



"God" ... is my friend

- The story of a special friendship -

by Jens Zurmühlen

An old man, his clothes dirty, the remains of his shabby jacket hanging wet from his body. Signs of a long journey. His head buried in his hands, his fingernails broken and bruised. His face is marked with deep wrinkles, his gait sluggish and heavy.

Tears run down his sunken cheeks in large rivulets. Tired and exhausted, he lifts his head, sitting there by the stream, alone in the bitter cold of the winter night. His clouded eyes look up at the sky, his mouth trembles and he shouts his words angrily at the world:

"GOD or whatever you are called, where on earth are you? All my miserable life I have laboured and cried out to you countless times. So often I needed help, so often the despair was almost unbearable. I wanted to do well in life, do better than my parents, than so many people. I wanted to be happy, yes, happy and I was told that you exist. So I wanted to find you, listen to you, follow you. But where have you been all these years? WHERE? I looked for you everywhere, I travelled all over the world. But where have you been? You are probably nothing but an old story I was told. A fairytale creature, not true, not here, not anywhere. I feel miserable to have believed all these rubbish stories in the first place.

Look at me now! And you are supposed to be my friend? Who treats a friend as badly as You do, God? WHO? No, you are not my friend. You have driven me all my life, covered me with sorrow and pain, taken people from my side whom I had grown to love, sent me sickness and infirmity, destroyed my livelihood and work, smashed me. And now you see me sitting here.

Dirty and old, poor, exhausted from my journey, with bare nerves, with pain in my limbs.

Is all this worthy of a true friend, to treat the other like this? Anyone who does that is not a friend. Not for me. No, it's pathetic, nothing but pathetic."

His speech faltered, his voice failed. Shaken by his own words, shaken also by his anger, he lowered his heavy head again and buried it in his dirty hands.

"It's over," he thought to himself. Over ..."

No sound could be heard in the icy night, there by the river, in the desolation and loneliness that seemed so harmonious with the heaviness of his heart. The old man lay down in the wet, cold leaves of last autumn, now covered in snow. He felt cold, cold in his body, cold in his mind, cold in his heart.

"Just a little sleep, just a little I wish. A little rest, a little sleep" ... he stammered into the night.

A crack, a break, not far away in the bushes. The man was startled and, shuddering with fear, he called out into the night:

"Who's that? Show yourself. Who's there?"

His body trembled and in his right hand he held his old, rusty knife. Blunt after all his years of travelling, but still sharp enough to defend himself if necessary.

"You rascal, where are you? Come out" ... his voice shook in the night. He could barely stand on his feet, which were trembling like aspen leaves.

Suddenly, as if from nowhere, his ears heard sweet sounds coming from afar. Sounds that slowly developed into an incomparable melody, delighting and touching his ears and his being.

"What sweet sound am I hearing?" he thought.

And as he completely surrendered to the melody, his tired eyes caught sight of a light not far from him. A light so bright, so clear that he could not believe his eyes. Deep peace overcame him at that moment. A peace that he had never, ever felt like this before.

"Heaven," he thought to himself. "What on earth is happening here?"

He felt as if he were floating. As if he was being pulled up into the sky by an unknown force. Into the circle of stars that stood out clear and bright in the icy night sky.

Suddenly ... a voice rang out. Time literally stood still. Immobile and wide-eyed, he gazed into the circle of light.

And ... listened spellbound.

"My son, my child,

do not be afraid. It is not my intention to frighten you. None of what you see here, what you hear, should frighten you.

I have heard your lamentations, I have seen your tears, there by the river, which sprang from my creation long ago, just as you did. I have heard your grief, your struggles, your sheer despair over what you lived as life.

So listen to me and give me your ear, your heart."

"My child,

It was a long time ago - according to your chronology - when you decided to enter this world anew. No, it was not my decision to bring you here. To this place where you now feel so uncomfortable and have spoken to me with angry words. No, child, it was your decision, your wish that you offered me. I honoured your wish and let you go. Knowing full well that the path you have chosen will be a rocky one. It will not be an easy path, yet I gave you everything you needed to be able to walk it.

You chose your parents, who gave you earthly life. In your mother's womb, close to her loving heart, your body was formed, your vehicle, which gave you the shelter you needed for your life's journey and tasks.

At that time, in your mother's body, you were still close to me. But then, on the day of your birth, the veil of oblivion overcame you. Just as it always happens when my children begin their earthly journey through life. Now you may think "How unfair, how unjust it is, this forgetting. And how agonising and painful".

"But remember, my child, remember that the experiences of earthly life only lead to true mastery when the light home,

the home with me, is forgotten. Then, only then, are you free. Free to decide who you want to serve and what you want to learn on Mother Earth."

The old man listened attentively and felt his eyes fill with tears.

A soft little voice seemed to pick up what was said, seemed to remember what had happened many decades ago. And he had almost forgotten.

The voice continued and spoke:

"I was touched by your words, your thoughts, which you released into life here and now, on this icy night. You doubt my friendship, but do you also doubt my love? Is it not love on which a deep, intimate friendship is based? And does not the one, the friend, help the other? Then, when the need is great, when suffering

can almost overwhelm a person. When help is needed, when it is needed? Is that not the case?

So let me tell you where I was for all the decades of your life, where I showed you my love and help, where you were allowed to listen and feel that I was there for you and that I had never, ever, abandoned you and left you alone.

In my home, where you began your journey on Mother Earth, I gave you much, very much as luggage. Gifts that I planted in your heart out of the deepest love. In the time when your life developed under your mother's heart. I gave you everything that I also carry within me. All the beauty, all the purity, all the goodness. Yes, I gave you all the love I feel for all creatures. And I gave you even more on your way. The power to create, to shape, to decide, to walk freely and from the bottom of your heart the path you want to take.

Your start in life was difficult, your mother gave birth to you in this world with pain and great effort. I helped her, soothed the pain of your birth and led you out of it so that you could take your first breath on Mother Earth. Your parents' joy was great, their love great, when they were allowed to welcome you there, new and fresh in life. And great was my own joy that you have now arrived, as my child and began your journey. I was there from the very first moment, from your first breath in this world.

And what happened after that? Do you really think I forgot? I would have forgotten you? No, my child, I didn't.

Every situation, every decision, every sadness and tear, every joy you felt ... I was there for everything.

The first years of your school days, there, during the fights in the playground, your torn wounds, when your classmates beat you up, almost beat you to death in their madness, their exuberant rage.

You weren't like them, you didn't want to be like them, you didn't want to play the games of violence that took place there every day. At that moment, I sent you the teacher who was closest to you at the time. He intervened. Do you remember his help when he dispersed the angry crowd of children, helped you get to your feet and tended to your wounds?

I stood by your bedside when the fever took hold of you for a long time and your parents had already lost all hope of recovery. Barely conscious, I sent you into a deep, long sleep, from which you awoke the next morning. With renewed strength, still weak on your feet, but you gave your first smile to your mother, who had stayed up all night at your bedside and worried about you.

Your smile in the morning was her greatest gift. Your health and strength quickly returned. Have you forgotten how happy your parents were to see you playing again?

I was there when you sat at the deathbed of your beloved mother, who breathed her last and left this world. I saw your tears run down her weak hand and saw you look into each other's eyes one last time. Until ... she asked me inwardly to take her to me. So I fulfilled her ardent wish and with a smile she lovingly stroked your face once more and dried your tears with her fingers. At this moment, my son, now that I am speaking to you, you can see her. Look over there, towards the edge of the forest.

The old man turned round, looked towards the edge of the forest, his mouth open and his eyes shining.

"MOTHER, Oh my God, Mother, is it really you?"

A light formed, so bright, so clear, almost glistening, and from its centre an old woman formed and stretched her hands towards the old man, beckoning to him and beaming with kindness and love.

The old man wept. How much he loved his mother, how much he had missed her in all the years of his life. Now he saw her once again and it seemed like a beautiful dream.

She spoke to him:

"My son, do not doubt, my dear child. Trust in your heart, trust in your love and know that I too am always around you, watching over and protecting you. You have grown old now, but remember the wisdom that lives within you, which makes up your entire being through all your experiences. It was all good, it is all good. Trust in yourself, trust in life and smile at it. Especially when dark clouds are able to block your view of the blue sky for long periods of time. Then you can be sure that it won't last long, because even if the clouds are around you, even if they are able to frighten you, it is trust in life itself that will guide you. Life, creation, indeed God, is the unshakeable trust in the good. So from now on, let trust be your constant companion and may it take hold of your heart. Farewell now, until the day when we meet again and we can take each other into our heavenly arms. I love you from the bottom of my soul and will always be with you. Trust in that, my son."

Then a final greeting, another wave in the direction of the old man, her son. Until she disappeared into the darkness of the night.

The old man looked after her, feeling great gratitude, great joy, but also sadness that she had left him once again and dissolved into the silence of the night. His beloved mother, whom he had missed so painfully in all the decades of his life.

He turned again to the voice that spoke to him once more.

"I was on the mountain when your march took you into unreal regions. There, where the paths were unsafe and you fell down the slope. I heard your prayer and sent the travelling man to nurse you and bring you to safety. He set up a camp for you in the small shelter near the town and got you help. Yes, my child, this traveller was also sent by me, because you asked me for help.

I was there on the day your children were born and led them into this world too. With great joy I heard the tears of your heart, filled with great love for your children, whom you cared for with fatherly devotion."

"My son,

earthly life is and remains a place of experience, a place of learning, a place of experiencing all the circumstances that are waiting for you to be felt and lived.

There is love in the beautiful experiences and love in every challenge. Nothing, my child, happens without a reason and nothing without love, which is always able to accompany the destiny of every human being in the background. Pain may seem "loveless" to you, you may feel it without love. But it is also pain that teaches you to trust love, to trust me and to trust your heart. Because out of the pain you decide anew.

To walk anew, to tread new paths, with the experiences of the past that you have shed within you and that are able to show themselves as wisdom in your life.

Today, in this place, on this clear night, I met you again. Today now, I spoke to you, today now more perceptible for your ears, for your heart, which was so closed by your doubt.

Do you remember your anger, back then, when you hurled your reproaches at me like spears, just as you have done today? Your angry words to me then were:

"My patience is exhausted. Send me a sign that you really exist. So that I can finally believe that you really exist".

And exhausted and angry, you lay down to rest. Your sleep was restless and you woke up very early that night. Remember your feeling that whispered to you after a short sleep:

"I must write. It's early in the night, but I have to."

And so I interrupted your rest and sent you this after you had asked. It was I who planted the word in your mind that early morning, a night as starry as it is today. And you went back to your rooms and began to write:

I AM

In clouds travelling before the moon,

in the storm that lets its power circle.

In waters that beat against the shores,

pave their way to the land.

In the bird whose song resounds,

In the roebuck that leaps so joyfully.

In the sunrise and its going,

In the farmer's work, sowing the land.

In the laughter of children, bright and clear,

in the midst of a happy crowd of children.

In every gesture full of love,

from man to man and to the animal.

In you, man, your heart I dwell.

My whisper speaks: I love you.

When your steps become heavy,

listen into your heart, your sea of love.

There it becomes light, for there I am.

And now, my child, remember.

"I hope that you will allow our conversation and the reunion with your mother to penetrate you deeply and have a lasting effect. And never forget that I am with you at every step of your life. If only you would believe and carefully observe and contemplate the situations in your life.

In the starry nights.

In your sleep that overcomes you.

In your grief, in your love,

In every moment.

Ask for me and I will send you my answer:

In the spoken words of your fellow human beings.

In the gentle breeze of your evening walk.

In the feeling that stirs within you, moves, touches and guides you.

In everything that happens."

"I am always there, from the first moment until the hour when you want to finish your tasks, your experience here on Mother Earth. Then I will lead you back, back to me, back to eternity. But there is still time until then. Time enough to straighten yourself up and continue on your path through earthly life.

You don't need much, just to listen to the melody of trust in life, which I composed for you and have prepared for you today as a gift."

"I love you, my child.

So much so that you will hardly be able to grasp it here in your earthly existence, but can experience it tangibly in the perception of your inner world."

The old man had been on his knees for a long time, listening to what was said, feeling what was to be felt and weeping as the cone of light slowly lost its power and disappeared before his eyes into the darkness of the night.

Silence fell, a silence that the old man had never experienced before. He wiped his face dry and stood up. A deep breath in the cold night, a glance over to the edge of the forest, a look ahead to where the sea of lights had been visible a short time ago. He sighed, he felt happy, a smile appeared on his face.

The old man placed his right hand on his heart and breathed into the silence of the night:

"I thank you, I thank you very much. God

You are truly a good friend, you are my friend."

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