

ZVIKA URI

LETTING GO

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Preface

Until June 2000, I was self-employed as an organizational consultant. Then, when a customer offered me a job as human resources manager in his company, I took leave of my clientele in favor of becoming a salaried employee.

In the autumn of 2002, the company was sold, bringing to an end a professionally favorable and economically calm and secure period of my life.

I now faced a market in profound economic crisis, in which companies were downsizing in order to survive, with scant resources for investing in organizational or managerial development. The market was swamped with consultants and consultancy firms contending for each and every organizational project.

Finding work in my profession would clearly be an uphill battle; it was a dark and frightening prospect.

Realistic difficulties aside, I felt less than enthusiastic about having to go courting for clients once more. I started to wonder, privately, what I was going to do.

Would I go back to being a self-employed organizational consultant, fighting for my market niche, and doing more of what I had done for so many years? Or was this an opportunity for making a change? While fear urged me to hurry up and find work to provide for my family, an inner voice reminded me of my ongoing search for my real purpose in life, telling me to wait and get advice.

Ultimately, I decided to have a medium (possessing the ability to communicate with energetic entities and channel their messages) put me in touch with my Spirit Guides.

Channeling? How does a man with two feet on the ground come up with the notion of asking Spirit Guides such a serious question?

In order to answer that question clearly, I will briefly describe the path of development that had led me to this juncture.

My awareness work started thirty years ago. That was when I began studying psychology, and gaining exposure to other people's life stories, whereupon I began to be troubled by questions about myself. I looked for somewhere I could obtain feedback from others and thus learn about myself. A lady friend I consulted said, "Why not go for psychological treatment?"

"Whatever next?" I responded. "Am I sick?"

"You don't need to be sick to go for treatment," she replied, "Healthy people, like you and me, who are in

search of a better way of living their lives, attaining self-expression and self-realization, go for psychological treatment.”

This was news to me. I hadn't been aware such an option existed. The moment I heard of it, I decided to get going straight away; and so I did.

The treatment proved very helpful, and I began to realize just how powerful a process it was.

Trying to sort out my aims in life, I realized what was most important to me. It was who I would be, as a person, what my interpersonal capabilities would be, what kind of husband I would be to my wife, what kind of father to my children, what kind of therapist or consultant to my clients, and friend to my friends.

With this insight, I chose to invest heavily in my awareness work, which I eventually understood to be my healing process.

I have undergone four courses of psychological treatment in my life. The catalyst for each of them was my relationship with my eldest son, Omri. I wasn't satisfied with how I was functioning as a parent, and I understood that in order to be a proper father to a growing, developing boy, I needed to open up my own emotional blockages and do some growing up on my own account. This understanding sent me back repeatedly for psychological treatment, each time with a different therapist.

In addition, for quite some time I had been going

to training sessions with experienced, senior organizational consultants, in order to develop my professional capabilities.

All this awareness work took place on the psychological plane, making a highly significant, albeit, partial, contribution to my personal development.

Gazing at the world, and attempting to decipher its secret, I was never able to apprehend the wonder of creation without ascribing it to the existence of a Supreme Being; and deep in my heart, I believed in a Deity.

My need to understand and know what lay beyond the familiar, observable, and known world eventually led me to the spiritual and metaphysical world.

It was seemingly by chance that I first approached the gateway to that world. I had accompanied my wife to a lecture on naturopathy at the Israel College of Alternative Medicine; and after the lecture, we met with one of the teachers, who wanted to find out what would interest my wife and propose a course of study. When the moderator asked what about me, I said I was just tagging along, but was open to suggestions. He proposed a course in energetic healing, explaining how the tools I would acquire could be useful to me in my work as a consultant and therapist. The course was primarily experiential, and that was where, for the first time, I sensed the energies. I didn't see them, obviously, but I felt their influence, and understood that the metaphysical world really existed.

As I matured emotionally, a great deal of curiosity and growing open-mindedness enabled me to gain ever-greater exposure to the spiritual and metaphysical world. I read channeled materials and experienced their height, breadth, and depth in such a way as to strengthen my belief in Deity, in the Creation, and in worlds beyond.

After that, it wasn't long before I went to a channeling session to hear about myself, my soul, and the mission I had undertaken in this life here on Earth.

I heard thrilling things. I was fascinated, but I had mixed feelings about it all. Exciting as it all was, I still had my doubts. Over the next few years, I had channeling sessions with various different mediums. Each time, the most important message to come through was that an important role as a healer awaited me.

Another message I have been getting from different people over the past eight years has related to writing. Hearing my life story, people have told me I must write a book and bring it to the world. Flattering as this was, it still didn't motivate me to write. I felt fine and whole with my modest endeavors, and didn't think I had anything special to impart that ought to be written down, not to mention writing abilities.

In retrospect, I think I was simply scared. I didn't dare. I was very judgmental towards myself and was blocking what ought to be and should have been expressed.

But suddenly, the company I worked for was sold, and I was at a crossroads, wondering which way to

go, and how to advance along the path to realizing my mission as a healer.

Erga is a female medium who works with the Spirit Guides of those who approach her.

I asked her for a channeling session, since I believed my Guidance could take a bird's eye view of my life, identify my potential for further development, and guide me. And so it turned out.

The session that took place on November 27, 2002, brought me to a turning point. The path I had trodden prior to that session had evidently prepared me for an encounter with the messages that were to be relayed to me through Erga.

My faith in Deity, in the Creation and in worlds beyond was strengthened. I relinquished the illusion of control over my life and consented not to know what would happen and what I would do.

I attended eight communications over the next two years: two more with Erga, and six with Athalia, who channels a group of entities by the name of Yehoda.

During the second session with Athalia, which took place on June 23, 2003, I asked Yehoda whether I was to write a book. I was answered in the affirmative, but was told it would happen only once I was in very intensive flow of communication with my Guidance. Meanwhile, I was told, "Start writing a book, but without intending to write a book. Just sit down whenever you feel like writing, and scribble on blank pages whatever comes into your head."

That was how I started to write.

In this book, I have chosen to share with you, my readers, both my channeling sessions and my writing, revealing what I underwent during this period. With the help of my Guidance, I have chosen, out of everything I wrote, whatever in our opinion is pertinent and worthy of being included in my book.

The interval my book describes was the most marvelous, the loveliest, and exciting in my life. Yet, at the same time, it was a difficult passage for me, for the people around me, and most importantly, for my family. Relatives, friends, and some of my consultancy clients were completely nonplussed as to what I was experiencing, and relations with most of them reached crisis point. Stormy seas buffeted my marital relations, and my wife, Oriya, and I faced some very difficult situations. The crisis peaked when Shira came into my life. Falling in love with her, I cleared more and more room for relations with her. My marriage almost crashed, and I was about to leave home. Writing greatly helped me to cope throughout these vicissitudes, to learn about myself, to develop and to gain strength.

Thank you, Oriya, for finding the resilience to cope with the many difficulties I piled in your path.

Thank you, my sons, Omri and Assaf, for the way you dealt with the crisis that threatened to shatter our family to smithereens, and for being supportive, loving, and willing guardians.

I thank the Lord for creating us in His image and enabling us to create our lives.

I thank the Angel Michael who came to help me open up, and to widen and deepen my path of communication with my Guidance.

I thank the wonderful Guidance watching over me, accompanying me, pointing the way, and creating my life jointly with me.

I thank the group of entities named Yehoda who send me important, precise, and supportive messages that show me the way as I tread my path of emotional and spiritual development.

I thank Erga and Athalia, who are fulfilling their mission as mediums, dedicating themselves entirely to their role and who cleanly channel messages from Spirit Guides.

I thank the many individuals who have influenced me along my path, because today I am a healthier person—whole, happier, and more keenly alive.

An important place is reserved for my father, my relations with whom were complicated. It wasn't easy for me with him, and it wasn't easy for him with me. Perhaps for that very reason, I learned a great deal about what happened and what didn't happen.

I know he loved me in his way, and was all he was capable of being for me.

I love you, Dad. I thank you for choosing me to be your son, and for everything you gave me in your life and after your death.

I have decided to include here the letter I wrote to my father, with the help of my Guidance, two weeks after his death:

“My Dear Dad,

Inconceivably, you are gone. Even though you were progressively sinking as your body shrank, you were still my solid, strong, brave father—a man who knew no fear.

Here I sit, in front of a blank page that beckons forth my words, and I want to talk to you and tell you the things it was so hard for me to express while you were still here.

I have been missing you for years, thirsting for your embrace, your warmth, your good smell, and the knowledge that you love me. I lost you along the way, and I don’t know where or how it happened. And it seems you lost me, too.

During the ritual seven days of mourning for your passing, as we were looking at family photographs, Oriya drew my attention to a certain picture, “Look,” she said, “How much he loved you.”

The picture showed you holding me in your arms in an all-enveloping, warm hug with a look that was all tenderness and love. My eyes filled with tears, and the wonderful memory came to me of your being my loving Dad. I recalled my childhood years and your presence.

You were a wonderful father. I loved you and eagerly awaited our moments together.

I recall how, on returning at evening from your trips, you would whistle from the truck, hurrying to be back before my

bedtime, so that you could be with me, warm me in the cold bed, tell me a good story and kiss me goodnight.

Then, you knew how to be a father to me. I had a great need for you, for your strong, confident, embracing physical presence. I surrendered myself and you bore me in your arms; we were a good fit.

And out of my love for you and my longing for your love, I made every effort to be good at everything I did, to cause you pleasure, satisfaction, and pride. In doing so, I lost touch with myself.

I took such pains to be okay with you and with the kibbutz, that I forgot what it meant to be okay with myself. I was incapable of asking myself what I wanted, what suited me, what was right for me, and any confrontation was beyond me, certainly any confrontation with you.

Then, at age twenty-five, I woke up and asked myself, for the first time, what it was that I wanted for myself. And it was then, it seems, that I started to lose you. As I healed, becoming healthier and more independent, I was leaving you less and less scope for influencing my life; and you couldn't find your way to go on being the father of a son who was increasingly finding his own strength. I know you tried, but you lacked the navigation instruments, you lost your way, and never managed to reach me.

Then your anger and frustration came, mounting up until you could no longer contain them. I suffered badly from the terrible blow I took from you.

I was so angry with you I wanted to leave you and never, ever see you again.

I couldn't do that. But there was something else I could do. I came and confronted you with everything. I needed to express my anger, pain, and disappointment. You were truly there, listening, trembling, and weeping, and out of this awful pain came understanding, and with it, forgiveness.

We merited, you and I, to regain our closeness and our love, and father to son and son to father, to speak the healing truth.

And then you were felled by a stroke and went away from us.

It was sad and heart-wrenching to see you so miserable and helpless.

I am glad you were redeemed, at last, from your sufferings, and you went to Heaven, to Paradise.

You lived a good life; you touched many souls, both young and old.”

Last in my list of acknowledgements, but first in my heart, is my mother.

She lived a hard life, full of suffering, not always wanting to live at all.

Her dreadful manic-depressive disorder broke out when I was born. With her emotional instability, I never knew what to expect or from where she would respond to me. Her mood swings ranged from depressive to tempestuous. Even though she was such a good person, it was hard to feel secure and trusting at her side.

This is such a painful wounded spot, that, in spite of all my efforts to reach and heal it in the course of my psychological treatment, it remains buried deep within me, still exposed and bleeding.

I knew my mother loved me, and yet, at the same time, I don't know it. How is that possible? It's possible.

In the hours, days, and weeks when she maintained emotional equilibrium, she did the best she could to care for me, to attend to my needs and thus express her love for me. But she would frequently be elsewhere. Sometimes there were long stays in psychiatric hospitals, and sometimes, although physically present, she would be totally different, hovering somewhere else. She was there and not there, and I would lose her, again and again.

I don't recall her touch. I don't recall that she hugged or caressed me. I don't recall being able to come to her, be cuddled and comforted, and feel loved and protected. I was alone.

I didn't understand what was happening to her, why she behaved the way she did, and I often felt myself an orphan.

I needed her love, and was prepared to do anything to get it. But what could I do? I often felt paralyzed and helpless before her. I couldn't help her and I couldn't help myself.

I have great sadness and pain over my mother, with all that she suffered in her lifetime from her terrible illness.

She was incapable of containing her own feelings, and certainly could not contain me, her son. There were countless occasions when, based on her reactions, I could not tell that I was loved. This seems to have

percolated deep within me, affecting me strongly and hence, my vulnerability.

In spite of it all, my dearly loved Mother, you tried to pull the heavens down for me, you did everything you could for me, and that was a great deal.

You were the best person I ever knew, and I bless you for that. I thank you for everything.

I love you Mother, and I hope you are happy there in Heaven.

At age two, I contracted infantile paralysis, and was admitted to the hospital in critical condition. Hospital policy banned parents from visiting.

My father broke the rules and came to see me. A nurse barred his way, not letting him pass.

A physician, witnessing the contretemps, said to the nurse in German, "Let him see his son; the child won't live until tomorrow."

My father understood. He asked the doctor how I was.

The doctor explained that I was very ill, and might not survive the night.

My father inquired whether anything could be done. If he believed in God, the doctor said, let him pray.

Wasn't there something that could be done, my father persisted, to save my life? Then the doctor mentioned an innovative treatment, not yet tried in Israel, in which hot and cold compresses were to be alternately applied to the patient's back.

“If there is someone in your kibbutz who is prepared to risk being infected, and will come into your son’s isolation ward and treat him, that might save his life,” said the doctor, and went his way.

Gazing at me through the glass window, and at my eyes, the only part of my body I could move, my father saw the pain, the fear, and my reproach against him. It was as if I was saying, “You have no idea what I am going through.” My father left, knowing this was the last time he would see me alive.

Chanah Peled, a brave lady from Kibbutz Beit HaShitta, volunteered to go and take care of me at the hospital.

God sent her to me and she, like a redeeming angel, stretched forth her hands and snatched me from the claws of death. All that night, she tended me devotedly, with love and faith.

Two days later, my parents were informed that I had overcome the disease and was able to sit and stand.

Dear Chanah, I never spoke to you and never thanked you, and now you are in Heaven.

Thank you, thank you, thank you, human angel, for the gift of life you bestowed on me.

I was brought back from the hospital, placed in an isolated house, and surrounded by a fence at the far end of the kibbutz, which was in a panic over the possible spread of infection.

My mother, her son brought back to life and restored to her, was with me, caring for me for two months in

that isolated house. Dad would bring us food and drink, which he would hand to my mother over the fence.

In that period, and for many years more, they both took care of me with endless devotion.

When asked why he insisted on spoiling me, Father would say it was because I had been born to him twice.

Later in life, one of my therapists asked me why, in my opinion, my soul had elected to undergo the experience of paralysis. I replied, without thinking, that my role in life was to heal people of their emotional paralysis. That was why I needed to experience the dreaded disease, to feel the life draining out of my body, to know the helplessness, the paralyzing fear, and the dearth of control over my life.

There, in that bad place, I again chose life, and it was at that point when my healing process began.

First came the physical healing, and twenty-three years later, the emotional healing.

Being ill had been a highly traumatic event.

My need for control over my life, supposedly to protect me from states of helplessness, became so powerful as to render me emotionally paralyzed. I aspired to perfection, dedicating all my resources to pleasing other people.

Once I began my awareness work, I found my path liberally bestrewn with situations in which I had to come to terms with uncertainty, thus enabling me to overcome my emotional paralysis, and heal that unbelieving, unrelying place.

The more I matured, the more clearly I understood that my parents had given me what they were capable of giving.

I gradually stopped being angry with them and calling them to account. I took full responsibility for my life.

The main difference was that now I was putting myself at the center of my life. And I started raising and fostering within me a loving and supportive couple of parents, who gradually enabled my inner child to gain confidence and venture out into the world again. This is, in my opinion, the essence of the healing process.

Although I have already covered a long, meaningful distance, I am still at the beginning of the road. It's wonderful knowing that there is still a great deal ahead of me and for me—to evolve, to become, to give, and to receive.

I decided to share my experiences and this book is the result of that decision.

This is a journey of “loosening the last tent peg,” of release from the need for control, of surrender to the flow out of faith in Deity, in Creation, and in love.

Everything in this book combines messages of guidance, lovingly channeled to me by Spirit, and the intuitive writings I jotted down for myself over the course of the year, with the encouragement and assistance of my Spirit Guides, in order to give my inner self room to express itself and grow.

As I have become increasingly and more profoundly persuaded that these jottings might touch, speak to,