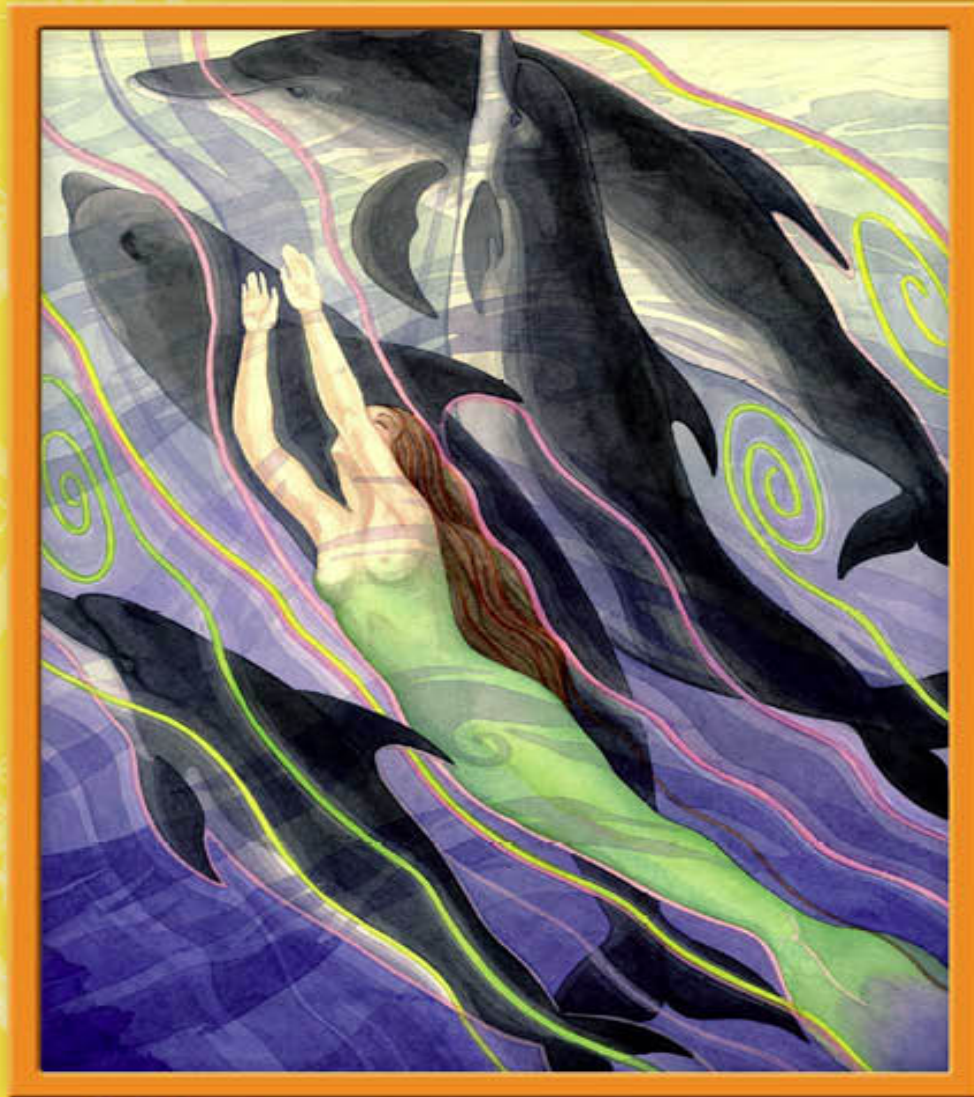


**Lisa Biritz**

# ***The Opening***



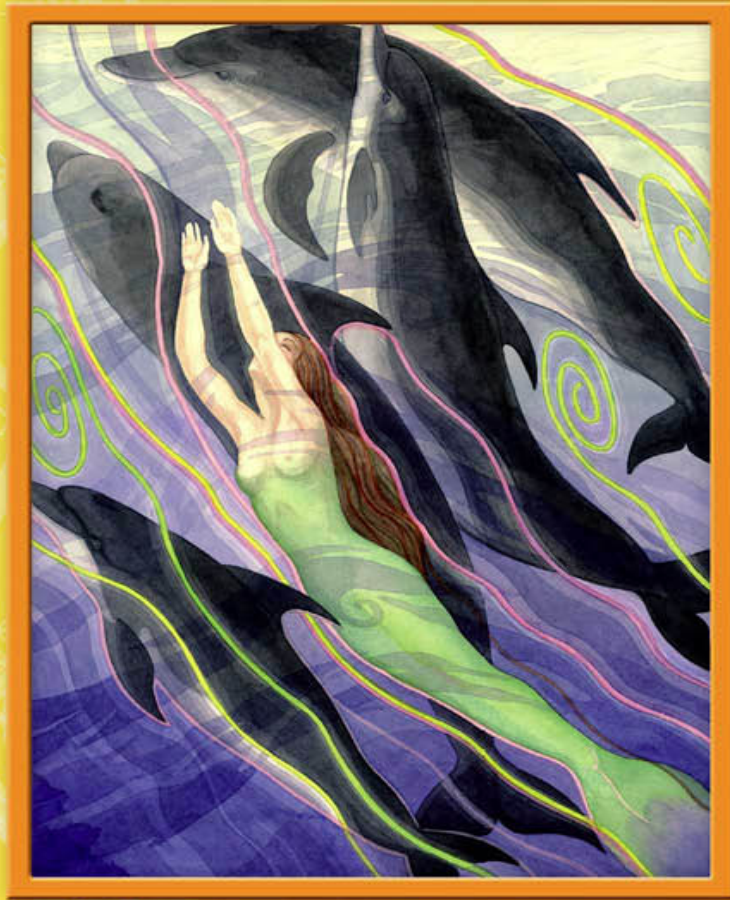
***Dolphins, Whales and Star Beings - A Journey Home.***

*Foreword and Cover Painting by Francene Hart*

 **united  
p.c.**

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# Dedication

For Star and Rose



# Introduction

*Whirling out from the womb of the cosmos, energy is the most basic stuff of creation.*

*Love is the key that unlocks this language and helps us more fully realize our divinity.*

*See yourself flying on the wings of universal love and experience the freedom of knowing you are never separate but are truly an integral part of the divine order.*

Francene Hart

# Foreword



When I met Lisa, I immediately recognized a woman of vision and integrity. Her gentle direct manner impressed me as a seeker who has allowed synchronicity and openhearted curiosity to guide her spiritual path.

Reading this book, I sometimes felt she was telling my own story. Travel and the exploration of transcendent guidance from both real and unseen realms have taught me to trust and listen. Our cetacean friends and star beings have also been my teachers.

It is only natural that my painting *Swimming with Dolphins* graces the cover of Lisa's book.

Lisa's *Opening* and subsequent adventures provide the reader with a look at a woman who has followed her heart and divine guidance, is living that truth and sharing it with grace. This book gently tells us her amazing story; the reader experiences the beauty and magic with her.

It is an honor to read the words of one who knows her life's purpose and has actively engaged her passion. The *Opening* is an expansive account of a great life adventure and a gift to us all.

*Aloha,*

Francene Hart  
Visionary Artist, Hawaii  
[www.FranceneHart.com](http://www.FranceneHart.com)



# 1. The Opening



*Oceans, covering almost three quarters of our blue planet's surface. Dolphins leaping and surfing the waves. Huge gentle whales diving down deep. Thousands of tiny yellow fish create an own being. Bright orange and red coral - home for millions of living beings.*

*Mountain rivers with rainbow trout and pink-colored pebbles. Transparent, cool water splashing downwards. Tall oaks and pines, the smell of sap in the air. Pure, fresh air. A falcon's cry, invisible to the eye, so high up. A deer appears, grazes, big ears and dark eyes listen and look attentively.*

By the time I am 30 - having gone through numerous experiences with employers -, I come to the conclusion that my only boss on this planet is the Earth herself. Earth gives me a home, food and clothing. I talk to her, ask her questions. She answers. Sometimes, she talks to me without my asking her. I do what she tells me, follow her guidance; nobody else's.

The universe created heaven and Earth, not heaven and hell.

*Trees as high as buildings, lush green leafy roofs. Monkeys holler, leap through branches. Iridescent butterflies the size of a hand. Hot, humid air. Flowers and plants of all shapes, colors and smells. Purple frogs glowing in the dark.*

*Villages and cities with town squares and statues of past history. Markets with people from all over the world selling and buying, talking and looking. Handcrafted clothing and*

*fabrics. Tables full of fruit and vegetable. Children running and laughing.*

*It is such a miracle and wonder – this planet. So much beauty.*

Aside from Earth, I also talk with other beings: angels, animal guides, fairies and nature beings, spirit entities, star family and spiritual teachers. Not to forget the dolphins and whales. Nowadays communicating with them is second nature.

In my childhood it is natural, too. But growing up in an environment that doesn't support this, I lose this ability for a decade. It doesn't return until I am in my early twenties. That is when the opening – or should I say re-opening – begins.

I call these events »openings«, because they are exactly that: opening up to more than the eye can see - to the invisible world.

The visible world is what we can see: stones, plants, animals, people and everything humans have created on Earth. The invisible world is what flows and pulsates behind all this; the soul of everything. It is what makes life as we know it take place – where we come from when we are born and where we return to when we die. The Hawaiian *Huna*-tradition calls this life force *mana*, the Yogis of India name this energy *prana*. It also includes many beings and spirit entities, there to help and guide us. That has been their job for aeons.

My first opening happens while I am in Namibia on a two-week assignment for the women's magazine *marie claire*. I am researching for an article about the relationship between Caucasians and Coloreds there since the land's independence from South Africa in 1990. Accompanying me is a photographer, himself a white South African. On the way there on our long flight, he tells me his story: that he is

in the army by the time he is 18 years against the freedom fighters in Namibia. After only a short period, he is struck by lightning – and survives. This experience literally enlightens him. It wakes him up to what he is actually doing there: fighting in an inhumane war. He awakens from the craziness of any war. After his convalescence he moves to Europe to become a photographer and filmmaker.

We travel all over the country, driving endless miles, visiting numerous people and sites. I am fascinated by the country's vastness. Sometimes we stop the car in the middle of nowhere. We get out, silence, in the desert. In the far distance a lonely tall tree – or is it a giraffe? Flimmering heat. Nothingness.

After a week I forget to wear my hat. We are in a wildlife reserve, staying in luxurious tents with carpets and beds. By the evening I have a high fever: severe sun stroke. I throw up dinner and manage, with the help of the photographer, to get back to my tent. He gives me electrolytes, waits to make sure I drink a lot before leaving me for the night.

*I am in a delirium. I hear sounds outside the tent, animals. Exhausted, I sleep.*

*I wake up, shivering. I see an antelope standing in my tent. I know it cannot be real, I see the tent flaps closed. Yet there it is. I take my waterglass, to make sure I am not in a dream. I am not, I can drink. I see the antelope. It gazes at me steadily. It is very beautiful. I feel a warm and pleasant tingling spread all over my body as it looks at me.*

*Suddenly the antelope changes its shape and turns into a tiny, old man. He is wearing nothing but a small loincloth. He appears ancient and must be at least a head shorter than I. He smiles gently. Then he walks over to me and carefully rubs my head, massaging and holding it, for a minute or so. He leaves.*

*I fall into a deep sleep.*

The next morning, I wake up with a headache. The fever is gone. It is lunchtime, I go to the dining room. I meet the photographer. He is surprised to already see me on my feet. I tell him I feel fine, adding jokingly that I dreamt I was healed by an antelope that turned into a little old man. He gives me an intense look and asks me to tell him what happened. »You were being helped by what sounds like a Bushman spirit. Or a Bushman«, he says.

He explains to me that the Bushmen are the indigenous people of the southern African countries, living in tribes in the desert. »They are the only ones who can live here without the help of technology. They practice their own shamanism.« I have never heard this word before and look at the photographer questioningly. »They are able to heal with the energy flow of nature and the universe«, he explains.

I am fascinated by the concept that everything is one, is connected. That we are all sparks from the same light, the same source; that which people call God. That there are healers who are able to shapeshift into animals - like maybe the Bushman did into an antelope to come and help me so that I would recover soon to carry on for the research of my article.

I ask the photographer why he knows all this. He tells me that he had a similar experience after he was struck by lightning: »I am convinced the Bushmen or Bushmen spirits saved my life. After that, I started researching their ways. In the process, I discovered what was really inside me, my true being. You know«, he says looking at me intently, »you're not only about what you look like, what sex you are and how you were raised. You're about your true life's calling. What you came here for. Your unique, one of a kind cosmic blueprint.«

We have just a few days left and continue on our assignment. On one particular day, we meet a hitchhiker at a restaurant. We give him a lift to the next larger town, several hours away. He is Australian, beaming and handsome, about my age – I am 23 at the time. He says he has been traveling for over a year, after completing his college studies. He wants to travel the world before returning home and getting a job.

I enjoy his presence, his friendly and relaxed demeanor. He is interesting to talk and listen to. I think to myself that I would also love to travel the world with a backpack.

Upon returning home, I can't get this idea out of my head. Even though I have a top-notch job as assistant editor for *marie claire* with a promising career ahead – the pull onward is stronger. So I decide to quit and just do it: travel the world with a backpack. I have always been a good student, started university with 17, graduate *magna cum laude* second best of my class with 500 students, editor-in-chief of the university newspaper. I am confident that I will get a job again, upon returning from my world travels.

Six months later I have saved up enough money to last me a year on a backpacker's budget. I sell most of what I own and cancel all my insurances, even my health insurance. I want to be free as a bird and just fly through life for a while. No responsibilities, no strings attached.

I decide to start in Asia, in the Himalayas. From there I will travel all around the world. So my first stop is Bhutan, where my second opening happens.





## 2. Ministry of Happiness



*I am lying in my tent, resting. Singhi, my guide, is outside preparing a meal over the fire. We have been hiking all day. It is dark outside, the sun has already set.*

*»Lisa, come here«, I hear Singhi. I crawl out of my tent, thinking he is calling me for dinner. He is standing with his back to the fire. I walk over to him. »Look«, he says, pointing at the mountain. I look up and see a shimmering light, as if it were dusk. But it is already dark outside. »Something is shining«, I say. »Look again«, he replies, »but not the normal way. See through your eyes as if you were feeling what is there. Use your Third Eye.«*

*I squint, trying hard to do what he tells me. I have no idea what he means with looking through the Third Eye, even though I know what it is since arriving in Bhutan. It is depicted prominently as a dot between the eyebrows of the saints on all the paintings here. Singhi watches me and laughs. »Just relax«, he says, turning back to whatever the shimmering light is.*

*I close my eyes and try it differently this time. First, I feel through my Third Eye. I sense something is there. I then slowly open my eyes, trying not to focus. There is still the shimmering light. And then, something very odd. They look like big balls of light, glowing.*

*»Big balls of light?« I ask Singhi, to make sure we are seeing the same thing. »Yes«, he answers, »they are moving around each other and in different colors.«*

*Apparently we are seeing the same thing. »What is that?«, I ask.*

*»They are from the other world«, he replies.*

*I am shocked by his matter-of-fact statement. I watch the lightballs twirling up and down the mountainside, gliding quickly, then slowing down to a halt. They are rotating around one another, beautifully. It looks like they are dancing.*

*I have never seen anything like this before. Maybe they are ball lightning? I remember learning at school that ball lightning usually do not last longer than a second. But these are still there and many, maybe a dozen. They are moving in all directions now, up and down, left and right. At all speeds, from very fast to complete standstill. They also have different colors, glowing gold, light silver, pastel pink, green. They are vibrant, glowing.*

*We watch silently until they move farther and farther away. Up and to the side of the mountain, a gigantic Himalayan peak. Until they are mere tiny dots - and then gone. Just like eagles soaring high into the sky - at some point they simply disappear to the human eye.*

I ask Singhi: »What do you mean they are from the other world?« Over our simple fireside dinner, he explains. There is a firm belief in the spirit world in Bhutan. People have an understanding about life and death - where they come from when they are born and where they return to when they die. It is commonly accepted knowledge that the souls of those deceased exist somewhere else as spirits, before they reincarnate again on Earth - or elsewhere in the universe or even in parallel dimensions.

The Kingdom of Bhutan, which is a small country about the size of Switzerland, is jointly governed by state and church. Their Buddhist church is similar to that in Tibet and firmly believes in reincarnation. Humans reincarnate as often as necessary until they have learned their lessons to become loving and enlightened beings. That is what karma is; returning until the slate is clean.

I remember the movie *Groundhog Day*. In it, the main character repeats the same day over and over thousands of times. He always wakes up in the morning, never makes it to the next day because he is rude, unfriendly, hard to get along with. By the end of the movie, he has transformed into a friendly, caring and loving person. Then, finally, the next day comes. He is ready to move on to the next level. Singhi, who studied in the West, knows the movie and laughs. »Yes, kind of like that.«

One of the main goals of the Bhutanese government is that the country's people feel happy about life. Happiness is, next to health and education, the main national agenda. They actually have an official Ministry of Happiness, headed by a member of the royal family.

»It is part of our religion«, says Singhi, »that happiness is more worthwhile than all the riches and temptations of life.« He tells me about his years in the United States, where he saw so much material wealth but so little inner peace and happiness. He thinks many people confuse material wealth with true happiness, which can only come from within. He was glad to return home, to Bhutan, after he completed his studies.

The Ministry of Happiness conducts surveys all over the country to find out in which regions the people are happy and in which not. They use statistical methods of questioning for this. In those areas where happiness is low, the ministry seeks out the cause and attempts to solve it – regardless if it is a material or personal problem. Everybody is relieved if it is a material problem, because that is – according to their world view – only minor and can be taken care of. It is never the source of true happiness, but merely for temporary comfort and pleasure.

More difficult is solving the soul's unhappiness. Then the ministry brings in Buddhist teachers as well as traditional healers. It is believed that if a person is unhappy or ill, it is

a reflection of an imbalance in the entire community. In order to help the person, they have to heal the village. Therefore in the work done to an individual, sometimes the entire town is also present.

That evening, I sit by myself under the velvet sky, Singhi already asleep.



*Millions of stars, trillions. Our Milky Way glows. There is so much we humans don't know and never will. Everything is a great mystery, we can never fully understand and grasp it. This realization relaxes me. I breathe deeply. It is indeed a mystery – a beautiful one. And I am part of it, an atom in it. I think about what Singhi told me earlier: »You are a spirit in a body on Earth.«*

*As I sit here, with no job agendas or appointments and all the time in the world, I realize there has to be more to life than getting up in the morning and going to your job. I start remembering. Experiences as a child and young teenager with angels, with my ancestors, even with star beings. They were always here; I just forgot.*

*I laugh. There is no way I can write about the lightball-spirits for the magazine. Shortly before I left on my trip, the editor-in-chief asked me to compose a series about my*