

## The truth about Bruno Grönings' illness and death – by Josette Gröning 1959

Since Bruno Gröning's passing, much has been written about his illness - often, I am sorry to say - without true knowledge of the facts. Much has become distorted. It has even been claimed that he died under the knife of the surgeon during a cancer surgery...

As his wife, I wish to explain what actually happened, and about the course of his illness. Until November 1958 I knew nothing about my husband's illness, he never complained, was always in good spirits, and welcomed guests and health-seekers all day long. During November he lost a lot of weight, therefore I shared my concern about these symptoms with our good friend, the doctor and cancer specialist Dr. Pierre Grobon in Paris. He said that it could be a sign of serious illness.

On his advice, my husband and I went to Paris at the end of November 1958. Dr. Grobon had several X-rays taken of my husband's body. Evaluation of the X-rays showed gastric cancer in an advanced stage.

Before we went to Paris, my husband said to me: "I know what is wrong with me, no-one can help me." When he asked about what Dr. Grobon had told me, I did not tell him how serious his condition was. He said; "Do you not think that I know what is wrong with me? I have cancer and have had it for a long time. There is nothing to be done." I felt miserable and burst into tears.

Dr. Grobon explained to my husband that he had to let himself be operated immediately. It was a question of days, even hours – and even that might be too late.

In complete calm and composure, my husband explained; "Now it is definitely not possible. Many people are waiting for me, in Germany and in other countries, people I want to speak with about the Christmas celebration. In January 1959, I will come back to Paris." Dr. Grobon pleaded with my husband about having an operation here and now. "It is impossible for you to travel now, in your condition. If you were my father you would be operated today!" He made it very clear to Bruno how serious the illness was. "A person in your condition has to keep to a strict diet, live completely calmly, and make no strenuous efforts. It is impossible that you should undertake a long journey in the winter-time and even drive the car yourself!"

Bruno answered: "I eat and drink what I like, without feeling sick. I feel good, and I have strength enough to do my planned meetings. But to please you, I will come back to Paris in 8 days, first I have to go home and arrange various things and change my travel schedule."

On our journey back home we visited friends in Karlsruhe. During the evening meal, Bruno entertained the guests as always. Nobody, except me, knew about the severe diagnosis he had received, no one suspected that this cheerful guest, according to an exact medical diagnose supported by X-rays, was in mortal danger. He ate with a good appetite, had 4 sand cakes, and had a lot of coffee, paying no attention to the terrible illness. I tell these unimportant details to show you how Bruno mastered his vital functions in a state where another person would lie in bed and keep to a strict diet. I am reporting these apparently unimportant facts because they show the power with which Bruno Gröning mastered his vital functions in a state that would have confined anyone else to bed and forced them to follow the strictest diet. In Paris, Dr. Grobon had expressly told him not to drink any coffee at all.

After midnight we went on to Plochingen. My husband showed no sign of exhaustion or feeling down mentally. He was completely unchanged. As always he talked a lot and was in a good mood.

During our stay in Plochingen, several copies were made of his Christmas speech and those tapes were sent to the many circles of his Friends; to Kiel, Essen, Springe, Karlsruhe, Augsburg and also abroad, since he was not able to meet up with them personally, as he used to do every year.

After 8 days we went back to Paris. We had a meeting with Dr. Grobon and his colleague Dr. Bellanger, who was a highly respected cancer surgeon. Dr. Grobon had briefed him about my husband's condition. After Dr. Bellanger had looked at the x-rays, he said to me in French, which Bruno did not understand: "*The operation will be very difficult and I am not sure that we will be able to operate at all. From the x-rays it seems to be a desperate case. I will open the stomach (abdominal cavity) and if it is possible to do something, I will do it. If not I will simply close-up again.*"

I told my husband this and he said: "For my part, they can cut me wide-open, I am not scared. I want to get to know how my own body feels after such a big operation." Dr. Bellanger's eyes widened when I translated what Bruno had said, and he said that maybe a large part of the stomach might have to be removed. Bruno said: "For my part you can remove the entire stomach, but I know that THAT will stay in there!"

When we had retired to our room in the clinic, Bruno said to me, smiling: When they have opened me up, they will be surprised at what they see. It is much worse than the x-rays show.

The next day Bruno was operated. Dr. Grobon was also present. Before it was over, he came out and said to me:

“I have to tell you something terrible; it is much worse than we imagined. The stomach is totally eaten up, and it is not operable. There are metastases in the liver, colon and ganglia. His days are numbered.”

It was a terrible surprise for both doctors, they were deeply shocked and the surgeon closed the wound.

They could not fathom how Bruno's appearance concealed the terrible inner suffering; in that he breathed normally, his metabolism had worked perfectly in the last few weeks, that his blood count was excellent. He was at a stage in the illness where it is normal to vomit at the slightest intake of food, and the person just slowly starves to death. None of this was the case with Bruno.

After Dr. Bellanger's cut was sewn up, Bruno was taken to our room. He was still under anesthesia. The nurse and I were amazed at his rosy complexion and fresh appearance. After a few hours he woke up.

In the days following the operation, wonderment amongst the doctors and nurses grew daily, regarding the behaviour of the patient Bruno Gröning. He ate every meal with great appetite. He ate a lot of honey. The night nurse was speechless when Bruno asked for a large sandwich at ten o'clock one evening. After that, he got his sandwich every night. They worried that he would vomit, but nothing of the sort happened, and no other usual ailments showed up.

A few days later, when Dr. Bellanger came to visit, Bruno got up from the bed and did gymnastics and knee bending, and he slapped his stomach several times. Dr. Bellanger held his hands up before his face and cried out: “Stop! I am scared that the wound might burst, I cannot watch this!” And he hastily left the room.

Bruno laughed heartily and did not understand how anyone could be so scared.

On the 6<sup>th</sup>. day after the operation, we went for a walk through the streets of Paris in the pouring rain. Standing happily, with his hands in his pockets, he stood by a big road crossing at Place de l'Opera, and watched the city traffic while the rain lashed his face. Being soaking wet did not bother him. It was getting dark and cold, so I asked if we could walk back to the clinic. Reluctantly, he followed me, and said: “I could walk around like this for hours.” In the meantime, there was a great commotion in the clinic, because they were all worried about the strange patient. Dr. Bellanger had come to visit and found that Bruno's room was empty, and for the maybe hundredth time he said: “Ah.. it is terrible!”

We were staying on the third floor. My husband didn't use the elevator but walked up the stairs. On the evening before our trip back home, I took several pictures of my husband with Dr. Bellanger and Dr. Grobon. There was a small argument between Bruno and Doctor Grobon because Bruno wanted to drive the car back, by himself. When the doctor strongly prohibited it, Bruno smiled and said “If only people would let go of their anxiety and fear, they would be more successful in life.”

At our departure, which was warm, both doctors said “All our good wishes follow you, Bruno; if God wills it, we will see you again in good health.” But that they were fully aware of the seriousness of his condition, their written certificates clearly showed, and they gave many warnings and precautions on how to behave. The journey back to Plochingen went well, Bruno was cheerful and talkative as always.

Christmas was around the corner, and Bruno happily decorated the Christmas tree. Between Christmas and New Year we had many visitors. Nobody noticed that their friend had such a terrible disease. Bruno's urge to help others was, as always, overpowering in him. Some saw that he was thinner and a little pale.

On a journey to Rhöndorf am Rhein at the end of December, he was behind the wheel the whole time. He spoke to the group of followers there until 2 a.m. without showing any sign of tiredness, then drove himself the car back home again. At the beginning of January, we went for walks in the snowy woods of Plochingen, and my husband enjoyed life. His plan was to get a new secretary, starting on February the 1st.

On the 6<sup>th</sup>. of January, however, he surprised me by saying he did not want to hire a new secretary after all... “This night”, he said, “I have received a (command to) STOP! We will very soon go to Paris, but I shall decide the exact time”. He knew well that he would soon leave this earth, and under no circumstances did he want to be staying in Germany, where he had been so badly persecuted during the last ten years. The doctors in particular had been his bitter enemies.

But I did not understand why he wanted to wait so long, since his condition was getting worse every day.

On January the 10<sup>th</sup>. we had to be in Rhöndorf again, for an important meeting. We had to go by train because of heavy snowfall. And Bruno managed this winter journey, even though we had to wait for hours, due to delays. Another person would not have been able to make such a journey in that state. I can only explain his unbelievable persistence by his spiritual control of his physical condition. Also the journey back the next day, he managed astonishingly well.

In order to understand my husbands' behaviour in the last weeks before his passing away, one must try to form a picture of his spiritual attitude. He did not dwell long before making important choices in his life. He did not consider if something was convenient or not when he made a choice. He trusted the super-conscious or subconscious decision that the higher powers gifted him. Above all, he trusted his inner spiritual guidance when he helped health-seekers who had previously sought help for decades. He often said: "The happiest day of my life will be when I am allowed to leave my body!"

He knew he could not stay in Germany, but he waited for instructions about his departure. During the two last weeks before we left, his brother Kurt visited him. They went for long walks. Two days before we left, two employees also visited, and he talked long and intensely with them and paid no attention to his poor health. On Monday, the 19<sup>th</sup>. of January he asked his secretary to order plane tickets to Paris for Wednesday. I wanted to go on Monday, but he stuck to his decision.

On Wednesday, the 21<sup>st</sup>. of January, we flew to Paris. My husband was in a good mood, but it was noticeable that he was not at all well. Due to obstruction of the large intestine, he now needed an operation. That happened on January the 22<sup>nd</sup>.

Dr. Bellanger operated and then he said to me: "The destruction in Bruno's body is terrible - like total inner burn. How he has been able to live this long without the most terrible pain, is beyond me. But the end is near." Dr. Bellanger wrote on January 26<sup>th</sup>.: "To be able to bear the development of his affliction, one would need a rarest will-power. I have always admired his courage and inner peacefulness, which can be explained by a strong Christian belief."

Dr. Grobon wrote 2 days later. "My efforts for Bruno were too natural, and I can say that they found tremendous support in the courage, willpower and important personality of Bruno Gröning. And so much so that one can say: Despite his terrible illness, he didn't suffer!! His friends need to know this, there is great comfort in it. He was on the path of Christ."

Remarkable is also the natural phenomenon that took place on the day he passed over. He was still under anesthesia when the whole of Paris suddenly darkened and a strong and violent thunderstorm broke out. It got so dark that we even had to turn on the lamps in the middle of the day. The nurse on duty was astonished.

In the days following the operation Bruno's temperature, blood pressure and pulse were completely normal. He even got up twice more and sat down in a chair. But on the night of Sunday January 25<sup>th</sup>. to Monday 26<sup>th</sup>. The omens of approaching death became visible.

On Monday the 26<sup>th</sup>. of January 1959 at 13.45pm, Bruno Gröning peacefully and calmly went into eternity – it happened at the moment when people would obviously have succeeded in preventing him from fulfilling his divine commission. On the 22<sup>nd</sup> of January, the day of the operation, the process against him was completed in Munich. The State Attorney once again ordered his imprisonment.

His death can be expressed like this: Men had wanted to harm him, God wanted to do good with him. Bruno Gröning, the last hope for thousands of sufferers, was now no more...

I, as the wife of the deceased, feel the need to briefly mention the human compassion of his doctors. Dr. Bellanger stated shortly after death had occurred. He dried his tears and said: "These Godly, Divinely-inspired people have a heavy, difficult path on this Earth. Their tragedy is that they cannot help themselves after they have helped so many thousands of people. Bruno Gröning was a superman."

Source: Gertrud Elisabeth Weidner (ed.) Lichthort, magazine for universal experience of God, dualistic spiritual knowledge and esoteric-holistic wisdom.