

“The healing
journey of
a soul”

-

“Alpha and Omega”

Sandra Günther

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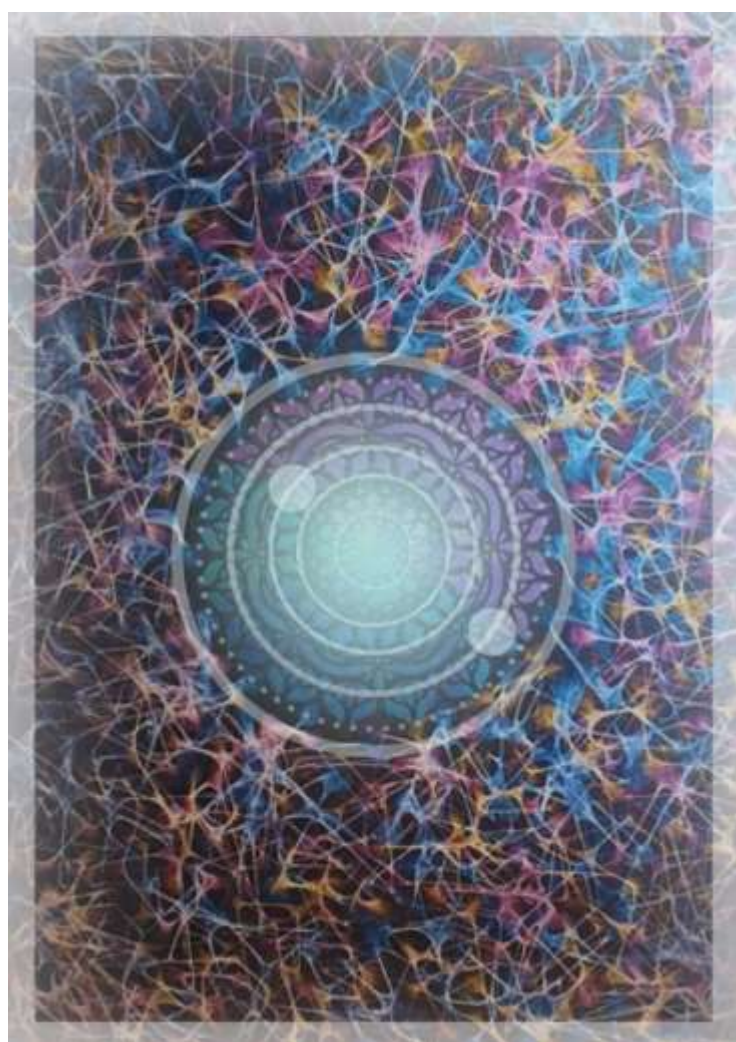
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Introduction

Welcome to my book on spiritual awakening. A work that springs from my own experience and charts a gentle path to explore the depths of this wondrous transformational process. In a world where the concept of spiritual awakening is often confused with clichés and superficial trends, I want to make it clear that it is a journey to our true essence - a return to the divine sparks within us, to God the Father, the Holy Son and the Holy Spirit.

The triggers for this awakening can be as varied as the colors of a dazzling rainbow - be it a deep heartache, dreams that whisper like melodies through the night, or the silent ripples of a broken heart. In a magical moment, synchronicities suddenly appear in our lives, like the finely tuned chords of a love song. Everything changes and we find ourselves in an ocean of feelings - lonely, confused and yet filled with a burning longing for something that we are not yet fully aware of at that moment.

During this journey, our senses are expanded and our perception refined. We hear soft voices, feel the whisper of the wind on our skin and see the light in the eyes of a loved one with new clarity. But other signs also reveal themselves: the soft whistling in our ears, a higher frequency that seems to touch us, and paranormal events that go beyond our imagination. They are like secret messages from the universe that accompany us on our journey and remind us of the invisible threads of destiny that connect us all.

It is an experience that defies language - a feeling that lies hidden deep in our hearts and is only unleashed by the touch of the divine. Even crying fits, which seem to come out of nowhere, are completely normal and serve to make us look deeper. They are like a cleansing thunderstorm that heals old wounds and creates space for new insights and growth.

This book is a declaration of love for the wonders of spiritual awakening, told from my own perspective. A reminder that we are never alone on this journey. At a time when so many of us are waking up, we are all dancing to different tunes - each note unique, each journey personal. There may be moments of confusion and uncertainty, but in the end, each experience leads us to a deeper union with ourselves and with God, back to our source.

It is a journey that encompasses the full spectrum of human experience - from indescribable beauty to deeply felt challenges and pain. It is a symphony of emotions that fills our hearts and ignites our souls. In these moments, we also feel the suffering and pain of Jesus Christ, a realization that makes us empathize and at the same time confronts us with the hardest trials.

Spirituality is not a journey that only takes place in the light of love; it is more like a powerful symphony, comparable to the passionate sounds of an Iron Maiden ballad that only the bravest souls dare to walk. It is a journey that embraces both the darkness and the light within us. For it is not in the glare, but in the deepest shadows of our existence that we find true

enlightenment. Yet it is here, in this darkness, that we discover our inner strength. This is where our resilience and courage rest. It is the place where our character is formed. So never be afraid to step into the darkness, because the most radiant version of you is born right there, in the deepest part of yourself.

May this book be a love story that deeply touches your soul and awakens your senses. It is an invitation to open your heart and surrender to the gentle waves of spirituality. In this journey, you will experience the pure, unconditional love of our almighty God, Jesus Christ, in its most beautiful and indescribable form.



In the twilight of self-discovery: a journey through uncertainty and knowledge

Shrouded deep in the shadows of the night, while the stars seemed to dance above me, I was gripped by fear, doubt and a paralyzing depression. Despite my tireless devotion, which demanded twelve to fourteen hours a day, six days a week, my partner at the time was able to enjoy the privilege of freedom to the full, including all the financial comforts. It was a bitter parting when he severed the bond of our love and left me with the shattered remains of our relationship.

Financially drained, it felt like the air was being taken from me. And in that moment, when the world seemed to stand still, I desperately searched for answers to life's relentless questions. Why did something like this have to happen to me again and again? Why did fate always seem to hand me a bitter cup filled with the tears of disappointment and loss?

And so my mind began to wander in the quiet hours of the night and explore the paths of my destiny.

Again and again I tried to speak openly about the corners of my heart where the flames of trust and faith in a higher power blaze and was always laughed at bitterly.

On the outside, I kept up a facade of strength, but on the inside, it almost tore me apart and my heart broke. It hurt that my partner at the time, who constantly complained about his life and being alone while I carried most of the financial burden, made fun of my inner convictions.

Nevertheless, I was filled with a deep sadness for what could have been - a partnership in which the smile of the sun and the whisper of the wind would have accompanied our days. But even in this sea of disappointment and sorrow, I held on to my faith and infinite trust and did not let the flame of hope in my heart go out. Because I knew that love and my destiny would still hold unfathomable wonders in store.

In the midst of these dark shadows of life, which are probably familiar to all of us, lies the essence of our human existence: How do we move on? How can we prevent such painful events from happening again? In a moment of inner reflection, after the separation, a journey began for me to explore my heart's desire.

Knowing that I was always generous, no matter to whom, whether family, siblings, friends, work colleagues or my partner at the time, to whom I gave my love unconditionally without caring whether it was reciprocated, I was always ready to help without hesitation, without asking, even when someone was in need. Or to give away time without having time for myself. In doing so, I often neglected my own needs and never made judgments, but I was often judged myself on a recurring basis.

Amidst the shadows of years past, enveloped by the gentle touch of my inner voice and the light of my divine essence, I recognized the need to embrace myself with compassion and reclaim my own self-respect. With each step, guided by the grace of a higher power, I lifted my head and felt the glow of my crown reminding me of who

I am. Determined, I moved forward, ready to tread the unpredictable paths of life with a new level of courage and an unshakable faith and trust.

In my heart, I felt the deep connection to my divine spirit guiding me and reminding me that my experiences and insights from this journey are not mine alone, but can also help others. By holding up a mirror to myself, I opened up my creative being and allowed my soul to dive into the melody of life. May my words and journey help others struggling with depression, anxiety and doubt find the courage to embark on their own journey of healing and self-discovery as well. And so began a journey through the eons of time and rebirth, hidden behind a veil, in the hope that I would yet be shown this invisible power that I had believed in and trusted for years. And so a wonderful symphony of life unfolded, a magical melody that carried my soul on a captivating journey through the infinite expanses of the universe.

For this journey, my dear ones, is not a random sequence of events, but an elaborate play that our souls are playing out on the stage of Earth. Here, on this enchanted planet, we are not mere mute spectators, we are the main actors acting in an infinite drama of experience. We were born free, but society, culture, religion and faith set us limits. Plato once said, "No one is hated so much as he who speaks the truth." When you are ready, the spiritual world will show you things that others cannot yet perceive or hear. George Orwell, 1984 once said, "They fear love because it creates a world they cannot control."



The mirror image

Imagine you are standing in front of a mirror and looking at your own reflection. What do you see? Perhaps you see a person who is full of potential and love. But perhaps you also see doubts, fears or old wounds that you have not yet fully healed.

Just as the mirror image shows us a reflection of our outer appearance, the outer happenings in the world are a reflection of our inner reality. If we only focus on the information about the old system and its machinations, we can get caught up in a state of negativity, resentment and resistance because we know we are being brainwashed. By continuing to carry these negative energies within us, we unwittingly continue to give power to the old system. Once you begin to understand how this brainwashing affects your own self, you give no further thought or energy to this power in any form.

However, true awakening is not just about gathering information, but above all about processing and transforming this information within ourselves, the light that guides us through the mind. It is about recognizing and healing our own negative thoughts, feelings and beliefs so that we can radiate a new energy.

Let's assume that we are triggered by certain information and feel anger or frustration. Instead of giving in to resistance, we can ask ourselves why this information affects us so strongly and what old wounds it activates in us. By confronting our own emotional reactions, we can initiate an inner transformation process and free ourselves from negative energies.

It is not about ignoring external events or shutting ourselves off from them. Rather, it is about clearing our inner world in order to bring about positive change on the outside. When we accomplish our own inner transformation and radiate a higher vibration, we automatically influence external events and help to create a new reality.

So let us not only wake up to what is happening behind the scenes, but let us also wake up to explore and transform our own inner world. By engaging with love, forgiveness and compassion, we can become shapers of a new world.

Let us realize that true awakening is not only an intellectual journey, but above all one of the heart and soul, accompanied by the most powerful of lights. Let us take responsibility for our own inner reality and have a positive impact on the world through our transformation. The beginning of wisdom is to know what you don't know, to unite the duality within yourself that triggers you through others and to make peace with yourself. For we cannot feel one without the other if we have not come to know it. (please note that I am not talking about war, murder, danger etc.) Emotions that we suppressed and manifested in physical form. The earth is a school for our bodies and a university for our minds.

Two philosophical sayings that revealed themselves to me in the course of my journey:

"The knowledge we know, we cannot know, because we do not know what we really know, because what we know is a prefabricated knowing manipulation." SG

In my philosophical revelation, I express the conviction that our knowledge is limited in a complex way. We may accumulate information and knowledge, but we can never be sure that we can grasp all of it. This is because we often do not even know what we actually know, as our knowledge can be shaped by various influences and manipulations. These could be conscious influences from other people or institutions, but also unconscious prejudices and assumptions that have shaped our views.

With this revelation, I seek to highlight the uncertainties and complexities of knowledge and emphasize the need to constantly question and expand our knowledge in order to gain a fuller understanding of the world that lies beyond the veil in our souls.

“Never believe that you have believed, because faith without trust is faith without trust.” SG

This philosophical saying reminds us that faith and trust are inextricably linked. By believing without really trusting, our faith lacks a firm foundation and loses its power. It is important that our faith is supported by a deep trust in what we believe in order to be truly meaningful. And so the light led me straight back to my childhood.



Memories of childhood

In the midst of all the turmoil that life has thrown your way, you have always kept a pure heart. Like a silent light in the darkness, you have fought your way through disappointments and challenges. In the process, your soul has taken on the baggage of others without consciously realizing it, and yet it has always shone. But the light of life will lead you back to the innocent days of childhood and the tangled paths of youth. In this flashback, you will sense a hidden message that has rested deep within you and yet never come to light. But something magical will emerge from this revelation, something that will move you to delve deeper into your memories and take a closer look - in search of the message your white heart must be trying to convey to you.

Embedded in these structures of my childhood, when the white heart pulsed so vividly within me, the beauty of this innocent time shines like a twinkling star in the sky of memories. Every moment was filled with the pure joy that only a child's heart can feel. It was a time of endless possibilities, when I explored the world with an open heart and welcomed new experiences with curiosity and enthusiasm.

And then, in these small, inconspicuous moments of everyday life, the magic of life revealed itself in its purest form. The laughter of the children that rang like music in my ears, the delicate touches of nature that intoxicated my senses and the carefree joy that greeted each day with a radiance - all this made my heart beat faster.

Even in moments of uncertainty and doubt, the light of hope held on to my heart. Despite the rejection and challenges life threw at me, I found a way to recognize my uniqueness and worth. The longing for belonging and acceptance may have been great, but in the quiet moments of reflection, I realized that true fulfillment does not come from the outside, but from within.

The sadness and loneliness that sometimes seeped into my heart were like delicate shadows that lay around my soul. But in the darkness, I also found the light - the realization that my uniqueness and my dreams made me special. And so my heart slowly opened up again, like a delicate flower stretching its petals towards the warm sunlight. I learned to see my difference as a strength and to embrace my dreams and passions, even if they made me stand out from the crowd.

In days gone by, a long-buried memory comes to light. At that time, girls like me were encouraged to take iodine tablets, supposedly to prevent goitre formation. This practice, supported by parents and teachers, seemed an unavoidable duty at the time. Nevertheless, even at a young age I felt an inner restlessness, a quiet voice of doubt about this externally imposed measure.

So it happened that I secretly spat out the tablet when there was no supervision present and hid it in the vastness of my toys. Today, looking back with the knowledge and wisdom of adulthood, I realize that my intuition was already guiding me back then. Despite my tender years, I realized that it was important to acknowledge my inner doubts and take action.

I can't blame my parents, because they were also part of a story that was presented to them as the truth. So from a young age, I began to look at the world around me with watchful eyes and question the things I was told.

The light of life leads me to the letter Yod and reveals its deeper meaning. Yod is often seen as a symbol of unity and divine essence. As the smallest letter in the Hebrew alphabet, it symbolizes the divine source from which everything arises and emphasizes humility and submission to this source.

Despite the different spelling, I am immersed in these thoughts and ask myself: Was there already a conscious confrontation with this power in my childhood, which seemed to be greater than the light itself? Who invented this iodine and through whom did it come onto the market? When was the letter J created and a thousand other questions just popped into my head while I was painting.

Was I, even at a tender age, searching for a higher truth, for an understanding of unity and divinity? The answer lies hidden in the depths of my memories, where the light of life continues to cast its gentle glow and envelop my soul with its warmth.

Embedded in these precious memories, I feel the power of my childhood world in which I felt safe. It was a unique place, full of dreams and fascinating colors that revealed themselves to me while others could not see them. A magnificently colorful source of beauty that filled my heart with joy every time I saw it. I especially loved the moments when the children played the game "I see

something you don't see". It matched my dreams perfectly and brought a sense of wonder to the eyes of those around me.

When my heart saw this game, it recognized it as a gift to show others what they could not see. I felt that I had found a true treasure that only revealed its true meaning many years later.

And then, in a very special way, the rainbow touched me. My little heart seemed to dance with joy when, after a refreshing rain shower, it could see a magnificent arch of bright colors in the sky. A feeling of trust and happiness permeated my innermost being when I looked at the radiant colors. The rainbow became a symbol of hope and new beginnings, a reminder that after every storm the sun shines again and that in the midst of darkness there is always a hint of beauty to be found.

Do you understand the profound wisdom that lies in the simple joys and wonder of nature? Let your heart open and look at the world through the eyes of a child discovering the unadulterated beauty and magic around you. Every ray of sunshine, every blooming flower and every twinkling star in the night sky will ignite a melody of joy in your soul. Soon you will feel the invisible power that surrounds you in quiet moments and makes your innermost being glow with boundless fulfillment.

Suddenly, like a gentle breeze, the memory of my school days took hold of me - an era full of exhilarating highs and captivating lows. My heart yearned for the boundless splendor of nature, while I now felt trapped in stuffy classrooms like everyone else. Hours of silent

lingering, trapped in a world without freedom of movement, weighed on me like a torment and left me unfulfilled.

With my difference, I became a lonely wanderer, hiding my sadness behind a veil of smiles. My vibrant energy, thirsting for freedom, was stifled in this sterile environment, locked in a cocoon of sober facts and dry theories that seemed to stifle belief in the supernatural.

Yet even in this prison of the mind, my childlike heart knew that there was more than what mere eyes could see. It whispered persistently of a world of hidden beauty and sensual magic waiting for us to discover it.

In this sterile environment, my lively mind felt constricted and my creativity stifled. The endless hours of dull memorization and repetitive recitation without grasping the true meaning and deeper significance weighed heavily on me. The teachers urged us to accept ready-made answers without leaving room for our own questions or thoughts. It seemed as if the words in the books and worksheets had more meaning than our own ideas and perceptions.

In the midst of this suffocating atmosphere, my soul longed for freedom, for a place where my thoughts could flow freely like a wild river. I dreamed of connecting my senses with the world, of seeing its colors, smelling its scents and feeling its secrets. But in this gray reality, every hint of sensuality and liveliness seemed to be stifled, suppressed by the rigid rules and norms of the school world, which hardly taught art, but instead repeatedly taught the warlike history of times long past.

And it dawned on me that our teachers were also trapped in similar educational patterns. The impression arose that they were only allowed to pass on what was available as ready-made learning material and that they drew their supposed knowledge exclusively from these books without ever questioning it critically. Perhaps they simply never found the time.

A feeling as if we were caught in a web of manipulation, as if we were conditioned to know only what was presented to us, without the freedom to search for the hidden truths ourselves.

My mind felt constricted, as if it were squeezed into a tight corset that stifled my imagination and my ability to think critically. Who, I asked myself, is the true owner of this world, this planet we inhabit? And how can it be that I have to learn ten different subjects, while a teacher perhaps only teaches one of them? These questions infuriated one of my teachers at the time, who replied: "We don't ask questions like that!"

Instead, I was dictated what to think and how to behave. The emotion of anger coursed through my body like a feeling never experienced or expressed before. It was a rage at the manipulation that prevented us from asking critical questions, as if someone was deliberately taking on the role of God and directing everyone's destiny into a modern form of slavery. Yet even in this grim reality, a tinge of curiosity pervaded me, a desire to better understand the shackles rather than fight against them.

What and all these feelings and dark memories that had crept into me unconsciously just came up while being creative with divine guidance of light?

The sad and yet profound truth was revealed to me: The core problem lay in the rigid corset of memorized and preconceived knowledge. I longed to feel an intimate connection between things instead of just focusing on black and white, numbers and grades. Even in school, it felt like our grades were being used to define our character and personality. But more than anger, I felt a kind of despair, as if we were being pigeonholed based on our performance, with no room for individuality and the opportunity to develop our unique strengths and interests. And so the cycle of education, study and work continued. The heart lost itself deeper and deeper in this knowledge until it could no longer recognize itself and the truth. An endless spiral in which the pursuit of higher grades, better degrees and a successful career covered up the true meaning of life and made the true magic of the invisible fade away. And at the same time, I was overcome with a feeling that seemed almost as if we were being conditioned to support the self-actualization of self-appointed gods looking down on us.

It was frustrating to realize that I had denied myself in order to live up to the expectations of others. A burning desire arose within me to better understand and explore the invisible divine light that had accompanied me through this burning anger to this point.

It felt like a piece of a puzzle that had been forced into a false idea of success and happiness. A suffusing feeling

like gentle rain that our beliefs unwittingly give power to this system, ascribing power over us to others as if they were more powerful than ourselves.

We were born into a world that is shaped by purely material aspects and we inevitably give it our belief without questioning it or not speaking out out of fear. This anger at the system that crept into this creative process simply had to come out. It was the beginning of the healing of my inner child, a clue to possibly suppressed needs.

At that moment, I felt a tender fire ignite, gently but firmly unleashing my inner drive and courage. I decided that I would no longer be influenced by the expectations and judgments of others, no matter where this path might lead me.

As I sank into my thoughts and longings while painting, I realized the immense power that emanates from living creativity, which ignited the light. In the colors and shapes, I found a space beyond the limitations of everyday life. I made peace with my inner child that had lived in hiding for so long and embraced the anger that had unconsciously accumulated within me. My inner child was full of gratitude that it finally had space to be heard and seen. It felt loved and accepted just as it was.

The wounds of past experiences slowly began to heal and I could finally perceive, hear and feel the happy times of my childhood and youth again. It was truly liberating to recognize this invisible light that surrounds us all.

Realizing in that moment that I didn't want to relive someone else's anger, I found a wonderful way to transform it and protect myself from diving back into that vortex of real anger. Under a sky full of signs and symbols, I recognized the path that led me to say for the first time that it was his challenge and I couldn't help him with it.

It was a surprise for me to have even come close to saying something like that, because normally I was always ready to help straight away. But I didn't want to relive the baggage that I had unconsciously carried for years from other people. Jakub dreamed of taking on the darkness in the world. Once, in the midst of his 'I want to save the world' phase, he told me with shining eyes that he would be willing to fight and kill in the name of the divine if he had to. I, too, sometimes felt overwhelmed by powerful, warlike impulses. But I understood that it was not the divine calling to kill, but a decisive moment in which he was allowed to choose whether to follow love or hate.

This made me feel invulnerable, strengthened by the realization that our inner processes show themselves on the outside as soon as we process them. Buoyed by these first creative moments, I began to paint my next picture in the hope that it would reveal the light of the universe in all its splendor. I sat down with my brush and paints and let my intuition and inspiration flow. Each stroke on the canvas led me deeper into my sea world. I created a work similar to a spine that reflected my journey and my inner discoveries. While I was creating the painting, I felt a deep sense of calm and the feeling

that the universe was accompanying and supporting me on my journey.



The spine - the antenna to the universal dimension

On that unforgettable night many years ago, when my life was hanging by a thread and my soul seemed to be detaching itself from my body, a world beyond reality revealed itself to me. A fateful car accident left me suspended between life and death, while my senses were caught up in a whirling dance of existence. But in the midst of this transcendent realm, as my soul floated free and unbound through the ethers, a familiar voice rang out, calling me from the darkness - the voice of my grandfather, long since removed from the mortal realm.

His words echoed in my mind like a gentle call from another world. As he spoke, I felt a wave of certainty and an inexplicable calm come over me. "It's not your time yet," he whispered with a wisdom that reached beyond the boundaries of life. His words carried a message of freedom and choice. It was a decision that made my heart heavy, for in this suspended state, the line between consciousness and unconsciousness seemed to blur.

In this harmonious transcendence, I felt the temptation to linger, where all sorrow and pain seemed forgotten and my heart was enveloped in a warm feeling of security. But the thought of what lay ahead, the prospect of a task of such importance, aroused my curiosity and my will to face the unknown.

When I asked him what the task was that he spoke of and how I could understand it, my grandfather smiled with a wisdom that pierced the centuries. "Your destiny," he said, his finger pointing to his shoulder and sternum,

as if he could feel the invisible burdens of the past weighing on me.

But in the midst of these dark revelations, he also promised me a ray of hope, a hope that gripped my soul and filled it with an indescribable radiance. "A person will come into your life," he prophesied, who will awaken you to the rainbow and the light. But please don't be blinded by the earthly light this time. This person will be a divine guide on your journey, and through them you will receive the unconditional and true love frequency that we all once sought.

His words reminded me of a forgotten memory from my childhood, a moment of transcendence that haunts me to this day. When I was ten years old, I heard the soft clacking of a typewriter in the next room. An invisible presence seemed to want to send me a message, a message from another dimension. But fear held me back and I didn't dare follow the sound.

It was my grandfather who tried to reach me that night, his soul searching for connection, for solace in the lines of a forgotten note. And now, many years later, he revealed to me the meaning of this mysterious event. "You are the spiritually strongest in our lineage," he whispered with a hint of reverence in his voice, "and you will be allowed to experience the divine spirit if you let yourself. Because only spiritual people can get to know the beautiful side of this world that lies beyond the veils of everyday life."

My grandfather's words permeated my being like a promise waiting to be fulfilled. But before I could