

Walking with Christa

I called from the wilderness to God and was heard.

That happened 25 years ago when I met Christa in a workshop (one week on the island of Amrum). Unfortunately I misunderstood much and for a long time was obsessed only with my wanting to feel better.

When I met Christa I felt pushed by the longing for God - I was baptized a Catholic but had turned my back on the church, as I was thoroughly disgusted with a punishing God - and by an inner turmoil created by discontentedness and a desire to run from my harmonious marriage.

My son was five years old at the time, my husband had to call the emergency doctor the night before my leaving for Amrum. I only knew I had to leave and asked myself, quite stunned, if not that what could possibly hold me back?

In Christa I met for the first time a human being whose thinking, speaking and action were one and who rested firmly in God's Love that she radiated. I felt understood and confirmed to the depth of my being. All of this was very new to me, and I was so stirred up that I was sucked into a whirlpool of experiences, without breaks.

On the one hand they were liberating, on the other hand they frightened me. I felt everything at once that before seemed impossible to coexist. That this was a blessing I understood only later. I experienced that I once had treated my mother worse than I felt she had treated me in this life, and I experienced forgiveness for it. When I saw my mother after this experience, I felt love for her for the first time and I am deeply grateful that I had an opportunity to express it before she passed two years later.

After coming back from Amrum, I felt like I was in two worlds that I could not bring together - not for a long time. Later (in the meantime Christa had moved to Virginia Beach and invited me and others to live with her), it became really bad whenever I had to go home again. My heart sank to my boots. Every time Christa asked me whether I would take "it" with me or whether I wanted to leave it there. I had had so many therapy sessions with Christa, had gone to many workshops, visited many retreats directed by her before she moved to the US, and came again and again to her house in Virginia Beach.

I experienced my intense resistance and how little I was able to love. That Christa so caringly and patiently walked with me - and still does - I deeply appreciate. Sometimes I can't even comprehend it. I am touched now to see how patient God is. Piece by piece my resistance was taken; I went through a number of hells and much pain and my resistance is still much too big. Only now does it slowly begin to dawn on me what really happened when I met Christa and that the time following could have been so different if I had truly grasped it. Fortunately I do not judge myself, but it hurts.

I learned from Christa to work with joy no matter what I do - or at least with contentment. Before that I had no interest in any physical work. I also learnt that solutions sometimes take time and that it is worthwhile to seek without giving up and not be satisfied with compromises only because one wants to be done with it. In Virginia Beach there was ample opportunity to practice that and - what was even more important -

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to practice and live with love and understanding in the community with others. I lived there with many different people and learned that we all struggle with and suffer from the same things; that one can speak about anything with anyone. Christa untiringly represented the heart of each one of us - otherwise it wouldn't have worked. Who knows what it means to live from your heart?

Even though I do experience myself in many situations - especially in my tax office - as someone with a sincere effort to live from the heart, I still have to let go a lot; my heart is still small. I did not grasp for a long time what Christa means when she says that Love is inherent to the heart; I always wanted to create it, imitate it (I also tried to imitate Christa and, of course, failed miserably). Through Christa's everlasting patience it can change. Christ's deep love for every one and every thing constantly discomposes me. As soon as I think I have acted lovingly and then experience what Christa does or says in a similar situation, I immediately recognize the difference.

I accept now that I still can't say with sincerity that I love God but have to recognize that my heart is rather small, and I pray that that may change. I have no idea how. If this understanding had hit me earlier, it would have smashed me and it did - but now I can live with that truth without running away.

Without Christa I would never have dared to buy and run my business in Roundup. It has taken years to actually enjoy it and every encounter with my clients is a new challenge for me to remember that my office is only a medium - that it is about God and not what impression I give or how I can get the work done. Here too it is essential: Whenever I speak of a problematic situation with Christa, I realize that something didn't work.

I am certain that my immense difficulties with communication have their base in my being too concerned about myself. For so long I have tried to find the "right" words, but Christa unerringly and untiringly called my attention to my true intent and that it is not the words that are the problem.

Now I live together with Michelle, a being who also has great difficulties with communication and who generally is quite similar to me, especially in things that I don't like. We probably would have bashed each other's heads already if Christa hadn't again and again reminded me/us, that Michelle and I are one; and if she had not blighted every complaint with the result that the complainer is brought to speaking of herself and not of how bad the other is and what the other person asks of her. What keeps us together is God, our early morning meditations, and that we both have no doubts that each of us is seeking. Each of us tries to look at herself, when something didn't work out right. I have gained the conviction that one can live with anyone, who sincerely seeks.

I do not find it easy to write this account and to decide what to and what not to write about. So much has happened in the past years, and I would not want to exchange anything for where I am today.

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I am mostly content and enjoy encounters with others instead of wanting to run. It is and wasn't easy, and I was often very angry at Christa. But I never doubted her love.

Since I am in Montana, I never had any doubts again, that God is present - but only recently I had to recognize that all too often I am not with HIM. That will change.

Gabriele

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