

# TIMETRAVEL

## Book 1, Chapter 3

I didn't go to the meditation center so often any more but went with a few friends to other lectures in town all about different issues.

I saw an interesting book about Tarot card reading and bought it and found it so interesting that I bought a deck as well and started to immerse myself into it's symbolism.

I had a few feelings about it as if I had done this before, but couldn't quite place it. It was not the cards them self but the state of mind you are in while doing divination.

I lived near by a beautiful nature environment and went for long walks collecting plants while I studied ancient pharmacopoeias made by monks in the past. I studied some even older from Sumeria and Ancient Egypt as well.

I borrowed most literature at the library but also bought a lot of books for further study. My best friend and her husband knew a man that studied stars at night from his balcony, they wanted me to meet him. Turned out he also studied UFOs and told me about his meeting with **Adamski**. He recommended his book and I read it and found it rather fascinating so I bought it as well and was attracted to yet another new book about UFO landings all over the world.

It was summer and my daughter's summer vacation from school, so she was out playing all the time.

I was reading in the sun at my balcony as the weather suddenly turned into rain.

I couldn't let go of the book and made a cup of tea and went to my bedroom to sit on the bed while reading.

My daughter had called me on the phone right before and asked if she could eat dinner by the neighbors, they had a girl just about her age that she played with all the time. "Yes, fine with me !"

So I was very relaxed to have all the afternoon by myself and read.

But there became non of that.

The sound of the rain at the windows was very calming and it poured down and got darker.

All of a sudden the bedroom turned brighter,.....and brighter !

It looked unnatural.

I tried reading but couldn't focus on any word.

I felt very light. As if I didn't weigh anything at all.

The white, soft light soon covered the whole room at then suddenly...

A voice said: "**It's Time !**"

I felt I was being sucked upwards in an enormous speed.

It went faster and faster. I saw images slightly but not clear enough to detect what they were ?

One brink of a moment it seemed as if I saw Earth disappearing under my feet and the surroundings started to look like outer space. Full of beautiful colors and star clusters. It went further and further and I changed as it went on, from being in a body into being made of light myself.

Finally I felt very happy and surrounded by pure white light that also kind of had all colors in it, like Mother Pearl. The rare thing about it was that I no longer could say: I - about myself.

I was one with it all.

Pure, dwelling, harmonious, loving, peaceful energy !

The energy vibrated with life but still it wasn't doing anything. It just was !

Really hard to explain.

After a while I went down again. This time it felt like I was moving slower.

Then I understood every thing.

Don't ask me **What** I understood or how, because I can't remember it nor is it possible to describe how beautiful it was, or how overwhelming !

I saw enormous angelic beings in a creation process. There were sounds all around me indescribable like wind, tiny bells and voices singing ?.

The angelic beings were like rays of light that bended, folded, whirled and somehow they had "heads" and "shoulders" from where there was light emanating upwards in rays that curved, they had a great sparkling light in the middle and light whirled under their midst so all in all you could describe it as if the angels had wings but there were just rays of light and you could say the angels wear robes but they were also just rays of light coming from their "waist" down.

It kept feeling like I was coming from higher worlds of energy and light down through denser and denser worlds of energy.

I saw other planets and other human races, very different from ours.

It also kept feeling as I suddenly knew or understood everything.

It went faster and faster and all I can remember was that I suddenly understood the purpose of evil and all these wars on earth. "Everything was well !"

Finally I came back to my body and was quite disoriented but not the slightest tired.

I felt light headed. No time had passed !?

I thought this was the longest journey I ever been on, so how come no time had past ?

I gave up reading. I thought about how impossible it would be ever to explain to anybody what I saw or how I felt about it !

So I gave up doing so.

In the month that past after this *height experience* (don't know what else to call it) something I used to 'see' as a child kind of slowly came back to me.

I must have been able to see auras since childhood. I also saw *little beings*. My world was very big and colorful but not my mother's.

If I saw something she couldn't see. She told me to stop lying and make a fuss a my self.

Most times she slapped me or told me to go to bed without food.

In the end I became very afraid of sharing my joy over colorful experiences with her and one day there was a beautiful rainbow in the sky and I asked her "What do you see ?"

"What do I see ?" she snarled "The sunset, a dark rainy cloud and rainbow you stupid girl ! What do you expect me to see ?" .."I don't know !" "How did I give birth to such a stupid child ?" she asked.

It was not easy to know what she could see or not. Even as she got angry with me I learned to turn it into questions.

I recall a day as I was really upset and thought more of *an oak tree*, - than myself.

I rushed home from the middle of a field where an old oak tree stood all by it self.

"Mummy, Mummy we have to do something for the oak tree, it's in pain by it's roots...You see, - long time ago some drunken men in weird clothes sat under the tree drinking from green bottles and one of them smashes his bottle right in the tree's roots. Now it has grown around the glass and it hurts terrible. We must help the oak tree Mommy !"

"Will you stop lying just to get attention and that's now !" and then she slapped me hard in the head.

I pulled her arm: "Come and see for yourself if you don't believe me !" I screamed.

She asked my father to go with me. "The child is lying of course but we will never get any rest ! Go with her !"

And he did. He saw the glass encapsulated deep in the huge tree's root.

And told me it would be impossible to cut it out without damaging the tree it might die from it. He explained that trees didn't feel anything.

"Yes it does " I said and then I told what the tree furthermore told me and began to explain what these men lying under it once looked like.

He laughed overbearing. "It's not fantasy you are in lack of. Stop talking about it. It's nonsense !"!

I was not over with helping the poor tree, so I started drawing every detail I saw about the men and the color of their cloth, The bottle and it's capsule made of porcelain and fasten to the bottle neck with metal wire.

I brought the information to my school teacher.

I showed him on a map where exactly the tree was. And he listened and borrowed my drawing. Soon after he called me to his office.

"Look", he said, "What I found !" and showed me a book with colorful drawing of men in uniforms.

I was really surprised they looked just like the men I saw.

Then he told me as that tree was very young there were other trees just outside some military barracks.

The uniforms were Swedish. And the barracks were Swedish. The bottle I had drawn he also showed me and told me it was a beer bottle.

"But your father is probably right. If we try to cut the glass out of the root of the oak tree, - it's juice - which is the blood of the tree , will run out and maybe damage the tree.

And something else. My grandmother could do the same as you. She could touch things and tell their story.

She saw it as a film in front of her eyes.

Many people don't understand that.

I know you didn't lie about the tree, because no one your age could know so many details without having seen them. In a way it's true what the tree told you. But if it ever happens again. Don't tell any one. Tell it to me and let it be our secret !"

A clever school teacher.

And he did something else. He showed my father the book with the Swedish soldiers in their uniforms and told him about the barracks.

"She must have been told this by some of the old farmers", my father responded.

"Well, it's possible, but not even I knew about this. It's more than 300 years ago. Do you think there are farmers around here that old so they can remember it ?" he asked.

That was the end of that discussion.

As I grew older, I learned to oppress my abilities. I got in trouble more than once because of them. I had difficulties finding out what exactly other people's reality was. Where did it begin and where did it end.

When I walked along the creek collecting plants for my pharmacopoeias I began to see the little beings again as I saw them as a child.

In spite of their different looks I was never afraid of them and they were my friends.

I saw them as light beings. Not in a physical form.

They can appear in any form they like and must find it playful to copy the look of a human being since they often appeared as small dwarfs the size of a child just with a some how grotesque face expression or looks as if they were very old. They are what people call Gnomes.

My daughter often saw them as well. They love children and often protects them.

I saw auras or rings of colors around the sun and the moon, stars and candlelight.

I began to see other human being's auras as well as I met them in the street.

I subscribed a magazine that described all things of the unknown from astrology, to UFOs and past cultures and all sorts of mysteries. Then there was a danish author interviewed in connection with his start of a healing and meditation center up north in a beautiful country environment. He had bought an old farm for that purpose.

He had some interesting viewpoints. I wrote down his name and found a book at the library I read and found it so inspiring that I wrote this author a letter about it.

I explained what exactly in his book I found so well written and described how it gave me an epiphany.

I didn't think more about it and was very surprised as he called me on the phone.

We had a long conversation and he invited me to take a weekend Holiday and come to his farm and center and visit him.

So I did. It was a wonderful weekend and I also got acquainted to his caretaker. Then we got to talk about his book that I had been reading and was so enchanted by. He began to ask weird questions.

"What was it exactly you found so well written ? Tell it to my friend and caretaker !" he suggested.

(Why ? Couldn't he just show him my letter ?) I repeated it as well as I could.

Then he handed me his printed version of the book. "Please find this chapter in this book !" he said.

I leafed through the book but couldn't find it.

"You see!" he said to the caretaker "I told you !"

He answered. "It's astonishing !"

"What ?" I was totally puzzled. Then the author left the room and came back with a handwritten manuscript.

He fumbled with the papers and some where in the middle of them, he took out several pages and handed them to me. "Read this !"

I read aloud.

"Oh, my God this is exactly what I mean...this...this is so very good !" I happily said.

Again he talked to the caretaker: "You see ! I should have demanded they printed it the way I wanted it to be. What a shame !" They both shook their heads.

"What is going on ?" I asked.

"You have quoted from a chapter of my book that was never printed !" the author replied.

I couldn't help but laugh. "Is that illegal ?"

"No, - no" Then he explained to me that the whole book with all it's chapters was accepted by the publisher and that in last minute they wanted it changed because of the format they planned to print it in.

He was ordered to cut one chapter out of his book - by his own choice.

He protested and said that every word in it had a meaning for the wholeness and he couldn't do so without readers would feel something was missing. Then he finally chose to take away the chapter I found so good it gave me an epiphany.

"I still don't get it. Fill me in ?" I said very confused.

Then he explained that I had an ability to tap into the author's mind, which meant his mind.

"That's convenient ! Then I can just borrow one book at the library by one author and read the rest of the authors books with out borrowing any !"

Then it just occurred to me THAT had happened !!

And I told them about it.

It was my friend's husband that desperately wanted me to read **Carlos Castaneda's books**.

And I declined because although it was based on truth it was fiction. I never was good with reading fiction.

But he gave me one of the books as an appetizer to read.

He kept bothering me. "Do you soon read the book I'm sure you would love it.!"

So I caved in and read some of the first chapter but got sleepy and put a book mark in it.

Next evening before going to sleep, I planned to read on..but couldn't find head or tail in the story so I went further back to see if I recognized having read some of it before. And ended up reading it all from the beginning not being able to understand it was a whole different story ?!

Next night before I went to bed the same thing happened. I seemed to have read 4 or 5 pages the night before, put a bookmark in it and had to start all over again reading the story from scratch, just to find out it was a whole *third* story I began to learn about.

So I handed the book back to my friend's husband and told him about the three different stories I began to merge myself into without getting any further.

He put up a surprised face,

"Hold on, - you said to me you never read any of Castaneda's stories ?"

"Yes, and I'm not going to...it's kind of demonic ! I don't like reading books that changed all the time. It's really eerily !"

He turned the book over and showed me the back side displaying front covers of several of his other books.

"Look, - this book is the first story you told me about, that you started reading, this book here is the other story and this book further down is the third story .." and he held the book up " And this book is NOT at all about any of the stories you just told me about. How do you explain that ?" he asked pretty angry.

They both laughed. "What a pity" I resigned " I started subscribing and an entire Encyclopaedia, I'm at volume 7, I could have just bought the first volume !"

Then I explained to them both, that I didn't know when I was doing this or why for that matter ??

The author then showed a book he had in his bookshelf, written by Alice Bailey that explain weird things like that.

But that was the whole reason for why the author invited me there. Because I tapped into his mind and read the chapter that was never printed.

I visited him many times. And he was a great help and inspiration.

He also showed me *Godfrey Hodson's illustrated book about angels and other light beings*.

It's the first time I ever saw my little Gnomes depicted the right way.

So many art things began to happen to me in that period.