

Cornelia's Story



As told at the Forum on
"Who is Jesus to You?"
December 22, 2019

One day the presence of Jesus came to me and we had a conversation. This was the summer of 1984 when I was 48 years old and had just left my husband. I was living alone for the first time in my life.

My first question was, "What should I call you?" The reply was "Teacher." And I was overjoyed, because this meant that I could learn something.

My second question was, "Tell me about death." And in that moment, I experienced something of incredible beauty, light, and love. There was music and vague forms welcoming me. I said, "Please take me back, because if I stay any longer, I will not want to go back."

Then my teacher said, "Follow me." I said, "No, I can't do that. I don't have enough love within me to do that." And at that moment I experienced an outflowing shower of love covering me. It was a transformative event, like a glass half empty becoming a glass half full. I had to consciously look into the half full glass to find the love I had experienced. I knew then that my teacher was with me to stay as a presence, not just a memory.

My last question was, "How can I keep this up? I need an image or something to hold onto." And I was given an image of a mother and child who is learning to walk. The mother knows that it is in the nature of the child to learn to walk. When the child tries and falls, she lovingly picks it up saying, "Whoopsydaisy!"

That is the end of this story, but not the end of further "openings."



