

Sinusitis healing

Many people came for the 2005 *Shivaratri* ceremony in Steffenshof. Because of the lack of space, Uddhavananda and I were sleeping in Swami's bedroom. To make things more fun, the heating broke down in the main house. Fortunately, the heating in the temple and the other house still worked. Since my childhood I suffered from chronic sinusitis and no remedy could ever cure it. A crisis started and I had to keep lying on my mattress in Swami's room, swallowing salted waters through my nostrils to try and calm the sinuses. Visitors were coming in and out of his room. When dinner was ready, He told me:

"Christian, it's time for dinner."

"You know, in this state and with my sinusitis, I'd rather stay here," I replied.

"No, you have to eat. Here - (He drew the cross sign on me) - now you're healed. Stand up and let's go to eat."

I stood up and followed him to the dining room, head pounding. Sitting at the table, I felt that the pressure was diminishing and that I was feeling better. By the end of the dinner, I no longer had a headache. I very happily took part in the *Shivaratri* celebrations that lasted the whole night. However, on the last night of *Shivaratri*, my headache started again. In the room, Uddhavananda spoke to Swami about a health problem. Swami took his hands and said: "It'll be fine".

"It'd be great if you could do something about my sinusitis," I said.

Swami acted as if he had heard nothing and went on chatting with Uddhavananda. Five minutes later he turned towards me and said:

"Did you ask me something?"

"Eh, yes, if you could do something for my sinusitis it would be great, because it started again tonight," I said.

"Come here", he said. He placed his hands on my head. After one minute he said:

"Tomorrow we just have to put some of the water of St Maur."

"Thank you," I replied gratefully.

The next morning, I woke up with some pressure still in my head. I kept in my mind his last sentence and I thought: *Let him not forget this water of St Maur! Maybe I should remind him? No, in any way, with or without this water he could cure me if he wanted to. He doesn't need water; it's just an excuse not to openly be the healer of my sickness. It is mere humility.*

Swami entered the room and said: "Bring me St Nectarius' oil." He made the cross sign with the oil on my forehead and we went down for breakfast. When reaching the bottom of the stairs, he held his back with both hands:

"Wow, I have such backache!" He exclaimed.

"Oh my God!" I said.

Swami entered the dining room. I was mortified. Sitting on the steps of the stairs I started crying. I understood that he had taken my *karma* to prevent me from suffering. I couldn't show my face because of the shame. Swami called me and I entered the dining room. Somebody was massaging his back. I sat and cried still.

"What's the matter now?" He asked.

"I am sure you're suffering because of me. I couldn't bear my suffering so you took it on my behalf and now your back is aching," I replied.

"I am not dying, you know!" He answered.

During the following week, I was hearing cracks in my head, but I was no longer in pain. I asked him if the angels were busy repairing my sinuses, and he nodded.

Since then, I have never had any sinusitis, even during the coldest winters. That's the way I learnt that the satguru, by love, takes over the *karma* of his disciples. Satgurus do not have *karma* anymore; their illnesses are only the consequence of the *karma* they remove from other people. He is suffering on their behalf.