

KATHRIN M. WYSS

DARE



TO

TRUST

SPIRITS  WORK

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Kathrin M. Wyss

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Dedication

To all the seekers in the worlds. Aware or not,
you will never rest until you know.

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FOREWORD

First I would like to say that Kathrin M. Wyss is an exceptionally skilled trainer, facilitator, coach, and business consultant. She is a masterful training designer who is unique and capable for on-the-spot redesign to meet the needs that arise in any of these contexts. So it is not a surprise to know that she is also a healer of souls—yes, a shaman.

“Remembering what we have forgotten” is what I really felt as I read her book, *Dare to Trust—Spirits at Work*. Gregory Bateson said once that it is not often that we create something new. We innovate, of course, but the most important things we do are remembering that which we have forgotten. This idea came to me again and again as I read this lovely journey by Kathrin M. Wyss. In a world, today that seems to bring more and more fractionation, distraction, and distance from our beautiful planet and from our own hearts, this book is like a fountain that refreshes us. It reminds us that we are more than just a body that is a delivery system for the brain; we are a head, a heart, and a gut that have the ability to connect to what we really are: nature. We are part of a system that is so much bigger than our individual selves.

I feel that, as a reader, I was invited intuitively to explore my special hope, sacred intent, or dream for the world or system. I was invited to experience wholeness and take my rightful place as a little pattern in a much, much bigger pattern called nature, to connect to the whole system, both the light and the shadow and the mystery of life.

As a neurolinguistic programming (NLP) co-developer, trainer, author, and coach, I love this work from a third-generation NLP point of view; it shows us what is possible when we foster states and pathways that enable us to open to the field, connect, and become aware of the power of archetypes and symbols. In NLP, we talk about the fourth position or the system position. This systemic connection opens us up the wisdom that lives in nature and to the world of archetypes and archetypical processes that cross the boundaries of time, space, and culture.

Dare to Trust reminds us that the heart remembers what the brain cannot. Deep gratitude, Kathrin.

Judith Delozier

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Without knowing, my parents have contributed more than anything else to this book. If not for the education they provided me, I would not have dared to start my quest to seek my inner purpose. Whatever I decided in my life, as early as the age of ten, they always have been supportive, even though they often did not understand why I pursued what I did. But they always trusted that I never just made a decision out of a Monday mood.

My path since the fall of 2003 has taken many turns, and only a handful of long-term friends coped with me. I thank Christine, Dani, Peter, René, Sara Isabel, Silvana, and especially Tanja for keeping open minds and hearts for all my ideas and projects. And in my new home, I honor the trust of Eun, Colette, and Cameron, who, especially in the process of writing this book, have been key pillars during my times of doubt. And, ultimately, I thank all the spirits for their trust to work with me and to allow me to explore our collaboration in such a nurturing and welcoming way.



Our deepest fear is not that we are inadequate.
Our deepest fear is that we are powerful beyond
measure. It is our light not our darkness that most
frightens us. We ask ourselves, who am I to be
brilliant, gorgeous, talented and fabulous?
Actually, who are you not to be?

Marianne Williamson, from *A Return To Love*¹



¹ Marianne Williamson, *A Return to Love: Reflections on the Principles of A Course in Miracles* (HarperOne, Kindle edition, 2009).

INTRODUCTION

BY ARCHANGEL MICHAEL, APRIL 2, 2017



To put your trust in the Heart-Mind is to live
without separation, and in this non-duality
you are one with your Life-Source.

Sen-ts'an, the 3rd Chinese Patriarch
(died 606) from *Hsin-hsin Ming*²



It is the intention of us—the spirits—to wake people up and to hold a mirror in front of their tired eyes and empty souls. Yes, empty souls. So many of you have lost the flame of life and are like empty vessels walking on two sticks called legs. Do you know your meaning in life? Do you know why you are here? Or are you just assuming that you are an element in a bigger plan and have no say in it? How wrong you are! There is so much you can do and direct. There is so much you can determine, change, adapt, and form. You are the generator of your life. And as the total body of

² Sen-ts'an, the 3rd Chinese Patriarch, *Hsin-hsin Ming - Faith Mind Inscription*, Translation by Richard B. Clarke (<http://www.sacred-texts.com/bud/zen/fm/fm.htm>).

humanity, you are the creator of earth's living. It's quite a big task, I admit, and that is why we are here to support you.

Life is a gift for you on earth and a playground for all there is. It is the balance that you all shall seek, and we have some tips and tricks to support you in doing so. We want to ignite your soul to revive it and to fill your "system" again with the light of life. We desire that you start to feel again, get excited, as well as a feel ease and lightness as you reflect on your presence on earth. It's our true call to support you all as human beings to not only survive, but also to enjoy your life on earth. It's not easy, and we are first to admit it, as we have observed your species for millions of years as individuals have tried to follow this endeavor.

In earlier times, when life was more basic and you did not reach old age, the origin of your essence was more in harmony with nature. And now, in the twenty-first century—what you call current time in your system of thinking—most of you have lost the connection to your essence and, along with it, the light of life—the source of your inner being. Those are all words that you might have heard elsewhere already, as we seek multiple channels to get our message to you as humans. We use inspired movies such as *Avatar* or writers such as the ones who recorded the Buddhist traditions.

Those who are in contact with us will notice when we speak of you through someone. You will notice who it is that speaks, as it will resonate in your heart. For all others, we welcome you to our world and to your initiation in getting in contact with us. We welcome you and are grateful that you wish to spend time with us and are eager to understand. There is no dispute in you even though you might feel irritated. Deep within you, you know and believe that this is real, and I will use logical word to describe what we are and how we work. It's that part of it that will make this book interesting to read.

INTRODUCTION BY THE AUTHOR



Gratitude is not only the greatest of virtues,
but the parent of all the others.

Cicero



Since 2008 I have known I would write a book, and in August 2016 it was clear that I would start to write it in February 2017. However, I never expected to disclose what poured to the paper during the retreat in Sedona, Arizona, the first weekend in March 2017 when most of this book was written. It is a mixture of channeled messages and some snapshots of my life that will enable you to witness the path that brought me in contact with the spirits, and shamanism in particular. The book starts with my two most challenging encounters: The one with myself in 2003 and the other with spirits in 2014. The eleven years in between brought manifold experiences that were filled with seeking, trying, and making errors. I experienced health issues as well as business successes. All in all, I gained deep, heartfelt connections and life-changing insights.

Over these years I have felt as if I was on a sailboat that follows the winds, sometimes bobbing up and down under a clear-blue sky, and then sailing hard against a life-threatening storm. I now, however, understand that all those experiences and challenges were necessary so that I could do the work I love most. My experiences enabled me to write these lines to inspire you to pursue what is within you. I want you to dare to trust yourself to embark wholeheartedly on your life's journey, even though you might not know concretely what it is. I didn't know my own journey either back in 2003, but I knew one thing back then: "No more like this anymore!"

You may have wondered why I started the introduction by saying that I never expected to write such a book, as writing seems to be a very straightforward process. And you're right; it normally is. I wrote his book, however, while I was in a very specific, nearly meditative state of mind as I accessed the divine author within me and the connection with the spirits. As it's a unique way of writing, I'd love to share with you my preparation steps so you will have an idea of how I was feeling as those lines poured onto paper.

When I sit down to write from the author within, I call in my spiritual guides to be with me and support of my activities. Then I connect to my heart and still my mind. When I'm ready, I then take a few considered breaths and close my eyes until I feel the connection with the spirits as well as with myself in my heart. It's a feeling of being welcomed and accepted for what I am deep within me, without any concerns or fixed structure, without any idea of what anyone shall be, shall be doing, or shall have as possessions. In that state, it is my unique being that is accepted. I am given the gift of perceiving things differently and the ability to express the heart of a matter directly and succinctly. And I recognize the time of harvest as I allow the accumulated wisdom to be released through the guidance of my helping spirits and masters who channel the messages of *love*:

You are welcomed. You are loved!

In that state, my heart is pouring out love, and a tiny little part of me worries each time that my heart might burst, might overflow, as love radiates into every cell of my whole body, overriding barriers, mental blocks, and inner critics' voices, placing me in a state of solely being true to my heart no matter what comes.

Being in that heart-connected state, I began to write about my spiritual awakening with all its beautiful and truly challenging moments. I wrote about how I gained an integrated perspective of our universe, which supports me now in my work with human-built systems such as teams and organizations. And even though it was not my intention to share those very intimate moments, I dare to do so as it hopefully will help you to understand my key motivation, which is to inspire humanity by kindling human connections that are heart-based and authentic, especially in our work environments. And maybe my aim can best be summarized by the advice: Free your heart. I advise you to have the courage to feel, make it safe to feel and understand what benefits we as human beings have by feeling again with our whole bodies and breaking out of mere mental concepts of feelings and emotions. All of that can enable us to understand what it means to invest in our lives and how to do so in full trust.

I believe that this book can serve as a foundation that can help you to understand how to get back to yourself, how to reach your own pure heart, and what that facilitates for you. You can learn how you yourself can gain contact with spirits and be in direct exchange with them so you can listen to them and then implement some of their wisdom into your life. And by doing so, you will support, step by step, all humanity.

The spirits and I admit that this is not as easy as it might sound. We have chosen the book title *Dare to Trust* because trust is the most important thing to do. This book, however, also could

be called *A Glimpse to the Universe of the Heart* or *The Way to Find Your Heart* or *Journey to Your Heart*.

What remains now for me to do is to invite you wholeheartedly to dive with me into our connected world with the spirits. You will be touched and inspired by their loving kindness and eagerness to be in close exchange with all of us.



PART ONE
THE JOURNEY CALLS

1

POINT OF NO RETURN, SEPTEMBER 2003



Was I born like that or did I develop my senses and faith to interact with the non-ordinary world? Both are correct. But I needed to go through a dark period at age thirty-five to realize that I could not go on with my life as I had been doing up to that date.

It was a sunny Sunday in late August 2003 around lunchtime. I was on the highway traveling from the south of Switzerland to Zurich. I had spent some joyful days with my younger brother and his family, but I'd felt a demanding urge to go home earlier than I'd planned. I admit I am, by habit, a speedy driver, and I normally use reasonable judgment on the maximum speed I attain. However, that Sunday was different. I was speeding at around 180 kilometers per hour (115 miles per hour), and I was experiencing destructive thoughts. Anyone who has driven on Swiss highways knows that there are lots of bridges and tunnels. And there were many on the highway I used that day. The most shocking realization I had while speeding was that I was analyzing how to best hit a bridge pillar or a tunnel wall. Just like that, even though I was not concentrating on the wheel, I felt my hands strongly. It was as if there was an inner fight going: "Yes—no—yes—no—no!" I cried within. "Yes, please let it stop," said another voice. "We can't anymore! It's all too much! We just want to rest. We want to be left alone. We no longer want to deal with all the people who want something again and again! But we need to find

the best angle, the best speed so that it is over, finally and forever over! You don't want to wake up in hospital and be paraplegic."

Still speeding, I gripped the wheel more strongly and lowered the music to ground myself. "No, no, no—not at all. Never, ever, will I do that!" I thought. I was still speeding, taking the curves, and watching bridge pillar after bridge pillar pass. "That one would have been a good one. There's another one like that. Stop! No more talk like that. No!" Tears ran down my cheeks. I was utterly scared, and I increased my speed so I would arrive in Zurich as soon as I could. I guess I would have even welcomed a police car stopping me that day. I simply wanted to leave the car, as I felt I was in utmost danger for my life. But by whom? By *myself!*

I talked out loud saying "No! No!" repeatedly. I felt as if good and bad angels were on my shoulders having a dispute, and that my head was in between. I cried. I did not know what to do. I just followed the road, speeding. The closer I came to Zurich, the less insistent was the voice urging me toward the bridge pillars, as fewer and fewer opportunities presented themselves. Arriving at home, I parked the car on the street, took my little bag out of the trunk, and mounted the two flights of stairs to my old apartment. I closed the door and let my belongings fall to ground. I no longer had the power to hold on to the simplest thing. I took refuge on my bed, letting out all my tears, weeping for my life. I was at the end. I had no clue what to do. I did not know if I ever again would be able to stand up, literally or metaphorically.

Up to that moment, I'd had a successful career and the freedom to do anything I wanted with my life. I had meaningful relationships, and yet, at the time this happened, I was single. I traveled the world for my job and was respected and needed—retrospectively, maybe too much. I don't recall exactly why, but on that Sunday afternoon, I knew I couldn't go to work the next day, not because I wanted to call in sick, but because I couldn't do anything anymore. Nothing.

At one point that Sunday afternoon, sleep rescued me from

thinking, crying, and being desperate. But waking up the next morning, I found that nothing had changed. *Nothing*. I was broken, at the end. I called my friend in the human resources department at my work to let him know that I couldn't come to work. He would have noticed my absence already, I assumed, as we normally commuted by train together. I dialed his office number, but another person answered as my friend was not yet in. I didn't know what to say, but that didn't matter; the words just floated out of my mouth with no control. I don't know what exactly I said, but the woman on the phone was calm. She listened and only asked one question: "Do you have a doctor you trust, Kathrin?"

"No, I don't."

"Then please take pen and paper and write down this name. I will call this doctor and make a referral. Promise me you will call and make an appointment as soon as you can. Please promise me that, will you, Kathrin?"

I wept as I heard real concern in her voice, and I felt again, "No, that's not good at all." So I promised her I would call the doctor, hung up the phone, and went back to my refuge, my bed. I fell asleep. One or two hours later, I woke up and saw the note with the phone number. I don't know how I managed to call, but I did, and as I mentioned my name and that I had received the number from a friend, the assistant said, "You have been referred. Where do you live? Can you come in today at the end of day? The doctor really wants to see you today."

I didn't know what to say other than, "Can I come by public transport?" She said it would be easier with the car, and I said, "No, no car—I don't know what will happen if I use the car ever again."

I barely made it to the doctor's office, as one part of me did not want to leave home ever again. But another part of me had promised my peer that I would follow up, and I didn't want to disappoint her or the doctor.

So I sat in the waiting room, holding myself together, feeling small and yet wanting to hold on to a professional façade. Little

did I know what would happen. I was called into the office, and the doctor shook my hand warmly and with compassion. She asked me to take a seat and to tell her what had happened. And again, the words poured like a fountain. I admitted that I couldn't go on anymore but that I had to do so many things. These things were so important, but then again I couldn't ...

She listened, looking at me all the time although my eyes did not meet hers. Finally she said, "It is amazing how you feel responsible for others and that you want to be of service to everyone else. But now you need to take care of yourself."

She explained that she had studied philosophy and human medicine and that she mostly used acupuncture and alternative healing methods. Having said that, she said that she would now love to put a needle into my forehead to release all that was there, if I was okay with that. I looked at her. I did not know what to say, but I heard a cautious "yes" leaving my lips. I lay down on the treatment couch, and she placed a needle somewhere on the upper middle of my forehead. The effect was overwhelming: I started weeping, sobbing. "I'll leave you alone as I still have some things to do," she said. "I will come back to check on you."

I don't recall how long I was there; my whole body racked with my sobbing until I was empty, until nothing was left. After maybe half an hour or longer, the doctor came back and said, "It's better now, isn't it?"

"I don't know," I mumbled. "I feel empty, lost, powerless."

She removed the needle, massaged my skin, and said, "I want you to come back on Wednesday. We will start the treatment schedule; you are off work for a few weeks."

"No, I cannot, they—"

"Yes, you can, and you actually must," she interrupted.

She firmly gazed into my eyes until I agreed. This was the start of changing me from the stressed, adrenaline-driven warrior to a more balanced human being.

I was on medical leave for two weeks, returned to work on a part-time basis, and then took a week's holiday as soon as possible.

During that week, I got my first call from spirits, as I refer to that experience today. It happened in a wellness hotel in the Black Forest in the south of Germany, only about sixty minutes away from my home. On my third day there, I woke up in the morning facing the wall, and I turned over to look out the window. While doing so, I noticed something that looked like a banner hanging in thin air. I frowned, closed my eyes, turned back, and thought, “I’m still dreaming.” Turning again to the window and reopening my eyes, I saw that the banner was still there, but now it was accompanied by celestial music. I rubbed my eyes and didn’t believe what I was seeing and hearing, but I also knew that it was there. I deciphered what was on the banner, and the message was crystal clear: Take time for yourself.

That was it. Within an hour, I made the decision to quit my job, and I called my friend in the HR department. He answered on the first ring and nervously asked how I was doing. “Actually, I just decided to quit my job,” I told him. “I’ll hand my resignation letter in on Monday. I just wanted to let you know. All is fine!”

“Let’s talk about that when you are back, okay?” he replied. “One should never make an important decision while in an emotional state like the one you are currently in.”

That did sound logical, but I knew I would not change my mind. I hung up and, hungry as I suddenly was, went for breakfast. This was notable because, in recent weeks, I had lost my appetite and all pleasure in eating. During a massage later that day, the therapist asked what had happened, as my whole body seemed to be more relaxed, and I seemed in good spirits.

This wake-up call happened more than thirteen years ago, and I call it my point of no return. Despite having had a life that, on the surface, was a successful, I received this call for action to assess my life for alignment with who I was, what I wanted from life, and why I was on this earth. It took lots of time and effort to heal myself, on physical level—about six months—as well as on a soul level—several years—but I did find the joy of life again.