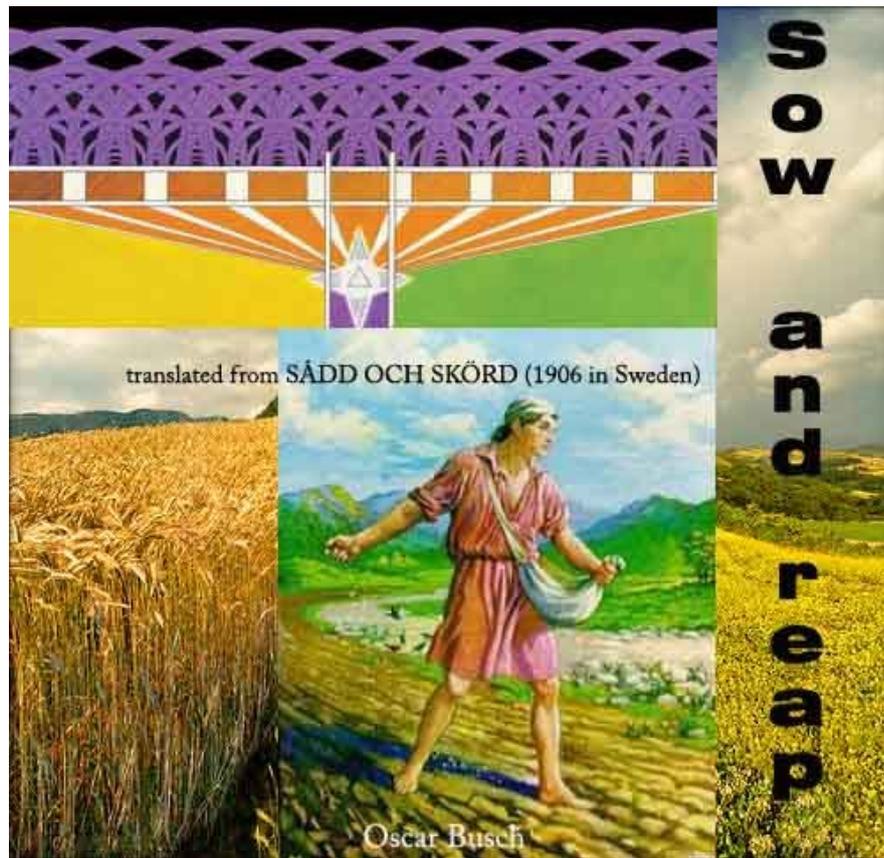


Book published 1906 in Sweden, about reincarnation and karma in practice - from the more than hundred years old - from- the other-side-dictated book:



Sow and reap

(no printed book - only web-book. For explanation of the Martinus-symbol on the top of the “cover” above; see [this link](#))

(SÅDD OCH SKÖRD)

By Oscar Busch

(Free translation of Rune Øverby in spring 2012- misconceptions of the orig.sw.txt may have been.)

Oscar Busch (1844-1916) must have had a very good receptivity to these messages from the other side - the book is very vivid and fully in line with the "laws of life" that the cosmic / spiritual science describes, and suppose, like the contents of the other books he wrote "how destiny is entangled" (translation of the orig.swedish title "HUR MÄNNISKOÖDAN TVINNAS"), - that also this book was received as content by automatic writing or medially.



Introduction

Part 1 is about the young man Wolfgang, who inherits a trading house of his wealthy father and to keep it going. He has had a poor girlfriend, Gerda, he loved since childhood, but when it gets serious, he marries the manipulative and greedy Gertrud, who like himself - also are of a rich family, but there gets no happiness of the marriage. He had been warned against this "evil woman" of the wise old women "Dorthe", but it was too late - he was already caught in Gertrud's net.

The business began to go bad, and with more debt on behalf of his wife, he started with gambling. And a short time it went "well". But soon there were only gambling debts, but his wife demanded money ... And she was waiting to inherit her rich father, but she was not the sole heir of his father, who was mayor of the city - for her younger brother Carl Goran, should also have his share of the inherited wealth, which they thought was great. Therefore, she would get rid of his brother and suggested that he should take a world trip and look around. By one her husbands/ Wolfgang's ship, carrying goods from the Far East. (*Looks to me that this must have been in the first half of the 1800s, for it is mentioned that they had sailing ships to transport goods from the East to the West. Steam ships became more common in the latter half of the 1800s. rø-rem.*)



But his brother - Carl Göran, never returned from this journey, and her father also died shortly afterwards - and it was suspected that he was poisoned, but it was never clarified. So now she had the legacy alone, but there became, however no particular wealth for her, it turned out some later, so then his wife Gertrud went away without saying why and where. But Wolfgang was relieved, but also suffering of remorse - even if it was not himself having planned all this.

A while later his childhood's sweetheart, Gerda, again was at his door, because she had

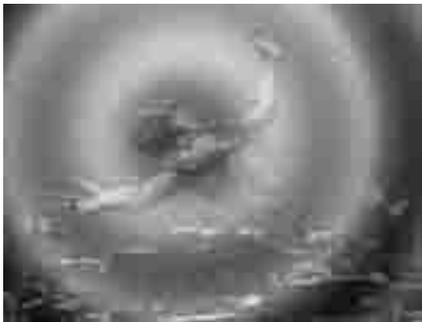


noticed or felt his poor mental condition and would help him. While it was 16 years since he last saw her, she had become ill and exhausted and impoverished. Now as an inner cord of love for him, had led her to his house to warn him against doing suicide, as he had in mind. For a moment he listened to her and stood in the choice of following her advice, but then he ran off and shortly afterwards they found him hanging suicide.



ON THE OTHER SIDE

"What I experienced immediately after my death I have no idea of re-telling, it was a chaotic tumult of thoughts and emotions that defies any description. I was hoping that death would result in complete annihilation, but my hopes mocked, I survived, I felt, though in a terrible dizziness and under the most terrible sufferings. My view was at first dazed, it was all dark around me, and I could no more find my thoughts to discern anything in my environment. I felt



the excruciating noose around my neck and went through them again and again, the choking plagues. I wanted to shout for help, but the throat gave no sound.

How long this hell lasted I do not know. Maybe it was not so long after the earthly reckoning, but when time is measured only by endless torment, then it becomes an eternity.

Finally, there was a merciful being, that took care of me. I then heard that it was one of the good spirits who made their business to take care of the unfortunates who rushed into the other world. He took me to an institution where there were many as unhappy as me. I do not know if I should resemble that of a hospital or an insane asylum, it is certain that there were sufferings of all kinds. (Very similar to "[astral City](#)"!- and book of [Franchezzo](#)- both ca 100y back. rø.rem)

At first I perceived nothing, besides what was inside my own. I felt I was treated with the utmost tenderness, and that underneath my sufferings gradually abated. I could now look around, but saw everything in a shady half-light. My kind nurse stood to me as a figure: it

was as if all the light I could make out was based on him, but his face I could not discern. He



was very taciturn, asked me just to be still, and when I still had very difficult to produce a sound, so there was not much talking between us. But I shall never forget, the sore hand he was washing and removing the blood on my neck and patted my temples. When the anxiety came over me and shook my whole being, he only needed to lay a hand on my heart, and i became calmer. What he did me good, that man! That there really are people who want to sacrifice themselves for others, it was a mystery to me. It gave me much to think about, whom I had never given any attention, it gave me the first weak impulse - to becoming a better person myself.

Time passed in a largely lethargy condition, occasionally interrupted by the anguished recollections of my past life, but my mind had not completely yet awakened. It was as though I

could not quite make it clear to me, how much of my own, had been involved in all the terrible memories that loomed over and disappeared, for soon after to re-emerge. But gradually it became clear pictures of my earthly life, and I became calmer, but not therefore less unhappy.

I did not to want to use any serious thought, on the past. When memories trying to force themselves on me, I chased them away. I was hoping to forget, and I hoped never again have to worry about them. Fool I am! How little I knew then what spiritual development requires. None of the tracks we put behind us in this life can again be swept away, everything must be looked at to be examined, processed and summed together to be experienced, for eventually to be crystallized into wisdom, the spirit takes care of such as their inalienable property. But this whole melting process goes through suffering, more difficult in proportion, as we oppose the divine guidance offered us all. This I did not understand then. Then my spirit revolted against the suffering, and I thought I could hide it away, like the hare believes himself to safety when he sticks his head under a bush.

I soon became so recovered that I could no longer be allowed to stay at the home during my carer-friendly treatment. In vain I tried to persuade him to remain. There were other unfortunate people who were waiting to be received, and I had to go from there. But where should I go? I did not have any place to go to, and no one who could take care of me.

-You must go out and search, said my taciturn friend.

Who should I apply? I asked.

-You must find out yourself.

I did not understand what he meant, and gazed wondering at him. He stroked me slowly over the crown and added.

-It is in *your own mind* you must be searching, and on bended knees, until you get hold of that which is your INNER essence, your better self. There you will find what to cherish and cultivate, that you shall bear the light so that it may grow. This will make you happy.

-But you told me to go out and seek?

-Yes, it is in the solitary walks, alone with yourself, you will find yourself.

-Will no one follow me? Will you not, who are so good, join me? I beg you.

-My friend, I could not. My duty is to stay here, and I could also just slow down your search, if I followed you. But I want to give you some comfort to strengthen you on the road. You should know that you actually will not go alone. There are those who follow you in all your ways, *though you can still not see them*, but when you're in deep trouble, then he/(they) will come forward and show himself, and then you get all the help you need. Now go in peace! God bless you!

-Give me at least your name to remember and pronounce in my loneliness.

-Call me Guru.

With gentle force he untied himself from my embrace, accompanied me a few steps on the road, stood a long time, and waved farewell.

Now I was alone again. Where should I go? I felt that I could not go back to my friend again, but why should I go anywhere? Could I not just be as were I was – to sit here by the roadside and wait until someone came and took care of me.

I waited and waited, no one came, but what came, was the memories of the past and with them a concern that soon grew into anxiety. I could not sit still any longer; I got up and started walking without knowing the road, and without any goal for my walk.

How can I describe my further experiences? Earth's languages have not expressed any of the things this other world reveals, and common earth man can not grasp what lies beyond his conceptual realm, and yet I have to borrow your language and appeal to your concepts to describe my reactions. **This is indeed very appropriate, because that part of the spirit world that lies closest to the earth, let's call it the astral world, is by no means all that different from the physical world as earth children generally imagine.** On the contrary, in the external respect, the two worlds are so similar that one can safely say that everything that exists in the physical world has its counterpart in the astral, except that they are fashioned by such different stuff. ***You could say that the astral world is the original, and the physical world is only partial and weak copies.*** So is man's physical body an imperfect - and often distorted imitation of his astral body, which in our world here, is the outer shape, ***a body fully as real as ever***, - as the physical body. Yes, the inhabitants of the astral world is not only in the external sense, but also the inner meaning, as people on earth, that can reasonably be calling them people; solid clad in a body of much lighter material. Similarly, also our world ***is just as an objective world as yours***, and it will offer exactly the same phenomena as of the earth.

Everything is so similar and yet it is something that I would characterize as the individual's subjective perception of what he perceives, which make such a significant mark on everything. One can possibly get a clue about it, when one considers, how different for example, the same landscape, or the same work of art is perceived by and affects a cultivated and an uncultivated man on earth, though the landscape and the artwork is exactly the same objective reality for both of them.

Here, this circumstance is of a much greater importance, this makes the spirit an idea of what he sees in accordance with his development or state of mind at the moment, and these are to him so vividly that it seems perfectly objective. For another, however in other mood, the same object appears completely different. *In some sense, one can therefore say that each*

create their environment for their mind. The heart leaves the subject and spirit creates. This is what is so difficult to explain to the earthly consciousness.

But it was about me, I would speak.

I walked and walked, at first, across vast plains, but then through the wilderness. The



road gradually became ever narrower, until it dried up into a little path that led over the rocky mountain ridges; then through tangled swamps.

Nowhere to see a human habitation, where I could go in and find shelter. Never, I met someone I could ask for directions or ask for an advice where I should turn around.

Twilight became closer, and the darkness came creeping in between the rocks and bushes and wrapped an almost impenetrable blanket over the whole neighbourhood. I felt creepy and started running in the hope of soon reaching a populated city, but the foot stumbled, I fell and could not for a long time get up/rise again. Eventually, I crawled up and sat on a stone, but now my strength was exhausted, I could not take one step further.

There I was now alone and abandoned in the wilderness. It came upon me a terrible depression. Was it my imagination or were there really ghostly shadows that crept around me. I thought I recognized them and was seized with an anxiety that was terrible. What did they want of me these terrible figures, which came up and stared at me? Some threatened me with his fist, others menaced me, others wringing hands in despair. Where did they come from and what had they to do with me? I tried to chase them away, but they came back, I asked them to leave me, but did not. I would hardly admit to myself, but I recognized them. *There were business people that I cheated, lenders that I never paid, players that I ruined, and women that I made unhappy.* **Alas, the bitter memories emerged and took shape before me.** Their dumb accusations hurt as lashes. I could not bear to look at them; I leaned my head in my hands and wept. It eased slightly.

Suddenly I heard a voice beside me, who said: "**Ask them for forgiveness!**" - Should I ask them for forgiveness? Not was I alone the guilty, what I did was probably no worse than thousands of others have done before me. I again lifted my head and thought: Now I see them all in their face, so they run away from me. But now they were all gone. I sat alone again without a clue of where I was or what I should do with myself. I just stared dully in front of me.

Then I noticed something bright far away in the underbrush. It was moving among the trees, it came closer and closer; it was obviously a man who might have gone astray like me. Hello! I shouted. He did not answer but came briskly towards me. In less time than I expected, he stood in front of me wrapped in a cloak, and a broad hat down on his forehead. He was not a shadow, he was a real man. What was he bright, and it was almost as if it came a shine appearance from him.

- Can you tell me where we are and where I should go, to get home? I asked.

- You are in search of yourself, he replied, and when you found yourself, is on the road to your home by the valley of self-conquer.

- Do you know me, because you can talk like that?
- Yes, I am your friend who came here to help you. Would you take my hand and I will lead you. I know the way.
- Who are you?
Now the stranger opened up his coat and lifted his hat.
- Jesus, Maria! It was Carl Göran!

I fell completely as annihilated with the face to the ground. He stroked me slowly over the hair. I took away his hand.

- What do you want from me? I shouted. It was not me ... it was she, your sister... Get away from me. Have I not suffered enough; will you also come here to torment me?
- Well, I go then, when you do not want to accept my help. - But cry to me when you are in distress, and I will try to come, he said in tones of voice; of most tender sadness.
When I looked up again he was gone.

How long I laid there in my helpless loneliness I do not know. The time is long for those who suffer, and I suffered terribly. The only one who would help me, I had sent away from me, but how would I dare to put my hand in his. I was his murderer, though not directly taken his life.

Yes, for myself, I could probably confess it, but would I also do the same in front of him? He knew nothing, and would he ever after seeing it, be able to forgive me? He said I was out in search of *myself*. It was also what the Guru said, I should. What did they mean? Once I heard that the voice inside me: "Go into your inner, to your most secret nooks, not only for yourself - but for all those whom you have done wrong."

Where did that voice come from? There was no one near me. I sat down to think over the words and got a feeling as if I was faced with the inevitable difficult operation. Was it really inevitable? And who would take the knife? - Would I do it? I shook with fear, but tried to dismiss it by thinking about something else.

Then it crept back beside me. The mysterious shadows came first, one by one and smiled at me, and then they started a WITCHES 'DANCE' around me so horrible that I thought I'd be losing my mind.

- Enough, enough! I cried, forgive me! I have done wrong to you all. I am a miserable wretch, who has done much harm. I have been too weak, I could not resist, I have followed all the evil temptations, and therefore I have made so many unhappy, but I myself am the most unhappy. Sorry! Sorry! And you Carl Göran ... Carl Göran! I screamed as it echoed in the hills, forgive me, even you. It was me who did it, though she gave me the idea - a devilish thought - forgive me and forgive even her! Against you, we have sinned worse than to any other. And it was not only against you, that was the whole crew. It was clear that the old ship, "Wotan" - was no longer able to ride out a storm. Oh, all of you who went to the ocean-bottom with the old hull, how can I make it good again, what I have sinned against you? And you, who loved me, my own Gerda, to you have I done so bad, so bad. Of greed I disowned you and made you unhappy for all your life. I wretch, how can I atone for everything, everything?

I had long lain prostrate and cried in my most dire straits when I felt a hand on my shoulder. I stood up slowly. It is wonderful; there was a radiant light figure by my side. Not, that I heard when he arrived and had not seen him before. He smiled so kindly to me.



- Who are you? I asked surprised.

(Picture left - similar situation)

- I am your friend who has followed you all the time here in the wilderness, he said, and long before that too, but you have not been able to see me. Only a couple of times have you heard my voice. Get up now, so shall we together walk over to the nicer areas.

- How can you be so kind to me, me, that am such a damned creature?

- No one is so reprobate that he can not be established or restored. You have now found yourself and going through the self-defeat ordeal. You should receive the forgiveness you have requested, by one after another of all those you sinned against, and you must also, in due course to make everything right again towards

them, when you get power to it. You asked how I could be so good to you. Alas, dear friend, my goodness is only a weak reflection of the Love that is everlasting mercy.

Would you like me to bow both knees here in this wilderness, and thank God for his spark in the depths of your soul, was so strong that it did not give you some peace, until you fought your battle with yourself and won at peace.

We had just raised again and started our walk, when Carl Gøran with urgent steps came towards us. He embraced me and was so indescribably happy. He told me that he always kept so much of me, but to his sorrow seen how his sister pulled me down.

- You probably thought, he said, that I was just a child and a strange child, but I lived an inner life for myself and saw and understood more than anyone guessed.

He had so much to talk about while we walked the way forward, who led through all the more beautiful places: ever upward toward brighter hills. Carl Gøran not only led me, he almost carried me, and he was so strong, while the other hand I was still pretty weak. It was a great trip, full of new impressions that I can not describe. We met at times, crowds of walkers, sometimes we went together with those on the way, same direction as us, but we embarked us not into conversation with them, we had so much to say to each other.



When we reached a height from where it had a sweeping view of the whole neighbourhood, our guide stopped, took me on my shoulder and pointed down toward a charming beautiful valley, overgrown with trees.

- There, he said, is the hut that will become your home for the near future. It belongs to another of your friends. Carl Gøran will bring you there and even stay with you. I leave you now, other duties call me, but I will soon return and visit you.

Then he shook hands in farewell, and he said: "If you want anything in particular, call on Akab, and I will not be slow to come. God bless you!"

He waved a friendly hand and disappeared in another direction, so suddenly, as though he had wings.



When we finally reached the goal of our hike, my new home, I encountered an exceedingly dear surprise. On the threshold stood Gerda with open arms and invited me welcome. Not the degraded, prematurely aged Gerda, as I moved away in despair when I last saw her, no, radiantly beautiful, she stood there with mild blue eyes and curly blonde hair I so well remembered from our youth.

- Well, finally! She said. Here I've been waiting you for so long, long time, while Carl Göran has been on the lookout for you.

She told them that she had to leave the earthly life not long after I so cowardly ran away from there. She had met Carl Gøran and they had decided to help me and offer me a home with them, until I became strong and coherent enough to find and help myself. They both were among the others of a somewhat higher sphere, but as I naturally could not get right of domicile there, *they* moved rather down to my realm.

It soon became apparent how blessed well it was for me to have these friends by my side. I had more often severe attacks of despair over my suicide. ***It started with a very strange sense of connection with my dead body.*** I kind of sucked back into the mortal clay I left behind me, hanging from a rafter in the attic, and I could for a moment feel so attached to it, so I again went through pains of the death labour. Everything went black before my eyes and I burst into convulsive sobs. During these attacks, Gerda would give me magnetic deletions; it was the only thing that calmed me. Then she sat and held my hand until the crisis was over. At first these attacks was severe and prolonged, and could come back quite often.

No one knows what I suffered – well, only she, who shared my pain, but certainly did not have any way she could help me. It felt that she was carrying half my anxiety, and it had no one else could. How lovingly she cared for me during this my long convalescence, I can not describe, but with all my soul, I thank her for what she did for me. Even Carl Göran was indefatigable in his tender care of me. Gradually, I was attacked less frequently and they were also easier to handle.

On one occasion, when Akab came and visited us, I asked him, of which this was, and whether he thought that I would always come to suffer under these sensations?

- No, he replied, ***at the time you would have died a natural death, if thou be not gone natural order in advance, they will reach the very end, but until then, you are still- by a very "thin feeling-wire" - connected, well not to the physical body, which has already undergone its transformation (into decay), but to its etheric counterpart, which as long is living a kind of unsouled vegetative life.*** This band, which nature herself has spun, can none completely tear apart, but it weakens by itself, as it's once allotted life-span is exhausted, but so long as there is a feeling in this thread, one is drawn, as one feels, to this discarded body - and feels more or less a kind of pain by this touch/connection.

Have any taken one's (own) life, this connection can cause great suffering, in proportion as it conjures up horrible memories, but are there are other reasons of a sudden death, sufferings is not significantly thereof.

There was also another circumstance that during this time caused me pain and I do not know how I would have endured it, if I had been left to myself. Akab had told me to record my own life history, step by step - from beginning to end.

- This, he said, is the best way to self-learn from what one experienced. Experience is often costly, so carefully it must be safeguarded. You do not do well on a misstep by carefully remember the impact it has caused. Write therefore the things, the dark as well as the bright, as it becomes a precious protocol that you or others in the future may have well of.

- Should others also read it? I dared to object.

He smiled as kindly as he replied: **There are no secrets, and also it encourages us to live so that we have nothing to hide.**

It was no easy task I had received, but the last thing I could blame, was not to remember the past. On the contrary, all of my earthly life was for me like pictures so accurately reproduced that I am at their viewing once again lived through each day, each moment with a reality that was really embarrassing. Think of sitting there and watch yourself, to scrutinize all evil thoughts, all the harsh words, and all the ugly actions and write them down line by line; that are something terrible. If there came a sun glimpse sometimes, of some little good that I had done, it made so a liberating feeling, but unfortunately such bright spots were very rare. It was essentially a dark portrayal I had to give.



(picture- similar review of a more modern life, and all those scenes were as 3d-living-film.)

Sometimes I tried enough to lightly slipping over a particular black spot in my life, but then I was caught of such anxiety that I could not go on, until I 'd crossed out what I wrote and got to the bottom within myself. And it was not enough to just objectively describe what had happened and what I did. **I also had to write down what I considered my guilt in each case.** How eagerly I sought after what would excuse me in this, but truth had to be found and come forth. I had no peace until I gave myself all the debt I really carried on. ***This was purgatory, nothing more and nothing less.***

But while I was in agony under the weight of all my memories, my two friends spread light and warmth around me, they were tireless in encouraging and comforting me. I was, thanks to their care, on the whole, quite happy, as soon as I for a moment let go of 'my job on this' and devoted myself to their company. But these happy times were short; it burned like a fever in me - which I had to go back to 'my work' again.

So went a time, how long I do not know, to me it was like a completely terrestrial life. Akab was occasionally visiting and inspected my work. One time, he rubs me over the head and said: "It's good; I thank you, on your own behalf." He sometimes had such strange opinions, which I did not really understand.

At last my work was finished. The last part would have cost me hideous effort to write down, but when it was finished - it was also as if a burden has been lifted from my shoulders.

Akab came, examined my opus (work) carefully and expressed his appreciation. Better reward, I could not wish for. It was a joyful day in our little circle. We sat all four on a terrace outside our tent and enjoyed the evening's cool and the sunset splendour.

- You have now completed a difficult job, said Akab, but you will also have the joy to see how blessed it will be for your own development. Now you have to think about to start working something out. Do you have in that case any particular desire? Which direction are your wishes, for worse?

- Dear Akab, Gerda interrupted, you must grant him a period of refreshing rest after the strenuous work he has done. You have not followed him as closely as I and not seen how bravely he has struggled with himself. We've hardly had any joy with him, so busy he has been on his mission.

- Yes, it was not too much that he now has a period of 'spare time', agreed Carl Gøran. We have just planned some nice trips in the neighbourhood. He has not had time to look around; he has served as a hermit in his cave, isolated from the rest of the world.

- Feel free to let him rest, if he have the desire and need; replied Akab, and least of all, I would not put any damper on the joy you are to meant to him and yourself, but it would be nice to hear what he might want to undertake himself.

- I have a craving, I replied, but I also feel that I am still ill-equipped to anything to it.

- What is it? Gerda asked eagerly.

- I had such admiration for those who first received me, when I came rushing headlong into this world, the lovely Guru. I have often thought about how happy he must be, who can do so much good. And I have desired to come and help him.

- To fill such a place as his, require large forces: that you do not possess, but you could try to become a little help to him -in his difficult vocation. I will try to prepare you a place in the large hospital, but first you have some time enjoying your freedom with your friends.

- I feel also another yearning, I said, there is a desire for knowledge. I have Carl Gøran heard that there should be such a good school not far from here, where he is studying. I know so little history of the world; it would be so instructive to hear about the major happenings amongst peoples of the earth.

- Yes, it would be much better, fell Carl Gøran. Drop the idea of the hospital and follow me instead of my studies.

- I do not think he should suppress his desire to accomplish something good, replied Akab. Would his forces there fail him, he can come back and sit with you to school. Education, do we all need.

*

Now followed a great time, I do not even want to try to portray. We made trips together in different directions, and I enjoyed most of everything new and beautiful things I saw and experienced.

What life is rich and diverse!

Many valuable acquaintances I had, and all were good to me. But the more I came in contact with others, the more I felt the pressure of my own limitations. All were superior to me, I thought, not only in knowledge - but also in spiritual power.

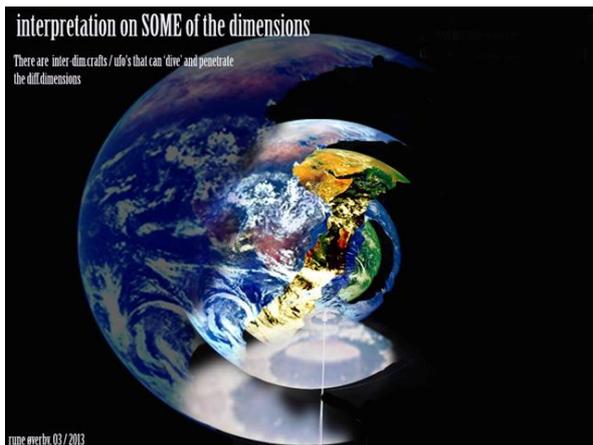
It began to call out *within me*, that the life I had was not befitting one who was so far behind others. I thanked my dear friends for all they did for me and all the joy they brought me, and so we decided to part for some time. Gerda moved up to her true home, Carl Gøran stayed for some time in their school and I went to the hospital, where Akab obtained a pitch for me under my beloved Guru.

Here was expecting me a difficult duty - never could I imagine that it was so difficult. It was important to receive unhappy people from the earth, and especially those, like myself, who had thrown themselves into the darkness, without any thought that there could be a life after death.

It was heartbreaking to see the despair which took possession of these creatures, when they awoke to full consciousness, - to hear their moans and anguish cry. Some raged and cursed, others cried and moaned. How did I not recognize myself in these poor; it brought my memories back to life, and little was that I had joined their weeping and wailing. But I could not do so. I had just got the task to comfort and encourage the comparatively calmer, to sustain their weak forces, and submit them hope *by talking about how I myself was in the same condemnation, but had been helped.*

So to that I was more appropriate than the Guru, because the unfortunates generally easier perceived me and heard what I said to them, because I was at my low level of development, closer and had a tighter, more visible astral body, whereas the Guru had generally very difficult to make his light, airy body perceptible, and his presence felt among those we should help. But when it came to actually treat these unfortunates, to relieve their pain and calm their fury, then was not my small forces enough, as then it was Guru who helped. It sometimes came to the real wrestling matches, between him and his patients, and it was strange to see how surprised they were - being overpowered by someone they could not see. The Dear Guru, what he was strong, and what he was good!

It would have been a very challenging job I gave myself into, and several times swayed my strength so that I was ready to declare it, but I was ashamed before the Guru and held out as best I could.



One day he came to me and said, 'You shall follow me to the earth, there is someone down there who are crying out for you.'

I was soon ready and we went away. Faster travel, I have never done. Guru held me in his strong arms, and we cut like a flash through space. *It was the first time I saw the earth.* How strange everything seemed to me there. I looked and saw everything very clearly, *but it was as if the material world was no longer as true as ever.*

We came to a sick bed; there was an elderly woman apparently dying. She was very thin and weak, she coughed hard and persistent. At the moment, she was not fully ready; she laid delirious and muttered half aloud something about evil people who wanted her misfortune.



Suddenly she cried: "Wolfgang! Wolfgang, come here, you will hear and help me! It's your fault. Give me something to drink ... I am dying of thirst ... but do not provide water ... true Burgundian should it be. Hurry up ... I'm dying! "

-Do you recognize her? asked the Guru.

Yes, it must be Gertrude, I replied. But so changed and so miserable!



-She has been through a lot, since you both went separate ways. Look around you, so you can read excerpts from her story.

There was a large room with old expensive furnitures, but everything bore witness to the most lamentable decay. Dirty rags were thrown in the

corners, and empty bottles under the bed, and the astral atmosphere was so obnoxious that it was a real plague to stay.

I stood still for a moment and listened to her troubled spirit-breath. Then I saw the pictures appear, aura pictures from her life, which was pictured in the astral light. I saw drinking party where it went merrily, where high amounts of money traded, orgies where passions flare untamed frenzy, and everywhere she was and the center around which everything was buzzing. Now she lay alone abandoned, poor and dead tired. Poor her! What it made me feel sorry for her!

- She's not far from going, said the Guru, we have to wait for her.

I made a suggestion that I probably should stay, but I could feel Guru was pained by this whole environment, and I suggested that he should return.

- Dear friend, he said, you have a debt that binds you to her, and that you to some extent seek re-apply, because I want us to take her with us to our hospital. Any good, can we do for her. But you alone can not handle her.

So this was Gertrude, who in her youth, bewitched me so, and then chained me with such strong ties that I went as her slave from one bad act to the other. Why did she have this power over me? Why did I choose her and not Gerda? Was it my greed, or something that lay even deeper into my being? Strange dark mysteries of life, when shall I have the solution?

The diseased had become still, she slept with short, strange breathing. An elderly woman came in and messed up a little in the room, looked at the sick, made a grimace, and went out again.

Now came a new attack of coughing, violent and persistent, then the life band burst and spirit began to liberate it self. This was apparently associated with severe pain, but the Guru helped her and soon she was free. But what she looked like - dark and obnoxious!

Guru wrapped her in a cloak, and we took her with us, and brought her home. A heavy burden it was. Guru was right, alone, I had not been able to handle her.

She had, when we lay down our burden on a bed at the hospital, not yet awakened to consciousness and did not have any perception of us. I was set to watch over her.

Never shall I forget her surprise when she finally opened her eyes and saw me. Curiously, she immediately recognized me.

Is that really you, she said. So, you still came at last, and came to see me. They told me you were dead, that you had killed yourself, - so it was not true. -Oh you bad, who have not come before, but allowed me to be here alone and suffer loneliness. I have such a horrible cough and I'm thirsty. Give something strong, so I can get forces, lest I die.

-You are already dead, I said.

-What are you talking nonsense. If you are not sober?

-Look around, do you recognize yourself here?

-It is so dark. Light a candle so I can see nothing.

Guru had arrived; he touched her several times over the eyes. Now it seemed as if she saw anything clearer. She looked about her with wondering eyes, but Guru - she was not able to see.

- What's this mean? Have they moved me? Why did I not stay in my home? Where am I now? Answer me, is it you who brought me away?

- It is yourself, who have moved away from the earth, into spirit world. Your body is dead and buried, but your soul lives on, and it lies here ill at the hospital.

- You are crazy. Go away and send me a wise person I can talk to ... Help! She cried in the same. Help! It goes around in my head. She began to beat with her arms around her. Guru held her hands until she became still, then she fell into a stupor and was a long time motionless.

But why should I dwell on these sad memories? Surely it was so that she had many such bouts of dizziness and wild outbreaks when only the Guru was able to get her calmed down, and that it took a long time, many years of earthly time reckoning, before she came to the realization that she moved to another world. But when she was forced to admit that it was so, she was almost wild with despair, and cried that she wanted to return to earth again, - to all its pleasures and amusements. Then Guru gave her some strong magnetic strokes. She became quiet and stared in astonishment around. Only now she became aware of her benefactor.

Who are you? She said, horrified, you've come to judge me?

-No, I just want to help you, replied the Guru. But she did not hear his voice. She cringed and tried to hide from the light which emanated from him. We went out and left her alone.

-She has now come to as much clarity, said the Guru, that I can not help her anymore. She has to leave hospital and move to the residence she prepared herself. You should follow her on the road as far as you can.

-Where should I keep her? I can not find her residence.

-There'll probably be the one who leads you.

-Do I stay with her? Now you are strict, Guru.

-No, just follow her as far as you can. Then you come back here again.

-But if she does not want to go from here?

-Do not worry, she'll will, all right. After a while I went in to her again.

-How do you feel now, Gertrude? I asked.

-Good, very good, but now I do not want to stay longer at this facility. I do not thrive here. That bright man I do not like, he looks so stern. Come, let us go, you follow the course with me. I do not really like you either, you look so hypocritical, but you can come with me and help me, you see.

So we went then together, her and me. But it was not easy to follow her, for she almost ran away ahead. And what a way! It went out and down, and performed in increasingly steep slope; oh, it became increasingly dark around us. She turned on.

-Can you not follow me? She said. You are a coward.

But still, I followed her. It went down precipitous, down and precipices, that I almost felt dizzy when entering, and still she was before me. Finally, she stopped at a dark pit that looked like the opening to a mine.

-Take me now in hand, she said, so we jump down here. Permit me to settle down. I can not like to be in this light up here, it really hurts the eyes.

- Ugh, what there was dark! No, there I will not follow you, I said.

- Are you afraid your coward? Come on, you must go with me, you see.

She took a firm grip on my wrist and wanted to take me with her. It came to a wrestling between us, but I tore myself away and she disappeared with a mocking laugh in to the depth.

Of all horrible I felt, this was almost the worst. I sat a long while, staring into the darkness behind her, until I felt an indescribable feeling of powerlessness. What could I do to help her? Was there no salvation for such a soul? And the strangest thing of all: She wanted to get down there by herself.

In my helplessness I clasped my hands and prayed to God that He might take pity on her. It was my first request/prayer for this unfortunate woman; it would not be my last.

I got up and went home. Had it been difficult to go the way down, it was now so much easier to go up again. It was like I had wings, and soon I was back by my beloved Guru.

While I was away there had been bids from Akab that I should quit my service in the hospital and move back to Carl Gøran to begin my studies. It was with tears I parted from Guru, but how much easier it was now compared to the first time. He asked me to visit as often as I had time and inclination, and so we parted for a hearty handshake.

From my school days I have not much to tell, not because it was not a very important role in my development, but because it was not for the others to offer anything of particular interest, and I must try to limit myself so that my story will not be boring. Would just like to mention that it was a blessed time, full of the most pleasant impressions. And so fine we had together, Carl Gøran and me! He was a little ahead of me in all subjects, but because of that, he was me much of help too. When I was stuck in a problem, it was usually he who solved it. But his mind was more about philosophy, mine to the practical sciences and history.

Our Holidays we spent ever with Gerda. What a paradise she lived in! - Yes, I will not bid to describe. She was staying with some friends, whom she knew from way back in earlier stages of development. They had formed a small colony, where they busied themselves partly by self-study, and with art and music, and also to seek out wayward people in the world and work for their salvation. It was truly a feast to come to these friends. Always they had a special pleasure to invite us.

Once we got to follow them to a great feast that was celebrated in an even higher realm. Something so wonderful, I had never before experienced: it was a great religious festival, to which it flowed a lot of listeners from different spheres. There was talk, but not those monotonous, tedious sermons, which usually characterize the underground church festivals, no; it was exhilarating and fun-provoking. And such music! Never had I thought that the choir could fade so overwhelmingly beautiful. But how beautiful it all was, had I not had the desire or even been able to stay up there. It was so bright that it almost blinded my eyes, and I was pretty pleased to get back to my school again. Involuntarily, I think of that poor Gertrude who did not tolerate the dim light she had about her, but longed into the darkness. Light and darkness are very relative concept.

So passed many years of earthly measure of time. Akab sometimes came to visit us. On one such occasion, he told me that he had visited Gertrude and gave a heart-rending account of her plight. She's probably still very stubborn, he said, but has however, softened by all that she has suffered. It's great, he added, that there is a fund that eventually bend even the stiffest knees, and this medium is not more stringent than they barely needs to be, and indeed this is only the natural consequence of our actions.

- Can we not do anything for her? I asked. I have so often thought about her and think it's so hard to not be able to help her, as I 'm so fine now.

- Yet it would be premature, you would not do any good to approach her, on the contrary, it would rather bring her defiance. But the day will come and years may not be so remote, then you should step in to offer her a helping hand. I will give you the bid, where you can go down. Even Carl Gøran must stand ready to assist, when I find the time has come. I think he has to come before you.

- What you are good, Akab, who committed you to her too!

- I am committed to both of you, he said emphatically on the last words, for you belong together, as strange as it may look. In any case, you have a debt to her, and therefore it is first you, who are given the task to rescue her.

I felt an unpleasant chill pass through me at these words. Was I not free yet? Would she still be able to control me? And what could I, the weaker do to save her, by far the stronger. **It was a task that lay so heavy on my shoulders.** And what I owed to her? Was it not *she* who had led me into destruction? All these questions crossed themselves in my head, and I could not keep back the matter to Akab: What have I done Gertrude, that I shall carry on such a debt to her?

- I can not even tell you, he replied. Perhaps you read the answer to your question when you least expect it.

Again one of those obscure observations that I did not understand, but neither wanted to ask for explanation.

An episode from my school days I have to tell. I had a real challenge, which caused me many headaches. I would have recourse to the lectures I listened to, writing a dissertation on the ancient Egyptian culture at Hermes' time. My notes from these lectures, however, were very incomplete, and other sources was not available to me. Carl Göran had not complied with this lecture series and hence could not help me. I sat there very perplexed, wondering where I would turn around to get the information I needed.

Then suddenly appeared before me a female figure, completely enveloped a dazzling white dress of the thinnest fabric. Completely silent, she had come into my room. If she walked through the door, or floated down through the roof, I know not: I saw her first when she was standing in front of me. She fought back the veil and showed a beautiful face of southern type, with dark eyes, which had something wonderfully charming in her eyes. The head was framed by dark curls that fell around the neck and shoulders.

Had this happened to me on earth, I would have called it a ghost from another world, but now I found myself *in that* other world, was it ghosts here?

She smiled at the astonishment which no doubt was written in my face.

- Peace be upon you, Wolfgang! she said with a voice that was almost as captivating as her eyes. Do you not know me?

- No, who are you and where are you from? Your body is so thin that I can see right through it. If you are a being from a higher world than this?

Without answering, she drew the veil over her face and stood for a while still. Then she again showed her face, it was transformed. I now saw an old woman with careworn features, but her eyes were the same, as warm and friendly.

- Ah, I cried, it's you, is it really old Dorthe, my dear, old friend! But what does this say; can you transform your face to how you want? (Dorthe was the wise old women that had warned him against marry Gertrud, which he did.)

- Hear me Wolfgang, she said, as she drew back the veil over her face. I am your old friend Dorthe, who once nurtured you at my chest, and thus love you as if you were my own child. But now I have, as you correctly guessed, my residence in a higher world than this, a world which for you is as invisible as it is for the earth people. To make me visible to you, I have been compelled to condense my body by attracting me topics of your atmosphere. My will is thus the organizing power, and you can see me either as I now live up there, or in another form that I have had in one life on earth. It costs me much effort to retain the shape I once had; therefore I must now take that look of old Dorthe in her/my new guise.

She stood a moment silently, taking back the veil and showed again the same beautiful features as I first admired. I was so full of surprise that I could barely utter a word.

-But ... why ...? I stammered.

- Why/how do old Dorthe come so high in the world? she interrupted my sentence. Well, let me explain to you. I am an old spirit, who has gone through a long series of earthly lives. My past was my last pay-back/balance-life on earth. When I happily had finished it, I was also finished with Earth's schooling and had to move past the nearest spirit world to the next higher. Now it is not a must for me to go down again. If I do that, it becomes as a missionary.

- Among the heathen? I asked.

- There are too many pagans among the so-called Christians, who need our help, she said.

- But tell me, Dorthe, how could you, who stood as close to perfection, having to go through such a hard and trying life on Earth.

- First of all, let me tell you that I have is infinitely far from perfection, and indeed is often the case **that the last test you have to take on Earth is quite heavy**. I myself had asked to take on such a difficult task, and if I succeeded, would not have to return to Earth. I had, you know, from my many lives, yet a great deal left to atone, so I went down to be a servant. There, I also made acquaintance with you, my mourning and my joychild.

- Yes, you had to suffer many things for me on earth, I understood.

- Was it strange that I grieved when I saw, where you wandered astray? But now you're my delight children. I can not tell you how happy I am to see you as you sit here in front of me. I have followed you through all your struggles and aspirations and urged good for you in my prayers and my thoughts. Long have I waited for an opportune time to come to you, now it was as if you had called on me. It was then easier to break through the line separating your world from mine.

- Have I called for you? I asked, surprised. I must confess that I had not been for many years given you a thought.

- You wanted help from someone who knew the ancient Egyptian cultural history.

- Yes, it is true, but ...

- Do you not think old Dorthe had inside such wisdom, you mean. Why not? I was in Egypt at the time you want to portray, and had not a small social status. I can therefore speak from personal experience and give you information of great importance to your topic. If you would like, we will begin immediately. I have time to stay long.

She sat down beside me. I wrote, and she dictated.

When we were finished, she got up, kissed my forehead and disappeared as mysteriously as she appeared.

My teacher was very surprised. That is a very masterly production, he said, and here are details that I never mentioned in my lectures, not even those whom I myself have found out. Where did you get them from?

I told her how it went.

- You are lucky to have such helpers, he said.

Now a message came that we would go our way down to Gertrude, both Carl and me. We had to go together. Akab would meet us there, I found the road.

I think I never trembled so before any mission as to this. Not only that it would be very difficult, but also the pain of staying down there in the dark. My whole body tremors. But of course we have to go. The always cheerful and lively Carl Göran became quiet and serious, but he did not hesitate for a moment, and so we went on.

At the mouth of the shaft where Gertrude was gone for me, we met Akab.

- Courage now, my friends, 'he said. Take me one in each hand, so we step down, but prepare yourselves that it is terrible scenes we are to see.

We sank slowly down, deep in the inner of the mountain. It was both dark and cold, but Akab had with him a small light, and warm outerwear for all three of us down there. We walked through long tunnels, where the water trickled down from the walls and arches were covered with stalactite. On both sides there were caves; blasted into the rock, some open, others closed with gates and thick beams. From most of them, were heard moans and cries and a few oaths and curses.

We met someone who already at a distance appeared shiny white. When he came near us, we saw that he was a high spirit that radiated light around him. He nodded kindly to Akab.

- It was one of the guards down here, said Akab, if one can even call them that. They watch over the unfortunate, always ready to bring them comfort when they are able to receive it, and to bring them out of here, when they are 'finished with themselves' (their very lower selves). It is a hard work, as it requires an unwavering faith and a burning zeal to go on with, but they are also real heroes, those who engage in this sacrificial service. (Remark; this is the same work-principle that the social workers in the physical- usually cities – do to save dope-addicted/narco-captured in 'underground-milieus. They also are often/usually rejected and sent back/away by the 'junkies'. Rø-rem.)

Now we were at the goal. In a small hole at the side of the tunnel, Gertrude sat crouched. She had not noticed us. Akab asked me to stay outside and we went in with Carl Gøran. I could hear everything they said. At first she became aware of Akab, who she recognized.

- What do you want here again, she said, when you still can not bring me out of here?

- It can be none other than yourself. A full and contrite confession of all that you did, is the only thing that can free you from this darkness.

- I have confessed all. It was me who killed my father, it was me who stole his fortune, it was I who seduced my husband to play, it was me ... Here she fell silent.

- You even hide on something that gnaws your conscience, I see, said Akab. You understand that you must open your heart completely to let the divine light flow in and warm your frozen spirit. Maybe you want to trust you to an old friend, who I brought with me today. Do you recognize him?

She let out a scream when she recognized her brother, and then it was silent for a long while there inside.

When she recovered from the fright which the unexpected meeting developed, ensued a long conversation between brother and sister. He made all possible attempts to persuade her to calmly talk to Akab about all her life, without hiding anything. She squirmed apparently as a snake during the secret feeling of guilt towards his brother, as she tried to commit an innocent tone. She, however, became more and more agitated and asked them to finally go away and leave her alone, because she had nothing more to confess.

Carl Göran came out very sad and discouraged. Over Akabs features was a heavy seriousness.

- Now, you take over the watch of her, he told me. We get up again, but will return as soon as you call us. Be patient toward her, tire her not with long persuasions, **let confession be voluntary, otherwise it has no value.** You should understand what is still weighing on her. God be with you.

They shook hands and were soon out of sight.

I sat alone at the meagre bed where Gertrude rested. She had not noticed when I came in, she was lying with her head wrapped in a ragged cloth, and sobbed. It was a pitiful sight to see this once-celebrated woman be like that wretched and miserable in the cold and darkness. I clasped my hands and prayed that God would have to warm her heart so that she could no longer resist His love. Sob gradually became weaker, and I think she fell asleep.

I must confess that I found myself quite creepy, as I sat and stared into the darkness ahead of me, alone among so many unfortunate in that torments dwell. The silence was disturbed only by an occasional moaning sigh, an occasional cries of anguish, which came from the nearest trenches. My eyes had gradually become accustomed to the darkness, so that I could see the nearest objects. The decor, if one can even speak of such in this house, was the simplest imaginable. She was lying on a bench with a small pillow under her head and a blanket over her. The floor was covered with flat stones, walls and vaults were naked mountains, a low flat rock was all there was to sit on. *How long I sat there and watched, I have no idea.*

Finally she awoke, sat up and stared at me.

- Oh, it's you, she said. Have you come to pick me up from here? It was then not too soon.

- Yes, I have come to fetch you, I replied, but you've probably still difficult to get out, I fear.

- Yes, I have been so difficult to move, is so heavy, you see, it's as if the body was made of lead. But you may be able to carry me.

- I do not think I can, it would probably be better if you threw away what is weighing on you.

-Yes, yes, you're probably right about that, and I want, too, but it is so difficult, you see. I will not tell him everything, him Akab who were here. I've always said the worst thing, is not that enough?

-No, it's probably not. Do you remember how it is in one of the Psalms of David: "When I wanted to keep silence, languished my legs." That is why your legs do not want to carry you. You want to conceal anything, it's a debt you do not want to admit, and as long as you can do that, you do not get out of here.

-But it is so difficult, you see. You know what it is. You - yourself was taking part in that, it was you who put it into effect. Then it's you, you and no one else to blame. Why should you pass it to me?

-I understand what you mean, and I confess that I also have a large debt of the crimes we committed against your brother.

-That he never forgives you.

-He has already forgiven me and wants nothing more than to even forgive you.

-He was here just now. I was so scared when I saw him, but he did not know I had any part in his death, I could see in him. How then can I confess it to him? It goes over my strength.

-Oh, he knows our offence in all its details, but he harbours no grudge against any of us for that matter. He is so good, your brother.

-What do you say? He knows it and do not hate me? It was strange.

-Once you reach the point where he stands, you can not hate. Nor is it for his own sake, he wants you to apologize. It's for you - for your sake, to be light-hearted and so can come out from this darkness, out into the sunlight, out to joy – he wants this.

-For me there is no joy.

-Do not say so. I know that roses will grow even in your path, when your self want to.

-How can you tell so?

-Because God is good, he has created us for joy, not for grief. And what he once designed, it is said he also implement, if we do not delay his plan by going away from him on misguided ways.

-Strange speech that. Never did you say that to me on earth.

-No, there we both went astray. But when/since I came here, I have learned a lot. Also you will be taught, when you are well out of here.

-I do not care about that. I do not believe in that story about a God and a heaven. Is he able to, he should trample me to dust rather than let me suffer like this, but either he has never existed, or else he is impotent.

- Exactly, that you ARE suffering proves that he is alive and powerful, even in the depths of your soul, for he lives AS the life-spark - as he planted it. You have wanted to strangle this spark, but the shouts within you are there, and you get no peace in your soul till you give it air. He has a great voice, you have probably experienced.

She said nothing, she crouched in her corner and sat cradling her head in her hands, and then she fell on the bed again, and wrapped the blanket over herself. She was quite still, but I do not think she was asleep.

Again I sat there alone with my thoughts, but now no longer with so uncanny feelings as before. I began to feel a hope of succeeding in my efforts, and it filled me with joy. But the hours were long in the dark, I had no idea what time was.

Then it was as suddenly the rock wall opened up. I saw a vision, or rather a series of visions, which followed close on each other with the warm colour over it. I will try to describe what I saw, while Gertrude lay there motionless beside me.

I saw a gypsy-camp in a field outside a large city. It was a sunny day in southern regions



warm sky. The camp was celebrating a festival, and many people from the city had flocked to look at it. A young gypsy woman was dancing on a widespread carpet to the sounds of a violin, played by an old gypsy. She was breathtaking with dark dreamy eyes and black coiled curls, swaying pace with the dance. The mouth wore a defiant smile that

suited her well. She wore a thin silk blouse, and over a small green velvet jacket studded with sequins and gold embroidery. A short striped skirt that reached above the knee, and a gold knit belt completed the costume. Arms and legs were bare. And as she danced! There was a glow in every movement.

A young man among the spectators, by the clothes to be a nobleman, was very captivated by the young dancer. He walked up to her when the dance ended, and invited her to an expensive jewel, which he took from his frill.

The scenes change quickly. I see them on horseback. He has her with him on the pommel of the saddle and spurs his horse to the most rapid rate the double burden may allow. It is a veritable escape, and it is also of necessity, because not long after coming two Gypsies, also on fast horses. Is he getting away with his precious burden? If not, he is dead.

A castle raises its high towers not far from there, there goes the way. The distance between the persecutors and the persecuted are getting smaller. The first knight already near. Then the rider once again spurs with such force the horse's sides that he breaks off with desperate speed. He reaches over the drawbridge, which the attentive hands immediately are pulled up. The two pursuers are close behind with such force that they have difficulty, to stem their little horses of falling in the moat. They ride empty-handed back.

Then I saw the following scene more and more indistinct, perhaps as a result of that I felt more and more upset. I did not know why, but it took me so deeply.

I saw a wild life at the castle with drinking and woman-plunder - and I saw the gypsy put away into the void room where she was, well not as prisoner, but secretly guarded. Finally, I saw her with a child in her arms come out from the castle alone and abandoned.

A shudder shook my whole being. What did these pictures mean? What had I to do with them?

A voice within me said, "**It was you and it was her**".

I was petrified. So that was my debt to Gertrude. It was I who had put her out of the gipsy circle in which she was happy and where she might have been a good person. It was I who had poisoned her life and then thrown her out. *It was I who had sown bitterness in her soul.* It was my fault that she was where she now lay. I knelt by her bed and stretched out her arms to her. She turned slowly and looked at me with wondering eyes.

- Gertrude, I said, you have suffered unspeakable. I have done you a terrible evil. It's my fault, can you forgive me?

She just stared in astonishment at me.

I said; "- It is I who seduced you. It was me who plunged you in the dark. *I* should be there where you sit, and you should go free.

-What do you mean? She asked. I told her what I read in the pictures I've seen. She sat quietly and listened with the most strained attention.

- Yes, Wolfgang, she said when I stopped, it was you and it was me. I know this. She took at her chest. All the trapped bitterness I have been carrying on... now I understand it.

-Excuse me! I whispered.

She stroked me slowly over the hair.

-Wolfgang, she said with a voice so gentle that I never heard it before: we both have wronged against each other, but I most. I've been playing with your tenderness, I've incited your passions, and I have drawn you into the dirt. You have raised yourself out of your humiliation, but I'm there yet. Help me! Help me, Wolfgang! I am a lost creature.

She fell on my neck and wept bitterly.

- Oh, if I had Carl Göran here and could tell him how bad I acted. May He forgive me if he can!

On my call came Akab and Carl Göran, and now followed a touching scene between brother and sister.

Akab wrapped her in a cloak, and we carried her out of the cave, away through the long tunnel and up through the shaft, into the clear sunlight.

A hymn from the higher spheres tinted us to the meeting: "joy in heaven when a sinner turns back."

*

The period that followed is of little interest to others, but for me it was of an indescribably importance. It involved all the bliss I then was able to enjoy, and also a job so blessed and so invigorating for my spiritual strength that I will always remember it with gratitude.

As I had saved Gertrude and had to leave her for a few good friends care, I got Akab's long-awaited word that I was now ready to move on to the next realm, where I was given permission to share a home with Gerda. First I must finish my course of study with some supplementary tests.

Gerda came herself and picked me up at her house, which now would be mine. Here we lived for a long time the happiest life together, in a nature that after my former concept seemed like a paradise.

To describe this life in earth's imperfect language, would be for me to destroy all the impressions of the same, still not being able to draw a real image thereof. I have to give away, how much I want to communicate something to the earth/ground people- that can awaken the desire for such an existence.

If I were a poet I would write an ode to love, for this feeling was always fresh, always a new source of joy in our lives. It was this divine force that drew me out of the humiliation I

once dropped into. She had done it, she had fulfilled the strong words that she once, when she herself was a physically broken creature, had spoken to me in my extreme need, "I must save you."

No one, however, imagine that this life was a lazy absorption in all sorts of so pure pleasures. Rather, it was a very strenuous and strained life for good. Once you come so far in developing the desire to do well - for good's own sake, it will never be boring work. Then you get from the spiritual senior leaders, you voluntarily placed yourself under; the tasks best suited to one's forces, and the more joy you can not experience - than if you carried out your work so that the spiritual leaders have a positively, word, or a grateful gaze.

What were these missions? – May anyone ask. They can vary infinitely. Think of the innumerable multitudes of needy eternity travellers of all possible stages of development. Think of all that whimpers over the chains they put on themselves, all rushing blindly towards their own destruction, and sits bloody against the obstacles they encounter on their way, all who grope in the darkness, all suffering from spiritual or temporal need. ALL these need assistance, whether they are on the physical plane or have moved over to the astral. Wailing and misery are the same here as there. It is thus a large field, which provides for the willing. It's just sadness that we unfortunately can accomplish so little. But between these times of hard work, we often had to perform together, she and I, what a glorious rest to return to her home up here, that this to get acquire knowledge, **to make field trips to other more advanced world globes.** Yes, life is infinitely rich in possibilities.

Once we got to follow Akab on such a journey. We shot at a dizzying speed through space, to something desolate planet and sank back down on this - one of Earth's neighbouring inhabited planets. This is in its own planetary life, older than the Earth and therefore its humanity have reached a higher development than of the earth. (Comment rø; suppose this means Venus, which has reached a higher level/frequency of their "coarse-learning"/physical level- [link](#)) We have therefore much to learn from them, not only on the mechanical and technological aids, but also on social and ethical conditions. Our stay there was however very short, because when Akab was finished with his task, we had to turn back together with him. However, it was a most agreeable and instructive journey, which I shall never forget.

What particularly struck me by surprise, was how easily people wore the physical shackles, they are burdened not nearly as much thereof as the earth's humanity. Alas, we would be there!

But although earth fetters are so heavy, though gripped finally, just in all the glory the free life offers; a desire rise to return to earth again. Longing is perhaps not the right word, for this strange feeling. One perceives it first as an internal challenge, for which initially is shying away, but it comes back stronger and stronger each time, until it finally becomes so overpowering that one make a request to be allowed to go down to earth (physical level) again. *It is as the internal weaknesses of one's being, become more and more relevant the longer you stay here and come into contact with more advanced spirits.* They also feel that the way to come further, goes through "the Coarce-Matter school", for it is - strange as it may sound – just that which brings together material (experience) for the building of his spiritual nature. It is in the world of matter, where the spirit goes with the blindfold, as it lets her inner nature's imperfections come forward and assert itself, and which thus makes his/her most valuable experiences. When the stuff (experiences) which is thus collected - and is as used up, **you have to go down again to collect more.**

Gerda was initially deeply saddened when she heard that this earth- hunger (lust for reincarnating) seized me. She did not believe it and asked me to dismiss these thoughts, but *they* did not

allow themselves to be silenced. I knew enough - also for myself - how difficult this divorce from Gerda would be for me, but nothing could shake my decision. When Akab next time came to see us, I asked him about my desire.

First he answered nothing, but looked at me with a look so full of tenderness and sadness that I almost got scared. Was the life I went down to and meeting, so full of trials?

- You dear Wolfgang, he said finally, **I am glad that you made this decision without influence from anyone.** I've been expecting it, because I think the time is right. Now be equally steadfast and faithful as you are dashing. The life that awaits you is, as you may well understand, not easy. You must undergo a rigorous education to strengthen your weak character, and you have 'a thing or two' to make amends to those **you did wrong**, he added in a low voice.

-Dear Akab, Gerda said, do not encourage him to take this step. I do not think he even has gathered strength for the trials that this means. I think he should stay here still some time ... I can not let him go, she whispered with tears in her eyes.

- Maybe you go after him, replied Akab with a friendly smile. But now you must not make him despondent. He should go the way *he* feels is right.

- Do you know anything, Akab, about the outer contours of the life I should go into? I asked.

- Nothing is for certain, he said. I just know that whatever you have to go through, **it is not harder than you are able to bear**, and then I will always be supportive by your side. I will now make your request to the high masters who rules over birth and death. Is there a particular desire you will ask for?

-Tell them only that I may serve most of the burden that weighs me down. I can not wait to get rid of it.

-Take not too much on your shoulders, it can be hard enough anyway. **Better to share what you have to atone, thru/ for the many lives, that's my advice.**

Gerda had been sitting quietly for a moment. Now she stood up, walked over to Akab and put her hand on his shoulder.

- Report the same time for me, she said firmly, while big tears rolled down her cheeks. *I must follow him.*

-You warm soul, said Akab, you are always big and strong, but you shall not go down if you have not received the word from YOUR inside. Wait, it will perhaps be soon. One should not go 'nature' in advance, either at birth or death.

Akab left us, and soon thereafter I was being called to keep me ready.

It was a strange time that followed. I kind of became numb, and my consciousness was swept in an increasingly thickening fog. (Preparing entering the "bliss-level-realm/pure memory level, which precedes the normal new 'deep-diving' into a new physical incarnation, acc.to the danish wiseman MARTINUS, and his spiritual cosmology) While I was still clear enough to believe what I saw, I was once again to slow down to earth to see my coming mother. She was so light and good, but the external conditions in my new home were such that I doubt, that if I had seen them before, I had returned. Now I was already so bound that I could not think of a return, 'the fluidic connection-band' between my mother and myself were already linked.

The last thing I remember from my lovely 'Time of Liberty' - was Gerda's tender care of me, and she never left me during this time - never. Her last words were like a balm for my numb senses:

Be of good cheer. I will be looking for you, and will find you!

Part 3 – back on Earth’s physical level

So then I was back on Earth. I was born in a small hut in a remote village, far from civilization's major streets and roads. My father was a poor agricultural laborer, who narrowly found living from the little farm that was his. My mother was of the bourgeois family and had been well brought up. It was a whole little novel, how she had come to end up as a farmer's wife in the remote backwoods. She had taken a liking to father when she was young and did a travel in these areas, - with him as their guide. It caused a sensation in the family when she decided to become his wife. But she was big and strong and good as well, and she kept by her husband; therefore all went better than anyone had expected. My father was a simple, unpretentious man, but not of a different culture than the elementary school and had an intimacy with nature had given him. But they lived happily together.

I was for long the only child, but several years after I was born, a daughter came who was christened the name Maria. My name was Johan. Our family name is of no importance, nor is it important to specify exactly where our home was located.

Early on I learned privations of all kinds, it was probably many times lack of bread in the little forest cottage. From early on, I also learned to work, first with chores in the kitchen with mother, then with father in the fields and the stable. The school was far from home, and it was not an easy thing for a little boy like me to get around in rain and shine to the little school, where an extremely frugal spiritual “food” was given. But I was amused to read and had, as the schoolmaster said, very easy for learning.

Once I received from a friend at school, to borrow a storybook, which became my dearest treasure. With it, I slipped into the woods and was then not easy to find my repository. I heard mother calling me, but pretended as not hearing, I was in the midst of an adventure that I could not tear myself away from. But it was trouble to be, when I then had to confess what I did, and also that I heard the cries, but not obeyed them. My mother probably thought it was sorry for me, but the father was strict and saved not on punishment.

My childhood was cheerless until I got my little sister, and she gave me a lot. Nothing was so funny as to watch and play with her, and I also got to take over much of the care of



Maria. My happiest moments I had under the big tree behind the barn when I got to sit with Maria at my knee and tell stories to her of giants and trolls and beautiful princesses. I enjoyed seeing how the little eyes shone with fear and astonishment, and to feel the slender limbs tremble with fear when trolls uttered his awful noises. She was cute, my little sister, and we were best friends.

When she reached the age of six years I was the one who taught her to read. She had an early awakened mind, and when I was eight years old, I could teach her a good deal of what little I gathered in the school, so Maria, when she began her schooling, were already quite at home in the school books.

The years passed. I was now big boy and needed to be out to seek my services, because it was not possible anymore to just go home and help father, in addition, the farm was too small. It was with a heavy heart I parted from my father and mother, and especially from Maria, but it could not help. I took the pack on my back and went out into the world. At first I was a little discouraged, where I wandered in the sun on the long boring road ahead, but as I got further from home, my courage grew. However, it is a great feeling when you are 18 years: to be free and stand on your own.

I had intended to seek me service on one of the larger mansions that were lower down the in the village. It also succeeded, I was employed first as a laborer, then as a foreman at a large farm, and was striving to work, and had on the whole pretty good. All my spare time I used to read, for I had an unquenchable thirst for knowledge. My master was kind to me and I had to borrow many valuable books, particularly on agriculture and animal husbandry. I saved from my salary all that I could quit. Finally, when I gathered what was needed for a year's living expenses, I took leave of my master and became a student at an agricultural college.

I had not seen home again since I walked out of there, but Maria and I often wrote to each other: it was my greatest pleasure when it came a letter from her. She was now a grown girl of 17 years.

- What I longed to see her, but I could not afford to put money on a long journey.

Everything went well for me in your hands. When I had completed my degree, I got through a relative's influence, a favourable lease in the vicinity of a some larger country-town. Now I wanted to get Maria to me, to look after my house. She'd probably also like to come, but our mother had recently died and she could not leave father alone in the yard.

Well, I have to get married, I thought, but I just had no particular inclination to it. I was long undecided - mostly because it just was not someone I really liked.



Then something happened that was designed to intervene deeply in my destiny. There came to the city a theatre troupe, and I went in to see a piece that newspapers said were very famous. But it was not so much the piece I saw, but one of the actresses, a young dark-haired girl with unusually handsome features and a special fascination in all her being. I stayed in town and watched her night after night, until I could no longer suppress my feelings, but made her acquaintance and - asked for her hand. I fell into love, I did not ask who she was or where she came from, I was not thinking about how bad she could fit in the position I

had to offer her, I just wanted to take her as she was.

She rejected my marriage proposal a bit chilly and went shortly afterwards with the troupe from the city. I was a changed! I had no strength in my work. Everywhere I went and whatever I was doing was Laura's beautiful picture in my mind, enchanting and paralyzing. I went as a dreamer and neglected my duties. Finally, I decided to go after her, she appeared in another city far away. She was very surprised when she saw me, and I think it made a powerful impression on her when she saw how strong my feelings were. She thought for a few days and then gave her assent to our association.

Six months after Laura was my wife. Now first, I wrote to Maria and told of my marriage and how everything had passed. She wrote back a long letter, which was one persistent anxiety story. It seemed like a wakeup call. Fool that I am, what I had done!

It was not long before I discovered the big difference in our characters. She was capricious and domineering. I, weak and submissive. The "love-mist" I've lived in evaporated soon and I saw the reality soberly in the face. Here we had to make the best of the situation and take the consequences of my folly, like a man. I realized that I was all to be too compliant. Should I not give up the 'empire in my own house', I had from the beginning to be with firmness. But I also knew how difficult it would be and what battles it would cost.

Some time passed, however, all well. She had, though not the slightest interest in the farm and household, but she was happy and cheerful; mocked me for my robust habits and manners, and was on the whole, both pleasant and friendly. But it lasted not for long. The conflicts did not take long in coming. She did not like the quiet and monotonous daily life

that we had to live. She was accustomed to travel, to constantly see new people, to hear the applause estimates across the ramp, to feel noticed and celebrated. What did she care about the barn and milk-room, where pigs and chickens, it was her abomination. She became irritable and touchy, and little was better when I responded in the same kind.

All this I should have realized in advance, if I had my simple practical intellect to flourish, but it was too late.

One day she came in to me in the 'farmoffice', sat down beside me and said with her most charming smile:

- Do you know John (she could not bring herself to say Johan, it sounded so simple). The world is so beautiful. You have to go out and look around. I will be your cicerone, for I find the roads. The last thing she said with a gleam in her eye.

I objected to that, I had neither time or money to think about such, but it was as if she had not heard what I said. She just moved closer, leaning her head on my shoulder and whispered:

- We travel far, far away to the south, where the sun is warmer. It's so cold, your Laura freezes. We travel to where the sky is dark blue, where the oranges glow, where it leaps to life in all nature. I once made that journey and I long to go back there again. Follow me John, we would be so happy out there.

- Are you really serious that I would give up my lease, my only livelihood, and to go on such adventures?

- For a time at least. Then you can of course turn back again to your horses and oxes.

- I can not afford that, and so you should be able to understand.

She continued long enough to entice me with everything beautiful I'd see, and told me that it would not be difficult to borrow the amount needed as security of the inventory, but when I was still adamant she became angry, stamping her foot, called me unreasonable and mumbled something about travel or go alone. She walked out and slammed the door behind her.

However she was in the coming days very still, and was even friendlier than before, which gave me reason to suspect that she secretly went and thought of something. She often traveled to the city and stayed longer and longer there, under the pretext that she was tested by a seamstress.



One evening she stayed more than than the usual duration. I was waiting with supper, but she did not come, I went to and fro in the hall, occasionally listening. It began to rise up in me a fear, which eventually grew into anxiety. Where could she be, had any accident happened to her? I went out on the porch and listened. (ill.on picture left) A carriage was heard in the distance, it came closer, but my hopes mocked, it was not her.

I walked down the road towards the city, went and stood, walked and stopped, put my ear to the ground to listen, but to no avail - no one heard, no one came. During these painful hours of waiting in the bright spring night, it dawned on me that I, however, was attached to this woman with stronger ties than I imagined.

Early the next day I went into town to look for her, but nobody could give any definite information. In our common neighborhood had nobody seen her since 4 o'clock the day before. She had given the driver a note to buy dinner and told him to wait for her, even if it would be late. He had taken a stupor and was sleeping when I arrived. In the seamstress, she had not been since the dress was completed a week ago. Only one assistant in a shop where she used to be, thought they had seen her go down to the station in company of an older gentleman, but he was not quite sure it was her.

She had vanished and had left no trace behind.

I went back home, full of gloomy thoughts. She had travelled with another, it was obvious, but where? How to find her tracks? Where would I find her? For my desire was now to be able to bring her back again. I would be so good to her; I would do everything to make her happy, if I could get her back. It cried within me, Laura! Laura! - But none came.

There came a letter from my sister Maria that father laid on his deathbed. I went immediately to my old childhood home, which I had not seen again, since I eighteen year old - with courage went from there, it was now fifteen years since. My father was already dead when I arrived, and Maria weighed down by night-wakening and sorrow, but her joy at seeing me again was greater than I dared hope. I had after my marriage been a slow letter-writer. Her ever-loving letter was long unanswered, and about Laura's escape, I had not said a word. It was as if I was ashamed that Maria would get right in her notions of how such a marriage must fail. But it was not as I expected, with reproaches or with a triumphant "what did I tell you," she met my confessions. She was just the open arms where I have full confidence could lay down all my worries. She was so good, she was so understanding, I felt I in her had not only a sister but also the most faithful friend.

Then I arranged everything in the estate and had the small farm leased out, I returned home, and Maria was happy to follow me. With her fell a ray of sunshine into my home, and it looked like I would again have peace and harmony in my life.

We were in the city of an uncle, an old bachelor, who was a very wealthy grain merchant. He was at first very accommodating. It was he who got me the favourable lease, and he had even lent me what I needed for the purchase of furniture. But Laura had never been acceptable for him, and from the moment she came into the house, he put no foot above our threshold. We had made a few visits to him, but he was cold and repulsive to us both, and Laura had from the first moment, a certain reluctance, was almost afraid of him.

In Maria, however, he was very friendly, and also between him and me was the relationship better when Laura came away, but never became what he was against me before.

He was known as a strong-willed and capable man and had in the city and far away, a great reputation, which because of our relationship to some extent even came to my part, but then uncle took his hand away from me, did also others turn backs to me and consequent injured not a little of my credit. At first I saved enough, but a couple of crop failures caused difficult setbacks in my pocket. Maria, however, was tireless in her work, she took over the barn and dairy, which she made a good return, and also she managed our little household with care and frugality. Yes, I had never managed without her during the difficult years that I had to undergo. It was a strenuous and wearing life we both took, but we got on so well together.

-Have you not thought about the possibility that Laura might come back and want to assert her rights? asked Maria, one evening as we sat together on the porch.

-She does hardly, but if she would....

-you will not open up to her? interrupted Maria.

-That does probably depend on how she comes. I want to tell you, Maria, that I have a feeling that I am bound to be good to her, as far as I can. There was a pretty violent 'transplanting' she endured, when I moved her from the spotlight and the applause, to here in my humble home. She's probably not happy, where she is located.

-But think about what she has done to you. You will not be obliged to accept her if she should come. I tremble at the thought of what it would mean of new sufferings for you.

-if it happens – then I must take it, I replied.

In the evenings we often took a stroll along the shores of a lake, not far from the farm. On one such occasion, we saw an artist who had pitched up his easel on a cape and was painting an evening atmosphere of the lake with some big pine trees in the foreground. We stopped and looked at the blackboard, and I asked if he would follow us home. He thanked her and was our guest not only for the evening but for a long time.

Never had I met such a likeable young man. He was so happy and healthy and also so kind-hearted. Maria, who was normally very shy with men, felt from the start so at home with him, as if they were old friends. And Axel - so was his name - found good in our party and our humble home habits. He had come to our beautiful region to make studies for a larger painting. Now, we organized an improvised studio in the garden pavilion, where he worked with enthusiasm. It was remarkable how easily he took the people, even our glum uncle found pleasure in him and bought his paintings. Axel was delighted and asked to stay to paint another canvas.

It was the pleasantest summer I had in my entire life. Daily hours he spent, in his own way to work, but when night came and we were sitting together in the arbour, or, when weather was bad, in his studio and talked or read something worthwhile - he read so well, then I felt really happy. Occasionally even uncle came and joined our little circle. Axel had apparently struck a bridge again between our old jerking uncle and us.

But moments of joy are short. In late summer, came one evening in the mail a letter, which fell like a thunderbolt in our little peaceful circuit. It read - completely laconically

"John, I am poor and sick. Do not close the door for your Laura."

I handed the letter to Maria. She was very pale and said nothing. Axel asked if any accident occurred, and I initiated him in my sad story.

- Do you think she intends to come here? asked Maria.

- Probably, why would she have written else.

- But you're not going to take her in?

- What I may do or not do, I have still not clear to me. It's probably sorry for her now, I think.

- She will ruin your whole life. I beg you, do not take in her!

Since I have not replied, she turned to Axel and asked him to persuade me to follow her advice. He sat long silent and serious.

- It is difficult for an outsider, he said, finally, to prevail in such an important and delicate case. I think Johan is best consult for himself with his own good heart. But if there is about forgiving and help, he does best both to advise himself and her to follow that advice, even if it would interfere with the pleasant atmosphere in the home.

Two days later she came, spiritually and physically degraded. She was so helpless and miserable that it would have been quite impossible for me to close my door for her. She sat never question other than to stay, and installed herself in her old room, where she immediately went to bed. Any explanations she did not give. When I asked how she was, she answered only with groans and wailings over her head ached so violently. She did not want to call a doctor, it would probably go over, she said.

And it went over, and I do not think the disease was more than an excuse to be left alone for the first time.

However, she had already become the focal point around which everyone's thoughts and cares revolved. Maria, who so eagerly insisted that she should not be received, was now her tender care. Even Axel, who had first made available a tone of indifference toward her, gradually became interested and showed her so much sympathy that it was touching.

I myself was a victim of the most conflicting emotions, as it cost me a real effort to overcome. At times I felt drawn to her with all the strength of a warmer feeling. It was something with this strange creature which fascinated me, so I was hardly myself when I devoted myself to this spell. I felt that I could easily have become her spineless slave, if I'm not with all the power asserted my independence. Hence came the reaction so sharp that I could feel the next moment as a real dislike on her and be ready to throw her out. It was something terrible rending of these inner spiritual struggles; while my outward appearance, however, made pains inside me to show a peaceful and quiet kindness.

She had a wonderful ability to win people, perhaps most, by a certain childlike helplessness as she so well knew how to build, and when she was very dependent on the servant's help, she soon won their affection as they obeyed her every whim. But then she probably knew her power, she hesitated not to use it. It was not long, until she was everybody's tyrant. I can not describe how I suffered under the yoke she hung around our house. I was perhaps the one most able to separate myself from her influence, what it cost for the effort, I will not talk about.

But uncle, she never managed to win. When he learned that she came back, he stopped with his visits and showed me again the same desaturate coolness as before. Only Maria was still high in his favour.



Laura had some favorites, including the horse-driver, Lars, the same as six years ago, had driven her to the city when she ran away. (ill.left) He was a good groom, but could never stay sober. Once I had fired him, but then it went half a year when he came back starving and miserable, I let him stay. Now he again had a drunken period and addressed to some confusion, so I have to drive him out. He cried and complaining himself. Laura lay out for him; she thought I was hard-hearted who could not comprehend that it was the same as to let the man go under. As this was apparently a sign of a heart goodness that only too rarely appeared, I did as she pleased, and took the sinner into favour again. It was touching to see how grateful she was. There was probably a deposit of goodness in this strangely composed woman, but it was buried under so much hardness, that it almost never was felt.

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It was now late fall and Axel had to travel, to great grief of us all. He had so much grown into our hearts that it was with real regret we told him goodbye.

When he travelled, and I one day sat alone with Laura, she said:

- I'm glad he's gone.

- It was strange, I replied. He was always so kind to you, and you also seemed to show him so much interest.

- Yes, but he did always have a certain affinity with me. At times I felt almost afraid of him - I do not know why. I could not really stand him. Also Maria was good for me to leave our home; she bothers me with her flattery.

- Are not you ashamed, I replied in a violent tone, she is the one who always shown you so much sympathy, - though you often been cross and insistent against her. She is truly too good to be so treated, it would not surprise me if she got tired.

- If she do not thrive she can move, was the icy response.

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So it went as well. Maria came a day deeply distressed and told me that she could not stand it anymore - not so much for her own sake, but she could not bear to see what I

suffered. She moved to the city, where uncle helped her set up a small stationery store, which gave her the job and barely living.

Now, I was again alone with this enigmatic Sphinx, which had seized such a deep hold of my life that I could not get rid of her. How much I now would rather let her go, and kept my sister, but to drive her away now, as I once again took her as my wife, I could not. She now had the legal right to stay, and it was also no talk of anything else.

But then she ruined my life! My good guardian spirit was gone, and the economic difficulties began to pile up. Times were bad; the dairy was making losses and harvests failed. The people proved unwieldy and unwilling. Everything went with long strides downhill. I was many times so dead tired that I was tempted with a bullet in the chest to go away from it all. Then I went to Maria and got from her comfort and strength to persevere. It would probably be better, she said. Patience - patience and trust, that's what we need, and we must also, if we believe that a higher power is guiding our destiny. I left her with new courage to renewed fighting.

So I dragged out year after year by a cheerless and, it seemed to me, meaningless existence. Laura became more and more nervous and irritable-tempered, especially against me. The servants knew she still kept in good spirits, though she always tried her patience. We lived a very isolated life. I knew that they considered me for a coward, who did not punish my wife for her escape, and then sent her away, but no one said anything to me directly. At some point, I did get an attempt at claiming the accounts of her, but it usually ended with a small scene, no other result but that she had a seizure of her severe headache and then became even more introverted and irritable. The fascination she formerly exercised over me was now burned out. She had been both for herself and others a burden.

She was almost never out of her room. There she sat as a voluntary prisoner, and had herself served. But this sedentary life undermined her health. A cancerous disease came out of her thread of life and finally put her on the sick bed from which she would never occur. But it was slow, a full year - the longest I had - she was lying in bed before relief came. It was my daily prayer to God that he would soften her heart and make her soft before he took her away. Already there was thus a sort HEARING OF PRAYER, that she had to lie so long, but I would get better.

When the plagues did hit her, she asked me to come and sit beside the bed and hold her hand, it eased, she said. On one such occasion she stroked me caressingly over my hand and said in a low voice: "You have all suffered much you Johan, for my sake." But there was no continuation. She was not finished with herself yet.

When I saw that it was toward the end and that she was in an agony that probably not only came of bodily suffering, I asked if she wanted to ease her heart to me.

- It's said black, you see. I would probably talk to you, but I can not.

- Talk openly, I said. Whatever you may have to tell me, I will not have a word of reproach, I promise.

- You see, she started, it was like pulling me up by the roots to take me from my triumphs and put me here, where I do not belong. I felt that I would fade away if I did not get the nutrients I longed for. It was so stuffy, so stuffy, so unbearably boring. You were probably always nice, but we were so different. I was a fool who did catch me in your yarn, but once I was hooked started the rebellion in me. I struggled in my bonds, and I screamed for freedom. You with your calm temperament do not understand that, but I have something of the savage in my veins, I can not get linked onto the same spot, I could at least not then, when the blood was still boiling hot. Therefore, I tore my bonds and fled far away into foreign lands.

It was not difficult to arrange the practical side of things. I only had to give a hint; it was always someone at my feet and offered me his gold. I sold me - what did I care, but life's billows went sky high and its salty foam struck me in the face. It was the life I loved with all

its pleasures and pains, and believe me, I've tried both. I chased up the trackless paths, until one day I hit my head against a rock which I could not outdo. There I lay myself crushed, bleeding from many wounds. Now I was deeply unhappy.

Then it came up in me a wild longing for you. I can say I crawled on my knees against the home I had abandoned, but how would I dare to take over its threshold. Understand me when I tell you it was me a tremendous humiliation just to come here again, and understand that it would have exceeded my powers to do you an apology or make a confession. It has been necessary years of unspeakable struggles and sufferings to arrive at this moment when I can finally talk to you. I have fought valiantly, though it looked like I had this hard and cold. I have longed to throw myself into your arms, but I just went and tormented you with my irritability.

But do you know Johan: My heart I gave none. Maybe I had nothing to give, or - and here she lowered her voice to a whisper, perhaps, remaining here ... with you. For, singular as it may seem, your picture followed me wherever I went, it seemed to me as an ideal, which was not yet mine, but that I should strive to acquire. Had I stayed with you, I never would have reached you. Can you understand me when I tell you that I needed to leave you to find you, which I needed to let all my passions go all the way to get back to you and to die with you ...

Now it's almost over. The crater is burned out; it has finally thrown ashes around in all directions, only ashes. And you've been here for years and waded into the ash ... You, poor Johan! I have done you much evil ... Can you forgive me?

- Laura, now I understand you that I've never done it before, and now I understand also what wrong I did you, when I asked you to be mine.

I had only the selfish idea of owning yourself without making it clear to me if I could fill your requirements, if I could be for you what you needed. In it - I have violated you.

She was a long time with my hand in hers and looked at me with one of the nice look in hers eyes that were once so enchanted me, and that still glittered up for one last time. Now she was on sweet, and I felt this little while, gave me ample compensation for years of sorrow and suffering.

She asked me to fetch Maria, but when my sister arrived, the forces are already so exhausted that she was unable to speak. She took only her hand, and then extinguished the spark of life.

About the rest of my life, I can be brief. I had chosen to serve the debt during my previous life on earth heaped upon me and my desire was to a significant extent been satisfied, but then I had no consciousness of the past, I felt many times as if fate has settled meaningless heavily on me.

I could no longer maintain my credit, I was ruined and had to leave everything I owned. At first I was a sanctuary of Maria and helped her a little in her business, but when I saw how hard she had to pull out, I moved up to my native village, where I received a small tenancy which gave me a meagre livelihood.

Over my last year on earth would the sun shine. Our uncle had died, and when Maria and I were his only heirs, we were hastily added in a completely different and better economic conditions. We did not need to toil longer; we bought us a small place, moved together and lived a carefree life.

Axel, who has become a famous artist and long lived abroad, was now returned home and rushed to look us up. He had several times written both to Maria and me and expressed his desire to see us again. Now he came and was like in former days our guest for a few sunny summer days. It was a joy to re-sit together and look back on all that we experienced.

But the joy is not resident on the earth. In the fall I suffered from pneumonia, which took a serious turn. Maria sat beside me and patted my fevered temples. I knew the end was near, and thanked her for all she has been for me. The last thing I caught was her steadfast gaze.

ON THE OTHER SIDE

What it means to end a hardworking earthly life - full of trials, and move over to the other side/the "summer-land/ country" with the feeling that, however, to have taken a small step forward in development, that can not be enough understood down there on Earth, where we go around blindfolded and do not have a clue about the country on the other side - the summer land/country, with all its glory and joy.

I woke up and looked around me. Where was I, where had "they" brought me? I lay out in a meadow. All around me, I saw only flowers and tall grass. Birds singing, the flowers smelled, and the balmy breeze blew caressing through my hair. I felt it so easy to breathe, but I was very tired, I closed my eyes and fell into a light slumber.

How long I lay in this pleasant daze, I do not know. I had the sensation that I recovered after a long and severe illness, and that I would soon have the power, if I only was calm. It was so nice to open your eyes and see the beautiful landscape, for then to close them again and feel the pleasant numbness in all limbs. I thought I dreamed, and yet I seemed to be awake, but really awake, I was probably not, because I was not on the sick bed - where I just struggled with the fever. I did not dare to move a limb, so afraid I was that all this glorious magic would disappear.

Then I felt a warm hand that stroked my head. I turned my head and saw a figure sitting in the grass behind me. He smiled kindly at me.

- How do you feel now? he asked.

- Marvelous, I said, -well, just a little tired. But who are you?

-Do not you recognize AKAB?

-AKAB ... Akab? What strange memories came not up when I heard this name. - Akab, it is you, my old teacher and friend? But how did I get here?

I have brought you from the earth, which you left behind + your dead body, and put you here in the grass - so you would get a rest for a while. You've slept so well, while I sat here watching over you.

-Am I dead, you say?

-Yes, as they call it on Earth, but in fact, you are more alive than ever.

Do not feel how the new life is pulsing through your veins?

-Well, it is so comfortable, I feel so healthy.

Yes, you feel good now and will get even better when you are strong enough to follow me higher up. I will then pick you up, but leave you now for a short time while you are taken care of by an old acquaintance who asked to receive you. She lives here just next door. See, there she is already. Live well, we'll see you again soon.

I waved my hand in farewell and saw me wondering around for she who would help me. There came a female creature with light, silent steps towards me. What she was beautiful! Dark, dreamy eyes, black hair; like curling in ringlets down the neck, a skin that was browned by the sun. She looked so friendly. Where had I seen that face before; it seemed so familiar?

-Welcome John! she said, as she knelt in the grass beside me. You look so surprised. Do not you recognize me?

Is that ... is it really you, Laura? So beautiful you have become!

Yes, we become a little prettier when coming over here for the summer country, she said with a suggestive smile. And that I came here, I have you to thank. Therefore, I asked Akab to receive you here in my home.

If you want me to support you, I think you now have the energy to follow me on the small road across the meadow.

We went together to her home, where she decorated a small delightful place on my behalf.

There I spent a period of calm, where I rested after the earthly life that was me such a heavy burden. My great joy was to see the remarkable change that had taken place with Laura. She was so friendly and affectionate towards me, she did everything to prepare me comfort and joy.

Once, when we were like two old friends sitting, and talking about our memories and experiences; she said:

-You can now view all of our past earthly life with all its sorrows and trials, but may be you can also look further back to the period when you were Wolfgang and I Gertrude?

-Wolfgang ... Gertrude? The looming so strange characters past my mind's inner eye. Wolfgang ... Gertrud! Oh, it is bad memories you evoke. Was it you and me?

Yeah, look at them closely, so do you probably recognize them. She put me in front of a mirror, or whatever it was, and stroke over its surface. Then appeared, as in a movie theater, moving pictures of our penultimate earthly life (2 incarnations back in time.)

No, remove those ugly pictures, I asked. Why drag up these embarrassing recollections now, when I feel so good?

*-It is to initiate you in gratitude for the change we both went through, she said, not to worry, that I wanted to remind you of times past. I have sat here while I waited for you, and read in the 'image writing' Akab lent me, about our life together on earth, both the last and the two preceding, and I have longed for this a while, when I could show them to you, and we could seek to interpret them together. **Here I have another mirror, which reproduces images from a life that is even further back in time.***

She stroked it the same way, and the same scenes that I saw once when I was sitting watching over Gertrude in, came back with life's warm color against me.

(Seems to be like today's PADs with touch-screens, which we now – more than 100 years later, also have here on the physical earth-level. Rø-rem. of 2013)

Can not you understand what it torments me to see this? I said. I have to admit that even this was me, but why should I again be reminded of all this?

- I have produced these images; so that we might learn something from them. I wanted so happy with you get to look back on the stages we traveled.

Maybe you're right. It shall then be interesting to hear what you thought about our strange fates.

Well, she started; you jerked me once, when I was a naive child of nature, from the environment I belonged. You took me half with, half against my will and took me away to your castle. What did I know - what fate awaited me, then the grand knight Luigi gave me her jewelry and attracted me to jump up on his pommel.

The adventure enchanted me, but it was not long before defiance awoke in my breast. I was children of a free people who do not recognize any master. Liberty was the breath of life I imbibed from the time I lay upon my mother's breasts; the freedom was me more precious than life. When I saw how all my steps were watched, how I actually was a prisoner in the

palace, for which I dreamed of owning and mastering, then came hatred in the poor Zenia's heart.

Yes, I think it was more loss of freedom than the abuse I was subjected to; when other women soon took my seat, which in my mind, founded the bitterness which it then cost me so many sufferings to be obliterated. Now it's gone, and I can sit quiet and watch the past and be pleased to welcome you in my home. Now I have learned to value you as my best friend.

-Thanks for the words! But do not cancel your story. How did you prepare your escape?

I bribed the guard at the drawbridge with a few bottles of wine, and so I went out a bleak autumn morning, before anyone was still awake in the castle, - out into the wide world with a few gold coins in my pocket and a small child in her arms. I was poor and had to beg my way. What did it matter - I was free and I had my little boy, my Angelo, which I loved passionately.

My own tribe, I dared not to seek up, but joined soon another gipsy tribe, and then lived with these wilderness children a wandering life. I danced for bread for me and my baby, and when I could no longer dance, I predicted in cards, both high and low, it was more beneficial. Though I had many offers, I never wanted to get married. Freedom from all bands was my way. It germinated also deep in my soul, a hatred for men. Full became my mind in turmoil as I thought about how they despise the woman, how they override her. I had got to know and feel it, I, and yet in my old days - I could tremble with rage when these thoughts came over me.

- *And all of this was my fault. It's terrible what I have much on my conscience, I interrupted.*

-You dear friend! Do you think it is to make yourself reproaches as I sit and talk about this? No, my mind is now so free from any the slightest feeling of resentment, yes, even more, now I owe you thanks for what you last made for me, and that is to learn to understand what to pull up from these memories.

-*Continue then. Did you get any joy out of your son - our son?*

As long as he was a child, he was my life's great consolation and my heart's treasure. He was the sun over my thorny path. All my thoughts were about how he was going to be great and beautiful and happy. But he was a bastard of knightly hall's grandeur and the gipsy tents rags; he belonged to neither, but was pulled to them both, and therefore he was a dreamer. He had once been given a pencil, and it was his joy when he came across a piece of paper; to sit and draw, lost in admiration over a tree branch or a flower.

He was not like any of us; his limbs were tender, his hair blond, his skin white. It was my pride, but it gave my constant concern, for I felt that he was not in the long run could stay with me. One day he disappeared, he had fled without saying me farewell. He was well when about 18 years. My poor Angelo, he knew that I rather sat the dagger in his chest than voluntarily waived him.

-*what happened further for yourself after the loss?*

-With me it was over. Since I vainly strayed far distances about our camp and shouted his name in the forest hides, until my voice failed me, I put a new bitterness to the old. I closed myself within myself, became silent and grumpy and was considered by my tribe as deranged. I let them believe it, but I had my full sense and

understanding. All my thoughts were now about revenge, revenge on him who betrayed me, revenge to him that ran away from me, revenge upon all men, for they were the root of the entire evil world.

Yes, such was I then and such I went over to this world, where I was for a while, which seemed to me to never end, and brought me a miserable existence. I remember it so well yet; it can best be described as a bleak twilight without a sunray, and no time of joy. Still revealed, my thoughts of hate and vengeance against both men that devastated my life.

Finally got a good spirit and sought me out. He gave me the education and care, he melted the ice around my heart, and I got through his education - soon a brighter residence. I was now comparatively happy, because I could forget, yes, I seemed to be able to forgive. It was the same Akab that brought you here, the faithful, warmhearted Akab, who helped me then, as he had done many times since. He put me in a good school, where I learned much that I did not have a clue about. Only now I noticed how immature I was, and I worked restlessly on getting knowledge and to strengthen my spiritual muscles.

-Did you see your son during this period?

No, neither him nor you. You were both gone - I know not where. It was well sense that I would try to forget - for a while at least.

-you have not seen him since?

-Well, wait a minute; I'll be at that passage in my life.

-Go ahead, I pray. Your words move me so that I'm sitting in the greatest excitement. Was it long before you went down to the earth again?

I do not know with certainty how long, but I would think that after earthly reckoning took a few hundred years. Finally, I was taken by the earth longing, and I went down with the beautiful intentions to become good and still. Alas, what's an intention! - Bubbles; which burst at first contact with reality. They need to be cured in the fire of trial, only then do they grow into in nature and become one with our being.

Do you remember anything from your next earthly life?

That was when I was Gertrude. I was born in favorable economic conditions. Long the only child of the rich and powerful mayor, I was a spoiled kid, who was accustomed to having my every wish fulfilled. I wretch - bad, I wore the ordeal that be rich. Was it a latent memory of everything I had in the previous life forsaken, that I then - however, once received sipping on abundance, now gripped me - so that I passionately devoted myself the worship of gold? Or was this evil seed in the ground of my being and which now demanded to grow and then show its nothingness? I know not, but know I got my fill of "fun-measure", and that it drew me to ruin.

I looked for the one that could increase my wealth, and I found you, the rich heir, who was also so weak-willed that I could wrap you around my finger. One thing annoyed me: I had a brother who would divide the inheritance with me. For this reason, he was me a thorn eye, but on the other hand I had, as long as he was a child, an almost motherly feeling affection for him. Was it because I was so much older than he, and in fact must take care of him when our mother died, as then she gave him life? Or was it occult memories that unconsciously made themselves felt: because Carl-Göran was - I have now received to know - none other than my Angelo from the gipsy-time. He had sought me up, to be for help and support of me, but how was his love given back?!

- Where Carl-Göran our son? How strange! Then I begin to understand ...
- What do you mean?

-why I felt so drawn to him, but also why I always had a certain sense of responsibility towards him, not just a sense of guilt for the crime I committed when I sent him out to the probable destruction, without a sense of deeper nature. Do you know where he since has gone?

- Wait, we meet him again soon. Our life together - as I, myself ruled by so many evil passions; also drew you into perdition, I can ignore here, as we both know it too well. There I brewed myself a bitter drink, which I then had to empty later. You know how I finally fell so deeply that I killed my father and stole his gold, then on myself getting rage in unbridled freedom.

For a time, I was in a foreign country as a celebrated beauty, the widow of a great and esteemed Businessman - it was the stamp, under/in which I appeared. But the road went downhill from fall and decline. You saw for yourself what misery I sunk into, when you came and got me.

Yes, poor Gertrude, it was terrible what you must have suffered.

-What was it - compared to what I then had to endure in mountain hole, in solitude with myself. But it was needed these torments of hell to bend a stiff neck - so that of mine.

-But then you were up here after all - so good and so humble, I said.

How could I then - in my next life backslide as I did, you mean. Yes, you may well wonder. This have been for myself a mystery, but it's enough so that intentions are not adequate, they are to be examined down there in the matter, where the memory of all the past is wiped out, which for each time so to speak, may start anew, where the evil capabilities, while they have a soil to germinate in, and where they also grow so that you can get a hold of them and uproot them with the root. That's how the good soil is finally prepared, which gives food to the influence that comes from above.

This time I went down with the best intentions, how I kept them - you self know. Longing for Freedom and adventures, sat me even so the blood - that I could not possibly be the still and mortify creature, that fitted as the wife of a humble farmer on a small farm. The so-called artistic life with a gipsylike theater troupe was probably more in my taste, it had something of the life of free gypsies, - with its frivolous flair about them, and it had yet been so deeply rooted in me that I felt at home just there. Therefore, I rejected your first marriage proposal, but when you came back, and I saw therein a promise that your feeling was strong enough to carry me into other adventures; then I followed you, I though did not have any warmer feeling for you. I also believe that there were higher powers in action – so that we would now be combined to obtain an opportunity to help each other out of the net of bad effects - that we messed ourselves into by previous actions.

When I was Gertrude however, I feel we had made it wiser not to be bound to each other. Then we made each other much hurt, I with my possessiveness, you with your softness, both with our thoughts of winning. Then we were not yet ready to solve the difficult task we had together. Higher powers had probably intended it so you would have genuine Gerda and I had to stand within range of your influence. How different could not then all have taken shape. Imagine what a wife you would have had in her, how you would have grown at her side. But now it went as it went. We both got a hard-won experience.

Another thing was that in our past/last life on earth, then, we were both slightly better equipped for a solution of the conflict, in which we committed ourselves to each other, and

thanks to your patience and Your kind heart became too loose.

-Why do you think **the higher powers** wanted our union more this time than the time before?

-In this, I have a very specific reason to believe, as then they let her, - she you really belongs to; be born as your sister.

-Was Maria ...?

Yes, Maria was Gerda, your good angel, who always fell your needs.

-Wonderful how the destiny's treads, are twisted together!

-Yes, you may well say so. There seems to be a law, that those who have to do with each other, sooner or later is pulled/attracted together down there on the physical plane.

We were also not the only old acquaintances who recently met. You asked for Carl-Göran, *he came as Axel to you to spread a little sunshine over your life*. Also to me, he showed kindness that I certainly did not make me deserve, but its extent helped to tame my mind and melt my hardness. He is so good, and once I will probably be in a position to re-apply all the good he has done to me – and give vent to the tenderness I still have added to my way of being - on his behalf.

But those who find it difficult to forgive me, it's the father I robbed and murdered. Although he stood not far from us during our last earthly life. He was your uncle.

Really? It came over me like a little while you sat here and talked. Yes, it was the lot of the old mayor's rigid and barren being, who came back with my uncle. The only he showed any real affection, was Maria, yes even Axel, his son from ancient times. Thee he had trouble to like. Was also this an expression of an unconscious occult memory?

-Why not, I find it quite natural.

-Have you met him, as he came over here?

- I met him and did what I could to deal kindly with him, but he recognized me and was still very harsh to me. But it will probably also be our time - to make up our dealings. When Maria got her holidays, I hope to first win her heart. She was very reluctant to me, which I will not blame her for, but she has a heart of gold and is easily reconciled. Then I thought that she and I together will help uncle. He's probably not having it really good yet.

It's highly interesting details from our past lives – you here rolled up. What thereby fills me with the greatest admiration, is the accuracy with which the "higher powers", as you call them - I would say God - leads all of our destinies, so that we get the opportunity to develop - not only ourselves, but also to repair what we have broken onto the others, and to some extent contribute to their development.

-Do you have more to tell me about the past?

-Only that we, in our last life, met another old creditors, the coachman Lars. He belonged to the crew that went under with Wotan. It was probably an unconscious sense of guilt that drove me so warmly 'put me out' for him, when your patience was over. And that you have fulfilled my desires, you have not regretted. He became - finally - a decent man and; since he came over here, have had it relatively good. So we get enough time to make good to all – against whom we have done wrong.

Now only remains for me - to at this end - where I began, to thank you for being a good friend, to open for me when I came back wrecked and wretched. Had you then shut your door for me, as indeed was so close at hand, and as many claimed - so I had got

a hateful heart and a crushed brain, gone from that life to end up in a dark and yet harder place than what was Gertrude's lot. But now you did not push her away, but healed her wounds. While I was struggling in my mind the most violent battles with my own I am proud, I was at the outer repulsive and cold - I could not otherwise. But you were always good and durable and it finally melted the ice about my heart, so that I, before I life left, got power over me to thank you and ask you to forgive. Therefore it became my entry into our world, this time a sweetness that I can not describe. Much remains to me to go through, I understand, but I have found peace with myself, and it's a good foundation to build on.

Now do you understand of what infinite importance you been for my development?

She took both my hands and pressed them warmly, while those beautiful eyes were filled with tears.

-Also you have for me been a help to my development, I said. What had become of my weak and effeminate nature; everything just passed me well? No, it's the trials and battles that hardens our will and put steel in nature. I thank you for everything and especially for this unforgettable moment of reckoning with the past.

Yes, now we have suffered ourselves free from the ties varuti our passions ensnared us together, and in exchange found each other as faithful friends. She pressed once again my hand with a warmth of heart that I will never forget.

After a moment of silence, she said with a tender smile:

-Now we have together ransacked the past. Are you also curious to look into future?

Do you know something about it?

I can not say I know anything, but I just wanted to tell you that Akab promised a procure of favor for me as I have asked him about.

And of what is it composed?

-that I - the next time we go down in the world of matter, may be your mother.

Here ends my story with the child's gratitude to the Father for his loving, unfailing guidance through the mists of error, up to all our bright, lovely home.

Part III

Fanatics and martyr Memories of two terrestrial lives

Introduction

Religious fanaticism is one of the worst scourges that has ever scourged humanity. How much blood has not flowed, how many atrocities are not committed under the fanatical cover: "God wills it!" People's hardness and malice against each has taken many forms, but nothing has been so refined in their cruelty as that, which was conducted in the name of religion, and nothing has even attracted so much suffering and misery of its practitioners.

I speak from experience, for I myself have been guilty of the worst crimes under pretext that I thus served a holy thing, and I have been through terrible sufferings, but finally freed me from the shackles with which I thus burdened my soul.

Could there be someone to help in his eternity walking, a lesson to see how their inevitable effects sneaks into deeds tracks, but also how these effects are likely to bring up the fallen, to cleanse the taint, to care the wounded, **and I will here in broad views tell of my crimes in one of my earthly life and my sufferings in the following.**

I want try to make it as objective as possible, like standing outside myself, and I hope then I now in fact can put all this away, which burdened and haunted me for more than 300 years!

My heart thanks, my spirits worship of the One great comforter in all tribulation, The Father everywhere – whatever *the father* is called: thanks for all that (has) happened to me, and that made it possible for me to reach here – where I now stand and so that I can tell you.

I lived in a time when passions/pain, ran high waves in the minds of men. The Reformation had, during fire- and baptism of blood, broken road right through the walls with which an all-powerful church known to surround and cripple people's divine privilege, freedom of thought, but the church took revenge on its rebellious children. In or by prison, sword and body the church searched stifle heresy, as through this his martyrdom only got so much more force to grow strong. It was the same truth cloister on Earth echoed all times; when a new and cleaner outlook wanted to break through.

I was in this battle on the dark side. I was a papist, a raw, ruthless papist, who shunned not any funds when it came to combat heresy. And yet I was neither priest nor monk, I was a senior official in one of southern Germany's major cities. Closer I will not enter my place in the world. My Christian name was Bernhard - it may be enough.

From childhood, I had learned revere the church. She was to me the epitome - not only of all that is holy, but also of all power in heaven and earth, and this view was the ominous hint for my whole life - cover for all my crimes.

My father was a strict master, who often chastised me harder than I deserved, which in my young mind founded a bitterness and hardness, which I then found it very difficult to overcome. My mother was a good and pious woman, but so cowed by her husband's despotic temper that her influence over me was not of any importance. She also died while I was still quite young. I got my education first in a convent school and then at University of Heidelberg, where I mainly studied theology and law. Such prepared I went out in life.

As I was a so-called high birth, I was soon a favorable employment and advanced briskly. I was a relatively young man when I felt the sweetness of my hand keep a not inconsiderable power. The despot in me, which to date has been fixed, now became free and pulled me away from indifference to hardness, the hardness of a crime.

I had a childhood friend, the blue-eyed, light-haired Louis, in so many respects, my complete opposite. Personally, I had brown eyes and black hair, but the disparity was not only an exterior. Louis was a nice nature; introspective and dreamy, he was kind-hearted, but also strong willed. We had grown up together and even been comrades at the university. Then He took a modest job as a printer of a genteel magnate. Despite the disparity in our characters I felt very drawn to Louis, and certainly, that he for a time exerted a very good influence on me.

But then came the break between us. He still lived in his parents' home, where I was often a gladly seen guest. Louis' mother cherished me with an almost maternal tenderness. A Day I met in this home a distant relative of Louis, the fair Elsa. Never shall I forget the brilliant eyes and the weak smile when she first came out, while she opened the gate for me.

- You are looking for Louis? she said. He is in his room, if you please will enter.

I greeted courteously and mumbled something that she guessed right, but I was so busy sensing the beautiful revelation she was, that I had preferred not going ahead, and just stayed where I stood.

We from then on met frequently. She treated me with her effortless transparency, which is a distinguishing feature of purity of heart, and I was drawn by an irresistible force to

her presence. I think Louis more than Elsa saw the emotions that had been woken in the middle of my breast and this tormented him, for he was silent and gloomy; often went away from us without saying a word and showed me on the whole, not the former friendly familiarity.

Finally, it came to an understanding between us. I told him how deeply attached I was to Elsa and asked him how he thought she would respond to my request for her hand.

- It may she herself tell thee, was his short answer: and so he rushed out of the room.

Oh, it is so, I thought, well, let her talk, and I doubted not a moment, that she would prefer me, a nobleman, already reached high in a social position, especially compared to the insignificant writer. But I was mistaken, I got a short and firm rejection of my proposal. Some time later, I heard that she and Louis were betrothed.

Now grabbed me jealousy demon, and the love I harbored hatred changed. All my thoughts focused now on the only desire to take revenge on both of them for the affront I felt I have suffered. Opportunity presented itself to that too after some time.

Late one night, when I went home alone from a party collection, I thought I heard singing from a remotely located house in the garden. I stopped and listened. What could it be? The main gate was locked, but from a back alley on the other side of the block, I managed to prepare me access through a back gate which stood open. I crept up to the house and put my ear against the wall. Sure enough, my suspicions were confirmed, it was the singing of hymns, there were heretics who held church services. All the shutters were bolted so that I could not see in, but by the chorus, which, however, apparently was very subdued, I could understand that much people were gathered in the small room. The heretic persecutions was now as an epidemic across the country, and nothing was to the church and the ruling princely more pleasures, than a statement against those who held secret Lutheran worship services; for such was the most severe punishments prohibited. I decided to stay some time, to discover who they were that such defied religious and secular commandments.

The singing stopped, and I heard a voice speaking in preachy tone. I thought I recognize that voice. Was it possible - could it really be Louis? I crept closer to that part of the house where I thought the voice came. Here hung the shutters on Only one catch, it was easy with a gentle hand to bring it a little to the side. The small windows boxes, however, was on the inside and so covered with 'fog' that I could not make out anything. However, I heard now much better.

No doubt anymore, it was he who spoke. I captured clearly these words: "- the papal Antichrist hath taken us of the Holy Scripture, which would teach us to love God and love of the brethren, therefore also evil was now spreading and becoming a abomination to God and love to the brothers. Therefore also evil was spreading and becoming a abomination to God and people. But we, my brothers and sisters; want to read this word and edify us peer with its gospel, it is our right as human beings even if the church and the law forbids it. "

I had heard enough. With quick steps I walked away and hurried to the city Guard, which I by virtue of my office had the right to command. I took with me all Guards and surrounded the house. Then I commanded the leader and some one to go in, or reak in if they did not want to open, and arrest the accused. I myself kept hidden at some distance.

After a short scuffle, they came out with their prisoner. But at his side, clung a woman as they tried in vain to separate from him. I heard how she begged and implored the

soldiers to release him or to take also her, but they yanked her by force from him and pushed her away.

It like cut my heart - this plaintive voice that I once had so dear, and for a moment I was seized with the idea that running back and free them. But the next moment I hardened my heart and let the raw soldiers keep them.

Early the next morning my valet reported that a young lady wished to speak to me. It was Elsa. She had no idea that it was me who overthrew them into the accident, and I pretended an utter ignorance of what has passed.

She asked me so persuasive that I would put myself out for Louis, because, she said, and therein she was right, a word from me would be enough to save him. I feigned for her, a friendship for Louis, who I no longer entertained, but said that to my duty as an officer forbade me to seek justice halt when his crime was so palpable - he had been arrested in the act.

With the beautiful head deeply bowed, she went away from me without saying goodbye. It broke out a storm in my mind that I could not subdue. I rushed out after her and asked her to come back. She looked at me with big wondering eyes and followed me silently into room. I threw myself at her feet and stretched her arms towards her.

- Elsa, I exclaimed, be mine and I'm saving Louis!

She looked for a moment at me with a look that went from pity to contempt.

- Never! She said with firmness and walked with dignified posture out of the room.

I raged, I stomped on the floor. How had I not humiliated me in front of her, and she just stepped on me! Revenge! Revenge! cried within me.

I called the judge who would hear the case, and made him swear an oath not to incorporate my personal in what I had to communicate. I told how everything went and quoted the words I heard Louis say. These would be well enough to convict him, I thought.

Of course, replied the lawyer with an ingratiating smile, but if your grace not he would testify, there is after all no witnesses who heard him say these words.

-Try, and I think he stands by his words without witnesses.

- So can be? Yes heretics are a strange breed; they are not like other people. He bowed low and left.

The court met in the Town Hall. I was present and heard it all, but sat behind a curtain so no one saw me.

It went as I expected. Initially, Louis behaved to the court as calm and reserved.

For what are you accusing me? he asked the judge.

You've kept the Lutheran church service, you have misled people, you have blasphemed the Church head, His Holiness himself.

Who testify against me?

-Your own words. You have said that the papal Antichrist has failed you the holy word of the Bible, but that you would read it in spite of the church and the law's prohibitions. Now he turned pale.

Who said that? he asked in a trembling voice.

I ask you: Have you uttered these words?

He stood for a moment quite still, and then the answer came quietly and firmly.

- I refuse not to my words and I am ready to repeat them, but who says you this ...? For some traitors within our little circle – it is not.

- That's not the point. When blasphemers must be prepared that the walls have ears.

The judgment read in five years' imprisonment, with the right of the prisoner to be free in the same while he renounced his faith. For the enforcement of the judgment – it was handed over the convicted to the Holy Inquisition, which took him to repent his heretical fallacies.

What this mattered knew everyone. It was torture chamber horrors that awaited him. Louis took his brow, staggered a few steps backwards and sank down on a bench. Elsa, which from a corner of the crowded courtroom filled listened to the interview, gave a piercing shriek; made her way up to Louis and clasped him in her arms. A moment later, she traveled herself, stretched hands towards the judge and said in a firm voice:

- This unjust judgment will come upon you, and the one who flagged us. But I say to you judge: Have you judged him, so shall you judge me, for I am the one having led him to this faith for which you judged him. I'm his legally wed, and I have the right to share prison sufferings with him.

- Remove the woman, she's mad, 'said the judge.

I can not take anymore of these hideous memories. Still now after more than 300 years, and although I suffered myself free from the links I then hammered me, these reminiscences still is hunting my soul so I find it difficult to continue. I would not do it if it were not necessary to understand the context of what has since gone out over me. But I want to be short.

Louis, who had an equally fragile body as his soul was strong, died of neglect and Torture. Elsa was completely broken. She wasted away and died a year after Louis. His mother; who had always been so sore - she became confused by grief.

And all of this was my doing, I'm the miserable! I either did not have any calm time after this - no quiet moment. As soon as I was alone whipped me conscience. In the daytime I muted the internal cast with intensive work and boisterous fun, the nights stunned myself with liquor and opium.

But one is pulling the other with. I had begun to persecute heretics, and there was like an irresistible force had pushed me to continue on this path. I captured one victim after another, and let them go the way of Louis. It was as I imagined that my debt to him became less the several who shared his fate.

So I went from crime to crime, all emotional looser and harder - the longer the time went, but my reputation grew. I called the church's obedient son and the throne's support. Everyone looked up to me, but also all trembled for me. Life had become for me the hard struggle against the internal voice. Whatever I did, I did in blindness, then I still increased my debt to not to hear its voice.

The life I brought undermined my health, and I was not yet 50 years when I was at the sick-bed from which I might not get up. With dismay I looked forward to death. Well, I tried to lull me in the hope that everything would end with this life, but it did not succeed; my theological studies had struck such deep roots that I could not get away from the idea of an eternal life. I then sought to convince myself that I would naturally inherit bliss crown. Of course - as I had spent so many heretics of life, I who have been Church's strong support - who would probably otherwise have it. But the idea was never to any certainty. I lay there pondering my future destiny of uncertainty with scary weight on me, and conscience' nagging pain in my soul, all under the the physical torments not left me in peace. For me hell already began on Earth - fortunately, I can say, for thereby was broken the worst sting out of the sufferings that awaited me on the other side.

A small episode from my last days, I would mention. I was never married, but lived a life

of the recluse or loner, that also in its way contributed to darken my sad existence. An old creaky housekeeper and a stupid, filthy monk who would be a little skilled in medicine, took turns that vigil at my bedside, but it happened not infrequently that both were gone, and I got to be alone for long periods.

On one such occasion, came once completely unaware, an old gray-haired old woman into me. The doors had been open, and she had just risen in. She stopped at the threshold and looked wonderingly around. Then she went straight to my bed and stared at the silly me.

- I go and search my Louis ... is it you? They have said that he would be here ... He had such beautiful blond curls and blue eyes ... but you're black, you ... you're not my Louis. But tell me where you have made of him ... Is it you who have been hiding him?

She began to look everywhere in the room. I was in the worst torture.

- Mother Annika, I said finally, do not you recognize me?

- No, you're so black, you know I do not ... Louis was light, he ... Poor mother Annika, that no more will see her boy.

She sat down in a chair by the bed and cradled her head.

- Look at me right. I'm Bernhard. Do you not recognize me?

- Bernhard? Bernhard ... who is it? So called a boy Louis was so fond of ... is it you?

- Yes, it's me.

- Now you're lying. Bernhard was a fine boy, but you look so mean out ... He went away and I do not know where he went ... Elsa said it was Bernhard who betrayed Louis, that I think not, it is not possible ... or what do you think?

I was in the most dreadful anxiety. Irresistibly I stretched both arms toward her.

- Yes, mother Annika, for you, I confess it. It was I, Bernhard, who indicated Louis. He was a heretic.

- Holy Mother of God! Then it's you that has taken him from me. Woe to you! She screamed and rushed towards me. Give me back my Louis or I'll strangle you.

She might also have, if not in the same monk came back and forcibly brought her out of the room.

I was deeply shaken, and the strong emotion gave my illness a crucial turnaround. A few days later, I died.

Strange as it may seem, this little event was of great importance to me. Only the fact that I am in a moment of horror, perhaps more than the actual repentance could confess to Louis' mother that it was me who reported him, if I same breath was ready to excuse myself by saying that he was a heretic, made it easier for me since my extreme distress on the other side to confess all my crimes. The ice shell about my heart had gotten a first small break - that was the meaning of this strange visit, I now bless.

Providence means for the salvation of a soul, is marvelous.

II

I want to try to describe in more detail the course of my death.

An icy chill gripped me. It started in my feet and step slowly up the legs. Meanwhile my sight was darkened, so that I only indistinctly perceived objects around me. I understood now that death came, the long feared resolution. A dreadful anguish shook my inner being. The physical pains I have so long suffered under numb eventually removed, but in instead accelerated my psychic pain in a terrible degree. Now darkness fell upon my eyes, I saw nothing but was still conscious and felt icy cold slowly rise up against chest. I wanted to shout for help, but did not make a sound, I wanted to turn my arms against something terrible that I thought I perceived right next to me, but my whole body was which paralyzed. During all this worked in me something that I thought would tear me, and though it was not associated with any severe physical pain. Then I remembered nothing. I fell into a trance. Obstetric – transition - work was finished.

When I woke again it was my first sensation that I froze - I was so cold that I shook. it was also dark about me, I saw nothing. Yet I knew not that I was dead, but thought my keeper failed me so that they neither lighted candles or put fire in the fireplace. They also must have moved me and deprived me of my clothes. I was lying there almost naked, had only a few thin, ragged rags on me.

I got angry and shouted first at the monk, then my housekeeper - now I had however, regained the power of speech - but no one came.

I groped in the darkness for my alarm clock, it was not there. What did it mean? Where had they brought me, and why had they left me alone? I called yet again but received no answer.

Then I tried to get up and noticed to my surprise that I was indeed very tired but still I could turn and put me up without help and without plagues, which I had not for a long time managed. I felt, however, terribly helpless and happened to be in real fury of the people; that however, was so good paid for caring me, - they had left me in this way without saying a word.

I began to feel and sense a little about me to find me the way, right. The darkness, as I first found so impenetrable, began gradually to be dispelled by a weird half-light, so that I could distinguish the nearest objects. It was a terrible predicament I found myself in. I laid at a bare stone slab, which also was moist and tacky - it was not strange that I froze? What could this mean? If they had thrown me in jail - and in which prison? Such vile lair had not even the Inquisition at their disposal.

When I am weary without getting different answer than the echo of my own voice, which bounced back from - as it seemed - deep shafts inside the mountain, I threw myself in despair down upon my wretched camp and began to cry. For a long time I lay and sobbed so, without a clue of where I was. Then I suddenly heard a laugh near to me. I lifted my head and saw a monk dressed in a hood with a hood over his head and rope around waist. I could not really make out his features, but I saw he grinned at me.

- hey! he said. So you've come now. It was not too early, we have long been waiting for you. You've been clever to have sent many heretics to hell, and now you come looking to see if you had them in good custody. Hi!

Here he uttered a scornful laugh that cut me to the bone.

- Who are you? I asked.

- At your service, mighty lord, he scoffed.

And where have you brought me?

- to the palace that you – yourself-constructed.

-Stop your scorn, punk, and tell me how to get out of this hole?

-If Your high grace pleases to take my arm - and we will wander together for a while in these cool colonnades; where art and natural compound made everything for our convenience. Here is good for us to be. Who is going to come out?

- Shut your rascal, and go your way! I shouted in anger.

- GOOD HEAVENS! Am I a burden I will immediately disappear. I thought your highness just shouted for help, and as I am a good-natured soul, I wanted to hear what was wrong, but not that I want to be troublesome.

He stretched his hands over me. Pax vobiscum! he said with a sardonic voice, struck a belly laugh and disappeared.

Horrible! I collapsed completely annihilated. Would this be my lot for all the services I have done the church, to be impotent a damp cellar and become förhånad of a miserable monk? No, I need to get myself clear and certainty about what this fun game had a meaning; because it could not be anything other than a fun game - was obvious.

I got up with no effort and started feeling my way obscuring, but even slipped on the slippery rocks, yet I bumped against the rock wall, but finding no way out. Heartbroken, I sank down on his knees.

-Holy Mother of God! I asked. Help your little servant from this undeserved suffering!

Then I felt a warm hand take on my wrist and heard a voice whisper:

- Bernhard! Do not say it's undeserved. You suffer from what your hands are worth. All your life has been a blasphemy against God.

I looked around but could not find anyone, and yet I felt that permanent grip on my wrist. What was this, it is also haunted in this horror resident?

- Who are you invisible? I asked, not without a secret trepidation.

- I'm the one who has been set to watch over you, who have followed you throughout your life and cried over your many missteps, and who brought you through the gate of death to the abode you have made for yourself.

- Death's door, you say, am I dead?

- Yes, you've left your worn tabernacle on earth and are now in the spirit kingdom.

- *I do not understand it. I have a body like before. Everything here is the same as material who on earth. I'm actually standing on solid rock.*

- ***The spirit world has its matter like the earth has its.*** This one is as real as the other. Leaving of a body, but has another not less suitable for this world's conditions.

- Would I really be dead? Now I remember that I was lying and felt death coming, but I went to sleep in and woke up here. Curiously! Am I therefore now in purgatory? I must confess that I expected it hotter.

My friend dropped his hold. I got no answer.

Once I was alone with myself. I had so much to think about ... So this was the world that lay on the other side of death. Had all those here so terrible or why did it hit me? It was a flagrant injustice that I, who have lived such a holy life in burning zeal for the church, I who had given so much to the monastery, which I forwarded to many heretics to just punishment, that just I would get it this horribly. How had God been acting so against me - or - there was no God? Chaotic thoughts tumbled about in my head.

Then I heard a voice, it sounded like an Ave. Groping my way, I managed to get out

in a long corridor which was dimly lit. Now, the song was heard more clearly, and I went in the direction from which the sound seemed to come. With faltering steps, I walked forward until I came to a great extension – hall- inside the mountain. Here was a whole crowd of people gathered, most monks and nuns. I stopped and listened. It was truly an "Ave Maria" they sang, but it jarred in false chord. I asked a monk who were close to me:

- What's all this mean or say? And where are we?

- If you are a novice, you poor thing, that does not know we are in the catacombs. But keep your mouth for now begins the service.

At an altar stood a priest with crucifix in hand and ranted long Latin prayers. I thought I recognized him. Yes, it did not hit wrong, it was Father Ambrose, who died a few years before me. He had belonged to the Jesuit order and was a fanatical persecutor of heretics. We had often met and many times put plans together, how we were going to fight delusion, but even I thought he sometimes traveled back with too much cruelty. I pushed myself closer to hear what he said.

He spoke of the persecution the faithful must now endure, and which forced them to seek refuge in the mountain caverns, but the time would come when the heretics would have their correct salary, then they would be roasted in hell fire. Then would vengeance hour come, and then would panacea Church's faithful followers triumph, they would be involved in bringing fuel to the flames, they would sing and dance around the fire of hell, and then they would inherit the glory of heaven.

Here the speaker was interrupted by someone who clapped and shouted "viva Ambrosius!" and so they made a circle and danced around him in the wild shouts and terrible gestures.

Against my will, I was dragged along until I sank down to fatigue.

This was too strong for me. With the most frightful disgust, I turned away from this hellish fun and groped me back to my cell.

Was this the continuation of what is on earth called a holy life? All these monks and nuns; which admittedly - it was generally known - lived in carnal pleasures but however dragged out devotional and penances; their lives were not worth more than that they would stop in such misery? And I myself: would the end of my brilliant career be to rank in such a rabble? It went around in my head. I mused as I was going crazy over what the fault was. That it was within my own inside/ breast, had not yet dawned on me.

But the time would come when even my stiff knees had to bend. It was through the permanent solitude of my own sick conscience, a self-mortification, which can not in words be described, and perhaps even through the excruciating touch with the humanity of of-foam, misery-folk, as such they had domicile and 'well-being', as my better person eventually came the dominion within me. Quick did it not happen, but it was still under constant struggles between my pride as insistent demanded redress for the unjust treatment I was subject to, and my inmost self, as with a stronger and stronger voice cried: Kneeling scoundrel miscreant!

In those moments when my better self had the power, I would often get a visit of my good guardian spirit, who with infinite patience searched soften my heart to a fully recognition of my debt. But then arose the pride and began to assert their right: I was no worse than others I have, I was brought up in the belief that what I did was a divine

works. Then it was not my fault but theirs, who taught me so. If the church learned the errors of wronglearning, it so belonged to this church and not us that never had been taught better. O, what I was 'chewing' on this theme again and again in all sorts of variations! But as soon as I began thus, I lost my good guardian spirit. At first I sought to interpret this as if he were stumped against my strong arguments and therefore that it was I who had right, but later I felt enough that I just chased him away with my bickering.

Now I had come so far that I could see him. He was so beautiful: it shone much goodness from the mild blue eyes, mouth expressed so much firmness but was at the same time so gentle. His hands were so nice, and whenever he stroked my crown of the head, it went out a wonderful heat from him. And it was so light, I can say that it came and assumed light from him. For when he came, it was almost full daylight in my den.

Those - his visit, which initially was me a real nuisance, became for me eventually precious. The rebellion within calmed when he came, and I got a taste of the peace after which I unconsciously sighed. It finally went so far that I longed for him and gave up my worn-out self-defense – not to drive him away. But yet I was not finished with me.

After many years of unspeakable suffering, I however eventually moved to another residence, where I was exempt from the visit of the loathsome shapes that hitherto had been my only company. It was a wretched hut certainly, but it was below the open sky. Cold was it even here and no sun shone over the gloomy, monotonous landscape, but it was however, a relief to be free from my terrible dungeon of this semi derelict dwelling.

It took me a long time here – as a real hermit with no other occupation than the poignant study of my earthly life. I tried enough to beat away all recollections of the past, but they came back, I could not get rid of them. Day after day, year after year of my earthly life, I got this scrutinize and ponder. Memories surfaced, which made hairs stand up on my head. Everywhere grinned at me my own bad self, which for its low aims sacrificed others' happiness, well being and life. It was awful paintings unrolled before my eyes, and alone, I sat there and stared at me and my bad old doings and habits. It is horrible sufferings which humans through its (old/animalistic talents-) - evil can prepare for him/her-self!



It was not far from my hut a small village, where loners such as I settled down to help each other to cultivate the surrounding wilderness. That was my only diversion to attend their work, but also there haunted me

my nagging torment. When I went there with a shovel in hand and dug into the barren earth, it was as if I dug up the bleak memories of my earthly life. A stone which squeaked against the shovel became a skull, and as I stared at it for a while, I recognized one of my victims. When a small water vein trickled its way into my spade furrow, I thought it as blood. I now know that this

was just my own conscience – and sick imagination, *but imagination plays in the world of spirits a role as you mortals can not imagine*, it actually creates images so evident that he/she who has not especially studied these conditions, take them for real.

I was tired of my work, I was tired of suffering, I was myself an unbearable burden.

One time when I was sitting outside my hut and gazed wistfully out across the desolate moor in front of me I saw a human being with the quick step approach. There was a woman; she ruled evidently her course straight for me. Who could it be? Pedestrians in this region was extremely rare, and the few that went past, was dark or gray as myself, but this was light, almost as bright as my guardian spirit. She was now quite close, but had a veil over face, so that I could not make out her features.

- Peace be with you, 'she said, as she stopped in front of me.

- For me, there is no peace, 'I replied.

- Peace is for every spirit, only he can catch it. God's love is greater than human evil, it is also stronger, and no one can in the long struggle with this love without being defeated.

- Maybe you're right, and I would have nothing against being defeated, but ... but it is something within me that rise up against such a submission. I think that I have become unfairly treated by fate. If I also sometimes have been mistaken by the means, it have been my goal, however, always to be good - as far as I understood it - to support the church I belonged to and that I received the teaching from - to look up to as the only salvation.

- You see now, however, what bliss that church (of that primitive time...) has prepared you to pay, for the help you devoted it. Learn from this, that the church itself, as well as your faith in it - was a delusion. But answer me one question, Bernhard: Was it only the church's best, you thought of and aimed, with all your acts of violence?

- You call me by name, how do you know me? And who are you? Tell me your name, Before I answer your question.

The stranger lifted the veil and saw me with a piercing yet gentle gaze in the eyes.

- Holy Mother of God! I cried, it's you!

- Yes, I am Elsa, who you once were in love with, but also prepared the most terrible sufferings.

Do you understand what it means to be deprived of the one you love and know him to be incarcerated and exposed inquisition torture, without even sharing his qualification?

- Grace, grace! I moaned, in that I fell on my knees at her feet.

- Answer me now to my question, Bernhard, did you do this just for the sake of the Church?

- Forgive me, forgive! It was out of jealousy I did it - out of wounded pride. It was my evil feelings in heart that ruled me. I was a villain - that was what I was - though I blamed the church. Elsa! Will you ever forgive me?

- Step Bernhard, I have long since forgiven you. It's not me who needs to be placated ...

- No, Louis, my former friend Louis. How will I ever dare to look him in the eyes? Woe is me! He could never forgive me, I understand.

- Though he harbors no grudge against you. He is ready to open his arms to you, only you come to peace with yourself. No Bernhard, it is God's Holy Spirit in your own innermost the spark of yourself- that he once planted in your being, you have hurt by the (bad-) blood. It is with this - your own inner spirit - which you have to be reconciled. *It is ahead of yourself -*

that you of fervent and sincere repentance - must make the confession, that you just did in terror, here in front of me.

- I understand you Elsa, and I have in fact long understood that it is ***the way*** I have to walk, though my knees were too stiff to bend. But now I'm done up with me - myself: it serves no longer seeking to resist the voice that loudly crying within me. I have sinned against God's holy law in my conscience, as also from the start accusing me therefore; though I still muted its voice. I'm a big criminal. - Leave me now, I must be alone with myself.



- *God bless and strengthen you in the important battle where victory is already waving to you.*

She leaned down and kissed my forehead, then she leaved as silent as she arrived.

What then followed is for others of comparatively little interest, though it for me was of the the greatest importance. I would therefore be brief.

As I then have come to a sincere repentance and the resulting brokenness, it brightened my life as if by magic. I had then the chance to move from my gloomy residence, into a beautiful region where initially Louis and Elsa took care of me and gave me a first teaching into much concerning my new life. Nothing has been better able to convince me of the Love from the divine power - than the tenderness with which these friends received me. These friends – that I so deeply and unfairly treated, so cruelly tormented.

It was touching to see how Louis came towards me and gave me his hand. When I wanted to ask him for forgiveness, he interrupted me.

- Dear friend; he said, do not talk further about it, it has already cost you more difficult sufferings than to me, ***for mental agony is far more painful than the physical.*** And what I in the time then suffered, it has for me now become a joy that I can not describe. Now let us be friends, just as in days of old: when we were young and the happy life smiled at us.

I asked about his mother; whom I have caused so much grief.

- She's is fine now, replied Louis, but at first she had a hard time finding herself adapting here. Her dazed mind cleared not immediately, then she completed her earthly tabernacle, because the disease sat deeper than only in the physical brain, but by peaceful and appropriate treatment, she has now come to clarity and peace. My desire to throw myself at her feet and ask her for forgiveness, however, he though declined.

- I do not think it's appropriate that you meet with her yet, because she is still very weak and will not stand by strong emotions, but when she becomes stronger, you probably are just as welcome to her as to us.

Louis and Elsa soon left me and returned to their home in a higher sphere, as they had now just come to receive me in my new dwelling. It was with real sadness that I parted from these noble friends, who so lovingly met me and so great doing good for evil. My heartfelt desire - I said it so - was henceforth to be in the opportunity to serve them, and thus in some way - again apply their goodness.

- We will serve each other, it belongs to us all - as members of the large Brotherhood, said Louis, as he pressed my hand in farewell.

As I stood there alone and looked after the departing friends – it came over me a strong oppression. What would now be my lot? What would I do? Suddenly my guardian spirit, the bright Dehli, stood in front of me. Where he came from and how he had traveled, I am not clear to me. I believe he just descended through space.

- Now, my friend, he said, you have to follow me down to earth. There is no time to lose. There is ongoing heavy fighting; as you helped to foment. It is now your duty to do everything in your ability is to dampen the heat of battle and ward off evil the people are in the process of adding to each other and to themselves.

- I'd like to be involved, as far as my powers capable; I said. Show me what I have to do.

We were together, or rather, he almost carried me in his strong arms, and soon was we were at the goal. This same town, where I went as a respected and feared man, the scene of my terrible atrocities.

It was strange to see it all again, from my current position. This entire physical world that I formerly considered as materially solid, seemed to me now quite unreal, then however, my own body seemed comparatively solid. So different, we see the phenomena from different planes. Now I was walking freely through the thickest walls and could see into the people's inside and read their most secret thoughts – as of an open book.

But that was not the strangest thing. I made a different experience that aroused my admiration. It was at that place a whole host of bright spirits gathered, all well disciplined and organized as like almost a military corps under a high, enlightened leader, and in this troupe, *I was incorporated as a man in the ranks.*

Our job was basically to support the idea of freedom struggle that was going on and that called heresy. But we were not on our plane lonely men on the battlefield. The time made angry billows passions ran high, there were many occasions for the dark to sow hatred and split, to incite to violence and atrocities of all types. They appeared to be less organized. I do not think they had any leader, but they found more willing ears than we, and instigated therefore evil.

It was their influence that we now had to counter, at the same time as we had to instill courage and hope of the freedom of thought - persecuted martyrs. Each of us was taking the task, that was best suited for his forces and abilities.

It fell to my lot to keep watch at a high prelate as with all power fueled persecution of heretics. I was instructed that as often as I could, *and especially when he slept,* searching to imagine him how wrong he did - and by my own history deter him from continuing on the path he trod. But I was not alone in this watchkeeping; a dark spirit, which largely had his ear, turned seldom away from him. **It is strange how powerless the good influences stands, unless that the person it regards - through its own free will and mood, is unleashing it.** It was only in the moments when the prelate sometime hesitated what he should be doing, that I got the opportunity to whisper to him a word of caution.

When he slept, I had more influence over him. I was able to coax his spirit out body and converse with him. And then he - as well as other criminals in their innermost beings, were not as bad as his work suggested, I could then pull up his lighter sides. I could get him to admit that he had the right to proceed with the ferocity that he perpetrated, I could get him to repent, to whimper like a sick child and promise repentance; but when he went back into his body again and woke up, he was again a slave to the old conceptions which plowed so deep furrows in his mind: then it was again that the dark watchman came to power.

Between him - my opponent and me, it never came to any battle, though I probably felt possess the power to expel him for now - it had not served anything, he had soon come back with a whole crowd of dark helpers - but we watched each other with mistrustful glances and never left an opportunity to make our influence applicable.

I stayed for quite some time in this post but was unable to accomplish much. Then I got to a somewhat lighter and more happy, but also a more painful task. I had to watch over any prisoners who languished in the Inquisition prison. Here was I alone on watch and could very well make myself heard. It was a joy to see how their faces brightened when I gave them the idea of the joy that awaited their faith strong spirits; when materialistic boundaries fallen off. With strong magnetic deletions could I moreover, not only help them to sleep, but also to some extent alleviate the pain torture inflicted on them. Oh, hell, these executioners; like in cold blood could witness the unfortunate plagues: and they were horrible to behold. It is terrible how deeply a person can decline in brutality and cruelty!

One of 'my prisoners' died, and I had the pleasure of taking care of his spirit and bring him up to his bright home. There was a cheer that was indescribable. The whole hosts of bright spirits came to meet him, and escorted him with shouts of joy and victory chants. Self he lay over the whole trip in my arms; still very weak, but with a beatific smile on the lips. As we parted, he thanked me warmly for the little I have been able to help Him. But I did not stay up there in the dazzling light sphere where he had his home; I had not been there either, because the light was so intense that I literally suffered thereof in the short while I waited to deliver my burden. I turned back to my post on the earth and stayed there as long the heretic persecutions happened.

I now come to a very different stage of my free life. After the service on earth, I returned to the sphere that was my real 'hometown'. I now needed to work on my own development and, in particular, I needed to strengthen me for the new mortal life as I knew awaited me, a life that would be very tough and heavy also, I could understand. It was also with trepidation I thought of this future, but so far it was still very remote.

Over a long period of years - it was well over a century after earthly time - I studied at a major university in my realm. But now it was not theology and law, I took in, it was especially civics and ethics, illuminated by examples from human development history of the earth, - extremely interesting studies - led by prominent teachers. There did my already quite predicted schooled spirit, get a good education, which was then - in latently form - followed me down on my next earth-wandering, and become me very happiness and utility. It's amazing what we have much to learn, and how the requirements of knowledge' dimensions increasingly grows: in proportion, as we penetrate into the excavations of knowledge. The more we learn: the more we see our gaps in knowledge. But time is not so important, *we've got all eternity to us.*

At the university I met two Russians, for which I took a lot of affection.

They were busily employed to study their country's social conditions and determined that the timely opportunity to go down again to participate in the battle for the liberation of their people. Orel was really a chamber scholar, he had been a professor and little-studied in public acquisitions, but he had also studied thru the history of his country, become a hot advocate for Russia's freedom. Ivan had been in the military and had with disgust been compelled to participate in the subjugation of some unrest in Little Russia. Eventually I was also drawn into their minds and became interested in this people, who possessed so many possibilities, but in all respects were so paralyzed. Particularly I studied their religious sects; which curiously all emerged from the peasant class.

The enthusiasm with which these simple people; without any book learning, could sacrifice and suffer persecution for one, in fact, insignificant deviation from the Greek Catholic Church doctrine, even sometimes just from its ritual, meant something captivating, that drew me to them.

Orel had a sister named Vera, who also studied at the same college, even she is an avid enthusiast of the freedom struggle - we knew - would soon break out in Russia.



She was a very likable woman with alert eyes of all social issues and a compassionate heart for the suffering of her people must undergo. We often had long debates; we four, the most appropriate way out to achieve a reform of the intolerable conditions. Ivan felt that an open revolution - if so bloody - would be the only way out, and he supported eagerly by Vera, while Orel and I however believe in a gradual and comparatively peaceful development to a parliamentary form of government.

At this time, it was during the last half of the 1800s, had already become the Initial efforts of the Russian people to a dawning awareness of the humiliation during which it lived. The crude and cruel Nicholas 1 had come to power, he swung a stiff rod of iron over his poor people, and the resistance began, whether only in small, single points: to raise their heads.

Ivan and Vera immediately wanted to go down to have time to grow up until the battle would come, but the more reticent Orel asked them to wait, because the time was not yet ripe. Long they could however not be restrained. They went, and I decided to follow them. For this, my decisions contributed to no small extent, a more tender feeling for Vera, which awakened within me and had gradually grown strong. There was something in this powerful woman's soul that pulled and drug me and enchanted me so I finally could not do without her. She had become for me all, the center around which all my thoughts and feelings revolved, gloss over my life.

So we wandered around the same time into the earth coarse matter, without knowing more about our future destinies than we wanted to consecrate ourselves to the holy cause of liberty.

III

In a small town in southern Russia, I was born in 1835 of simple, good-hearted parents. My father was a merchant and brought up well on their little trading. My mother was a pious woman. The Little Peter was his parents' 'eyestone' and grew up to be a brisk and dashing boy. Already as a child I had a strong will, that I not gladly gave away. I was not so easy to supervise and educate, but then my parents, and particularly my mother, never treated me hard, I kept a lot of them and obeyed them willingly. An old schoolmaster, however, which would impart me the first teaching and then proceeded with unnecessary severity, soon became my enemy. Against him I was defiant and disobedient, and I played him happy, so when I could, a little startled. Once I hid his hat so he had to go home bareheaded. I myself, I had hurried me away before storm broke loose. But when I then heard this expires over an innocent, I went to my antagonist and told him that he had acted unfairly towards my companion, for it was I who hid his hat: he could search the tall chestnut tree in the schoolyard. It became naturally a thorough thrashing and hot threath that I had to quit school if I did not behave me properly. Nothing had been me agreeable, but father wanted me to go left, and I obeyed, though I think I had a feeling that I just learned nothing in this primitive learning institution.

However, I had a burning taste for learning and sought all by themselves a great deal of knowledge: so that I was in school long before my peers. Then I also got a better teacher and walked briskly ahead in my studies.

When I was 17 years, I came to the University of Moscow. Here I performed at the beginning a happy student life and left the studies behind. My father sent me regularly, after our conditions, right every month plenty money and I let in the youthful frenzy, all the pennies go. But when father wrote and wondered why I had not yet taken any exams, I woke up a feeling of shame within me and I decided to change the way of life. Now, I was instead very diligent and took after a short time a first law degree.

There was at this time among the students a club that I also belonged to , but there I recently had hardly set my foot. One day, one of my comrades, Sascha Georgewitsch, came and asked me to come along to the club, where a little later in the evening, a secret meeting would be held, to discuss some anomalies at the university. I followed. The thing was not in itself so important, it touched a relegation, which at the time was not a rarity, but the reason was this time that the expelled - a among comrades universally popular young man - in a graduation handed down a somewhat careless opinion on sovereign powers principled objectionable as government.

The doors closed and the guards were exposed at appropriate points to alert someone danger threatened, because the police bloodhounds sniffed happy about student clubs. Sascha, who was particularly attached to the expelled Fellow, opened the meeting and gave a, of aggression and resentment saturated talk over the tank shackles, that the university wanted to tie their free students to. This speech was a spark for many of the students and even for me. After preferable's end I went back and thanked Sascha – and said, adding that he in me, could count on a strong supporter of his ideas; yes, if it would also require action, I wanted to join and be with.

- It will probably entail action Peter; he said, but yet we are by no means prepared

therefore. We must begin by the student circles permeate opinion against repression from our university teachers and even from much higher up.

I pressed his hand, and from that moment we were friends who knew we could rely on each other.

Some other speakers also performed, and it ended with almost all the currently signed up as members of a secret covenant that called themselves "Freedom Lovers". The expelled fellow, the son of a wealthy nobleman in Moscow - I want here in this my story only call him Alexander - was immediately elected as the union's Honorary Member.

Thus arose one of the many small foci of freedom and as sacred fire, which at this time on different localities were lit in Russia, and burned a time, often choked with violence, but then flamed up again with greater fervor, offering cures; where many of Russia's noblest sons brought his goods of freedom, even their lives was offered on the altar. So strong was already then the enthusiasm for Russia's liberation.

Freedom Friends' Association had under Saschas presidency frequent gatherings; which admittedly was not yet talk of any action policies, but where we fired up ourselves and others for our good thing and pushed leaflets that were distributed among the other students.

At one of these meetings, I had reported me as a speaker. I developed a longer-speech our program, which was to the university work for thought and word emancipation which was ultimately aimed at the entire Russian people's liberation from Tsardom and the Senior overwhelm's oppression.

- It is: *"I said, - not only of thought and freedom of speech here at the university, we must work for: our goal is a larger scale.*

All of our poor people groan under an unbearable oppression exercised by an irresponsible, ignorant and raw officialdom, and supported by an autocracy that rages in bloodthirsty cruelty, without a view of the poor victims of this beast politics are people with an immortal soul, people with the same right to spiritual as well as physical air, light and freedom that they in society are higher ranking. It's a battle to the death against the Czarist idea we must

focus on. What more is, if we are in this battle – at first - with so uneven battle - personally must die; - its ok. For every hero who is killed for the cause of freedom, grows ten out of his tracks. Fatherland requires that we sacrifice our freedom and our lives. Let us do it with glossy determination. Our cause is sacred, we self means nothing."

I had scarcely pronounced the last words sooner than the doors burst open and two policemen, accompanied by a dozen gendarmes (policemansoldier), entered into the hall. I was immediately arrested. And with me some of those who stood nearest the pulpit, among others, also Sascha. Any resistance was not to think about. We were taken to a police detention center, where we were detained several days before we even subjected to any questioning.

Finally we were taken one morning before the police judge. The hearing was a parody of court hearing, which would have brought our ridicule unless the situation was so serious.

Some of the arrested got away with shorter prison sentences, but Sascha and I were sentenced to deportation for ten years. Siberia was thus the target to which our youthful freedom glow had brought us. Without a change in face, we heard my judgment.

Still close to a month we were kept in custody until the caught were collected - those that

would share our fate, and the transport column had time to be organized.

It could fill volumes if I would describe in detail only the suffering that was associated with the slow walk on ulcerated feet over Russia's steppes and Siberian wastelands.

We were together 50 to 60 unfortunate men, that during whip strokes' blow - dragged us forward with time marches on 15 to 20 miles of the endless large swaths way over Nishnej Novgorod - Kazan - Perni by the Uralic forests over West- sibir's tundras to Tobolsk and thence to Kolyvan, which was the goal of our journey.

(sett inn kartbilde)

Worse than the actual hard walk, how arduous it was; for us the miserable, squalid hovels, which was made of timber for the purpose to make transport of prisoners - a night quarters. Any more horrid you can hardly imagine than to be packed together in those stinking unsound nests, where we found out ourselves a bed as best we could on the dirty floor - with or without a little straw below us. If it was a nuisance to the poor peasants, who, however, were accustomed to privations of every kind, how could it not be felt for the educated men - who was raised in a certain comfort. And if it was unbearable for us men, how much harder would it not be for the poor women. No small part of our sufferings braced ourselves of the bad diet, which not only was badly cooked, many a time only half cooked, but also of horrid quality and nature. It was really needed appetite, which the constant and hard marches provoked, to bring oneself to eat it.

Our column consisted mainly of political prisoners; to which also counted such as f.x. during intoxication or in despair, had struck a gendarme (mil.police) or only threatened a local judge.

There were grizzled old farmers; rough-built worker, slender young men with white slender hands and a flaming glow in their eyes. The women, ten or twelve in number, were all between twenty and thirty years, most of them apparently from the affluent middle class. They, like Sascha and I, had been arrested in nihilistic youth clubs; where its warm enthusiasm had fired up many a male minds to infer/enter into freedom fight.

As we went further on, our crowd was increased with new unfortunates, as from other parts of the empire came to our column. In Nischnej Novgorod)*fastened my attention to a young girl, who was with the young men and were pushed into our ranks. She had a rich dark brown hair, a vigorous mouth closed and big dreamy eyes, who immediately betrayed to She belonged to the class of youth, without regard to their family connection, or their position in life else, had enthusiastically thrown themselves into the revolutionary movement, to be part of the great freedom struggle - that they was already dreaming of – to be such imminent.

)* sett inn kartbilde og evt bilder eller tegn.av fangevandring

I was drawn by a strange inner power to go to her side and asked her politely if I could be her helpful.

- *Thank you, 'she answered, I will probably wear my fate on my own shoulders. You are, incidentally, just as helpless as I am.*

Discipline in our march was not very severe, only if one was not came after. We had the right to go and talk to each other, and if we did not speak so loud that one of the

guards belonging to us could hear, we could even confide to each other our previous life stories and the immediate reason for the expulsion. Some were in this respect very communicative, others clenched mouth so that one did not get a word out of them. To the latter category belonged apparently my new acquaintance from Nischnej Novgorod. She was mute and rejection-like, however, without being unkind. But she interested me so that I, in spite of it, as often as I could, sought her out and tried to initiate a call. Gradually thawed her stiffness and she became somewhat more communicative. Her name was Sonja, she was the daughter of a wealthy nobleman which took a large estate near Kostroma.

sett inn kartbilde

About the reason for her banishment, I had guessed right. Our fate was in that case very similar. With great interest, she heard me talk about the revolutionary, or as it was then called, nihilistic movement among Moscow students. Her dreamy eyes had a dim shine when we came into this topic that was for both of us so dear.

What it made me sick inside, that this richly talented, educated woman in luxury born women, what she had to suffer during that dreadful march. But the heroism with which she bore her sufferings, made me forget my own. Our journey had begun in the fall.

The roads were of the constant rainfall - just dissolved, and ourselves, we were often so drenched that we literally had not a dry thread on the body, and such were we stowed into next night-quarters, where we at a log fire was allowed to dry garments for garment. How the air would be in those logements, can more easily be sensed than described. In some places there were separate rooms for men and for women, but in others again, we were pushed into a single large room.

Was it strange if Sonja, despite his willpower, in the end could not hold herself up. She fell ill with a fever and was put on one of the big tents with overwrought flatbed trailers accompanying the rest. Among others, also had one of the drivers become sickened - so severely that he had to be left behind in the village. I was obliged to take his place, and thus it came about that I had to drive the wagon in which Sonja was sick. I was now in a position to give her all the nursing as the primitive situation did, and felt infinitely happy for. **What was now to me all the hardships I myself had to endure, and I wore them with the greatest joy because - they had brought me together with this woman, who during all that together we had suffered, gradually become dearer to me than freedom.** Yes, if I now had had the choice between the pardon and turn back alone, or run on with my precious load, I had not hesitated a moment. So dear she had been to me, she who was lying on the straw -mattress with my coat over her.

With no word, hardly with a look had I told of my heart's secret. She would not be interfered with anything on my part, this martyr for our holy cause, it was my firm resolve; and therefore I went quietly and overjoyed with reins in hands at the side of the cart.

She was, however, after a couple of weeks so restored that she could no longer be rolled, but must regain her place in the columns. I however was still bound by the stuff, where I attended me to my supervisors great satisfaction. So I was now almost completely divorced from Sonja again. Never could I believe that I would come to mourn of a dear friends recovery, but I will be honest, I did so really now.

Winter came upon us with snow and cold in the Uralic mountains, but it was almost

preferable to the rain and the deep muddy roads. During the march we kept always hot and during night, we got enough fuel.

But now came a new trial. In Tobolsk, our column should be divided. And a few, and among them Sonja, was sentenced to the mines *Omsk*, while I contrast with Sascha and most other to *Kolyvan*. With a limitless pain, I looked to the day when I forever should be separated from her that was my ALL in this world, and I could finally not restrain the expression of my grief. She whispered a barely audible "thanks" and gave me her hand, which I passionately pressed.

The dreadful day had come. We were gathered in a square at Tobolsk. Hawser was shifted. Horses from and new: it was swearing and ranting. Guards had come over brandy and was raw and unruly. A police commissioner came from the Registry with a large piece of paper in his hand. He started shouting our names and we were distributed on two columns.

Then Sonja's name was read, she approached the police officer who had a ruddy but good-natured look, and said with firmness:

-I ask you 'Little Father', let me go with the column that goes to Kolyvan.

No, my little sugar, that will I not do, then I would lose service, and that can I not risk. By the way, I will tell you that they are much better in Omsk. Was she not happy to get there?

-That does not matter. Think of a way to let me come along to Kolyvan.

She had spoken so loud that we all heard it. Was it possible ... would she want to..? There arose something of cheer in my chest. I stood breathless excitement. The red-faced pulled in his shaggy hair and was visibly perplexed.

'-I can at least not determine that my little dove. I have to ask the governor, but then she must tell me why she wants to change the exile. Such is usually not granted if you do not have good reason.

I have the cause that I'm married to him standing there; Peter Ivanowitsch, which is sentenced to Kolyvan. Do you understand now?

I uttered a great cry of joy and ran to Sonja.

Yes, I cried, please do not divide us. We are united for time and eternity. We can work with more power together than separately. Help us dearie, and God will reward you!

There had been a movement among our fellow prisoners, and they pressed forward and united their prayers with ours. We were apparently well at all of them and now they shouted in - interrupting each other:

- Yes, it's true, they are married. Let them go together!

- So, so, so! cried the red-faced. Shut up, because here's I talking! You may believe, good friends: that it is not so easy to break a gracious command. When the group will reach its destination, it must hold the real/right number, as it says in the paper, neither too much or too little. And as you want, it would be one too many to Kolyvan - and too little to Omsk. It will not do, you know. I loose my job ... ouch, ouch, ouch, I lose office.

A woman among them who was sentenced to Kolyvan now step forward and asked to be allowed to change place with Sonja.

- Yeah, see that was not so bad, 'said the red-faced, but ... but ... but, as you will front and reads your name and finds out that they got hold of a wrong woman, then it is just me they blame.

- No, said Sonja, we change the name, right?

She turned to the other, who affirmed her question.

The red-faced gave a flat laughter.

- Looking at so cunning they are women ... ouch ouch ouch, so clever! Yes, then it all goes well then. Then I can decide the matter myself, he added, with a major mine. The governor do not need to go into such trifles. Join now still little friends! But by all means, remember your new names, he added laughing and threatened finger.

You old drunken gentleman, blessed you are with this way of applying imperial orders!

So was Sonja and I joined at the Tobolks' square, to our fellow prisoners shout. Any other wedding had we not and did not need, either.

Happier have no bridegroom embarked his honeymoon than I was; when we again put us in march to Kolyvan. I had been wanting to dance the way forward, such roared the joy inside me. Sonja was calmer, but even she was happy. It was not a rash step she had taken; it had matured in her, this decision since the day she has to step down from the ambulance-carriage. And now, we went there hand in hand towards the unknown, with dark fates, but with peace and joy in our hearts.

At last we were on target for our walk, but now begun a new chapter in our pain history. We arrived in February. The cold was very severe and we suffered terribly in the ramshackle hut that was assigned to us residence. Our clothes were almost worn out and in otherwise inadequate. A hard work awaited us as well, in any case quite foreign to both of us. I was in the designated place in one of the mines, where I had to stand in the days to its end in the same place - in the dark and damp with some other wretch men and turn a windlass for hoisting ore. It was considered the hardest work and therefore were the newcomers there. Food was sent to us once at midday, an inadequate and cold food which it was claimed as a preliminary starvation in order to bring himself to ingest (the bad food). How death-tired and in despair, was I not in the evenings, when I on the slippery ladders – on painstaking steps up again, walked to my 'home!'

But there met me Sonja - always with open arms and a loving smile, and thus she stroked away - for the moment at least - all the bitterness of my soul.

What she was strong and what she was good! Her work was also not less heavily and laborious than mine. There was a large common kitchen where all mining prisoners' food was cooked, a horribly filthy hole where rats ran around on the floor as tame pets, and cockroaches hung in large clusters on the walls. Here, Sonja task to wash the utensils that came back with leftovers from the mines. A more disgusting place - employment, can hardly be imagined, but she bore her fate with resignation and a fortitude which was admirable.

As I often was so dejected by the discouragement that I prefer'ed wanted to die, even for your own hand, it never came a regret over Sonja's lips. She sought to persuade me courage by drawing up plans for the future, then our prison-time had gone to end. She was sentenced to eight years but was determined to stay the two years extra of my sentence that over shot her. Yes, what I'd have done, if I had not had this angel at my side!

Unfortunately, however, I would not keep her, but why say "sorry", I should not rather rejoice and be thankful that she had been able to quit. After one and a half-year staunchly supported sufferings she succumbed - maybe more for the immense soul-tension

and powered stress, than for physical efforts and hardships. It broke out in the summer year after our arrival - a plague, which like a liberation angel went over our penal colony. Sonja was among the lucky ones, whose chains fell off. I sat with her in the end. The beautiful eyes shone with fever glow when she squeezed my hand and whispered:

- Be of good cheer Peter. I believe in a continued existence in which we shall receive for what we here have suffered, and where we shall find each other under brighter conditions – very brighter. Thank you dearest for what you have been for me! Never had I been able to bear my fate if I had not had you by my side ... And one more thing, Peter: Never think that the sacrifice we spent for our beloved fatherland – have been in vain. What we suffered in silence, unseen by humans, and it is a seed Russia's sacred soil, *it will once again bear fruit to the liberation of our people.*'

She lay there holding my hand in her. I saw how the forces sank. From a movement with her head, I knew it was something she wanted to say further. I leaned my ear against her mouth and captured her last barely audible words:

- I am going away now Peter ... may never see my country ... but when you once again get to trample on Russian soil, so bend your knees and kiss the ground like a greeting from your Sonja.

Alone - alone - what would I do now? This hell in even 8 1/2 years in such conditions was me not possible. Somehow I have to put an end to my misery. I could throw myself into the mine opening, it would be a safe deliverance, many had done it before me. But it was like I was ashamed for Sonja by that idea. What she would not suffer to see such an act of cowardice, for I felt myself that it was cowardly in this way to escape from life.

But to hold out of my captivity until coming back to life, or escaping to a dignified human existence and a useful activity, it would be my rights, and that would Sonja like. However there was no easy thing: First, to prepare an opportunity to escape and then on untrodden roads thru hardship, which must be horrible. To drag on thousands mil, still in danger of being intercepted, returned, flogged and hanged - it was just not some appealing perspective.

So far I have hardly mentioned a word about Sascha, I have gone up in Sonja's and my own destinies, and yet he had always been by my side both during transport and then in work. He was my ever-faithful friend and companion accident. Now, I sought his company more than before, but the moment we could talk intimately with each other were few counted.

It was not allowed for prisoners at work to talk to each other, much less had we right at free moments to come together and have private discussions. But how severe we were watched, however, could it not be prevented two proposed men, who knew how to take each opportunity, to meet and exchange ideas.

We started spinning our plans. The goal was to reach Switzerland, the political refugees promised land. But how? At first, we had to sneak our way along the same major HIGHROAD as we arrived, but not on the road, it would inevitably lead to our capture. No, we have to make our way to the side of the road, but never completely let go of the direction, as we then could come into the endless wilderness we had to pass.

Once received in Russia, we would embark on a more southerly route than the one we have come to the Pensa, Tambow and Pultowa and so to seek out Odessa or another port city on the Black Sea. Where you could always take the hire of any ship or stay hidden in the load and thus come over to Italy and from there to Switzerland.

But one thing was to lay plans; another to bring them into execution. How to get feed meanwhile, since it obviously was connected with great danger to move in the villages or cities, at least while we were going on Siberia's land? For it was a great price/reward promised for those who could CATCH an escaped prisoner and deliver him into the country police' hands. But why do despair, we were now right in the middle of the summer, the forests and the fields were full of berries and edible herbs. It was just to get away before it went too late in the year. But how would the escape done? The first step was always the hardest; then would dangers and difficulties subside in proportion as we got further from our exile.

Now was the time to act wisely and expeditiously. The circumstances were now favorable to us. I successfully managed by a farmer, who had been in the city and provided themselves with brandy, stealing a keg when he was at half drunk, lay on the carriage' load and let the horse go the same old way without the guidance of reins. This keg was to be our ally. Set it out by the road as the nearest guard had to pass. It succeeded. At midnight, when we crept out, we found the guard in deep sleep beside 'the trap' we had put in his way.

With beating heart I crept right next to him, took his hat that had fallen by him, and side gun that he put down, a little short knife/dagger, who could get us to be useful both as a defense weapon and knife. In exchange, he got my prisoner cap, the only of the incriminating garments we managed to get rid of.

And so we began our adventurous journey. That we were able to implement our program seems to me even now as a miracle. But the hardships and dangers it entailed; which suffering it cost, what hunger pangs it meant, I will not even try to depict, it would also spin out my story to a tedious length. Only a few suggestions may here be permitted me.

When you are fighting for life and liberty under such difficult circumstances: one is not so scrupulous about the means. In many a lonely landscape hut, where we dared count on our physical strength, if needed, we went boldly into. We began by begging, and if this not helped - we took by force food and clothing. May they forgive us, these out there country dwellers, defenseless inhabitants. I hope we see these people on one or the other level and must there be in opportunity to rediscover these our creditors and repay them many times for what we were compelled to forcibly on.

Since in this way we eventually managed to exchange the incriminating prisoner costume against ordinary peasant clothes and even got further from the place of deportation, we dared ourselves into villages, before giving us like to be Siberian peasants seeking work. In a different place we also stayed a few days to help with the corn harvest or autumn plowing, and could in this way and even make the occasional rubles. Many a time we had to endure a difficult cross-examination before the rural police or village elder, and saved us by allocate the most idiotic stupidity. The dangerous, however, was that we had no pass, but also this difficulty was finally fixed.

In Yekaterinburg, we were arrested by a gendarme and introduced to the police chief to be subjected to interrogation. With trembling hearts we came accompanied by a gendarme into a room in the Police Office, where currently no one was inside. The police chief had not yet come and we got a long wait, so we had plenty of time to look around. On the table in front of us was a amount of paper; among which my sharp eye noticed some passport forms. It was within reach these long-awaited papers; that for us denoted the greatest security, but how to access them?

Then we heard a violent noise in the room outside: it sounded like a real riot with high

shouts and clatter of litter battered chairs. The police rushed out. Instantly I could pick some forms; folded them and put them in the boot shaft. But once it was done I realized the danger I put me through, a body search and I had been lost. The sweat of anxiety deposited large beads on my forehead.

He came back and immediately thereafter entered the police boss into the room. He had witnessed the end of the scuffle and was its better so busy in that he devoted us little attention. The assistant reported that we were arrested as passport-less, but it did not seem to interest him the boss.

- Let those nuts go and get me immediately report what passed here beside, he roared in ungracious tone to the gendarme.

We were saved. There was no difficulty from an note on the city's townhall-door, to quick copy the sign-name of chief constable's signature in a haste and then ourselves write out passports. Sascha was full of admiration of my cunning and boldness. On himself he said that he had never been able to conceive - let alone carry out - this plan.

The Dear Sascha! He was more an enthusiast than a practical man, but never had I – but (by) his assistance - could have implemented my escape. So many times when I was ready to succumb during physical fatigue and mental brokenness, made me Saschas springy temper and endless patience- it came to help. He was in fact the driving force of our fraternity. And so devoted and obliging he was!

Once, when I was in utter despair, and were fixed determined to no longer continue the hopeless struggle for life, but simply wanted to lie me down and abandon myself to the agonizing death of starvation, then found Sascha his strength to collect some herbs and berries that he forced me to ingest. I felt ashamed of my discouragement, and so we walked on. When we left Jekaterinenburg, we came into European Russia. I knelt down and made Sonja's greeting to the native soil. The movement was too much for me. I cried like a baby over this poor country, that had already suffered so much and who certainly still in decades had to bleed and cry before freedom's sun, rose over the steppes. But I also remembered Sonja's words, that what we suffered had not been in vain. It will one day bear fruit to the liberation of our people.

Thanks to our passes, as were often shown, and was always taken for good, we could now travel far safer. We worked where we could get work, and was thus able to feed us on honest manner, but slow happend this mode of travel. Winter came and the winter passed, and we were not breaking beyond Pensa, but with spring, flowed new vitality into our feet and new encourage poured into our minds. The latter part of our flight went without any major adventure; yes sometimes even under comparatively comfortable conditions. So for example succeeded us that as barge men, sail a long piece, accompany a barge flotilla on Dnieper. (http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Dnieper_River)

At last we reached Odessa in early August. Our journey had taken an entire year. The clothes hung in rags about your body, your hair lay down on our shoulders, our beard was matted and wild. Although we were not more than, Sascha 27 and I 25, our faces were furrowed, our backs bent, our time lagged, so we looked like old men. For the rubles, we succeeded to collect and store, we bought us new clothes, cut hair and beard and then took the lease on a Italian vessel was ready to sail to Genoa.

The feelings we experienced when we left the moorings in Odessa Harbour and in full sail gliding onto the Black Sea, can be more easily sensed than described. We trod a free country's planks, we were beyond the reach of the Russian police' sniffer dogs, - we were free men. The Russian coast sank on the horizon. With cheers, but also with an undertone of deep

sadness, we waved the distant blue streak goodbye.

Would we well ever again see our fatherland?

There was at that time quite a few Russian refugees in Switzerland, where they found not only a secure refuge, but in many cases a real home, with good-hearted people who were interested in the Russian' struggle for freedom.

Among these were a wealthy philanthropists landowners near Basel - I want in this story only call him Eberhard – who together with his wife exerted a magnificent charity. They were especially known for to support the poor Russian exiles and tried to help them to some profitable employment. We had heard them spoken of, by the Russians, who we had met in Bern, and our goal now was to seek out these noble people and ask for their assistance in the near future.

It was a strange feeling of peace that I experienced when I came within their home. We became kindly received and told of our strange destinies/fates. I noticed enough to see how wife Käthe many times looked upon us with suspicious glances, apparently wondering: How much is well true of those tall stories? - But we continued our depiction in a fairly detailed form. The richmans beautiful, faithful eyes lit, in contrast - of confidence. When we stopped, he took our hands and shook them heartily.

- Do you now find refuge in our country! he said. You may need to rest and refreshment after such hardships and sufferings. With what can I assist you?

- In the beginning, we would be grateful, I replied, if we could stop any shorter time on your goods as workers of one kind or another, until we had time to become familiar with the language, then we hope to be better able to help ourselves.

- I will speak to my manager and probably hopes to arrange this, but you understand that you also have to share my other workers' lot - if you do not find it vulgar.

- I believe I answered that this lot will be a real paradise for the we left.

Thereby it became. We came among the vineyard workers. It was now late in the autumn but the grape harvest was continuing. With an indescribable joy we took hold of this work. We received too soon the testimonials/ grade, that more diligent workers one had to look for. Then the grape harvest was taken in, we were called in to the houselord, as much praised us for the work we had performed, as trustee for the best acknowledged. Even wife Käthe now seemed to have given up her suspicions and met us with much kindness.

We thanked him for the excellent treatment we received in the beginnings and said goodbye. We intended us to Basel, where we hoped to find some suitable employment.

“ - I'm waiting just today a Russian nobleman from Basel, where he was a couple of years living in voluntary exile. Maybe it could be of any use to meet him. Do not you want stay here for so long?”

We were obviously very grateful for the friendly proposal, and sat down on the terrace, dressed in our work attire.

A carriage drove up in the yard and a man of barely 30 years old, with fine aristocratic move get out. The host goes to meet him and bring him up. We were presented as "Compatriots who have suffered for Russia's liberation". But what is happened the suddenly to Sascha? Before our boss had had time to say our names, he runs up and throws himself on the neck of the new comer.

- Alexander, he cries, is it really you? It was a happy reunion and “see again of joy” - that can not be described. I was not so familiar with our university partner, but when he heard my

name, he reminded himself that I was among the victims of the punishment that was held with due to the demonstrations that followed his expulsion. Our good host and hostess was extremely interested in this unexpected meeting and invited us to be their guests for a few days, to give us time to collate our memories with our friend Alexander, an invitation which we gratefully adopted. Unforgettable days of joy and happiness, the first in nearly four years, - they laid a balm over the still bleeding wounds.

We parted from our new friends, Eberhard and Käthe, and followed Alexander to Basel, where he introduced us of many of Russia's freedom aspirations interested people, and where we soon got a job that left us a scanty salvage. Sascha took a job at a major trade offices and I became an employee of a newspaper with the first task to provide a series of depictions of our captivity and our escape.

So we were finally free citizens in a free country, certainly not our own, but a country where, because of the sympathy we got in the beginnings, could feel quite well at. The language, which of course we studied at university, wreaked us now no difficulty.

I now make a jump in my story in nearly 10 years that elapsed still and quiet during work and social by most agreeable nature. From my home, I had been told that both my parents were dead. Their estate had shifted between other relatives when I were considered to be missing without a trace. It bothered me very little, I was good now, lived by my pen and had a small intimate circle of friends around me. Often, I was the guest of Eberhard and Käthe, which I increasingly learned to hold off.

Some Russian refugees along with a few others for our cause interested individuals, had at this time in Basel, a club whose leader was Alexander. Through this club, which stood in connection with like-minded secret clubs in several of Russia's major cities, we stood in a constant touch with our fatherland and followed with keen interest the plans forged. Many a time I felt such a burning desire to return, to again throw me into the secret seething life, especially among the student youth, and it required Alexanders and Sascha's united effort to persuade me to give up what they called a foolhardy undertaking.

Years had passed and I was now a middle-aged man in my full labor capacity. I went and longed to do something different than just writing newspaper articles. Then something happened that forever put an end to all hopes of the road.

I was brought up often long hikes in Basel's beautiful surroundings and extended them sometime until Eberhard's country house, lying 15 km south of Basel. On a distance of half a kilometer completely close the estate, the railway line runs parallel to and close to the highway. Just as I headed out had reached this point, the train whizzed past in Basel, and immediately afterwards, I see a carriage with horses in full light come rushing against me. The road was just behind me in a sharp bend and the ditch was on the outside of the bend very deeply. Here was a real danger to passengers, whoever they were, and I decided to try to save them. I threw myself in front of the horses and got hold of their bridles, but was pushed over, came under the wagon, got serious crush injuries and lost consciousness.

When I regained consciousness/ composure, I lay on a stretcher, carried by two men and walked beside the stretcher, did Eberhard and Käthe: it was their life I had saved. I felt severe pain in the abdomen and could not move. They brought me up in a guest room and a doctor was sent for. He stated that I had broken a leg and suffered a severe internal injury in the genital area, he looked worried, and I heard how he spoke of the danger of an internal exsanguination/blood loss. In some days I hovered between life and death, but life kept the victory.

It was a long and painful convalescence during which I at the tenderest was nursed by my friends, especially by Käthe, who then was supported by a nurse from Basel, sister Ursula. However, it was not easy to take care of me, because the doctor had strictly forbidden me to help myself when I'd turned or lifted. I had nor made it, for the least I made an attempt, I felt cool interior pains. But Käthe and Ursula were tireless in their tender care of me, and Eberhard took turns with them for the first time to watch over me.

Ursula, the good soul, was a devout Catholic who, since I have become stronger, felt free to come onto the religious issue and did what she could to convert me to the Roman Church. She belonged to a French charity societies, that as well as their loving work-operations, even when the opportunity presented itself, and especially the sick beds, did Catholic propaganda. My host people, who themselves belonged to the Reformed Church, but otherwise highly esteemed sister Ursula, who they knew from old, did not like the unsuitable in these experiments, but she was irretrievable in its zeal. She said that when I nevertheless was a Catholic, though the erring Greek Church, it should be easy for me to now turn to the only salvation.

I must confess that I had not spent the religious issue any warmer interest, and neither I felt attracted by Sister Ursula's mission, but it had eventually come up in me the conviction that our beliefs about death and afterlife was not real. It was especially Sonja's words on his deathbed: "I believe in continued existence, where we shall receive what we suffered here, and where we shall find each other under brighter conditions ", which also gave me a brighter faith.

Perhaps we also there find the solution to mortality's obscure riddles, maybe we get a satisfactory answer to the question, of why do we have to suffer so much down here? These and similar thoughts occupied me a lot during the long time I was tied, first at the bed and then to a wheelchair. I spoke with Eberhard and Käthe about my thoughts and found in E. - one willing audience. Käthe however, were afraid of these new ideas. She hold to the Reformed Church learning, and considered any deviation in freer direction for sin. Our debates on these issues were however, marked by much deference, which helped to make them instructive and agreeable to us all three. Ursula was happy when we were talking about these topics.

One day Eberhard came home from the city and brought a newly published book that reignited on our concerns. It was Allan Kardec "Le livery des Esprit" (Swedish Translation: Souls/The spirits book) that he had seen in the bookstore, and just discussed the topics we had begun to concern ourselves with. It was a very eager studentreading, - we read it loud together and discussed the content. Both Eberhard and I felt immediately convinced of the truth of what we read. Käthe always had her objections, but must' for each time finally allow the existence of a logical probability for the simple teachings that this book appeared.

It was an indescribably rewarding and enjoyable time we in this way we spent together. That which to me looked like a terrible accident, had in fact spread a new line of thoughts, and new studies are very important for my development.

One night as I lay awake thinking about the possibility of a connection between mind - and the spirit world, I suddenly saw a figure standing at the foot of the bed. My first impression was amazement and consternation, how much I longed myself to experience something on this mysterious area. I was afraid, however, when it came so naturally to me. I was close to scream, but controlled myself and stared in full of amazement at the wonderful Revelation. It was a female guise, completely wrapped in white, but her features during the thin veil, - I could not discern. She was so bright that she completely dispelled the darkness

of room.

- Who are you? I ventured forward to whisper. Then she lifted the veil slowly, and Sonja's beautiful eyes beamed to meet me.

- my Love! I exclaimed, stretching out arms to her.

She put her finger at my mouth and commanded silence. She came closer, put her hand first to the heart and then put it gently on my head. I sat in a breathless excitement, I dared not to move. I dared not to speak. She pulled herself slowly back, waved her hand as for inviting me to follow and melted away before my eyes.

Now I laid back in the darkness. Was I awake or was it all just a beautiful dream? I pinched my arm to convince me that I had not slept. Thus, it was a reality, a lovely, beautiful reality, *it was my own Sonja who came to tell that she was alive*, that she thought of me, she still kept me in love. Was it perhaps also her opinion that to prepare me, that I would soon come after? She waved as she wanted to say: Follow Me, I'm waiting for you!

Yes, nothing would have been dearer to me than to leave this mortal life that caused me so many sufferings, but still I had not been given holidays.

I told Eberhard and Käthe of my sight, and thus broke the latter's last opposition to spiritualism.

After nearly three months of illness and convalescence, was I so recovered that I could move back to my home town. The doctor prescribed, however, the greatest calm, otherwise the wound could go up again. It was with much regret I left the friends that had become me so precious, because I realized that I now - not so easily was able to get the long way out to their nice home.

This disease had for me was of the utmost importance. It had brought my thoughts into one for me - completely new area and had given me a completely new outlook on life, a completely new philosophy, a belief that I could live and die on. I began to understand that there is a deep meaning in life, not just on the whole, but also all the small events forming a human life, and this certainty gave me an inner balance that I'd never really felt before. I went home full of courage, in which the word is of higher sense, and it was of the precious memory of Sonja's visit.

My friends were grateful also for the new outlook they entered, and asked me often to come back, so we would continue our joint studies.

But fate had decided differently. Shortly after my return home, I was compelled to undertake a small trip, I ran into the mishap to my wagon – as it broke down and I was forced to traverse a few kilometers on foot. It was more than my still fragile organism sustained. I had a relapse of internal bleedings and so the need to re-occupy the bed. Sascha, with which I throughout our stay in Basel had shared residence, sat by my side. Forces sank suddenly, I felt that the end was near and asked him to send word to Eberhard and Käthe. They came, so that I once had to pressing their hands and thank them for all the tenderness and friendship they had given me. I died with Sascha's hand in mine.

Only a few words to finish.

My reunion with Sonja, in which I immediately recognized the former Vera, was a

indescribable joy. But the experiences I had in the near future along with she- fall in the private sphere. Only one little episode of recent date I still try to retell.

Time has in its restless path, rolled a quarter of a century ahead. On Earth stood man ready to carve in a new century figure. From my good-angle position, in one of astral worlds bright spheres, I had frames with interest in the events in the matter-world and especially their development in my last fatherland. Several for the Russia's liberation - warmly interested spirits from different spheres - have here beeb brought together and exerts a systematic organized activities for the promotion of the freedom movement as there has started adopting ever closer forms.

We sat here a short time ago, some intimate friends together, and discussed the question: Will Russia be able to find themselves in a likely imminent war with Japan? (remember this was written/transferred more than 100years ago. & This war came 1904-1905. Tr.rem.) Shall tsarist ruling thereby even more secure its power, and for a longer time, shoot away the goals we are striving for, or should its empire hereby get the ground-shoot/hit, after which it no more can rise up to the same reputation as before?

Most leaning towards the latter view. Only Alexander, who would like to see everything in the dark colors, feared the last end. Sascha, or to name him at his former name Ivan, hoping on the other hand, that all of such a war was necessary, and felt that there should do what could be done, to speed up its eruption, before Russia could even more, - consolidate its power in East Asia.

As we talked, came Orel, our old friend from the days of old, who had not been on earth since we last met, with bids from a higher realm, that we would all keep ourselves ready to – at a given order, suspend us for service, some in Petersburg, others in Port Arthur - in order to in any way seek to wrest the war forth, that in any case could not be avoided and had to be essential for the fate of Russia. Sascha looked triumphantly at me.

- I'll be correct, you shall see, 'he said.

There was a general joy at this offer from our senior leaders. Finally would then something taking place with a view to be of real importance. What's more, it must cost countless sacrifices, better that than this desolate eternal sorrow under a yoke, which indeed, during an endless wait - demanded yet more victims. Dying is not the worst thing that can happen to a man, least of all when it is done on such a sacred thing. So molded, our thoughts and feelings during the enthusiastic closure.

I mention this only to show how lively interest is up here for everything related evolution on Earth. We have here our diplomats who look a little farther than the earthly and also inspired by a warmer zeal for the truly good and not nor hesitates in the choice of a rigorous means, if it is unavoidable, also if it would mean to be the dreadful scourge called war.

Sonja, who always took a lively part in our negotiations, had long been quiet. Now she stood up.

- Yes, friends, she said, perhaps you are right, I do not understand it, but I succumbed to a dismay that I can not put into words, when I think of the immense suffering, how much lamentation and wailing shall go forth for the two great nations to promote our sacred cause. Imagine how it will appear from here, as an immense amount of fallen - lying on the battlefield, while their spirits in spasmodic efforts working to break free from their mutilated bodies, without any clear consciousness of what is going on with them. Imagine these

unfortunate, yet occupied by hatred and murder, senseless wandering, screaming and yelling, impervious to the tender care they so desperately need. Indeed, one can not be hesitant, it may be entitled to collect such a large sacrifice of people who itself is completely innocent of the crimes that caused this desperate situation. But is war is inevitable, it is also our duty to timely organize large ambulances and hospitals for receiving the fallen. There, I will seek my work- area.

- We must remember, however, objected Sascha, if also the victims of war are innocent to Czarist offenses, however, ***they are surely personally guilty of other offenses from previous earthly life***, whose evil karma in this way becomes the opportunity to serve. No is suffering innocently. I myself have suffered not a little in my last life on Earth, *but I have here come to realize that everything I suffered, only has been the inevitable consequence of atrocities I committed in a much earlier existence*, but whose detention I received save to my latest incarnation, when my sufferings *were included as links* - in the chain of sacrifices, that had to be made for the emancipation of Russia. So, such I would also look at the victims of war.

- Yes, you men are always so ready to figure out the cause and effect. Everything should be as lawfully, and consistently: Not a suffering, without a prior offense, not a crime but a following suffering. Do you not - my dear Sascha, think that there can be such afflictions, man happily submits to, as they are not necessary a part of one's karma, but that those necessarily have to hit one? One "takes them" - just because you can not do otherwise, when one see how others are suffering?

- Yes, I know, Sascha replied with deep seriousness, and for those true martyrs – I bend my head.

He leaned down and kissed Sonja's hand. Here, was interrupted our deliberations of a woman who searched me. I went out and met her.

Imagine my surprise when I recognized my tender careing, sister Ursula.

- Well, finally I meet you, she said. I have looked for you everywhere in this neighborhood, I have a important message to you. Eberhard, your friend, as he was once my Ludwig, is now at his last stages. I assume you want to be involved and receive him.

- I want, yes. But what do you say - he was your Ludvig? Are you therefore mother Annika?

- Yes, while I followed him from here, it dawned on me that I had once been his mother, but the memories of that time are still a little hazy for me.

- And it was you who watched over me. Strange fates!

- Yes, I'm glad I got to do it, then you sacrificed your life to save my Ludwig and his Elsa. But now is no time to lose.

I hurried to my friends and told Sister Ursula's bid. Eberhard was for our whole colony a dear friend. Many of us had been in personal contact with him and enjoyed the hospitality of his home, but we all knew him as the warm-hearted free-dom fighter, which, though he was not Russian, had made Russia's liberation - of his life greatest interest.

All were therefore immediately resolved to follow in order to be part of the beloved man's liberation and to bear him up to his new home.

This was done. We arrived just in time to witness the solemn act. He lay there so beautiful with a faint smile on his lips. His eyes were sunken, his head bare, but the large, white beard billowed down against the chest. Death work was begun, it was so easy and painless; few deep breaths, a little twitch in his features, ***and his bright spirit floated out from the body and stood free for us.***

His high ethical position and to no small degree, the proper performance he

acquired through study about the transformation of death, did that he immediately found his bearings on the new plane/lifelevel. He wiped his forehead and looked surprised about. It was fun to see how happy he was when he recognized one after another of us, who came with flowers to welcome him.

Ursula was beside herself with joy, she fell on his neck and whispered, "Ludvig, my own boy!" He first saw a little surprised at her, but then it was as if an old memory awakened and he clasped her tenderly in his arms.

He kissed the crying Käthe to dismissal and whispered a few words in her ear, then we put him on one of the roses adorned cushion and carried him on our shoulders out of the room, up through the clear air.

It was a festive triumph-train when Eberhard was brought home.

Part I I I:

Fifteen hundred years of my life

A series of earth lives

Introduction

For a long time, too long, I have been poring over these books containing notes on my many lives on earth, and sucked out of them the experience they have been able to give me.

Could perhaps a brief summary of what moved my past lifes, even be beneficial to others? That thought has occurred to me, and I will try, with the help of a "mortal writer/pen", put it down in words.

Centuries have rolled past my mind's eye as I sat here and browsed and read. The oldest records date back to a hoary antiquity – before even a world history was written, the youngest concerns a time that is our own very close. All this I have written myself; after the completion of my mortal lives, I have recorded the most important of the events that occurred, the joys and sufferings it caused, the wrongs I've done and the experience I have gained.

And the next time I went down again into the (heavy) matter, I have brought with me this

experience as a latent capital, as it came to managing and multiply. Not always, I have had the opportunity to look back at earlier stages of development and never before have I been able to see so far into the past as now. Therefore I have been sitting here so long, in the large library - rapt in the sometimes embarrassing but always instructive study of my own history.

There is something indescribably magnificent in the spiritual evolution we are all subject.

During times of immense extent, we eventually worked our way up, at the beginning creeping, then with faltering steps, sometimes with purposeful leap, until we reached up to the platform on which the Earth's humanity are broadly - at present.

But what is the road we had traveled – compared to what still lies ahead! Infinite expanses lit by a brilliant light, opens itself to our eyes, or rather our idea, when we try to see into the future, a perspective so attractive that it should urge us not to spare no effort, not to shrink from any sacrifice, not to tremble for something suffering, when it comes to progress on the path that is us mapped out. And throughout this eternity are all of us hiking, not just in the lump, but each one individually, so that it possible, in the most loving way - cared for and led by those who are already further than we are. For all - yes all life and spirit - are linked in an endless creation chain, widespread throughout the universe - about which the brilliant starry sky gives us a weak idea. A chain, where each link connected to the adjacent with the power of love, emanating from Him (the “big being” that rooms all that is), who with his power of love, has generated everything. To him be must our gratitude rise in silent sighs: in jubilant hymns now and eternal times!

1

I want to start at the end.

My last earthly life was one of suffering cloister. I had a lot to atone for, and had taken on me a difficult task, but I went fairly well ashore and hence may I now reap the fruits of my efforts.

I was an officer in the German (Army) service and named Fritz von H., was pulled into the 1870-71 years of bloody war and then lived in a secluded corner of a small town in southern Germany. So was the outer of my life, too insignificant that in itself to imply anything of interest, *but my inner life was so much richer in impressions and experiences of various kinds*. I had a sensitive mind, my spiritual nerves were embarrassingly exposed, and I could therefore suffer of small, little things - more than other people of great sorrows. When I look back on my life, I can hardly see and believe how I could bear everything, so skinless I was.

It is now not my intention to come up with a long and detailed biography, I shall confine myself to outlining some 'pictures' from my recent hike on earth.

It is night. Lamp burns even on my desk, and I sit deep in reading a popular philosophical work on Happiness, which I had borrowed from an older fellow in school. I myself am only 17 years old. The door opened slowly and my mother; wearing a white night-robe, comes in and puts her hand on my shoulder.

“ - I looked through the keyhole that light shone inside, the clock struck 12. What is the kind of lesson my boy has such a hurry?”

' There's no homework, mother. I read about your luck.'

'-Do you not think it would be more useful to sleep? Luck comes at times when

sleeping; said.'

'-Not yet, I must first conclude this chapter.'

'-Then I will not bother you. But not too long, you need to sleep. Good night my Fritz!'

'-No, do not go, Mother! See here: take my blanket around you and be a moment with me. It is so good to talk when it's quiet in the house.

' Is there anything in particular you want to talk about?

'Yeah, I wanted to ask you, mother: you who are always so calm and peaceful, you know what happiness is?

-It is probably – generally, in a happy sense of duty, but for me it lies in the joy of you, my only child, my only support in life.

-You are so sweet mother, but you know, I think your luck is well tamed.

Do you know any better?

I do not know if it is better, but probably it would sometimes feel like a relief to get into the fight or bite.

'-That was terrible those concepts you have about happiness.

-Do not worry mother, I do not think, but sometimes it can simmer in my mind of resentment, that I do not get to hit. Today for example, I received a totally unwarranted reprimand the school of that idiot Nachenberg. Do not you think I flew up to his shoulders and grabbed him by the hair - well, well, only in the thoughts of course. But though it felt good, what it had not then been able to do it in reality.

'- It's a happiness that I will pray God preserve you from.

-I think he does too. You need not to be afraid.

- Is it only when you feel offended that you become so hot?

- Certainly not. The worst thing I know, is to see when they hit a horse. Then I'd like to flog the man, and the horse I wanted to be free in a painless way, so that it does not have to be subjected to ill-treatment of raw people.

- There are many things you have to endure to see and experience the sufferings in this world.

- Yes, that is precisely the question if we have to so. Do you not - mother; think it would be a greater happiness to go away from life, than to live in the midst of all this injustice and brutality?

What do you mean?

- I think it might be happier to take own life than be living in the midst of others and one self's abasement.

-Preserve me well, such ...

- Well, you sweet mother; take not you such a miserable countenance. It is no danger at all. Do you think I could walk away from you. I just brooding over where happiness lies.

- You know what I think? Happiness is in our own essence inside, and so waiting to be discovered, and the calmer we are, the sooner we find it.

- Maybe you're right, mother. But how do you want me to be still, with so much fire in my veins?

- Suppress the fire, so it does not consume you, and be my own stationary boy. Good night!

She took both her hands on my head, looked me in my eyes, kissed me on the forehead and left.

2

There is a big bale at the house of the commanding general. Gaudy uniforms and bright dresses moves gracefully around each other in an atmosphere of complacency, gossip and flirt. Sound of clinks of spurs: it rustles in silks. The band, which is much too large for the room, hurt my ears. I am now an officer -carrying the regiment's pretty uniform. I have danced and joked throughout the evening and seen the young ladies deeply into their eyes. They have given me sweet slight smiles and mischievous eyes, and they have let me know that I am a good dancer, that I am entertaining and enjoyable, and even the uniform dresses me.

What do they carry below the youthful fair surface? I try to form an idea of the character of the women I dance with, but may not hold on to something to hold it in. Is she as good as her eyes are warm? How do alter these traits if she would be angry? Are there any strength in this....? Well, good - let's dance while we're young!

It is one of the young ladies who have something magical in her eyes, she sucks me up to her – like the beach sucks in a sea wave, for the next moment bumping it back. W

Here she comes right to me.

-You are so lonely, baron - she says with a delicious smile - will you not give me a turns in this dance/roll?

-I thank you; nothing can be dearer to me.

The music stops. Arm in arm clamps on our way to the buffet.

' - It's wonderful to slide back into the dance, when you have a secure arm to lean on.

-Are you fond of dancing?

-Much, but it's something I hold even more of.

And that is?

-Riding. Do you know Baron, that you should come up with us- in our riding club.

- Yes, I can happily say “my” riding club, for it is I who formed it and where I rule supreme.

Yes, it is the best form of government, only one has the good fortune to have a ...

-Speak up, I promise not to feel offended. So adorable rulers.

Yes, my scepter is not heavy. Well, have you desires? It's just an open place in our quadrille after Captain Loewen, who has been moved to another garrison.

-I am your 'infinitely connected', and it will be my great pleasure. So?

-So are you going Friday evening 8 o'clock at the arena on their horse and ... preferably in uniform, she added with a suggestive smile.

*

Once I'm sitting in my little chamber, the same that I had during my school days, for I still live with my mother: my precious beloved mother, who I look up to as my good guardian spirit, but also on the most intimate terms with. For her, I have no secrets, she is accustomed to listen to all my inventions and take note of all my dreams.

But now it's something I sit and hide. There is something so new, so surreal, I can not myself get a good grip on what moves within me. Our ride this morning in God's nature on the narrow forest road, where the horses have to press one to another for not going in the ditch ... what she was fine in her gray riding habit with a white veil fluttering in the wind ... and how beautiful she sat on horseback ... and I had to lift her down from the saddle ... Cecilia! Cecilia!

Rejoice and sing in me. Cecilia, I'm yours, do with me what you will, but let me stay by your side until the end of life!

*

Mother arrives.

-Are you sitting with head in hands, leaning over a law book again - what is it my kid Knight, you sits and broods over?

-Over happiness.

-Have you found it now?

I think so.

And it has met you ... under what name?

-Cecilia.

I see the mother jerks as in a feeling of pain, but I take her in my arms and covering her face with kisses.

-Mother: you believe in me, - have always done. Have faith then when I tell you that no one except Cecilia can make me happy.

Mother takes a while, then it comes as a whisper.

-Must she!

We are at the garden, she with a crone in her hair and a white veil that completely encircles the lovely figure. She is pale, this hour may have grabbed her, the hand I hold in mine is trembling slightly. She gives me a look that I do not quite understand - is it melancholy or happiness, cheers or pain, or is that all these feelings that storms on each of her breasts? Then, she puts down her eyes. I stand on the threshold of the temple of happiness, that my wildest dreams have built me, and though I now feel a trepidation that I never before perceived.

The church is festively decorated and full of people in shiny parade uniforms and shining dresses, a flock of bridesmaids and groomsmen standing in pairs in a semicircle behind us. The organs festive march has died away and the priest reads wedding form. He asks: Do you take him Fritz von H. to your spouse and to love him in sickness and in health?

Cecilia trembling and could not utter a word, but the ceremony continues. The blessing is read and we rising from the altar as husband and wife.

My mother takes us in her arms, her eyes are red with tears.

When I am alone with Cecilia in the cart, she throws herself around my neck and crying, but says not a word.

I felt anxiety, as if someone hugged my heart.

*

It's a few months later, on a cold winter day. I come from the barracks, hanging my cape and sword in the hall and hurries into our little home. Cecilia is sitting alone in lounge and read in a magazine.

-Good afternoon, love! It was nice to come home to you in the warmth again; I have been so cold today.

-Good day! she answered without lifting her eyes from the blade. It struck me a chill far sharper than the one I had just been shaken off.

-Cecilia! Have you not a kind word to warm me up with?

I take her hand and bring it to my lips. She releases it slowly and look at me with a look so cold, so repulsive, that I necessarily take a step back.

Fritz she says finally, - answer me honestly - do you *really* love me?

- How can you ask that? Do you not feel what goes on in my mind? Does not my attitude, better than words, show how I love? Rather, ***I could*** be tempted to give you that question.

She was silent for a moment, then came it slow and as tortured.

Who was the lady who greeted you yesterday evening at the theater?

- What do you mean? I seem to remember there were several of our friends there yesterday. She was not of our acquaintances.

Who do you mean? It would have been better if you asked me then- at once, and not so far behind. Now I remember no specific person.

- We met her at the door to the foyer after the second act. She looked good, and there shot a very warm look from her eyes when she answered your greeting. The eyes have haunted me all day. Now I want to know who she was.

-Ah, it was Miss von Plötz, actually a friend of my mother.

-To your mother? She was younger than you! No Fritz, do not try to fool me. We women have a much awake instinct when it comes to tracking a rival.

-I assure you ...

-Ensure nothing, it would be best.

-Cecilia! What do you mean? Will you ask me to inform you that I say hello to an old familiar. However, it is almost too much.

-Old familiar! The look said, however, something more.

-Her mother was a childhood friend of my mother: therefore she sometimes comes up to us, that's everything.

That's not all. My idea/feelings tells me that ... you have been in a more intimate relationship with each other, and I saw that she still hangs out at you with all her soul – is it not so?

You know Cecilia, I feel it is almost beneath my dignity to defend myself against an accusation which, even if it were true, is of such innocent nature.

-Thus it is true, you have not been able to deny thereto.

She gets up and goes with hasty steps a few times back and forth across the floor, then she throws herself into a corner of the sofa and drills her head down into the pillow.

-Cecilia! How do you want to interfere with our happiness in this way? Am I not more to you than that; then we are wretchedly poor.

- Do you not understand, she sobbed, that it is precisely because I love you so much, that I can not bear to share you with anyone else.

- Cecilia!

She answered not a word, but went with rapid steps and with nose pressed against the handkerchief, out of the room. I stood still and looked after her. - Was this the happiness I had dreamed about?

*

Another two years had elapsed during alternating sunshine and shade. She could be so devoted and tender and then fortune smiled at me, but when jealousy' demon seized her - she was awful. As I was totally innocent of the charges from her sickly made imagination, I could generally be relatively calm, but it just angered her fragile mind to even more violent attacks. These scenes were for me an awful pain. I sometimes could not endure, but left her on the long lonely walking until the mind came into balance again. When I then came back, she could also be happy and calm as if nothing had passed, but any agreement was never made - only a silent conciliatory. And so everything went quiet again, until she again got an attack from her suspicious temper.

*

It was in the month of July 1870. The political horizon was obscured by heavy clouds and a discharge could at any time be expected. Cecilia did not believe it; mere possibility that I could be commanded in a war was for her a completely foreign idea. Incidentally she said she could never survive a long divorce from me.

Now the mobilization order arrived. Within four days the regiment would be prepared to pull to the French border.

Cecilia was heartbroken, she wrung her hands, fell into hysterical tears and talked of suicide, if I were to go away from her. She begged me to take leave or elope with her far away, where no penalty or infamy could reach me. I worked restless night and day on what now was my duty, to mobilize with my squadron. In connection with the mobilization, I had been promoted to captain.

The few moments I had for my own person and my home, was filled with the most conflicting emotions. How much I suffered, however, was the feeling I had for Cecilia yet so strong, that even I with trepidation thought of this divorce, which I never a moment thought of avoiding. But on the other hand, I was so upset by all the friction between us, especially now in these hysterical attempts to induce me to betray my duty, that I could not help but feel it was a relief when finally trumpet signal resounded to the breakup.

My mother was calm and strong as ever.

If I no longer get to see you in life, my boy, so take now my thank for the sunshine you spread across my path. Do as male, faithful your duty, as you always have. God be with you!

Cecilia could not of her crying - utter a word, and I left her unconscious in my mother's arms.

Yet one last flick through the compartment window and I rolled away towards the unknown, gloomy fates.

How could I choose to be a soldier, - I who feel like a creep right down to my toes when I see a wound or just hear about someone hurting themselves. But it's amazing what the thunder of guns, the smoke and heat of the battle has the ability to numb the physical sensitivity - at least for now. When the battle is over, when the wounded were gathered, when the mutilated horses had been killed, when the fallen are buried, then I feel like I was bleeding from a thousand wounds: then, neither the victory cheer or award for bravery shown - can mitigate the pain that tears and rips in my mind.

Why should I have to go through all this? Why should I be required to command shock on fleeing enemies? Has it not floated enough blood? The victory is ours, a defeated enemy ought to be protected. But war is a refined cruelty; nothing can stop the systematic slaughter. All human emotions are numbed, it comes to dead or dying, and no doubt in the election.

[Battle of Sedan](#) is fought, the French eagles are trapped and our troops cheer is indescribable. But the victory has cost many sacrifices. Hospitals are full of wounded, and doctors have a job that exceeds human capabilities. Many brave to die without having received even a first aid kit.

Myself, I lie in a field hospital badly wounded. The right leg is amputated just above knee. A shell splinter has shattered knee and torn lower leg. A mild fever appeared, but the doctor says there is no danger to life.

Danger to life? I would have thanked him if he said that my days were numbered.

Around me; moans and groans. New victims are worn out, they are laid on the floor with a field coat for themselves, then of the beds are not enough. Doctors and medical soldiers are working, so that large beads of sweat wilt their foreheads. A death one, is carried out to make room for a new dying. Blood stains all over the bed and floor. An obnoxious smell of carbon fill the room.

I try to close my eyes to avoid seeing all the misery, but the whimpers and groans around me - and my imagination paints worse horrors than the real ones. I'm trying to sleep, but the burning the heat in my right leg keeps me awake.

Finally, I am so restored to me in a ambulance train can take me home again.

Home! The thought is hardly capable to inspire me any joy. It's like a little feeling told me also home is amputated. During the seven weeks that have passed since I left my home, I have only received two letters from my wife, both of little value - complaining doom and nothing else, not a genuine expression of a strong and bearing feel. I have myself sent few short pencil lines when the opportunity presented itself thereto. If my wound, I have not written a word, nor informed Cecilia about my homecoming. Now it was my re-entry home in twice a surprise.

Supported on two crutches I entered the salon. There sat my wife in so lively conversation with an old man - my old schoolmate Rudolf Gerstäcker - that she did not immediately notice my entry. I bumped crutch to the floor. She uttered a cry.

- Fritz! Is that you? O God, you scared me! How is it - are you hurt? - And then came an entire stream of announcements and regrets.

Rudolf looked like a caught criminal, he crept slowly toward the door, stammering some words that he would not interfere again our seeing of joy, and disappeared without even having taken my hand to welcome.

As the light of a flash I understood in a moment how everything was. My wife had thrown herself in another's arms, my home was devastated, my happiness death.

The next day.

Mother sitting by my side, holding my hand tenderly. What she is touchingly sweet when she was in the most penetrating way, ask me out on everything related to the amputation, care at the field hospital, the trip home, and how the dear features reflecting the sufferings about which I tell her.

Cecilia has probably also asked, but she has not had any response. The questions were to come so close to each other that I did not even had time to answer them, her thoughts have been on elsewhere I suppose. But now sat mother and I on confidential talk, and still like in the olden days, when I was her loving soul who laid down all my thoughts; All my sorrow and all my joy, and she accepted them as treasures; them she wanted to preserve.

-Mother, what do you know about Rudolph?

-Nothing for certain, but rumor has had great deal to do with his frequent visits with Cecilia. I have not wanted to listen unto less than spy on them, but ... well, you know I always mourned over your choice, now I do it even more. If she is innocent then I however, seen enough to know how little she may be for you and how little you mean to her.

Why could not that grenade been so friendly and hit a meter higher? The blind coincidence that leads bullets passing, is a capricious master. Or maybe it's not a chance, but in that case he is cruel, 'he' who is behind and pulls the strings, cruel when he killing and cruel when he does not kill.

- What I have pondered on the problem! I had lust to fulfill what the cheater left undone.
No, you must not, my Fritz.

I can probably neither not: so long as you live ... But what shall I do? Here I sit like a cripple for the rest of my life, chained to her that in me only sees as a burden, she can not bear nor escape.

-Have you ever really loved this woman?

Yes, as I understand it, but maybe I have not a clue what love is. I'm to myself a mystery.

- There you said a true word. I think you never really understood yourself.

-Do you understand me, mother: so tell me what you know about my innermost being.

I think you are like so many others gone in search of happiness but followed and entered on a wrong path.

You mean that it is her exterior that blinded me?

-Perhaps.

And perhaps the vanity of owning this beauty?

-Perhaps.

Yes, it is possible, but I tell you mother: that she had come to me with just one ounce of real tenderness, I had yet felt happy and able to build me a sanctuary of calm seclusion with her and my books.

I hope that you get a safe haven without her.

What do you mean?

-Do I know her right, she longs for freedom herself.

Mother was right. One morning the chambermaid came in and told me that it must have happened Baroness something, because her bedroom was empty and the bed untouched. She had gone out in the afternoon with a small bag in his hand and said that she would come home at night, but had not been heard from.

We lived so isolated from each other, met hardly other than at mealtimes. She often went out without saying where she was going, and I put no ribbon on her. Sometime she stayed away for supper - as she said - at a youth friend. I hold there- for no heed to that she was gone the night before, but ... over night she had yet never been away. What should I believe? It came over me a dreadful anguish.

A bit later, my mother came up, she looked worried.

-Where is Cecilia? she asked.

I do not know. She went out yesterday at 6 o'clock without telling me goodbye and has since not been home.

-Then she eloped with Gerstäcker, for he is also gone. I met his companion, who told me that he was missing at the office and at the request of his residence had revealed that he, without saying a word, gone off at 6 am fully dressed for a journey, and then not come back.

-Then, they have taken the courier train to Vienna, it is 6:35. I have to go after them and bring her back.

-Calm your Fritz! First and foremost, you can not make it on your own, hardly fully restored as you still are. And how can you imagine that you would be able to track them in the great world city.

-My legs are now so good that I am doing very well on my crutches. How I will find them? Yes, I do not know. I only know that I must try to bring her back, or else she goes under. I know Rudolf - an unscrupulous wild man - he is celebrating her as long as the sensual intoxication lasts; Then he throws her away like a worn out garment.

Has she well deserved else?

-Mother, now you're tough. She is my wife, and after all what she'd done me to feel happy if she came back and wanted to devote to myself only a small degree of soreness.

And I think she would do it.

-My dear boy, how little you even know her! She has never had any real feelings for you, and the little she gave you has flowed from its source, and has long since dried up. She is dead for you - search not up her.

- But Mother ...

- Well, suppose that you could bring her back, is your own feeling strong enough to carry yet another disappointment. Do not you think it would all end up in constant friction: that ye only will poison the life of each other. Consider yourself well before you pull the responsibility of needs. In her fault you have no debt, but you pull a guilt on you if you again seeking bind you to this woman that does not in any way belong to you and are already gone away. She has her way to go, it is certainly heavy, but it is perhaps the way in which she will find herself. Let us hope so.

-But mother ...

-Let's at least wait. Will she voluntarily returned so it's some hope of her change of mind, but do not drag her by force into your home again, it founds just a bitterness that you can never overcome.

Maybe you're right, mother.

*

Weeks turn into months, months to years. Here I am shipwrecked and abandoned. The only pleasure I have left is mother, but she is old and frail now, weary and no energy to go out. I may stumble up her stairs. What life can be meaningless heavy and long. Will it then never end? Why should I have to live, just to loathe life? I do no good, and the little joy I possibly give my mother with my visits, are too scanty to justify life.

I have a poison bottle in my chiffonier. Why do I not empty it? Am I afraid of death? - Should I not be more afraid to live? Or I wait yet on anyone?

- Perchance.

Smokepipe and Rappo is my only companion. He puts his head in my lap and looks at me with her brown, faithful eyes that he wanted to say: Do not grieve, you have me, and I will never leave you.

I stroke his silky ears. Yes dear Rappo, you are faithful an ...

Where is she now? Hardly by Rudolf. His banker business in Vienna did go failing. Of course did not the brittle bond between them hold at the crash. Has she thrown herself in the arms of someone new 'knightly Bluebeard' and basking in the glory of his gold, or has she started the journey downhill and prowling like a 'joy-girl' on the richly illuminated boulevards?

If I were to go there and spend my evenings to go up and down outside the most visited variety entertainment ... Maybe I would meet her ... Maybe she would SINK DOWN down for my feet under the sense of her guilt. I would lift her up, call for a cab and bring her home to my hotel and ... So, what would I do then? Would I dare to bring her back to the home that she destroyed? Could I invite her arms she once abandoned and never longed for?

But what if she sickens me her life, what if she longs to a sanctuary where she can get hide. Well, what if she is an honorable woman, who trawls and working to sustain

life. I can see her in a skimpy costume work, then she urgent steps hurrying out from factory, home to her little garret, where she is both freezing and starving.

How many times she has not started on a letter to me, but it has always fallen into the stove. She is afraid of not getting any answers and even more to get one that contains a few lines of ice-cold scorn.

She would not be able to survive ... Alas, she does not know it is, how it cries within me, how I too suffer distress. As I still can feel the pain in the legs I lost, I even feel anxiety in the being torn away from me. So I have been bound and is still something close to the depth of her being.

When she went here and tormented me with her sentimentality and her superficiality, I knew not - however, she meant so much to me. Now, it has increasingly dawned on me.

What does that mean? Is there among us a secret band? Is it true that some mystic states; **always two and two are made for each other and that they have to suffer to happiness of a lasting union**, since they were first made each other all sorts of evil? But it presupposes a previous existence as well as a continuation - one hypothesis as problematic as the other. No certainty, no reality except the moment nagging worries and meaningless nothingness.

Ever since I was alone, I have kept **Wiener Tageblatt** in hopes of possibly detect any trace of the fugitive. I read it with care as I do not engage our own newspapers; especially police reports; accident etc.. Now finally I have found something that casts a terrible light on the riddle I go and ponder. Here is the former Banker Rudolf Gerstäcker been arrested for forgery, but of her not a word. Now they may have been separated, if not before. Prison Gate have taken him, and she standing alone outside, perhaps sick and miserable - and I can not take her wounded soul in my care. What fate is cruel!

*

My mother died in the night. You dear expensive mother; deserve thanks for the warmth you gave me, for the you light thrown across my path. Without you, the earth was for me a hell, but you have borne me, and you have kept me going.

Where dwell you now? If someone could convince me of the immortality of the soul, so is you, mother. Your strong and warm spirit can not frostbite or dissolve the cooled the dust incurred. You live - it is not possible otherwise. Shall I ever see you?

A cripple like me, body and soul, I too hope for a continuation, or applies even beyond the grave Darwin's theory of the weaker's destruction? Questions and nothing but questions.

I hold in my hand a letter. Again and again, I've read it. It falls from its rows a flood of light over my mournful, gloomy mind. It is from a nurse in Vienna. She writes:

"I have promised to present to you one last greeting from what was once your wife. She has been here under my care - to the ending of her sufferings - it was cancer of the liver. As she has asked me to explain all that she entrusted to me, I've tried to - but difficult - with a slightly detailed letter.

It is now six weeks ago, she was registered at our hospital, where she got a place at the individuals room. She was very sick, not only to the body but even more to the soul. One of life's storms so devastated, I have never seen. And yet, she was still beautiful; eyes could radiate with a rare splendor and features had at times a weakness that one could hardly believe possible in such a furrowed face. She had a softness in its essence and a need to infer Yes, that was touching.

So repulsive that she at first sight seemed to me, however, I was drawn more and more

to her and ended up loving her as I have never kept of a patient. She was delightful sweet.

At first, she was closed, almost shy, and never spoke of herself, but in proportion as we came closer to each other, she became more communicative, and I eventually got her confession as complete as possible, and she hid nothing - and it gave her also a piece of mind that she too well needed. Her tortured soul had peace before it took leap into the great unknown. Peace, she probably also there - under one condition; that you forgive her.

And so you do - do you not? You may not do otherwise, I feel it, because I think I know you by Cecilia's portrayal of the man she once owned. Perhaps she was biased, but for her you were more of a saint than the average person. How bitterly she regretted not all evil she made you; feeling-sick, and the shameful jealousy which she poisoned your life with. She did not understand how bad she was, how she thus only repelled the tenderness she went deep and yearned for. She was not awake yet. In her mind worked great passions that she not herself understood and did not do anything to lead in the right track, and that therefore took the form of hysterical cryings and other equally unhealthy emotional outpourings.

So you pulled out of the war. It was your duty, but with her morbid view of the relationship you had in between, she saw therein only a sign that your feelings for her was extinct. She was contrary to the best she could wretch, to keep her own sense alive, but she had an unfortunate needs to always be crying at someone's chest, and therefore fell soon in another's arms, and where she was lying.

She was too weak and he is unscrupulous, no love was on the either side. I do not know anything more tragic than the fate of women, which just to cry out the ambiguous feelings that storms in her interior, throwing herself into the arms of the first who gets in her way. And I know nothing contemptible than the male egoism that is serving of this helplessness for its low aims.

You were too high-minded to claim the reckoning the intruder and she wanted you not bind with other bands than those of devotion she could bear. She has since realized; when interpreted she s withdrawal as a refrigerant, and that was what she least of all could endure. Poor Cecilia what she deceived herself!

But you must not think that it was the reckless intoxication she left her home. It cost her fierce fighting in solitude with herself, before she was ready to give way to the prayers whereby the unscrupulous besieged her.

So they traveled. He had brought his small fortune, which he loosened the track money, and at first they lived a merry life in "the happy Vienna". But below the delirious joy gnawed already a bitter regret for the past and a trembling concern of the future. She tried to deaf these uninvited guests, but they did not allow himself SILENCE.

He had started a business and therein deposited all his little capital. Within a year he was ruined and fled without saying a word, without leaving a line behind him.

Poor Cecilia! What would she do?

Ideally, I wanted to draw a veil over the period that followed, but she has told me not to hide anything. Just as mercilessly as she exposed herself before me, she wanted me would expose her to you. It was; she said, the only sacrifice she could bring you.

Well, she had no one to support and help her, so she could not travel home and - work, she had never learned, but she had a beautiful voice and looked good, and so was she - perhaps more because of her looks than her voice - employment in a variety show. But the ill-fated "landscape artist" brought with it a bohemian lifestyle, that seized her with rough hand and pulled her deeper and deeper into moral dirt. She had started this life

with the best intentions to keep themselves clean, that only work for a living and that when she managed to collect a little bit, pull back and live a quiet life with his colorful memories.

But she had overestimated her own powers. Character Weak as she was, and easy 'lift' of the flattery that rained over her, she dreamed of to be a great diva who could not be measured with the same dimensions as other deadly and was not bound by the same moral law as the great mob - sophistry; with which she sought silence the inner voices.

She was touching when she so there went to grips with herself and mercilessly pulled up both her faults and his previous attempts to defend them.

So went several years. She thought she was totally having overcome the memory of the past and had indeed, by boisterous orgies almost succeeded in silencing the accusing voice within her own breast. But then came the disease slowly and insidiously. In the beginning, she felt the just like a stitch in his side, which embarrassed her when she was singing, but soon took the graver forms and she has to leave her involvement.

That at one time relegated from the spotlight, the applause and the nightly drink beaten their abhorrent final scenes for an enclosed, isolated out-life, the ever growing physical torment: it was for her a staggering case. But it was the rescue. The memories came and stood in line, she searched drive them away, but they came back more and more and more threatening, more and more and more insistent on settlement.

She was in the bottom good and weak nature; she could not to harden herself. It opened her eyes. Alone with himself and her pain she saw everything in a different light. It dawned on her how terrible she deceived herself, how she basically loved you and never loved anyone else, how she longed to crawl to your feet in order to receive cry out all her shame.

Such she came under my care, physically broken, near death, and deeply devastated, but also spiritually prepared by the power of repentance so true, so honest as one which has opened the gate of heaven.

I could hardly do to relieve her physical pains, but I'm happy to have been able to give her the help she needed better, a heart for which she could open her. When the end came she took my hand and pressed it gently. "Have thanks sister," she said, "you have been giving rest to my soul as thought-food. When I'm gone you will write to Fritz about everything I talked - you hear it - everything. Tell him that if it is a life after this, I want to dedicate it to make myself worthy of his respect. My happiness depends on his forgiveness. "

Now she is gone and has been so empty around me. She had so completely filled my soul that it felt like something of my own being taken away from me when they carried her out and hid her in the dark earth. Strange are death, what are you hiding that you can not destroy?

My letter was longer than I originally intended and not free from my own thoughts; for them, I ask kindly indulgence.

Yours respectful
Sister Beatrice.

*

You supreme ruler over our destinies! I think that you and your government form is love. I thank you for allowing me to experience the moment when I got the assurance that she is saved. Now I still biding the day you free my spirit bands. Thy will be done!

continues below...

Second book to open

This true, still more from a dictated message from the other side of death, is about (he writes later) ... *“a chain of lives, when I have been in touch with a women, - having through all those lives, been my wife, and about him, who always wanted to steal her away from me”*. We fellow the persons here backwards in time, thru those earlier incarnations.

I open another book and images come to meet me from another life on earth, my penultimate. **I want to try to catch them in some simple outlines:**

We're now moving nearly three centuries back in time to the late 1500s.
(From now- past the millennium – then more than 400 years back)



On a small farm in Savoy, (painting above) in one of the valleys leading up to Mont Blanc, lived at this time a farmer named Littorello with his wife and two children, the red-cheeked, dark-eyed Antonio and the pale little Viola. Littorellos father had immigrated from Italy and settled in this region, where he started a small winery that produced good harvests; until he son could transmit the small courtyard with its vineyards in good condition and no debt.

Here, I grew up - for Antonio it was me - in a good home, under happy circumstances and in a lovely nature. My sister was two years younger than me. She meant a lot for me; nothing was more fun than to roam up in the vineyards with her or; when the sun was shining too hot, seek shade in the nearby beech forest. Father's dog Leo was both - in the same time, our protector and our play-mate. His shaggy coat was our pillow when fatigue took its toll.

One time we children were to go an errand for mother down to the district. I was then 11 years. There was a long road and we were kept up for a while to be offered food. It was already dark when we went on our way home. Viola was scared, but I went and sang to keep us both in good spirits. Suddenly we stopped. What was it that moved there in the darkness of the forest?

Viola wanted to run, but I held her back and stood listening. It sounded like crying and sobs. I plucked up my courage and went in the direction whence the sound came. "Who is it?" I cried. Then came up a little girl, she could well be about 5 years. She cried so that she could hardly get a word out, but this much I understood that she had gone out to pick berries but was surprised by the darkness and did not find home. With time I received from her that her name was Anita and had home on a farm not far from ours. Viola and I took her in each hand, and we walked on.

It was a starry August evening. When we had walked for a while - the moon came up above the treetops and cast magical shadows across the road. I remember what I fancy myself to be a hero, who had two young defenseless girls in my captivity. Much had we not to say to another, for fear we were in a hurry all three of us. We hurried to come home, and Viola

encouraged Anita and asked her not to be sad. Now she herself had become somewhat braver when she gave care for one that was even smaller and more helpless. When we came closer to home, we crossed a shortcut through the woods, which I knew well. Here we had to go over a creek that was a bit bloated from a few days of rain. Viola took off socks and shoes, and stepped boldly into the water, but Anita started to cry and I had to carry her over. She put her little arms around my neck and pressed her curly head against my cheek. I was not little proud, when I put down my burden on the other 'beach' and kissed her on the cheek.

It was my first acquaintance with Anita. Since then we often met. She and Viola became good friends and I was knight for both. But childhood with its innocent games and play passed and we grew up, Anita into a light curly beautiful girl, I'm a dark-skinned strong youth. Viola was pale and translucent, gentle and quiet, in all respects complete unlike her brother.

When I had obtained the knowledge the small village school could give, father sent me to a larger school in Geneva. "The boy shall not be as ignorant as his father was," he said. His ambition was hoping that I would become a priest in the Catholic Church.

But father soon died, and I was not yet 24 years old, when I had to interrupt my studies and move back home to take over the farm.

- Where is Anita, I have not seen her since I got home? I asked one day my sister.

- She will be visiting her future in-laws, one man at Bonneville. Yes, you've probably heard that she's engaged?

- What do you say ... engaged? Impossible.

- Yes, so it might be. The father must be very wealthy, and the son, who is a young boy; has 'turned the head' of Anita with expensive gifts and pretenses and the riches she shall receive.

- But that's impossible, she has promised ...

- Yes, I could see it was something between you and she; though neither of you have said anything.

- I can not deny that I was a little afraid of that party, because I do not think she is the one who can make you happy, but I've seen how you always looked for each other, and how happy you looked when your eyes rested on her.

- But are you quite sure of what you're saying?

- Yes, Anita was herself here - it was shortly before the father died - and had her fiance with her, and it was so sweet between them.

- God's cross! We will see about that!!

- For God's sake - what do you intend to do?

- Ask her to admit/inform that she's let me down, and turn the legs of the scoundrel, if he comes my way.

- So, so, so, calm down now. You can do nothing about that.

- It becomes my business.

- And moreover, I would almost like to congratulate you to have been spared the one who could forget you for that money-hunter.

- You do not understand such Viola. You do not know how it burns my chest when I think that another would ... No, she is mine, and my will she be, and there is no cure for it. -Do you know when she comes back?

- If not sooner, she will be at her brother's wedding. You know Beppo shall marry a girl from one of the neighboring farms? It'll be a great wedding early next month, and we're already asked to come by.

- Then, well he also... - what's his name?
- His name is Arnold Schaffer; his family said to be from Switzerland. Yes, probably he will come with.
- Good!
- Dear Antonio, be careful! It is best that you do not join the wedding.
- *You do not know me, - Antonio!*

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It was a great wedding. Guests had gathered from all over the valley and even from afar. The sun was burning hot. With bagpipes in the lead went the 'wedding train' back from church and whirled up a cloud of dust behind on the road. Now it would be fun and games in the main cabin on 'Boissy.'

What she was beautiful as she walked in the second rank among the closest relatives, with her rich hair in long blond curls around the neck and shoulders. Next to her, her fiancé, this Arnold Schaffer; that I with all my soul hated. His costume stood out from our national costumes; he wore ruffles that wretch, and in his hand he held a long 'Spanish tube' with gold buttons. Wait, you boy, we should probably talk before the party is ended.

The wedding banquet is over. The wine-bottles has frequently been around and the atmosphere is excited and cheerful. Guests go out in the yard to cool off. I see Anita go alone up to the loft, I run up the stairs after her, into her chamber and twist locked the door behind us.

- Finally I have you here alone - you sweetheart!

Before she could say a word, I had thrown my arms around her, pulled her to me so hard that she sat as in a vise and I pressed a kiss on her red lips.

- What do you do? Let me go, she gasped and put a couple of frightened eyes in me.

- What I want. It was a question. I want to own you. You are mine, mine and nobody else's. So you promised me, and I will demand of thee, though I will fight for you against the whole world.

She started crying and looked so helpless that I almost felt sorry for her.

- I can not help it Antonio, she sobbed. I thought you had forgotten me when you had not written to me for half a year. Then came Arnold and ...

- And wowed you with his gold. I understand that. But now it will be the end of your connection to him, that shopkeeper, and so now- this day, you must understand. You have never loved him – have you?

- Antonio! Have mercy on me.

- It's just that I have when I save you from falling into the arms of that dandy.

- Antonio! I can not ...

-Yes, you can and you must already now in this day tell him that ... that ... yes, he may go his own way, and you can tell him from me that he can be happy if he comes unharmed from here.

-But Antonio ...

-You might say that you love him? Then I say, it's a lie. You have never loved anyone but me, myself - Antonio, and you love me yet, you can not deny that.

I had like stormed almost feral, but now relented meeting, I stretched her arms towards her and prayed with eye-looks and words:

Come on, you are my most expensive! I want to make you happy, I will carry you on my

hands.

She fell into my arms, leaned her head against my chest, but could not of the sobs, utter a word.

Someone took the door lock and soon after were heard a knocking. We stood in silence. Someone took in the handle yet again. I went and opened the door. It was Arnold Schaffer. He measured me with a glance of deepest contempt and wanted to push me aside, and past to Anita.

-No, sir, I cried, and took him by the arm a little harsh, Anita –you do you not touch, if you want to have arms and legs intact. She belongs to me by an old promise.

He broke free and gave me a shove in the chest.

-Out of the way Farmer! he roared quite pale with anger.

But with a leap I was over him, grabbed him by the throat and beat him to floor so that he fell with a thud, which surely was heard throughout the house. As soon as I got him down, I was calm.

-Do you understand now that the wisest thing you can do is to immediately go away and never more show you here in our valley: it could bring you very badly.

He gasped and groaned but could not utter a word. Anita had huddled in a corner and hid her face in her hands. Some wedding guests came rushing in.

-What's going on? What has happened?

-Nothing, I replied calmly, while I got up and let go of my rival. It's only Mr. Schaffer who suddenly become sick and must travel from here. I will help him to span the horse.

I took him by the arm and led him down the stairs, out into the yard and down to the stables. He did not say a word, just glared at me with angry eyes. I sat on the horse and got him up in the stroller. He obeyed me without the least resistance, but once he got the ropes in his hands, he struck me with his whip over my head so that my hat fell off.

-Wait you, 'he shouted, we'll hit again. And he went off as fast the horse could run.

It was a long time ago before I saw Anita. She had become ill, it was said, but also when she recovered, she did not show out. Viola, who was heartbroken over what I done, sought her out, but only got tears to answer of all questions.

I myself was probably a bit ashamed of my prank, but at the same time, I was fully convinced of the merits of my actions, and above all, I was certain that it was Anita's best, for she'd never be happy with that man. When some time had passed, we would marry and then there would be no further thinking of the story.

Even now, there were many, especially among the younger men, who thought that I acted absolutely right. The elders shook their heads and called me "wild man."

The worst thing was to appease Anita's father, a greedy old man, who having seen in grief, his dream of a rich son-in-law going down. But my plan was nearing completion. His and our vineyards bordered on each other, and he had several times requested to purchase a little good fields that bordered next to his property, but father had always said no.

A few months after where the wedding - it was in the fall just before the grape harvest – I went over to the old man, met him alone and began tentatively talking about the prospect of a good wine harvest. He was very taciturn, and I felt all too well that I was not a welcome guest.

- Yes, you get good enough, especially on the piece that is closest to us, 'he said.

I stood completely unaware of this piece was better than the other grounds.

- I hardly think so, 'I replied. The bit is too far from the farm so is difficult to salvage. I would not mind selling it if anyone wanted it.

The old man's face brightened.

- How much.... then? he asked in a tone as he tried to stay indifferent.

I mentioned a very low price. The old man's eyes as pulled together and I saw how it shone in the slots. Anita came in. She greeted awkwardly and was about to go out again when the old man shouted at her to bring in a can of the best beer. The old man ment the price was still too high. The beer bottle had come in and I washed down his talk with good taste.

- Oh, you say it dear father. Then I'll maybe lower it a little.

Yes, would you settle for the half, I would keep it for a fair price.

The old man took a deep gulp and stroked his sleeve the foam from his beard. The eyes had become so small, so small.

Anita had settled at the spinning wheel, but followed us very closely. She understood what the issue was, it had been talked about many times before in this room. Now she mixed up in conversation.

-I think you would be stupid Antonio, if you got rid of the parcel. It is the best in the whole valley, usually father say.

-Quiet, you do not understand such, said the old man.

-But if I still would sell it, you have nothing against it, if your father get.

-Top, said the old man, holding out his hand, I'll take it. And when will it be started? he asked with a sly smile.

- just now, if you want. The harvest is yours.

-Well, I can call a lawful business. And the payment...

-That I want in the New Year, because I thought you were going to hold the wedding of Anita and me, and then I need to get some new in the house.

Old man's face clouded.

-I know it was you who got the girl to break up with Schaffer, and that I do not thank you for.

-But so does Anita, and you should also do so, because it had not been any luck with one of those hawks, either for her or for the farm if he would one day come to settle down here. He has money, it is true, but he also have the ability to "move them", and it usually ends in misery. Were you glad I gave him the passport from here. I had an earlier promise to Anita, and I do not let one of those dance champions push me off.

But you have never spoken to me or mother about it.

-I do now, dear father.

-What do you say Anita?

I have always been in love with Antonio, but I thought he had forgotten me and then ...

She did not finish the sentence, but came and took my hand. I pulled her to me and kissed the beautiful bright hair.

-Now you can see for yourself, Father. What God has united the people shall not divide.

-Well, then, may God bless you then. He went to the door and shouted:

Mother, mother came in, you hear!

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Soon there after my mother died in a slowly debilitating disease. I was now the sole owner of farm and began eagerly to equip it to worthily receive Anita. The wedding was exposed for Christmas. The only one, who was not happy, was Viola. She lamented much her mother and mother secretly went and mourned over my choice of wife. She and Anita had never really understood each other. Viola was a still, binding nature with a strong pronounced sense of justice. Anita was a moment's child. Laughter and tears shifted more often than sunshine and rain, and her lively temper could easily entice her to small follies. Maybe it was just her variable temperament that beguiled me, and probably also the beautiful

eyes that I could never see myself enough of.

Now she was mine. The melancholy which had been on us and the whole farm during mother's long disease, now gave way to an exuberant joy and merriment. The local youth gathered happy with us, and went to the dance late into the night at violins and flute sound. But it was not quite the success I had dreamed of, and I did not get hold it in Anita's heart as I desired. She slipped away from me and there was never any real intimacy between us. Moreover, she was irritable-tempered and did not take kindly that I joked with the girls at hands. She could however allow herself much as she would never have forgiven me.

At one point, when we had joy at home and I had danced with the beautiful Lucia and still stood with my hand on her, I suddenly felt a painful stick on the outside of the hand. I jumped and looked around. It was Anita.

-Why do you stick me? I asked.

-It looked so good when you held your hand on her, so that I thought I would stick it with a pin, she replied with a smile, which was as sharp as the needle.

On another occasion, when we amused ourselves with archery - a common theme when youth came together on a summer day - Anita suggested that there would be a race to see who was the best shooter. Everyone who wanted to could get three arrows, and the achieved the highest hit rates should be called master and kiss the girl he liked/thought looked best. It was the price.

-Are you with me on this, both the boys and girls? Asked Anita. Now she was in her best disposition.

Yes, yes! It was a good suggestion, and everyone laughed.

It was among the shooters a handsome boy named Andreas Käfer from the mountain. He was known as the boldest and most skilled among the Alps stone's hunters, but he was also very shy to girls. He shot three dots and no one could make him the rank unconstitutional.

He is the best competitor, cried Anita, come forward and take the loot of who you want.

He brushed off his cap and looked around but did not budge.

-Well Andreas! - How is it going? - Dare you not? Cried the other boys in mouth of each other.

Finally he took courage and went right up to my wife, took her hand and kissed it. But she took him by the neck, pulled him close and kissed him on mouth.

-You will easily have a real kiss, you have honestly earned.

-That does not fit well. Anita is not a girl, one dared to object. Anita blushed up to the hairline, turned on her heels and ran away.

The whole thing was a very innocent play, but there was something in Anita's behavior that touched me uncomfortable. I had a feeling that she arranged the competition with calculation, it would go as it went.

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A year had passed. It was still and quiet in the yard. We went and waited for Anita to become mother. It had been more softness her being, and she hung herself happy in my neck to which she said, "to cry out her concerns and her happiness."

I did everything to cheer and delight her and facilitate her work. This tenderness touched her, for she was in the bottom of a weak nature, and she joined me more than before. But simultaneously could under the soft surface, certain hardnesses arrive - that betrayed how it sometimes simmered in depth. She was on such occasions not really himself mighty. I

wrote it on her condition, and was just so much more tender towards her. When she became calm again, she could reproach herself everything she'd said and did and ask me for forgiveness. Then she was so touchingly tender and sweet. On the whole, this was my happiest time. I felt that Anita was mine, that she needed me, she was fond of me, that I could be there for her support and the pleasure she craved.

But our happiness was not long lasting. One evening, Anita had gone alone over to her parents who lived a quarter of an hour away from us. She was long gone and I started to get worried. Finally she comes in with urgent steps and terrified countenance.

What is it, my love?

I saw three men lurking outside here.

-Did they do anything?

No, they crept behind something when I arrived. It looked like they had bad things in the mind.

-Oh, it's probably no danger. Did you recognize any of them?

I do not know, but I just thought I recognized one of them, when he turned around and looked after me.

-Who was it?

-Do not go out Antonio! I think it was *him*.

My blood came in swelling. I grabbed me a cudgel and rushed out before Anita could stop me.

It was moonlight and a light covering of snow lay over the ground so you could see quite clearly also at longer distances. I went the same route as Anita had come, but I had not gone long before I heard running footsteps behind me. I turned quickly, and stood with face to face with Arnold Schaffer. It shone a vicious fire in his eyes.

Behind him stood two men I did not know.

-Now I have you, he roared. Now you get to the wedding feast, you rascal. Tie him! he shouted to the men.

-The first thing that comes close to me – I will break head on, I replied and turned my cudgel.

One of his henchmen took a leap toward me, and before the other could come to his assistance fell my cudgel with such power over his shoulder that he sank bottom. The second immediately took to flight, but Arnold himself could not escape. I grabbed him collar and flung him like a glove on the slopes.

- Oh, you're with mercenary arms and want to bind me, when your milk fingers too weak. That I will get rid of.

He was more agile than I thought and came suddenly on his feet again, threw her coat and drew a stiletto from his cane. It was a wild game, but I swung my cudgel more agile than he's weapons, and the end was that I with a sharp blow crushed his legs. There he lay could not move, but he was screaming "help, help" as much as his lungs could.

I went home and said to my two farmhands to span for a car and drive the two beaten to the inn in the village and then go to a doctor who lived an hour away from there and ask him to come and join them.

It was a sad story. At the hearings since joined, I had no witnesses but my opponents affirmed all three it was me who attacked them as they come peacefully walking on the road. They had either done or wanted to hurt me. Day before they had come to the neighborhood as traveling and settled at an inn, and at a walk in the evening, they had been assaulted and mutilated.

Arnold Schaffer had right knee crushed, and the other had received clavicle brackish.

Since the fight at the wedding feast was still fresh in the memory, I had the glow against me. Whatever I insured did not: I was convicted of aggravated assault on a public road,

to one year of imprisonment.

Coated with handcuffs and shackles, as a crook, I was removed to a detention center in Chambéry. Anita was beside herself with despair. Viola was paralyzed with grief. I clenched teeth. The bitterness I felt was too large to be clothed in words.

What time is long between the walls of the prison, the year I was in jail seemed to me never wanting out. And meanwhile germinated and grew bitterness in my soul. Sometimes I could crumble and beat me bloody against the cold wall, but there was no one who cared about it. After such outbreak, I was for some time lethargic and apathetic. My fellow prisoners were afraid of me, though I never did them any harm. My guardian hated me and kept me so severely they could.

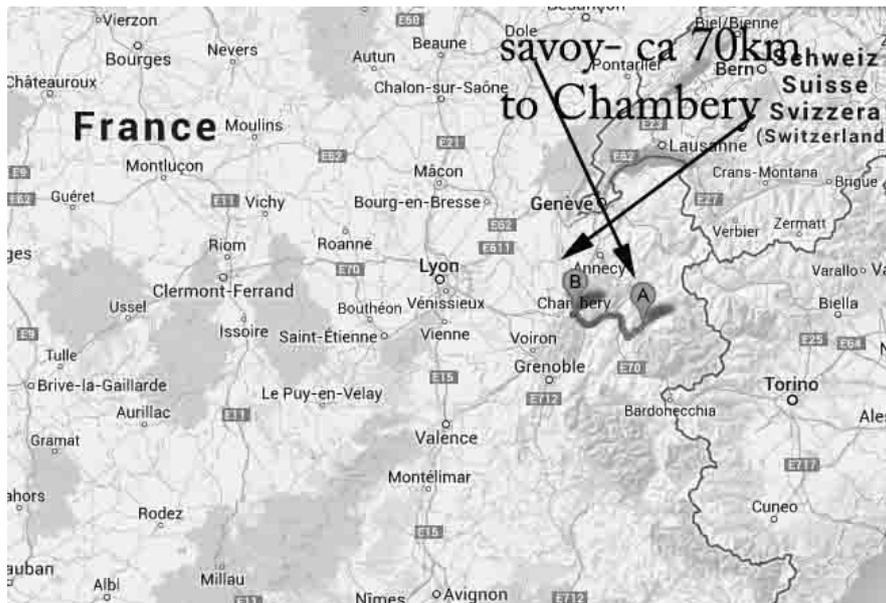
The only one who showed me any kindness was a fellow prisoner named Pierre, who had been sentenced to ten years' imprisonment for the manslaughter of a rival. He was the most good-natured soul you could see, but only once had the hate-mind flowed over him, and he got it atone with ten long years behind discipline housing walls. The similarity in our destiny, brought us together and he became finally a real friend.

Many months had passed without hearing anything from my home. What did I know happening out there in the world? My world was a dungeon that measured steps in length and width. Was Anita dead, - had she severed all ties which was no longer her worthy? Had she given birth to our child? Would I ever have it in my arms? Would well even dare going back to our valley and my pretty little farm? The inmates was branded for life. What could I take me to when I was free? - Gnawing tanks that never left me in peace.

One day in late autumn came the jailer and told me that a woman wanted to talk to me. She waited for me in the anteroom. It was Viola. She had walked on her feet long route to Chambéry and after much fighting with the authorities finally received permission to meet me.



Picture: *Chambéry- supposedly in the late century of 1800, - it means ca 300years after this story happened in this region.*



- Antonio! Is it really you? Your hair's gray! was her first exclamation when she got to see me.

Now came in short sentences her story. Anita was dead. She had had a difficult and premature birth shortly after the accident affected me. The child, a little girl, lived only few days. Anita came up again, but was broken in both body and soul. She was melancholy and closed, and laid no hand at anything. Viola, who, since Anita moved into the mistress of the farm, considered herself redundant and lived a reclusive life in the chamber, had then to take the lead if not all would be adrift, but this saw Anita with no benevolence, and the tension between them became greater than ever.

- Did she ever to try to find me? I asked.

- No, she was so strange. She could never mention your name. One time I said to her, however, she should ponder that it was for her sake you got into that accident. "It was not," she replied." It was his violent temper, that I was always was so afraid of. Had he not so violently broken into my life, had I been a respected and honored wife in far better conditions. Now I dare not to look people in the face, they are pointing the finger at me, to my husband sitting in the prison. "I told her that it probably was not true, but rather think all sin about you because you got for harsh punishment. But she went weeping away from me without answering.

- Have you asked something of him, the third one, which pretty much is owed to all our accidents?

- Yes, he once came to the farm and asked to speak with Anita. She was not home, but I received him. He was on crutches, for the damage you inflicted on him had been so severe that the doctor would have had to take the leg above the knee, which was far crushed. This he told me during threatening tantrums. He would probably notice when you be out again, he said. I said to the janitor to show him out, and as far as I know he never met Anita. He traveled on the same day from the area.

Viola talked about many other things that happened during my absence, but I heard hardly at her, so busy was I by the words Anita made about me.

- Oh, so could she say about me, I mumbled. Thus, I was nothing to her?

- I think anyway that she in a way loved you, but she was so strange, so full of contradictions. She had not woken up to the clearness of herself. But now she's gone and I wish for myself to excuse her. Must also you be able to!

- You may believe me or not, sister, but I tell you that I loved this woman, and

the one you love needs no indulgence. But, tell me, how did she die?

- It is a sad story that I most wanted to spare you, but once have to truth emerges. She became more and more gloomy and brooding, did not respond to speech, or if she said there was little sense in what she said. I think she was a little unhinged. An evening she went out without saying a word and did not return. I searched for her all night but without result. The next day found her hat down at the bridge tap, and some days later she floated up a distance below the bridge.

I sat as if paralyzed, unable to utter a word. Again a debt burden on my already heavily burdened shoulders. Viola proceeded to tell me everything that happened, but I heard her not. For me, it was so terribly hard that I now also had debt in Anita's death. How she said: "Had I not forcibly broken me into her life so ..." Yes, it was my fault, that was what brought both her and me into the accident.

Viola tried to console me. With all the tenderness of her nature, she was also powerful, she tried to convince me the courage to start a new life when I came out again.

- You have no more than 4 months to go, she said, then I'll come and pick you up, and we two should have it so good together on our little farm - is it not so?

- I'm never more to go to our farm, as much as you know. You may take it and possess it as your own.

- What will you then do?

- I do not know. The wild animals have their dens and lairs. Well there is some hiding place even for me.

Poor Viola! She went deeply grieved away from me. Then I never saw her again.

The more liberty hour approached, the more worried I became. Why did I not stay and die within these walls? Was I then forced to go out among the people, begging for their mercy and meet their contempt? What life can be cruel!

The day came. The lock came off, the door was opened, and I had to go where I pleased.

In the forest, the mountains, only not among people, it was my goal, and I went as whipped by furies until I reached a relatively sparsely populated region. But with two empty hands, I could not do much. Desperate conditions lead to desperate things. I robbed and stole until I had equipped me with the tools and weapons and clothing against the winter cold. An abandoned, almost ramshackle hut on a slope mountain pasture became my first sanctuary. The wildlife was plentiful and I was a good archer so I did not have to starve. With flint and steel and a good ax, I did not freeze, but the loneliness, the terrible loneliness, that I could not stand. I had sometimes, just to get the look of people, to drag me down to the village, begging for a bite to eat and hear them speak. It was like music to my ear.

In particular, I was seized with desire for seeing Pierre (his prison-friend). But how could I reach him? A request to speak to him would certainly be rejected, but coverage was not particularly string, maybe it could be easier than I thought. I plucked up my courage and walked down to the Chambery. I knew which window belonged to Pierres secluded cell. One dark night when everyone was asleep, I crept outside and threw repeatedly sand against the small windows. The window opened and from the iron-rods, was a head out sticking. It was Pierre.

It did not need many words sooner than we understood each other. By means of a long rod I handed him a small highly hardened saw and a bottle of oil, and promised to return every night until he was ready to run. Night after night I went there and heard the saw persistent work.

Finally, the seventh night, I saw two grid bars give way and my friend to get out through the opening. A more cordial embrace, I have never received or given.

Now we were two, and life seemed to me suddenly worth living. I took Pierre to my hut and initiated him into hermit life's hardships and horrors. He was happy to find refuge with me, and we lived many years in perfect harmony with each other.

But the joy was taken away from me. He once walked alone out hunting and never came back. Several months later I found his half-decomposed corpse, strong maimed. Probably he had been beaten by bears.

Now, I was again alone and heartbroken. I could not bear it, I grabbed my rod and my bow and headed out on the hike. The parts unknown went my way. Sometime I was able to meet friendly people, but mostly I was considered for a thief, and I was in fact not much better. People shunned me and I them.

Much of the violence generated at/by this time, was only an outbreak of bitterness that lay germinated in my mind. I have no murder on my conscience, but well, I could go many times furiously forward when I met a merchant or gentleman who treated me as superior or scornfully. My stake has striped many backs both blue and bloody. It felt like a relief for the internal tension of resentment and hatred I ever went and bore on. So it felt then. Later I have often regretted my wild rampage.

Years passed during this roving life. I was getting old and frail, my back was bent, my face furrowed, my head bare, the matted beard reached down on the chest. I began to long to rest for both body and soul.

On sore feet with a repentant bleeding heart, I reached the monastery gate. The monk was a pious man with a heart that felt sore for both spiritual and bodily distress. I gave him my confession as full as my memory could. It eased my burdened mind, it was like a heavy burden lifted. He put his hand on my head.

- Poor brother, he said, you have suffered much, your soul is more scarred than your bloody feet. Stay here in the monastery. Mother of God chapel is a sanctuary, where the world's concern does not reach. Where you can add your agony down to the crucified's feet, where you get peace.

This was done. The cell loneliness, in the chapel consecrated calm, my spirit the rest I pined for. And in the monastery library was opened to me a new world of ideas and impressions. A wonderful peace spread over the few years I still had on this earth. The stormy life I brought with me, vanished away like something unreal that does not belong to me, and when death approached could I jubilant feel and know that it was to a brighter life I now raised my soul and mind.



(In this beautiful landscape was this life of Antonio - ca.400 years ago; in the Savoy-valley and below Mt.Blanc in France. The monastery – picture right- found on Google from this region, may well be today's version of the monastery he mentions in the text.)

Part III



picture right of Avignon in southeastern France, in the region that this story started/ happened 700 years ago.



We go even further back in time and open a book from the early 1300's. It is written with a rough and difficult to read, handwriting on Old French, at any Provençal dialect. (It is a variety of Occitan spoken by a minority of people in southern France, mostly in Provence). The notes are brief and not very coherent. It would be difficult for a stranger to these fragments make up a full image of the personality whose life they portray, but to me, who wrote them, they are sufficient for the memory to recall the image of the inflated but in fact very

insignificant Knight Templar, Bertrand de C., which not far from Avignon, had a fortified castle.

It is strange now - after six hundred years - to look back on this ridiculous figure and know that it was ME. But he was not only ridiculous, he was hard-hearted, and it is a widely severe 'deformity'.

The shimmer of ridicule I now find surrounding Bertrand's person, was perhaps somewhat more which was due to timing conditions, than something rooted in his character. The dying chivalry with its stilted dignity, their rattling tower rings, their though in poverty, brilliant parties, appears from our time and position as a childish attempt to keep alive a bygone greatness, which was doomed to destruction. But along with this external ostentation with chivalrous manners, there was a tyrannical domination of family and household and sometimes quite cruel oppression of subordinates. Philip the Fair had although *serfdom** was abolished, but of the landlords dependent peasantry was aspirated and beaten in every way in more or less disguised forms according to the government vacillating policy, as to sought support of the people or the nobility. *(*Serfdom* is the status of peasants under feudalism, specifically relating to manorialism)

Boniface VIII was dead, (1235 – 11 October 1303) and the new Pope Clement V (1264 – 20 April 1314) had on the French king's request, settled in Avignon. It was now a battle between the monarchy and the self-filamentous monastic order, and the Pope was not slow to put himself

on the king's side. The order were repealed, its fiefdoms retracted, and several of the chief temple lords was punished with loss of life and property.

During this time, I lived, but though I had my estate not far from the dreaded Pope's residence, I was too small to incur any personal disgrace. My little possession was not a big estate, but had been handed down through our family during many generations: therefore I was allowed to keep it. It was only my rank as a Knight Templar I was robbed, but it was - for my contemporary outlook - an outrageous abuse without precedent.

I want to try to take out a few pictures from this period: to connect them to a whole, I leave to the reader's imagination.

It's a brilliant tournament in Avignon. From Provence and Languedoc, yes all the way from Auvergne is nobles and knights with great companions gathered to participate or witness the the Festive weapons play/ possession. The stands on both sides of the 'knight track' is crammed by ladies and older knights. In the middle of one long side is marshal the tribune. Here is also the ladies; that with her veil or her belt celebrates a particular of the contestants Knights, and primarily among them the beauty who has been appointed for the victory winner to transmit today's price.

First held a jousting. Some twenty knights in shining armor and swaying plumes rides up at each end of the runway and takes shape on the line. They pull their cross-cut sword and salute each other. Herald blowing a fanfare, and the two contestants teams approach each other only at the walk, then a trot, which increased to a gallop, until they are in a cloud of dust under arms smash, whimper and cry clashes together. It is a riot, where hardly longer can distinguish friend from foe, all swirling together in a chaotic mass of armor blaring over the hard-hitting swords.

I'm in the game and wearing a green veil, as the beautiful Alice de Rochy herself attached to the my left shoulder, which she now sits as today's Queen ready to hand over to the victory winner his price.

I'm strong and agile and a wise in all knightly sports. Myself, no shall fell from the saddle.

Again are heard the fanfare. The battle ends and the stewards declare that my team took the victory. Those who have not got damage, will prepare again. From my team, by lottery two knights who must abstain from the play, because the number to be equal on both sides. A new clash with the same results. Personally, I felled two of my opponents to the ground. High shouting and waving greet the winners.

Now begins the play's second act, a duel between two knights, each team nominated. I am one, my opponent is the famous knight Louis d'Aragon. We ride up, now armed with long wood lances, greet the ladies and one another, and stay on the fixed distance motionless as statues; cautious of the start signal. Fanfare sounds and we ride at full gallop toward each other. My lance flaws and self, I get a sharp blow, as however, do not disturb me from the saddle. They hand me a new lance and I blow up again to seizures. A well-aimed blow to the chest plate on my opponent's armor raises him from saddle, he falls backwards to the ground. Cries, waving and fanfares, and I am the hero of the day. Several duels fought with varied success, but no one makes my rank fall; during trumpets blaring hailed me the winner. I brought up on the platform where the ladies take off my armor and attaches a robe over my shoulders. I kneel by the nice Alice, securing victory wreath on my head.

It is an old tradition the winner gets to kiss the lady who gave him the price, and I rise to the procurement of what I consider to be my right. Then she puts two fingers on her mouth, a clear sign that she refuses me her favor.

- However, it is *your veil* I had with me, I say half offended.
- So be it, she replies. I was obliged, in the place I had today in the lining; to any of the contestants leave my colors. I have praised your strength, and I see that I did not misjudge.

Ashamed I pull myself back and full of resentment I ride with my little entourage, the same evening to my castle.

Some later:

It is wedding feast of the Count de Rochy and I'm the lucky groom. I have asked for Alice's hand, not so much because of any deeper addiction, but because I considered it to be the most worthy way to wash the indignity I suffered at the tournament at Avignon. My estate is admittedly small, but my ancestry so much higher, and the old Count has not felt able to refuse my request. He has not consulted his daughter,

The bride is beautiful but pale, the dark eyes half-veiled. I have not yet received an open look, and hardly a word has come from her lips. But that I do not attach me to, now she is mine, and we shall probably turn together the dance of life, when she has overcome the shyness, which of course now mastered her.

The wedding ceremony are held in the castle's chapel. When it is finished, I press my bride so hard to my breast – so she screams and falls powerless in my arms. But she will soon recover, and the party continues as if nothing passed.

Among the wedding guests is a young squire, they call him Marcel, as so often he can approach the bride. They converse busy with each other. I see it with grief and feel a certain urge to take him as a puppy by the neck and throw him out. But I mastered myself. I will not make me guilty of any scandal.

The wedding reception, with meals and drinking bouts, with dancing and bowing, goes on for three days; The fourth I lift up Alice on the saddle and ride with my entourage of squires and squires home to my castle. She leans shyly at me but do not say a word. The Castel's yard people and subordinates are bowing and greet their young gentry when we ride into it with flowers and with greens adorned drawbridge.

My farm manager, the old Henry, complaining that the proceeds would not be sufficient for the new household.

- Have all properly paid their taxes? I ask.
- Not all, sir.
- Then let us take by force what is not willingly given.
- In many of them there is nothing to take. The long drought last summer resulted in crop failure, and the plague has made many of the cattle die.
- But *for all*, it is well not so bad?
- Certainly not, but they sighs however, from the heavy decrees and asks for postponement. The farmer Andrea is standing outside, asking to speak with your grace on his own and others' behalf.
- Has he not paid?
-No.
- He has a good farm and several cattle: I know. But he is insubordinate and incites the other.

Trustee does not answer.

- Tell the executioner that Andrea should be given twenty lashes on the bare back. Then I shall speak to him.

- Lord, forgive me for telling you my opinion frankly as befits a faithful servant. Such he was of your fathers men, a time when peasants were serfs - oh many a time have I

unfortunately myself been compelled to swing the whip - but now not granted such an assault, then our gracious Philip has made the farmer free. And would a battered complain to His Holiness Clemens, so would we maybe all get punished, for he is a strict master, who is the king's faithful and standing on the weakers right.

- God's cross! I think you dare preach to me what I can or should do. Has impudence grabbed even you? You think your gray hair will protect you, but please beware so not my anger also affects you.

- you are welcome to beat, stern lord, if you please. God knows that I only wanted your own good with my bold words.

- Well, I suppose you have been afraid on old days, I think, it tends to be so. I shall myself give commands of the executions.

A moment later was heard Andreas cries echoing through the castle vaults.

Alice comes in with a frightened expression.

- What's the scream?

- It is a defiant farmer who gets his deserved reward.

- For God's mercy, stop. Such may not be, I know, and ...

- do not interference with my affairs. Here is no one else but me to command, so much you know - my noble mistress.

I take her tightly by the arm and lead her harsh out of the room.

*

Some later:

There is feast on my castle. My father in law: the noble Count de Rochy with housewife and large entourage have come to sojourn his son in law and see his daughter's happiness. A whole roasted pig with apple in the mouth is in the middle of the long table around which we sit on benches, and wine bottles goes diligently around. A troubadour in Rochys entourage is singing a song to honor the memory of the persecuted monastic order. The violence and bloodshed, King Philip allowed himself against the Templars in Burgundy and Normandy is portrayed with profound pathos. When the singing stopped, breaking out a stunner alarm. Most of the wine agitated senses gives vent to the indignation which had long lain sleeping in everyone's hearts. Man shouting into the mouth of another, "Down with Philip, the temple breaker, the robber! Down with Clemens, the hypocrite, the royal creeper! "Some rise and beat their swords against the wall hung shields.

I myself am wearing my white temple dress with the red cross and feel throughout this demonstration almost as a tribute to my own person, the only one here represents the temple lords. In a haughty manner I get up and ask for silence. I am no orator, but wine and high atmosphere gives me the words, and so I begin depict the good that Templars done for God's glory on earth and to emphasize myself as a worthy representative of the whole of Christendom extensive words. I blew up my mind to a greatness, which impressed at least for myself.

When I've finished it breaks out a new storm of clamor and clash of weapons.

A horn signal heard in the courtyard and a while then enters a servant who reports that a knight named Marcel de Veaux asks if he can get this shelter over overnight.

- Ask knight to enter. He is welcome in our team, I reply.

He enters, lifts his plumed beret and bows courteously.

Where have I seen that face before? Is not the young squire from my Wedding? Yes, of course. My father in law has immediately gone to meet him. All rise and greet the newcomer. Alice, who always sat in the seat of honor at my side, rises too, but takes her forehead and stagger: she is pale as a corpse. Two terns hasten and supports

her as she walks out of the room. The knight looks after her, but otherwise it's just not any giving any importance to that house's landlady in a fit of nausea left us.

The new guest is greeted with a glass of wine and the party continues. He explains he had ridden from [Avignon](#) at dawn and have bad news to tell. The Pope of King allowed to bring himself to sign an edict by which temple lords are Repealed and all its fiefs withdrawn by the Crown.

- No now have the right to wear the white mantle with the red cross, he adds with a glance at me, a look of what I think I catch a glimpse of glee.

This news raises a real uproar in the courtroom. It closes together in groups; man screaming and hitting with your arms, you raging and cursing. It is an end of all order. No one hears what the other says of the deafening alarm that fills the air.

I look after the newcomer knight to get a detailed explanation of how this passed and where he got his news, but can not find him. He's missing. In the general uproar, he has gone out - perhaps to ensure his horse.

I'm waiting, but he is not coming back. A suspicion grabs me. I start searching after my wife. She's not in her room. The bridesmaids do not know where she's gone. I scans the whole castle, but in vain, she is nowhere to be found.

In the recreation hall, the alarm has stopped and the guests returned around the long table, where wine and trophies widely used. But the strange knight has not recurred.

I send a man (a High ranking official responsible for overseeing the supervision of royal or princely court) - down to the guard room to see if he had been seen down there. After a while he returned with word that the strange knight had just riding accompanied by his squire.

There arises a general astonishment. What does such a crime against the laws of chivalry; to a guest who has been welcomed, leave the castle without saying goodbye to the castle lord?

After a while, the man returns and whispers in my ear that they have found the strangers' knight's squire sleeping in the tower chamber designated for knight's night shelter.

- God's death! Let the saddle three horses and tell two of my best riders to immediately follow me out. We must capture the cheeky female robber before he got too big lead.

There was a pitch-dark night. We had to return empty-handed.

*

Twelve years have elapsed.

I sit at a small inn in Normandy, not far from Rouen, and washes down a meager meal with a little sour local wines. Host coming in, a stout man with small jovial eyes. I put to him my usual question, which I in all these years repeated in all the shelters, all cities around the country.

- Listen, my friend, do you know any knight named Marcel de Veaux, who is said to have settled in this neighborhood a few years ago?

- What did you say his name?

- Marcel de Veaux.

- No, no such I know not, but ...

- But, you say, you have perhaps heard of him?

- No, but it occurred to me that it is very similar to the name of a nobleman who came here to the neighborhood of - let me see - there may well be a ten or twelve years ago. But he was called Marcel de Valeaux.

It put the wind up me. Do I have you finally? Haven't you hidden better than that, when you still would change the name?

- What do you know about him?

- He came here, it was said from Provence, and bought an estate, yes a really beautiful farm is it, and he has built on with towers and battlements and a moat dug around, so now

it is as beautiful as a real knighthouse. Money he had when he came here, and of money has he always had plenty, he now takes them away, because the estate can not raise much.

- Do you know if he's married?

- Yes, it is so lord, for I have seen his mistress, and I say, that fairer woman may be looking for. But she is pale and looks very sobering.

On the right track: it must be him.

- He is also sobering and bleak?

- No, see - you were wrong. He is a happy and funny gentleman who never saves the coins, but let them roll. It happens sometimes, when he is hunting, he makes my small inns the honor to rest here for a while and drink a bottle of Burgundian wine with his hunting companions. Then is it funny here you may believe. Sometimes it happens enough, too - here peered my host with his small pigeyes, and pulled his mouth into a sly grin - he spent the night in the guest house with any little maiden as he turned head on, but if she had gone here as a virgin, that shall I leave unsaid, hehehe!

- Where he gets money from, you said?

- I know nothing about that. It is said ... but one must 'do not believe everything nasty people says ...

- What do you say?

- Have cross, just nothing, and no words for me - here he dropped his voice to a whisper

- But enough is said that he makes the roads unsafe. Not around here of course, but in Brittany, where should not be advisable to travel alone, it said. Now he travels frequently in that direction and will be away for some times a month, sometimes more, and when he comes back, he's always in a good mood and then rich life at the castle, may know - with a feast and other luxury.

Therefore, once we've pulled our suspicions. If they are founded or not, that our lord may know.

- What's his goods name?

- It's called Evreux, located to the south a few miles from here.

*

My plan is completed. I have to dress me for woodcutter and go and seek employment.

*

It's him.

*

My plan has succeeded: I am employed at the farm. Finally, the revenge' thirst be slaked which have burned in me for all these years. I have seen Him right into the eyes, but he has not recognized me. Her, I have only seen from a distance, she is tall and straight, the same beautiful figure as before, but she wears her head a little bent.

Now it is merely to suit the times, not to rush ahead with the risk of failure, but also not to let an opportunity go out of hand. He rarely goes out alone, and to his own room, I 've not admitted. To sneak in at night is not so easy, as a squire is always in the room outside.

Days and weeks go by, and yet have not an opportunity presented itself. The dagger I carry inside my belt thirst for blood, and my soul cries out for vengeance.

*

One day, I am occupied with supporting the wood in one of the gaps, which tends to be used as bedrooms for overnight guests. Just as I released my load in front of the fireplace will Marcel in, goes to the window and looks out onto the plain. Now or never. I hasten to strike rule for the door and stand behind him. He turns around and we stand face to

face.

- Now you shall be judged, villain, because you robbed my wife from me.

- Are you crazy man! he yells, but at the same he must have recognized me, for he was white as a sheet in sight and staggered backwards.

I grab a firm hold on my dagger.

- Kneeling wretch! - And read your last prayer if you can.

- Help, help! he shouts, but at that moment I hit the dagger his chest.

His cry has been heard, no bolts on the door, I walk with a firm step and opens. It is she - Alice - my wife.

- What is it? she asks with agonized countenance.

- It's me, Bertrand, your spouse, who took revenge on him there: who broke into my house and robbed you from me.

- Help! she cries.

- Do not yell, I say slowly, I will not do you harm. In twelve years, I have sought you to give him his wages, and tell you that I always had love for thee. I took you against your will. At first, I was sick of all your crying, but I never violated your honor, and those long years when I've on blistered feet walked around France to search for you. It's been dawned on me that no woman on earth was so dear to me as you.

Farewell! I now go and set me to steward. Tomorrow I'm dangling from the gallows. Then remember Me, I was the one who freed you from him there: he was not worthy of you.

part IV

We now jump over a book on the life on earth that went on immediately before the last depicted, not because it was unimportant for my development, **but because it is not included as a link in the chain of lives when I have been in touch with her**, which has always been my wife, and with him, *who always wanted to steal her from me*. During my fourth life backwards figured, I was a lonely man, with DREAMY enthusiasm participated in the first undisciplined crusade under Peter of Amiens (1050 – 8 July 1115)- and fallen, not yet 30 years old, in the battle against Seljuq dynasty (listed as ancestors of today's inhabitants of western Turkey) in the plains of Niceea, I think it was 1,095.

But we look up next life, and find ourselves in Rome during decay times. Imperial dignity had by tyrants and libertines, been pulled down to be an eyesore the noble Roman people, a power that was maintained by cruelty and violence of all kinds and who surrounded himself with creeping adventurer and willing executioners. Its protection guard against external aggression, was the Praetorian Guard, who certainly held true guard of the emperor's person, but many times themselves took the power in own hand, removed a unpopular ruler, and put their own favorite on the throne.

Constant battles with varied luck was against the great Roman Empire neighboring peoples, the Picts and Scots; Germans and the Burgundians, and those from Asia advancing Huns. *War was the spirit of that times, and human life had little value.*

During this time, in the middle of the fourth century, I lived Rome, or rather, I was born in Rome, but performed as a recruit Roman legionary a wandering life. I was with the army under constant feuds now here, now there. For long times, we could, however, be steady in large field camps, where we had a comparatively quiet life, had better housing and made surrounding with fortifications.

In such a field camp in [Gaul](#) begins the part of my story that I have shared

with her, so deeply intervened in my destinies. I want out of this life that tell only a little episode. For shown bravery, I had advanced to commander of a cohort (= it was a basic tactical unit of a Roman legion after Gaius Marius reforms 107 BC.), and with this I was lying as the Watchkeeping at Rhone, not far from Lugdunum, now called Lyon. Claudius was my name.

One day an old local farmer came and begged me for protection against a band of robbers that for long had raged in the forests to the west. During the past year, they had first stolen his horse, and then even abducted his only daughter, 20-year-old Livia, and yet they had not found any trace of her.

It belonged not indeed directly to my mission to keep after the robbers who did neighborhood unsafe, but the adventure attracted me. I fitted a small crowd for this expedition and took myself in command of the same. With the farmer as guide, we went on search of those peace-disturbers. It was especially the large regions towards Avaricum (Bourges), which proved unsafe. There had several assaults occurred on traders with carriages, and onto single passers.

I let some of my people disguise themselves to go in distance in front, hired some big rattling carts and went with them the way forward, but inside the wagons was I and the rest of my squad hidden. My list was crowned with success. One night we were attacked by a handful of robbers rushed out of an ambush. But before they had time to us harm, were they overpowered and tied. The thing now was to find out their haunts.

I picked out one of the prisoners as guide and told him in the presence of others, that if he showed us the right path to their nest, he would get freedom, if not, I would with his severed head turn back to the other prisoners and choose another to follow. Me, all with the same penalties and risk. He thought apparently lead us astray; finally he was himself confused, and the bluff cost him the life. But his severed head put fear into the other prisoners, and the next I chose as guide led us through narrow valleys and wooded areas where we never have been able to find the way, until reaching the robber's camp. It surrounded and after a short battle which cost a couple of our opponents life, they were overpowered and tied behind their backs. Only one of them, who kept watch at the entrance of a cave, struggled yet with superhuman strength against two of my men, one of which already bleeding from deep wounds.

I hurried to and arose between us a duel that ended with I felled him dead to the ground. I myself was, however, badly wounded and was worn by my men into the cave to be connected. Here we met a strange sight, lighted from an opening in the roof of the cave. Huddled against the rock wall sat an elderly woman, and a few half-grown children, only wrapped in miserable rags. Behind some stacked barrels sat a young woman with frightened countenance. A goat and a couple of kids ran bleating about.

The farmer, who followed us all the time, came into the cave, found his daughter behind the barrels and screamed with joy. She fell on his neck and wept.

The old man, who was a little skilled in medicine, bandaged my wounds, a deep cut in the left arm which, however, was not of dangerous condition. His daughter helped him. She tore off her underwear a long strip and erected with much affection and habit a dressing so that blood stopped. Apparently it was not the first time the old man and his daughter nursed wounded people.

She was so captivating, the beautiful Livia, where she was leaning over me, busy with her tender care. Her black curls fell on my chest and on my arm, I felt the warm breath from her mouth. It was an indescribably pleasant feeling to lie so there powerless and enjoy her care.

So I was taken by invisible powers, for the first time, together with the woman who for several coming lives would intervene so deeply in my destiny. Even him who lay

death outside of the opening of the cave, I would meet again, life after life, as my - after revenge - thirsting rival. How little did I know that time of this, when I was nursed.

That I was married to Livia, and with her lived many happy years, first in our field camp at Rhâne and then in Rome, where I after some time was called to be, is all I further have to say about this incarnation.

No, not all. I can not forget to mention that I in this life had a mother that I was much connected to. She had nursed me thru childhood and youth with a love and tenderness that even today, a millennium and a half later, can make tears in my eyes. She was close to despair when she heard that I had enlisted and be sent out into the war field. So much happier she was, when I came back again and had to stay in Rome. But my wife she could never learn to understand. Very different was the also their temperament and disposition. My mother was still and smooth, she was like a lake that does not upset by any storms, but always reflect the sky. My wife, however, was of a lively and edgy humor, but so she could also be so captivating sweet, so tender and loving. She was the rushing river at times throwing cascades of foam, but between that, could be deep and clear. It was however, not only this difference that caused the distance between these women. I felt at times as if my mother did not really wish any else to steer me.

My own dear mother! - Even her, I have seen/met again, first as my sister Viola in Savoy and then in my last earthly life, when I once again had the good fortune to be born as her son.

Still one word. I was happy with Livia. Actually, was this my first intercourse with her, happier than any of the following. There was only one dark spot between us as never was cleared up. It was her life in the cave with the man I killed outside the cave. She never wanted to talk about that time. If I tried with my questions to penetrate into this mystery, she became silent, but her eyes shot fiery flashes out against something strange that the memory evoked. Whether it was love or hate in this gaze, I could never fathom.

V

So far I have only portrayed my walk on the earth during various periods: not mine free life in the world that lies above the Earth, the world in which I *now* find myself. And it could be written a book many times larger than this small, but I have not dared that task. I feel that it would exceed my ability to give an true or real corresponding image, of the rich life I here between my earth lives, have undergone. A life also of painful self-examination, of interesting studies, the dedicated work by my small forces, in the service of good. Others can do that better than I - as I've seen too difficult. I must forbear that.

But not quite. It is a small, recently experienced event, a meeting, I would describe as a conclusion to my story.

After each ended earthly life, I have always, as soon as I furthermore have had occasion, visited her – in spite of all what we have done to each other of evil, however, have become a part of my own being. Here in our TRUE homeland, we have, better than on earth, been able to understand each other. Here we have could closer to each other, here we have promised each other the faithfulness, loyalty, the fidelity - that on the earth proved to be so fragile. **But we had before our last earth lives, never yet had an opportunity to overlook and watch together - all of our series of lives.** It was only the very last that was the subject of our “thought- exchanges”.

Since I finished my last earthly life, I was taken by my guardian spirit and leaders here in

to this archive - where so many individuals, and I, among others, have gathered our "notes" over past lives, and now he (the guardian spirit) gave me the key to all of them, *many more than those I outlined here*.

In the crisp lighting of this self-look, I also have this time completed the embarrassing but instructive duty to describe my past life - not just the sketchy outline of external events such as this one, but a detailed examination of the motives, thoughts and emotions; weak and betrayed duties; of intentions and failures.

When it was done, I asked to seek up Cecilia - as I now longed violently after her.

But I did not have to search, it was she who came to meet me. Although she had also longed to see me, and when she knew that she had not bothered me in my work, she came with a touching shyness and greeted me.

I omit her penitent confession of everything that was about her flight and her gradual debasement and the depiction of her final illness in the hospital in Vienna. She had suffered herself free from these gloomy memories, and was now the happy and beautiful character, as I remembered her from her best moments during the four life we wandered together on earth. She was so adorable sweet: it was as if all of the innocence that has been supplanted on the bottom of her soul now came forth, as the passions were let out and so burn all that had prevented her spiritual growth.

Now I felt that we belong to each other for time and eternity, now "the third" no longer needed to interfere in our relationship. He was forever removed, he had fulfilled his duty towards us, to be the means (*karmic tool*) by which our senses hardened themselves clean and strong.

Since we now for long and familiarly talked about all the details from our last earthly life, I opened for her the book about our earliest life together on earth, then I was Claudius and she was Livia.

Memories, as in her legacy had been deeply buried, now showed up and took shape. She watched the Bandits assault on her father's farm and his own shameful captivity in the cave.

- Tell me, Cecilia, something I never understood, I said, did you feel something different and more for this man, merely than the hatred that was so justified?

- Then I was not powerful enough to find way of conflicting emotions that stormed into my breast, she said, but when I now scrutinize them - some more than 1500 years later, I would like say, that he Gallic robber with the strange deep eyes, the tight shut mouth and the protruding nostrils - I see him so clearly to me - had a marvelous alluring power when he wanted to use it. It is said that snakes have such a magic power in their eyes - that they may have small birds to fall into their open mouth. Some of this fascination might was what he possessed, - he Lotar. Just with his eyes, which at times could be tender and caressing, sometimes threatening imperious, he got me to anything. I was completely under his fascinating influence as long as I was in his presence. And the remarkable thing was that I might as well, when he took me to his chest, felt something of the intoxication as the child of nature so easily understood as love luck. But he was not well out my sight until I was seized by a lead and loathing that bordered on hatred. How terrible I then felt, you can not imagine. The tragedy of my predicament was that I knew how I would come to tremble before his eyes, when he re-appeared, and how I would crave for a tenderness, and even after a stroke of him. Only not his indifference, it could bring me into despair.

If he stayed long gone, then grew my hatred for this man so that I thought myself in a position to assassinate him when he came back, but when he re-entered in his miserable hut and threw his coat for me, I took it in my arms, turned and kissed it, so no one saw it.

When he was gone, I was so closely guarded that an escape then had been impossible, but when he was at home, I noticed that watcher over me was retracted. It had not been necessary, he felt his magic power over me.

So I lived in nearly a year in the most terrible friction between emotions; whose right value not I could appreciate. I should be a mother and the thought filled me sometimes with joy, then of despair, but the children I gave birth was malformed and died shortly after birth. I have my suspicions that Lotar strangled his little son.

What I at all times, and especially during my illness, suffered by the other and her half-grown children, I do not want to talk about. She had been beautiful, but she was several years older than he. Now she was overlooked, tucked, despised, a victim to all the bitterness, a woman in her position is to entertain. She had her unique sleeping in another and more narrow cave, but the days she walked in and out of that which would be called my home. O'God, what a humiliation and disgrace I lived in!

At last you came, my liberator. I sat in a corner and heard the sound of swords; my whole being shook in the most dreadful anxiety. What would happen now, would I be dragged out and killed? But then they carried you in, and so came my father. I was saved. It is wonderful how living this critical moment etched into my memory, it's so that I can still shake with fear when I think about it.

- We then lived long happy years together, I said, but you never wanted to hear me talk on him - Lotar. If I ever asked you about him, your eyes shot lightning. Can you remind you what you thought at such times?

- It was so strange, it came upon me a fear that he would not be dead, that he could come back and get me, and I fought already within me against the submission which I felt.

- He also really came to pick up. See here.

I opened the next book and read to her descriptions of Bertrand and Alice's life in Provence.

- It's funny how I always forcibly is torn between both of you, she said after a moment. I never got to be myself. When you against my will, yes without even asking for my consent, took me as bride and carried me away to a foreign place, you choked something within me - as if it had been in calm and happy circumstances; had been able to grow up to the warm feeling for you as was lying sleeping in my being. Now it never came out to bloom. Pale and haggard as a herb, which grows under a fallen log in the woods, marked of the pressure it carries. When Marcel came with the glow in his eyes, it was he who was the liberator and I fell into his arms in the old rock cavity in Auvergne.

- Yes, that time it was my puny arrogance that ruled me so blindly that I thought me be the irresistible, that only needed to see me in my chivalric glory and my chivalrous manners to all resistance would succumb to. Your refusal to kiss the winner at fight/combat in Avignon, was a deathblow to my imaginary greatness, but in my simplicity I seemed to heal the damage by forcing you to be my wife, without asking about your desire. I needed a stronger lesson and I got it, then you are in the midst of festival frenzy let yourself be carried away by a road knight. Now awakened in me something of my better self. True, it was such a low esteem in retaliation desire that drove me to that, but I then entered the pilgrimage to seek you; - then swept within me to move away all conceited dreams of my knightly honor, it put me so to speak, back on track. I found you too, and I quench my thirst for vengeance.

- Yes, blessed be you for the effort. You should know that there was a hell, you that time saved me from. The old thief sat still in him, he robbed and he desecrated, but now had thereto come up something disgusting in him - he drank ... It was - thus - the second time he fell for your hand.

She sat silent for a moment as if she was pondering over something.

- Did he not thereby got a power to hurt you in the next life, for you met again after what you just suggested.

- Hardly. He laid plans for my life, but had not the power to pursue them.

Now I read to her from the 3rd book of our lives in Savoy, where she was Anita and I Antonio.

- Yes, now I see the entire picture- collection from this time, to show past my mind's eye, she said. Although there you took me against my will, but you saved me also from him, as then tempted me with his gold. His former lust, he had by his former vicious life lost. How little I knew then, to appreciate what you were for me. The force you used against me, the person, I promised my faith, aroused in me a defiance that I never felt before. I followed you because there was something in me that drew me to you, but my inclination and my despite was in constant dispute with one another. It was a broken life I took, and then since the accident hit you, I was so terrified that I was hardly accountable for my actions. I had not the courage to face you again, because of that, I took my life.

- Yes, it's bleak memories we have from that time. **But what me concerned, I think I understand the providential's purpose in the disapproval fate that then hit me.** I had through the many misdeeds of my previous life/lives, sustained to me these sufferings, but they got me also useful. First in the prison time, then the long loneliness in the wilderness and finally the beneficent stillness of the monastery, enabled a breakthrough in my character. The tough, the wild, the pugnacious in me, had played out its role, and gave way to a more introspective contemplative life. I became more sensitive to the sufferings of others, and my vision was opened to the beauty of nature, and I have especially the forests silence for this to thank. It was as if the scents of herbs and trees had healed my wounds and drove out the bitterness that lay gnawed my life -root.

- Yes, you was much altered, when we met the last time, but Anita had no spiritual treasures to give as an inheritance to Cecilia. The only thing she brought was a sickly almost hysterical temperament, which from what I now understand, was the natural consequence of my desperate act to take my life. Additionally, in me woke the old defiance again. I had a vague feeling that I never really got to be myself. This time I had still voluntarily made my choice, but once I was bound, I felt like a fetter compulsion that I was ready to shake off. You were tough and over-affectionate, but with me had vague feelings and hidden instincts awakened, who demanded to test their strength. I dreamed of to crumble my own mind and I got it.

When you went off to war, it was as a band had released, I imagined that your feeling was burned out, you should seek and find death on the battlefield - well, what could not my mind find of hysterical imagination. When then the tempter came, this time as the consoling friend, went to my tearful cheek against his breasts.

But Fritz, you dear, the course I then had to undergo has healed me completely. I feel it. The humiliation I lived in was a hard school, but it has opened my eyes both "the third's" true nature and for my own being flaws. But even more, they has shown me what treasure it was I left when I threw myself into the hands of robbers: it has showed me the way back to you, you are my only love. Let me follow you. Now, willing and able I make you happy.

- **Cecilia, you know what I think. You are my dual spirit, my soul mate.**

The end

<http://galactic.no/rune/livdod2.htm>