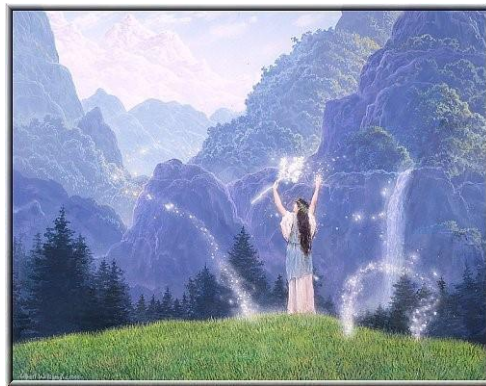


# 1

**Berit Hestnes**

***MY MAGIC LIFE***



*ART here; Gilbert Williams and onlineversion of this book via Rune Ø.*

*Translated from Norwegian via David Walsh in England!*

---



### Angelic Protection?

It's been a long time since the first strange event occurred in my life. It happened in the fall 1938 at Rjukan (photo). I was born in early spring, in March. It was an extra early spring that year, So Dad could pick pretty Liverwort (*Anemone hepatica*) flowers for Mom while she was in the hospital after having me. But then came the first snowfall in early autumn, large amounts of snow had already fallen and as often happens, the first snowstorm and cold of the year were replaced by a few days of mild weather.

I was only a few months old at the time, and still needed a long one midday nap, so I was put in my stroller outside to sleep.



We lived on the third floor, and Mom was upstairs in the apartment, busy with domestic pursuits that were hard to make time for while I was awake. While doing the dishes, she suddenly heard me scream something absolutely terrible: It wasn't just crying, but full-blooded screaming, indicating that I had been really hurt. Mom rushed down the stairs and out to find out what was the matter, but to her great astonishment found me in a deep and healthy sleep. And two neighbors who stood chatting together told her that there had been no disturbance - I lay snugly packed in my leather sleeping bag and slept peacefully.

But since my mom figured I'd wake up soon, and to avoid having to trot all up and down the stairs yet again, she took me up on in her arms and turned to go inside. Just then a large landslide broke loose from the roof, three stories above, and in the next second, the stroller was almost crushed under the blocks of ice. Had I lain in it, I would have been killed instantly. What guardian angels were at work at that time I do not know, but there is no doubt that it is thanks to their intervention that I'm alive today.

Of course, I don't remember any of this myself, but my mom was very concerned about it at the time, and has recounted it many times. But looking forward in time, to events so significant that I

can still remember what happened in my life, some strange episodes occurred in my childhood and in my teenage years, and there is no doubt that I have had a guardian angel looking after me throughout my life.

It is said that we humans have helpers with us from the day we came into this life. I have never speculated much about who or what they are, since there are so many theories about them, that it is impossible to know what is real and what is nonsense. But that there is invisible forces around us, doing their best to help us, of that I have no doubt. I have experienced it so many times, it's impossible not to take it seriously.

While my daughter was still married and living in Western Norway, I visited them frequently. Usually I drove over Mount Tyin, when I would visit them. But it could sometimes present problems, since it's quite rough on that stretch and the road between Laerdal and where my daughter lived would sometimes be closed - there was at least an alternative route, although the road was a good deal longer.

The reason why I chose to drive via Laerdal on this trip, I no longer remember, and not it's important either. But just below Borgund church there was a very winding and cramped place where the rock jugged out, almost like a roof over part of the road, and I approached this section at good speed, as usual. Suddenly I hear a loud male voice coming from the back seat: "Beware! Car around the bend!" I almost stood on the brake. Not merely because of what was said, but that it was said at all! I knew I was all alone in the car, so when I had stopped, I turned to see where the voice came from. But the back seat was, of course, empty, as it should be. Shaking my head I decided to drive on. In the same moment, a huge truck and trailer came around the bend. It was



so tall that it had had to veer right over into my lane so as not to scrape on the overhang.

Had I rounded the bend without braking, I would hardly have had a chance to avoid a collision - and I guess there's not much doubt about who would have been the loser in that crash.

It was the first time I had heard such a clear warning. But later it has happened a few times over the years. More than once the voice has alerted me to animals who were about to cross the road, and I've always barely avoided driving over them because I had slowed down. Unfortunately, there have also

been times when I have ignored the warning. And even if it only has happened once, it had fatal consequences: It was the first working day after the Easter holiday in 1989. I had overslept, and was rushing to get off to work. On my way out the door at home, I felt a hand on my shoulder, and a voice said, "Drive another way to your Office today." Accustomed as I had become to obeying such messages, I thought, yes I shall do. But it was difficult to start the car's engine after being parked for a few days in the cold without being started, and so when I finally got it going, I forgot the warning and I drove the usual route on autopilot. I was driving with the right of way - but suddenly a car came hurtling off a side road and hit my car in the left side. In slow motion (that's how it seemed) I watched the hood of the car curl up and the door beside me bulge in, before it tore and a razor-sharp piece of metal drilled into my calf. But the impact wreaked havoc on my neck, resulting in a severe whiplash injury, and for a while afterwards - for a short period - I was both blind and deaf. A doctor told me afterwards, that I had been very lucky. A few more millimeters and my brain stem would have been torn.

I was completely done up, and unable to do anything sensible after the impact. But "my good luck" impinged in the middle of it all: There was another car on the road behind mine, about 100 metres behind me, and the occupants had seen everything that happened. It turned out to be a police car with two officers who they took over all the work of registering the accident. In

addition, they had called for an ambulance even before they reached the crash site. Now it turned out that person who drove at me was uninjured, fortunately. But I was whisked off to the hospital at full speed.

Later, I spoke to one of the police officers and he told me that they were supposed to have been driving a different way that day, but a hunch had prompted them to take a detour. That's when one stops and wonders who really pulls the strings – maybe some guardian angel, in the midst of calamity!

However, I had the strongest experience a couple of years later. My work meant that I had to visit the local handicap teams around the county, and on this special evening I had been visiting Nes Handikaplag in Aarnes. It was a starry evening with lots of snow, and high snow banks, and it was approaching 11 o'clock in the evening. I was tired after a long day, and had a single thought in my head - to get home to my bed. A little above Klofta I got told to stop - but the message wasn't particularly urgent, so I chose to ignore it and drove on.

When I passed Ullensaker church I was again asked to stop, but I was so busy getting home that I thought everything would be fine if I drove carefully. So I continued to Klofta and turned off to get onto the highway. As I was passing a side road, leading up to the parking lot near the roadside tavern there, the steering wheel suddenly wriggled out of my hands and steered onto the side road - at the same time, I heard the word "Stop" from the back seat, so loud it reverberated in the car. And without me being able to do anything, the car veered into the parking lot and I came to a halt!

I was both astonished and shocked, as I had never experienced such a tangible intervention before, so I found it safest to obey the Stop instruction this time. There was clearly someone who was very serious about it!

I decided to wait, and rolled down the window and lit a cigarette, wondering what on earth the reason for this interruption in my journey was? I got the answer when the cigarette was finished, I had stopped by the roadside tavern for a quick visit to the toilet, and I felt it was ok (I was allowed) to drive on. Immediately over the first hill in the road I was stopped. There, the police were putting up barriers and redirecting traffic, and I saw ambulances in the distance. It turned out that an uncouth driver had squeezed past a long line of cars, slammed into one of them and caused a major chain collision, before absconding. Eight cars were involved in the crash, and there were several motorists who were seriously injured after all, the speed is quite high on the highway. I quickly assessed that if my helpers had not stopped me, I would most likely have one of those involved in the tragic accident. The driver of the car who caused it all was, incidentally, portrayed on a TV show called Wanted shortly afterwards, but if he ever was caught, I don't know. As you can see, my helpers have saved my life more than once over the years, and I must admit that I have gotten better at listening to them as well. I've realized that they only want my own good. You also have helpers, and I can only invite you to be open for the messages you get from them. It will save you many problems through life.





### **Abducted by UFO?**

The fact that a human could be abducted by a UFO was not something people believed in when I was a child, even the term UFO was completely unfamiliar to most. It was only after the Roswell affair in 1947 that there was some interest in these phenomena. But this was only among those who were particularly interested. Most people saw the whole thing as over-excited gibberish.

Yet something happened to me that I never quite understood, until recently. I don't know exactly how old I may have been at the time, but something tells me that I was around 5 years old. The Second World War was in full swing, which affected everyone in one way or another. The authorities were afraid of bombing raids or gas attacks, and a large number of shelters had been built all over the city. One of them was dug into the ground under the town square, no more than 150 meters from where I lived.

The shelters were open and unlocked so people could take shelter at full speed if anything happened. We kids were told to stay away from there and not play there. This directive was actually respected. In that sense, kids had a lot more respect for adults then and for what they did and decided at the time. But I remember we stood in the doorway now and then and looked into the long, dark and narrow rooms with wooden benches along the walls and scattered light bulbs dangling from the ceiling. It wasn't a sight which tempted us, as it was too closely associated with air raids and the eeriness that came with it.

Anyway, I woke up there once: I had been out playing alone, as I used to – as not many of my peers were allowed to play with me, since my parents were Nazi sympathisers. And my best friend had disappeared, fled with her family to Sweden I found out many years later, so I was alone as usual. At least I woke up alone on one of the benches just inside the door of the bomb shelter. I was freezing cold and completely disoriented, and didn't understand why I was there, because I was sure I hadn't gone in there voluntarily. Outside, it was getting towards dusk, so I realized it was late in the day and thought it best to hurry home.

I was greeted in the hallway by an overjoyed mom. She had seen me arriving from the window and came running to meet me. It turned out that I had been gone most of the day, and that they had been looking for me for hours. Even the bomb shelter had been checked, so of course, they wanted to know where I had been, but I could only answer that I had slept in the bomb shelter, so they consoled themselves that they had probably just overlooked me when they checked that spot.

This was basically the whole story. Except I was sure I was going to get a good telling off for my vanishing trick, but because the family was so happy that I was safe and sound - nothing happened. I soon forgot about it all and life carried on. But over the years, that episode has been very important in my life as I came to understand. I've had strange flashbacks, where the bomb

shelter in the recollection suddenly had benches and tables in something reminiscent of metal, where the walls were white and smooth and the light was bright as in an operating room. I knew full well that this was not true with reality, for there were no tables in the bomb shelter and the benches along the walls were simple plank benches, so I assumed I had a slightly too active imagination. And it suited me well not to mention this to anyone, for I knew instinctively that it would not be understood.

Many years passed. I grew up and had children myself, before what I see as the next episode in this weird story happened. In the summer of 1960, my family and I lived in a small apartment. My second child, my daughter Heidi, was only a few months old, and I was folding together freshly washed diapers in the kitchen when I suddenly got some terrible pain in chest and left arm. It went on for what seemed like a paralyzing and agonizing eternity, but it may only have been a minute or so. I remember feeling like this was a heart attack raced through my head, although I probably didn't really understand the gravity of what was happening then and there. But suddenly the pain let go and I didn't notice it anymore. It was a terrifying thing but I chose not to run to the doctor to find out what had happened. It was obviously over, and now everything was fine. Besides, I had little faith that the doctor would accept what had happened.

After all, I was only 22 and not at an age where you get hit by heart trouble, besides, it cost money to go to the doctor, and that was something we didn't have too much of. A few weeks later, I noticed a lump on my left breast. It grew in the following days, eventually, the bulge turned blue-black, as if there was a dark object under the skin. I decided to find out what it was, I made a small incision in the skin with a razor blade and squeezed out the contents of the bullet. It turned out to be an object, which at first glance most resembled a small round stone. But when I studied it more closely, I saw that the surface of the dark brown thing looked more like a small walnut or the surface of a brain. It was smooth and glossy, but furrowed, and the size was like the match-head of the slightly oversized matches one can buy to light the fireplace with. It was a horrible thought as I wondered how it had ended up in my body, but since I wasn't able to find any reasonable explanation for it at the time, I just put it in an empty matchbox and put it in a drawer. Unfortunately, it disappeared during one of the many relocations in the years that followed, because now I would have liked to have it closely examined.

And the reason for that is that a clairvoyant person has now claimed that I have been abducted by UFOs several times in my life - four times to be exact. But that the abductions ended when they lost contact with me, because my implant were removed from my body. Incidentally, the clairvoyant specified that it was not the "little greys" who had picked me up, but "people from home", as he called it, who wanted to check on me and make sure I was alright. No experiments have ever been performed on me, as so many other abductees experience. **So I had therefore received an implant so that they could keep in touch.**

And by "they" he meant that I actually belong to one of the moons/planets around Sirius and that it was extra-terrestrials from there who had collected/visited me. But I only have vague memories of it. While I'm convinced we are not alone, it is still unwise to tell others that you "imagine" that you have been abducted by a UFO, so I don't usually talk about this. But this collection of my strange experiences belongs at home anyway, so I have until now chosen to keep it to myself. Although I actually have a bit of a hard time to accept it myself, when I think soberly through it all. Purely intellectually, I reject it, but emotionally I still know it's true. And now I just hope contact can be restored so that I can have some form of proof that what I feel is right. After all, I belong to that section of society who are convinced that we are not alone in the universe. And my doubts regarding what I remember has perhaps most to do with modesty - Who could be interested in someone like me!



### **Strong and strange powers.**

It is a well-known fact among those who have studied paranormal events that teenagers often have stronger powers than others. Among other things, it is often in the youth that people can trigger poltergeist phenomena. It may be related to the rapid hormonal development in the body during these years. But no one has been able to give a satisfactory explanation as to exactly why teenagers can have particularly strong psychic powers. [\(more\)](#)

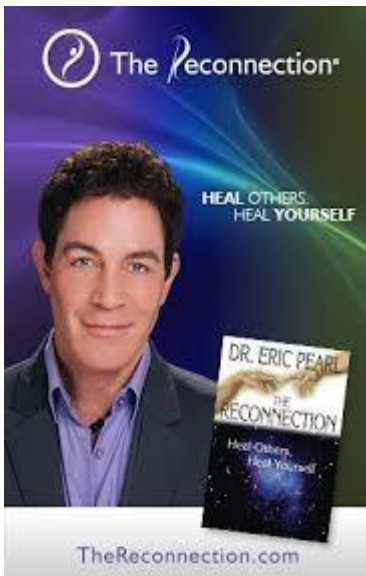
I myself had an experience in my teenage years, which has really burned into my memory. We had a very tight financial situation in the years after the war. Dad was arrested at the end of the war, and when he was finally released, he was seriously ill with pleurisy and it was a long time before he was able to work again. Moreover, he had been denied all rights as a citizen and sentenced to a large fine, which the family struggled to pay in instalments over ten years.

I got married. And because we had so little money, it was about making ends meet and surviving. Just smashing a cup, could be a bit of a disaster. There was no money to buy a new one.

Then there was a day when I had to set the dinner table. It was one of my regular tasks. The crockery was in a tall cabinet with sliding doors above the kitchen counter, and when I took out the plates I somehow managed to rummage so hard in the cupboard that one of the coffee cups in mum's crockery, which was on the top shelf, suddenly tipped over and rolled over the edge of the shelf. I stood there with my hands holding some plates, while panic raced through me. I knew all too well what would happen if the cup broke. It would be a particularly unpleasant experience for the undersigned.

Then the miracle happened. The cup stopped on its way to the floor and remained hanging in the air right before my eyes. Without taking my eyes off it, I put the stack of plates in my hands on the counter in front of me, and I could calmly take the cup, from where it was floating free in the air, and carefully put it back up on the top shelf in the cupboard. Only when it was done, I reacted - What in heaven's name had actually happened? I barely understood then and haven't quite got my head around it since. In any case, I have never been able to repeat anything similar, although I have tried. I have not experimented with cups or other crockery of course, but I have tried to move small objects, such as matches and marbles, etc. using the power of thought, without having had much luck with it. But then I've never been able to muster up the same sense of panic I had at the time. Unfortunately I was all alone in the kitchen at the time this happened so I have no one to confirm the story.

On the other hand, something happened in the same street many, many years later. I had been on a course with the world-renowned healer Eric Pearl, (photo below left)



I began to start to practice what I had learned on family and friends. The technique we had learned In short, it involved finding energy knots in the body's field, and pulling them out, while the patient lay and relaxed with closed eyes. The treatment took place without the therapist touching the patient at all.

On the bench in front of me was one of my best friends. I had been working for a while, when I suddenly found that I was dealing with two different energy knots, one under each hand. I raised my hands at the same time to pull them out. What then happened seems completely improbable and impossible, but when I lifted both hands at the same time to extract the energies, the patient followed my hands and was left floating in the air 10 - 15 cm above the treatment bench!

My astonishment cannot be described. True, the girl was slim and light, but this defied all laws of nature, so it took a few seconds before I gathered myself to lower my hands again. And then the patient slowly floated down on the bench again. The next moment she opened her eyes and asked: "What happened? I could swear I was floating!!" I could only confirm that was exactly what she had done.



the picture: the astral body partially freed and hovering just above the physical body nocturnal astral journeys are precisely where the astral body is released during deep sleep, but only rarely does one have the 'here and now consciousness' engaged (the 'day consciousness'). During deep normal sleep the memory is NOT connected to the brain, and it is normal then NOT to remember anything that happens via the astral body on the 'night/astral plane'. Dreams are actually an abnormal memory transfer that occurs when one is not sleeping deeply, according to what the Danish sage [Martinus](#) explains in his cosmic analyzes.

I have no explanation for what happened at that time. It goes against everything I've learned about the laws of physics, and just should not be possible in the first place - but it happened, and there are two of us who can testify to it.

Incidentally, I wonder more and more often if the laws of physics are actually are as substantial and unambiguous as science wants them to be? So many strange experiences in my life tells me that is not the case. Levitation, for example, should not be able to occur. Gravity prevents this, at least that is what is claimed. Nevertheless, I have experienced this once, during a group meditation in my own apartment: We were united in common meditation, and I was in a deeper meditative state than usual. As the others came out of their meditation, there was a slight disturbance in the room. The chatting and clinking of water glasses brought me slowly back to reality. I didn't notice that I was floating when I came out the meditation. Not until I was suddenly dumped into the chair below me, so hard it hurt me really painful in the tailbone. And I realized that I had actually levitated.

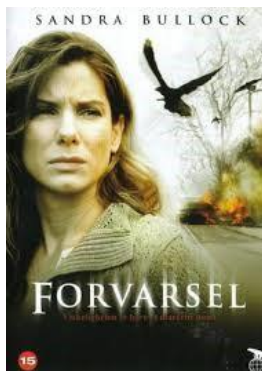
This was really just a fun experience, however, I have big problems with electronic things, and especially these modern key cards that most hotels are equipped with these days. I had noticed it sporadically in the past as well, but it really took off precisely when I attended the course with Eric Pearl, which I have mentioned above. It was completely impossible for me to get the door to my hotel room unlocked. No matter how hard I tried, the lock flashed red, and I was refused entry. So



if I didn't manage to hijack a random passing guest, or a maid who was nearby, the poor staff at the reception had to come up to my floor to help me every time I had to enter the room. And when someone other than me took over the key card, the lock flashed green on the first try every time. Not my idea of fun.

It didn't get any better when the elevators in the hotel refused to have anything to do with me. As soon as I approached an elevator, the doors began to slam shut - and open and again slam shut - and open again and again - and they only calmed down when I was at least 3 meters away. In other words, I got a lot of exercise that weekend, luckily I only stayed on the 3rd floor. Later, I had experienced this several times, and realised that it especially happens when I am concerned with and think about spiritual things. When I find myself in everyday mode, the lifts also work normally, fortunately. But any key card has continued to be a perennial problem so I'm overjoyed when I arrive at a hotel with old fashioned keys. It makes my life so much easier.

I have to include what happened when we were checking out of the hotel after the course weekend as well. When I and three others got to the counter to settle our bills, all the electronic equipment crashed, including the payment terminal, so the operation had to switch to the good old pen and paper system. I have to admit that thinking about the rest of the weekend's experiences, I knew it was myself. This I thought to myself, even though I didn't say anything to anyone.



### **Dreams and premonitions.**

I know that I have had premonitions about things that were going to happen throughout my life, right from the start when I was quite young, but it mostly involved fairly everyday things, and I haven't been the type that noted things myself and remembered for posterity. But when I got into my teens, I experienced a couple of premonitions of the more serious kind.

I joined the Red Cross Relief Corps in Rjukan when I was 16 years old. We were often on trips and exercises, and one night I dreamed that I was sitting in the back seat of a bus that was driving out into a steep and dangerous part of the road and fell a good distance down before stopping. I told my mom about the dream, but she said it was common that young people who were still growing had such dreams, and I accepted that.

A couple of weeks later, Easter started, and the aid corps had a patrol in the mountains to take care of any injured skiers. One evening, after the end of the shift, we were going down towards Rjukan by bus. I sat in the back seat, because it was the only place available, I realized that to get to the vacant seat, I had to crawl over countless rucksacks and three huge Greenland dogs that occupied the aisle.

At a bend, we suddenly met a Swedish car, which was in the wrong lane. (This was during the time when the Swedes still drove on the left, and were an eternal danger on Norwegian roads.) The oncoming car forced us out onto the edge of the roadway, but just when it seemed like the driver managed to get control of the bus, suddenly another Swede comes round the bend in our

carriageway. I don't know exactly what happened but in the next moment the bus was partially on its side and teetered on the edge of the precipice, with its rear hanging over thin air.

Luckily it didn't slide over the edge, but stayed hanging there on the ledge. There was a lot of howling and screaming from the start, and those who had a seat where they could move, rushed forward in the bus. But our leader quickly took command and soon the work started to get the dogs, the luggage and us passengers forward in the bus, to stabilize it.



I was sitting in the corner of the back seat, and when I looked out the window next to me, I saw straight down into the abyss under the bus. Then I suddenly remembered the dream I had had, and I was for one moment certain that the bus would sail downhill and land with a crash far down there. But strangely enough, it remained hanging and everyone came out of the episode unscathed. So the dream didn't quite come true, fortunately.

The other episode that has stuck in my memory happened not so long after I got married. I dreamed one night that I was standing by the open window of our bedroom on the second floor. Below me, on the gravel path down in the garden, two ladies were talking. They talked about someone or other that I understood was dead, and I heard one say, "Strange that it should happen just now, now that the king has just died too." The next morning I told my husband about the dream. This happened while King Haakon was still alive, and I interpreted the dream to mean that someone in my family would die soon after King Haakon died. I thought primarily of my old great-aunt Bertha, who was seriously ill and bedridden. Not long after, King Haakon died, and just a few days later my husband's grandfather died. He and his wife lived in the same house as us, and if there was anyone who was absolutely loyal to the king, that was him. He even had a photograph of King Haakon on the wall in the living room... But I didn't think of him when I interpreted my dream, perhaps primarily because he was a relatively fit old man, and his death came quite unexpectedly. During the gathering after the funeral, I came to stand by the open window in the room of ours on the second floor. Below me on the gravel path in the garden stood two of the daughters of the deceased and the conversation between them ended with exactly the same words I had heard in my dream. I have to admit that I thought it was weird, and I was not at all happy to get that type of message. But fortunately I have not been troubled by premonitions of death later in life. Just the usual hints in the form of.... do this, and don't do that. And if I follow the hints, everything usually goes well.

### **Premonitions.**

Premonitions or foreshadowing is a phenomenon that most people are familiar with at one point or another once in a lifetime. I have experienced this many times, and the first time I can consciously remember it, I remember very well. This must have been in 1948. The whole family had moved to the cabin at Vigfit for the summer. We happily went up at the end of June and did not return the apartment in the city before school started in mid-August. But dad didn't have such a long holiday. He was working at Hydro at the time, he had a weekly commute. When the working week was over, he took the bus to Fjellstua and cycled on into Hjerdalen. And early on Monday morning he cycled all the way back to Rjukan. But back to town it was mostly downhill the whole trip, so it went well.

<image of Professor Georg Hygen's book on the phenomenon.



*'Vardøger' means Premonitions or foreshadowing.*

Then there was a day in the middle of the week. Mom was busy with dinner and Solvi and I sat around the table waiting for the food to arrive and be served. I can remember that Hege was still so small that she was enthroned at the end of the table in the high chair. We experienced a heat wave just then, and the door stood wide open to get some air circulation. Then suddenly I heard the characteristic sounds of dad getting off his bike and the scraping thump and a squeeze of the bell as he leaned his bicycle against the wall of the woodshed. The next moment I heard his steps came around the corner, and I called out that now papa was coming.

But then it went quiet, and no papa appeared at the door, as I expected him to do. Mum hadn't heard anything, and explained to me that Dad wasn't going to be back for a few days, for he had his work to attend to. But this didn't last many minutes, for we had not had time to finish the meal - I heard exactly the same sounds again. And this time everyone in the room heard it, and in the next moment dad was at the door. It turned out that a parcel had arrived for us in the post, which dad suspected might contain food, since it was from my aunt Maien, grandmother's sister at Romerike and with the heat wave we had, he was afraid that the food would be destroyed, so he had asked for a few hours off to catch the bus so we could get the package as soon as possible. That's why he came to visit so unexpectedly in the middle of the week.

Here I must add that at that time there was still strict food rationing in this country, while aunt Maien ran an institution for the mentally ill and could get hold of food that anyone else could only dream of. That is why it was absolutely Christmastime when we received packages from there, but since refrigerators and freezers were still unknown terms in the households of that time, it was about eating the contents of the packages as quickly as possible.

Mum told dad that I had "heard" him coming, and they definitely both looked at me a bit strangely. It was never commented on beyond that, at least not that in my hearing. But the way they looked at me, began to make me think that I had done something wrong, although I could not for the life of me understand what.

I experienced a presentient feeling of my father's arrival many times after this, but I stopped saying anything about it, for it was clear that the adults were badly affected by it. However, I don't remember that I felt other people's arrival at this time. It happened that grandmother or Aunt Bertha, grandmother's second sister, came to visit the cabin unannounced, but I never received any notice of this.

On the other hand, I discovered, after I married Ragnar, that I had a kind of premonition of his arrival too. It is true that I never heard that he "came", but I eventually discovered that I "heard" when he got into the car and closed the car door. It was the slamming of the car door that I heard. If I then knew roughly where he was, I could fairly accurately calculate when he would be at home so that food could be on the table. Something that was very important to him. And since that otherwise was never easy to know when he would appear, I found that it was a very convenient way of announcing his arrival.

In these days, where everyone carries around mobile phones all the time, and can let you know when they intend to come, it is certainly not so common to experience premonitions anymore. But in the past, when the mobile phones didn't exist, it was actually quite handy at times.



from another Norwegian book about this phenomenon 'vardøger', means Premonitions or foreshadowing.

### **Mind reading and mind transfer**

Everyone believes that being able to read other people's minds is a good thing and an advantage. I can just say that as a child I experienced it as a curse. I could read most people like an open book, and it wasn't particularly pleasant at all. Especially in the years before and just after the war, with strong conflict with the Nazis bastards, was not exactly an atmosphere conducive to honesty prevailing between people. Everyone walked around and was afraid of everyone else, and covered this up behind politeness and false flattery - if they thought there was anything to be gained by it. Eventually, my trust in adults was quite shaken as I constantly experienced that they said one thing and often thought the exact opposite.

It resulted in me becoming increasingly shy of people, because I couldn't cope with having to deal with people what with all the fakeness and all the double messages I picked up on. And I didn't understand how other humans managed to put up with it. I thought that everyone else also perceived the same as me, and it actually took me many years to realize that I was the only one with this ability in our family.

(At least at the time, now my daughter has inherited that trait.) But the ability to read other people's thoughts and feelings, even those of my immediate family, made me distrust everyone. I felt especially that the family (mum, dad, grandmother and aunt Berta), all let me down, because there was always a lot they thought but didn't say when they talked to me.

Fortunately, I gradually learned to turn off this ability, even though I was at the mercy of it throughout my childhood. But after a small accident when I was 15, where I hit the back of my head on a stone staircase, my abilities noticeably decreased. So when I both kept to myself as much as possible, and consciously shut down when I was with others, I gradually learned to get along with other people on their terms, even if it only happened in adulthood. But I never enjoyed it, and both in childhood and early adolescence my relationships with other people were destroyed by this ability. For many years I felt it was such a burden that I wanted to turn it off completely, but luckily I couldn't do it completely. It has constantly appeared throughout my life, when I have forgotten to "switch off". But now I have finally learned to use it when there is a need for it, and otherwise use the "off button" on a daily basis.

Still, being able to read other people's minds has not been all bad. There have been many fun evenings when we have played cards for example, where this ability has been good to have. That it could also occasionally make Ragnar, (and later also Carl, with whom I was together for a period), "go off the handle" out of frustration at constantly losing in card games, eventually became a bit of a bonus, since they both hated to lose. They never understood what the reason



was, and just thought I had incredible luck. But it actually also happened that I let them win, by playing completely against what I knew, just to keep the peace in the house.

By the way, I particularly remember an episode in connection with card games, which really has nothing to do with mind transfer, but more with clairvoyance. But I'll bring it here anyway. Carl and I had sat and played cards one evening, but had got bored and had put the deck aside. Suddenly I had an impulse. I pushed the

deck over to Carl and said: "If you draw a card from that deck now, you're going to draw the eight of spades." He looked at me as if I were simple, but still drew a card from somewhere down in the deck. When he held it up, he turned pale. It was eight of spades! He naturally got fired up and wanted me to repeat it, but I couldn't. But when we switched to him drawing one card at a time and then concentrating on each card, I could read what he had drawn without difficulty. So this latter was clearly the result of mind transfer.

By the way, it wasn't just people's thoughts that I picked up on. Animals could also send thoughts to me. I experienced that many times while we lived on the farm in Saltdal, and during the summers where I was a guest as a young girl. But the animals usually didn't send messages except when they needed help because something was wrong. Also, I experienced what they sent as completely different from what I picked up from people. The animals sent emotions and not clear messages.

But otherwise, transferring thoughts can also go the other way. That both Heidi and I can get others to call us, if we think hard enough about them, is nothing new. On the contrary, I know that we have used it quite deliberately many times. I would like to include a funny example of this type of mind control. Two female friends were visiting me, and the conversation turned to a course I had signed up for. They realised that they also wanted to take part in this course, and we tried to get in touch with my contact person for enrolment, Grete. We called her both at home and at work, without getting in touch, and my two visitors were quite upset since the deadline for registering for the course expired that day. I reassured them that this would be all right. I sat down and visualized Grete's face and asked her to call me. Two minutes later the phone rang, and when I picked up the receiver I said, "Hey Grete", before the person on the other end had time to say anything. Naturally, it was Grete, but the girls looked pretty amazed! (And they came along for the course.) So this can be a pretty useful ability to have. If nothing else, you save quite a bit on your phone bill when you can get others to call you, instead of having to call yourself!

In work situations where you have to deal with other people, it has also at times been incredibly practical to have this ability to read other people's thoughts. It sometimes happens that it is quite crucial to be able to distinguish between a lie and the truth. And the same applies when you are in a relationship. By the way, I am convinced that all people have this ability. It's just a matter of them using it.

Once I actually experienced mind transfer that saved lives. I was visiting my daughter and her family in Aardal. One afternoon I had contact with my mother on the phone. She lived alone in Rjukan, and it was my intention to travel on to her after my visit to Western Norway. While we



were talking on the phone, I got the feeling that there was something wrong with my mother. But when I asked, she assured me she was perfectly fine. She only had a little cold, and it was nothing to worry about.

Still, the uneasiness I felt would not go away, and as the evening went on it only grew stronger and stronger. The intention was that I would stay with my daughter and the family for another five days, but by late evening the anxiety had become so strong that I packed my suitcase and got behind the wheel to drive to Rjukan. I didn't make further contact with my mother, because I didn't think I could call her after midnight. After all, she was an old lady, well past 75, and I knew she liked to go to bed at 10 o'clock.

It was a strange drive across the Norwegian countryside in the dark. I felt chased by something I couldn't explain, and drove as fast as I dared, sending more than one plea to my helpers to help me keep the car on the road. I broke the speed limit more than once, so the trip went by in record time. And a little after four o'clock in the morning I was able to let myself into my mother's apartment. After putting my luggage down, I carefully slipped into my mom's bedroom to check on her, to make sure she was okay.

But there I found her in a fever and sweating, and she could not communicate. When I finally managed to get a doctor called in the morning, it turned out that she had bilateral pneumonia, and that she most likely would not have survived the day without medical treatment. Something that would hardly have been discovered in time if her mind hadn't summoned me. Mum later told me that when it dawned on her how ill she really was, she had been thinking about me a lot. And it was clear that her thoughts were reaching me.

Another, and really funny example of mind transfer, I must also include. This happened at the beginning of January, and I had visited a toy store. There I found a nice dollhouse, which had cost a small fortune, but which had now been reduced in the January sale to a fairly acceptable price. I jumped at the chance, thinking it would be a great birthday present for Linn, my youngest granddaughter. Admittedly, her birthday wasn't until August, so the dollhouse would have to be stored in the meantime.

Later that day, a good friend came to visit, and like the proud grandmother I was, I unpacked the dollhouse and showed it off. It was duly admired, and my friend wanted to know when Linn was going to get it. I told her that it was actually intended as a birthday present in August, but that I was a little doubtful if I would be able to wait that long, since I was already aching to see the girl's face when she opened the package "So I guess I'll end up giving it to her now", I said, before the dollhouse was neatly wrapped up again, and the coffee was served.

Then the phones rang, and on the other end was my daughter. And the conversation started as follows: "Mother, now you have to explain something to me. Linn is completely beside herself and jumping around on the floor, while she claims that you have bought her a dollhouse, which she is going to get NOW." It's not often that I'm speechless, but then I was. Which was perhaps not so strange. And Linn naturally got her dollhouse a couple of days later, when I was visiting them.

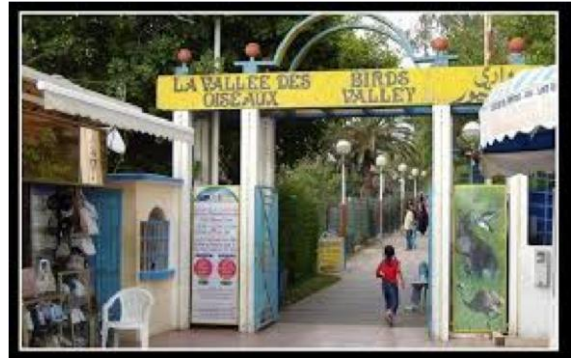
Actually, both Heidi and I had forgotten the whole episode over the years, but it had made a deep impression on my friend. So she reminded me of it, and is the reason why the story is included here.

## Small and large.

It is said that we all have helpers, who intervene in situations where we are not meant to hurt ourselves, or get into trouble in other ways. I myself experience an incredible sense of security knowing that they are there for me. But it took a couple of thought-provoking experiences before I realized that they are always around me, ready to intervene if there is danger on the way. Both times involved falls, which could have had serious consequences.

The first time was in Morocco. I had a week's holiday in Agadir, and one day the weather didn't tempt me to go swimming, so I decided to take a trip to the Bird Park. >>

At the entrance to the park. I came trotting at a good speed, and on the top step of the stairs I tripped and went headlong down the stairs. According to those who witnessed the episode, I somersaulted in the air, before it seemed as if my momentum stopped and I floated towards the ground in slow motion.



I landed several meters down the stairs, and after such a flight, with a subsequent landing on a stone staircase, I should have at least half killed myself. But the amazing thing was that I was able to get up without any problems! I had received a small superficial scrape on the knee that first hit the rough surface of the stairs, but otherwise I was just fine. So I could just brush the dust off my clothes and stroll on, to the great astonishment of the flock of onlookers.



<<picture: There is also a stone staircase in this park - but the one Berit fell into was apparently longer .

The second time I had been on a mushroom picking trip with two friends. The baskets were full, and we were on our way home. The path wound its way down the hill, and part of it was precipitous. Then suddenly a loose end of my shoelace caught on a branch, and in the next second I literally floated headlong over the cliff. The other two were a short distance below me on the path, and had stopped to wait for me. Therefore they saw everything that happened. As I said, I lost my balance and fell off. It was a long fall, so I was prepared for a particularly unpleasant encounter with the ground. Great was my astonishment when I landed light as a feather.

My two friends first reaction was of course to come to the rescue, but I was unharmed. I had only managed to turn the mushroom basket upside down during the airship, but most of it was gathered in a nice pile right next to me. While they were helping me shovel the mushrooms back into the basket, one of them exclaimed: ***"It is the first time in my life that I have seen someone who has fallen in a slow motion movie. It looked like someone was holding you and gently lowering you to the ground!!"***

That was exactly the feeling I had, but I did not comment on it. However, I could not give any reasonable explanation for what had happened. But such episodes have taught me that there is someone or something looking out for me. Something I am eternally grateful for.

Another strange incident I recall, but in a slightly different way, happened to me on a course I was on. We were a whole group gathered on a course at Brottum, just south of Lillehammer. There is no hotel there, so we had rented camping cabins, where we stayed as two groups of four in each cabin. We took turns doing the cooking for the whole group, and on this particular day it was my turn to cook dinner. The kitchen in the camping cabin was not large, so we had to think practically when eight people were to be fed. And the choice fell on fish soup. Perhaps not the most exciting option, but a quick trip to the nearest country store, where extra fish, vegetables and lots of cream were purchased, ensured that the soup wouldn't turn out too bad after all.

It was time to prepare dinner. The soup simmered, and I was about to scoop up the boiling and greasy soup into deep cardboard plates. Suddenly one of the plates folded and emptied its scalding hot contents over my hand. It hurt excruciatingly, so I howled, and the others realized what had happened. There was a full commotion, and I heard them shouting among themselves; "Try to get hold of some ice cream."

"Can someone run and get cold water."

"Does anyone have Aloe Vera ointment with them?" etc. The lot of them made a terrible ruckus.

Abruptly their commotion died away. I could still hear them, but as if they were far away. And inside my head I heard a calm voice: "Relax! This will work out. Hold one hand over the other" I sank down on a stool, clutching my burnt and bright red hand, and sat there for a few minutes. Slowly, the others' voices came back again, and I noticed that the hand no longer hurt at all. And when I removed the protective hand, and looked down at it, there was no longer any trace of burn. Both hands were exactly the same color, as if nothing had happened. Only a little later did I notice that I was a little sore under my wide gold ring, and when I took it off, the skin was a little red and sore where the ring had covered it. The metal would have kept the heat longer, I assume.

Who helped me that time? I have my own theories about that. We had, as part of the course, visited Marcello Haugen's chapel at Svarga that morning,>> and there I had really felt that I got in touch with the famous healer. The voice that spoke to me when I burned myself was a man's voice, and I'm pretty sure it was Marcello Haugen who helped me from the other side then.



## Sri Swamiti.

I have never been a fan of people worshiping gurus. That's why I've never sought out anyone like that either. But one year a very famous Indian guru, Sri Swamiti, came to Oslo. >>

Not to enlist supporters, but to hold a concert in Oslo Concert Hall. He was also a renowned composer and musician in India, and came to Oslo with his entire ensemble.

Several of my acquaintances were going to the concert, and I decided to join. It's always fun to experience something new and different. And it was a very special evening, since the concert hall was essentially filled with festively dressed Indian families. A stand was set up in the foyer, where you could buy the music on CDs, various small things that the guru had blessed, as well as flowers. We were told that it was common in India to buy flowers and give them to the musicians after the concert. The profit from the flower sales was part of the musicians' income, and I saw that the Indian audience bought large bouquets. I myself settled for a simple rose.

The concert was an experience, because although the timbre of the works was distinctly Indian, the music was of a quality that really touched me on a deep soulful level, so I was happy that I had made the trip. During a break, the guru got down from the podium and strolled in front of the audience in the front row. And although everyone was asked to refrain from photography, there were naturally some who couldn't help themselves, so the flashes flashed! **Then what I experienced was that the man simply became invisible.** It seems very unlikely, I know, and I wouldn't have believed it either, if I hadn't seen it with my own eyes. So I'll forgive those who think I'm fantasizing.

After the concert, the guru sat down in the lotus position approx. one meter from the edge of the platform, just outside the supporters' physical reach. There he sat motionless like a Buddha statue, while his followers laid flowers in front of him and greeted him in the traditional way. Some even threw themselves down on the floor and crawled towards the edge of the platform, and I also saw that some tried to stretch up to him in an attempt to touch the guru's clothes. Hundreds of people passed by him, and he still sat as motionless, his eyes fixed on something far away above the heads of the people crowding around in front of him.

Then it was my turn to hand over my simple rose. Then Sri Swamiti suddenly became present. He fixed his eyes on me, shook his head mischievously and smiled brilliantly, before making a long, and to me completely incomprehensible, statement. The only thing I perceived and recognized was the word Kamuara. A name that was channeled down to me a few months earlier by a lady I know. Then he raised one hand and blessed me, and the wave of energy that hit me was so strong that it drove me two steps backwards, and I was filled with a feeling of joy that was absolutely incredible.

New people crowded in, and Sri Swamiti again became distant in his gaze and withdrew into his Buddha pose. While I literally danced out of the room, and almost floated with joy all the way home.

The concert was on a Saturday, and on Monday morning I got ready for a new week at work. I was standing in the shower with my hair full of shampoo, when I suddenly felt a movement. I turned and there, with his entire upper body over the edge of the shower stall, hovered Sri Swamiti,



smiling brightly at me. The shock I felt was quite massive, and funnily enough my first reaction was: "Lord, I'm naked", so I did what all women do in such a situation, frantically tried to cover myself with my arms.



Once again Sri Swamiti raised his hand and blessed me, before the vision slowly dissolved and disappeared.

I have a hard time describing what happened next, because words are not enough. I felt that I was being enveloped by a total and all-encompassing love. The water that flowed over me was also pure love, and the feeling was so overwhelming that I just sank to the floor in the shower and gave myself over to tears. But there were tears of joy and happiness. And when I finally managed to pull myself together to continue with my actual tasks, I felt renewed and cleansed both in body and soul. And in retrospect, I can see that the experience removed a lot of old dross, which I have been carrying around over the years.

Even so, I have felt no need to make a pilgrimage to Sri Swamiti's Ashram in India, as some of my acquaintances have done. It was somehow not necessary. What had to be done was done. But I feel incredibly privileged to have experienced what I did. Something I have understood is not shared by many.

### **To stop bleeding.**

The art of stopping or stilling bleeding has been known for centuries. But it is often something we associate with the shamans of the tribal people, although I have understood that it has been practiced by Norwegians as well, especially in our northernmost part of the country. But the art has been surrounded by a lot of mystery and rituals right up to the present day. It is said that one must learn it from someone, preferably an older family member who masters the art, and at the same time learn specific prayers and rituals that go with it, in order for it to work. At least this is how it is presented to us outsiders.

I myself have never had anything to do with stopping bleeding, except that I, like most others, instinctively used to put my hand over any cuts and tears I got that were bleeding. And if I didn't exactly notice that it helped anything, it still felt protective to cover the damaged part of the skin.

One of my grandchildren, Torhild, visited me a lot for a period, before she became a real teenager and other interests took over. On a day when we had nothing special to do, we decided to visit the Buddhist temple on Courland in Lorenskog. There we were welcomed by a sweet little nun, who showed us around. She didn't speak Norwegian well, so we didn't understand much of what she was trying to convey, but we enjoyed the atmosphere and the beautiful decoration.

Our little companion excused herself, left us for a few minutes, and when she returned I noticed that she had cut her foot. She walked barefoot, and clearly hadn't even registered the cut, which was bleeding profusely. There was a path of blood where she had walked, and when she stopped beside us, a pool of blood instantly formed around her foot.



Torhild discovered the blood at the same time as me, and backed away with horror painted all over her face. And a natural reaction on my part would probably be to do the same. But something stopped me, and before I really understood what I was doing, I found myself squatting with both hands cupped over the injured foot. I didn't touch it, but I could feel the familiar tingle in my hands, telling me something was happening.

Why I reacted the way I did, I have no idea to this day. As I said, I had absolutely nothing to do with stopping bleeding. It was something I had only heard and read about. So the most likely thing is that I was controlled by forces outside myself. But whatever the reason, the miracle happened! When I removed my hands after a short minute, the blood flow had stopped and the ugly cut had closed and appeared only as a red stripe in the skin.

The foot's owner, the little nun, stared wide-eyed from me to the almost invisible wound and on to the pool of blood around her foot and to the path of bloody footprints she had made. She stuttered something I interpreted as a thank you, before she ran off to find something to wash away all the blood on the floor with. And when that was done, she took hold of my hand and led me into an adjoining room, where a shelf on the wall was filled with various Buddha statuettes. There she asked me to choose the one I liked best. I objected, because I felt it would be wrong to accept a gift for doing - next to nothing. But she insisted, and I finally picked out a small gilded reclining Buddha. Or Buddha nirvana, as she called it. It has become a cherished possession, and has its permanent place on my altar.

But the strangest thing about the whole episode was the fact that in retrospect I was not at all surprised by what happened and what I had done. **On the contrary, I had the feeling that it wasn't me who had done it at all, that there were other forces behind it, and that I was just being used as a tool.** But I am deeply grateful to be allowed to be used in that way, and wish that "they", whoever they are, will use me more, and not let this just become an isolated incident.

### **Another dimension?**

Ending up in another dimension is not for everyone. I only wish it had lasted much longer than it did, because my curiosity was far from satisfied.

It was a fairly ordinary morning a number of years ago. (Year 2001) I had been busy with various housework for a while, and had just finished putting laundry away in a cupboard in the bedroom. I sat down at the foot of the bed to tidy up the shoe cupboard a bit, and when that was done I threw myself backwards to stretch my back and lay in bed with my legs on the floor.

At the same moment, and as part of the movement, it was as if the bed opened beneath me and I felt myself sinking right through it. It was as if I was in free fall for a few seconds, based on the sucking sensation in my body. But then the feeling of falling subsided, without me experiencing any sudden stops. I still thought I was lying on the bed and that I had just felt a little sick. But when I looked around, I was in a completely different world. The bed was gone, and the floor beneath me was covered in a thick layer of dry, deep brown moss, which I gently patted over with my hands. I was still lying on my back, as I had been on the bed, and the sky above me was cloudless and clear, but bright green. It had a hue that made me think of a bright green neon sign. There was a sun shining in the sky above me, but it was a bright cerise pink, and the light was nowhere near as intense as from our sun. It seemed almost woolly, and didn't hurt my eyes even if I looked straight at it for a moment. And although the sun was high in the sky, the light surrounding me was dim, much like when our sun is about to disappear below the horizon. Still, there was no shadow on the ground beside me, so I got the feeling that there must be another sun in the sky behind me, even though I couldn't see it.



I was clearly lying on a wide plain, for some distance away I could see a light grey-brown mountain range with incredibly steep sides. It might seem as if it were the edge of a plateau, for the line towards the sky was relatively smooth. The landscape, or what little I saw of it from my position, seemed dry and inhospitable. I was just about to sit up to take a closer look at my surroundings, look for what was behind me and what was really between me and the mountain range in the distance. Then the phone rang, and the sharp sound brought me back to my own bedroom.

I don't remember who it was that called at the time, it could have been anyone. But I felt incredibly cheated. I would love to look around. And in the days that followed, I sincerely hoped that the experience would repeat itself, so that I could see more. But it never happened. And now I've come to terms with the fact that it was a one-off experience.

But what actually happened. I know I wasn't sleeping and dreaming. I was wide awake the whole time. And the only logical explanation I have been able to find, even if it is ever so illogical, is that for a little while I was in another dimension. Anyway, it was incredibly exciting, and I can more than happily imagine a trip back there, wherever it was.

## Energies.

That all things, both living and dead, radiate weak energies is something that science has gradually established as a fact. It is connected with the constant movement in the different parts of the molecules and atoms from which all matter is built. All movement creates friction, which in turn creates electromagnetism, which sensitive devices or sensitive people can register. That objects and places can also store energy imprints from living beings and events is not yet so accepted. But I have no doubt that science will eventually find out and confirm this as well.

I remember very well the first time I really came into contact with such stored energies. It was during a trip to Lubeck in the early 1980s. The old Hanseatic city is incredibly exciting, as it is one of the German cities that avoided bombing during the last world war, and therefore has preserved much of the really old buildings. The inner, and oldest, city core is surrounded by a ring wall, which in the past served as a defence against attackers. Now the watchtower, Holsteiner Tor, >> which surrounds the main entrance to the old town, has been converted into a museum that deals with the town's thousand-year history.

I went there and it was interesting to stroll around the different floors of the tower and study all the strange things on display. Finally, the tour ended up in the basement. In one of the innermost rooms, a number of old instruments of torture were on display, and the guide said that the room had functioned as a dungeon in earlier times. There was an incredibly heavy and uncomfortable atmosphere in the room, and when I felt dizzy for a moment, I happened to touch one of the torture items on display to support myself. At the same time, the energies from the object collided with me. My head felt like it was going to explode, my heart pounded, my stomach knotted and I was so nauseous that I was afraid I would



throw up in front of the others, while the terror I felt almost made me numb. Everything came crashing down on me in a second. Fortunately, one of the other participants in the tour reacted, grabbed hold of me and guided me out into the fresh air at full speed. In the next moment all symptoms were gone, and I was my old self again, albeit somewhat shaken by the experience. The whole thing was undeniably quite terrifying and not a little strange. But I settled on the fact that I had had some kind of malaise, although it was a little strange that it disappeared so quickly. It was still a few years before I understood that I have the ability to read energies from places and objects, and that I had picked up the emotions of previous victims from the torture device hanging on and the walls of the room I had visited.



A couple of years later I had a similar, if not quite as terrifying, experience in Gozo. (picture <<left) A small neighboring island to Malta. I had joined an excursion to the ancient temple ruins of Ggantija. An impressive 7,000-year-old temple complex, built of huge megalithic blocks. The Swedish guide showed us around, chattering away about what the temple had been used for and how it had functioned at the time it was in use. She was quite unnerving to listen to, because like most guides, she had learned her lecture by rote, which she was now playing out of

her memory, without having the remotest idea of what she was really talking about. And that she had no concept of what had actually been going on there, I understood when I inadvertently came to lean against the massive stone wall. *The next moment the guide's voice became distant, and a series of images flickered at furious speed before my eyes.* I "saw" people inside the temple. They squatted along the walls, while a ceremony was clearly taking place at the altar. A pair of burning torches affixed to the walls illuminated the stage, and the flickering light danced over the alien costumes and was reflected in the eyes of the participants.

I was so shocked by the experience that I did not manage to take in all the details of the images I saw until the vision was over. But what I had gleaned was enough to make me feel an intense urge to ask the young guide to stop her nonsense sermon. What she told was definitely wrong, because that was not how it had happened at all. But of course I didn't say that. On the contrary, I found it best to go a little away from the rest of the group, to get my thoughts in order. What had really happened to me? Was I becoming a little simple? Suddenly getting glimpses of events thousands of years back in time actually scared me. Here it must be added that this was the first time I experienced "seeing" in that way. Later, it has happened a number of times, and I have become familiar with the phenomenon. But I have to admit that this first time in Gozo I was really scared, and very worried about my mental health. I didn't understand that it was the stored energies in the old temple walls that I had taken in, and that it was those energies that created the images in my head, as if I were reading from the pages of a book.

The comparison is actually not as crazy as it might sound at first. Our books convey words and pictures, which are stored between the covers. They are the result of the author's thoughts and feelings while the book was being written. The stored energies in old places and objects collect images and feelings stored over time, as if the place or object had written a diary of its experiences. A diary that we humans can learn to read, much in the same way as reading ordinary books. But when I stood there in the Ggantija temple ruins, I didn't understand that that was what was happening. Only many years later, on a course called "Everything is energy", did I learn and understand that everyone has the ability to read energies to a greater or lesser extent. And there I also learned to use this ability more actively.

I remember well my amazement, when I first received a personal object in the hands of one of the other course participants, and suddenly could "see" her living room and describe it in detail. And

after several similar and equally successful attempts with objects from other, completely unknown course participants to me, it actually became quite fun. It's always exciting to discover abilities in yourself, which you initially had no idea you had.

But in our modern world there isn't much use for such an ability, so it was more or less dormant, until one day I got a call from a teacher in the high school one of my grandchildren attended. She told me that those in the psychology department were also going to have a class on parapsychology, and that my grandson had suggested that I could come and talk about it. Or, to quote her directly: "When I asked the class if any of them knew anyone who could come and give a talk on this subject, your grandson jumped up and said that surely his grandmother could, because she is a witch!"

But the assignment sounded fun, so I said yes. I prepared a small talk, but thought it would be much more fun for the young people to give them a practical demonstration. So when the day came, and the lecture bit was done, I asked to borrow jewellery or other items they had been carrying for a while, and the next moment I had a small pile of rings, bracelets, and glasses on the desk in front of me. I "read" them in turn, without going into anything private. But I told them what I "saw" of their rooms. The colors of the curtains, bedding and walls, where the desk and the bed were placed in relation to each other, and what else I caught. Whether they lived in a block of flats or a detached house, for example, and what the view from the window in their room was like. And it was clear that the young people were impressed. Then I got a ring in my hands, and began to describe what I "saw" from it. But the owner, a dark-haired girl, vigorously shook her head at everything I said. Here something strange was going on, so I said: "Okay. I'll see if I can find something really special in this room that you might recognize.

I searched around, and got to "see" a white ceramic swan with a hollow space in the back, where you could store small things. I described it, and then a light of explanation passed over the girl's face, and she exclaimed: "Oh, yes, of course! What you describe is my boyfriend's room, and I got this ring from him last week."



It was clear that my performance had been popular, because the following year I was invited back to repeat it for another grade level. It was the teacher from the previous year who invited me, but when I turned up for class, another teacher

was present, a very sceptical man. Something he did not fail to express. But when, without even being near him, and without having an object from him to "read", I was able to tell him that he had two small fair-haired children and what they looked like, it seemed that he became a little less sceptical.

The rumour about this strange lady spread, and one fine day I got a call from the upper secondary school in the neighboring municipality. They would also like to have an hour of lectures and demonstrations. Both of the previous two experiences had been very positive, so I accepted. But what met me this time was a class where the topic had clearly been thoroughly discussed beforehand, and thoroughly 'judged' by the teacher. I was met with snarky remarks from some of the students, and when I finished the lecture and was about to move on to the practical demonstration, the unrest in the class became so violent that it was impossible to concentrate, let alone convey what I saw. A couple of the girls politely asked the others to keep quiet, but the teacher did not react at all. So I read the jewellery of the two girls who tried to make life bearable for me, before I finished. It was actually quite a negative experience, but it was an experience that told me that when I am up against total disbelief and ridicule, I am also unable to detect these subtle energies. In other words, all energies influence each other.



Another experience with unusual energies, albeit of a completely different kind, I had at Glastonbury in England. In the book "The Ninth Insight" I read many years ago about the main character's experience that the forest around him seemed to glow, as if it were luminescent. And I have to admit that it was one of the passages in the book that in my quiet mind I called fantasy and adventure. It is so typically human, to write off what you have not experienced yourself.

Many years later, one day I was sitting in the monastery park in Glastonbury, picture below, with a bunch of other crop circle enthusiasts. We had set aside a couple of days of the trip to "do" the city, which is quite a sight, old and shrouded in myth as it is. We had trawled the old church ruins in the monastery park, and had then settled down in the grass to rest a bit, close to the stone tablet that marks King Arthur's grave.



One of the other participants had brought a didgeridoo, and he leaned against a nearby tree and began to play the instrument. The tree he was leaning against was clearly ancient. The tall silver-grey trunk ended in a shaggy crown with many dead branches, but it still had foliage on a couple of the larger branches. It was still quite clear that the tree would not live many more summers.

As I sat there listening to the deep, vibrating notes of the didgeridoo, the tree filled my entire field of vision. And that's when it happened. Suddenly all the foliage turned silvery white and luminescent, and it looked as if the whole tree was vibrating along with the music. It was an impressive sight, and it took me a few seconds to gather myself to make the others aware of it, as I actually couldn't believe my eyes at first. But before the others could turn around, the light faded and vanished. The experience did not last long. Less than half a minute, I should think. Still, it made such a strong impression on me that tears welled up and I stuttered as I frantically tried to tell the others what they had missed.

The musician took his didgeridoo away under another tree, to see if he could produce the same reaction there. But although it seemed as if the tree was listening, and actually enjoying the music, there was no corresponding reaction to the light cascade from the neighboring tree - a bit sad actually, because I really wished the others in the group could have also experienced what I saw.

I have pondered a lot about what actually happened at that time, but I have never found any reasonable explanation.





*the monastery park in Glastonbury*

## **Ghosts.**

Most people shudder a little when they hear the word ghosts. They think it is something evil and terrifying, which only wants to hurt us humans. But the ghosts I have experienced have only been positive. Now it must be admitted that, as far as I know, I have only met (seen) three. I am writing, as far as I know, because it has occurred to me that ghosts can actually look like you and me. One can pass them on the street or in a gathering, without perceiving that it is a ghost, so lifelike can they be. The only difference is that not everyone can see them.

The first time I know I saw a ghost was at my mum's funeral. While we were sitting in the crematorium, I suddenly saw my mother sitting on the stairs leading up to the altar, just below the pulpit. There she sat in her usual outfit, white blouse, dark blue trousers and a red knitted cardigan jacket, and not least, the grey sheepskin slippers. She had had one leg amputated just before she died, but where she sat both legs were firmly planted in the slippers. She sat and followed what the priest up in the pulpit said about her in the memorial speech. And when he made a rather foolish statement, she burst out laughing. Not a sound was heard from her, but there was no doubt that she was laughing well, so the sense of humour that had been her trademark was clearly intact.



I was actually about to laugh along with her, but managed to pull myself together. It wouldn't have turned out very well if I started laughing in the middle of my mother's funeral. At the same time, I had difficulty believing my own eyes, so I had to turn and look out over the assembly, to see if anyone else was reacting. They weren't. Neither did my sister - who sat on the bench next to me - seem to see her. Something that then and there seemed completely impossible to me. They couldn't avoid seeing her then? Mother was sitting there, and to my eyes she seemed to be

completely alive and flesh and blood, even though it defied all logic. But she didn't meet my gaze even once. She seemed to be completely engrossed in the priest's speech.

The priest finished, and as the casket was slowly lowered and the floor slid into place over it, she stood up, climbed the last step, and then wandered across the floor where the casket had been standing moments before. She moved as easily and freely as I had not seen her do in the last twenty years. Then she went further into the corner to the right of the altar, turned, raised her hand as if to wave and smiled. Just then she looked me straight in the eye, and she looked radiantly happy. The next moment she sort of dissolved, became transparent and was gone.

I felt almost faint, and the duties which usually fall to the eldest in the family in such a context were not carried out in any perfect way. Unfortunately, I have to say, but I was so shaken, although at the same time it was an incredibly positive experience, that I couldn't think clearly. I was actually a bit beside myself for the rest of the day, and tried to sort out my thoughts and feelings. But if I acted a little strange, I assume that the guests thought it was because I was grieving, so no one reacted particularly to it.

Ghosts are not always human, but can also be animals. The other ghost I have encountered was a dog. Bera was a Doberman bitch we had while we lived in Saltdal. She and I had a very close relationship, and she was very protective of me and the kids. She was with me everywhere, and although she was not always so nice to strangers, she was a wonderful dog to have in the family.

When she died in a tragic accident, I grieved deeply. But I still felt her presence the first time after she disappeared. While she was alive, she used to run next to my bike when I cycled to the store, and for many months I continued to hear the sound of her paws hitting the asphalt as I rode. And at home I noticed her in many ways, even though I never saw her. But eventually she disappeared. Other dogs joined the family and life went on, although the memory of her was still vivid. She was

so special, and not a dog you easily forget like that.



The years passed, and then, over 30 years after she died, I suddenly started to see and feel her when I was walking in the fields. I mostly walk alone, looking for mushrooms, berries and herbs, and that's when she appeared. As it was, I could see her out of the corner of my eye, and I kept hearing how

she moved around in the terrain about me. If I sat down to rest, she circled around me or lay down nearby. I never saw her as clearly as I had seen my mother. She was more like a dense shadow, but still so clear and distinct that I was never in doubt as to who it was. But if I tried to look straight at her, she "disappeared".

Winter came, and the forest trips came to an end. Then I discovered her at home in the living room too. I didn't see her every day at all. Many weeks could pass between each time, but at other times I saw her up to several times a day. The funny episode I want to tell about here happened when I was boarding a dog for a friend for a few days. Korak was of the Tibetan Temple Dog breed (Lhasa Apso, picture below) a male dog, and a very combative little guy. But we mostly got along well, because he was calm and good to have in the house. Until a special day. Then he



had taken it upon himself to complain about absolutely everything, whether it was twigs moving in the wind outside the window, people walking up the stairs in the hallway, or just things he thought he heard or saw. I couldn't get him to keep his peace, try as I might, and I began to seriously worry about how the neighbors would react. He was making quite a loud racket in the block where I lived at the time.

In sheer desperation, it suddenly came out of me: "Bera, now you have to help me. Make the damned brat shut up and go to bed before I go crazy!" No sooner had I uttered the words than Korak's barking stopped abruptly. He looked around in amazement, first along one side of him and then the other. His tail fell down and he waddled limply and apparently very

submissively across the floor and into his bed. He looked like a little kid who's had a hard time. And there wasn't another bark from him the last two days he was with me.

Exactly what happened I do not know, because I did not see Bera then and there, but I have no doubt that it was she who intervened, so I thanked her nicely for her help afterwards.

By the way, Bera is not only noticeable to just me anymore - I was out gathering herbs with a friend, who had two miniature schnauzers with her. We were strolling along a forest road when my friend suddenly stopped abruptly and said: "I don't understand this. Both my dogs run ahead of us, and yet I keep hearing the sound of paws hitting the gravel just behind us. I had heard it too, and knew who it was. But I thought it was a bit funny that she also noticed that we had a follower.

Incidentally, I haven't seen Bera this past winter, but I hope she will appear again in the summer. It's so nice to feel her around me when I'm on a trip. But why did she suddenly reappear after so many years? I do not know. Maybe she's not really a ghost, but rather one of my helpers? At least that was what Margit Sandemo suggested.

She has the ability to see other people's helpers, and when I got the chance to meet the colorful old lady, she told me that I had a black dog with me.

Something I knew very well myself at the time, but it was still a bit good to get confirmation from others as well. And I just have to say that I'm glad to have Bera around. Let the rest of the world think I'm crazy..!

The third ghost I have had the pleasure of meeting, I met at the Stone Center at Asak in Sorum municipality. It happened that I helped at the center during particularly busy periods. And on this day, I looked after the shop alone, while the owners were busy with the sawmill. The shop is set up in a two-storey house, which was formerly a residential building for the employees on the farm. This was in September and in the afternoon, so it was starting to get quite gloomy outside. All the lamps were lit, which I bring up because most people think ghosts belong to the dark and the night. I had to go to the toilet, which was on the second floor. But to make sure I would hear if there were customers coming in downstairs, I left the door to the toilet open.

As I sat there, minding my own business, a man suddenly appeared out in the hallway right in front of me. It was a lanky chap dressed in a striped grey and blue work shirt and a worn blue overall with a belt fastened around his waist. He had thin grey-sprinkled sandy-colored hair over a rather long and bony face with prominent features. The hands were also large and bony, and bore the mark of a lot of hard work. For a short moment he stood there looking at me, and suddenly it was as if he dissolved into a haze and disappeared. Funnily enough, I wasn't even startled, just a little surprised. But that was probably because the whole figure seemed so peaceful.



When the owners, Karin and Jonny, came in from the field, I told them what I had seen and described the guy as accurately as I could. "Oh, it's only our welder who has visited", said Karin. And it turns out they've seen him from time to time, too, over the years since he passed away. He was a welder on the farm when Karin's parents still ran the farm, and lived in the house that is now a shop until he moved to the retirement home, where he later died. But he clearly feels he still has a job to do looking after

the farm.

At the beginning I wrote that most ghosts are kind, and the ones I've met have certainly been. But I also know about ghosts who do not have good intentions. A couple of years ago, one of my friends and I were asked to help remove a ghost from a kindergarten in Baerum. The kindergarten was established in a very old two-storey house, and it was clear that the ghost who ruled there was not particularly fond of children. It kept trying to push both the children and the staff down the stairs from the second floor. So far it had gone well, without anyone being seriously injured. But the stairs were steep, and they were afraid it might all end in horror if nothing was done. The staff never saw anything, except that some of them had seen a white-clad female figure standing and watching for them in a window as they left in the evening.



But the youngest children, from the age of 6 months, acted as if they saw something, and they were clearly anxious about sleeping in a particular room. Incidentally, the same room where the staff had seen the female figure in the window.

We went there one afternoon after closing time at the kindergarten, and went over the house thoroughly. And when I got in there, I understood well why the little children reacted. The whole house was filled with some incredibly dark energies. It was as if a crushing sadness stuck in the walls, making the atmosphere there heavy and uncomfortable. And I understood very well that the staff at the nursery would this removed. But I really felt quite helpless, and had no idea how to approach the matter. I had never been involved in something like this before, but my friend said she had, so this should go well. I didn't see any ghosts while we were at the nursery, but I still felt that there was more than one unhappy soul in that house. They were not evil, but frustrated at not being seen, heard and understood. We started the work under my friend's guidance, and after a couple of hours she believed that now all negative forces had been driven away. I felt far from convinced, but she was the "expert". So we packed up and left. Unfortunately, it didn't last many days before I got a phone call that everything was back to normal at the nursery, and they begged me to come back and try again. My friend didn't want to join this time, (she was actually quite annoyed that it was still unsettled there), so I brought another friend with me, who was by the way just as inexperienced in the area as I was. This time I had no experienced exorcists to rely on, so I decided to leave it all to my own intuition. And the strange thing was, that from that moment I worked as if I'd done this a thousand times before. Something I may have done too, for all I know, if not in this life. But in any case it was a completely different experience than the first attempt, and this time I really felt that we had succeeded in bringing the unhappy souls into the light. **Something that has been confirmed afterwards, because now there is peace and quiet in the nursery.**





<(image(s) have been inserted for illustrative purposes only).

## **A full moon meditation and messages from animals.**

My life has been so full of all possible and impossible strange experiences, that it is difficult to sort out what to tell about in this book, and what to leave out. One thing is certain, there is not room for everything. But I'd like to give you a taste of the different types of experiences I've had, in case you yourself come across something similar on your way through life.

This story started when Grete, a good friend, invited me and another friend, Ellinore, on a weekend trip to her cottage. It is in idyllic location high up on the hill above Kroderen. We arrived on Friday in glorious weather, and since we knew there was a full moon the next evening, we had plans to go up to the edge of Norefjell for a full moon meditation on the mountain the next day. But Saturday dawned with really grey weather. The cloud cover hung heavily over the mountain peaks around us, and it was drizzling all day, so we seriously doubted that there would be any of our planned outdoor meditation.

For some reason the other two left the decision up to me. Should we go, or should we stay at the cabin. I was as doubtful as the other two, but sent my thoughts out to my helpers, and asked them to send me a sign, if it were so that we should go. Soon after, I had to visit the "little girl's room". It was an outhouse, where the door was a bit difficult to close. And since it was just us girls there, I might as well leave the door open. I sat there thinking about our plans for that evening, which seemed to be going down the drain. And once more I asked my helpers for a sign, if we were going to go anyway. The next moment a large hare came bounding past. When it got to me, it stopped abruptly and sat calmly looking at me. And after a moment, to my great astonishment, it made a couple of jumps towards me, before it stopped about three meters from me and again sat down to study me.

I sent a silent thank you to my helpers as the hare calmly continued its journey a little later, and went inside and told the other two that we were going to the mountains, whatever the weather. And although they thought the weather was terrible, they happily joined me when I told them that I had been told that we should go.

We drove up towards Norefjell. There, far away from the cabin town, we stopped at a huge bog surrounded by mountain forest. We found seats on a slope just above the marsh, and sat for a while observing the magical atmosphere in the twilight. A vibrating bass note rose from the ground below us, where a large stream had been piped. Scattered flakes drifted slowly across the marsh, blurring the contours of the surrounding forest, causing sky and earth to slide into each other. But there were not many opportunities to see the full moon. We couldn't even tell where in the sky it was because of the dense cloud cover.

We pulled the hoods of our anoraks tight, to protect us from the attacking mosquito, and sat down to meditate, and soon all three of us were deep in meditation. Suddenly someone grabbed



my upper arm and shook me violently. I snapped out of my meditation, and I cast an irritated glance at Grete, who was sitting on that side of me.



But she was out of arm's length, and clearly still deep in meditation. So was Ellinore on the other side of me. A little surprised, I raised my head to look around and find out who the culprit could be. There was (naturally) not a soul to be seen, but right in front of me, just above the edge of the forest on the opposite side of the moor, a small hole had formed in the cloud cover. And in the middle of the hole hung the full moon beaming at me.

Now it was my turn to shake the other two, to wake them up. I was afraid the

cloud layer would close again so they would miss out on the experience. But the hole remained stable, and it strangely followed the moon in its further movement, so that the moon was always encircled by a narrow ring of clear sky. And when we later got into the car to go back to the cabin, we had a view of the moon in its hole all the way home. It was an incredibly special experience. But who shook me out of the meditations I could not find an answer to, although I suspect that my helpers had a hand in the game.



Another case where I got a message from an animal happened in Ireland. I was in Tralee, where we had arrived the night before. And this day I had woken up with a severe allergic reaction from the down duvet and pillow in the hotel bed. I can't stand down but didn't think to check the bedding before going to bed as most hotels have synthetic duvets and pillows these days. I felt miserable, and couldn't bear to join the travel company on today's excursion. But later in the day I felt better, and went out into town to look

around. After wandering around for several hours, drinking coffee at a sidewalk restaurant in one place and having lunch in another cosy little bistro, admiring beautiful buildings and even more beautiful parks, I was starting to feel tired and worn out. I figured the rest of the party would soon be back at the hotel and it was time to head in that direction again.

That's when it dawned on me that I actually had no idea where I was. I went into a small shop and asked the way back to the hotel, but either the lady behind the counter was stupid, or she wasn't interested in helping, because she simply replied that she didn't know. Out on the street again, I stood pondering which direction to go. But there was nothing that could give me any clues.

A few minutes earlier I had registered a stray dog, which seemed to be walking in the same direction as me. It was a large and dishevelled black and white dog, which clearly had a good deal of Border Collie in it. It actually struck me as rather unusual that it got loose on its own, because all the other dogs I had seen during my stay in Ireland were on a leash. And as I stood wondering which way to go, it sat a few meters away and watched me, as if waiting for me to start moving again.

My sense of direction was clearly completely out of order that day (luckily, it doesn't happen very often), so I took a snap decision inside myself, and started walking in what I hoped was the right direction. Then the dog got up, ran a few steps to get past me, turned in and sat right in front of

me, looking intently at me. I took a step to the side to get past it, and the dog did the exact same manoeuvre. When I then took a long step to the other side, it came right up to me, stood up on its hind legs and pressed one of its forepaws in the middle of my chest, staring into my eyes.

It finally dawned on me. I patted the dog and said: "Do you think I should go the other way, then?" The dog wagged eagerly, and when I took a step back and turned to go in the opposite direction, it calmly sat down and looked for me. I walked a few meters and looked back over my shoulder to see if it was still there. It was. But when I looked back a little later for the last time, there was no longer a dog to be seen.

I continued in the direction the dog had shown me, and soon I recognized my whereabouts and could easily find my way back to the hotel. I was weary and tired, but an incredibly funny story richer.

### **Past lives?**

Reincarnation has been a familiar concept in India and other Eastern countries for centuries, but here in the West it has not been accepted until recent years. And it is far from everyone who believes in it these days either. I think there is something to it myself. First and foremost because I have experienced remembering parts of past lives many times, and then it is not so easy to write it all off as nonsense.

The first time I experienced glimpses of a past life, I was no more than 8-9 years old. It was winter, and I was drifting and sliding on a tube that was fixed between some large curb stones set as a bodrer along a hill. While I was hanging there on my stomach over the tube, my surroundings suddenly disappeared and I was in a completely different world.

I was in a room with whitewashed walls and small pane windows with cloudy and dented glass. Still, I could see that it was summer outside. The room was furnished with simple, home-made wooden furniture, a long table with a long stool on one side and a bench against the wall. Up on the wall was a simple wooden shelf with a candlestick and three books, a Bible, catechism and hymn book. I myself sat on a stool next to a large open fireplace, in which there was no fire at the moment. But there was a large swivel fireplace with a soot-black kettle on it. The door was carved from wide vertical wooden planks fastened with transverse iron fittings, and the threshold was quite high. For some reason I knew this was the family's fine room.

The clothes I wore were old fashioned. I had a dress with a striped apron over it and a tight bodice over some kind of short-sleeved shirt. I was afraid, where I sat. I was waiting for something or someone, and when I heard heavy footsteps outside approaching the door, I froze with fright.

Then suddenly the vision was over, and I was back in the winter day, hanging on my stomach over the railing. I was really shaken, but what scared me most about the whole experience was that I had experienced myself as a grown woman. I wasn't old, but around 20 years old, and with a child in my belly.

I don't remember if I made any attempt to tell my mother about this experience. It was so strange and so terrifying that I didn't even know how to put it all into words. But if I had tried to say something, no one would have been willing to listen to me anyway and much less believe what I said, so I don't think I even tried.

But the experience continued many years later. I was then in my 40s, and was on holiday in Denmark one summer. I had driven all the way down Denmark and had many great experiences.

And finally ended up in Ribe, a small idyllic town far south towards the border with Germany, where I spent the night. The next morning I had no definite plans. I just got in the car and decided to go where my nose pointed, relying completely on luck and piety. The car sped on a road alongside the coast, and suddenly I was at a tiny border crossing to Germany. The tollbooth was not much bigger than an average Norwegian chalet, and was roughly set out in the beach stones. Incidentally, it was served by a nice old man, with whom I had a long and pleasant chat. Fortunately, I had my passport with me, and so I just continued my trip down the coast of Germany. In the afternoon I came to a small town called Husum. The old settlement down by the fishing harbour seemed frighteningly familiar. I knew where everything was and knew exactly where to go to find accommodation. But I brushed it off with the fact that mum and dad had probably been there on one of their countless journeys, and that I had seen pictures from there and had the place described.



I spent the night in an ancient inn, which rented out some small rooms on the second floor. And the next morning I set out to take a closer look at the city. I kept having this strange feeling that I had been here before, although it wasn't quite as intrusive when I entered the newer parts of the city, which looked pretty much like any other city. But inside a park there was a castle. It was not special in any way, almost a large and somewhat unsightly block of stone. But it drew me like a magnet, so I went there.

It was clear that the building was now in public ownership, because outside the entrance was a large sign announcing that there was an exhibition of Dutch ceramic tiles there at the time. I have to admit that ceramic tiles have never interested me, but I just had to go in. The forces pulling me only grew stronger and stronger, and I entered a large hall. The exhibition was in the rooms on the right, and to get there I had to pass by a wide staircase that led up to the second floor. The stairs were cordoned off with a thick red velvet rope, on which hung a sign saying entry was prohibited to unauthorized persons.

I'm usually the kind of person who respects such prohibitions. It has something to do with respecting other people's privacy, and I had no idea if anyone lived on the second floor. To this day, I cannot explain what drove me to do what I did then and there. I just knew I had to go upstairs, so I stepped over the fence and felt as if I was being sucked up the stairs. I came upon a large corridor, with many doors. But it was only a one particular large double door that interested me. I knew with all my heart that inside that door was something very special, although I couldn't quite grasp what it was. So I crept across the floorboards, hoping fervently that I would not be discovered and chased away, until I had learned exactly what was behind that door.

Fortunately, the door wasn't locked, so I opened it, slipped inside and carefully pulled it closed behind me, before turning and "entering" the room. It was big and empty. But even if the room had been full of furniture, my eyes were still captivated by the huge fireplace on the opposite wall. I instantly recognized it in all its grotesqueness, and remember almost moaning: Yes, of course! The fireplace was partially built into the wall, but the part of the fireplace hood that protruded into the room was dotted with mythological sculptures painted in bright colors. There were golden fauns and fiery red devils framed by vines, resting against the mantelpiece, and though it could not be said to be in any way pretty or tasteful, it was fascinating. And I recognized it!

While I was standing there just inside the door studying the fireplace, the surroundings suddenly became foggy and unclear. I tried to blink to focus my eyes, and discovered that I was no longer alone in the room. Across the floor in front of me was a long table, and on the other side of it, facing me, sat eight black-clad men in costumes from another era. One of them, who appeared to be a clergyman, had some papers on the table in front of him. And suddenly I recognized the man sitting on the far right in front of me. It was a man who had meant a lot to me in my present and real life. But here he sat with seven other men and made a sort of interrogation of me. I knew I was pregnant from where I stood, and I also knew that it was he who had seduced me and was the father of the child I was carrying, even though he belonged to a completely different social class than me. I wanted to leave the room, but found that I was being held by two uniformed men. They stood on either side of me and held me in a firm grip just above the elbows.

It was a terrifying and strange experience. I almost felt like a participant in a horror film, because part of me was aware that this was an illusion. But at the same time, the illusion was so real and terrifying that I felt completely paralyzed. I was accused of witchcraft, and the black-robed condemned me to severe interrogation. I was accused to having caused a fine lady to lose her unborn child, and they wanted a confession from me. The images continued to pour over me, from interrogations and torture, from a smelly prison cell and from the experience of losing the child I was carrying. Onward from the journey on a cart from the prison to the bonfire that had been built in an open space on the outskirts of the city. I was partly lifted and partly dragged onto the fire, for my feet were crushed and broken during the torture. And one of the things that still stands out most strongly for me is the feeling I had when I stood tied to the fire - now it will soon be over and I won't have to suffer anymore.

Suddenly the fog around me disappeared and I was back in reality. I was freezing cold, terrified and shocked and shaking like an aspen leaf so I had great difficulty staying on my feet. I tumbled out of the room, down the stairs and out. I had to find people and see the normal world around me. But the frost inside me and the convulsive shaking would not let go, so I almost plunged into a bar I found on my way. The bartender served me something he called Tote Tante (Dead Aunt), when I begged for something that could bring the warmth back into my body. It consisted of rum, cocoa and cream and warmed well. But it was only after knocking back two of them that I began to regain control of my body. Then, as a result, I began to get quite tipsy, so I staggered back to the room in the inn and fell asleep.

I have had many other glimpses of past lives as well, but none that can in any way compare to this in drama. Moreover, these later glimpses of other lives have been quite brief, and have, for the most part, only given me small glimpses from different lives. I have experienced myself as a naval officer in Tordenskjold's time. At least I'm guessing it was that time, based on the uniform I was wearing. I have experienced myself as a poor woman about to starve to death under a large stone slab somewhere in England at the time of the Wars of the Roses, while a man with ugly wounds from a sabre cut lay dead next to me. I also lived in England during the First World War. I was then a pilot and was stationed near Torquay, and died during a flight over France. Incidentally, I have quite extensive memories from that life, and I have met people who were important to me in that life again in this one. And I have had at least one life in Ireland, but I will talk about that in a separate chapter

I have also lived in what is now Cambodia. There I worked as a mahout, and together with my elephant we dragged out building materials for a magnificent structure, which is now known as Ankhor Vath. Incidentally, that life ended when I was bitten by a king cobra. Death by a cobra's bite became my path in another life as well, where as a girl I was trained to handle these deadly snakes. Part of the ritual consisted of kissing the snakes on the head, and it was once I did that that the accident happened, I was bitten and died before I was nine years old.



And I've had glimpses of two lives in ancient Atlantis, long, long ago. In one, I was a man, working to extract energy from sunlight refracted through a huge towed crystal. Unfortunately, it has been so many years since I had that vision that the details have begun to fade from memory, but I remember that for a long time afterwards I was annoyed by my lack of technical knowledge in this life, which prevented me from recreating the process, so that we could again extract power from the sunlight with the help of crystals.

In the other life I remember from Atlantis, I was a woman. I have a feeling that it must have been close to 14,000 years ago, and I was about to be initiated as a high priestess in a small rock temple high up in the mountains. The first time I "visited" that life, I thought it unfolded in Upper Egypt, since I only had the view from the temple's entrance to deal with. But since then I have "seen and experienced" more of the landscape outside, which was incredibly lush, and know that it must

have been on Atlantis. There were seven of us who were to undergo the initiation ceremony in the small temple. Already as children we had been chosen, because of our abilities, and we had been apprenticed for many years in the great monastery (I have to call it that, since I have no more comprehensive term), at the foot of the mountain. We were healers, clairvoyants, herbal and crystal experts, astronomers/astrologers and mediums. Our education had emphasized refining these abilities, and helping us to find our strengths and weaknesses.

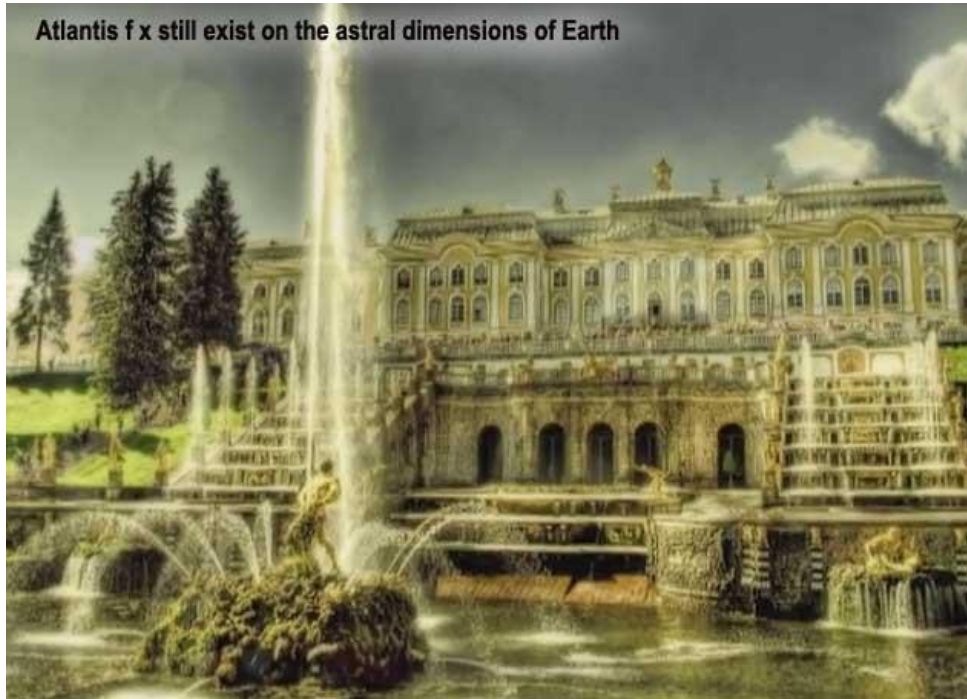
After the first years of education, we were ordained at the lowest level of the priesthood and sent out into the country. First together with an older and experienced supervisor, and later on our own. We probably had roughly the same function as the Chinese barefoot doctors of earlier times. At least I had. Whether that also applied to those who had their strength in other areas, I do not know. In any case, I spent the next few years out in the countryside as a healer/priestess, with a break every year, where I went back to the monastery for further education for three months. Eventually I also rose through the ranks through initiations, and received a higher rank. The very first initiation to healer/priestess took place in a large, magnificent temple adjacent to the monastery. Later, the next initiations took place in a slightly smaller, but no less magnificent temple, which was built halfway up the mountainside. I was also assigned my own students over time, who accompanied me in my work.

As I said, there were seven of us who were to be consecrated as high priests/priestesses in the simple temple, which was carved into the rock, high above the valley floor. The contrast between the splendour of the two large temples further down and the simplicity of this one was striking. The room was roughly circular, and barely 60 square metres. The floor was covered in mosaics, the pattern of which formed a large seven-pointed star in blue and gold. A stone plinth of white quartz had been built in the center of the star, and on top rested a large cauldron. It was filled with glowing coals and aromatic herbs that sent clouds of heavy fragrance into the room.

The ceiling was slightly vaulted, and without any form of decoration, except for a few clear and twisted crystals, which were fixed in a pattern.



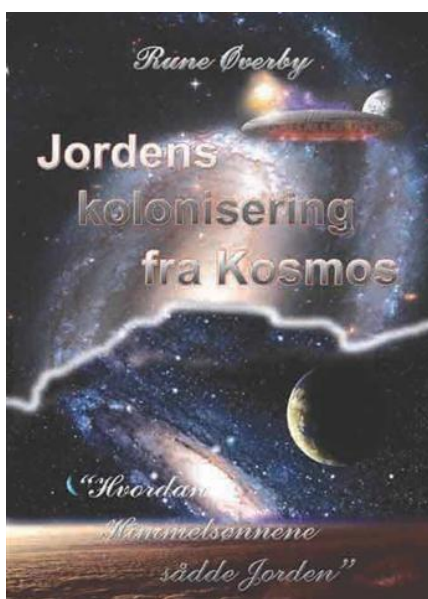
The curved walls had niches at regular intervals, with space for lamps, and a low stone bench also ran along both side walls. The entrance to the valley below was open, but supported by four pillars, and by the innermost wall, opposite the entrance, was the altar. On both sides of the altar there were arched doorways, which led into two rather small rooms within, where there were carpets and cushions on the floor. The altar was carved out of the mountain, and the front was decorated with symbols. The smooth surface of the top of the altar and the wall behind it was undecorated, but in the centre above the altar a faceted crystal, larger than an infant's head, was set into the wall, and a similar one stood in a holder on the altar.



Atlantis f x still exist on the astral dimensions of Earth

We had started the trip up the mountain just after dark the night before, with torches in our hands to be able to see the narrow path. To an outsider it must have looked like a luminous giant snake, winding its way up the mountainside, for we were accompanied by a long line of priests and priestesses. The journey was tiring, as we had fasted for three days, and were quite faint from hunger. Once there, the torches were extinguished before we entered the dimly lit temple. There we were guided to our respective places, one in each arm of the seven star that adorned the floor,

before our companions extinguished the lamp in one of the niches along the walls and left us. All but the chief high priest. He stood in front of the altar as he instructed us on how to behave this night. He gave each of us a small cup with a bitter drink, which we had to swallow. Then he blessed us and sang a hymn before retiring, under cover of darkness, to one of the small rooms behind the altar. But at intervals he crept like a cat through the room and put new herbs on the embers in the fire bowl. Before the lights went out, I had also managed to glance around at the other six. Four women and two men. We were all dressed in white, but our suits were very different in cut. So were the jewellery and belts we wore. But I knew it was because the jewellery and belts indicated our profession. They functioned almost like a business card, so people we met could know that I was, for example, a healer, without having to ask. (But I was surprised when, many years later, I read about exactly this in a book by Rune overby, <<"[Jordens kolonisering fra Kosmos](#)".")



We knew we were to stand motionless in our designated places all night. Which was not easy, giddy as we were from the fast and the exertions of climbing the mountainside in the dark, the bitter drink and the heavy cloud of burning herbs that filled the lungs did not make matters better. Just staying on my feet required all my concentration and willpower. But I knew this was part of the initiation, so I steeled myself to persevere. After what seemed like an eternity, the rays of a star suddenly shot through the room, reflected in the crystals above the altar, filling the room with a strange half-light. Soon after, the room slowly began to brighten, and I understood that a new day was in store. And suddenly the first rays of sunlight shot into the temple, hitting the crystals on the altar and in the wall behind, then being reflected to the crystals on the ceiling above us. From them the light was sent in a beam directly down into the crown chakra of each of us. It seemed like the whole room, and my head, exploded in light.

What happened next I have no clear idea of, because the violent sensory impression caused the time window to close, and I was back in our world again.

I have also had glimpses of other lives, which I have not quite managed to place in time and space, mostly because the glimpses have been relatively short and there have been no references to well-known buildings or other landmarks, which might have given me clues as to where or when it was.

But otherwise, various psychics have allotted me lives both in Peru as an architect and builder of a large temple project, in the USA as an Indian, in Iceland as a priestess, in Australia as an English convict, several lives in England as a noble, as a priest and as a druid, in France as a nun and in Italy as the slave of a Roman officer. But I haven't had any contact with these lives myself, so I don't know how much of it is true about any of it! I am always inclined to doubt anything I have not experienced with my own senses. But strangely enough, no one has claimed that I have lived here in Norway before.

Something that agrees very well with what I myself have felt. Because I have always felt like a foreign bird in this country.

### **Strange places.**

It is not an unusual phenomenon that you come to a place that you know for sure that you have never visited before, and yet recognize it yourself. I experienced that when I was on holiday in New Jersey, USA, with my family in the summer of 2007. And it is the first and only time I have been to that continent.

We had spent 14 lovely days in Ocean City, in the far south of the state, and ended the holiday by driving north through New Jersey, up into the mountains in the very north of the state. There we were to visit an old mining area called Franklin, which has a renowned mineral museum. The fact that we took this detour was probably mostly to my credit, since I have always been interested in stones and minerals.

Downtown Franklin was a drowsy little place, and outside of downtown there was nothing to see, except lots of beautiful scenery. We had booked a room at a motel a short distance outside the city centre, in a small valley that bore the mark of ancient mining, although natural overgrowth was now well underway covering up old wounds in the terrain. It was time for a late dinner when we had settled into our room, but it turned out that there was no food service at the motel. Ergo, we had to take the car and go out to find a place to eat. Heidi and Jan, my daughter and son-in-

law, wanted to go down to the city centre, while I "knew" that we should go further up the small valley. Which initially seemed completely illogical, because as far as we could see, there was only forest and wasteland further up. But they were two to one, so I bowed to their decision. And sure enough, we found a restaurant down in the centre. Not one I would voluntarily step into here at home, but what do you not do when hunger is tearing at your guts and there are rather poor alternatives. The food wasn't much to write home about either, but at least we were full, and that was the main purpose.

The next day we visited the [mineral museum](#), did a bit of shopping and were full-time tourists. We found a small and charming church, which I recognized in a strange way. I felt that I had been there many times before, but I dismissed it, as this was completely unknown territory to me. But then the evening came, and we had to once again try to find something to eat. This time I insisted that we go up the valley, and the others agreed very reluctantly. I got the feeling that they thought I would continue to fuss, so they chose to waste the petrol for the sake of domestic peace, as they could see how dead-set I was.

We had not driven more than a few kilometres on the narrow road, when suddenly a huge restaurant appeared with a large parking lot outside. I was quite triumphant, because this was exactly what I "knew" we would find. Actually, the place was quite out of place as it sat in the middle of the bush. It was a huge, old and very well-kept log building, and a squiggly white and blue enamel sign above the door said it was built in 1764. Heidi and Jan went inside to check if it really was a restaurant, (they were still sceptical) while Linn, my grandson, and I waited in the car. And the next moment the two of them came out again and beckoned us to come.

The front door led into a large windbreak with several doors on both sides. Heidi and Jan had poked their noses in a door, and found that there was a pub that served various edibles in addition to drinks. When I entered the windbreak, they were heading into the pub, which was to our left. But I stopped them and said: "Now you are going wrong. That is not where the restaurant is. "Yes," I got told, it was there.." - but I knew better, for everything was so strangely familiar. I went to one of the doors on the right, which was otherwise completely anonymous, opened it and was able to introduce the others to a huge and beautiful restaurant of the best class. We entered, and were greeted by a waiter who showed us to a table. We ordered from the menu, and while we waited for the food, I studied the interior. Some were of recent date and were foreign to me, while other things were so familiar that I was almost moved and completely trembled to look at them. In particular, there were some old paintings on the walls that really brought back "memories". And the great room itself, where the ceiling was supported by solid oak beams, I felt that I knew every nook and cranny of it, as if I had been going in and out of it for years. It was a strange experience, and the hairs on my arms and neck stood up every time my eyes fell on a "familiar" detail, so I have to admit that I had almost no idea what I was putting in my mouth when the food was finally on the table.

There were things I missed too. In my head, there should be a huge natural stone fireplace on the wall between the front door and the door to the kitchen. Now there was no fireplace there, but a storeroom for table linen and cutlery, which felt completely wrong to me and almost gave me a feeling of sadness.

The hardest part was still keeping to myself what I was experiencing. I was aware that Heidi and Jan would have problems accepting that I recognized myself in this place, for all of us complete strangers. So I chose to keep it to myself and say as little as possible, although I ached to share my impressions with them.

**But then the question is - have I lived a past life in Franklin, New Jersey, since I recognized what was really old, while everything of recent date was foreign to me?** It must be allowed to wonder, although I have never had any conscious memory of such a life.



monastery park Franklin New Jersey in the old days - about 1901 and t above in position by the red ball in the middle of the picture [more photos from the 'old days there'](#)

### To be invisible.

In 2005, one day I experienced what it feels like to be invisible. I had a list of errands that had to be done, and made the trip to Strommen Storsenter. It's a place I normally avoid as much as possible. The centre itself is cosy enough, but the energies there make me uncomfortable. Something that may be related to the fact that it was originally an old mechanical workshop, where occupational accidents with a fatal outcome have certainly occurred over time. At least that's the feeling I get when I walk around there.



Strommen Storsenter.

On the whole, I am not particularly fond of moving in places with a lot of people gathered together, as I feel that it is like wading through a mush of energies. Something that is both uncomfortable and tiring. But this day I had no choice, so I just had to plunge into it. It was full of people, because the weather outside was bad. And as usual in such a situation, I felt how I drew in my own energies and "crawled into myself".

The last item on the shopping list was a trip to a perfumery to buy me a new mascara. It is a small and well-organized shop. But when I got in there, both clerks were busy. One with a customer and the other with cleaning a drawer. I stood at the counter to wait my turn, and almost went into a kind of meditation mode.

And despite the bright red jacket I was wearing, I must have been invisible for a while. One clerk finished with her customer, took a phone call, and when a new customer came in, she was promptly dispatched. This last customer was standing right next to me, and yet I experienced that the clerk was looking at me, but clearly without seeing me.

The last customer paid and left, and the staff went about their business as if I didn't exist at all. A new customer came in the next moment and the clerk headed for her, while I was still overlooked.



Then I felt myself start to boil with irritation, opened my mouth and said that now it was indeed my turn.

I will not easily forget the sight of the reactions and faces of the two clerks! She who was standing right in front of me, on the other side of the counter, paled under the make-up and her face was clearly marked by shock. And both of them looked like they couldn't believe their eyes. It was only then that it dawned on me that I must have actually been invisible for a while.

I got really good service after this, but the one I thought was the senior of the two clerks kept an eye on me the whole time, as if I was a strange animal or that she was afraid I would disappear again. A really fun experience.

What I experienced was something that happened completely spontaneously and beyond my control. But I have also experienced seeing how an Indian guru made himself invisible in front of the eyes of many hundreds of people in the Oslo Concert Hall. And it was deliberate and intentional. The audience had been asked not to use cameras with flashes, but when the guru went down into the hall, many could not help themselves and snapped photos of him using the flash light setting. Many will probably think that it was some form of trick, but the guru strolled calmly across the floor in front of the first row of seats, stopped and became invisible for a couple of minutes, before reappearing in roughly the same place.

I sat a few rows further back in the hall and followed him with my eyes. And if I hadn't seen what happened, I would hardly have believed it. Incidentally, it was also before my own experience of being invisible, so it was a completely unknown phenomenon to me at the time.



[her e cc- ar ch iv e fra 1990-2009](#)

### **Crop Circle Adventure.**

The crop circles that appear in fields around the world every summer have fascinated me ever since I first read about them. Who or what makes them? How do they arise? And what are they supposed to convey to us? Is there someone trying to communicate with us, using the universal languages of mathematics and geometry, hoping that at least some of us will be smart enough to get the point? Are the originators beings from other planets, from another dimension, or from a parallel world? Or is it possibly nature spirits or Mother Earth herself trying to contact us? I don't know, and surely no one else on this planet does either, although the theories are many. For someone who has followed the phenomenon a little, it is in any case resoundingly clear that there must be some form of intelligence behind it all.

The questions surrounding the phenomenon were in any case queuing up in my head, and when I saw that a "Crop Circle Safari" was to be organized in England in the summer of 2004, I was not late in signing up. If the choice is between reading about a phenomenon and experiencing it in practice, the choice is not that difficult for me, unless my wallet protests too much. And it was a fantastic trip, together with a bunch of great people, including the two editors of Ildsjelen, Jon Henning Grini and Per Henrik Gullfoss.



The first days in England we stayed in Marlborough, in a cosy old hotel called Ivy House. Nearby I knew there was an ancient megalithic site, West Kenneth Longbarrow, which I really wanted to visit. It is part of the large complex which includes Avebury, Silbury Hill and East and West Kenneth Longbarrow. I had been in the Marlborough area by car twice before, without visiting this place. The first time the road to West Kenneth Longbarrow was so poorly marked that I couldn't find it, and the second time I passed a few years later, it was a late and rainy evening and I was so tired I couldn't bear the thought of taking that detour, So it was still a blank spot on my map.

So, on the very first evening, after we had travelled around and studied various crop circles all day, I asked if we could not also pay West Kenneth Longbarrow (photo below) a visit, since we were now close by. The answer was a polite, but not very encouraging - Well, we'll see.



*and more about energy sites in England link (eng) in the book by the clairvoyant IVAN AND GRACE COOKE; ["the light in Britain"](#) - about old sacred sites in England and their connection to Atlantis and former civilizations in England (and today's cropcircles in that area)*

The next morning I suggested again if we could not find time to visit the place, but it was quite bluntly rejected by the others. So I settled for now with that, and we set out on another eventful day. There were no more of us than that we were divided into two rental cars, and in "our" car Jon Henning was the driver and I had the dubious honour of being a map reader. On our way back to the hotel, after visiting Stonehenge, we passed the sign pointing to the footpath up to West Kenneth Longbarrow and I couldn't help but make a remark about what a shame it was that we didn't have time to visit that place. A remark that was not commented on by any of the others.

That evening we sat outside in the paved backyard of the hotel and chatted. The others eventually disappeared one by one, and finally I sat alone again and enjoyed my last cigarette for the evening in the warm darkness of the night, while I studied the powerful crescent moon that shone from the sky above me.

Night came, and I had a strange dream. Usually I don't remember my dreams. It can actually be years between each time I have a clear recollection of what I dreamed the night before. But this dream was clear and distinct when I awoke.

I had seen the crescent moon from the evening before "dancing" with the sun. They moved around each other in smaller and smaller circles, until finally they almost merged. And the strange thing was that they were equally bright, so there was a perfect balance between them. When I woke up the next morning and remembered the dream, I thought that I had probably been influenced by the moonlight the night before, and didn't put any more into it. Strolled down to breakfast and was ready for a new day of exciting crop circles and other adventures.

We had another fun day where we sped around like hounds on the trail. We had heard rumours of a crop circle in Market Livingston, which was claimed to be "fake", i.e. manmade. And we would like to see and experience it too, to have a basis for comparison.



*typical example of 'made' - crooked and asymmetrical*

But finding a crop circle when looking for happiness and piety is not easy. So after we had messed around for a while, I insisted on talking to one of the "natives". Jon Henning reluctantly stopped the car in a small car park. Like most men, he was allergic to asking for directions. But then what we experienced was one of those strange cases of synchronicity that occasionally occur. A man came strolling, clearly on his way home from today's round of shops judging by the shopping bags. I asked him, and sure enough, he knew exactly where the crop circle was. Not only that, but he turned out to be the head of the crop circle association in the region (a region covers several counties), and was able to give us a lot of useful information. So of all the people in Market Livingston, he was the one who appeared when we needed guidance. Funny!

And yes, the crop circle we sought was indeed man-made, - no doubt about it. It was crooked and irregular. The pattern seemed half finished, and most importantly, - the stalks were broken and not bent.

But our new friend, the leader of the crop circle group, had tipped us off to a brand new circle some distance away, in North Newton. So after a brief visit to the fake crop circle, we set off in search of the new one instead. And we finally found it. A simple but beautiful circle, with some details that were certainly not man-made. It would be physically impossible.

Later in the day we set course for Avebury, where we were to have a small ceremony in the evening among the massive megalithic blocks that surround the village. But we didn't get that far in the first half. The road there would take us past West Kenneth Longbarrow, and I remember thinking to myself before we started: This is our last evening in this area, as tomorrow we drive on to Wells. Too bad the rest of you don't want to visit the megalithic site. But just be like that. I'll probably get there with my own car sometime.

As we passed West Kenneth Longbarrow, on our way to Avebury, we suddenly saw two helicopters hovering over the top of the hill, and a line of people on their way up there. Jon Henning put his faith in the brakes and almost threw the car onto the shoulder of the road, before he disappeared like a stray cat up the hill. Soon after, he came back beaming with joy and told me that a new crop circle had appeared up there. And so the whole gang went up to take a look at it.

It was not one of the biggest, and relatively simple, but incredibly beautiful. And when I saw it, my jaw dropped. The pattern was the sun, with stylized rays, and the crescent moon framed by a perfect circle, exactly as I had dreamed it the night before. I took in the vision for a few seconds, thinking that this must be the universe's gift to me. So I sent a silent thank you to all the higher powers, before I trotted into the centre of the circle, sat down, patted the ground and almost cheered: "This one is mine!"

A couple of the others, who were within earshot, looked at me as if I were crazy - on the contrary - I just felt insanely happy, almost euphoric. Here I sat in a wonderful new crop circle, which I had dreamed about during the night.

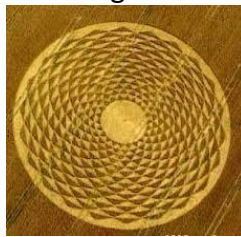
And to top it all off, the entrance to West Kenneth Longbarrow was a scant 50 meters behind me. Now I was exactly where I wanted to be, and fate, or perhaps other forces, had forced the others to follow my wishes.

The energies in the circle were really powerful, and when I held my hands down to the ground, they became white and blue-marbled and looked strange. The powerful energies were also felt throughout my body, and made me feel a little lightheaded. The energies were expressed in other ways too, because when Per Henrik went down to the cars to get something, Jon Henning asked me to call him and give him a message. His own mobile was left in the car, I think. But it was a futile attempt, because my cell phone refused to cooperate, and it would take almost an hour from the time we left the crop circle for it to function normally again.

<< aerial view of West Kenneth Longbarrow and crop circle in foreground



A few days later, on our way home towards London and the airport after visiting Wells and Glastonbury, we detoured to another new crop circle near Avebury. There I happened to meet an American scientist, who had devoted the last 10 summer holidays to the study of crop circles all over the world. He could tell that "my" circle had the strongest energies of all they had measured that summer. The radiation was 8 times higher inside the circle than outside.



*example of a crop circle that is not easy to 'step'  
- at least not at night during the few hours of darkness*

### **An inexplicable experience.**

In July 2005 I had a very special and inexplicable experience together with a good friend. We had been on a day trip to Askim, visiting an elderly lady, and it was on the way home that this happened. We drove National Highway 22 via Enebakneset towards home. A road which in some sections is incredibly winding and unclear, and almost winds around jutting rock crags.

We had taken turns driving, so I was at the wheel, even though it was my friend's car. As we rounded such a crag, we met a long line of cars. And opposite us, in our lane, came a large van with an even larger trailer in tow. It had clearly begun to overtake - without correctly calculating the distance to the next turn.

The collision seemed inevitable, and I heard a scream from my friend in the passenger seat. The oncoming car tried to manoeuvre away with a sudden movement, and the huge trailer towered in front of us, mere centimetres from the hood of our car. I let go of the steering wheel, closed my eyes and thought: "This is the end!", as I braced myself for the bang I knew was coming. What happened next is difficult to both explain and describe. The sounds from the car's engine and from the traffic around us disappeared. An incredible peace settled like a cloak around me, while

at the same time I got a strange floating feeling. Everything had happened so quickly that I hadn't had time to be afraid, and the immense peace I felt around me prevented me from becoming so.

But the expected bang didn't come, and when I finally opened my eyes again, the car rolled neatly and elegantly on, while the last car in the long queue just disappeared around the bend behind us. All sounds came back suddenly, and my friend and I looked at each other like two huge question marks, while I stretched out my arms and grabbed the steering wheel again.. Not a word was said, until I found an opportunity to drive off the road and stop the car. Then it burst out of us in unison: "What in heaven's name happened over there? Are we alive or are we dead?" Well, we quickly found that we were still among the living, although none of us could understand how it had happened. We should definitely have been part of the traffic death toll statistics, we agreed on that. None of us can give any explanation as to how we survived that situation. But, as my friend said: "I felt as if both we and the car passed into another existence or dimension for a moment. I think we simply dissolved into our individual molecules and passed right through that trailer.!! That was actually how I had perceived the whole thing as well, and it was the only explanation we could come up with, regardless of whether it was logical or not. But whatever happened, I have only one word for it. Miraculous!



*if it is in one's destiny to be protected, the higher planes can intervene and dematerialize and, or time and dimension shift people instantly*

## ONCE UPON A TIME

**This is how most adventures begin. And the goblins certainly belong in the fairy tales. Or do they actually do that?**

In the old days, most people lived in much closer contact with nature than they do today. At the time, they were also convinced that the small people existed, and they had a long list of names for them. They were called goblins, pussies, little people, mound people, underground, tufted calls, etc.. In today's world, belief in the little people, as I choose to call them, is almost superstition. Most people think that it is as just as likely to meet the little people as to meet a troll in the forest. They only exist in adventure books. No, most modern people never come into contact with the little people, and have forgotten they exist. But I am convinced that they exist to this day.

I also know that the small folk both live in the forest and that some have chosen to settle on farms. Yes, some can even settle in modern housing. But whether they live in them or in the ground below them, I'm not sure. The little folk have always been known for teasing people and driving them nuts, but as the stories here will show, they can really be useful and look after house and home too.



My first experience of the small folk happened at Asak in Sorum. That is, it was the first experience where I understood what was happening. I may have been in contact with them earlier too, without having any idea who or what it was. Among other things, I'm pretty sure that I had experiences with the little people while I vacationed during the summers of my childhood.



Although I am now unable to recall specific episodes attributable to them.

*the goblins are real on a certain level, which people nowadays have lost the ability to make contact with - due to the development of the intellectual abilities that block this contact - cf. [Martinus's symbol no12](#), on the 'exchange of basic energies'*

But a lot happened at Asak, which no one but the small folk could be behind. These episodes that I am now going to tell are not personally experienced, but I had them told over the phone on the same day that they happened, by two very shaken people. The owners of the Steinsenteret in Asak, Karin and Jonny, were going to visit the store, which is located approx. 50 meters away from the main house. And since they were only going to be out of the house for a few minutes, they didn't bother to lock the door when they went over to the shop. Here it must be noted that all the locks there are of the old type, and the doors cannot be locked either from the inside or the outside without a key, and they cannot be latched. But once in the shop they completely forgot about the time, and what should have been a couple of minutes became closer to an hour before they realized that the door in the main house was unlocked, and they hurried back.

Great was their astonishment when they found all the doors closed and locked. They tried every possible way to get in without success. And after a while, they had no choice but to call their son, who was at work, and ask him to come home to let them in. When they were finally back inside, the doors were thoroughly checked, but there was nothing strange about them. And the keys hung in their regular place on a hook in the key cabinet, but strangely enough with other keys hanging outside on the same hook. But later that day, a car with gypsies, who wanted to sell carpets and other knick-knacks, turned into the yard. When the door was opened for them, they said that they had been there earlier in the day, but they had seen that the door was locked when they rang the bell. They had thought there were children in the house who were home alone. So the small folk had taken care to lock the door to prevent the gypsies from entering the empty house.

The storeroom at the farm has a really old lock of a type where a bolt slides into place in a slot when the large key is turned. One day the lock broke. A piece of the bolt broke off, and the lock could not be used. It was in the middle of a busy period, and the spent piece was put in an empty old milk pail up in the loft, waiting for the time to repair the threshing floor. And in the meantime the door to the storeroom was locked with a padlock.

But one day when they were going to get something from the storeroom, they discovered that the padlock had been removed, and the door was still locked. For lack of a better idea, Karin tried the old key in the lock, and discovered to her great astonishment that the lock worked as it should. When they examined it, they found that the broken blade was whole again, and not only that, it was welded so beautifully that the weld seam was almost invisible. Needless to say, they were quite shaken, and they examined the milk pail where the spent piece had been thrown a few weeks earlier, it was of course empty, and to date they have found no reasonable explanation for how the lock was repaired.



Another episode from the storehouse was also quite bizarre. One day Jonny came to the storeroom and found a cover for an electrical contact point and loose screws lying on a table just inside the door. When he began to investigate where the cover could be coming from, he found that it was from the intake point for the wires up under the roof. A little annoyed, he fetched tools and a flashlight to screw it back into place. But when he got light on the contact point, he discovered that the wires had been badly attached and that there were burn marks there. Had the little people not picked down the cover and thus made him aware of the danger, the whole storehouse could have burnt down one fine day.

During the spring of the following year, they also experienced a strange episode, which could not be explained other than that the small folk had intervened. They don't have a diesel meter on the tractor, but know from experience how many hours they can drive on a tank, before it's time to fill up again. One evening they had run the tank almost empty, but were tired, so they decided to park the tractor for the evening, and intended to fill the tank before starting up tomorrow. But when they went to fill the tank the following morning, it was full, even though both Karin and Jonny swear that they hadn't touched the tractor after it was parked the night before.

And then I suddenly got to make acquaintances with the little people themselves too. It happened outside in Skau, when I was out picking lingonberries in the autumn of 2001. I usually have a large bucket with a lid and another smaller plastic bucket with me, which I fill and empty into the bucket when the bucket is full. The large bucket is usually placed on a stump in the middle of the area I am picking in, so it should be easy to see and find my way back to. That's how it was also on the day I'm going to tell you about here.

I had found an area with a lot of large, fine berries, and picked along the way around the terrain. There were hillocks and depressions there, so most of the time I was out of sight of the stump where I had placed the bucket. While I was picking I heard some strange noises from that direction. It could best be compared to the sound of a group of rather small children babbling eagerly, but not too loudly, mixed with a kind of giggling and laughter. At first I wondered if it was a kindergarten that was on a field trip, but I the sounds weren't quite right. I hadn't heard the voices of adults either. Which would be natural if there were a bunch of toddlers out for a walk. Besides, I found it hard to believe that someone would drag quite small children that far out into the terrain.

It wasn't a small bird either, I was sure, because I'm quite familiar with the sounds of small birds. I filled up the rest of my bucket as I pondered this and listened to the sounds, when it suddenly went quiet again. When I went to empty my bucket, I was very surprised to find that the lid of the large bucket was gone. I knew I had put it over the bucket the last time I was over there, but now it was nowhere to be seen. I looked around the stump and in the nearest perimeter, but it was gone.

Suddenly I had the feeling that I was being watched, and that someone was having a good time at my expense. At that moment I understood in a flash what had happened. Here were the little people who were delighted to have made me so perplexed. I looked around hoping to catch a glimpse of them, but there was nothing unusual to see. Well, the berry bucket was full and it was time to go home. As I was walking, it came naturally to me to say to the air: "It's good that you have taken the lid. If you need it, just keep it. And then I went back to the car. A stretch of just over a kilometre.

The following week I was out picking berries again. The car was parked in the same place as last time, but since I knew I had 'picked clean' the nearby plot where I was the week before, so I chose a different path that went steeply straight up from the car park this time. About 50 meters up I

stopped abruptly, and my eyes were about to roll out of my head in astonishment. Because there, in the middle of the path, was the lid of my berry bucket. More than a kilometre from the place where it disappeared the week before. I carried it almost ceremoniously back to the car, at the same time shouting out a thank you to those I knew must be nearby. I have no doubt that it was the little people playing tricks on me at the time. But at least they were nice enough to give me my lid back.

So if you experience strange things out in the woods and fields, remember that there are more than just the people living there that we usually see. The small folk exist to this day and are certainly not just part of old dusty fairy tales.



<<more than 60 years ago, berry picking ladies in north norway, told of contact to 'an interdimensional phenomenon' in the form of a completely '[materialized space-man](#)'

### **Thuata De Dannan.**

This is a long story, which started all the way back in 2004. Actually, it should have been written in several separate chapters. But since the end does not yet exist, I have chosen to write it as a story.

It all began, as I said, in 2004, when a lady visited me to get a Tarot reading. And when the reading was over, her son came to pick her up and drive her home. When he rang the doorbell, I went out to open it, and outside stood a handsome young man in his late 20s. But the strange thing was that at the same time I saw a very old, rather thin and sharp-featured man with long white hair and a beard, dressed in a grey cloak. It was like seeing a Merlin figure and to say I was amazed would be an understatement.

The vision faded rather quickly, leaving the young man alone in front of me. I was going to invite him in, but to my astonishment, and completely beyond my control, what came out of my mouth was: "Oh, so good to see you again!". And strangely enough, the answer from the young man, whom I had never met before, was: "I actually feel that I know you too".

The young man and his mother left, but he and I had arranged to meet again the very next day, as we were both very curious about this spontaneous feeling of recognition and connection. But we couldn't figure it out, no matter how we turned the question around. But I told him of the vision I had when I first saw him, jokingly calling him Merlin. This would turn out to be the start of an incredibly good friendship, despite the age difference. (He was about the same age as my oldest grandchildren.)

He studied in Oslo, and since the family lived quite far away, it seemed that he appreciated having a spare home nearby. And when he came to visit, we discussed everything, and perhaps especially paranormal phenomena. He was (is) very open and receptive, but at the time he was still a little

frightened by his experiences, and needed to discuss them with someone who had similar experiences.

Then one day, about a year and a half later he came to visit and I could tell he was quite shaken up. He said it was a dream that was bothering him. He had dreamed the same dream every single night for 14 days, and it even appeared during the day and disturbed him. But it was a dream with no beginning and no end, just a short sequence of some people around a fire and a feeling of impending disaster, and he wondered what he could do to get rid of it, because as he said: "I think I'm going crazy..!"

I gave him a cup of tea and we settled down in the lounge, where I told him to relax and tell me about the dream. And he had no more than finished the first sentence, before "someone" pulled down a huge video screen in front of my eyes. I saw a wooded landscape in front of me and the next second I was in it. I found myself on a path in the forest, and I knew I was on my way to an important meeting. I had just passed a well-known building (well-known in that life) on top of the hill I had just crossed, and now I was heading for the valley below.

When I reached the valley floor and rounded a bend, a clearing opened up in front of me. A fire had been lit in the middle of the clearing, and a group of people had gathered around it. When they saw me, I was greeted with happy greetings, and a slender woman with long hazel hair flowing down her back, stood up and held out a beautifully shaped wooden cup of hot drink. Before settling down by the fire with the others, I took an overview to see if everyone was there. There were thirteen of us, but I knew there was still one missing. The most important of us all. My old mentor and teacher.

We waited a little longer, while I let my eyes slide over the forest around us. It was not particularly dense, but large. Mostly oak, ash and maple, with scattered groups of bushes in between, and at the edge of the clearing there was also a group of poplars. The silvery grey trunks caught the light from the fire and glistened faintly in the growing dusk. It was a rather chilly evening, now that the sun had set. And I knew that winter would soon be upon us.

The people around the fire were all old acquaintances. Some I had known for a number of years, while others were people I had only met a few times. The group consisted of both men and women, and apart from two of the women, who were quite old, the rest were middle-aged people. That was true for me too. I was a man in my early 50s.

Most of us had travelled far to reach this meeting. We were all leaders in our respective villages, and at the same time we were also magicians, seers and healers. We had extensive knowledge of nature, herbal medicine and the use of crystals in healing. (In our day we would probably be called shamans). Everyone was happy to see each other, but at the same time there was a heavy seriousness over the group, a certainty of an impending disaster.

Soon after we heard movement in the forest, and out of the trees came an old man with long white hair and a beard, dressed in a grey woollen cloak. He had evidently walked a long way and was tired, for he leaned heavily on his staff. It was long, made of polished but gnarled oak, and on top it wore a sort of crown with a huge crystal in it.

A dark-haired square-cut man stood up and went to meet him. When he reached the old man, he greeted him with deep reverence, before escorting him the last few meters to the fire, where the new arrival, after being welcomed, was also offered a cup of hot drink. And I helped him settle by the fire, so he could rest comfortably. Finally we were full, and the meeting could begin. We all knew that this evening we had to make perhaps the most difficult and important decision of our lives.

The discussion nevertheless took place in a calm tone, despite the fact that what was being discussed was our own annihilation. The whole thing had almost a ritual feel, because even though we all knew each other, no one was allowed to speak until they had properly introduced themselves, told who they were and which village they represented. All fourteen had the floor in turn. And whoever had the floor was allowed to speak undisturbed, told about their visions of the future and elaborated their views on what needed to be done, without being interrupted. We were under attack from foreign invasion forces and we knew we would be beaten. We had also "seen" that we, as leaders in our respective villages, would be the first to be slaughtered, since the enemy knew that it would then be easier to overcome the population. It had already happened further north, and also in an area south of us.

There was nothing we could do about it either. We were not warriors. All we had was our magic, but until now it had only been used in the service of good, and we had nothing to offer against the invading forces. Many hundreds of peaceful years without wars had somehow left us defenceless, and we knew that it was only a short time before both we and all our people would be gone forever.

But we all had sacred and powerful religious objects, signs of our power and influence in society. They were passed down through countless generations, and were the most precious thing we owned. Preventing them from falling into the hands of the enemies was more important to us than saving our own lives. Destroying them was out of the question, so it was decided that they must be hidden in a safe place, where they would never be found. To us they represented the heart of the earth, and we soon agreed on where to hide them.

A large wooden box was brought out. It was clad in leather on the outside, and the lid was decorated with beautiful ornaments in dark metal. One by one, all our sacred objects were put into the casket. My contribution was a beautiful double-edged dagger, with a black shaft decorated with inlaid silver threads in an intricate pattern. Our necklaces, which also symbolized our status, were also laid down before the lid was carefully attached. We then lit torches in the fire before extinguishing it, before leaving the clearing. It had long since become dark, and although a clear full moon had just risen above the treetops, we needed extra light to find our way through the forest.

We headed in the opposite direction to the one I had come from. We descended a small slope, crossed a shallow stream in the valley floor and climbed up the hillside on the other side. We took turns carrying the large box and helping the three old people in the group. When we finally reached the ridge, the landscape before us was flat. But just in front of us a large round lump of stone rose in the middle of the flat, and that was our goal.

The hill was completely covered with bushes and undergrowth, and finding the place we were looking for was not easy. But after some searching, we found it. It was the entrance to an old cave, which had been excavated in the hill. Once upon a time it had been a holy place, but it had stopped being used and eventually abandoned long ago. The stone slabs that supported the roof and walls in the corridor had partially collapsed, and it was clearly dangerous to venture in there. But the large casket was carried in and placed in the innermost part of a small room, together with my old teacher's crowned staff.

We then collected soil, gravel and stone from the surrounding areas and filled the innermost part of the cavern, and with joint help we managed to knock down a couple of the outer stone slabs so that the entrance was completely covered. It wasn't that difficult, since nature had already done part of the job for us. And finally it was all covered with flakes of peat from the surrounding forest, so the entrance became completely invisible inside the bushes.

The heavy work took all night, and daylight had long since arrived before we had finished. After a short rest, we gathered and performed a magical ritual, as a final measure, to ensure that the sacred objects would be safe and would never be found by outsiders.

I assume we parted ways after this, to meet the fate we all knew was inevitable. But I can't say for sure what happened next, because suddenly the trance let go of me, and I was back in my own living room. I was mentally shaken and freezing cold. I froze, my teeth chattered in my mouth, every hair on my body stood up and I shook and shook uncontrollably throughout my body. I tried to light a cigarette in an attempt to calm myself down, but my body shook so violently that I was unable to put the end of the cigarette in my mouth. The spasms in my arms made it completely impossible. And it took time before I regained control of my body.

It turned out that my young friend had also gone into a kind of trance, and had taken part in everything that had happened. But he had seen and experienced everything through the eyes of the old magician. Exactly as in the dreams he had been troubled by, and which became the occasion for all this. So we had a lot to talk about that night. And the very next day I sat down to write down the story. I felt it was important so that none of the details were forgotten or left out.

I knew that what we had experienced was something that had happened a very long time ago, and the words from 'at least 2000 years' popped into my head. But I had no idea where this story had unfolded. I was only sure that it couldn't be in Norway or anywhere else in Scandinavia, but otherwise I was blank. But I had passed a strange building on my way to the meeting in the forest, and as fate would have it, only days later I found a book by Erik von Daniken on sale in a bookstore. It was "Giants of the Past", and when I flipped through it the first thing I saw was a photograph of New Grange in Ireland. I recognized it instantly, although the image of the building was quite different from what I had seen in the trance. The photo showed a building that looked completely new, whereas the one I had seen was old and rundown, with mossy walls and the roof covered in bushes and undergrowth. Also, the forest around the photo in the book was missing. Still, I didn't doubt for a second that it was the same building. And when I read the section about it, I found that it had been a collapsed ruin, and had been rebuilt and restored in recent times. So then and there I decided that I had to go to Ireland to see this place with my own eyes, and maybe also manage to locate our treasure.

Not long after, a new piece fell into place in this puzzle. I received a book as a gift of Celtic Fairytales. There I read about a people who came to Ireland a long, long time ago. They were called [Thuata De Dannan](#). Something clicked in my brain when I read it and I just knew! They weren't fairy tale characters and fairy tale creatures, they were us! We were Thuata De Dannan, I and my people from the vision. We were the people who the stories told once came to Ireland in advanced ships, as refugees after their own land had been swallowed up by the sea. But the mists of time had transformed distant memories into legends and fairy tales. And my desire to go to Ireland certainly didn't diminish after that.

If I had had the necessary funds, I would have left the very next day. But I lived on a small pension, and it took time to save up enough money for the trip. Three years passed and I still didn't have enough. Then one day a letter suddenly dropped into my mailbox. The company Nytt og Nyttig, where I had bought a few small things over the years, invited customers on a 6-day trip to Ireland. They would pay for the flight and hotel, and the participants only had to pay a small deductible that covered food and entrance tickets to a number of sights.

The trip would take us over large parts of Ireland, but the best of all was that we would be in Dublin for 2 whole days. Which would give me a chance to go to New Grange. It was something I obviously had to do on my own, because the place was not on the list of places we were going to



visit on the trip. I felt that this was a gift from the Universe, and accepted the offer without hesitation.

Two months later, in early May 2009, I set foot on Irish soil for the first time in this life. But to my great disappointment, it turned out that we were not going to stay in Dublin itself, but in a hotel in a golf course a few miles south of the city. It would prove to be quite a challenge, because it was not easy to get into Dublin from there. Nevertheless, I independently started out for Dublin the next day keen and fresh, while the rest of the travel company went sightseeing to Kerry.

After waiting an hour and a half at a bus stop, and getting a sightseeing tour around all the small villages the bus stopped by on the trip, I finally arrived in Dublin.

When I finally managed to locate the tourist office, it turned out that there were only two small 14-seater buses from Dublin to New Grange each day. And the last bus of the day had just left. It was a disappointment, but I decided to book a ticket for the last bus the next day. The earliest was impossible for me to catch, as there was no bus from the hotel to Dublin that early in the morning. The lady behind the counter looked over her papers and was able to tell me that both buses the next day were fully booked. There was an unexpected line in the bill, as the next day was my only opportunity to go to New Grange. After that we would go on to other parts of Ireland. I felt devastated, as I had been so sure that I was going to get this done. But the lady behind the counter said: "Sorry", and turned away to answer a ringing phone. I was reluctantly heading for the door when she called after me and called me back. It turned out that the phone call was a cancellation for the last bus to New Grange the next day. (It really made me wonder who was pulling the strings. But whoever it was, got a heartfelt "Thank you for your help" from me.)

When I finally stood outside the gates of New Grange the next day, and could see the majestic building on top of the hill above me, I was filled with a strange mixture of emotions. Strong expectations, because I believed in the visions we had received during the vision several years earlier. It was those visions that were the reason why I was standing there now. But at the same time I was almost terrified. What if nothing was as I had seen it? What if I was looking for an illusion, created by my own imagination? I knew that judgment was imminent and I had to pull myself together before I continued on trembling legs through the gate and up the path to the great engraved stone that covered the entrance to New Grange itself.

The guide who was waiting for us divided the passengers from the bus into two groups, (there was no room for everyone inside the tunnel at the same time), took the first group inside, while he asked the second group, including me, to wait for the outside. I left the others and went out onto the slope to the right of the round building. There I had a good view of the terrain. I missed the forest I knew had been there once. Now everything was just pasture. But then I realized that it made everything much easier.

From where I stood, I could follow every detail of the terrain with my eyes and see exactly where I had descended the hill towards the meeting place that time long ago. I could see exactly where we met and sat around the fire. But because of the curves of the landscape, I could not see if there was still any stream in the valley floor, the one we had crossed before climbing the hillside on the other side of the valley. I wondered if it was still there. (Later, back in the souvenir shop on the main road, while we waited for the bus to take us back to Dublin, I bought a detailed map of the area. And yes, there was the creek, exactly as I remembered it!)

With my eyes I followed the route we had taken up the opposite hillside that moonlit night several thousand years ago. But where was the mound where we had buried our sacred objects? From

where I stood I could only see parts of the flat plain. I moved further along the curved wall of the building, until I was roughly on the opposite side of the entrance. But I kept my eyes fixed on the ground in front of me. I didn't dare look outside until I knew I had a clear view. But when I finally raised my head and could see across the valley in front of me, I had trouble staying upright. There was the round rock, exactly as I remembered it! It was an overwhelming moment, and I had to brace my back against the stone wall behind me to keep myself upright, for my legs felt like trembling jelly, my heart pounded, and tears welled up in my eyes.

Every bit of information I remembered from the vision had turned out to be correct, so far. And I was (am) convinced that our sacred objects are still deep inside there. But I am also convinced that the time has come for them to appear in the light of day again. I can find no other reason why my young friend and I should have this vision otherwise. We both helped bury the objects at the time, and it's probably our job to retrieve them again now.

These thoughts flickered through my head, when suddenly one of the other bus passengers shouted at me to come. It was our turn to enter the corridor and chamber of New Grange. In the state of mind I was in, it was a very special experience, but it is not really part of this story, except for the fact that I recognized the way the tunnel and chamber were supported by huge slabs of rock. It was almost identical to what I remembered from inside the hill across the valley.

Afterwards we were almost chased back to the information centre and the souvenir shop by the main road. There I bought the map I mentioned earlier, plus a book, which told about the Celts' invasion of Ireland approx. 2300 years ago. And about how they wiped out the people who then inhabited the island. I didn't get a chance to get closer to the mysterious mound on the other side of the valley. For a little while I felt disappointed and almost cheated, until I realized that I couldn't start digging with just my fists. But I also knew that I and my young friend must return to finish the hunt one day.

## **FEMALE GENITAL MUTILATION OF GIRLS ?! WHY?**

We sat together a small group of ladies one evening, and the conversation eventually turned to the phenomenon - Female genital mutilation. What we primarily wondered was how such a bestial custom could have arisen. Such traditions do not just appear out of thin air, but must have had an apparently reasonable explanation and a mission once upon a time. Many theories were launched, but no matter how we turned and turned the problem, we were unable to find any reasonable answer, and eventually the conversation drifted to other topics.

When the guests had left and the house was cleaned, I sat down to meditate a little. And that's when I suddenly heard a voice, which seemed to be both outside me and inside my head at the same time. And the voice spoke about the background of the tradition of female circumcision. I have no idea if the information I received is the truth about what happened once upon a time, and how this impropriety arose. But I choose to trust what I heard, because the few times I have experienced something similar in the past, the information I received has always turned out to be correct afterwards. This time I have no way to verify the information I received, but I feel it is right to share with the outside world. And that I have gained knowledge about something important, which can perhaps contribute to the fact that this inhumane custom will eventually disappear, when those who practice it understand the background for what they are doing.

The voice said: - The custom of circumcising girls has existed much longer than you think. It has its roots back in a distant period of human history when extraterrestrials visited Earth regularly and had far more direct contact with humans than they have today. The people saw

them as gods, since with their advanced technology they could perform things that the people themselves could not even dream of at the time..

When the extraterrestrials had completed their tasks down here, they went on their way. (What the tasks had consisted of, the voice did not elaborate.) But the people continued to worship them as gods and waited for them to return one day, as they had promised they would. From the beginning, humans used the homes the extraterrestrials had lived in as temples, where they invoked the "gods". Later they built increasingly grander temples, hoping that it would bring the gods back. And selected girls from the villages were placed in the temples, also as "bait" and maids.

But it took some time before the "gods" returned, and then it was a village council that got the idea that perhaps it would help if the temple maids were transformed more in the image of the gods. The people still had a memory of what their gods looked like, and the most remarkable thing about their appearance was precisely the lack of visible genitalia. And thus the first female genital mutilation was carried out, - to the glory of the gods. It happened about 16,000 years ago, according to your era, in the area you later called Sumeria..

Humans have always tried to become as much like their gods as possible, although this has taken on different expressions in different places on their globe. Just look at how it was common to lace the heads of babies in South and Central America, to get a special elongated head shape. It was also originally an attempt to become more like the gods. Centuries passed, and it had long since become status among the village's leading families to sacrifice one of their daughters to the temple. From the beginning, these girls lived their whole lives in the temple, but various circumstances meant that the service in the temple was gradually limited in time.

The girls returned to their families after their time in the temple, and were married off like other girls. It was considered an honour to be able to take a former temple maid as a wife. They were sought after, and usually married very well.

Since the fact that they were circumcised was the outward sign that the girls had spent time in the temple, some cunning mothers with ambitions on behalf of their daughters had their daughters circumcised. They thought it would make them more attractive on the marriage market, even though the girls had never served in any temple. The deception worked as intended, and gradually the custom spread. At first only among the upper class, but it soon found its way out into the entire population, and eventually spread to neighboring areas, and from there on, until most of the countries in northern Africa and the Middle East were affected. But it was still largely within the upper class that it was practiced. Among other things, it was common within the Pharaoh's court in ancient Egypt. Yes, you still call a type of genital mutilation Pharaonic circumcision.

The millennia have flown by. The temples and temple maids dedicated to the extraterrestrial gods are long gone and humans have been given other gods. Even so, some cultures still cling to the old custom of female genital mutilation, even though knowledge of the original reason why the custom arose has long since disappeared into the mists of history. Now they call it culture, and do not consider the women as fullfledged women, if they are not circumcised. In other societies, where the custom was also practiced in older times, it has fortunately disappeared long ago. And now it's time for you, through the world community, to make a concerted effort to put an end to such barbaric and harmful traditions, with roots dating back thousands of years." I expect that by writing this little article, I will give anthropologists and others with academic insight into this topic a kick. But it will stand the test. ***I'm just relaying what I was told by a serious voice one evening a few months ago. And then the individual reader can decide for himself whether what the voice told is true or not.***

*berit passed away on 22 Dec 2017  
about two years after we visited her and  
she also told more about her strange  
experiences as 2 short audio files:*



Vår kjære mor, svigermor,  
bestemor og oldemor

**Berit Hestnes**

født 19. mars 1938  
reiste hjem til stjernene  
22. desember 2017

**Vegar**                      **Elisabeth**  
**Heidi**                      **Jan**

**Barnebarn og oldebarn  
Øvrig familie og venner**

Bisettes i Stalsberghagen  
lille kapell  
mandag 8. januar kl. 12.00.  
Seremonien avsluttes i  
kapellet.

Avdøde ønsket ikke blomster,  
men en gave til NHF som kan  
gis i kapellet, eller til  
kto: 1503.31.23857.

**Innrykksdato**

**Romerikes Blad**

**28-12-2017**

[https://www.alternativkanalen.com/MP3/Berit\\_Hestnes1.mp3](https://www.alternativkanalen.com/MP3/Berit_Hestnes1.mp3) og

talk from 8/5-2015. MP3 fil; [https://www.alternativkanalen.com/MP3/Berit\\_Hestnes2.mp3](https://www.alternativkanalen.com/MP3/Berit_Hestnes2.mp3)

---

[this in norwegian/denne på norsk](#)

this has been translated by David Walsh in England, who has otherwise helped with the proofreading of many of the documents on the web sites galactic.no and galactic.to (mirror)

---

**Thank you so much for all your help David!**