

'ANGELS' healed



Chemotherapy was killing me, then the angels came to my rescue and led me down an unconventional path to health.

By Isabelle von Fallois

My heart pounded as I rounded the curve in the road. I was a keen jogger, but today I was struggling and I kept going hot and cold. All of a sudden, darkness descended, and when I opened my eyes, I was lying in the wet grass. Somehow I dragged myself home.

Over the next few days I was very weak, and my body was riddled with pain. My parents told me to go to the local hospital.

After tests, a doctor came to speak to me.

'You have leukaemia,' he said gently. 'You need chemotherapy, but I'm afraid you're so weak, it could make you deteriorate quicker.'

'And without it?' I asked

'You may only have three days to three weeks to live,' he said.

It was May 2000, and I'd just celebrated my 30th birthday. I'd always been fit and healthy. I was shocked and terrified. But if I was going to die, I wanted to be at home with my parents. And maybe with their strength and support, I might get strong enough to have treatment.

My mum Ursula and dad Gero were both spiritual. Dad meditated and did yoga daily, and read books about Eastern spiritual practices. Mum was a Christian and encouraged me to use the power of prayer to help others. We lived in a small village near Munich in Germany.

Nearly three weeks later, I felt strong enough to return to hospital, where I underwent blood transfusions. However, my temperature was so high, I still wasn't well enough for chemo.

In July I was finally strong enough to start treatment. The night before my first chemo, I was alone when I felt a rush of incredible caring energy fill the room. My fear of dying vanished as this gentle energy wrapped itself around me and stayed until morning. It was so wonderful, it made me laugh and brought me a joy I hadn't felt since before my diagnosis.

This sort of experience was nothing new to me. When I was a child, bright sparkling orbs of light used to fill my bedroom at night. I'd lie awake watching rainbow-coloured spheres bouncing around the room. I'd seen them since the age of three and took them for granted. I thought of them as playmates and felt they were looking out for me.

But as I grew up, I realised they were celestial bodies sent from the angelic realm. Mum had always taught me that we had guardian angels who were constantly there to help.

At the age of 12, I'd fallen down the stairs at my

aunt's house and twisted some vertebrae in my back. Unable to walk, I was off school for a year and underwent orthopaedic treatment. At night when the pain was worse I felt as if someone was with me, bringing me comfort. The hairs on my back would go up, as if invisible arms were around me.

After my first session of chemo, doctors were astounded to find that a lot of the cancer cells had been eradicated. But I still needed further treatment to get rid of them completely and prevent the cancer returning.

As the months went by and I lay in my hospital bed, whenever a negative thought came into my head, I would immediately replace it with a positive one.

'I'm completely healthy,' I'd keep telling myself. 'The chemotherapy only kills the cancer. It won't kill me.'

My treatment continued, and doctors were amazed that I was still alive. But of course the chemo took its toll on my body, and my immune system was so low that an infection could kill me. In March 2001, I ended up in intensive care after suffering a lung inflammation.

As I lay there, I suddenly heard a voice. 'One more chemotherapy and you'll die,' it whispered softly.

There was nobody there, but I could sense an energy in the room, and I knew it was Archangel Azrael. From reading spiritual books I recognised his gentle, patient tone and knew he was said to be present at the beginning and end of life,



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my cancer'

writing each person's name in the Book of Life and erasing it when their time on earth has come to an end. I knew intuitively this was a message I could not ignore. I didn't want to die.

'Chemotherapy's damaging your vital organs,' he continued. 'You need to stop immediately.'

So when I came out of intensive care after two days, I told the doctors I was refusing further treatment, much to their horror.

'We advise another 36 months of chemotherapy to ensure the cancer is eradicated completely and won't return,' one told me.

But I was adamant. I signed a form to confirm I was refusing further treatment and left hospital.

Of course I worried I was in danger of suffering a relapse. And it's not a choice I would ever have recommended to anyone else. But for me, it was the right thing to do.

I believed Archangel Azrael's warning that I'd die if I continued with the treatment. Intuitively, I knew it was all part of my spiritual

'Raphael was as tall as the ceiling with giant wings and emerald-green eyes'

journey and purpose – I just didn't understand in what way yet.

I returned to stay with my parents at their home in Munich and only returned to hospital for check-ups. In June 2001, tests showed that my bone marrow was free from cancer cells. 'It's astonishing,' a doctor said.

'But we still advise chemotherapy to ensure it doesn't return.'

Again I refused. As time passed, I taught piano intermittently when I felt well enough. I'd wake each day and say a positive affirmation about my health. I also did homeopathy, took vitamins and had Ayurvedic treatments – an Indian

alternative medicine.

But as months turned into years, I became frustrated with my slow progress. Although the cancer hadn't come back, I suffered from fevers every day and I was very weak.

On the day of my 34th birthday in April 2004, I was lying in bed, feeling weak and disillusioned. In desperation, I appealed to higher forces.

'If no human being can help me, then please let my angel guides help,' I said out loud.

Although I'd always believed in angels, it dawned on me that I hadn't directly asked for their help before. For the next two months I meditated

on the angels and read books by angel expert Doreen Virtue. Then one day in June I was lying in bed, and there in front of me was a figure. He was as tall as the ceiling with giant wings, emerald-green eyes and emanating a bright green sparkling light.

I recognised him instantly from my books – Archangel Raphael. Green was the colour of healing and he was known to feed people information to help them get better.

'Finally, you can hear me. Now you will heal,' he told me as tears ran down my cheeks. 'I will not leave your side until you are well.'

In that instant, a wave of warmth flowed over me. I felt comforted and safe. Raphael was true to his word. Every day I'd feel his relaxing energy, hear his voice in my head or see him. Some days he'd simply make me feel reassured, and other times he'd put ideas in my head to help me heal.

'You need to take up yoga,' he said one day. On another occasion he told me I needed to change my diet and become vegan. He told me exactly what herbal supplements to use, which I ordered online to build up my immune system.

Each time I took his advice, I steadily grew stronger. I started going out again, seeing friends and took up Argentinian tango lessons.

Six months later a friend told me about the Electromagnetic Field Balancing Technique (EMF), where a practitioner places their hands on your body to facilitate your flow of energy by tapping into your electromagnetic energy field. Every session balanced my



nervous system and helped me get stronger. Inspired, I studied to become an EMF Balancing Technique Accredited Practitioner. And in January 2005, I opened my own practice in Munich. Even though I was new to this area of work, clients started getting in touch and I took it as a sign that I was on the right path.

One day, soon after, another idea popped into my head. I was living proof that communication with the angels healed, so why not become an angel therapy practitioner and help others? Instantly, I instinctively knew I'd found my spiritual vocation.

So in 2006, with my health significantly improved, I travelled to California for Doreen Virtue's certified Angel Therapy Practitioner training – a spiritual healing method that involves working with a person's guardian angels and archangels, to heal and harmonise every aspect of life. I set up a website and my client base grew. By 2009, I had clients in 13 countries around the world.

Later that year, I founded Angel Life Coach Training as well as developing Isis Angel Healing, where I train people to be angel life coaches. I teach them techniques including how to give angel readings, balance the chakras and give past-life regressions with angels. So far I've trained 300 people from 11 countries.

Since then, I've published four books in German about angels along with *The Power Of Your Angels* in English (£12.99, Findhorn). Today I spend most of my time travelling the world, speaking at events and hosting workshops about angels.

I'll never stop bringing the wonderful energies of the angels into the world. After all, without my angelic friends, I wouldn't be here today. ■

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Giving a piano recital at the International Angel Congress in 2010

I run my own EMF Balancing Technique practice