

Note

All text formatting was carried out like in the original text.

Bruno Gröning, a friend of Children

Josette Gröning, 1960

Approach God ever closer, become ever more affectionate

Bruno Gröning

Bruno Gröning was fond of children with all his heart. Not infrequently, his hand stroked lovingly over the crest of a girl, not infrequently he pressed a little boy to his chest. He was particularly fond of helping children; he had a deeply heartfelt relationship to them.

Bruno Gröning viewed the spiritual beings, who accompany the children. He also viewed, when they were tormented by uneasy forces, and he then took up the fight with them.

Only those – who themselves are capable of viewing spiritually or who have already healed in a similar way – know, what is going on in the invisible realm, which powers and forces are associated with evil. How often Bruno Gröning talked about the fact that the diseases have nothing, absolutely nothing to do with GOD, but are a part of evil!

Part of the evil was also, when it was claimed somewhere one day, that Bruno Gröning had raped children. He was branded not only as a “ladies' man”, but also as a “sex offender”. Yet how the world is such dirty! But woe to those who have such a heinous slanderer, because the dirt that they sowed falls back on their own! What you sow, that shall you reap, one day they will get to hear and experience this.

My little niece Nicole was the declared darling of Bruno and stayed often with him for a visit. At that time she was three years old. Bruno had already taught her some things, so that the little girl knew how to help herself sometimes when she had fallen or hurt herself. She took her tinfoil balls, which she constantly carried in her apron pocket, put it on the painful area, and it didn't last long to have the tears dried. “Parti!”, she said in German “gone!”

Once she stormed into the bedroom early in the morning, accompanied by our two dogs, as the three were simply an inseparable team. Bruno was still asleep; he had worked heavily all night, but awoke quickly through the noise.

In her temperament and rush Nicole slipped on the carpet and struck her head against the edge of the bed with such force, that I closed my eyes because I thought, now she had to have split her head. Nicole stood up, rubbing her little hands, twisting her face in terror and was about to start roaring – but there Bruno asked her with a firm and clear voice: “Where's your ball?” Through this unexpected question and through the calm remaining attitude of “uncle Bruno”, who seriously looked at her, what she wasn't used to, she forgot to cry – and searched and searched her pocket for the little ball between little stones and little buttons and other collected stuff, instantly putting it against her forehead. After some minutes she said: “parti”, returned her ball to her pocket and was about to run away. Bruno called her back and looked at the egg-sized bump; it had meanwhile turned bloodshot, thick and purple in colour. He pressed a finger firmly against the bulge, but Nicole did not cry, and he asked, “Does that hurt,” Nicole said no and laughed again. Bruno gave her a pat on the cheek and said, “Now go playing again!” Noisily clattering ten legs and shouting down the stairs – and everything was forgotten!

Sometimes we took her on trips, and she was also present at lectures with the circle of friends. The otherwise vivid, so mercurial child sat always on a chair with visible earnestness quietly and patiently and watched everything very well what was going on there. Her large dark eyes never rested from Bruno, as if she were capable of understanding everything that Bruno said and did.

I remember a particularly nice scene, which happened during a lecture. Many people were present, and almost everyone felt the divine “current”. Suddenly, a woman, severely handicapped rose and could walk again. She walked upright and safely along the narrow range between the chairs. The people stood up excitedly and spoke, upst. Everyone wanted to see how the woman was able to walk again. Nicole remained seated. She looked inquiringly at Bruno and did not move. But when the woman passed by her, she reached out her little hands spontaneously and stroked her dress. She said: “Good woman!” Then, she was silent again.

Later, when the people left the room, she seemed to dream, I had to call her twice until she “came to herself”. Bruno had already gone into another room to be alone for a few moments after the strenuous healing work. Apparently Nicole hadn't seen that. Had she been sleeping with open eyes? Her first question was: “Where's uncle Bruno?” – with a slight tremor in her voice. I took her in my arms and went with her to Bruno. Seriously, the little face slightly pale, she stretched out her arms towards him. He took her tenderly, without a word, on his lap, and the little girl whispered in his ear: “Uncle Bruno, I love you so much!”

All of you, who have known Bruno Gröning yourself, know – and it was also known by the press – that he has smoked. Subsequently, he was rejected strictly by the ‘life reformers’, though, he gave a precise explanation in a vegetarian magazine¹, about why he did that. (About this you will read further details in the magazine “Geistig-seelischer Heiler” (i.e. the “Spiritual-psychic healer”).)

Occasionally, when Bruno was sitting in his chair, he wanted to smoke every now and then. He was looking for his cigarettes, which were somewhere in the room. Each time however, came the little Nicole, namely she paid attention exactly where he put them, but said nothing about it. Then, she took out a pack, ran up to him and stood on her toes – she was still such a tiny little “doll” of three years – simply pulled up Bruno's upper lip firmly with her fingers, and stuck in one of these “gizmos”! This, she did even openly in front of guests, who where delightfully amusing themselves each time about this little “folly”. Finally, she yet chirped: “Coffee, Uncle Bruno?” And if he said yes, the cute little fellow dragged the coffee pot, which was heavy to her and the cup and poured him in. Of course, it happened more than once that the coffee spilled over. But over time, she learned to carry out everything carefully. She had given “her” Uncle Bruno such a big space in her heart, as well as he had.

One day, Nicole was in the garden. Suddenly the bell rang at the gate. The dogs, a fox terrier and a shepherd bitch rushed to the door. Nicole seemed to be in the way for “Diana”, so she just pushed her head between the legs of the little girl. Of course, Nicole was not capable of offering resistance against the forces of the running dog – yet she still was a “nipper” – and was pushed up by the dog, ending up sitting on its back, riding a couple of meters, then however, slipping backwards and landing unharmed on her little feet again. Yet still the big bitch had hurt her. Quite determined she pulled her “Bruno-ball” from her stockings (i.e. if she had no little pocket on her dress, she stuffed the ball into her little stockings), bent down a little and lifted the ball to her body. She adjusted herself a short time, but soon it took her too long – the little “precocious” one absolutely wanted to see who had rung the bell at the gate – and whoops, whoops she flew away like a whirlwind. Forgotten was the unexpected pain – in a few seconds she switched. (How good it were when adults would let go of pain as fast and switch!) Bruno, who watched it all from the window, laughed so heartily at this lovely experience that tears were really running down his cheeks. It was also too funny!

Like almost every child, Nicole was occasionally sometimes a real rogue, who liked to tease others. Above all, she was fond of playing the dogs a little trick. In the middle of the garden there was a small pool of water. Stood one

¹ meant ist the reader's letter: „Again: Pro and Contra Bruno Gröning“ by Anny Baronesse Ebner von Eschenbach, published in the 10th edition of the magazine „Vegetarian Universe“ on 1953/10/05. Bruno Gröning himself particularly authorized the author for application of his personal recitations. The whole text is here.

of the dogs there and drank water, she tiptoed in very quiet steps up to it, grabbed its tail and pushed it into the water. The dog swam to the other side of the pool, shook the water off and ran away, Nicole after it, laughingly. When this happened repeatedly, Bruno took Nicole aside and taught her. He told her that behind most people were a little devil whispering to them constantly, to do something evil.

But that were much easier than always acting good. However, one should not listen to the devil otherwise do you only evil and then he rubs his hands and grins. However, the Infant Jesus would be very sad about that.

Nicole listened attentively, and really, she improved. She made an effort. Sometimes she snuggled up to me and told me: "You see, the devil has whispered to me again: Nicole, you shall push Franzel into the water. I did not do it. "Then I complimented her, and she was very proud.

However, she had further habits. She always wanted to run barefoot, pulled therefore the shoestrings out of the shoes and threw the shoes into the corner. Once, Bruno even found the shoes in his office. He called Nicole and said, if he found the shoes there again, he would throw them into the stove.

But a few days later, the little shoes were again in his room. So he called her and said to her: "Come with me, now I throw the shoes into the oven!" He expected then, that Nicole would forbid him or would ask him not to do it! But she went quietly with him, without saying a sound. He walked slowly to the stove because he yet wanted to give her time to say something. Finally, he opened the oven door and looking at her. But she was still in a passive expectation, until she finally said, "Oh, your little devil did just say to you, just put the shoes of Nicole into the oven – and the poor Infant Jesus, cries, the devil grins" hehe "- and she imitated two small horns with her little fingers. Bruno bent down quickly and started to create something on the stove, to avoid showing her how heartily he laughed at her. He just looked at her very seriously and said, wagging his finger, "But next time your shoes are really gone!"

Several years ago we visited a woman who had a young daughter of about four years. The girl looked like an angel. Her long blonde hair was reaching to her hips, and wonderfully bright blue eyes looked out of a noble face. But the little creature was very ill, and the limbs, yes the entire body seemed to be boneless. Therefore, the little head wobbled in all directions. Besides, she was deaf and dumb, though the eyes had a more speaking expression. I almost froze in front so much misery, and it was heartbreaking (witnessing) how much the mother was suffering and asked Bruno for help.

With great calmness and noticeable kindness Bruno laid his hands on the head of the woman. "Calm down," he just said. The child looked at Bruno for quite a while, as if her soul sensed that this person would be able to cure her. Bruno indicated the

mother that she should sit down, he took his seat in an armchair. For a long time it was silent in the room. Bruno had his eyes closed and prayed.

Then he asked the mother to hand the child over to him in his arms. It was not afraid of him, but looked confidently up at him, and eventually it smiled. The mother cried out softly and began to weep. "It is the first time that my child laughs," she said. Bruno ignored her; he spoke softly to the girl and told her of the infant Jesus. The little girl suddenly contorted the little face time, as if she wanted to cry. Bruno then said to her mother: "The child now hears, but you avoid noise and talking aloud, first, she has to get used to the noise."

Then he took a ball from his pocket and handed it to her. It was shattering to witness how the little girl stretched her thin, previously powerless arms, awkwardly opened his hand and took the ball. Bruno stroked tenderly her golden curly hair. Then, he put the child on the floor and pushed one foot before the other. "Now, that's enough for today," Bruno said. "Practice every day and everything will be fine, I'm there with you!"

Out of shock and happiness and joy the woman had sunk to the ground. There she knelt and raised her hands to Bruno. She uttered only "thank you, thank you", because her body was shaken by a sob. Bruno looked at her calmly, put his hand again on her head and told her, "Thank God and keep your faith! God protects you and your child! All the best "With these words, he rushed out the door and drove away. It was several years later, when we learned that the child is lively, healthy and happy at school ... (Also this report is available as a testimony in the archive with all the documents.)

In 19..we were in France. One day, outside a small village, we heard the piercing wailing of a dog, which was accompanied by loud jeering boys. We hastened to explore details, because we suspected nothing good. In a meadow we discovered two teenage boys pitifully hitting a pathetic little lean dog with a stick. Desperately, the dog tried to escape his tormentors, but they held him tightly. I wanted quickly to rush over there to free the poor animal and to administer the two boys a powerful slap. But Bruno held me and gave me a sign. He stopped, the gaze of his eyes told me that he focused and had something special in mind. I did not dare to move, because I knew, now anything would happen. The boys hadn't seen us yet, when suddenly the one who beat the dog, let out a scream and held his right arm. Dropping the stick, he sat down on the grass and began to cry.

The other boy was frightened by this in such a way that he let go of the dog, so that it could escape. Bruno asked me, because he spoke no French, to go to the two and talk to them. They were very surprised when two strangers sat on them. Still rubbing one's arm and wept bitterly. I asked him what was the matter with him. He replied that he had suddenly felt such a sharp pain in his forearm, and he did still hurt to the fingertips Sun – Whether he would have not you heard how the

little dog was screaming in pain, I asked him further, or whether he was considered an animal do not feel anything? Every human being and every living creature suffer but if you suggest it. – The boy nodded his head and began crying shame. He looked very shy constantly on Bruno, who – played lost in thought with grasses.

Suddenly, the boy said all by himself, he would never do it again; he would find the dog and then even take it in and nurse it. As I said, Bruno knew no French, but he felt exactly what was going on in the boy. Therefore he raised his head and looked at him intently, but kindly and held out his hand. The boy smiled, and suddenly his eyes shone, because his pain was gone, as blown-away. He moved his arm, first in disbelief, then he laughed and jumped for joy in the air. We said goodbye, and the boys waved us long after ...

Finally, I would bring you an excerpt from a press release, which as an exception was not unfavorable. Listen to what the newspaper “Echo of the Homeland” had written about it. This report was created through an interview of a newspaper reporter with a man who had been with Bruno Gröning.

“... it is known that Bruno Gröning is being honored, supported and protected by the gypsy tribes who have pitched their camps in West Germany. It is less likely to be known, how this connection has come about.

On his many “walks” Bruno Gröning once approached several Gypsy families who had set up their camp at the edge of a village. Tired, he stopped and had a conversation with some women, who led him to the camp and catered him. From the small wagon stairs, where Gröning sat, he looked at the space that was within the corral, with only the faintly smoking remnants of a campfire in the middle. Around this cooling down fire place the brown, black-eyed children played. – A cry went up from one of the carriage, and swiftly the small crowd spread like a flock of pigeons scared from their feeding place. Apart from two lads who remained squatting on the ground with their view longingly following the other children as they hastened away. Since birth, the legs of both of them were paralyzed – twins who looked alike as peas in a pod.

An old gypsy woman, who was able to read the hands and the stars, told the stranger – Gröning – about the common fate of the two children, one of whom – leaning on his hands, was toilsome crawling after a ball that had rolled them away,., “It's in their hands,” she said. Gröning, who had thoughtfully kept his head hidden in his hands, slowly rose and with one foot rolled the ball towards the boys who, thus, became attentive to him.

“A man will come from abroad,” the old gypsy woman continued, “and he will heal them. I feel that the time is near. Now the stars are positioned as

they are supposed to, “and she looked Gröning in the eye with a strange, long gaze. Deep and inquiring, he slowly stepped towards the boys who looked up to him. They had no fear of him, for he had passed the ball back to them, which had rolled away from them. Something grateful, familiar lay in the children’s gaze.

Gröning was silent. – With a loud chatter several geese suddenly waddled out of the shadow of a car towards a puddle. They wore their necks outstretched and hastening very much.

“Run after them,” Gröning called upon the boys. “Run!”

“What can I tell you more,” the narrator completed his report, “the boys rose and toddled after the geese, balancing with both arms, because they had to keep their equilibrium. A few days later they went like normal children. – And ever since, Gröning has been under the special protection of the Gypsies “.

The reporter concluded:

“All this the faith in the miracle, laying within Man is able to attain. And only one desire remains yet to be fulfilled”:

MAY THERE ALSO BE SUCH A GREAT FAITH IN THOSE, WHO ARE WILLING TO BRING TO MANKIND THE PEACE, THE HEALING OF THE SPIRIT!”

Source:

Josette Gröning (publisher.): The Spiritual-Psychic Healer (Denkendorf bei Plochingen/Neckar 1960) No. 5, pp. 79-84