

*Live love
every day.*

Agni

Jesus The Book

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Dedication

We have written this account for you, my Lord Jesus Christ, as we have ourselves experienced it with you, and as your mother, Mary, and other friends and acquaintances have recounted it to us. Therewith we have fulfilled our promise to you.

We already knew at that time that your chronicle, and those of your companions, would be mislaid in the course of the centuries. Hence, since these are our experiences, we have saved them for you, in order that they may one day again see the light of day: to recount your life story, together with the records of those who were with you at that time.

I remember precisely my first encounter with him. I was a young girl, perhaps three years old. My parents lived on the outskirts of the city of Jerusalem. My father and mother were both priests in the Essene tradition, in an Essene community on the edge of the city. I had been born in this community and grew up with this tradition. Our life in the suburb was somewhat separated from that in the city of Jerusalem. I remember when my father took me with him to the town center, where the markets were situated. Sometimes he had an appointment or some business to do. Everything seemed so different from the small community in which I lived.

Jerusalem was noisy and turbulent and I was continuously surrounded by its hustle and bustle. Soldiers in leather armor added to the turmoil, which scared me at first. My father called them “Romans.” Amongst the Romans were also men to whom my father referred as “the Old Jews.” They wore long cloaks and long beards and their eyes seemed cruel; I felt intimidated by them. Since childhood, I had had the gift of perceiving the colors of the auras surrounding people, and I sensed the sharp contrast between the cold, hard grayness of the citizens of Jerusalem and the warm, clear colors that I saw envelop the people from our community. At home, everything was lighter and more transparent, in stark contrast to Jerusalem. In our village, my soul had space to expand freely.

My father often took me with him into the city, but my mother did not join us. Many a time we would jostle down the narrow alleys, my father conversing with the bearded men. I would observe the stalls, the buildings and the passers-by, haggling as they went about their business. Everything was in a state

of permanent turmoil. As a child, I was unable to describe the feeling, but later, as I grew up, I recognized describe the feeling, but later, as I grew up, I recognized that these impressions were those of the violence, cruelty and insurrection that were a constant shadow upon the city’s inhabitants. Their words were hurtful and rude, their voices loud and coarse and their movements in the markets were violent and clumsy. I missed the gentleness and tolerance of our community.

I found the men my father met unpleasant, and I didn’t care for them one bit. I had no idea what my father’s business with them was, but it always seemed very serious and he never appeared very pleased afterwards; his brow would become wrinkled and I could sense the weight of his worries on his shoulders, which was unusual for him. In those days, I was too young to ask him to explain and instead would just cuddle up to him so that he could protect me from this world. Then I would sense the warm green-golden light of his heart, which I loved so much.

As I grew up, I discovered that our Community had separated from the Essenes in the desert, who lived quite differently from us and who were one of several Essene splinter-groups. Instead, my father was true to the “Original Essenes,” as he called them. Much of his time was spent in negotiations with the higher councils of the old Jews, arguing for our traditions and beliefs, and pleading for peace and for mutual recognition between us. This became apparent as I grew older.

I always felt relieved and more at ease when my father, who was equivalent to a high priest in our community, got back home and was able to devote himself to our daily religious

routine. I loved our simple life and our traditions. My father performed his rituals and prayers and attended to the needs of our community. Then, ruby-colored and golden light would rise out of the ground and ascend to the sky, between Heaven and Earth. Visitors from outside the community would come, appearing gray and dejected from the burdens of life but, after my father's ceremonies, they returned home, their souls unburdened and their hearts enlightened.

My mother was also a priest of sorts but she was concerned with other matters; her colors were beautiful and gentle. I also had an older brother who was difficult and rebellious, and my father had to keep a close eye on him. But I had my own world. It was connected with the colors in my father's aura, which filled me with delight and pleasure. Our life was as simple as my father's room, but the gentle simplicity of that time was a gift from Heaven to enjoy and play with. I loved plants and animals, whose language I understood and had learned from my mother.

My mother, a successful and respected healer, visited the sick and radiated a wonderful light from her heart and from her hands. As it flowed into the bodies of the sick, I could see the burden of illness clear away and the light become bright and radiant. I loved my mother for her abilities and I was always allowed to attend whenever she created prayers out of her love and filled the room with her radiant colors. Sometimes, precious stones would appear, radiating as divine lights to cure disease. When we had left the houses of the sick and were alone again, she would look upon me with her warm, brown eyes and say, "My little girl, I will teach you all of this, since it is our tradition. And, one day, you too will help and

serve in this tradition. I see your wonderful heart and know that Heaven sent you to me. I can see that you will one day be even greater than I. You may not understand now, but time will show!"

I must have been three or four years old when my father first allowed me to accompany him on a long journey. We travelled on foot with our donkey, whose name was Little Benjamin. I was very fond of our donkey, and was very happy that he accompanied us. My father said to me, "Come with me, my little daughter, so that you can meet the leaders of our tradition."

The countryside in which we travelled became increasingly dry the farther we travelled, with fewer trees and sparse greenery. It was hot and we travelled over scorching desert sand. My father taught me a method of creating a layer of light under my feet so that the burning heat of the desert sand could not reach them, even when we were almost roasting in the hot midday sun. The dust on which I walked was like gold, and I was amused that it was not burning the soles of my feet. I really liked that, and I walked on the sand imagining that I was walking in complete safety on golden light.

Sometimes the sun was so hot on our way that my father let me drink out of his little leather flask; it contained a mixture of water and our divine potion, which we'd always drunk at home. Then I had the strength to continue our journey. I had never noticed the magical effect of this drink at home; I went from being hot, tired, and mildly dehydrated to almost immediately feeling refreshed and content. The sun no longer bothered me; it had become my friend, and accompanied me with its benevolent beams showing me the way.

I had no idea how long the journey would take. Sometimes, we joined groups of Bedouin and other travellers. They shared their food with us and we even slept three nights in different oases. I admired the camels and the very different people we met. My father explained that they came from foreign lands. Some of them looked very strange to me: they wore exotic clothes, which I found very interesting. I asked myself, "What do these foreign countries look like?" But I did not communicate with these strange people. I just watched in fascination. When I needed my father's support, I would make inner contact with him, whereupon he would envelop me in his green-golden light. Then we would continue on our travels.

Only later did I realize that, although I seldom conversed with people, I was always somehow in contact with them. When I didn't like them, I felt an invisible wall between us, and nothing inside me would induce me to make contact with them. I didn't look for a reason.

I don't know how long our journey lasted. By night, we slept in the desert and admired the heavens, full of stars. We had warm blankets and my father would tell me about the stars; this was the first time that he'd done so. I would look at this glittering drama late into the night until I fell asleep and his stories continued to echo within me. He described, in simple words, distant worlds full of wisdom that existed above and sometimes made contact with us. My father told me, "I know many people in our home village, Qumran, and you will get to know them too. They are our sages, our wise teachers, who visit these worlds. I too was chosen to be their pupil and to learn from them, but I was destined to take another path.

Nevertheless, you can learn a lot from them, my daughter. You'll experience all this for yourself." But I also remember, in the course of my star-gazing, that I would hear sounds and perceive spirits which pleased me far more than all those colorful characters who came and went on our travels in the desert. I sensed that more fascinating beings were above us. Sometimes, the heavens appeared to flash with colored lights, as if another world were greeting me. But none of the beings came near enough for me to recognize them. I could sense them from a distance, and that filled my heart with joy. As I slept, I felt completely protected and lost all fear.

One day we stopped and my father said, "Look over there. You can see the walls of Qumran. That's our destination." As we drew near, I was surprised that there were no guards as there were outside Jerusalem, where the doors were locked and protected by armed soldiers. The town we approached was bathed in a wonderful light that could be seen from far away. The light was golden and radiated up to the heavens, in sharp contrast to Jerusalem, which was clad with gray and severity. I was so happy to be here. We reached a large wooden gate and my father spoke to someone on the other side who replied, "What news have you for me, stranger, that you may enter our holy community?" My father answered with words that I had never heard before and the doors opened to let us in.

A current of warm light met me and enveloped my whole being. I cannot describe what happened to me. My whole body tingled such as I had never before experienced, and I was drawn into the town as if by magic. The whole place oozed tranquillity and the inhabitants looked quite different from the people of Jerusalem. They were quiet and introverted.

They were simple and modest and in prayer. Hardly a word was spoken. As we passed the inhabitants, I saw that they were inwardly reflective but nevertheless radiated their light far and wide. They were not locked into their world, as the travellers in the desert had been. This world was open and radiant, as if it contained a nucleus of heavenly light that reached all inhabitants. I heard no arguments and sensed that here were agreement and tolerance.

My father and I followed a path until a woman met us. He called her Mary. She wore a headscarf and was very beautiful. She had the kindest eyes that I had ever seen, so full of love. I discovered later that she was Jesus' mother. She said to my father, "Zodiac, my old friend. How wonderful that you have received my call and that you have heard the message of my heart across the desert to Jerusalem. Please come in." Then she saw me and said, "So this is your little daughter, whom we have awaited. She is just as beautiful as your wife, Magda." She regarded me for a while, which seemed forever. Her heart emitted a wonderful loving light that streamed over me. I had never experienced anything like it! It was incredible to see how a doorway to the heart could be suddenly opened, flooding everything with its golden-rosy light. I looked at her and was slightly intimidated, since the light of her aura was powerful and all-pervasive. I lowered my eyes.

She turned to me and said, "Look at me. You don't need to be afraid of me. I know you well and I'm happy that you have found your way to me again. It is good that you have returned." Then she pulled her cloak around her shoulders and said, "Follow me. I've prepared some food for you. You will certainly be hungry. The Essenes here have brought bread for you. It

was baked fresh today and it'll restore your strength after the long journey."

She led us into a room where there was space for many guests. The wooden tables were very plain and Mary invited us to sit down. She offered my father wine and passed me bread, dates and some kind of fruit that looked like those we had seen on the cacti. We ate, and I saw how my father's face changed — the worry-lines around his mouth and brow softened and disappeared. His face became relaxed and the light in the room seemed to calm him and restore his strength. I was astonished to see the change, something I had never seen before. His whole being radiated joy, as he only did when he performed his rituals at home. He became simultaneously strong yet gentle. We all smiled, conscious of the similarity of our thoughts. We had both learned something very important, without words and without any other communication between us.

My father and I sat eating, silent and content. I'd never enjoyed such a delicious feast, so different from the meals I was used to. The food was so full of vitality and I filled myself up with dates. My strength returned and gradually I recovered from the long journey. Then Mary came back in and said to my father, "Come Zodiac, the Council awaits you." My father looked at me and said, "Come with me. I'll show you a place where you can occupy yourself until I'm finished; it may take some time, but I don't know how long. You don't mind being alone for a while, do you?" I shook my head by way of agreement, since I had no difficulty in being alone here, and, anyhow, I found everything in this village so exciting that I was happy to investigate everything that was happening around me. He led

me to an open space in front of a hall and said, “Wait here until I return. I’ll be here as soon as the Council releases me.”

I sat on the steps facing a forum and wondered about what “the Council” might be. I was sure all the same that my father would explain it on our way home and that I would get to understand a bit more. I felt the sun above me and took pleasure from this wonderful place. I became aware of an inner tranquillity, which aroused my curiosity and led me instinctively to some of the surrounding buildings in which various crafts were being exercised in silence. The movements and activities in the various houses of the village fascinated me. In front of the steps was a fountain, and I sensed that this was where the citizens assembled; the atmosphere here was full of lightness and peace.

While I was reflecting, someone approached from behind and I felt an incredible beating and strength in my heart. I had an extraordinary feeling that I was unable to describe. Children arrived, spreading out over the area. I was suddenly afraid and drew back. I began to feel as though my father had deserted me and was surprised to find somebody standing in front of me. I looked up into the most unbelievable pair of eyes I had ever seen. I perceived a being so immense that I had neither words nor thoughts to describe it, but all I could make out was the silhouette of the boy, a few years older than myself — perhaps ten or eleven years old. His aura was so incredibly large and consisted entirely of light. His eyes seemed to look into my soul. And then he smiled. I neither knew what was happening to me nor where I was. An infinite expanse opened up before me and I was carried momentarily out of this world. I found myself transferred to the heavens, amongst

the stars. An instant later, I returned to my original spot, and found myself once more captured by those eyes. He just smiled but didn’t speak.

Another boy came up to join him, and his energy, by contrast, seemed rebellious, striving and vigorous. The boy took his arm and said, “Come on, Jesus!” Then the young Jesus fixed me again with his incredible eyes before running off with the others and I was left alone, quaking, for I was no longer of this world! Only the sound of my heartbeat reminded me that I was still on Earth. The sun began to set and, with it, the warmth of the day receded. Then I realized that I was cold and began to shiver. I pulled a woollen scarf from my pocket, a gift from my mother, and wrapped myself in it, remembering my mother’s words: “I made this for you, my little princess. When you are cold, wrap it around you; it will always keep you warm.” I cuddled myself into the scarf and felt completely protected and secure. I thought of my mother and missed her.

Suddenly I heard a wonderful sound from afar: beautiful vibrant tones, filled with harmony. Later, I discovered that the Essenes of the village gathered at this time for evening prayers. All the houses vibrated, as if in resonance, and the air began to shimmer with a golden light. It was all so powerful and moving, accompanied by the sun setting gently into the desert sands. Images all melted into one another to become a single picture of great beauty and strength. Then I sensed my father approaching me from behind. He sat down next to me on the steps and looked at me. “I’ve loved these evening prayers here in Qumran too,” he said. “Every evening, they thank God for their lives and their vitality, which they continue to celebrate until deep into the night.”

His voice had changed, as if he had become immersed in recollections of ancient times, buried in his memory but still very much alive. I sensed that he had a special memory in his soul, one that was revived and stimulated by the wonderful vibrations which filled the village. His whole being seemed to change: he appeared larger and more powerful than normal. He was suddenly so clear and pure, as I have seldom seen him. He said, "We'll stay here for a few more days." At first, I was not sure whether I should rejoice or cry. I missed my mother so much. On the other hand, the prospect of remaining in this wonderful village was exciting and pleasant. My father immediately laid his warm cloak over my shoulders against the chill of the night and I cuddled up to him, enjoying the warmth of his body. "They have asked me to wait just a few moments, until their most devout prayers are finished", he said. "Then they will find accommodation for us. You'll see, my little princess, the nights here are even more wonderful than in the desert."

A few minutes later, a man appeared and greeted us: "Shalom! Follow me. I'll show you where you can sleep." He brought us to a small house at the end of the street. "You can stay here, Zodiac, until you have completed your business with the Council." It seemed to me that this person did not know much about my father's business with the Council, and did not seem curious about it. This surprised me. Everyone I had met before had always seemed curious and wanted to know what was happening and why. This man seemed different, content with what he had and what he knew, but not striving for things beyond his understanding or responsibilities. We went into the room and my father said, "Make yourself comfortable and don't be surprised if you wake up in the night and I am

sitting up beside you. While we're here I'm going to take up my old habit of meditating through the night again. I must gather myself together, since the Council and I have important decisions to make."

In the meantime, the night had turned completely dark. The village was absolutely still. When the sun set the villagers turned in, as if they were completely in rhythm with the heavens. The small window above my bed was covered with a thick woollen curtain, which I drew to one side to stare out at the moon. My father had gone out again and reassured me saying, "Don't be afraid if I leave you alone for a while. I'm going to join the others for ablutions. You can stay here." He showed me a bucket filled with water, and said, "You can wash here. I'll be back again when you are asleep." Then he regarded me with warm, loving glance, with which I was so familiar, and said as encouragement, "Everything is all right." I nodded and he left.

I drew the curtain farther to one side and looked up at the moon. It seemed to me that I'd never seen the moon so bright. It spoke to me in a thousand tones and I felt as if I had a home there, one I had never previously known. I became immersed in its rich silvery light. I dropped the curtain and washed myself in the tradition of the Essenes, as my parents had taught me. In my prayers, I asked God to wash away the burdens of the day, so that my body and soul might be cleansed of my experiences and prepared for the night. That way I could ascend to my heaven, in which I'd envelop myself, and wake up the next day with new strength for the tasks ahead. My mother had taught me this ritual since I was a baby. When I was very small my mother washed me, but she soon taught me to wash myself. With this feeling of protection

and safety, I lay down on the sleeping mat, covered myself with the warm blanket and lay awake.

I was a bit frightened at first, since everything was new and strange; in particular, the vibrations were eerie. Nevertheless, I sensed their power and I knew that my father wouldn't leave me in an unsafe place. So I ignored my fears, and gradually fell asleep. I can vaguely remember that I awoke after only a brief sleep, and for a moment did not know where I was. I realized my father was next to me. He was covered in a dark blue light, and was deep in meditation, but the incredible blue halo around him was completely new to me. His whole being seemed to radiate into his aura, appearing as a dark blue sky filled with stars. I didn't dare to speak to him. Then I heard the sound that had woken me: singing and prayers. Everywhere there was a ruby-red light. I sensed that the villagers were moving about in the night — or was it already the next morning? I really did not know. I lay quietly in my corner and sensed the movements and listened to the songs and prayers as some of the town folk moved out of the village.

Later I learned that each day, a group of the Essenes set out at four o'clock in the morning — the leaders of the devout, and those that they had chosen the previous evening, left the village in the direction of their holy grottos, chanting their prayer to God. They would remain until sunrise, combining their prayers with the Holy Light of God, which they dispatched all over the world. Only when the sun appeared above the horizon would they return. I was amazed that nobody was disturbed by the nightly journeys through the streets; in Jerusalem there would have been great protests by citizens demanding silence during the night and an end to these

disturbances, but there were no such protests here. It seemed that the villagers here either were not disturbed and did not awaken, or they awoke and were in complete resonance with the devotions on the street. I sensed, yet again, all of the inhabitants, although I had seen only a very few of them so far. I felt that they were always in resonance with any new spiritual occurrence. I was carried into the ruby-colored prayer and became immersed in the experience that was so familiar to me. Finally I went back to sleep in a sitting position, and only awoke when the sun tickled my face with its beams.

My father was already up and, as I opened my eyes, he said, "Good morning, my little princess!" He laughed and was in excellent spirits, such as I'd not seen him for a long time. His happy disposition, which was powerful and contagious, radiated throughout the room; I could only respond by jumping up from the bed, happy and ready to face the day. He said, "When you have finished your ablutions, I'll collect you and then we can eat." Once again, the water was ready for me; I had not even noticed it. Later, when I had been with the Essenes for some time, I discovered their aptitude for providing things lovingly and discreetly, going unnoticed. One received their service, without hearing or sensing it, or without even perceiving who had rendered it. I loved this Essene quality right from the beginning. Outside my family, in my home village, people always enthusiastically demanded something in return once they had performed a service. The Essenes here were different. Everything they did was unconditional, and without expectation of payment, reward or other compensation. I would get to know this mentality more intimately, but my first acquaintance with this sort of

friendship and love was, nevertheless, somehow familiar and moved me deeply — the unconditional giving and taking.

I completed my morning ablutions and recited my morning prayer to the sun and moon, a ritual which united their energies in me, as my mother had taught me. I sat for a while and emptied myself of all thoughts and feelings, as was our tradition at the beginning of each day. My mother had explained to me, “When you begin the day completely empty, it can be filled with marvels, since you are an empty container that has room for God’s divine presence every day. But when you are filled to the brim with thoughts and feelings, there is no room for wonders. So empty yourself every morning and you will be able to experience God’s grace and His miracles to the fullest.” I loved it when my mother closed her eyes, withdrew into her innermost self and spoke like this. She would appear so beautiful to me, as full as the moon, without a blemish in her soul or in her aura. I remembered her words and rejoiced at the new day ahead of me.

Then my father came for me, calling “Come on, let’s eat.” We entered a room full of people and I held my father’s hand even tighter. He comforted me saying, “You must get used to this. The Essenes traditionally eat together. Every morning you will see all the villagers here; they dedicate their meal to God and delight in the communal repast — even though the room is full. Every person here is filled with good will, since this is our home. Did you know this is my father’s house? I’m so happy that I can show it to you. In Jerusalem, we have lost almost all these traditions, since they are not practiced as they are here. Here is the inheritance of my parents and grandparents. These are our origins ... yours too!”

Then he was silent and I sensed a deep train of thought, which he kept to himself. Silently, we approached a table, where people I had never seen were already sitting, but where two places had been kept for us. These were devout men and women, the strength of whose souls was so obvious. My father bowed to them and said, “Masters, it is an honor that you permit my daughter and I to sit at your table.” The word “Masters” stuck in my memory. I had never previously heard the word, but I knew that it must signify something very important. I sensed the power of these people, although I was not at all scared. Their eyes were completely calm, powerful and radiant. I thought to myself, “Perhaps they are kings and queens, and I am permitted to sit at their table.”

We sat down and I sensed them staring. Under the table, I counted the pairs of feet: it must have been seven or eight. I lowered my eyes, since I’d noticed how they were looking at me. We were served a warm porridge. I enjoyed it, just as I had on the previous day, since the meal was indeed something special — so full of living energy. I ate without looking up and my father also ate in silence.

The thoughts at the table were all perceptible to me, since they came from the heart and needed no words. I was aware of the energies which were transported backward and forward, exchanged as in a conversation and was a little disturbed by the glances of the villagers at our table — as if they were looking deep into my soul. Nobody had ever looked at me like that. At first I did not know how to protect myself, until it became clear that there was nothing intrusive or unfriendly in their intent; it was just that I had never experienced this before. Then one of the men spoke. “Your daughter has not

lost her gift to completely enclose and seal her soul when she doesn't wish to be discovered. I wonder how many of her gifts she will rediscover in the course of her stay here." My father swallowed. "Of course," the man continued, "we know her origin and the potential that she brings with her." But one of the masters was not to be distracted. "It is really astonishing," he began, "that someone so young does not permit us to see into her soul. She is able to completely protect her soul." His voice was pleasant and I found his tone very agreeable.

Then suddenly all at the table began to speak, one after the other. A woman with an enchanting tone, like a bell calling the faithful to worship, spoke. "Your daughter is a bit afraid to look directly at us." My father replied somewhat guiltily, "She's not used to having so many people around her. We live fairly isolated from others. As you know, where we live, the last remnants of our tradition are disappearing, or are modified by mixing with other influences. So we live withdrawn in many ways from the community around us. My daughter isn't accustomed to being confronted by so many people at one time."

The woman with the bell-like voice spoke again. "I would love to see your wonderful eyes again. Apart from Jesus and John, I've seldom seen such a heavenly gleam in anyone's eyes." I don't know what I said, but I dared to raise my eyes and saw nothing intimidating in the twinkling green eyes of the woman. She seemed so happy and open that I got more confident. She looked straight at me with a friendly gaze, full of love. "It's good," she said, "that you're willing to respond to me, because we'll be seeing each other frequently when you come to learn with me."

I looked at my father and suspected that something had been decided without my knowledge. My father drew back within himself and said nothing. I sensed from the vibrations from his heart that he was telling me that I could trust him, but that he'd just not been able to discuss the matter with me yet. He'd discuss it with me in detail when he knew more. The woman noted the shock I had experienced in my heart. She'd obviously noticed that I could perceive the meaning behind every spoken word. The woman spoke again. "Have no fear. It will all be to your advantage." Then the villagers that my father had addressed as "Masters" stood up, bid us farewell and one of them said, "We shall meet in a new phase of the sun." My father and I remained sitting there for a while. Gradually, everyone left the hall and went about their daily work.

Then the room was empty except for my father and me. After all, we were guests. My father said, "I'd like to show you more of the village of Qumran, if you'd like." I agreed and was happy and excited. To see the village would be a great adventure. There were so many things that seemed fascinating which I did not yet understand. "But first," he continued, "I have to go to a meeting of the Council. I will have to leave you again, but today it'll be a good bit livelier."

I went to sit in the same place again, but today there was much more activity. People were constantly coming and going. The spring was an important source of water for the village, where the villagers washed their clothes and also where they gathered together before going their various ways. I observed people's movements until my father came back. As he approached, I saw he was troubled. It wasn't our habit to ask immediately what was wrong. We always knew within