincidence that I was there in person to witness this historic event.





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