

The following is translated from Swedish text.

Oscar Busch's book from a century ago and timeless wisdom dictated from the other side:

“ How the destiny is interwoven or twisted together “

Great book about life and reincarnation - and cosmic fate - this book is really recommendable – but only released in the Swedish language on print/book.

Oscar Busch (1844 - 1916) was a Swedish writer who through spirit took down several books.



Like the strands of a rope are twisted (tied) together - likewise are our lives linked together, or karmic bound to each other. The many strands are symbolic for our parallel life-tracks and the people that you are destined to, are bound “in the same rope.” Note also that “the back of the rope” is symbolic of how life-threads continues into lives on the other side - through “death”, and we also see how the same treads comes up again a little further along the rope.. This is symbolic of the soul's return to this “hard school” - the so-called physical plane. The people we are especially linked to (destiny bound to), go into physical incarnation at the same time and our life-threads forms parallel courts/tracks over a period of time. Learn more about how this happens in practice via book excerpts below:

“ How the destiny is interwoven or twisted together “

This book was dictated from the “other side” about/more than 100 years ago and it says as the title reveals - how a person's destiny or fate is related logically together from life to life. What you “sow” in this life/incarnation - is “harvested” in the same- **or in the next** incarnation. Such is the law - anything that is sent out of by thoughts and actions - will return - and trigger the effect. This relationship is described by spiritual science (especially in [Martinus](#)), and this book gives a vivid picture of how this appear in practice.

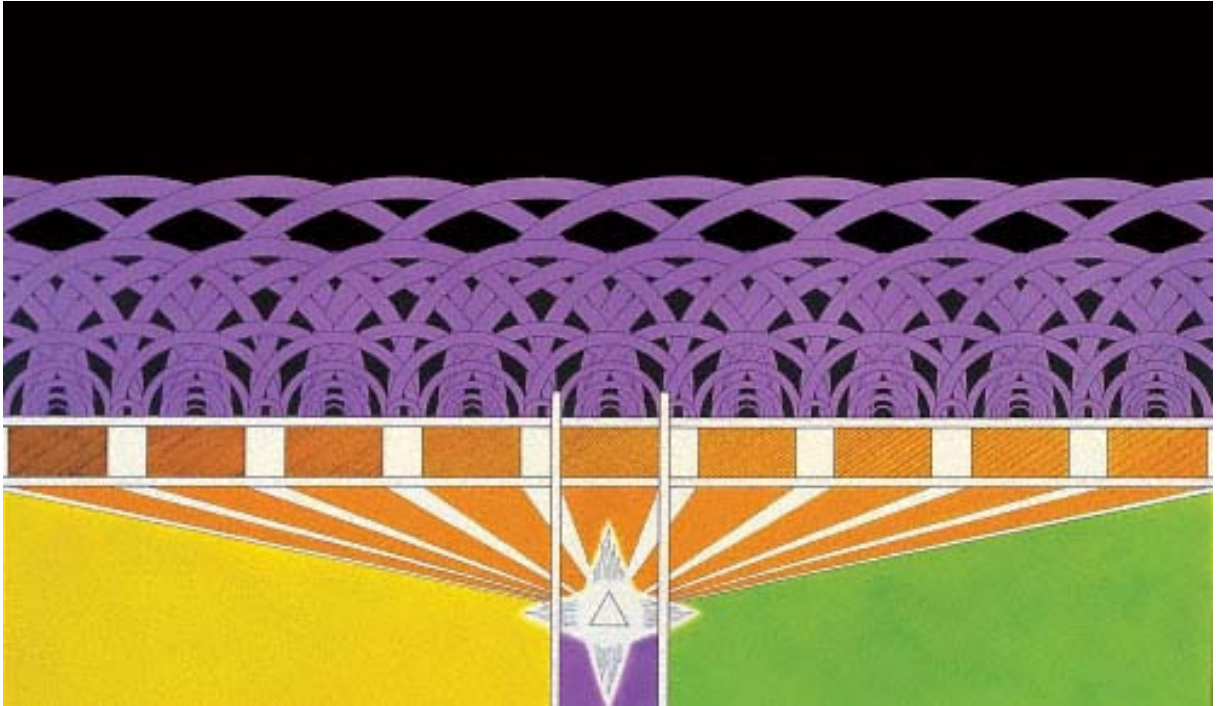


Image of Martinus' symbol of "The living being's arcs of fate" that binds the lives together - fits to insert here, regarding destiny

Oscar Busch (1844-1916) had an excellent receptivity for messages from the other side - the book is very vivid and fully in line with the "laws of fate"/destiny that the cosmic / spiritual science describes.

Introduction to this Oscar Busch's book: " How the destiny is interwoven or twisted together "

"Pagan time"

The first chapter begins with how the main character was born in today's area outside the Swedish town of Uppsala at the time when Christianity began to spread among the "Gentiles" in the Nordic countries. His name in that life was "Grane" - and he was a stubborn and abusive person, who soon came in conflict with his brother Ulf - who was more of a "dreamer" - a more sensitive human being.

They also had a foster sister - Magnhild - as Grane later fell in love with - but she preferred his brother Ulf. This triggered Grane to hate his brother - and they soon became mortal enemies.

When both parents were dead, Grane took over the farm and the other brother Ulf had also soon moved out. Grane as old, became withdrawn and angry/nagging, and lived alone on the farm. ULF, the brother had married, and now lived on the neighboring farm, and they soon came into conflict about boundaries between the farms.



illustration of Grane and Ulf – the brothers and half sister Magnhild – in Swedish “Viking time” and these three would be tied to each other during several of their coming lifetimes/incarnations.

Grane planned to kill his brother in secrecy, but before the plan was put into action, his own farm burned down. He immediately suspected his brother to be the guilty one, and swore revenge. He had heard that Ulf was absent from his farm the night his house burned down, which he took as a sign of guilt: that his brother was a pyromaniac or arsonist. He gathered together some farm workers and a late night they crept up on his brother’s estate. – To their surprise they were expected - they were met with axes and swords, and it was a fierce battle before both brothers and many others were dead.

In chapter 2 the story tells how Grane was filled with hatred which followed him into his death. He woke up and found himself in a dark and painful world “on the other side.” To this world humans is attracted and pulled towards, by “magnetic” influence, into the same dimension/”thought- level world-” - as one passes over with. As a consequence, after death, Grane came to a cruel and negative world – analogous or in sync with, his own hatred.

Like so many others who are ignorant about death - and how death is influenced by the life you have just left, he had by thoughts of hatred and fear created a separate “mental prison”, on the other side, as the Danish “seer” Martinus calls it. ([link to his book on this theme online/Googlebook, translated](#)). ([alternativePDF](#))

Well - “hell” is real enough for those who are thought-trapped in the coarse frequency region - in the lower astral planes - where these “worlds” are real as long as the ignorance remains, he is there in his own captivity – his own prisoner. But it is no “physical place”, - though what we call the “physical” is also only one (albeit very slow) vibratory matter zone.

Foreword of the invisible author

There was a time when even I thought that earth life encompassed both the beginning and end of life, or whether it also possibly was a misty future in a misty world beyond the earthly, however, it could not be any question of pre-existence. Least I could believe that evolution - if you were hoping for one - would bring us back to earth again to undergo life after life. Such a thing had neither religion or philosophy, not science given any indication about. The earthly life, people thought, was the only tangible real in life; what might come afterwards was shrouded in impenetrable darkness.

It was therefore with much surprise, I awakened here in a brighter world for a life just as real, but much more diverse and eventful than the one I left. It was with an indescribable joy I here met the friends who have gone before me through the gate of death, and it was for myself a miracle that I almost immediately felt so at home in this new world, as if it were my true fatherland, my real home. It cleared to me, that I first have to mention, I was a citizen of this realm, on an entirely different plane than the physically tangible, that I had old relations since time immemorial, and that my earthly life had only been one episode, a pilgrimage in a dark and bleak world.

Eventually cleared also memories from long ago past times and I could like in vibrant images see, I've been on earth before, not once - but many times. There is also here in a large archive something that can be likened to protocols or diaries - recorded by my own hand from all these previous lives.

short and incomplete admittedly, but enough to (make the) clue for the newly awakened memory. Those - I have under my Spirit protection, of rising interest studied, and they have told me flatly many obscure riddles of existence.

They have given me the answer to many 'why's, that the 'earth-life' could not give me. They have come to me so to discern, and UNDERSTAND, the tender care, the loving guidance, that we all enjoy. The righteousness and wisdom, which marks the divine world governing.

I have also gained an insight into, or at least an idea of - what infinity of forces, this world governing have to its disposal, to do this holy will in force. ("by an act of Providence", 'thanks to Providence'.)

And how it also - for the fulfillment of its purposes, has an infinity of time. Therefore it never miss the goal.

The being we call God, is for us utterly inconceivable, but 'he' reveals 'himself' in all things created/(physical existing). In the smallest straw on ground as well as in deep space, blazing suns, and especially in our own trembling hearts - we see the works. And in such (acts) as pure love, wisdom and power.

No one can, from here where I now stand - looking out over existence, but be filled with cheers, thankfully.

Filled with this gratitude, I would like to try to describe a few scattered extracts out of my own existence, including a few of my earthly lives and interim periods on the astral plane. This done so to my earthly readers, through a concrete case, might have a vivid picture of developments and insights - how logical everything is shaped from life to life. But also how slowly it all - in consequences of our own reluctance, creeps forward.

Perhaps my story could even be of help to someone still in earthly life - - struggling neighbors. It is logic that I cannot - in this narrow framework - deliver any whole or coherent depiction of a life course. As this, covering a thousand years of earthly era, I must confine myself to subscribe only to the most important episodes. As those affected by my relation to the brother, I so deeply wronged, and the two women, so powerfully contributed to my development.

As I also want to talk about my last earthly life, which is so close to our time, I do it in fictitious names and partly external conditions, because I for the sake of still-living relatives, should not be tracking those, or my own person to search conclude my identity.

My simple story does not claim any artistic value; secondly, it is the first time I try myself as a writer, and my pen is not as flexible as I would like.

From time immemorial

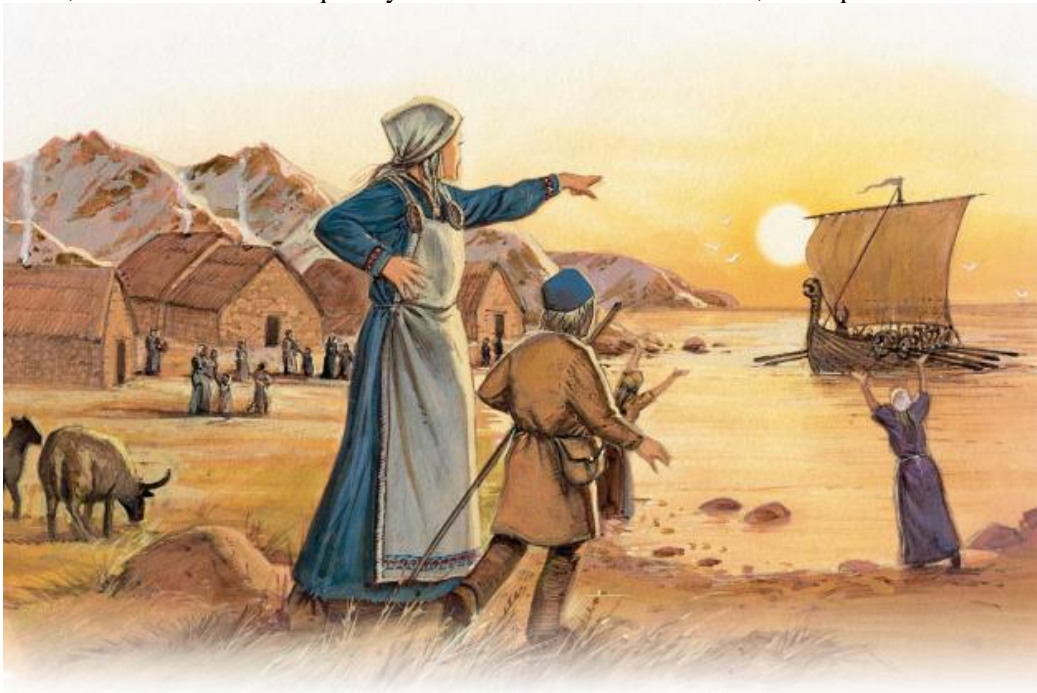
I go back to the time when Nordics Christianity was first preached to the Gentiles. Yes, pagans we have called them, however, was their religion a better expression of their spiritual requirements, than the new, and for those so strange doctrine of the White Christ, which was partly by fire and sword, forced on them.

Though Christianity eventually became the dominant religion, continued for many generations the old pagan rituals - at first openly then secretly. Because the church was strict to those still warshipping, sacrificed to their old gods. People hid away in mountain caves or in the darkness of the forest for the undisturbed exercise of the cults, lessons learned from ancestors and which went on more by habit and power of tradition, than of real conviction.

I was one of those who opposed the new doctrine. Son of an old allodium/ peasant family, which through many generations possessed the same farm, I was brought up in the old ancestral customs, as non should be broken. Though they were fighting against what the Church and society called 'the law'. This fueled in me a defiant and hard temper, which from childhood was in my blood.

When I was 12, my father died, and I - as the eldest son - became the owner of the large well-built estate with its many infields and large forests. It was located in the Upland - not far from the old Upsal. ([historisk info](#)) ([english](#))

My mother Sigyn, who was a stern and strict woman, planed the spire during my childhood to hardness, and let me not infrequently feel that a violation of her bid, came punishment.



I had a brother named Ulf and a sister named Thora. Also, we had a foster sister, a distant relative, who was orphaned early and therefore was treated as your own child; she was named Magnhild. My name was Grane Ulfson.

One of my earliest memories is the funeral for my father. Relatives and friends were gathered from far and wide. There was a violent quarrel about his legs would be added at the stake by ancient custom or buried, as the new doctrine supporters claimed. I stood beside the mother and heard how sharp words were exchanged on both sides, until finally the mother banged his fist on the table and explained the legal age tons, yet had none of her family put in soil and so would neither be done with old Ulf. So was prepared a bonfire; and we kids thought it was literally that, behold, the flames hit high in the sky. When a few years later the strict mother Sigyn died, and she also burned during the great honors, for she was as honorable as feared and no one dared to even put the question, she would be grave. Now I was alone lord of the farm and had besides brother and sisters to mourn for a numerous crowd

of household.

Ulf was bound and dreamy, but sluggish for all kinds of work. He went happily on the hunt and could be long gone. He ran into the woods usually alone, but then he could blow the horn or sing so that it echoed in the woods. Often he slept under the stars.

Thora was diligent and prompt in all the chores, but rarely saw her happy, she had so long been under the pressure of her strict mother, that it took all her pleasure. Magnhild were of lighter mood, much beloved and cheerful. It stood as a shimmer of sun light around her curly head. She was the only one who had no power over me, domineering and cold as I was.

I went and brooded over, if I should marry her, but I noticed well that her heart rather stood to Ulf, who did nothing back, but I came instead to hate Ulf.

The memories from this time are so dim and unreal to me, but a few things have burned in with firmer contours.

It was in the autumn, when the grain was harvested. Ulf had been away for several days hunting. Finally, he came home with his bow over one shoulder and a heavy burden of all sorts of wild/games over the other. He threw their prey on the floor and wiped the sweat from his forehead. Sister Thora erupted in admiration for this, as he let it down. But I was angry, and went out with harsh words to him - he did not keep home and take part in the harvest work, but ran like a wild man in the woods. It came to a hard quarrel between us, and it might not have ended good, if not Magnhild, our foster sister, had thrown herself between and separated us. From that moment, Ulf and I were foes.

Magnhild joined to Ulf, but he did not care much about her, and when he finally got married to another, she took the first who wooed and moved to a small farm further north. Ulf had with his wife received a good farm, but its fields was bordering to mine. When Magnhild moved, it was as if my good genius departed from me, I became even more harsh and unfeeling. To our household, I was a stern master. The neighbors feared and avoided me as much as they could. Sister Thora thrived no longer with me, so she moved to Ulf. Now I was all alone on my farm, but had some workers/thralls.

So it happened one day that Ulf and I met in the field. He went and stepped inside my land.

- ***What are you doing here!!? I asked. Stay on your own side and do not go stepping into my crop – that is what I advise you!***

- I go and look how far you have plowed your furrows over on my side. This piece is mine, he said, and waved his hand.

- If you do not remove from here, I shall throw you over the trench.

- Go rather home and hide in the bed straw, he replied. Here you have nothing to do.



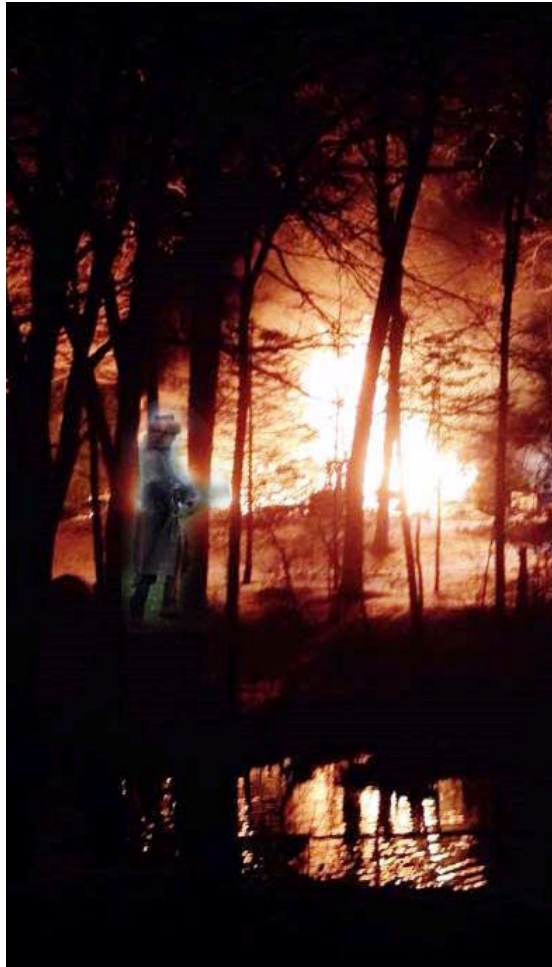
Now my blood was boiling over, I could not control myself. With a leap I rushed forward and stabbed him in the throat. It came to violent wrestling, which ended with felling him to the ground. Bloody and injured he stumbled home, but I knew that now was the battle between us to really begin.

I went home and laid plans with thrall Argrim, which was my only confidant, on how we could kill Ulf, so that no one could know who did it. We decided to wait a while longer till the last quarrel was forgotten, so the suspicion should not immediately be against me.

Autumn went and winter came. One night I was awakened by alarms and screams. Argrim, who slept outside the doorstep of my house, came in and called out; the farm is burning!!

Ulf! was my first thought, but now was not time for long queries, had to save what could be saved, because the fire crackled already in the rafters. I gathered some weapons and jewelry, which had long

been passed down within the family, and hurried half suffocated by smoke out of the house. In next moment the roof fell apart, and the flames rose like a huge pillar of fire up against the dark night sky. I was saved, and all my household, but all my goods had been burned inside and we stood in the middle of winter without shelter.



Magnhild and her husband, came visiting after the accident, riding and offered me hospitality at their farm until a new house was erected. But I declined the incident; I and my people could probably salvage us in the outhouse, the fire spared.

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- I'm pondering on who the arsonist is, I replied. But then my eyes must have sparkled with hatred, for Magnhild became pale with fright. Surely she sensed, who I was thinking of.

- I adjure you by the White Christ, she said, and threw her arms around my neck, making him no harm! He is innocent!

- *of that you know very little, I replied.*

- do not make yourself unhappy!

- *It becomes my business. To be suffocated by hatred is rather no joy.*

So they rode home to their farm. I stood a long time looking after them. Had Magnhild been my wife, or had I just followed their invitation, much evil and suffering had been avoided.

-It heard later, that Ulf the night when my farm burned, been far from home on journey to Sigtuna, but nevertheless I was certain that HE instigated the fire. I was certain, that now he should die!! I armed my men, who were not late, when it came to take revenge on arsonists, and so we crept one night to the neighboring farm.

It looked as if we had been expected, because at first alarm - were all men on legs and fully equipped. It was a hot battle, many men fell on both sides. Finally stood Ulf and I face to face - each with battle-ax in hands. I was tall and strong, he was fast and smooth. He slipped away from my stab, I defended myself for his, but soon I pushed him towards a corner and dropped him with a sharp stab to ground. A moment later -I fell dead by a spear in the back. So ended this horrible brother dispute, which later would have such far-reaching consequences.



II

In the cleansing fire

“I woke up in one of the world’s deepest and darkest realms. What I experienced there was agonizing suffering. It is difficult to describe, and too embarrassing memories to be drawn up again in “the now”. Thousand years that have passed and of course the veil of the relative obscurity of the horrors I then felt is not clearly remembered, and I am reluctant to expose them more than that to the context of my story.

It took long before I got a clear understanding that I had actually left the earth. At first I thought that I was locked up in some dark prison because I had killed my brother, but wondered why no one came to ask me to account for my sins. Alone I sat there and moaned. I cried, but no one answered. I tried to crawl around in the dark, but the darkness did not budge, for everywhere I was caged in by ,



over which muddy water trickled down. There was a large flat rock there which was comparatively dry. It served as my couch where I rolled up and tried to sleep, but no rest came. As soon as I closed my eyes, a voice cried in my mind: “Ulf arsonist, a fire killer!” As soon I woke all the furies of hatred was raging in my chest.

Sometimes there came over me a feeling of disgust at my own thoughts. At such times I seemed to discern a human being who came creeping up to me. He was enveloped in a dark coat and had a broad hat pulled down over his forehead so that I could not see his features.

- - “What do you want?” I asked.
- - “I want to help you, Grane,” he replied.
- - “Who are you?”
- - “Your brother Ulf.”
- .- “I know you are lying, because he is dead! I have myself killed him!”
- - “You were killed too. Don’t you realize that you are dead too?”
- - “Who are you stranger, who seem to know me?”

Instead of responding, he took out from under his cloak a lantern which he held up to his face.

- “Ulf! Ulf!” I shouted. “What would you do to me? Once I have taken your life and can do it again. Get thee hence! ??? Away from me!”

With these words I rushed at him and had most likely given him a beating, if I had not at that moment been thrown to the ground by one, for me, invisible higher power.

I felt I was tied at hands and feet, and had sensation of falling with dizzying speed. I had no idea where I was – and where I was falling to.



Finally, the speed slowed and I felt I stood on solid ground. It was a horrible place I ended up in - a real hell. The air was thick with fetid exhalation. The ground was slippery with clotted blood, and the heat was unbearable. It was not as dark as my last place, and the light was as red flames passing over me. The whole country looked like a fire ravaged wilderness. I was so horrible it cannot be imagined in your wildest dreams. I was not alone. All around me I saw creatures showing pain and rage. They had contorted facial features crawling around. Some wailed, others cried out, only a few were quiet and seemed to sleep.

(link to [video](#) on a similar 'story' (for [ipad-link](#) on this theme + [more](#)) (in the astral the surroundings are 'partly immediate' created by the people living in that particular matter-vibration/frequency-level zone, according to the spiritual science of [Martinus](#), and as other research confirms. rø-rem.)



from the film NOSSO LAR / astral city, where the "dead doctor" André Luiz first experience this on the other side; the purification and life-review pulls him first down to the "hell-levels"

It was the implacable hatred-world I had arrived at, one of the divine world's big "love- purifying-stoves", where even the hardest crust of hatred eventually are melted, and the slag from the fire being spooned from the more noble "metal". How long you have to dwell in such a purgatory, depends entirely on yourself. The moment you let go of hatred and regret your mistakes, ... you are free, and pass immediately with a friendly

caregiver to another and lighted world.

Let no one misunderstand this so, - that the horrific conditions is not intended as torture, to extort the debt-ridden confession - no understanding could be more mistaken. No, the external environment is everywhere on the astral plane, only the outer reflection of their inner state, in which he similar has abode. And it is the inner state, which is hell itself. It is the no-remorse state, that make the inner torture, and who do not let the guilty rest. It is his vain efforts to quiet the inner voice which forces him sighs, lamentations and anguish cries. It's from inside that ultimately impulse comes, that at last bends his stiff knees and acknowledge his own debt.

The sufferings of the unfortunate person is thus at the forefront of the psychological nature, they are the consistent verdict of his own evil - and likewise the easiest possible means to his salvation. But though the final impetus to submission must come from the unhappy self, he is not, however, left without the influence and support of others. An enormous amount of love-apostles, who do not spare any sacrifice to save these unfortunate brothers and sisters.



Without fear of the horrors and dangers to which they expose themselves, they go bravely down even in the deepest hells, and preach the gospel of love for the captives. But, alas, they can do so little, they are able to barely make themselves fully heard, from the poor unfortunates of rough and dull minds, and their words often die unheard. Very well done, however, that these brave missionaries and they are many, by listening to their touching prayers,

get rescued earlier than would otherwise achieved - to peace and reconciliation. (Example [this book](#))

"How long I dwelt down there, how long I endured my inner torment before I had the power to bow in humble submission, I do not know, but it was an incredible time, which then seemed like an eternity - and that certainly in the underground region, can not be estimated at less than a century. It is terrible how hate can bind their victims, but the suffering it causes is - thank God! - even stronger. There is a purifying power that no one can resist forever. It is the spirit, the divine spark in our innermost being which turns into despair and do not leave us in peace until he can destroy the limiting bonds, whose ties of hatred and sin, makes us suffer our own hell. But it was necessary to go thru this "purifying-fire", from where we shall come out purified and free.

SO - a time came for my liberation. I had heard a moving sermon given by a bright man

(being/spirit), who often visited us. He came up to me and put his hand on my head. I sobbed violently. It shook my whole body, and there were hot tears of anguish, which melted the ice around my heart. The crying did not stop but turned into convulsive sobs. He caressed me a few times from head to feet, and I fell asleep.

When I again opened my eyes, I found myself in an entirely different country. Although this place had quite difficult conditions. It had a deep twilight and a grey-cold climate, but were a solace compared to those I left behind. Here I began to live under strict overseers.

(again; just as told in some "similar" narrative; in book mentioned [above](http://galactic.no/rune/nassoLar_astralCity_1.htm) + similar in for example this: http://galactic.no/rune/nassoLar_astralCity_1.htm -).

It was a severe hard work, that I can not really describe, but which is most comparable to the work down in the mines on earth. I, who never had participated in the work on my farm, - I had thought myself too good, and there down in the hell realms, was condemned to inaction, now grasped eagerly this work, which for me was a relief after the inner/outer pains I suffered. Here, I lived over a long period, a relatively decent life though monotonous and heavy. One day my guardian came and told me to follow him, - it was someone who wanted to talk to me. I dropped my hoe and went with him.

In our barrack stood the stranger and waited. Imagine my surprise when I recognized Ulf. He had come, he said, to beg me for forgiveness because he burned my farm. The prayer had weighed on his mind ever since he had come to realize how badly he acted, he also had it on his mouth when we first met, but did not get the opportunity to express it. Since then, he had not until now been authorized to look to me up. - What could be your debt to me, I said, handing him my hand. Can you forgive me all the evil I have done to you?

- *Dear Grane, he said, you have suffered more than your works are worth. I have nothing to forgive, but I have here with me a blank check for you. You have now finished your investigation in this cold and inaccessible world and get to follow me to where I have my home. Then, to my great joy, heard that you were ready down here, I begged my permission to be the one to show you the way up to us.*

So we followed. He brought me up to a slightly brighter sphere, where I could live with him. I had made available two large beautiful rooms, where the sun was shining in the morning. What it was good to see the sun. The landscape outside my house was not very beautiful; it was a large cultivated field with no trees, but the sun, oh what it was great to see the sun, which I have not seen for nearly two centuries!

Here I had to start going to school. Good spirits, which actually belonged to a higher sphere than ours, took care of me and gave me the kind of education I needed. But here I had to work, though not as heavy as before, I had to help in agriculture, which seemed to be people's main occupation. Everyone was kind to me and I had it so well, I could ever wish for.

The memory of that distant time has so faded that I can not read them except in general terms. But the episode has carved itself into my memory. That's when my foster sister came and sought me out. I was busy on the ground to clear away weeds. Tired of crawling on all fours, I stood and stretched his back. Then I saw a female creature coming towards me, but she was unlike the women who lived in our sphere, she was brighter and more beautiful, and she almost flew/soared over the rugged land,

where the rest of us walked with heavy steps. At first I did not recognize her, but when she stretched out both arms towards me and said, "Grane, I'm glad to finally meet you!" then I understood that it was Magnhild.

Picture-idea of how the Grane working heavily 'on the earth' at a lower astral plane and are visited by former acquaintances Magnhild, who came as a kind of messenger from a higher level - with a more luminous aura around her ... She wanted to help him.



She told me that she had had inner discomfort of the hatred we two brothers harbored against each other, and that she had so many times, but always unsuccessfully - tried to get close to me and make herself visible to me, while I dwelt down there in the horrible darkness. It had caused her such great difficulties and inconveniences to come into the hell realm, where she knew I existed, and then to walk around there, searching for me. It had nearly exceeded her powers. Finally, she had found me, but could not make herself known. She'd finally had to give up doing something for me.

- *But, she said, luckily there was one that was stronger than me and also so full of compassion for you, that he never let you out of sight, but used every opportunity to blow on the flames of remorse, which, like a small hot coals was deeper under pet of your soul in a stifling ash pile of hatred and hardness, he kept me always knowledgeable about, what happened to you, and finally, he came with good tidings, that you were saved. Since then I wanted to come to you, but was not permitted to visit you until now.*

We went to my home. There, we talked long together of everything I had to endure, all that I suffered. Finally, I suggested a curiosity about how long I would stay where I was. Then she answered, that I may soon have to go down to earth again, where being reborn as a small child.

This I could not quite understand, but she said that otherwise I could never arrive at any real happiness; it was what her spiritual leader had told her. Although she had initially found it difficult to understand this talk of a rebirth in the world of matter, - now she had just witnessed, how her foster mother, after long and great suffering, finally, agreed to go into the matter to undergo a new life and so being born as a little child in the same area where she lived as the strict mother Sigyn.

This took me deep, I took Magnhilds hand and asked her to talk more about how this was possible, and how to behave, if I you wanted to go that way.

- *Do not ask me, she said, I'm so ignorant and stand alone wondering and trembling before such a fate, as also must be mine.*

When we then went together to Ulf, who worked in a different place, although he was at first very surprised at the strange talk about the rebirth of the earth, but he gradually became acquainted with this thought. And some time later, he was determined to go that route. I remember how he and became numb, and one day he was gone. Wherever he went, I could never discover.

I long fought against an inner feeling which urged me to follow him, for I guessed that the life down there waiting for me would be full of trials and hardships, but finally, I could not resist the voice in my mind. I gave myself up, though not with any joy, but with free will and a vague hope of being able to make up some of what I - in my former life - had been violated.

So I also walked the strange way down in the world of trials, to atone, but oh how weak was not the driving force of this my decision. I was more afraid than I was strengthening; I was more puzzled than I was ready. I followed an inner call, which attracted me, but I did not know why, but I had no idea where it carried me. So it happened that after nearly 400 years staying in the spirit world's lowest spheres, I was again a little child on Earth.



Next chapter is "A lock of her hair"

III

A lock of her hair

I was born this time in Sweden, it was the King Waldemar's time. My father was of the king's relatives had by birth and riches more than by personal merits, gained a prominent position in society. From him I have hardly any memory. He was most out there on battles and was killed in a war with the Danes.

It was actually my mother, who led my upbringing, but no one may therefore think that I became a pampered mother pig. She was a harsh and heartless woman. Even at the age of fifteen, I got by her own hand, taste the "behind smacking". This made – of my nature - fierce temper, defiant and wild. Now when I compare my youth then and during my last earthly life, I can not otherwise than to amaze me at how much similarity of these two periods.

*(comment- logic in the light of the 'repetition principle' [*footnote](#), as Martinus 'saw it to be" as a cosmic principle – in force for ALL. Rø.).*

It seemed to me as if I had not taken a step forward in my development. The same hard mind, controlled me - yet, notwithstanding all that I suffered, and the same stringent treatment I received even now beginnings. This was perhaps not so strange, because I had the same mother as last time, and mother Sigyn with all her faults and virtues, 'came back' as the equally influential as stringent Martha. It is strange to see how external conditions and circumstances are repeated from life to life -I have seen it with others than with me. (again – pure logic acc.to 'repetition principle' mentioned just above, from Martinus. Rø-comment.) Perhaps to imagine it appear that a certain part of one's karma has not had time to be drawn up in one life but must be done again under similar circumstances in a subsequent life, until the part is completed.



←*King Waldemar's time as picture search on google*

Even now my mother died early, and barely twenty, I took - as the only son - the great estate in possession. I had been given - one by the demands of the time then – a good education in all knightly sports; the bookish knowledge however, was bad. One of my first doings, I need in shame tell. It was a beautiful spring morning that year, I had taken

over the farm. With the bow over my shoulder, I went far and wide in the woods after the game. In a glade far away, I saw something that moved. I crept closer in thought, it could be a prey, but it was only a few goats, which went into grassland. I was going to turn back the other way, then some clear horn songs pulled me closer. The shepherd sat on a rock and played horns. She was fair with rosy cheeks and golden hair, who stood like a halo on her head.

She was a little startled when I came out of the woods, but calmed down when she saw that I was not any road/path robber.

- What is your name my beautiful troll-girl? I asked.

- My name is Gudrun, she replied, but not a troll, I'm just shepard maid as you can see.

- Is that your goats?

- Yes, indeed, and my fathers.

- And who's your father?

- He's a strict master, and we live over there on the ridge in the cottage you can see where it rises a blue smoke out of the chimney. He has come home now and put on the stove. I must hurry home and find out the midday meal.

- Will you be every day here with your goats?

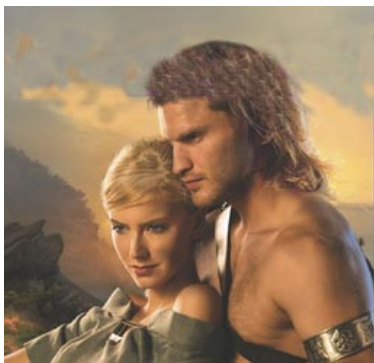
- No, not always. When there is bad weather we stay at home, and for the rest, we also operate in other directions. But who are you, yourself, asking so much?

- A young knight, seeking a bridesmaid.
- Are you a real knight, you are the first person I've met.
- And you're the girl I'm looking for.
- I think not. I fits badly to such a beautiful knight.
- Self are you far fairer, though you do not know about it.
- But coarce clothes and golden spurs do not go hand in hand.
- That thing can be helped. Meet me here tomorrow and I will give you a golden hairpin, such as the bridesmaids have in Kings Hall.

Until now had her eyes shone of joy of life, but now she became serious.

- Do not hurt me, knight, I am a poor maid and ask not to be otherwise.

I took her waist, pulled her to me. and pressed a kiss on those hot lips. She let herself be taken, she lay for a moment on my chest, then she tore herself away from me and ran away.



It is easy to understand that we met again not one but several times. At first, I had the honest intention to take her to wife, and saved not on promises of it, but not the promises of rank and wealth that attracted her, it was her newly awakened pure love she gave me so completely, so without any ulterior motives. She knew nothing about the world, she knew nothing about the dangers lurking around her, she went to our meetings so secure, so certain, only they does, who is passed by a large and strong feeling.

How much different had not been my fate turns out, if I remained faithful to the affection I felt for this good girl, so richly endowed with both heart and head. But my lower nature prevailed. Pride inside whispered, do not take you with her at your side, gain access to King Waldemar's hoof, where your heart are. Separate yourself from her soon, she's just a hindrance.

Shame on me! - That was what I did. I stroked her out, as one obliterates a miscalculation. Well, I heard roundabout, she had been giving birth to a child, but I did nothing for her and she never sought me up. She knew hardly know who I was, I had never told her my name and surely had she never researched for me. ***So ended this ugly deed, that yet after many centuries makes redness of shame on my cheeks.***



I really came to King Waldemar's hoof; (picture) from afar, I was of course his friend. There was conducted a cheerful and funny life because the king surrounded himself with happy young knights and beautiful maidens, who entered the dance late into the night. But no one could compete in beauty with the lovely Ingegerd. From the first moment I saw her, I was seized with a longing, that I have not felt before. I was enchanted by her, I wanted to get her, bring she as a wife into my yard. But I was not the only one who sought her favor. There were at court also a fellow, Erik, who was very superior in many respects. He had received his education in Germany and was able to both interpret scripture, engrave on parchment and play the lute. He wrote poems and sang languorous love songs, by which he twisted the heads on the court beauties. In sports however, I was his superior. Virgin Ingegerd was me at first well open, but I also saw to my indignation how she was enchanted by Erik's songs.

So it happened that one evening, when the court was gathered to play and joke, that Junker Erik was asked to compose a song for the girl, he put the highest price at. We sat around a big log fire in the hall, it was a cold winter day. He was lying on a bearskin on the floor and plucked lute, we waited

in silent expectation. So he got up and started singing. I still remember the words, which formed the refrain of the ballad:

”Who of all bridesmaids beauty is worth the price, if not the noble maiden Ingegerd.
I am your guard!”

Ingegerd sat on a stool in front of the fire, I sat as far to the side, that the shadow hid me. I could therefore watching her unseen, and I saw the flames on her cheeks steps to catch up with flames of fire. While I sat there and drilled my eyes at her, I swore myself an oath, I must own her, even it would cost blood.

When the singer fell silent, broke out acclaim. Both Erik and Ingegerd were everyone’s favourites. Many shouting into the mouth of another, “he will have a reward - a beautiful reward, he must have”. And so they turned to the king, he would sentence. There was silence in the courtroom.

- I think, said King Waldemar, that Junker Erik need yet another string to his instrument, let him twist it a curl from virgin Ingegerd’s hair.

Again a cheer murmur. But now darkness fell upon my eyes. I rushed out.

A few days later I met Ingegerd alone on a trail in the woods. She had rosy cheeks and snow in the hair, which stuck out under the cap, but those beautiful eyes shone not like before.

- Where do you go so lonely virgin? I asked politely. You do not fear robbers? The woods are not safe.

- I feel no fear, when I go to the holy God mothers chapel, but will you follow me and pray for my soul, and I thank you.

- You talk as if you were in purgatory.

- Yes, no better, I have not been well, since Junker Erik went away with some of my beautiful hair. I am so saddened, but what could I do - it was the king’s command.

- I shall require it back to you, as sure as I am called Ake Algotson.

- you can not, because Junker Erik travelled this morning – and where, he did not say. And you know what he said when we parted, “with this I drag you after me.” He laughed and cried at the same time. He was so strange that I’ve never seen him before.

She suddenly became quite sobering and went for a while silently at my side.

- Knight’s Ake, she said finally, do you think it can be no witchcraft in it, that he have some of my hair?

- How do you mean?



- Do you think that binds?

- No one can know where the devil has his ways, but if so, I know a safe medium.

- What?

- Give me a lock from the other side of your head, and I will fight to the blood to ...

A tinkling laughter interrupted my bravado.

- No, now you were too wise sir knight, she said mockingly.

How would it be of me, poor child, if two cavaliers tearing my hair in opposite directions.

I felt a little flat and was silent.

We had reached a steady stream, which despite the cold, was still open and put an obstacle in our way. She looked hesitantly around.

- *Would you carry me over, knight Ake? she said in a friendly voice.*

- Nothing would rather be, I replied, bent down and lifted her by my arms, lightly as if she were a baby bird. She threw both arms around my neck. There was a shiver of unutterable bliss through my entire being. Why must I put her down again on the other shore? Why did I not carry her so, throughout all her life?

- *Thank you! she said softly and squeezed my hand.*

- *Fine Ingegerd, I said, and knelt on the side; be mine, and by all the saints I will, find your hair-lids.*

She leaned down and kissed my forehead.

IV

When the dagger is loose in its sheath

Need I say that it was Magnhild (from last/ former life) I had met in Ingegerd's person and that Erik was not anyone other, than my former brother Ulf.

The following spring was our wedding, and I was both proud and glad when I got to bring the same high-born as fair virgin Ingegerd, as house wife home to my farm. So far, so well, but now it was to fulfil the promise I so dearly had sworn. I was driven thereto not only by the sanctity of the promise, but even more of jealousy.

Ingegerd often blurt out words, which suggested she secretly went and thought of the man, who wore some of her hair. She was heavy tempered and sealed. Was it magic that bound her? This thought gave me no rest; but where could I find him? I had just lost his tracks.

However, the political situation had undergone a major change. In the same year we got married, did the king's brothers, the Dukes Magnus and Erik, rebelled against their crowned brother. At the head of a Danish army they beat his vanguard at Hofva and [Waldemar](#) had to - from the kingdom and crown - flee to Norway. Magnus had himself proclaimed as king and now stood before his coronation in Uppsala.

Although we did not belong to his court, we wanted to join to show that we - by any party inside, stood against him. There were many people gathered. In kings house was held, after the coronation a great feast, and there were also we invited. Everything was solemn and stiff, it was not as in Waldemars days. When the party had continued for a while, stood a man on the other end of the hall, snapped on a lute and began to sing.

- *It was him!*
- Ingegerd became pale as a linen, and I had to bite my lip to keep still. When he had finished, he came up to us; he had while he was singing, caught sight of Ingegerd.*
- *Well, I knew that we would see each other again, he said deeply steering at for her - he had not seen me yet - I wear by my heart a talisman, which I sometimes receive bids through, from the one who brought it before me.*
- Ingegerd was so upset that she could not utter a word. Then I stood up.*
- *Your talisman seems not to be well informed, I said emphatically in my voice when he has not been able to tell, that Ingegerd is now my wife.*
- *Sorry sir knight, but my talisman has nothing to tell about you, he replied in a pointed tone.*
- *God's cross! Give me back what you carry by your heart, or at Saint Peter name, I tear it away from you, even if it would also tear with the heart!*

It came to a violent altercation, which turned into a scuffle. I grabbed my rival for the chest and would soon have put him on the floor, unless the other guests hurried to and separate us. The commotion attracted a general resurrection and from the high seat heard the king's stern voice:

- Is there anyone who disturbs the peace of the king's hallway, he shall go away, before my hand is used against him.

I was literally thrown out of the farm and had to alone return to our place. Into the kings room I dared not return.

Ingegerd soon came after. Ashamed and heartbroken over what has happened, she wanted that we should immediately do our return trip. But I had decided to stay, to once again see my rival in the face. Early the following morning I crept disguised into the city and hit my promise at the royal mansion. Of a squire in the king's entourage, I found out where Erik lived. He followed the hof as a memory singer, and had his room in the loft. I went boldly on and asked as I was a peasant who had important news to tell.

I was let in, but I was not barely inside the door, until I ran on my opponent. He had immediately recognized me and snatched a sword that hung on the wall. I myself had only a dagger in the girdle. It came to a furious fencing, where I ended up badly wounded in the right arm, and sank down. People flocked to, and I was carried out and thrown into prison, as I - for the second time - had broken the kings peace.

There I sat now in a cold and damp dungeon and had plenty of time to ponder my temerity, but it could not be undone.

King Magnus was mightily displeased; and had not Ingegerd and a friend of her, who was the king's confidante, put out for me, so probably had my head dropped. Now I had to serve my sentence with three years of hard prison.

Ingegerd I saw only once during that time, it was shortly after my judgment had fallen. She had asked to speak to me, but just had nothing to say, she was taciturn and strange. I had expected that she would cry and be heartbroken, but she was still and silent, sat with downcast eyes and stared straight ahead. When I asked if she wanted to be faithful to me in the three years, I should sit inside, she answered very quietly: "I will try", but it was as if she had been talking to herself. Only when she was to leave, it was as if she noticed me. She fell on my neck and sobbed: "Ake Ake Why did you do this to me? I'm so scared ... so scared, lonely as I am. Never will I get peace ... never!"

When I became free again and returned to my farm, I was met there by the news that Ingegerd had disappeared. She was away from home, only accompanied by a faithful servant, for, as she said, visit her parents. But there was rumored that she had never been there. Her disappearance was shrouded in a strange mystery. The general feeling was that she and her servant, were victims of the robbers, who made the roads unsafe.

I went and brooded over her fate. Was she dead, or had she sought out the lute-player and thrown herself into his arms? True, no one had seen them together, but he had the talisman that drew her. A voice inside me said that he was the wife-robber, but how to be sure, and where could I find them? Then it was someone who told me that on the ridge lived an old woodcutter, who was lucid, he was able to track down lost things and cattle. It was at the time not so unusual and was therefore also not so strange. I sent for Him. He sat long silent in the corner, holding a piece of clothing, which Ingegerd had had, pressed it against his forehead. Finally he began to speak. He told how he saw her journey; it had gone first to Linköping, where she was taken into an old shelter. Here, she had masked as a an and then with the servant as a body guard, ridden through the south gate. They had ridden a few hours on the main road and then turned aside to the right on a narrow road, but there he had difficulty following their trail, and soon he lost them completely out of sight.

I became impatient.

- You must follow her on. Can you look her up and say where she is, so you get an ample recompense.

- Is there any jewelry, which she kept much of? It usually provide good leadership he said.

I was looking into her stash and found a neck-chain of gold, which she inherited from her mother and often used. Now it lay aside thrown among a heap of rubbish; Apparently, she had taken it off and did not dare wear it on her escape.

The old man hold long the golden chain between two hands. I sat in tense anticipation.

- Now I see her again, he said, but I do not know if that's where she is now, or if it is something that has been.

- What do you see? I asked eagerly.

- She is not alone. There is a young man at her feet with his head on her lap, he plays the lute and sings.

- Death of God! It is him, that thief, I broke out. Tell me where he is, and I'll stick him down before her eyes.

- Calm down sir, if you rage so, I lose track again. I tried to hold me still, but it tempted patience, for it took long before the old man could reconnect to the track.

- Now brightens some, but I see it all so vague, he continued. There is a large hall with heavy beams in

the ceiling. I see many people, richly dressed, but bearing other costumes, than we are used to here and I think they speak another language, but I can not quite hear. A high lord comes into the courtroom, he looks happy. At St. Peter Christ I think it is our gracious king Waldemar himself. Ms. Ingegerd is sitting quietly in a corner and looks sad. The King goes back and pats her on the shoulder. She smiles at him. They talk to each other, but what they say, I can not hear, they ...

- Do not you see him with lute? I interrupted violently.

- Quiet, quiet! No, now it is again dark for my eyes.

- What do you want me to do? I asked in utter excitement.

- Bring me a cloth, as your wife Ingegerd had closest to her body, it usually helps when everything else is shortcomings.

I hurried to get what he asked for. He held with both hands, the linen for the face. So he sat very long silenced. Finally he got up, put down the linen and wanted to go.

- No, do not go, I cried, tell me first what you saw.

- What I saw, I will not tell, replied the old man very seriously.

I was furious, shaking him by the collar and commanded him to speak, if he had life dear.

- Lord, he replied, looking at me with his deep, strange eyes, your threats frighten me not. Anyone who has gift 'to see', must go gently, so that he does not arouse more evil in this world than already exists.

- What's your name old man?

- Atle.

It stuck me.

- Do you have a daughter named Gudrun.

- I had a daughter.

- Is she dead?

- Do not ask him who asks himself.

- You are a strange man. Take this ring, as a thank you for what you told me. I stroked a precious gold ring from my finger.

- Keep your gold. Gift of sight, is not given to all. He mastered me with his piercing eyes, so I could not ask for more, nor hold him back when he went out of the room.

Little did I know then, that I would come to revisit this old wise, under even more curious conditions. So: she had visited Erik. The damned lock of hair had been practicing its magic power, so that she could not resist. Perhaps he did not know anything about it.

So then they had together fled to King Waldemar in Norway.

There I had, broadly what I wanted to know, but what was it Atle had seen at last? The idea tortured me, so I could be crazy.



Revenge! It cried in me. Now blood have to flow. Then I could with a pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre do penance for my sins. But first blood - his blood ... maybe even hers.

Only escorted by a squire, I rode a beautiful spring morning from my ancestral farm and headed towards the west. After many adventures, I came one day, in summer, to Oslo - where the expelled Waldemar currently had settled and where he held a sort of court with the few people who had been faithful to him.

At last I was at the target, and now I was determined to go straight to my deed. But the goal had turned aside! An old friend from the time when I also belonged to King Waldemar's court, told that Erik, accompanied by his legally wed wife Ingegerd, had visited the king of Norway,

but recently - with a merchant ship sailed to Denmark.

- Legally wed! I exclaimed. What would it mean. Did they not know that she - by a church- wedding, was mine?

- Yes, he replied, but while you were sitting in jail, King Magnus on wife Ingegerd's request to the Pope, obtained that her marriage with the assailant, who interfered the royal peace - was declared dissolved.



<- old Oslo

- And this has no one told me before now!!?

- *After what Erik himself had told; the wife Ingegerd, since she was discharged from you, had secretly visited him, after which they quietly married and immediately thereafter gone to the trip to Norway. She had wanted it so, as to avoid family involvement. As no-one more heard of*

them, no knew where she went, so it was believed that she was on a trip to her parents and had been robbed and murdered.

I now began to understand the context. She had kept the marriage dissolution so secret, that perhaps no one in the courtyard knew of it. I was moreover not a liked master and thereto marked by the punishment. It was therefore not surprising that all pulled away for me. Self, I did also no issues until the embarrassing uncertainty drove me to seek Atle.

- But what was the reason that they left Norway? I asked.

My friend sat silent a long while, finally he said, so softly that in a whisper:

- The King.

- Has he expelled them?

No, he would rather keep her too close.

The blood rose in me to the head. Involuntarily, I took after the dagger, I carried in my girdle. My friend took me by the arm.

- silence! He said. I do not think, by so doing you have any to avenge. Well is king, after all what he suffered and, despite his pilgrimage, yet a dangerous fellow for both one and another, but I have reason to believe that he, in this case - is burning his carbon vain. I do not see it unlikely that the king was her possessive intrusive, but the sudden departure makes me believe that he has become heavily rebuffed.

It was thus what Atle saw, but did not want to disclose for fear that I would molest me against the crowned adulterer.

With the next ship south, I sailed to Denmark. I had to after them, who devastated my life, and put them for justice. Well had the worst revenge lust somewhat subsided, when I heard how everything had elapsed, but still cried a voice within me at revenge, - still was my dagger loose in its sheath.

A whole year I searched for them. How I finally found them, I would like to briefly tell;

My searches and brought me first to Nyborg, where the Danish King held his court, but no had seen or heard of the Swedish singer. I was now so destitute that I alone as a beggar was wandering from house to house, from castle to castle through the entire Fyn (dk), but still to no avail.

“But one day I went to Jutland (Jylland-Denmark) and came to Skanderborg, a small town inland. Next to the town was one of the moats with walls surrounding the old castle, who was owned by a Danish nobleman. There it would be a big celebration and the whole town was in motion to meet the guests from far away. With companions of the squire they rode through the streets towards the



palace. While I stood there and gaped I suddenly saw a rider who I recognized as the one I was looking for. He rode in the company of an elderly knight and two noble ladies sitting in the armchairs and one who rode astride. The first was an elderly lady; the latter wore a veil over the face so that I could not see what she looked like. They rode slowly and I followed them as closely as I could. I succeeded in coming closer so I could tickle her horse, and the horse jumped. She was

about to lose balance, and dropped her whip. I handed it to her. The veil was blown aside – and YES - it was her. (his former run-away or stolen wife). No doubt, it was her, I recognized the “thank you” as she spoke, I could hear that she was Swedish. But she had not recognized me. Now it was important not to lose a moment.

“- My wife”, I said, “you certainly would not take offence to receive a greeting from the Knight Åke Algotson.”

As the name was mentioned, her face blushed, and she swayed in the saddle. I gave the horse a rap, and the horse lurched to the side, and she fell with a cry into my arms.

Eric, who rode a few steps ahead, turned and immediately jumped off his horse.

- “How do you DARE to scare the horse making my wife fall off?” He bellowed.

- “She was MY wife before you stole her, and now I want her back!”

- “Rude vagabond, what are you talking about!”

“-I am Ake Algotson. I have been looking for you in both Norway and Denmark. Now I’ve finally found you, and you shall not escape my vengeance.”

Before he could draw his sword, I rushed at him and stuck a dagger into his chest.

People rushed in from all sides. I was arrested and my hands were tied behind me, and I was taken as a prisoner to the castle.

Here they made a short judgment. Ingegerd, who could possibly have saved me, would not talk or witness the accuracy of my information. *I was not believed.* They considered me an ordinary thief and hung me in the nearest tree.



Chapter 5: Back in the darkness

It is terrible to wake up after such an end to an earthly life. It is indescribable in words. It meant so much of sheer physical pain, as from the discarded physical body which had been transferred to the astral body. It certainly is not surprising if you think you are still living on earth, a prey to all the sufferings that bodily nerves felt. These pains, dying gradually, instead came to life as spiritual pains (martyrdom), they are far more terrible than the physical pain itself. They cut their claws into the soul and leave it no peace than what may possibly occur during shorter or longer periods of unconscious stupor. It is nature's benevolent help since you are not bothered by the pain to suffer any more. But one is awakened again and again and inner pains returns, more intense the more consciousness awakens. And they do not leave the wretched until they accomplished its task to bend him in sincere and humble repentance.

I want to try to give you, who read these lines, a faint idea of hell, I now woke up in.

Earlier I have given some indication of how I suffered under similar conditions after my last horrible divorce from Earth. Now my situation was even more difficult because I - though more developed - and despite my good intentions, repeated the same crime.

It's terrible to see how we often repeat the same mistakes in life after life, although we in the "Free State" (on higher astral levels one enters after the "thought-cleaning-period), sincerely regretted it and incarnate again with the best intentions to subdue our evil nature. When one is blindfolded again - we no longer recognize our former adversaries, and when we meet them, the spark of hatred intuitively wake up. It still lies as small hot coal under the ashes and flares up to new action. It would be quite hopeless to see this act of the crime, if we do not, by further monitoring of developments; find the confirmation that evil ultimately must be eradicated. But until you with the blindfold can approach your former enemy and reached out a hand, the hatred will harbor inside. It should be fully wiped out, and the evil eradicated. But still, my hatred and my wild nature was stronger than my resolutions. It brought me down, and brought me down again into the darkness.

Yes, dark there was in fact. The only thing that cast a faint glow was the blood that trickled down the rocky walls, around on the ground and gathered in its cavities. It was as if it had life of its own as it was moving. A faint light shone, but it was a ghastly glow, that spread around us.

When I woke up to consciousness I was in a cave on one of bloody, slippery stone slabs. I fumbled around and came upon a dead body. It was lying face down on the ground. I turned its head and despite the deep twilight of the day, I recognized the man, I had just murdered. Terrified, I rushed up and wanted to run away, but it was as if someone grabbed me by the leg. I tripped and fell prostrate in a pool of blood. Then I looked more closely, I was chained to the victim's body. I tried to pull it off, but it defied all my efforts. It was attached to a shackle on the ankle.

Afterwards I came to understand that this was merely a thought-image which densified - so that for me it was equally as solid as my own body. I had been through the intense hatred so long cherished, and most recently - by my misdeed - was so tied to this, my mind -fetuses, that I could not tear myself away. It was a chain which I had forged me to, and now this image had terror and an appalling reality to me.

I was thus a prisoner in this open cave, for if I had the power to carry with me the dead body I would gain nothing thereby, since I could not get rid of him.

I had no recollection of I being hanged, and still did not understand. I was dead and thought this was an infernal punishment which the Danes had thought out to torment me. At first I fell into anger and despair, filling the air with lamentations and curses, but all was quiet around me. The only sound I could hear was the echo of my own voice, echoing from the cliffs.

Gradually, I became calmer. It did not help no matter how much I cried and moaned, so I tried to sleep. I succeeded sleeping for a short time, but then again it was as if someone had pulled my chain and I was startled and once again I awoke with all hell within me.

So passed the time - how long time I had not any idea. In fact, it was hardly more than a year in earthly reckoning, but to me it seemed like a long life. Then there was a change in my condition. I started to feel a bit tired of myself, and therefore felt I also noticed a change in my external environment. The darkness was no longer so deep, and the blood that flowed on the ground had disappeared. But my chain still tied me to the dead body, lying there without having undergone any decay.

I was deeply depressed and looked at my sacrifice. Would I never become free from this terrible shadow, with which I had so long been linked. Yes, for a shadow it was - this I had eventually found out. This body, which first appeared horrifying to me had become a scary ghost, "like air" and still for my imagination, perceived as solid. What should I do to get rid of it? Could I in any way be reconciled with this dead person and persuade him to leave me? The thought grinded on and on in my head, until I became so tired that I fell to ground with the face in my hands.

Then I suddenly felt a hand on my head. I looked up. Holy Mother of God! It was him, Erik, who was standing before me alive.

- "Help! Help!" I cried in utter despair." What do you want me?"
- "I want to help you"; he replied with a friendly smile, " - you have had such an unpleasant time here".
- "But I murdered you! Did you not fall for my dagger and die? How can you stand before me all alive?"
- "My body is dead, but of course - *I* live."
- "I do not understand. Your dead body is right here beside me. I can not get rid of it no matter how hard I toil, and yet you are alive?"
- "Yes, and you too are alive - though you were hanged in Skanderborg, don't you remember?"
- "I was hanged? No way, I've been sitting here for years and years waiting for my judgment. But then they had the infernal cruelty to the chain me to a corpse, which I think to be yours. Erik ... Erik ... if you knew what I suffered!"
- "I know, but now I think you have suffered enough."
- "No more - will I then not be killed?"
- "You are - what you call dead. Your body decays in Jutland's earth, but your soul lives, as do mine, and now you sit here in the spirit world, waiting for something."
- "Yes, I am waiting to be free."
- "I think you are waiting something else first."
- "What?"

- “You expect that your soul will tell you what you did to me was wrong”.
- “It has been said that not one, but a thousand times.”
- But you have not listened – is it not so?
- “Yes, sure.”
- “Well, what are you waiting for. You – yourself! - must admit that your spirit is right.”

It took me a moment before answering.

- “Maybe, but I do not understand. My spirit and myself... - are they different people then?”
- Your spirit is the divine spark within you, your conscience, the essence of your being. You yourself are all yours, your thoughts, your intentions, your desires, you’re such as you “walk and IS”.

He was sitting on a rock next to me and gave me his hand.

- “The challenge now, he continued, is that you agree with your conscience.”
- “Eric, how is it that you can sit here and say that to me? Are you not angry with me because I took your life? Are you not afraid, that I can do it again?”
- “No, I’m not angry or scared. I’ve been there, but I have learned to understand that such feelings keeps us in the dark while friendly feelings lift us into the light.”

“Who taught you that?”

- “An old father who took care of me when I was snatched away from life. He has also come to see you and wanted to help you, but you have not obeyed him.”
- “It’s not true, he has never been here.”
- “Well, we have both been here with you several times, but you have not seen or heard of us, for you were not finished with your lower self.”
- “What do you mean?”
- “You have not even wanted to listen to the voice within. Now, we thought you might be willing, and therefore we are here again.”
- “You’re alone, why do you say we?”
- “Pater Abilard standing here next to you. Don’t you see him, let me touch your eyes that they may be opened.”

And so he did, and when I opened them I saw a shining figure, who stretched out his hands in blessing over me. I was so overwhelmed by the sight, that I knelt before him.”

- “Pious Father, I said, I’m not worthy of your blessing. I am a cruel and hateful man who murdered my brother. Pray for my soul.”
- “I have prayed for you, and now my prayers have been heard. Glory be to Him who is love.”

Chapter 6: It lightens. (diminishing darkness)

It is wonderful how easily our external circumstances change in the astral world, when your sense of direction is different, and it works like magic, and yet it is quite natural. How can we observe the nature of the earth all around us in the happy sunshine mood, when we ourselves are in disharmony with our surroundings? Whereas the same environment may seem like a dreary place of banishment, when we tantrum go and brood over evil thoughts. Here, (in the astral. Rune -remark) where we are in a sense, able to create our world around us, this affects our mood, much more powerful.

The chain on my foot was gone and even the dead body, I had been firmly attached to. The darkness vanished, and a pleasant twilight conceded a rather broad view of a wild mountain landscape, which was certainly devoid of all vegetation, yet it formed a very pleasing image.

“- Now you have the right to leave this gloomy region, said Father Abilard, you may want to follow us, we will show you the way to a more comfortable dwelling.

I was quick to grasp the leading hand and then started our walk. The road was steep and rocky, and I found it very difficult to follow the others, who with the greatest ease soared up the ledges and jumped across the crevices. When things seemed too difficult, the pater handed me a flap of his jacket which embodied me with the magical power to almost soar.

Soon the nature (surroundings) changed and we came out on a wide curvy road up a steep hillside. A stream rippled between the stones. I bent down and drank eagerly the chilly refreshing water. I became a different person with increased vigour and strength; continuing the walk with my new friends.

On the road, Eric told, how ever since the night when he sang his poem to Ingegerd and as a reward got her hair- lid, had loved her with a romantic love. But he never dared to reveal how he always brought her cap by his heart and in silence passed and hoped that this amulet would be able to once again draw them together. Then came the deplorable commotion of Uppsala, and now he thought that they would never see each other again. But a few years later came the great miracle, which he never completely ceased to hope for. One evening at sunset, a young knight followed by his old squire rode to his house. His astonishment was great when he in the last recognized Ingegerd. She did as she said, to recover her cap, but instead she gave herself so completely over, that only can do, that who love. From her girdle, she took up the papal document, which declared her marriage dissolved. It had gone a year and a half before the news came back from Rome, but on the same day she received it, she had saddled her horse and ...

-Enough, enough! I interrupted, it storms in my temples, I do not want to hear more, it feels as if something inside me would break.

I threw myself on the ground and wept like a child. Erik was very saddened that his frankness had up-pulled the old wounds and caused me pain.

Abilard, which passed quietly and listened to Eric's story, sat down beside me and put his hand on my head. It eased and I was calm again.

- The wounds still bleed, he said, but I know a drug, which connects and heals.
I looked at him.

- You are, as you become stronger, to go down and find her that you love. She still lives on this earth.

Erik made a weak protest but Abilard interrupted him:

“You should follow him and show him the way”

It was night on earth, when we some time later visited her, who had been our both's wife. She was sleeping in her room.

Erik brought his lute and sang a ballad. In doing so she woke up - not her physical body, it was still fast asleep, but her soul, and it was wonderful to see, how this, that she dressed in her astral body, floated out of the physical body. Only then did I really know her.

The sleeping body, which, incidentally, I could make out only vague, was old, but freed from this body, she was young and handsome, more handsome than I had ever seen her. And now I could clearly see her. She was wrapped in a thin white dress, which gracefully followed the body forms. She immediately recognized Eric and went to him. She had not seen me yet. I was so gray, that I was not noticeable in the dark corner of the room, where I retired.

Here I was now witness to a rendezvous between the two, in whose life I had so deeply intervened. At first it upset me so that I was ready to throw myself between them to put an end to the painful scene, but to my great surprise, I noticed that I could not move. I was like paralyzed, nor could I get a word crossed my lips.

Instead, a voice spoke within me with an authoritative voice, which I could not SILENCE.

“What right do you have for this woman who never loved you and that you never had any warmer feeling for? You have believed you love her, but in fact it is only yourself you loved. You still have no idea about, what love is. It’s your wounded vanity that has driven you to take revenge, what you consider to be an affront to your dignity, and thus you have criminally broken into their relationship and recently separated them from each other, but never success to tear the band, which unites them, just as you are able re-establish the fragile link, which was once attached to her by your person. “

Who was this voice inside of me? Is this what people call the conscience? I started to object, she was my lawful wife, and she had promised ...

This interrupted the talking: “She was unclear about his own feelings as you about yours: therefore you must not judge her. But now, you should make it clear to yourself, that you have committed a crime that deeply offended her - as well as him. Kneel and ask her to forgive you! “

Thus spoke the voice more and more penetrating. I was torn between the most conflicting emotions, I was in the most frightful anguish, perfectly still with face in my hands.



- *When I looked up again, I found myself much to my surprise, all alone. In the bed was only Ingegerd’s body, which was*

breathing easily and sleeping. I decided to wait for her return, for I saw just now that she would go before waking up again in her body, and I wished to see her again. Yes, had I only the strength, so I wanted to

I barely had time to even think the thought to the end, until I saw them come floating back, they looked so happy. But now Ingegerd saw me. She gave a cry of fright and hid behind Erik.

- *Have no fear, I heard him say. Aake want us no more evil. He regrets what he did and*

has had to follow me to see you once again ...

- And beg you to forgive what I done. He followed me, while I knelt down and stretched my hands towards her.

She did not answer, but waved friendly with her hand, hugged Eric and disappeared into her sleeping body.

* * *

It passed a long period of years. I found myself in the same sphere, from where I last went down and now taken up in a small colony of simple and friendly people, mainly occupied with agriculture. ***Yes, I call them people, though they lived on the astral plane.*** You would call them spirits, but as they were dressed in one of this plane - exact as real a body, as the physical body is on the earth plane, I could be tempted to call them people. They were not united or similar developed, but industrious and contented with their lot. The district we lived in had a barren nature, which supplied only a scanty crop of the hard work we made on earth. But our needs were either not large.

It may offend many of my readers that I talk about the spirit world, or let us say the astral plane conditions, just as if it were on Earth. But it is fully justified, because the lower realms - and it was in such I spent this time - is in many respects so similar to Earth that, subjectively, can hardly say wherein the difference consists. The comparison show coarse astral body, worn in the lower realms, need their nutrition and sleep as well as on earth, though to a lesser extent and conditions of life is also here a work, which is so much more burdensome, the more life and plantless the soil is, from which it draws its nourishment.

The conditions at this plane are so infinitely varied and has so many possibilities, that it by no means - in a few words - can dismiss such a topic extensively. It also isn't my opinion to right show the wonderfully diverse conditions under which life on the astral plane presents itself. To prevent possible misunderstanding and accusation of contradictions, I will only add, that even in the lowest spheres, it is not such an imperative need to ingest food in order to maintain the astral body, as is that relationship with the physical body on earth. The astral body can not, as the physical, die of starvation and it has a virtually unlimited ability to adapt to the conditions, and in particular for long periods of time - can dispense food and drink. This is particularly the situation when the spirit of perverse mind and stubbornness refuses to submit to a higher level of management - and not willing to humble himself and admit his/her guilt. Then it lives in a sleep-like condition and needs nothing for life, livelihood, a fact which has its physical counterpart in some animal species of hibernate.

When the spirit then acknowledge and regret/ repent of its debt and begin a new life, so to say on the right side of itself, as occurs in the lower phase the need for food, BUT NOW as a means to the welfare of the astral body (by spiritual nourishment,). And the work required to get this food, is at once the healthiest recreational activities for anyone who has undergone severe mental sufferings: it is the spirit of the most blessed means to come to equilibrium again after the tensions he had undergone.

I hardly need to add, that this need of food and associated work, is becoming less - and food also becoming less necessary and lighter, -the higher one rises, and the result; similar -the astral body also becomes lighter, until these needs in higher stages is completely eliminated.

Now I had my home in a very low and "terrestrial-like" realm, but I could not either, as undeveloped that I was, be able to come to and thrive in a higher. I was well, where I was, and blessed the strenuous work I was subjected to.

In this way passed my life for a very long period of years monotonous and obscure, with no other variation than that my time was divided between manual labour and regular teaching in a school in the neighbourhood. It is therefore of no interest to dwell on this period of my life. Only a small incident of this time, I will mention.

* (For a closer study of conditions on the astral plane, see the "[Landet Hinsides](#)" (+ [English translation](#)) of AENOR". Published as book for more than a hundred years in Sweden.)

Chapter 7 - VII - A banquet in a higher realm

Erik, I met frequently, he had his residence at a slightly higher sphere, but Abilard often came to visit me. He was sincere and a faithful friend, whom I gave all my thoughts, and with whom I always received good advice and a safe support.

At one point he told me that the voice, I thought I had heard in my mind, at Eric's and my meeting with Ingegerd, it was his. He had not himself been present, but through some wonderful extensions that he knew to connect his and my brain, he whispered these words to me, so I kind and clear as I heard them in my head, exactly in the same way, that you, as now writes down these lines from my dictation, listen to them with the inner ear.

He asked if I did not agree with him right away, that I actually had not been attached to Ingegerd with some tender feelings, but that it actually was my wounded vanity that had driven me to revenge. I could not but agree with him of this. I did the best I've could to analyze my feelings for her and had reached the same conclusion.

- do you want to see what they do now, since she had to leave the earthly life, I 've been given permission to visit them.

I hesitated whether I should accept this offer, but curiosity more than a warmer interest, drove me to gratefully accept the offer. This time we did not go by foot, as Abilard had at disposal an "airship", which in an incredibly short time crossed the long way. (Yes – many of the earthly UFO sightings, are crafts originating from those higher levels – as f.x. the astral mid.levels or higher R.Ø.rem.)

We landed in a region, which seemed to me like a paradise, compared to the stony-rich nature, I came from. On a wooded height was a grand old castle without moats and drawbridges. We were expected and were very kindly received by a person, who brought us up in an old knight-hall. There were many people gathered, it was obviously a very big celebration. A HARP PLAYER was just playing a ballad, when we entered, so we stopped at the door until he was finished. Then Erik and Ingegerd, who has been in first place at the other end of the hall, came to meet us, and they welcomed us in the most friendly way, and invited us to rise up and take a place in their vicinity.

Only now I noticed how gray and ugly, my costume was in conjunction with the light and partly gorgeous costumes worn by the others. The host himself was wearing a blue robe with gold-embroidered borders and cap/beret in the same colors. Ingegerd had one with blue borders rimmed white robe, which fell in rich folds on her beautiful figure, and had on the head a diadem of gold.

We were greeted with a cup of wine. Then the host sang to the lute-music, a poem of love. Since the party in this way lasted a while, Eric asked Abilard -to the guests' pleasure and edification, if he would tell something from his travels in other spheres.

"There once lived in Svea country on earth, so he began, two brothers, who were both very different. The elder was hard, wild and a fighter type, the younger was a dreamer, who at any time went alone in the forest and learned of nature, to capture great sounding, as he transformed to songs, but in one respect they were alike, as they could not endure each other, envy had seized them both. The younger envied the older of his larger belongings, the elder envied the younger his lighter mood, which made him liked by all. Between them was a bright woman and talked to bring peace between them. As long as she was in the house, all went well, but when she turned from their path, enmity broke loose between the brothers.

As he described the past moves of our previous earth-life, I did not understand it was Erik and me. I was therefore quite unmoved, listening to it.

It Ended So, he added, that the younger was an arsonist and the older a murderer. They met again in the next life as a knight at the court and she who wanted to make peace, was also there, but now had the heavy plot to cause a fight. She loved one, but married the other, it was the guilt, she pulled over her.

Now I began to understand that it was us three, he was talking about, I was in the greatest excitement. I had been wanting to ask him to stop, for the torment to me that this would be presented for a crowd of strangers, but he spoke with such authority and also with so much tenderness in his voice that I did not dare interrupting him.

He continued his account and told me how she led by an irresistible power, tore the ties and followed her feelings.

But he said, in the mind, where the hatred was not yet fully extinguished, awakened a vengeance feeling and the end was this time as a homicide. Such was their sad story, when I got to know them. I found the younger first. He was of a gentler disposition, and therefore easier to bend, he had either not from his past life any more difficult debt, but the elder was paralyzed by his own aggressive mind, and it has cost him a hard work to get to grips with himself . And then he described movingly all the sufferings I had undergone.

- But, he added - now he too is saved and today has come here with me to guest, whom he wronged. So changes hatred to friendship, when we serve our love Master, the White Christ. “

I was deeply shaken by the prior's words. So I was the older brother, who in two terrestrial lives raged in hatred against him; whose guest I was. Vague memories came up, and tumbled about in my brain. I wanted to run out and hide somewhere in solitude, but Eric stopped me.

I will go somewhere...

- No brother, he said, you should stay here as our dear guest. Abilard has, by telling our story, just wanted to remind you of your prior life, so that the joy of our reconciliation now might become much larger. Come and sit by my side. And you, our honored guests, rejoicing with us now as the battle now has ended and it provides us a way by sincere heart to join hands. The hardest fight has our friend probably had with his own self, therefore is his victory greater than mine and therefore let him so much higher be honoured.

It broke out in a general whisper of assent among the assembled guests, and they came one after another up and took my hand, which they cordially shook. Several of them, I saw now, were old acquaintances from my past life on Earth. Ingegerd held out both of her hands.

-Welcome, dear brothers of the past, she said, now I never again need to walk among you to make peace, and I hope I never shall cause any battle.

Abilard patted me kindly on the shoulder.

-You may think I was hard, that reminded you of all that dark past, but it was because so much more to highlight your happiness at the moment. Here in our world - nothing is hidden. We shall all see ourselves and each other even in the clear, explanatory light which the past casts over the present, when we first learn to understand life and the divine direction of our destiny, then we can much more pleased with the progress we make and also get better understanding of each other.

I have to give Abilard right. That, which at first I almost took as an affront - as he faced strangers uncovered my shameful crime, it was now found to have a completely opposite effect, because of all I met so much kindness and sympathy that I felt quite warm in the heart. It was in fact the most joyous feast I have ever experienced. Old memories and new experiences collated and I felt so happy that I could ever wish for.

It was with regret I left this beautiful home and my new friends, and returned to my field of work in my own sphere, to which both duty and attraction called me, because - I felt - in the long run, I would probably not be happy in this – for me - too bright a sphere.

Chapter 8 - VIII - A meeting and a visit to the cold jails

Yet another episode from that time I have to tell. On a longer trip in my own sphere, as I was “elevated” up there; partly as a recreation, partly to learn about a new contract, I one day met an elderly woman who was slightly bent, and supported by a rod. By her side followed a young woman with her head held high and she had radiant beautiful eyes. The elder was shrouded in a skimpy black dress, while the younger had a light, almost white robe, who let me assume that she belonged to a higher sphere.

They stopped and asked me the way. When I gave the information I could, I lifted my hat and wanted to continue the path. Now, however, the old looked up and drilled a pair of hard eyes on me.

- Who are you? she asked. I think I know you from somewhere.

- I am one who has gone astray in the hatred and vengeance, I replied.

- Yes, so we all have done, that go trudging around here, but let’s just sit here by the roadside and speak a little. She pulled me up on a small hillside beside the road, where we sat all three. It was in her way to be, a kind of authority, which I asked myself - why?

- Tell me, she continued, were not you one of King Waldmars men?

-Yes, but why do you ask?

-Then the mother’s eye is sharper than her son. I thought I recognized you, as I have two times bore you by my heart.

-Mother.... is it really my former mother?

-Yes, and here is your sister Thora from the time I was the strict and feared mother Sigyn. Do not you recognize her?

-We gave each other a little hesitant hand.

-I will tell you my son, that I have had a very heavy and hard time here in this strange world and would probably have had still worse, unless Thora here, came and helped me. Now it have eased somewhat, but it is still so much that weighs. I have met with so much ingratitude both on earth and here, not the least from my own children. What have you been doing like searching for your old mother, for all the struggles I did for you? Yes, I am not talking about Thora, she’s good, and she has come to see me. But you and your brother, - have you ever spent a thought on me? Have you ever asked what had become of me? Never. I know, for I would have felt if you did - I have in spite of all, been longing for you. That’s the shed bitterness in my soul, that is why I never come out from this cursed country, that I go around here as a bad spirit which can never have peace. I go around here, looking for my sons, waiting to see if they still have a memory of their mother. - God, I’m unhappy!

She sat there, rocking the body, while big tears rolled down the wrinkled cheeks. I felt quite ashamed. Mother was right. I had hardly given her a thought over the centuries, as here in the spirit world had rolled over, and yet she had brought me into two terrestrial lives, helping me thru the tottering infant stages. Was this ingratitude to blame me for her sufferings, - then I would have much to regret. I did not know what to say, but Thora came to my aid.

- But now, you've found him, as you call Grane, or Ake (åke), the man that I think you love most, because he had twice been your son.

- Mother, I cried, you must know that I've been deep in the darkness, I wallowed in hate as I swam in my blood. - , I have not been worthy to meet you and I have not done anything to firt you. But now I want to repair what I have left behind, now I will follow you and serve.

She gave me a piercing look.

- I think you are really honest Grane, but now I want to put you on trial. It's something I must do, but I can't master it alone. Thora is willing, but have no strength, but you were always so strong, as you were tough and hard. Do you still have any of your strength... your hardness seems to have melted, may be you're the man to help me.

- I want to do everything I can, I assured her.

- Well, do you remember your father, old Ulf? No, you were just a child when he died. I have seen him sitting bounded somewhere down below us in an icy world, which is even worse than here. He was like you and many of the 'Ulfas-family' - a hard, brutal man, who, when he died, had a lot on his conscience, and he never wanted to bow. Now he sits there, and have done for hundreds of years, because he has never since been on earth (physical level). We have been down there, Thora and I, to try to help him through, but he does not recognize us and do not care what we say....- I do not even know if he heard us. It is as if he was deaf and blind. And we do not have the strength to rip the chains, by which he is bound. But you must try to do it, if it is as you say, that you want to serve me.

I'd love mother, I try, but if his chains is like my own, when I was tied down there in the darkness, then probably no one other than himself is to solve them. But you must follow and show me the way.

- I will follow you, but Thora do not need to go with us. She had so bad on our last trip down there. You must know that there are terrible cold - just ice and snow everywhere. I myself think it's terrible, but I have to, I can not bring peace inside as that voice inside me are crying: go!

Thora made objections, but mother was determined and so we went. On the way I told her about my past life on Earth and that it now become clear to me that this (last) man I killed, was my former brother Ulf.

- I know, she said, Thora found out some about him, but where is he now?

I talked about my visit with him and about the beautiful banquet he arranged for me.

- Oh, he is fine - but his old mother he has not had time to think about, she added with a bitter smile.

Poor father! He was in a ill predicament. He sat on a block of ice, at which he was tied with a strong rope. Around him were piled large masses of ice, which formed like ruins of a mighty fortress. There he sat alone, staring with dull eyes around. Now I had learned, it was his own hard, cold heart, that drew him to this place and his own imagination, which to some extent had created this environment, which probably also had an objective reality, because we could perceive it, but then I thought it was an unnaturally harsh penalty that had hit my father.

There was something grand about him as he sat there, old and gray with bowed head and a bushy beard that reached far down the chest. He did not seem to observe us, but when I walked over and shouted in his ear, Ulf! so he awakened.

What do you want? he said in angry tone. Do not disturb my dreams.

It's your wife Sigyn and your son Grane, who has come to greet you.

-Let me alone. I am ok.

-Are you not cold?



insert illustration of Grane (Ake) og his old mother travels down to a lower astral level where his old father was stuck in old hatred.

-Freezes? ... it was a strange question. Sure, I freeze, but it must be so, it belongs to the castle I built myself.

-But you are bound, will you not be free?

There was a time when I struggled in my bonds, and cried out for freedom, but now I've learned that it must be so. I just want to be left alone.

-I want to try to help you, I said and took a firm hold of his chains, but they did not give way. I could do nothing.

-Do not do that, he said in angry tone, you shall not bother anything, where I am powerless.

-No, you're right, I said, there is probably no other than yourself who can solve your bands, but YOU can, if you really want.

And if I do not want ...

-You have to want, because you can not be stuck here for eternity.

My mother took him in hand.

-Ulf, she said, it is waiting you both warmth and freedom, only if you want to get out of here.

- you can nothing giving me, you who really is to blame why I'm sitting here. Do you remember?

-Quiet, cried mother and put her hand over his mouth, let us not to mention that. We must now try to get you from here.

- Have you now once brought me here, and I will also speak. I want him, my son, to know what kind of mother he had.

- Quiet! I ask you, 'she said with persuasive voice. But Ulf did not stop.

- Then hear, my son. When mother Sigyn was young and handsome - for she was fair once, as strange as it may sound - she was lured away to a powerful chieftain, who gave her expensive jewelry and sent her desecrated back to her father's house. The child she bore, she put in maple and let it perish miserably.

- Quiet! interrupted the mother. I entreat you! But Ulf went on:

- I knew nothing about this, when I married Sigyn, but later in a moment of despair, it came out of her own mouth. This bitterness. She had an unquenchable desire revenge on her seducer, and now she wanted me to ...

- Quiet, for God's mercy!

... I should kill him. It was she, letting poison into my blood, and hard as I was, it fell on fertile ground. For many years I walked and brooded on revenge and years went by hardening my mind. Still Sigyn urged me, and finally, when the moment was propitious, I hit. No one guessed that it was me. There was sadness in many people's minds, but Sigyn and I laughed ... Ugh, what I'm freezing!

He trembled all over and cringed of the pain. Sigyn was absolutely crushed at his feet.

Then we heard footsteps. I turned around and saw a figure, looking and dressed like an old Nordic chieftain. I thought I recognized the features, but did not remember where I had seen them. He smiled kindly at me and nodded, then I saw that it was Father Abilard. But why had he put on this disguise?

Ulf raised his head and uttered a scream of horror.

- It's him ... it's him! Go, go, I do not see you, you pale shade.

Even Sigyn had stood up, and cried in dismay:

- Get thee hence Satan's delusion of you! It can not be him. Who are you, who lent his form to scare us?

Abilard bent down and took Sigyns hand.

- I am one who seeks forgiveness for a crime I once youthful frenzy committed against you. *During the centuries of sometimes very painful memories, I have longed for this moment when I could throw myself at your feet and beg for forgiveness for the violation I added you.* But still, I held back, not

from any false modesty, but by your own senior leaders, which thou knowest not, but who is watching over your steps. He has always said:

”Wait for that moment will come when I call you”. Now he has called, I’m here now and begging for your forgiveness.

He knelt down and stretched his arms towards her. She was deeply moved, could not utter a word, she just looked at him with big wondering eyes. Then followed a gripping scene, when Sigyn in the deepest contrition expressed to all the gentler feelings, she had been trapped into for centuries. Now broke the ropes in which she constricted her presence, now got the hearts icebounded treads free, and with a humility and tenderness, as one would have thought inconsistent with her character. She was entirely in the confession of her remorse over all the evil she in hardness had done.

This took finally even old Ulf. Then Sigyn buried her head in his lap and asked him to forgive all her fault, then softened even HIS rigid features. He stroked her gently over the hair while the big tears rolled down his cheeks into his beard. Finally, he extended his hand toward Abilard.

- Friend, he said, are you not angry with me?

- By no means. I only longed to get you help. Now, I mean that you have been here long enough and am ready to follow us.

- Oh, would it be so well! But here I am bound and will never come from here before Ragnarok burst my fetters. But, if I am once again free, I will honestly give you all and serve you as a slave.

- You are free. Do you not see your fetters or chains have fallen from you. Don’t you see now, how the ice, both outside and inside of you, begins to melt. Take my hand as we walk together from this frosty custody. Praise God who allowed me to experience this moment.

The time had now come, that I would go into the matter again. I had begun to long for that, though I knew well that the new life, I went to, would lead to severe tests, but I realized on the other hand, that with the limited experiences I now had, could not rise higher in the spiritual sphere. I had to gather more material to build further this development, I was to be cast into. Abilard confirmed this idea and encouraged me to the important step I was going to receive.

Sigyn, who was now a thoroughly good and loving creature, and that included me with the greatest affection, wanted me to wait for some time, as she wanted to go before, as for possible, once again to be the mother, and bear me into earth life . But I felt that I could not wait any longer. The torpor which precedes the re-entry into the world of matter, had already begun to take me. I said goodbye to my friends and went so resolutely, but not without a secret awe into the new life that awaited me.

Under what circumstances and where I would be born, I had no idea.

IX.***I rode far away in the world***

About my next earthly life, I can be brief.

They wrote 1685, the year I was born. It was in a wretched little hut in the Värmland forest (*in middle of Sweden*) regions I first saw the light of day. My father was a poor farmer. My mother was good to me, it's almost the only thing I remember about her, but it is also the best memory. About my childhood and youth is not much to say. I grew up in the woods, became big and strong and learned early to take care of the horse and the ax, but it was also just about the only thing I could; any book-learning was never learned.

After the adventurous and wild life, I last had on earth, this life with assiduous work in a secluded corner of the world, was devoted to bring some peace of my soul. But little I understood of the meaning of life. At times I dreamed of adventures. I wanted to get a ride over mountains and hills -far away in the world and accomplish something great, that father and mother and the priest would hear about and wonder. I felt the lust rise up within me. It had not yet been raging out, but it would soon get their fill.

When I was nineteen, I was enlisted as soldier, and after a very incomplete education I was to accompany a cavalry regiment, which was sent to Poland. It was soon peace, but Karl XII went into a decisive battle against Tsar Peter, and in 1707 he put his big army in march towards the interior of Russia.

My youth's dream to ride far away in the world had come true, but any great, had I not be involved into. During defeats and privations of all kinds we thronged (penetrated) eventually south to Turkey. What we suffered during the severe winter 1708 ->09 on Ukrainian plains, I can not describe. To freeze, starve and fight, it was what the school of life had to teach me. It may seem as if it had not been of any benefit of/to a nature, such as mine, but now I have learned to understand that it was precisely this hard school I needed to break down the hardness, which still lay on the bottom of my essence.

The tough perseverance, the blind obedience and the warm devotion to our king, as this campaign nurtured, was precious acquisition of the mind, that never before in the Earth's school, had learned to obey and never looked up to anyone, but myself. The God-fear that characterized King Karl's daily life, also spread into his army. Fields priest read to us from the Bible, we sang hymns and took Lord's Supper on a couple of drums as altar. It was a very primitive worship, but not without significance; it had in any case the good effect, that it alleviated the roughness, as the war gladly generates. Even the many battles had for me the sense that I finally got a real distaste for the constant slaughter.

But how little I understood then by all this. I rode as a man in the ranks, fought where others have to fight, suffered what others had to suffer, had no self-will, was but a number in line, just no one cared about, a cog in the vast machinery which King Carl handled by a

master hand, but also with an extravagance that must pass before a fall.

Then came the bloody Poltava battle. I was in the hottest battle. Our cavalry made a violent shock against the Russian lines, but was received with a lot of fire, which produced large gaps in our ranks. My horse fell and I also fell to the ground. I stood up again and fought on foot. Then I remember just a wild tumult of shots and screams and weapons clatter. A burning sensation in the chest and - so was all over.

Inserted Poltava battle (27 June 1709) art:



x

A warm reception

But, was it really the end? When I woke up again at a somewhat vague consciousness, I found myself once again to be in the midst of battle. It was a horrible altercation but without weapons - hand in hair and care of the throat, friends and enemies of each other in a battle of despair. Screams and cries filled the air. I was kicked and pushed hither and thither, but took himself no part in the battle. I was so dizzy, so powerless, felt so strange at ease, did not know where I was. The sky was blood red and the soil moist with blood.

Eventually, the fighters around became as unreal. They melted down like shadows, and their shouts and lamentations died away as echo in the distance. I was left all alone. It burned like fire in my chest, but I was so tired that I fell on the ground and fell asleep.

Then I re-opened my eyes, stood a figure of light by my side. He got up its head and gave me something to drink. It was so nice and relieving the burning sensation in the chest.

- *Who are you? I asked.*
- *I am a Samaritan who had come to join you.*
- *am I the hurt?*
- *Not only hurt. You've fallen for a bullet in the chest, you are dead and has moved from the earth to the spirit world, but you need care, for even the body, you now carry, has attracted the influence of the fatal shot. Do you not feel a tingling sensation in your chest?*
- *Well, it burns like fire, but you gave me drink, that has alleviated the pain. But - what do you say - I'm dead? It is not possible. I live after all, though I am so strangely tired in my head. I was of course also just in the midst of the battle, but now they have all fled. Tell me, do you know if the Russians were beaten?*
- *I do not know. I've just come to take care of the wounded. And now you come to rest'.*

Two men in white clothes came with a stretcher. They lifted me carefull up on it. With a sense of indescribable well being I stretched out and fell asleep.



[+ video](#)

Inserted picture of similar situation from film NOSSO-LAR

Where had you brought me? I sat up and rubbed my eyes. I was lying in a soft bed in a small beautiful room. The window was open and balmy winds stroked my forehead. After all that I suffered from the battle's hardships, this was like a loveliness. I lay down again and lay still as bound by a spell. I hardly dared to touch me for fear that everything would disappear.

After a while, a curtain was pulled to the side and a friendly face looked peering into the room.

- *Oh, you're awake now, then I come in and welcome you.*

This voice was known to me and the face I also thought I had seen before, but now I could not find any memories.

- *Do you not recognize your sister Thora? she said, stroking caressing my hair.*
- *Oh, there you are! I thought well, I recognized you. But tell me, where am I now, and how did I come here?*
- *You are now with old friends, mother Sigyn and me, and here you get rest after your short but stormy earthly life. We have followed you over all these years with the warmest participation, and when you died, we begged a Samaritan and a couple of carriers to bring you to us.*
- *Yes, I remember, they put me on a stretcher, but then I might have fallen asleep. And I must have slept a long time - not true?*
- *Yes, but you also need to rest, so exhausted that who you were.*

We chatted for a while about our shared memories. Mother Sigyn came in and offered me a refreshing drink. She expressed her joy at seeing me again.

She had undergone a remarkable change since I saw her last. She, the old greyish old women, had now become young and fair. The curved figure had become supple and straight, and out of those beautiful eyes shone a warmth that I had never seen before. And yet she is so similar, that I immediately recognized her. She understood the curiosity, she read in my eyes, and made haste to help me.

(from page 62 in the book:)

-You think that I have changed - to my advantage - right?

-Well, who would have believed that you, old mother, could become *so young again*. Explain how it happened.

-As you recall, it was a poignant moment, when we managed to release the old Ulf from the ice world he lived in, where he had been imprisoned so long. This was also my spirits freedom - from the anguish, that I myself, through my stubbornness had sustained me in. And my mind brightened more and more in proportion as I opened it to higher influences. Finally - it was shortly after that you went down to earth – there came words that I would have to move to a higher sphere, where Torah already belonged to, and where we now was on.

But then I went through a change, which was very wonderful. I was very exhausted and fell asleep there down and woke up here in a new rejuvenated form. There is something like a process, similar to the earthly death, although the difference in density between the body we put off and the body we obtain - is not that great. It is as if the outer, little rougher shape has melted away, and the inner thinner came forward - yes, I can not explain it better for you. You'll have yourself to some time, experiencing it.

-You may believe, said Thora, it was a joy, when I got to take Sigyn with me up here, where my little home was waiting for her. And we now also have you with us, making our pleasure so much bigger. I also have greetings for you from old Ulf, which we still call him - he is now a diligent worker in the sphere, we last left - and further from Erik and Ingegerd, who asked us to be welcome in their castle as soon as possible. We now live, as you can understand, in the same sphere.

Then we a few days later, were sitting together in intimate conversations, our old friend Abilard came to visit. He embraced me and congratulated me on a job well accomplished life on Earth.

-You have not been gone for more than 24 years, he said, but you have used the time wisely. It's been a hard school, but imagine what it has done you good.

-I do not understand, I said. When I now look back on my life, it has just been fighting and hardships. What have I then gained from it?

-You have won, what you not otherwise could have won - you've tamed the old Ulf nature within you. There are still in your being, a kind of ferocity which none up here conceived, though as

honestly they were meant, are able to wipe out. It must be done on the plane, where the wildness has its playground and where it can be burnt out. That is why you were sent into the war, that gave you the opportunity to bind the rawness. But you resisted the temptation. You did your duty as a brave soldier, but you were never glad for the battle, as it was for you a disgust. Thus, the goal was won, and you had to go home again. Strange as it may sound, the war was for you a means of purification.

It was also so in another respect. The sufferings and hardships that went with it, and you wore with resistant prostrate and submissiveness, have wiped out many of the bad actions you through past violence sullied yourself with. How the war is to be condemned, in itself, it must be like all evil in the world - in its consequences make or serve good. It is a scourge, which the people of their wickedness committed to themselves, but as they also need for their own discipline. When they no longer need it, - it will be removed by itself.

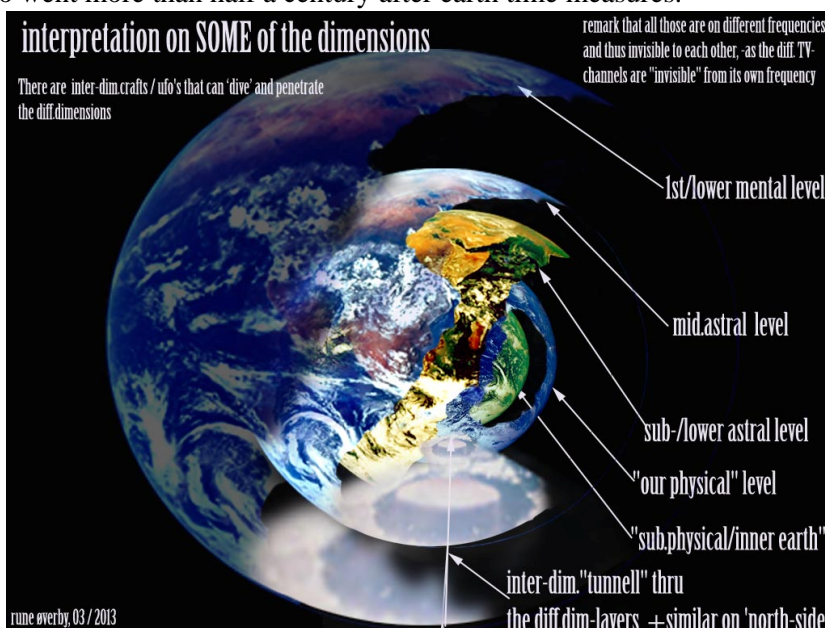
-It is still one thing, I do not understand. The hard school, I had to go through here in the spheres before my last earthly life, had tamed my savagery, so that I at least believed myself quite complete in that respect. why should the same lesson may be repeated on the physical plane?

-Because it's there, blindfolded and in forgetfulness of all the past - we must take the test. One learns a lesson up here, but must descend to earth to "read it" or really LEARN IT. Passed this test, it has the good lesson rooted in his or her nature. But failing - and unfortunately it is often the case - you get rebuffed and forced to come back to new sufferings and new tests. Therefore, we not infrequently see, that for life after life, the same individual is shaped so alike, that it is hard to discern anything in the least of progress. Progress is sometimes infinitely slowly, but He who waits for us, is not in a hurry, His patience is infinite, and His love is boundless.

After I recorded my memories from my past wandering on the earth, and compared them with older notes from past lives, - this draws the disappointing conclusion that Abilard was right in terms of development; slowness. I was now to begin a more orderly operation.

It was split between regular studies in my own sphere and assists in a lower. I had then often the opportunity to meet old Ulf, and we made a strong friendship. The whole time I lived, however, by Sigyn and Thora, where I had the most pleasant home, I could wish for.

So went more than half a century after earth time measures.



all those levels exists in diff.material 'conditions' and this is now very difficult to understand for the thought locked scientists on our earth. Those are 'locked' in the thought-trap that only this 'reality' exists, and that the LIFE is a side-effect of the matter.Surely will they laugh at this idea in the future, such as science now laugh at the medieval worldview (this illustration and all the others used here were NOT not in the original book.)

Chapter 11 - XI - At last we met

One time Abilard suggested that I should cancel my somewhat monotonous work and take me a recreation by undertaking a long journey in our sphere. I ought to, he thought, to travel a little about in the world I belonged to, maybe I could get into new interesting acquaintances, or revive old ones. He offered to come along and so we went by.

We travel in our world far easier than on Earth. Here is convenient means of transport, both electric vehicles and steerable airships, but you could also just by an act of will concentrate directly move, at almost the speed of thought from one place to another. This costs some effort, but leads rapidly to the target. Of course you can also walk on foot and it does not mean the same effort as a walk on earth, when the walk here is much easier, lighter and faster than when you're carrying the physical body. We chose the later mode of travel, because we had a better opportunity to see us around.

It would be a very difficult task to try to describe all the wonderful and interesting, I during this trip was to experience. I just want to dwell at one episode, which for me was of great future importance.

We had visited a small town, which was located on a hillside overlooking a beautiful valley, and in the bottom a mountain stream rushed forward, and I was just about to leave, when we at the city gate met a young woman, who stayed and watched us as if she had recognized us. She was small and dilution in stature, but had nothing willful in her appearance. Her eyes were soft with a sheen of sadness in her eyes. There was something about this look that I could not get past.

-Why do you leave this town, without having been inside my house? she asked. That's still me you seek.

-I do not know you, I said surprised.

But I know you, she said with a conviction, which seemed irrevocable. You are the Knight Åke Algotson - not?

I confirmed that I had once borne the name.

-So follow me, good gentlemen, we have maybe one or two things to talk about together.

She took my hand and led me into her little house, which was located just beside the city gate. Abilard followed silently behind. We entered into a simple and pleasant room, which bore witness to order and diligence. She asked us to sit down in armchairs, while she herself, was standing.

-It was a time, she said, turning to me, when the young handsome knight, not scorn a poor maid, whom he met in the woods. Do you remember little Gudrun, which you took in your arms? At first she was timid, but then she indulged so completely to her lovely knight, that he has never gone out of her mind. Do you remember that?

Gudrun? I said inquiringly, when I got up from her chair. I was both startled and embarrassed. Memories came up, I long ago thought was obliterated. The fair Gudrun's image was at once so alive to me, that I could not help seeing that it was she who now stood before us.

-Yes, you have forgotten me, I see, she continued with a mournful tone, but I have never forgotten you. Much have I since experienced, but the image of my young knight has so burned itself into my memory, that I would have recognized you where and whenever I met you, in spite of it would have gone a thousand years. And that I would one day meet you, I knew. The certainty has burned like a little twinkling star in my being's innermost place, it has made me to forget so many hardships that I encountered on my way. It has taught me to believe and hope. And now the miracle happened, that I will meet you here outside my door.

-Gudrun: I carry a large debt to you, how can I ever repay it?

-Of that we shall not speak, she said kindly and pushed me back down in the chair, but indulge me only, the little time I get to keep you, to sit at your feet and hold your hand.

She sat on a stool next to me and leaned her head against my knee.

-You little Gudrun, I said, stroking her hair, you have suffered much because of me?

-Love is to suffer, and I have loved you and no one else in all the centuries, as have gone while waiting for you to come.

-Would you tell us something about yourself from that time, when we met in the forest?

-What can I say except that you took my heart, without I getting yours. What could I do but cry when you left me and married the beautiful maiden at King Waldemar's hoof. I hid myself with my shame, I gave birth to my child in grief, but I loved it because it was also yours. I was hunted away by my father, because I could not bring myself to say your name. Outcast and despised, I went with my child in my arms from door to door and begged until finally an old man of the priests took care of us, and helped so I got serving by a rich and noble gentleman, who owned an estate near Linköping. There I could stay and take care of his pigs. Yes, God bless the Father, who helped us! I never saw him since.

Abilard got up and looked at Gudrun with a searching look.

-Do you remember what the Father was called? said Abilard.

-Yes, that's all I remember of him. His features have faded, but I have to remember his name, in order to take him into my prayers. His name was Abilard.

-How have I found thee, my daughter, whom I so highly sought after, said Abilard and stretched out her arms to her. I suspected that there might possibly be you, now I have confidence. Do you recognize me?

Gudrun had risen and stood with an expression of the utmost astonishment on her face.

-You ... are you Abilard? Well, so God bless you! she cried and put her arms around his neck.

-You must not wonder that I did not immediately recognize you, she added, because when I found my knight, he took me so completely. I hardly saw you were with us.

Then we talked long together. Gudrun said she had been down to earth once in a while as a nun of Vadstena monastery, but had not found the peace she searched for.

When I asked what she was doing, and if she liked the part where she lived, she replied:

-I live a very lonely life, but here is a hospital, taking care of those who have difficulty finding their right place here, after they have left the mortal life. So I am a helping sister, for I have good hand with the sick, that I learned in the monastery.

-Do you know anything about he who was then our child?

-He is currently on earth. There, I follow him as much as my time allows, it is my dearest acquisitions. I only have joy of him.

Abilard stood up and prepared himself to go.

-Are you already to leave me, said Gudrun and stretched imploring hands towards us.

-I think we take her with us in our journey, if she would like, said Abilard and I agreed with all my heart.

I thought she was going crazy, she screamed and spun around and was quite wild with joy. Then she fell on my neck and cried while her eyes shone.

-Never, never did I think that I would follow you, and never did I think that I would see Abilard again, and now I follow you both. Blessed be God!

Our hike went away to a secluded region high up in the mountains. It was a backwoods, where the road wound its way along the steep slopes, across deep gorges and mountain streams run. The vegetation was initially rich, but slowed down as far as we rose higher. Soon we were perched on a plateau of breathtaking beauty with a crown of snow-covered snowtops around the horizon. But not a tree, hardly a shrub, the only thing that grew was a nice soft grass and large sumptuous flowers. It was so quiet, not even a bird chirps interrupted the silence. The air was as warm and easy to breathe. Gudrun was cheerful and happy, and she sang as it echoed against the rock.

-Where are you leading us? I asked Abilard. Here's the sa desolate, even the animal world seems to have withdrawn from this district.

-Not far from here lives an old hermit scholar whom I know since long ago. I wanted to make him a visit. Maybe we will not regret it.

Then we went even a little, we saw a curious, somewhat fantastic building sticking out from behind a crag. An old man with white hair and beard, came out against us.

-I welcome to you, he said. I knew you would come and I am happy to welcome you. My hut is not big but it holds for all three of you the comfort you needed and the hospitality you need.

-God's peace old Atle! said Abilard. You probably know my companions, I need not mention their names?

-They are my good friends. I have been following them in hundreds of years and I knew that one day they would call me. Good to see them together and it's you, old friend who brought them to me for this time, you are thrice welcome.

-it always in my thought to lead him to you, but not knowing, when we started on our journey, that I also had luck to meet her and to be the one who brought her here .. Destiny's roads are wonderful.

Gudrun and I saw surprised then at the old, and so at each other.

-Why are you living here so lonely, far from other people I asked.

- do you not feel how clean the air is, you do not perceive the solemn stillness, as prevails here, then can you not understand how well this place is dedicated to the studies I pursue?

-What studies? I ventured to throw out.

- Come and see, he said, and brought us into a large room, which looked like a scientific laboratory. In all tables and shelves were instruments of many kinds: binoculars, sextante scales, crucibles and things, even as preparations - in an infinite variety.

Gudrun went around and looked at all these for her, so strange things, lifted them and put them gently back down.

-You know more than others, I can tell, she said, but what exactly do you study?

-Nature, nothing but nature, said the old man, and his eyes shone with joy, while his mouth pulled into a beautiful smile. - But, he added, nature is infinite in the large and the small, and also not eternity sufficient for those who want to penetrate into all its secrets.

-Is nature so attractive, that you want to sacrifice centuries of studying it? asked Gudrun.

-Not only nature, as it appears to our senses, but what lies behind.

-What is behind?

-The Great Spirit, who never started and never stopped, he is, and never changed, he who bears everything without getting tired, he who, with his gentle breath warms every little life-seed, so that it turns into a flower, and each trembling human heart, so that it opens up and tremble with joy.

-Have you seen this Spirit?

-Nobody has seen him, or ever see him, not even the high cherubs, who is his messengers, but by getting on the trails of the laws, he wrote into his nature, I walk as in his tracks, thinking his thoughts after and for each new little step I add to the chain of old truths, crying my heart with joy. Praise be God!

It was a glorified light over the old man's face, and he raised his hands as if he had thanked anyone.

Then he took us into his study, as on all the walls had shelves of books and folios. On the desk lay piles of paper and old parchment scrolls. On one wall was a broad bench, covered with a pillow and some soft cushions. Here he bade us be seated, while he himself went about doing something. First he took out an old jar and then he came with three crystal goblets.

-This is my only dear guests, he said as he poured out a golden wine. I myself consumes nothing.

-You have probably often guests, said Abilard.

-Yes, they come from above and below to help me in my studies and themselves to become helped. Up-lift you now with my wine, it have no intoxication. And be most welcome my dearest guests, who I for centuries have been waiting for.

-Yes, you mentioned that you followed us over the centuries and that you felt that we were coming, I said, can you explain why you expected us?

- I'd love to, he said, and took place in an old leather upholstered armchair across from us. Do you remember a time when you were my master. You were the handsome knight Ake Algotsson at King Waldemar's court and I was a poor woodcutter Atle at your farm?

- Was it you who helped me find the trace of her elapsed from me?

- so it was. I lived then and now, a little apart from other people, deep in the forest's gloom. Dreams and premonitions filled my being. Even during previous shifts in my life I had studied the secrets of nature and cultivated certain occult powers which made me I hear and see more than other people, but it did not touch myself too close, because then I was both blind and deaf. I was married and had one daughter. She grew up as a beautiful star-flower in the woods, she was my pride and joy. Since her mother passed away, it was she who took care of our little home and watched our goats.

But one day she came home violated and would not confess who the man was, who sullied her honor. I tried with secret powers get him on the tracks, but always in vain, and it was well, for if I had succeeded, I might have been stained by his blood. Then she insisted not wanting to give the name of seducer, I was hard and pushed her away from me. It was an act, which I bitterly regret. I have then looked for her on earth and in the spheres, until finally her mother gave me the clue to her. I could then inconspicuously accompany her on all her ways, but dared not give me known for the feeling of fear that she would feel from the unnatural father, who shunned her. This has been my suffering through the centuries.

Since my mind has settled, I have not had difficulty finding the man who caused our misfortune, and even him, I have followed, not with thoughts of revenge, but with the desire to once again get to see them both happy by each other. For in depth of their beings I've read the secret, on which life's happiness depends. Of the exalted master who leads my studies, I have got the advice to wait patiently until they both would look me up.

It has seemed to me as a hopeless and endless waiting, and many a time have my hopes failed, but now - finally! - I have you both with me.

He stretched his arms out against us and took us both with indescribable tenderness in his arms. Gudrun had, as he spoke, crept to him and took his hand, which she covered with kisses. I had a wonderful sensation of something in my inmost being opened, and through this opening, I saw in a vision a perspective of happiness, which filled me with an old not-known bliss. It lasted maybe only for a moment that vision, but I felt that now I was facing a new phase of my development, new battles and new breaks, but also new possibilities of happiness would come to fruition.

Abilard left us now. He went to seek others who needed him more, he said. He took us in his arms and expressed his hope that soon we would meet again. Then he wrapped his cloak round himself, and disappeared with wonderful speed from our sight.

It was a happy time we spent with Atle - lucky for us and happy for him. He left for a time his studies and devoted himself entirely to our upbringing. Many words of wisdom he gave us and many strange mysteries he understood to be solved. He was indefatigable to answer all our childish questions. But once I searched to explore him about the future, he became serious and only answered: Do not ask about the future. It will not stand to be touched by unscrupulous hands. Know that we are at every moment of our lives build on our future. Well or bad, we build, it is our own hand which adds stone to stone on our future and destiny. But if we look for finding the coming future - to penetrate into it - and we want to look in detail how it will be carved, then we anticipate the higher authority, which supervises and leads the work, and interfere with the cooperation that should prevail

between this secret overself-power or the timid spirit of power and our own being. The more, however we are in childlike faith leave us entirely devoted to this guidance and belief in its infallible power, the more firmly we build, and the more beautiful the building is.

No doubt there are those who own a certain ability to penetrate in the future of obscurity - and the temptation is great to do it, but it is always associated with dangers, not least on to become mocked by a mirage, which could become a reality, but that was inadequate, as it would take the form of crude or unscrupulous hands. Sometimes our soul rests in solemn silence, it may, without pursue it, catch a glimpse of it, that the future will bring, but then it is something that is given us, not something we grasp for, and its meaning is only to strengthen our faltering faith and warm our frozen faith.

- Have you had such insights into the future? I asked.

- I doubt it for myself, but often enough for those I love.

- As you might have seen something that concerns us, dared Gudrun to throw forth.

-Are you still searching eliciting from me a secret, as would be best for you not to know, said Atle with a friendly smile. Life is always a struggle with the fate we'd created ourselves, but on our side is he/she/it, that holds all the threads in his hand and leading us with a wisdom that is never mistaken and with a love that never fails. It may be sufficient for you to know. He took her head between his hands and kissed her tenderly on the forehead.



XIII.

An overcome temptation

For the fourth time, I was born in Sweden. This time in one of our major provincial cities, where my father was a merchant. It was close to our time (remember this book was first published in Sweden more than 100 years ago) – it was in the 1820s. My name was Birger. More specifically, I will not tell - who I was or where I lived.

Since I completed the Cathedral school and by distress strived me through high school, I was sent to Uppsala to continue my studies. My father wanted me to study to become priest, but it went bad with this studies. Instead, I was drawn more and more into delirious entertainment among cheerful and frivolous student friends. I just had no greater talent, was neither a singer or composer, or poet, but I was “a nice fellow,” who did not reject drinking with friends. There was something good-natured and inoffensive in my being and I was happy with a good joke; this was really esteemed by the comrades.

In the student group, I belonged, I made acquaintance with a bachelor of arts -which I in this story call George. He was a gifted nature, very musical, played, sang and composed and was really liked by the colleagues. He would become something, he was also of a wealthy family. His father was a wealthy industrialist from mining district. We had seen each other a few times and I felt from the first moment especially drawn to him. It felt like we had been old acquaintances. So it was, in reality, because it was my former brother and creditors Erik, I’ve met.

Late one evening, when we walking home, arm in arm, from a festive feast on the local nation-courtroom, George began to talk with an undertone of sadness about life’s dark problems, which we never came to any solution on.

- The whole of existence is of course a big question mark, he said, we know neither where we come from or where we go, yes not even what will happen to us tomorrow.
- Therefore, let us live in the moment and be happy for the day, I objected.
- Yes, there is probably no other advice, and though I would give a lot to get a glimpse into the future and get a sense of what’s coming.
- Do you consider yourself - more than others - to have any reason to explore the future? Curious could we all be, but I think it’s a wise arrangement of Providence to keep a veil for our future destinies.
- Yes, call it curiosity or whatever you want, but it would interest me to know what that means, that it so often comes over me a gloomy feeling of an accident which shall befall me.
- Then I think, you especially should be grateful to not knowing about it in advance. Dismiss these thoughts, they probably have nothing to signify. Enjoy life while you have it, drink and be merry, that’s my philosophy.
- Yes, you take life easy, easier than I think you should, if you really intend to become a priest.

He did it not without a certain sharpness on particular the last word. I was suddenly quiet and serious. It was so unexpected, yet none of his comrades, and no one else made me some reproaches for my Uppsala-life. (Uppsala= city in Sweden).

That a student of theology took the studies as easily as the other faculties were considered at the time, quite naturally, so nobody took notice thereby. But these Georg’s words burned into my mind. I felt at first little set back by his tone of talk, but swallowed the bitter pill and said after a moment...

- Well, who knows what it might become of me old waster. I read the “bible” because the old man wants it. And as long as I do what he wants, he sends money; but I know him, if I should not do what he want, it would soon be end of money.
- You therefore have no inner calling to become a priest?
- No ... inner calling? No, I have never really known. I would far rather be an officer, it has always

played good mood at me, but ...

- Do you know Birger, I think you should throw the priest collar and take epaulettes, then it will become something whole of you. Write to the old man and tell him that you want to change saddle.

- Yes, it would probably be a good excuse but ... well, I will think about it.
We shook hands in farewell and parted.

A year after I lay as much compasses in Stockholm. The old man had brummat and threatened to repeal the maintenance and making me disinherited, but my mother, who felt that his uniform would adorn the family more than cassock, laid out for me and I got my own way. However, it was with regret I parted from the happy student life and my former comrades. In particular, it seemed heavy to be separated from Georg, but the hope that after the studies, would settle in Stockholm, to exclusively pursue musical studies. This hope, eased the pain of parting. He also came soon after and went into the musical academy, in order to devote himself to composition. We often met and held, between our exercises and studies, what you call a nice bachelor-life.

One day Georg up to me and talked with joy-beaming countenance, that he was engaged to the daughter of a senior government official. Her name was Gunhild and of course was delightful. They had met at a few balls and – and so it was done. George had told about his friendship to me and now I was also invited to her parents at the engagement party. With exited curiosity I entered in the elegant drawing room and was to greet the Deputy Director and his wife and ... there she came.

Yes, I must confess that she was pretty. But it was so strange, almost lug inside me, when I saw her. It was like it opened in my being a window through which I could look out over a vast beautiful landscape, as well as something smiled at me - a strange feeling, which disappeared as quickly as it came. Was it an instinctive idea that I had met an old friend? because in fact it was Ingegerd, who hid behind Gunhild's beautiful features. I took her hand and congratulated her on the engagement.

- You are a close friend of George, she said artlessly, I hope you even want to be there for me. Now followed a series of parties within the family and because of my friendship with George, I was invited and soon came in a near contact with Gunhild. She was generally little shy, but she treated me from the first moment like an old friend, and I felt soon so at home in the Office of the Council salon, as if I myself would be son in law of the house. Georg was nothing but sunshine and happiness. He also was everyone's favorite.

The wedding was over and the young couple had immigrated in the little tasteful and pretty furnished apartment at 'Regeringsgatan'. It was a delightful home, but best of all was the hostess herself with her feminine graceful and yet so simple essence and heart-winning kindness. Yes, I must confess that I could hardly hold back a sense of envy of all the good that has fallen on Georg's lot, more so, as I had a secret sense that he did not fully appreciate his luck.

He lived much of his music and studied hard, but lived the rest of his time, in my opinion, a somewhat extroverted nightlife. Many a time, I came up to spend a pleasant evening in this home, where I was often guest, I found Gunhild home alone. George was at a club, where it was chamber music, or any company, where he was asked to sing, but Gunhild did not feel inclined to follow. I could then for a while, sit down and talk quite intimately with her alone, but walked away with a certain oppression, which I did not do any effort to further analyze. I just felt that I should tell Georg to better appreciate the treasure he had, but it was never said - why should I interfere in their intimate life?

Georg was, moreover, a strange man, composed of many different elements. He was stubborn more than willed, but at the same time easily attracted to changing things. He wanted to be with people out in "life" and even see happy guests in his home, but was else quite in melancholy. He had a large fund of seriousness and sense of justice, but could sometimes, especially in business, be foolish frivolous. It was the artist temperament, which with its different moods pressed their mark on him. But anyhow he was, all kept well of him and he had a kind of privilege to do what he pleased.

A sensitive point was always his compositions. On the one hand, he was very sensitive to any

criticism, on the other, he self thought nor of his own talent. It was within him a constant battle between self-esteem and despair, which seemed to hamper his ability to work. A fact was, that he never got anything completely finished.

When they had been married for one year, it came over him an irresistible urge to travel to Dresden to study music with a famous teacher at conservatory. Gunhild had become mother and her little boy kept her tied to home. She had no inclination to leave the quiet home life against the troubled, broken life in a foreign boarding house. So he traveled alone in the fall and would come back for Christmas.

*

It was a few weeks later. I had not in a long time heard anything about or from Georg and therefore went up to Gunhild to hear of any news from Dresden. She came herself and opened the hall door and was so happy when she saw me, that I felt quite warm in heart. I even got to follow her on tiptoe into the bedroom and see little Kurt, who was lying there so rosy-cheeked and slept with one hand tied over the dune.

- Yes, you are lucky, I said, who have everything so well ordered. Oh if I was there.

There came a wistful, almost anxious pull over Gunhilds face as she answered:

- No luck is perfect.

- your, however, I thought, should be.

- Birger, she said, and laid her hand on my shoulder, you have been to me as a dear brother. I feel that I can trust you, and therefore I want to speak frankly - I have no one to confide to.

- What is it Gunhild? I asked in excitement.

- Come, let us go out into the atrium, so we do not disturb Kurt.

She invited me to sit down in an armchair and took place herself on a chair close beside me.

- There is perhaps nothing, she continued with a light vibrating voice, and yet it feels so heavy. I'm afraid - it was cloaked in the throat and she had to swallow a few times - I'm afraid I'am not for Georg what he expected it to be.

- How can you think of such a strange thought, so completely unfounded. I can then witness, that he repeatedly talked about how happy he is.

- I find it hard to believe so, as he can go out there alone without being homesick, yes without even write home and ask how we are and how it is with Kurt.

Big tears rolled down her cheeks and mouth were an expression of pain.

- Has he not done so?

- It is now three weeks since I had a letter and it contained nothing which could be interpreted as he is missing us. It was only about his own person, how he worked and had fun out there. Such is lean diet for a hungry heart.

She leaned her head against my shoulder and sobbed aloud.

- Yes, we men are incorrigible egoists, I replied. We think only of ourselves and if we have a dear little wife, who sweetens life for us, so we think it's just as it should be. But Gunhild - I stroked her lightly over the hair - I think you drag your conclusions wrong, because George loves you as much as before, I can assure you. It's just his usual thoughtlessness. He does not understand, what you are longing for.

It snapped a door. A maiden looked inside, but pulled straight back and closed the door. Gunhild stood up, wiped her eyes and went out and asked what she wanted. I felt a little embarrassed by the situation and, when Gunhild came back, I took my hat and said goodbye. She looked at me with a look that was almost begging for affection and said to me in a weak tone of voice:

- *Come again soon. I am so terribly alone.*

I went up a street and down, while conflicting emotions tumbled into my chest. Yet I felt the hot head against my shoulder, and in my mind I caressed tenderly the silky, smooth hair. What was the hot

waves pouring out of my mind. Was it just the fraternal friendship, I always had had for her, or was it ...? But that must be fought, I may not make my friend unhappy ... well, maybe it could apply to all three of us. I have no right to force my way in and steal a fortune, who has never been meant to me. And yet ... I cannot with indifference see how she suffers, how he neglects her, how they might just pull accident over each other.

Should I just pull me back, so not to expose myself to a temptation, that I might not have the strength to resist, or should I continue my visits, do what I can to comfort and ...? So fought the thoughts in my head and feelings in my chest, it was a chaos, which I could not find any solution to. It was past 12 when I finally stopped outside my door. That night I lay awake a long time and dreamed me into a happy-land, where only me and another found the way.

When I next morning opened his eyes, was the evening's little episode so busy for me, but a voice within me waked me, as it cried, "You fool! Are you immediately ready to put yourself into the leading position? Are you really imagining that she is harboring more than a sister's friendship for you, and do you want so bad, to pay such a beautiful confidence?"

Ashamed that even for a moment had had the idea of an action that would have been both her and me unworthy, I dressed and went out.

In the stair, I met the postman, who handed me a large letter. It was from my regimental commander and contained an order that I in December, had to enter into service. This was located in my hometown; I would thus have to go home within a week, a complete reversal of my plans. I had thought that all winter to stay in Stockholm, where I filled the time with my riding and language lessons, and entertainment options, as the capital city had to offer. My father had grown old and lethargic and now I encountered no difficulties, to get what I needed from home for my living.

But this letter stroked a line through all my plans. Was it fate that wanted to help me out of temptations, I just had been brooding over? It almost looked so. But before I left, I wanted to once again see Gunhild. I had to say goodbye to her.

It was the night before my departure. I rang and the virgin-maid came and opened.

- Is the wife at home?

- Yes, but I do not think she can receive the lieutenant, for she is nausea.

- Tell her I just wanted to say goodbye, because I leave Stockholm tomorrow.

She disappeared but returned with a greeting that I could step into the atrium and wait a little, so would the wife just come.

I waited a long time. She finally came out, wearing a pink robe with wide white lace around the neck and sleeves. Her hair was loose. She was very pale. It was somewhat transparent in her whole being, who gave her the touch of a spirit being more than a lady of flesh and blood. Never had I seen her so beautiful.

- Forgive me, Gunhild, I understand now that I disturbed you more than I ought. But how is it with you, you're so pale.

- It's probably no harm in me, but I have recently felt so tired, that I decided to add me.

- And so I come and ...

- Yes, thank you for coming. I have longed for you, and when I heard that you should leave Stockholm, I have to meet you. But what is the reason for your trip? I hope it only be for short time. Come and sit here, then we talk small.

I explained the reason for my trip and expressed my regret at having to leave Stockholm and the good companion, as her and George's friendship bestowed upon me, but – the army service came above all.

- It will be very empty without you, she said slowly and with much emphasis on the words.

- What will it not then be for me, but I shall always be in grateful remembrance preserve the friendship, I got in this home and especially with you Gunhild. I have not had the good fortune to possess a sister, but you have been to me both sister and friend. You've taken care of me and brought

me to be a more real HUMAN. Yes, I tell you Gunhild, that had not...

Here I was interrupted of a child-cry from the bedroom, and Gunhild disappeared. It took a while before she came back.

- Kurt sleeping so restlessly. I do not know what it is with him, I'm afraid that he gets his concern from me.

- Do you have any particular reason for concern? I asked. Have you had a letter from George?

- Yes, the day when my anxiety was at its greatest, I finally received a long letter from him.

- Well?

- Yes, all is well and good. He works and he enjoys the music. A whole week he has been in Berlin and heard a couple of big concerts. He also thanks for my last letter, but in the two preceding, I've written with a week between time, he says nothing. Either he never received them or... they had fallen out of his mind when he wrote.

- don't he say anything about being homesick, and that he counts the weeks to Christmas?

- No, but he asks for Kurt and so he asks if I want that he shall come back. He seems to have no desire for me. He has always me - but he awaits me to yearn for him. Oh, Birger, if you knew what it feels like to go here and freeze and starve and then be comforted with such crumbs.

She had spoken warm and it shone from her eyes a fire that I could not misunderstand. This genuine outburst of her feelings came as a liberating password, it threw a glaring light over my own vague emotion, it turned me back on track.

- Gunhild, I said, you should be thanked, that you so trust-fully opened your heart to me. It should you not have to regret. I understand both of you. George suffers from the usual male selfishness to think too much of himself and too little on what he should carry on his arms. He loves you, as he always did, there is no doubt, but he is so busy with all the new things, which storms into him out there from the big world, that he loses his own way. Artists like him, is gripped so strongly of momentary impulses, so that things located a little distant in time and space, fades without thereby in any measure, be (are) obliterated. You shall see how happy he is when he comes home, and to have you back in its immediate vicinity. It is always the impression that grips him. Believe me, he's your as completely as ever, and when he are home again, - you forget all your worries. But should been beaten up, because he is such an egotist, and I have the urge to give him bashing.

- For God's sake, Birger, not a word to George or anyone else about what I have said. Maybe I will have to talk to him about it.

- Be calm Gunhild, you can confidently trust me. But now I must go. I should be home and pack for the trip by the stagecoach early tomorrow morning. I feel almost as if I had been banished. Farewell! Think of me sometimes and then write down your thoughts.

She put both her hands on my shoulders.

- Thanks Birger for your friendship and thank you for what you said, I think it has done me good. I shall consider your words, when I am alone with myself. Farewell! Do not forget she, that counts you as her best friend.

I took her head between my hands and kissed her on the forehead.

When I came out on the street, I felt light and happy. I had won the clarity of myself and acquired a loyal friend for life.

XIV.

A sun ray and a cloud

When I came home, a notice met me that father was very ill, almost dying. It was a pneumonia, which had been quick, so I had not yet received the letter, which my mother the day before had been writing about it. Now I came almost too late. He was in a high fever and did not recognize me. At night it was final.

This caused a reversal of my life. I was the only son. It was a good and profitable business, my father pushed, and there was no one who could keep it for mom's and my bill, if I did not take care of it. Admittedly, I was not brought up to be businessman, but we had in the office two loyal and skilled assistants, and with their help it would probably go in the old ruts. Unless I took care of the business, it would cease, and it was too rewarding to be discarded. After much hesitation, I decided to take up my father's work. It was a great upheaval in my plans, but when my decision was made, I was calm. So instead of entering the service in the regiment, I wrote my resignation.

The funeral was over and I had started to familiarize myself with my new duties. It was still and quiet at home and I often sat late into the evenings in the office and worked together with my assistants, who lived their small rooms and now ate at our table. Everything was well, but life gave me no joy. I had written to Gunhild and informed her about the changes taking effect and also received a friendly but the short answer, giving no nourish either to imagination or feelings. She mentioned that George was now expected home about a week and it took her quite, so that she hardly had a thought for anything else. From him had I not had a single word, since his arrival in Dresden.

The thought of the idyllic home my friends had and how good everything would be between them, when he came back, aroused in me the desire to obtain my own familyhome, for as I had now, I was admittedly free from financial worries, but

lived a joy-poor life. My mother was a practical and capable housewife and took care of the internal economy in an exemplary way, but when we at evenings met in the atrium - she with her socks-knitting and I with a magazine or book, we had not much to say to each other.

If I exclude one another old friend from school, I had very few friends in town and hardly any friends. On the regiment I had only done one meeting and was therefore very little known of my former colleagues. I lived a hermits life with my office books and the occasional novel.

But mother got a bright idea. She wanted to take a younger girl in the house as a company and as a help in the household. I thought it could indeed be a break in the monotony, and so we put an ad in the towns newspaper. One after another of the city citizen's daughters came up and offered their services, but mother was skeptical and could not decide. It looked as if we would not get any.

14 days went. We sat right at the breakfast table, then doorbell rang and the maiden came in and reported that another girl came and asked me if the place was still vacant. I cast a curious glance at the applicant when she walked through the hall into the atrium. She was small, had beautiful, deep eyes and looked moreover, quite good. Then my mother went in to speak with her. I could not deter me from doing me a case in there also, to get the opportunity to look at her a little closer. I took her hand and saluted. She looked at me with her big dreamy eyes and was suddenly flushed red. It was as if she recognized me, but I knew me not to have seen her before. She collected her thoughts; and greeted freely and comfortably. While mother she g made a good impression and it was agreed, that she would get the spot. Her name was Martha, the daughter of a farmer, who owned a small farm a mil from the city.

So it was that I once again met Gudrun.

with her, it was as if a sunbeam had trickled into our home and now played over the darkened mahogany furnitures and played in glass chandeliers and sconces. It suddenly became so bright and

warm in the chilly old-fashioned and rigid floor.

A fairy godmother had with her wand touched not only the furniture and household goods but also by mother and me, and even the two offices lords. Miss Martha's laughter and friendly smiles had lifted us all in the major. Particularly, I could not fail to notice that she devoted myself a good deal of attention. She put great care into my room, so would be nice and neatly, that I always had clean linen in my drawers and a flowering potted plant in the window. I enjoyed working better at home now, came earlier from the office and often sat in the evenings and read aloud to the ladies. So went the winter and spring came.

I made a business trip to Stockholm and visited, of course, my friends George and Gunhild. When I arrived, I was just Gunhild home. She met me very kindly, but I immediately noticed that the old intimacy was gone. She told me that George was working on a larger composition, but never was satisfied with what he did without constantly changing and never got anything done. This made him melancholy. Of one and another opinion, I realized, too, that it had entered financial difficulties, but I did not want to be indelicate and asked why not elaborated on how matters stood.

While we chatted, Georg came home. He was in a very bad mood, and the welcome he gave me was so chilly that I absolutely pulled me back a little, wondering what the reason could be to such a narrow host. Gunhild was apparently little embarrassed by the unpleasant mood and went to Kurt. There was a moment of awkward silence.

- How are you George? I asked in a friendly tone as I could commit.

He bit his lip without replying.

- Tell me frankly as in days of old, what's weighing on you?

It shot a dark flash out of the eye, as he replied:

- Tell me you, what is the point, do you intend to continue your visits to this house "as in the old days," when I was gone?

- But, George, what do you mean? I do not understand. Is it really your intention to insinuate that...

- Don't you think I know how you went here day in and day out

and comforted. And then you went away, just before I came home. That trick could you have saved me from.

- What is the disgraceful allusions, you come with? My relationship with your wife is the purest friendship. Anyone who says otherwise, he's lying.

In our heat, we had not observed that Gunhild had re-entered the room. She stood at the door quietly and just looked at us. Our quarrel was silent, then we became aware of her.

- That I would have to experience something like that! she finally said with calm and serious voice. Georg, it is unworthy of you, as you treat Birger - and me.

There was something so impressive in her performance that George just fell out of his role. He just mumbled something about that in all cases, it was unpleasant to hear such things about us.

- You should stand height above and not listen to such gossip. You are in the bottom too upright a character to make you guilty of such baseness. I could not love you as I do, if I did not know that it is only a rashness that will make you forget you so. You have a readily combustible mind, and this can sometimes overtake your self-control, but at heart, you are however my Georg ... I am your Gunhild. Her voice had softened, and the last words came as a gentle spring rain after a thunderstorm.

- Let me see now, that you are as near to goodness as to anger. She gave him her hand, which he hesitantly took, and led him, as a man leading an ashamed child up to me. Then she caught even my hand and said with a delightful small-smile and a tear in one corner of her eye:

- Let us three to be friends, we might need each other.

I am convinced that George as well as I, felt small before this woman who so dignified and restrained subdued the battle, which were close to upflaming between us.

He handed me quietly his hand, which I pressed with heat and so we parted reconciled again, but without it come to any trust between us.

On the return trip, I had caught a chill on me and immediately after returning home, occupy the bed. I was in a high fever. The doctor feared pneumonia, but would come back later in the evening. Mom went uneasily out, but Martha departed not from my side, as she sat down and patted my throbbing temples. The fever was increased, there was dancing so many weird fantasies in my brain. I thought, I went into the woods and looked for prey. "Behold, my forest princess," I cried, "Come into my arms, I just want you in my arms ... Look out for Erik, he's not to be trusted, he wears on your lids, but I will take it from him, though I shall kill him. ... Now I have you, you women robber ... fire, fire. It burns, the whole farm on fire!" So I lay delirious.

- Give me some water. Martha handed me the glass. I saw that she had tears in her eyes.

- Do not be sad, I said, this will soon pass. She turned the pillow.

- Thank you, it was nice.

I had a moment's natural sleep. The doctor came, he listened to my back. His fears were confirmed, it was pneumonia.

It became a serious crisis. In one week I hovered between life and death, but life won and the fever released, eventually.

One night, when I woke up, I saw Martha kneeling beside the bed with her head against the bed and her hands clasped over the quilt. I reached her with my hand and stroked her hair. She jumped up.

- Sorry! I must have fallen asleep. Was there anything you wanted?

- No, I just wanted to touch your hair, it was so soft and warm.

She took my hand and kissed it.

- Martha, I said, you must give yourself rest. Now I'm so restored, no one needs to watch over me. I myself can take the water glass.

- Let me stay. I will not let sleep surprise me, if I only get to sit here.

I took her hand and brought them to my lips.

So we had found each other. We, who from the beginning, was one.

XV.

A coincidence and a dream

Our wedding was in the fall. I had invited George and Gunhild, but they could not come. Gunhild wrote very friendly and confided in me that she went in 'expecting days' and Georg were putting the finishing touches on a composition. It was a melancholy undertone in her letter. I tried to read between the lines the reason, but was not to fathom it. Was it disappointment to life's happiness, or was it financial troubles, or was it just a mood of anxiety, so natural in her predicament?

We moved into a little residence, as I managed to rent the house next door. Mom had probably wanted us to stay in her house, but she had never been able to resign herself to completely leave command to another, and I did not think Martha would feel as alien in her own house.

Now followed a few years of great and rich happiness. Martha was delightful in her loving devotion, she made our little home so bright and beautiful. Our only regret was that we did not possess any children. But Martha was not strong, and our doctor said it probably was the most moderate, that she did not have to go through a pregnancy.

My business went well in the beginning. I had managed to negotiate contracts with some larger estates to take over their entire crop and made a good profit by selling it to an export firm in

Stockholm. Maybe I had, after all, my blundering on different tracks, finally in my proper place. But the difficulties came; I got my competitors and agreements terminated, crop failure, sales decreased and the times were bad.

On one occasion, when I was in great embarrassment, I wrote to George in pure business style and asked if he would accept a three-month bill at 5000 kronor. I needed them to fulfill a contract agreement, but could not for earlier than two months, have payment from my business firm in Stockholm. He replied that he had very bad of himself, since his father in consequence of bad iron prices, had been compelled to reduce his pay out. He had therefore been forced to put aside his compositions not yielded anything and instead devote himself to music lessons, but, however, gave a meager bread.

“But,” he added, “it’s not money you want, just my name. This is it, wear it in good health.” This was, if I except some insignificant letter, the only contact I had with my friends since I got married. The due date came, I redeemed the bill and returned to Georg his name with thanks for the help.

Marta’s failing health caused me constant concern. She became increasingly thin and transparent, suffered from headaches and insomnia, must maintain a strict diet and beware of any effort. But she was always in equilibrium, cheerful and happy and spread formerly sunshine in our home and our lives. To strengthen her powers, doctor had suggested a bath treatment on the west coast, and now we were a few days in ‘Marstrand’. I had followed Marta there and would stay a few weeks. Then I would go home, but come back and get her home.

It was a sun-warmed morning in early July. We walked along the harbor. The steamboat came from Gothenburg with new bath-guests. We stood at the gangway and watched the newcomers. Then I - to my great surprise - saw George and Gunhild and their two children. Martha had never seen them, it thus became a new acquaintance for them and for her. We parted, but agreed to eat dinner together at an inn. Our wives soon became intimate with each other, but George was at first very closed. It felt as if he wanted to ‘hide from me’, and I did not want to be intrusive. Over coffee, Gunhild told that George’s father was very ill, and that there was little hope of his recovery, but that it probably could not ‘last’ for long. I expressed my regret, but it did not seem very touching Georg. He sat quietly for a moment, then he said, more like talking to himself:

- Yes, if father goes away, so we move to the village /country. Perhaps it is easier to be a farmer than musician.

Gunhild’s face lit up with a fleeting smile.

- Yes, and then you come and visit us. Not true Birger?

It would make Martha good, to reside some time in the forest region. I think it would suit her better than the sea air, it is so sharp for one of those little fragile creatures.

- Thank you, replied Martha, I’m probably not as frail as I look. It would always be dear to come on a short visit, but long I do not want to be away from Birger, and he is so bound by his business.

We talked a long time about old memories, and I managed to finally get Georg really exhilarated. He told old student stories in a very humorous way and hummed little songs occasionally. As we parted, lighted Gunhild’s beautiful face of a happiness that I have not seen since shortly after her wedding. The next day a telegram came, who called George to his father’s deathbed. Gunhild wanted to follow, but he declined it, then the trip with two kids would be too difficult to ride several miles up in the mining district.

(1 swedish mile = 6 english miles)

She and we were then daily along and I saw to my delight that Martha and she more and more approached each other and soon became the best of friends. Gunhild told us now, that Georg had been much altered, when he came back from abroad. First she knew not why, suspected he had fallen in love with someone out there, but for an occasional remark, her suspicions began to take a different direction, and they got their confirmation by the unpleasant scene, I already depicted. After that,

however, he had become more even-tempered and shown her much tenderness. But it always rested upon him a certain melancholy, which made life hard for both of them. Gunhild attended it his constant failure to achieve any composition that could win recognition. Once he had, in 'La Croix 'salon' – presented a violin concerto, on which he expended a lot of work, but the one who performed the violin part, had not had the correct perception of the work, and it was taken by very chilly criticism. This cast down his courage, and then at the same time his father had been obliged to reduce the maintenance he left, Georg became despondent. It was then; Gunhild had induced him to start giving singing lessons, which yielded not so small.

It soon came a telegram to George's father was dead, and a few days later a letter with the disappointing notice, that the heritage they expected, could not be great, when the firm was much indebted. Georg's mother had died five years ago, and he was the only heir, but it could even be concerned about, that he should make himself 'non-heir', as not to be drawn into a possible bankruptcy.

Gunhild decided immediately to travel to the funeral and be part of the process, to make herself a concept of the situation for the estate of the deceased. During melancholy feelings we stood there on the dock, waving her away until the boat disappeared.

When we later in the evening were sitting outside and enjoyed the sunset, Martha leaned against me.
- Do you know Birger, I have a strange feeling that it will happen an accident to our friends, and that we must help them as much as we can.

- Yes, it does look right looming out if now would be that the nest is ruined. It is strange how fate can refashion our conditions. Who could believe anything else than that George would become a rich man, who completely can devote himself to his art. When he got as good as gifted wife, so was his happiness human seen, fully. And now he stands perhaps facing financial ruin, and what is worse - I do not think he fully appreciates his magnificent wife. I anyway, think that she keeps more of him than he of her ... But what's the notions you have about an accident?

- I had last night so strange a dream, which still stands as clear to me. I thought I was up on a high mountain where there was only ice and snow. I went there all alone, but then I saw an old man with a big white beard, he stood high on a cliff and waved at me. I climbed up as far as I could, but then I encountered a steep rock wall, which closed the road. Then he leaned down, took my hand and swung me up so easily as if I were a feather. He took me kindly in his arms, called me his daughter and brought me into his tent. Where was nice and warm, but so crowded on all the walls and tables of strange things, which I can not describe. It was as if I had entered a wizard's residence. But he looked so good, and I felt right at home with him.

- Did he say anything to you?

- Yes, I remember very clearly his words: "You shall say Birger, that he must help Georg, when things are going badly for him."

- It was a strange dream. Did He say any more?

- None that I can now remember, but those words have burned into my mind. Shortly after, I woke up. Martha had often important dreams. Many times we had noticed how they kicked in. I was therefore not so little depressed over this prediction. What would happen to my friends and what could I do to help them?

XV . *Crime and Terror*

It was the year after it happened. Since our wives were now familiar, they wrote quite often to each other and we had thus been part of the events. The estate bill showed certainly not a bad result, so that a bankruptcy was necessary, but the debts were great and it was required much skill and good housekeeping to keep up the stores and liquidate them so that each one had its own. George, however, had decided that he take the lead in his own hands, and for that reason they had now really moved to their property in the mining district. But how could he, the unpractical musician, in the business so giddy man, be able to go ashore with such a task. If he took Gunhild to his confidante in all of their business, so could it possibly succeed, for she was wise, she also had no particular experience, but it was hardly likely that he, reticent and withdrawn as he was, would share his troubles with her. One day, it was in the fall of 1869, a telegram arrived saying,

"Come at once, hotels Rydberg, pray Gunhild."

It was dated Stockholm. Thus, they were there as a traveler.

- Now is the time for you to help, said Martha, when I took leave of her. May you possess the power and ability to do so. Something tells me that this is great interests at stake.

When I got off the train at Stockholm South Station, I saw Gunhild on the platform. She stood pale with wandering eyes.



- Well fortunately you came! This is not a minute to lose.

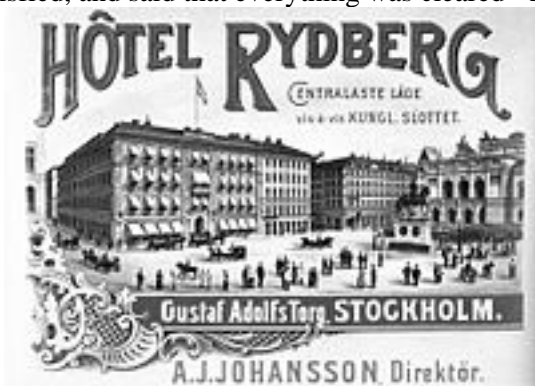
Inserted picture of this time/hotel

- What has happened, you tremble like an aspen-leaf.

- Thereupon we shall talk on the way. I have a rental horse-trolley outside.

And then she told me that they had come to Stockholm on Sunday evening. George had important

business to transact, and had intended to travel alone, but she had been stubborn to go with and so it was. On Monday Georg only said that he at any price must acquire 10,000 kr., or else they were lost, but, he added, "there is no danger, I will probably make it." And then he had gone out. All day long she had been sitting in a deadly anxiety inside the hotel room and waited for him. Hour after hour passed, but he was not heard of. Finally, at eight - 'clock in the evening, he entered pleased and satisfied, and said that everything was cleared - how, he would not talk about.



- On Tuesday noon, she continued, there came a man who looked very uncomfortable out, up at the hotel and asked for George. I was alone inside and asked him to come back the following morning

before 9 - 'clock, he was safest to meet. "I wanted to meet him today, I'll wait here outside", he said and went out. It came over me an uncomfortable feeling that this was not all well. I waited that George would come back, because we had planned to eat dinner together, but now he did. I went out in the reading room to read in a magazine. This man was still standing in the hallway, as if he stood on guard. At last came Georg, but immediately after he entered, this unpleasant man also came in. - Sorry for bothering, he said politely, but I have orders from the police chief to ask the ironmaster immediately appear at the police.

I saw that George paled, but he replied very calmly:

"I'm just ready to follow you, if you want to wait a moment out there." He went and George whispered in my ear: 'telegraph immediately to Birger, that he comes here with the first train. Only he can help me. "

- What is it? I asked in the most dreadful anxiety.

- I have committed an indiscretion, but it will probably be ok. Just be calm.

Further, I did not know, and so he joined the detective. I asked to come along, but the officer refused. Then I sent off the telegram, I went to the detective office on Myntgatan and asked for my husband. "He's in for interrogation (questioning) here," was answered. "The wife can of course sit down for so long." And there I sat in a tormenting uncertainty and anxiety. Finally he came out pale and upset.

- I am arrested, he said, but must undergo another hearing tomorrow at 12. Until then, Birger (hopefully will) be here. He shall save me.

- What is it? May I not know what it is? I cried in despair, but received no response. He was taken away between two constables. I sank down on a chair. They got a cab and I went back to the hotel. O God, such a night I had!

- So it is today the hearing shall be held? I asked.

- Yes, at 12 noon.

- She is now half 2. Let's run directly to the detective office. And was now calm Gunhild. I say as George: this will probably be ok. I'm beginning to understand how this is connected together.

When we arrived, I asked about a conversation with the manager and the police.

Well, the merchant came just as he was after-sent, then we can begin the interrogation immediately.

'Bring in the detainee mill owner', he told a guard soldier. 'An unpleasant case - very uncomfortable', he added in a low tone.

It was an extremely embarrassing moment when we met before the bar of justice, (examination) bench) - but I manned me up and adopted an untroubled countenance, when I handed Georg hand. After some formalities, the policeman took up a bill (of exchange); which he showed me.

- May I ask, have YOU written this merchant acceptance?

- Sure, I replied immediately, without a moment's hesitation. That is my name and I stand by it.

George gave me a look that I shall never forget. The police-man looked very surprised.

- Oh, is it really so? It was strange, for it is not like your usual signature.

- How do you know my signature, if I may ask?

- The police know much, he said, with a certain sense of selfconfident. Look, he added, holding out a letter from me to the office, with which I had my business relationships.

- Yes, here I have also written, 'I said, but my name sign can surely be little different.

- Yes, it seems like that, he said with an ironic smile. If so is the case, the matter is cleared and must be written off. It was then only a sad mistake. I apologize, but you gentlemen must admit that it looked strange and suspicious.

Never I have seen gratitude to shine such like, in a pair of eyes which was those of Gunhilds, when I helped her into the carriage, and never have I seen such a great and sincere repentance, as George shown, when we came up to the hotel.

He had had a bill to pay, but thought all would be ok in the last moment, but he had had no time to arrange the matter. Had perhaps also difficult for it, and so he resorted to the insane resort, to write my name as acceptor. He had always meant to write and tell me, and in any case he was sure that to the due date, be himself able to redeem the bond/bill, but how the forgery was discovered, he could not comprehend. Then I got the explanation, when I shortly thereafter went up to the office, where my

letter was addressed. The firm's head was in fact also a member of the bank-Board and there, he had come to see the bill. He thought that the signature looked suspicious and sent for one of my letters. Undeniably, the similarity was very small, but George had been in his usual thoughtlessness and thought that it probably was not that important, and that no one would detect it. The main thing was to get a solid name. And then came the disaster. Georg had in the hearing insisted that the name was genuine, all in the hope that I would arrive in time and save him.

But the horror of what he had gone through and what he had been close to, was so overwhelming that he was shaken by violent chills and had to occupy the bed. There appeared a violent fever, and he lay for nearly one week -dangerously ill. I stayed with them until the crisis was over, and he began to regain strength.

When I came home and told her everything that I had not wanted to entrust by the letter, Martha took me in her arms and thanked me so warmly, as if it were herself I helped.

- Now you have fulfilled my dream, she said, and therefore I think you made a more important action than we now understand.

- Yes, it is possible, I replied, but there is also something else that must be met, and it's the bill itself.

- Do you not think he can do it himself?

- It's possible, but we must always be prepared to the contrary.

- Yes, it will be probably be a solution or right way for that matter. You will see that the help will probably come in one way or another. Now I think that that old man, I dreamed about, is as happy as I am. Thank you my own Birger!

XVII. Sunset

It was a complete revolution, this event caused in my friend's entire mental and emotional life. It made him so to speak; back on track. Against Gunhild he became the tenderest man, who since had the fullest confidence and always took her advice in all important matters. To me, he was an open-cordial and good friend and his gratitude was so great that I literally was plagued thereof. In his business, he was punctual and proper. In short - he became like a reverse hand. It was the great real balance of it, which was becoming a terrible accident.

But the purely financial side of things got pretty worrying. How confident he considered himself to be, and how much effort he made to honor his bill, he did not succeed. The rumor of what appeared had leaked out, even if the newspapers had not get wind of it, and his credit was then to end. I was prepared for it- and had planned for the cause by taking another mortgage in our little property, which I after a few vain attempts finally succeeded in placing at high interest rate, and thus redeemed the bill.

Georg was heartbroken, but could do nothing. His business position was now so undermined that he wanted to sell the mill to re-settle down as a music teacher in the capital. But it was not easy to find a buyer who could pay, what was needed to avoid bankruptcy. And it came to bankruptcy and the consequent forced sale, got many to suffer considerable losses.

As such were things standing, when a year later, it came a letter from Gunhild, about the main building of the mill had burnt to the ground. It was in late summer. How the fire occurred was not ascertained - probably some crack in the chimney stock in the attic, for there started the fire. In a quarter stood the entire roof in flames and soon after the fire broke out in all the windows in the upper floor. It was not to think about saving more than themselves and little clothes.

After a few hours the entire old venerable building a glowing ashheap from where the dilapidated chimney walls were sticking up like ghastly ghosts. It was a heartbreaking letter, written shortly after the disaster. Now bankruptcy was inevitable. Our friends were completely destitute.

An uncle of Gunhild - her parents were dead and had not left behind anything - handed them the moment a helping hand, so that they could undertake the move to Stockholm, where they were renting a small apartment with three rooms and kitchen. Kurt was now 12 years, he had to share a room with his father and Gunilla, who was 10 years, was in the same room as the mother. The third room was both dining room and classrooms, and there were the finest piece of furniture; a rented piano. This would give Georg chances to give music-lessons and singing lessons. The problem was only to find gather himself till he got started and a few students ..

I did at this time quite often business trips to Stockholm and then always visited my old friends. It was touching to see, with what heroism, they wore their ordeal. Especially Gunhild was admirable. She, who had been brought up in so much ostentation and luxury, now sat there like a poor wife, who herself has to do all the work indoors, because no servant was afforded to acquire. It made pain in me, when I saw how she had to drag, but she carried her head high and always had a smile on his lips and a kind word for everyone.

- Do not think that I'm unhappy, Birger, she said once, when I could not repress a regret. We sat face to face and ta our major distress. God knows how long we otherwise tried to stay together with the misery and how many more things could make suffering on us. I think I never felt so light of heart, as when I moved into these three rooms and thanks to uncle's goodness had to get together these simple furniture. Now all should probably be very fine, shall you see. George is so skillful in teaching, and now he has been the open and nice with all people. This he never was before, when he dreamed to become something big. And he is so full of hope and want to do everything to get work. He's already had the first, on an ad - he had a couple of students. It's not much - it drew a light veil of sadness over her face and a tear glistened in her eye - but it will probably be several.

And there was more. He soon got so many students, as he could keep up. He was cheap, and the less wealthy sought out to him. Even in violin, he had a couple of students, he could play almost all instruments. In addition, he composed waltzes and vocal pieces, and it contributed a little to his/our income.

A couple of years later, they already could rent a bigger apartment, and now they thought they had it really good.

I perceive that my story most come to move on my friends George and Gunhild, but their path was of course also between severe problems, when our own floated like a smooth and quiet stream.

Martha was always warm and lifegiving sunbeam in our little home, despite her - with every year - fell off and became thinner. Her limbs were so dilute as a 16 year girl, and her skin pale and translucent, but her eyes had still the magical splendor and breathtaking tenderness, that from the first moment captivated me.

Our small household - we were still single—occupied her not much, but the time, I was busy with my work, she was sharing between caring for my mother, who was now very old and decrepit, and reading; She was very fond of legends and mysterious stories. [Bulver](#) was her dearest author. In addition, she devoted much attention to the care of the city's poor; She was the soul of a sewing circle, which she passed to get clothes for poor schoolchildren.

One evening a week gathered, in turn from one of the participants, and when the tour came to us, I sat inside and read aloud to the ladies.

But the quiet happiness I enjoyed could not be prolonged. I saw Martha eventually faded away and thought with trepidation at the moment when she would leave me. She had probably also a presentiment of that she could not have far back - and let slip out sometimes a hint that it would be hard to part from me.

But by no means was she afraid to die, rather I think the idea for her had something enticing, and in her dreams, she was often a guest in the country, located on the other side. She would sometimes wake up with such a clear feeling that she had seen and spoken with beings with white robes, and with a radiant halo on their face, she heard some heavenly music or fancy wandered in a region of such great beauty, that it could not belong to earth. Then her face lit as explained, and the good eyes shone with an unearthly splendor.

The last summer she was alive, we had not dared to undertake any trip to the west coast, which we otherwise often used to, but had rented a small farm not far from the city. There, on the west facing open veranda, overlooking a long valley, we sat usually by the trees and watched the sunset. She enjoyed so indescribably of the clouds play of colors and the warm glow, which was cast over the landscape, as the sun sank.

- How beautiful it can be to die, she said once, to be put on a purple cloud bed and carried away, far away, where no human eye can penetrate.

- Are you going again to leave me? I asked.

- The inevitable to happen. My small role here on earth is outplayed, that I know all too well, but up there waiting for me, is a new life with new tasks; and my greatest, my happiest shall be to watch over you and wait and long for the time I get fetch you home to me.

- Yes, the one that could only have a perception of you, but I'm not as sensitive as you, I neither hear or see. I feel terribly alone.

- That you should not be. I must tell you that I had a pretty strong presentiment of what it will be for you, while I'm away.

- Well, what have you seen or perceived? I have a very great trust in your hunches, they have so often struck.

- There is one, as you hold much of, she should come here and make life bright for you.

- You mean Gunhild?

- Well, who else?

- How can you think such a thing. She is bound, but even if she were free, I would not be willing or able to put in question such a thing. In this case, I have no faith in your sensations.

- And yet I say unto you, Birger, I have two specific times seen her walking around here in our home. The first time I saw her leaning over you, where you were sitting at your desk, she kept her hand on your shoulder and looked so happy. The second time I saw her walking alone in the courtroom and water the plants, then saw the hair slightly graying out, which I interpret as, it was a picture of her in the future.

- I still do not believe you. But tell me, you knew well the pain at these sensations?

- No, I felt it just good. I got the impression that she made the home bright for you. I've always kept so much of Gunhild, but the last time I saw her like that, I felt that she was so good, I could not help but go against her and take her in her arms. She was so real to me, that it occurred to me other than that it was she herself alive. But the vision disappeared, and I stood there alone and stretched my arms toward the empty air.

- How strange you are with your visions, but as I said, in this case, you have probably seen wrong, and I'm almost sorry that you talked about it for me.

- I really have hesitated if I should do it, but I've never had a secret thought for yourself, how can you ask me that I should keep quiet about it that moved you so close. And I also had an intention therefore

- I would ask you to take care of Gunhild, she would need it.

- And it would not pain you, if ... no, I will not talk about such an absurdity.

- The thought pains me not now, and then I am certain of, that it even less to do it then.

It was not long before she was put on the sick-bed, where she no longer arise. She faded away slowly without plagues, without any particular organic suffering. It was as the oil on the lamp would end, and therefore it must go out.

I sat beside her as often as I could, holding her little translucent hand and looked into the dear lovely eyes, which became brighter, the more life slipped away.

- last night I've dreamed so beautiful, she said one of the last days.

- You were already up there? I asked.
 - No, it was probably on earth, I believe. I found that I herded in the forest with cows and sheep. And the sun shone so warm and bumble bees and flies buzzed and bark were bell rang and the sheep small bells rang and I went and blew in wait to attract them, for it was early evening and we were home. But when I came to a clearing in the woods, I met a young knight. He was so beautiful with gambling blue eyes. His hair was cut short in the pan, but fell in bright curls on both sides of the face. On hMvudet he had a black sammetsbarett, with a white feather in and ... well, how he incidentally was dressed, I do not know, because I just saw on his face - that beautiful face. When he saw me, he smiled and stretched out both arms.
 - Here, he said, will not have any front, which does not provide tax.
 - I Have nothing to give, I said and I felt myself blushing all the way up to the hairline.
 - Then you need to give yourself, he said, and embraced me and kissed me so hard that I woke up.
 - So, you are out on adventures with such fine gentlemen, I said jokingly.
 - Yes, that's fine gentlemen '... Do you know who it was?
 - No!
 - It was quite clear to me, when I woke up. It was you.
- It was her last dream. Two days later she was gone.

XVIII.

SUNSET GLOW

What have I to say about the life that now for me was so empty, so gray and worthless. I took care of my business, I was sitting in my office, I made small travel - could almost mechanically But ... the sun had gone down, it was cold and dark and desolate around me. My mother died the year after Martha, but last year she was so lethargic that she sometimes barely recognized me. However, it became empty without her, she had been so good to both Martha and me.

I was now all alone. The thought, Martha had once developed, ran me sometimes to mind: but the just tormented me. Never - never would become a reality.

So went one year. Then came a telegram:
 "Georg died in the night. Come, pray
 Gunhild "

Is it possible? Young man! I had not heard that he was sick. The same evening I traveled by night train to Stockholm.

There he lay with a touch of peace over the pale features, the dear, tried friend. He had fought out. A paralysis of the heart had stopped bloodstream, and life had fled. It had happened so fast; he wailed in the night and wanted to get up, but fell back in bed, and that was the end.

Gunhild was crippled by grief and could hardly produce more than single words. There was something stuck in her face, almost scared me. The children sat crying in a corner. It was a sad sight, when I came into the small home. I took Gunhild's hand and watched her faithfully in the eyes.

- You dear friend! Death has been hard on you, so it has been so much kinder to him there, when it took ho-nom so gently, so gently, without disease, without plagues - let's not forget it.
- Yes ... yes ... but it's so hard to understand that he could ... ouch! it hurts so much here.

“She first held hands on her heart, and then she laid both arms around my neck and fell into a severe crying. Previously, she had not come up with a tear, but now the bands were broken and she was crying out.

”I stayed in Stockholm and arranged the funeral. But when I was going home, the thought struck me: how are these people going to survive? George had supplied some money to the family thru his lessons. Gunhild had managed the household and the home and had not been able to contribute to their livelihood. Now she stood there with empty hands. I left her a small sum for the near future and promised soon to return to try and arrange something for her.

Alone, she stood and alone I stood, it is then easy to understand, how it was possible to Marta’s vision yet finally became a reality. (His wife Martha had short before her death had a vision where she saw that he would find and help also Gunhild after Martha herself was gone). She brought her children with her to care for my house, and so soon became my wife. I shall not dwell on the inner struggles; it cost me to get to the bottom with myself, before I took this step. It was natural that the daily intimate intercourse between us, which had always been best feelings for each other, would eventually lead to the idea of a union, and I think this idea soon woke in us both, but it was as if we both struggled some against it and no one would say the final word on it. And it did not need to be said, we read each other’s thoughts, and one day when the atmosphere became overpowering, Gunhild stretched out her arms to me, I brought her to me – and she was mine.

Again the fortune smiled at me, and I was happy in the feeling that Gunhild was happy. But for long would we not enjoy this pleasure. Care and disease laid its heavy hand upon us. I had the last few years had to struggle with serious financial difficulties, but always at the last minute, found a way out, and thus kept it going. The business was eventually in decline, it was no longer as productive as before. I had to lay off one of my assistants and tended so almost everything myself. Then came a severe crisis, and I had no other alternative than bankruptcy. I felt it hard, most for Gunhild’s sake, if she once again should have to go through such a heavy testing, but there was no choice. I had made the most strenuous efforts to keep it going, but in vain. My credit was over, now the heavy blow had to hit us. Gunhild was during this crisis far more strong inside the soul and hopeful than I was. She still held up our spirit. And she also became the saving angel.

One day when I sad and depressed was sitting at my desk in the office, she came in having a registered letter in her hand.

- SAVED! She exclaimed, handing me the letter. It was from Gunhild’s uncle and contained no less than 10,000 kr. and also the very kindest remarks about my person. (Remember that this amount is probably for time now equivalent to nearly a million. R.Ø. remark.) Gunhild now confessed that she had written to his uncle and told the whole story of George’s frivolous handling with the exchange, and how I had intervned and saved him. We had mutually promised each other that this story should not be spoken of to any person, but after a short battle with her misgivings, she had, without saying a word about it to me, given the uncle a part of it and also talked about our critical situation. This had moved the old man so much that he, who was very wealthy and had no more heirs than Gunhild and a cousin of hers, now sent this amount to us as the heritage Gunhild one day should have.

So we were once again rescued. And so she had done, my lovely wife, who was always strong, thru the storms of raging adversity, how heavy she felt about the trials and burdens on

her shoulders. Now she was particularly pleased and happy that she thus was able to repay what she felt like an old debt.

So went a time during the comparatively peaceful external environment and the safe, domestic happiness, which is built on mutual affection and confidence, but now came the disease. I had felt certain heaviness in the abdomen, but did not place much thought on it initially, and it did not particularly bother me, but eventually entered some worrying symptoms, which prompted me to seek medical advice. I underwent a thorough examination which showed that it was a cancerous lump (tumour) that were already quite large. I had to choose between an operation of dubious output and a disease, which result was no doubt, but that could also go for a long time and for now would not stop me in my work.

Gunhild was deeply saddened and dared not give me any advice, she otherwise always knew what she wanted and was quick to advise. But when I chose the latter option, I saw that it drew a relief over her face.

- So can I, however, be with you still some time and care for you as best I can, she said. Thank you for not taking the option to loose you right now!

I was now a doomed man. How long I had left, no one could tell me - it could go fast but it could also be long. It is strange how the certainty of a soon coming death can paralyze a man who still has forces in reserve. So great is the love of life, the certainty of its loss will corrode not only life itself, but also of courage and zeal. And yet I had to tell me that many who were healthier than I would die before me, but this had not the thrill of certainty that the end came.

The weeks turned into months during the uncomfortable feeling that the enemy of life, which I carried within me, still grew in size and stature. I soon could not walk and move without the greatest difficulty, and finally I had to occupy the bed.

I can not think back to that time, but with heartfelt gratitude, remembering the dotting care, Gunhild devoted myself. She was indefatigable in her kind attentions, and not only did she cared for my sick body, she was even more my spiritual doctor. With her firm belief in a continuation of life in the other world, she was the one that sustained my courage, when it often came close to wobble under the double burden of suffering and death-certainty. Although I know that she was about to succumb to fatigue and grief, she could at my sick bed have a freshness and confidence that made me forget the pain and powerlessness. She was always the tense spring that sustained my sinking courage. And her children - why have not I talked more about them? - They were so unspeakably tender to me. Kurt was now 18 years old and was in the highest class, a handsome boy, who had inherited her mother's beautiful, expressive eyes, but of course brought to life one for all suffering beings, compassionate heart. Gunilla was 16, a blond and gentle little girl who crept on tiptoe into the hearts of all. How often did she not come with fresh flowers and laid them on the table.

One evening, when it was toward the end, Gunhild was sitting as usual at the bedside, sewing. Suddenly, she looked surprised about.

- What was it, my friend? I asked.

It was so strange, she replied, I thought I felt Martha glimpsing by/past. It was as if she had come from the hall, she stopped for a moment by the bed and then she disappeared. Did you not see her?

- No, I've never any sensation of that kind - as she herself so often had. She must have come to fetch me.

- It was so strange; I got such a strong feeling that it was her.

- Did she say anything?

- No, but she made a gesture with her hand as if she said hello to me, and I felt as if she wanted to thank me.

- She surely would and I also.

I handed her my emaciated hand which she caressing took between her two.

- Yes, Birger, when we meet again up there, so be very clear, that now seems so dim. You should greet them both, who have gone before us. Say to George, I never forgot him, even if I with joy and gratitude, though are looking back now on those years, I have stood by your side. Many times I wondered, that I from the first moment we met, could keep in touch like we were old friends, and that I - at the same time could - give my heart to take it all the way to George. Life is full of mysteries, but some time, they probably be solved.

Her words died away, they were heard as speaking in the distance, I had the strange feeling that something snapped inside me. It went around for my eyes. I fell into a swoon. A few clicks and it was over.

Chapter XIX. Epilogue

The first sensation I had, after crossing the border, was the muffled sound of a violin. I was in a daze, I felt so utterly powerless that I could not even open my eyes, but it was a pleasant sensation of tiredness, such as one feels at recovery from a serious illness, when the crisis is over. And the sounds of the violin rocked me to calmness. I fell asleep.

When I awoke, I was very intrigued. I was in a big, beautiful room with high windows. The sun was shining through the thin curtains and threw light beams on the opposite wall. There hung the portrait over the couch where I lay. It was my own portrait - strange. I had no idea where I was or what had happened to me. I thought myself the victim of an illusion.

When I have been so for a while and wondered what this magic would mean, slowly the door was opened and in came a light and airy shape, a real revelation. I thought I recognized those lines ... Was it not ... Yes, of course, that was Martha, my Martha. She stretched her arms toward me, bent down and kissed me.

"- Welcome, you loved, she said. I have let you sleep as long as possible, but I've been sitting in the next room and listened, and when I heard that you moved, I could understand, that you were awake.

- But where am I and where is Gunhild, who watched as closely over me? Have you

now taken over the care of me?

- Now you have left Gunhild and the earth and now you are in my home, which also shall be yours ... if you feel inclined to, she added with a smile.

- Am I therefore dead now, you mean?

- Yes, they call it so on earth and they think it is so terrible, terrible and dark and surreal. But now you see how easy it is to die, and how you can ...

-What can you mean?

-Gain on the exchange.

She blushed up to her hairline.

- Yes, it was not myself I meant, she added, but the others here in our world. See how beautifully I live, feel how the roses smell through the open window, listening to the birds in the park. You may believe, this is good to be real.

Once heard the muffled sounds of a violin, who played adagio in pianissimo.

- Who is it, who plays so beautifully? I asked. I thought I heard it just now in the dream too.

- It's George, 'she replied. We went down and picked you up and he had his violin with him to play a show for you to sleep, he said. He's sitting out here in the park and burning with impatience to come in and welcome you. Do you feel strong enough to speak to him now, or do you rest yet a while.

- Ask him to come. I can not wait to see him. Martha shouted at him through the window. He came in so jubilant that she had to silence him.

- You must be quiet, she said. Birger is still very weak and need rest. Greet only slowly and then go out again, keep playing for him.

He made a face, like when you silence a child, sneaking up to the couch, grabbed my hand and looked me in the eyes.

- Welcome! Welcome! I thought you would never die ... as I've been waiting for you!

- Thank you brother! Was all I could say. Then his eyes fell together and I fell asleep again.

When I woke up again, I probably slept for quite a while, but now I was also fully restored. I could immediately get up and started to look around.

It was really a delightful place I had come to. The room had three windows, two facing out to a large park with lush trees and green lawns between the meandering sandy paths, the third gave a sweeping view of the surrounding neighbourhood. In the foreground was seen a narrow valley with steep side slopes, where beyond the widened landscape was. A lake lay glistening in the sunshine and distant blue mountains rose up with snow on top.

- What this is beautiful, I said to Martha, who just walked in while I stood and admired the scenery.

- Yes, it is a lovely region, we live in. But now you also should see how nice we have indoors.

- Who lives here more than you?

- Actually, I have lived here all alone waiting for you, you dear, but I have often had guests with me, and now I have, except George, also another old acquaintance of you who come from a higher sphere to welcome you, our dear friend Abilard.

- Abilard ... Abilard? The name is so familiar to me but ...

- When you get to see him, be sure the memory awake all that he has been for you. Come on. She led me first to a large room, comfortably furnished and artistically decorated with a broad frieze in bright, cheerful colours, and a pair of beautiful marble statuettes. Middle of the floor stood a large palm plant and in an expanded window were a lot of flowering plants. Then we came to a small room. In the wide window, which was temporarily postponed, was a large desk with a bunch of beautiful things, including a lovely statuette in bronze, of a young Scandinavian woman with a lamp in her uplifted hand, as if she was looking for something.

- This electric lamp is a gift from Abilard to you -

- For this is your study room. He has ordered it from an artist. The castle girl who is out looking for her knight, he says.

- It looks like you, you know, I said.

- Yes, the castle maid, it's probably me that, and the Knight, - it's you
- Do you remember that story?
- Strange memories emerge, but they are so vague, so unreal.
- We get enough time later to collate them, but now we have to seek Abilard, who impatiently await you. I think he's sitting in the library.

We passed a large hall, which with three arches was open to the park, and then come into a high octagonal tower room which was lined with bookshelves from floor to ceiling. This way Abilard so absorbed in reading a large folio, that he did not immediately notice our entry. I therefore had a moment of opportunity to look at him, and that was enough to awaken so many memories and feelings of gratitude, that I absolutely threw myself at his feet and stretched his arms towards him.

- My beloved old teacher! I exclaimed.
- Well, I have you finally here my son. He took my head between his hands and kissed my forehead. Blessed - because you filled your duty faithfully and patiently bore earth troubles of life.

Now also George came in. He embraced me and thanked me for what I had done for him and also for my affection and help for Gunhild.

- Have you felt no bitterness towards her or me because we finally were united in our destinies?
- Not the slightest. You had an old right to her and she is one unfulfilled duty to you, because you should meet and also be as united as we can on the ground plane, but mine she is anyway, just as you will not lose the preferential right to belong to Martha. The earthly bands are temporary - but the spiritual ties remain.

We talked together a long time now about old memories and then fell a clear light on a lot, which seemed to me obscure.

- But tell me, Abilard, I asked, why would George have to go through that much harder trials than I, as he was from the beginning, not nearly as cruel and fierce as me.
- You must remember that he had not been incarnate, since he was the musician Erik at King Waldemar's hoof. Meanwhile, you had a strict school as a soldier in Carl the 12.'s army. Where did you get the opportunity to GRIND of the roughness, which was charged at your being, and also suffer you free from a lot, which was weighed on your soul. That's why your last earth visit was relatively easy.

An important part of your later life was your last illness; it has been you a blessing. It is wonderful how a patiently borne bodily suffering has the ability to cleanse, not only the astral envelope, as we here stand and move in, but also remove the very nature of the spots, which as earlier misdeeds sullied us. One would think that these purely physical torments, should have nothing to do with the more spiritual of our being, and yet it is so. So intimate is spirit, soul and body in one life spun together, that the vibrations of pleasure and pain, that reach the heaviest (most coarse) of our shells, then will be re-added to the spiritual values, and taken up by our being's inmost core.

- I asked for Sigyn and old Ulf, and Abilard told me they were back in the earth beneath, slightly ahead of my last incarnation. They had lived in Norway, where he was a good captain and she was his daughter. Both had been under harsh life. In particular, he had had a hard life. Finally, after a difficult shipwreck, he came home with a broken foot and a broken health. She then nursed her father, and supported him and herself by, brave and fearless, as she was herself part in the local fishery. After passing from the earth trek, they had come back with the spiritual treasures of patience, humility and confidence and were very happy.

George, who had long been silent, took place.

- Yes, everything was fine, if only I had my Gunhild - my Ingegerd - here, but she is still down there and pulled with disapproval conditions.

- She has her children, who are fond of her and make life bright for her, said Martha, remember that she needed them.

- But things get tight for her, in economic terms, I said, for what I left behind me is not enough.

- Be calm, said Martha, I have seen a vision that her uncle, before any know, goes home, and then she will inherit her fortune.

- How have you seen it? Said Abilard.

- Recently I was with him one night when he slept, and then I saw a light appears over his head, and it means liberation. I have seen that at many different times for different people, and it has always been so. Already during my earthly life, I learned to see and understand this character.

- Yes, I have so often received confirmation of what you have seen or dreamed of, I said. You have a wonderful ability. Many times I have wondered why many people have this gift.

- It's probably not just a gift, she replied. As for other skills, it takes practice and work and not at least all knowledge. I was at a good school of Father Atle in the mountains, you remember him? He was a complete magician of the good battle, he was a well of wisdom to draw on, and I drew extensively during the short time I was with him, for I had a burning taste for mysticism. He also led my exercises, he gave me problems to solve, the test to perform, he was the best teacher, I could wish for. Thus I have become sensitive to nature's hidden powers and means of expression, but what can I compared to old Atle. He is a richly endowed man, and versed in all arts and sciences.

- Have you seen him, since you were last on the earth?

- *Yes, he was the one who received me, when I left. And the first time I stayed with him, but his snowfields became a little lonely, as I longed for a more beautiful scenery. He then gave me this house, which he pre-erected on my behalf, as he probably could understand I wanted a home where I could take and welcome you.*

- *Has he, who is engrossed in his books and his laboratory, did you say he had built this house, Yes, he has such rich opportunities for things and relationships of so many different kinds, that I do not know what he could accomplish. This house was his favourite idea, has been done the first draft of the plan scheme and even the supervision of the construction, though he lives quite far away, but he's so easy to get around, he just wants it, and so he goes off/away, and then we see no sign of him.*

- *Yes, he is actually from a higher sphere, said Abilard - and with that follows some mobility, which does not belong to the lower spheres, but he has fallen in love with his alp landscape and the observatory he was decorated for himself and he is therefore more sedentary there in his proper home. He also has a power over the forces of nature, which he acquired through assiduous work and in-depth studies.*

- *But is he always alone, and studies? I asked.*

- *No, not always. First and foremost he is at long times up in his proper sphere, and even higher and take the education of those who know more, and secondly, he has often disciples with him, enjoying his teaching. Yes, it is not unusual for men of learning from higher spheres pilgrimage to Atle, to hear his opinion on any difficult question.*

- *If he were to go down to earth, he was certainly a great scientist, George said.*

- *Yes, more than that, said Abilard, he was, what people would call a miracle man, but I think, he is not urgent with that step. His time is not yet come.*

- *No, but it may not be as distant as you think, said Martha, because to me he said, when last we met, that he is following with great interest the spiritual movement that has started to dawn on earth. It has large problems to overcome, she said, but it is to win the victory, because it is truth inherent power. And when it has grown so strong that something can be done to dispel*

the materialistic darkness, then his hour have come. Then I, too, and many others which are infinitely high above me, will go down to, every to their city, helping the people in distress, as they have brought upon themselves. I tremble for the moment, but my mirth, that I found worthy, to be a little warrior of the light that are flowing down upon us from the Great Spirit, who fashioned the Universe and with His love draws us up into their bright Heaven. ”

So about fell his words, I shall never forget them, and how his face shone as he explained, and he raised his clasped hands and added:

”Father! See the grace to your poor servant and give me the strength to walk YOUR way, also if it should be thorny.”

 Words at last from this translator/R.Ø.:

Thus, the book describes in a poignant way how our fates are intertwined and how the people who “randomly coming in” in our lives, are old friends, who as to the extent that they cause us unpleasant fate/destiny, we are to forgive. This is based on the understanding that we all are on the way - even as imperfect beings and it takes time to learn to love out of compassion.

Examples of past “fate-specific meetings,” *is typical’ falling in love’ with a person:* that such brings people together in relationships and possible (temporary) marriage. Such are those of the past’s certain events, and the children who possibly come out of this – planned from the other side/*before we went into this coarse -matter*. Often they – the children - have made the effort to incarnate into disharmonic conditions in order to bring their parents karmic together, where they at last will learn something important from each other - and especially MUTUAL FORGIVENESS.

Footnote:

of the ‘repetition principle’ as Martinus analyzes it with his cosmic consciousness:

1203. Since it is generally true that the above-mentioned happy period of a marriage can be counted only in days or a few years, but not in more than a few decades, we see here that this marital “honeymoon” is merely a repetition of a state that was originally the general rule throughout the history of “Adam’s” and “Eve’s” evolution. This repetition corresponds exactly to all the other repetitions of previous states or layers of consciousness that take place within the living beings’ stages of childhood and youth. As previously mentioned in “Livets Bog” these two stages are, so to speak, nothing other than the repetition of stages from this beings’ previous paths of evolution.

Thus we see children going through periods where they show tendencies that clearly point back to primitive human stages. Is it not so that children go through a stage or period where they mostly like to play at being “cops and robbers” and “chiefs” and “Red Indians”, and during this period they are not averse to being involved in fights and conspiracies where the idea is that this or that person should have a beating, be teased or tormented, indeed, sometimes with no demonstrable, realistic reason. Does one not also see in certain children and young people a desire or tendency to torture, mutilate and kill animals without any outer cause or extenuating circumstance.

Hence the concept of the “awkward age”. And is it not a fact that these natural capacities for cruelty can disappear totally in these beings when they reach manhood or maturity;

indeed, they are even sometimes the first to criticise and chastise their own children and those of others for the same cruelty? This bloodthirsty tendency was thus not the true character or nature of these beings. If it had been, it would not have disappeared with the onset of maturity, but would have still been in evidence, as is the case with some beings. We thus find people who throughout their lives represent a more or less cruel or brutal attitude towards other living beings; indeed, they can practically hurl abuse from their deathbed.

While there are beings that have only a very short period or a stage during their childhood and youth when they are inspired by brutality and cruelty, there are others that do not lose this brutal nature within this lifetime. The explanation for this is that the former beings had already overcome their brutal nature in a previous life and therefore relive it merely as a repetition at a point in their present life between being an embryo and the onset of maturity (around the age of thirty), where they reach the standard of evolution that they had reached in the above-mentioned previous life.

The latter beings, whose brutal tendencies accompany them throughout their entire life, have not overcome the stage of brutality in previous lives in the present spiral and must therefore continue having this kind of nature in their present life and succeeding lives until they have entirely overcome it. It is this repetition of previous tendencies or states that is also in evidence in the very formation of the embryo.

Here we see how, from its first, frail beginning in its mother's womb, the embryo is formed or created by passing through various principles and tendencies of animal origin. And why should marriage be an exception?

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