

## The Fifth Day

(please forgive me... you'll find lots of errors, because this isn't the final translation yet)

Linda and I always have been interested in the paranormal and everything related to it. This comes to the account of her mother, for whom Linda has brought almost every book present at the local library about this subject and whom she accompanied as a child to lectures and flower séances. When, in the eighties, the very first Dutch Spiritual Fair was organized in a town nearby, it was no more than logic that we - her parents, Linda and I - went there.

Strange as it seems, it feels important to start mentioning this. It's an example of Linda's education.

Seven years before Linda became sick, her younger brother (33 years) died. He had had some kind of organ membrane cancer in his leg, but for months the hospital didn't recognize that and so he got the wrong therapies. At first they considered the pain in his leg to be caused by a hernia, so he had undergone surgery without success. After that they diagnosed him with bone membrane cancer in his leg, so another surgery was necessary. After that chemo followed and all the misery with it.

When finally all cures were done the hospital concluded he was 'cancer free', but... just to be sure... they decided to take a biopsy from his thighbone to check. He was just recovering after a terrible year and we advised him to wait until he felt stronger, but he went along with it. A few days after that surgery he started suffering from extreme headaches, making him scream so loud that he needed to be isolated from other patients. A week after the surgery he died in the presence of his parents. The hospital told us the cancer had spread to his brain, but we suspected that a blood clot had found its way to his brain due to the operation and medications.

Whatever the reason may be, Linda had lost all trust in hospitals. So, when she went for a smear during a population research, and she was diagnosed with cervical cancer, that was one of the main reasons for her later decisions.

After the results of thorough research, photographs, CT scans, blood research etc. were presented to us, we decided not proceed with the treatment/surgery. The operation they proposed wasn't a small one: all tissue, glands from her belly up to halfway her breast needed to be cleared away, the nerves for her intestines, legs and bladder would be damaged or even cut and as a result there would be a big chance of permanent infirmity. At least she would lose control over her bladder and intestines, maybe not being able to walk again, and due to expected radiation afterwards, her stomach might feel like concrete. And Linda's big passion was dancing...

The specialists who were telling us this were new to us. We've never met them before, in fact they were consulted because we wanted a second opinion, and we expected to return to Linda's first specialist who started the initial examinations. But what should have been a second opinion appeared to be a hand over and those men expected Linda to say 'yes' to this devastation surgery right away. They weren't even allowing us to think it over for not even for a week. And only because they found a suspect spot on her cervix smaller than the size of her thumb. At least, that was what they told us.

Stubborn not to give in that easily, we asked for a short break and, once out of the room, we went to the intake counter and told the ladies behind it we would call them back after one week to let them know our decision, and we left the hospital.

On our way home we decided to start alternative treatments. To be honest: we weren't very co-operative to the hospital. Partly this was caused by her general practitioner, one who would utter words to Linda like "Oh my, oh my, what a terrible mess, child". That sure was the wrong approach to Linda. Because she wasn't the easiest patient, you need someone who is strong, with a lot of experience and a justified preponderance. In Linda's case those people were hard to find.

Opinionated may be a proper description of Linda, but she's also very self-assured, very creative and intelligent. Besides that she was often, far too often, hurt in her confidence in people. Added to that she was extremely sensitive to stress that comes with hospitalization. I knew this and agreed to her, backed her up, and we decided not to agree to what the specialists in the hospital tried to make us do.

"At home I can fight," she remarked. "In the hospital I can't".

And yes... I've seen that with my own eyes. Wow!!!

*During the year 2000 we spent all our time in treatments, and we had found an interesting, complementing group of therapists who, each on his or her own territory, worked on Linda's health. Linda did exactly as she was told, took her pills, herbal extracts, drinks etc. very disciplined. One of the therapists had a device based on the principles of electro-acupuncture, with which it was possible to measure certain points on her hands and feet and tested immediately if a certain medicine improved the measures or not: a very fast and accurate method to diagnose every organ in her body. Among others we consulted a man using revolutionary frequency devices, based i.e. on Nicola Tesla's inventions. We also went to a Tibetan healer, who's father had been the personal physician of the Dalai Lama, and I wondered... someone like this man, who had studied intensely for at least 7 years... Someone like him does not yield to a specialist with a university degree before his name. The big difference is that this man considers the complex human mind and body as one, seen in a bigger picture. His medications were in harmony with this concept and based on very old and proven combinations of herbs from the Himalaya. Simple as it seems, without any expensive equipment, using only his sins to diagnose, this calm man made a profound impression upon us.*

*All in all, during this year Linda felt well, looked good and made good progress. So it seemed anyway.*

*Among the therapists there was a psychic from Colombia who, looking back, gave us a very hard time, to say the least. This psychic, a woman, came to Holland twice a year, accompanied by her translator from the Dutch Antilles. During their stay for 5 or 6 weeks they were treating hundreds of patients. The translator told us that the spirit of Dr. José Gregorio Hernandez used her body to treat and heal patients, just like the real Dr. José Gregorio once had done more than 50 year ago. Although we in Holland never had heard of him, in Colombia he is considered almost to be a holy man, a legend, a doctor that could be called upon by everyone, no matter how rich or how poor they were.*

*This psychic, speaking in the name of Dr. José, told my parents, who also came to her for consults, that it was not good for their health to see Linda. They were old and needed the time they had left together. Linda's sickness was emotional too heavy a burden, not good for their heart. They too didn't know how to react to this message, but now they were extremely frightened. To me the so-called Dr. José said that when Linda was once more panicking and searching for help I had to let her on her own, because that was not good for my health. After this message was spoken my parents and I had a very strange phone call and we've not seen my parents for more than half a year.*

*This describes in short the lonely situation in which we were. Linda's parents came about twice a week, just long enough for me to leave Linda with them and bring finished certificates to my employer (I'm a freelance calligrapher), do the essential shopping and get medication, sometimes in another town. When not driving our car, I ran. My condition was boosted a lot by this.*

*What we started straight away from knowing about her sickness was that I accompanied her in visualisations.*

*Linda went on bed, closed her eyes, and after an initial relaxation I told her to imagine being in a beautiful place, like a garden. Not just an ordinary garden, but a round one, and in the middle a special fountain, with a big crystal on which the water splashed. Hidden corners, separated from each other by hedges of flowers, every corner feeling different, in different colours and moods. I gave her the setting and she filled it in and told me where she was and what she saw.*

*This garden was an introduction to enter higher realms. To get there she had to go to the fountain in the centre of the garden, with the purifying and healing water splashing over the crystal. What she had to do was look at that crystal and then slowly bring her hands to the crystal and close her imaginary eyes. At that moment the garden disappeared around her and gave way to a complete different scenery. In fact it was a kind of visualised teleportation.*

*The scenery that finally became most popular was a beach. On this beach she started greeting a whole flock of gulls, ducks and several other birds. For them she always brought a bag of bread with her. (At home we used to daily feed the ducks in a pond behind our garden and we gave them special grains. We used bags of 25 kilo a week... a hobby that we had taken a bit too far, but gave us a lot of pleasure.) The birds greeted her exuberant and when she was out of bread it was evening and the sky darkened. Further*

along the beach, I told her, she could see a light coming from high above, pointing to a spot on the beach, a beam of light. She remarked that this light beam came from the star constellation Pleiades. She had to walk to where the light directed her and when she came there she found an ancient stone circle, made of six big standing stones and one big flat stone in between. These stones were partly placed in the water. On this centre stone she could lay down, without being bothered by the apparent cold hard rock, because it felt like it was made just for her. While she laid on this stone she was exactly under the light beam. This light had all the colours of the rainbow in it and at first the light was cleaning her of all negative and disharmonic energies, like the cancer cells, that were weakened and removed. Besides that the light gave her energy, so she could recharge.

That way she could stay for a long-time, feeling very well. She told me that everyone has such a secret place... somewhere in the universe. And for everyone this place is different, a totally safe place where no one except you can come. Such a place is to regain strength, to recharge, to be alone. Linda's stone circle was placed on a popular flat beach. When people were walking on this beach they would not see Linda and the stone circle. While writing this I must think of Harry Potters platform 9 $\frac{3}{4}$ . Other people don't notice anything special; they only notice an ordinary power distribution unit like to be seen in the street. And who would suspect such an ordinary grey box? Well... okay... I would, because what is that doing on a beach? But here it didn't matter.

When she lay there she felt pleasant and we used this place to visualise other healing actions that we could think of. We tried to heal her from the inside. I asked her for example to 'look' inside her abdomen and to get rid of all these nasty little green cancer cells. Small monsters these were, some kind of packman creatures. And a group of workers was very busy to clean up the place, because these monsters had created an awful mess. We tried to talk to the foreman of the crew, but they didn't like the interruption, because there was a lot of work to be done here and they had no time for small talk. Besides that... they knew perfectly well what to do.

So we left them do their job, better not to interfere.

After several visualisations something strange happened. While lying on her stone under the light beam, Linda told me she had the feeling she was not alone anymore. Something indefinite seemed to be close by her. Unlike all other things, animals, stones, etc it like we could control them, but this... 'thing' could not be controlled. Everything else behaved like we expected. I came up with something and Linda filled it in with her imagination. But this was an exception. Maybe it was a person. It felt that way, Linda said afterwards, telling me in detail what she had seen. It felt like a vague energy shape. But it felt okay. So we decided that if this thing, or person, showed up again, we would try to make contact.

So next time we went to the stone circle again and behaved like usual, we talked to each other while she was laying on the stone and I tried to think of new methods to get rid of any present sick making cells, poisons, whatever. And indeed... this energy shape showed up again. Linda was able to see it better this time, and she could describe it to me. It wasn't an 'it', but a person. A woman, with a beautiful face, though Linda could not figure out exactly how she looked.

This woman came to Linda, and sat beside her, with her feet hanging loose in the water. She was dressed in a very beautiful, but simple gown. She didn't speak at first, but after a while Linda discovered how she could make contact with her in her mind. And Linda said to me: "And here I am... laying in a frayed shorts, old red t-shirt... beside such a beautiful woman."

Indeed... this woman told Linda that she should not walk around so disorderly in her house. Outside she never did, so why do so now? She should dress herself better, not looking so 'sick', cause she would feel better that way.

So now Linda could 'talk' to this woman, though 'talking' was not the right word for this kind of conversation. Linda simply understood in her mind what the woman was telling her. But it was not easy, she said, because her own thinking always tried to get in the way. But now that first contact was made to... whomever this woman might be, Linda was eager to ask lots of questions. First of all about her sickness, but questions about 'how long', 'how serious', 'was she going to recover completely' were very difficult, because the answers to these questions might be different from what she wanted to hear. But Linda discovered that this woman would not answer these questions in detail. And that felt right to me.

*This woman was very companionable. Linda always had longed for a friend who she could share everything with, laugh with, do stupid things, etc. Well... this woman was one! And she was very amusing at that. She could advise Linda, help her, but while the mood was getting lighter Linda started to relax more and more and after a while she was laying with her knees pulled up, her arms under her head, talking a lot, and that was not the meaning. "Your sick," the woman told her, "so lay down and let the Light do its work." But she said it with a laugh in her face. She was so cheerful!*

*But she was a sly boots as well...*

*One time Linda and I were once again on the beach trying to expel the little green monster out of her body. But this time we had trouble with two smart monsters that wouldn't leave. As soon as they left Linda's belly, they would starve to death. These smart ones knew this. But Linda's friend... who meanwhile had given her name, Amà (but it took several sessions before Linda was sure), knew a trick. She told these green packmen that a little further on the beach there was an ice-cream vendor, selling delicious sorbets, for free! Wow... that needed no repeating, and they left heading for the vendor. Linda and Amà had a lot of fun, laughing about the dullards.*

*Another time we were busy to clean her belly. I used all my imagination to think of methods to get it done better, but this time I felt confronted with a big ball of remaining negative energy that I could not get rid of. But Amà had a very simple solution to that. She said: "What ball?" And she took the ball out of Linda's belly and kicked it with such tremendous force that it flew high over the horizon into space.*

*"Wow", Linda remarked to me, "She must be a hell of a football player! The way she can kick!"*

*She always brought a little white dog with her. Taxi was his name and he was a very cute and curious little dog, like little dogs use to be. He was not allowed inside the stone circle, but of course he tried over and over. Being naughty indeed was one of his qualities. But sometimes he was busy digging a deep hole in sand, burying a big bone. But he took that to the limit so the only thing Linda and Amà saw was the earth that he launched over the edge of the hole.*

*Sometimes he was allowed to assist us in catching the many small pain-beasts that were troubling Linda so much. Linda and Amà were catching them with their hands and threw them in a box, but when one managed to escape then Taxi came in action catching the bugger on a nick of time.*

*Besides Taxi and the flock of birds Linda sometimes encountered another animal, a zebra, listening to the same name: Zebra. He was a funny zebra with a big smile and a merry character. For our living room I once had painted a funny illustration of a zebra standing on a Hawaiian beach at sunset, sucking lemonade from a big sorbet glass through a reed, with a huge Mexican hat on his head.*

*Zebra often came by, greeting Linda, sometimes letting her ride his back, running through the water. But one day he had taken Linda by surprise, awaiting her on the beach with the same Mexican hat, sucking lemonade through a reed. He made Linda laugh a lot and that was exactly what she needed: to laugh.*

*The stone circle was the basis from where Linda could start travels. I once had heard something about cosmic birds, so I contacted one of these birds in my mind and asked him to come to Linda's stone circle. And there he came: a huge bird circling high above the stones. But coming closer he seemed to shrink and when he landed he folded his wings and didn't seem that big anymore. He had a very friendly face and was eager to take Linda to wherever she, or we, wanted to go. So one time they flew off over the sea and I asked him if he could travel backwards in time, to the ancient continent Atlantis.*

*There she was awaited by an Atlantean priest in an orange dress, with an Egyptian Ankh who gave her a special treatment using the Ankh as a means to remove negative energies, cancer cells and pain. The priest gave her a special crystal, that she could keep in her hand, but when she laid on her back and put the crystal on her belly, then the crystal would levitate and grow very big, like a powerful healing stone, harmonising energies.*

*Also she went to other planets, one of which was inhabited by some kind of grey coloured panthers, who gave her information about their way of living.*

*Was it all our fantasy? Well... for us it certainly was no fantasy. Amà gave us so much love, and company that we were enlightened and very happy while she was present. Even afterwards... her love carried us through a big part of the day. I've never experienced so much Love, and I've hardly ever felt Linda being so happy. Was that fantasy? I don't think so. Fantasies don't give you THAT special feeling of Love and Happiness.!*

*During the course of 2000 Linda slowly recovered. The results of the various treatments improved, but, looking back, real improvements were not there. Her weight, for example stayed around the 45 kilograms instead of 52, which was normal for her size and length. And no... she had no anorexia, she simply had very slim bones, her wrists and hands therefore were very beautiful to see. But due to the initial weeks of examination, scans, echoes and the nervy stays in waiting rooms etc. she had lost 7 kilos in a few weeks time. Pure stress! But these were very costly kilos as we would find out later.*

*In the summer of 2000 we went to the World Expo in Hannover, Germany, a drive of three hours, nine hours of endless walking and an even longer drive home, in just one day and that was fine to her. She was exhausted, but proud that had done it.*

*But in October things went wrong. One day in the evening she went to the toilet and a few moments later she yelled out to me crying that she had lost a lot of blood. I mean... really very much blood. The next morning she woke up in a perhaps even bigger amount of blood, that had leaked through the mattresses, and ruining them for good.*

*We consulted the psychic from Colombia, again, where we had been just a few days before. 'He' had told Linda during our last visit that she was doing extremely well, and that this was thanks to all his and her efforts.*

*In response to our question he replied: "All that comes out is good. Let it come. I have caused these bleedings, because there were cancer cells in bladder, intestines and uterus. I've cleaned everything. All is clean now. A blood transfusion is not necessary. Lay down and keep your legs up."*

*But the bleedings didn't stop that week. Linda lost enormous amounts of thick blood, sometimes even more than a litre at once. After a few days she hardly could walk up the stairs, her ears singing and her heart rapidly beating in her ears.*

*The answer of the psychic was, and was repeated over and over: "What comes out is good. Let it come. Blood transfusions are not necessary."*

*Well... I should not elaborate too much upon this, but in short... from that moment pain started to trouble her. She couldn't go out of the house anymore, in fear of more blood loss, and she had to stay down on her bed all the time, so we were told. Visualisations were still possible, but only with a lot of effort, because she hardly could concentrate. That really was a pity, because what painkillers could not accomplish was possible during these stays between the standing stones: the pain subsided! But to make it work she needed to concentrate and this was only possible when the pain wasn't at its worst.*

*Because she felt so miserable, having so much pain, she tried anything to distract her mind. So she started uttering sounds and strange words and sentences. Fantasy it seemed at first, just fantasy, but the sound of it wasn't very Dutch. I don't know exactly which word she used to utter very often, but it might have sounded something like 'izugetsoo' or so. I didn't pay much attention to it, or sometimes I replied in something alike, just for fun.*

*But after a while, it was May 2001 at the time, she started to hum, even sing, combining all kinds of self-made words and melodies of different languages into short phrases and sounds. I recognised all different languages and took secret pleasure in listening to her. It kept her busy and it distracted her from her pain. Let it go, I thought.*

*But over the weeks the nature of her songs started to change. The short phrases and strange sounds got more cohesion and meaning. In a way she was just like a baby that learned to speak and soon her different sounds and melodies melted into real songs and even opera's. They got meaningful. Instead of recognisable German, French, even Hebrew-like words, her words got a certain ring, a certain language. I couldn't understand one word of it, but instead I listened to the melody, the intonation. And this melody and way of speaking clearly showed a structural cohesion, with a building up of tension. Sometimes she sang complete opera's, with very soft-spoken passages, some parts very fast and describing, and in between ever repeating refrains using the same words again. Then, as the end of the song neared her singing became softer and slower, building up the tension by whispering the words, teasing her audience (which was me). And finally she sang out loud the end part. In fact I expected a big applause after such entertainment, and sometimes I indeed did give her one, but where was the rest of the audience?*

*But after the first weeks with recognisable French, German and whatever languages she used, finally she stuck to one special language that I could not place very well. I sounded somewhat like Russian, or some Baltic language. The words she used stayed the 'same' from that moment on. Clearly it was one certain language, because I often recognized the words and even sentences, and she kept using them over the months thereafter. Also the songs she sang were of that same cultural nature, definitely originating from the same language. Some were lullabies, and some were soldier's songs, marching melodies, not real pleasant to listen to, reminding me of war and nasty things. One of these songs I do remember partly, because she used to sing that one very often. It began with a story-telling-part, but after every couplet a refrain came: Kiru la fanài, kiru la fanài. To the end the song was slowing down and the words were whispered... stretching time and softening her voice and she repeated: "Questa questa questa questa" until barely understandable and suddenly she concluded the song crying out very loud (so that even our neighbours could participate): "KIRU LA FANAI!!!"*

*But also she could sing breath taking love songs! I regretted that almost every song I heard her sing was new, and she never repeated them. I wanted to hear them all again! They were so special, so incredibly strange and so very beautiful...*

*But in between the songs she could talk for hours and hours at a time, day after day. That was something strange. Her way of talking could change from time to time, sometimes angry, or disappointed, complaining, lost and desperate. She became very tired of this, but... yeah... me too. I have made some recordings of this on minidisk.*

*But there really was something to this talking and singing.*

*Often she uttered one word or a complete sentence in this strange language, quite loud even. Sometimes her parents came to visit us and that didn't stop her 'voice', as we named it. We didn't pay much attention to it, because it normally was limited to one word or sentence. In the beginning I didn't notice it, but after a while I discovered that Linda herself seemed to change when she spoke in her strange language. Her face changed, and even her whole body got a different attitude. It seemed like she embodied another personality. Maybe she was possessed at such moments, and given the pain and misery it wouldn't be surprising.*

*But no matter what and how she spoke... it surely was no nonsense. This fact, and the different personality that she seemed to be, made us refer to this phenomenon as 'her voice'. But somewhat later we referred to her voice as to 'her friend'. Her voice became a friend to us, and we thought it was a male personality. We didn't see it as if she was possessed. This was different. It was her! And yet... it wasn't her. She couldn't control it, but... when she was talking that way, she was able to stop it... but only if she really wanted to. But in fact... we couldn't explain this. It looked a bit like 'Gilles-de-la-Tourette syndrome'. That makes people suddenly say (or even 'curse') the strangest things to nobody in particular. But that was in their native language. And whatever it was that she was saying... it sure wasn't cursing. Because her behaviour was in fact non-aggressive, and her attitude was really friendly... we referred to her speaking as 'Juliette-de-la-Tourette'.*

*One of the words that she spoke very often was 'snacht', and Linda said this meant 'pain'.*

*In her songs this word never was heard. Instead, one of the words that she did use a lot in her songs was 'nacka-nacka'. And all the songs in which she used it had the melody of lullabies. But now that I come to think of it... I wonder that it may also have been love-songs. I remember a few times, but one occasion in particular, that she was sitting behind the table. I was standing in the kitchen and we were talking. Suddenly I saw her face change before even speaking at that moment and then started singing an extremely beautiful song, especially for me. But it lasted more refrains and then... indeed I recognized these words 'nacka nacka', sung very slowly. And Linda raised her finger and smiled at me. Strange this was, because somehow she was 'her friend' and at the same time Linda, observing herself singing. But she let her 'friend' sing on and gave me a wonderful, never to forget present. I now know what it means when a lover is singing a serenade to you, only for you. And so incredibly beautiful!! Tears sprang in my eyes. It felt as if Linda had asked her friend to sing me a love-song. I'm sorry for not remembering the words nor the melody, but the feeling this gave me I will never forget.*

*One word that she repeated most often was 'nasja'. Every time she spoke this word it came out very emotionally. I was surprised to find out how much emotion, sorrow and pain could be put in just one single*

word, but with this word 'nasja' a lot of tears seemed connected. Often she was crying, and it didn't matter if she was Linda during these moments or that she was 'her friend'. It was the pain that was causing this. In this word 'nasja' all the pain and all the sorrow seemed to be compressed together. But soon she combined this word with another word: 'uzbekiya'. And then she said 'nasja uzbekiya'. We found out that 'Nasja' was a name, and that 'uzbekiya' meant 'Uzbekistan'. We presumed that her friend's name was Nasja, and he came from Uzbekistan, but after some days or weeks Linda said that this wasn't exactly true. Often she could feel what was meant with the words she just spoken and suddenly she knew somehow that Nasja had been his wife. But why was he so emotional about her? What had happened to Nasja?

When our black cat did something that she wasn't supposed to do, like all cats always do, for example walk over the papers that Linda was reading sitting on her bed, Linda could reprimand the cat. She could do this in normal Dutch, but of course the cat would ignore her and walk on. Just like all cats always do. But immediately after that her 'friend' took over and added some fiercely spoken words, pointing to the door. This got the attention of the cat and made her running for the door. There was a lot of power in that voice. By the way... he named our black cat 'small pusj'. The other cat, a Holy Birman, he called 'pusj Maika'. At a certain moment he said, or better, he sang a short phrased song:

Nàs...ja Uzbé...kiya

Suleiman Uzbé...kiya

Irina Uzbé...kiya

Gakgakgak Uzbé...kiya

Pusj Maika Uzbé...kiya

Pjotrman Uzbé...kiya

and so he mentioned a lot of other names.

Linda's parents knew a lady with psychic abilities who said that she was capable of making contact to the Akasha-chronicles, when given a name and a birth date, to retrieve information about past lives. Her parents gave her the desired data and they told us that they had done this, but we forgot it right away. We had other things on our minds.

A couple of days later we received an envelope by mail and I brought it to Linda with all the other stuff from the mailbox, and went downstairs again.

Suddenly I heard her calling loud: "That's him!... That's him!"

I ran up the stairs again and she gave me the note she had just read. I read:

"1532, Russia, a past life. You were a soldier and you fought with a swords and axes. On the battlefield you got hurt. You intestines came out, but you survived 5 more days. Sorrow, anger, pain, all came out..."

There was more, but I can't find this note anymore.

I'm can't easily cry myself, but when I read this note I started crying and my silent guess was confirmed: I had been Nasja during that time. I had been her friend! I told Linda and said that my name in fact was Natascha. Finally I knew what had happened to Linda, to her friend, to 'him'. An intense feeling of sorrow was awakened again after nearly 500 years. And it was a nasty discovery.

That night Linda was alone in the sleeping room for a while and suddenly she called me: "Come quickly... come, come... he's showing me! I don't know if I can continue now, but you have to be there!"

I came to her a sat beside her. She was sitting on her knees on the bed, with a blanket pulled half over her head and she was talking into herself, almost like talking to a child. Her voice, her friend, and she were in conversation.

"She is here now", Linda said, referring to me. And Linda told me what she had 'seen'.

They lived in a small village in Uzbekija. He was married to Nasja... "The most beautiful girl in the village", he said. I heard her saying this in a very glorified way, so in love as he was. He was só proud... Well, what more can you wish for... the most beautiful girl in the village?

I asked what his name was and Linda replied: Igor.

They had a young cat: Maika. With this cat in his arms he sang many songs. He was practising with the cat, because Nasja was 7 months pregnant and he was só happy! With the cat in his arms he sang lullabies for the coming baby.

They also had 3 geese: Gak gak gak. The people in the village considered them weird. Nasja talked to the geese. With geese you don't talk. You eat them. But... yeah... if you talk to them you start loving them, and you can't eat them anymore. Then they cost food. But they didn't care. He also had a mother or grandmother: Ìrina. He loved Ìrina very much.

One certain day men came in the village, soldiers. Young and strong men were needed for some battle somewhere (possibly it was the time of Iwan the Terrible). All men had to come. And when they came back they would be rich. And the people would be proud of them. But...if they came back. These crimps knew very well that probably no one would come back, so that promise was easily given.

None of the young men wanted to, but one could hardly stay behind if all others did go, so Igor went too. They all were somewhat of braggarts. Don't show yourself. But in fact they all were very scared.

I asked if he got something special from Nasja, something to remind him of her.

"Yes... a very beautiful head cloth, blue." He was very careful with this, and showed it to nobody. But he said: "... the others also had things, but they don't tell. They keep it hidden. But I knòw, because I see them secretly take something out of their pockets and look at it."

Then they had to walk for very long. During these endless days of marching they sang songs, marching songs. And he learned to know someone with whom he became friends and they kept together.

Finally, after many days, or maybe even weeks, they arrived at a barracks. There they stayed for only one day, and they received swords and axes. The very next day they went on and even that same day they met the enemy. But this enemy was much better equipped and trained than they were. They weren't trained at all.

Igor got hurt in his leg. At the same spot that Linda had said was aching for years already. He fell down. But after a while he tried to crawl away. Linda hastily said to Igor: "Don't do that! Don't! Stay down, so they don't see you." But Igor saw a tree somewhat further away and wanted to get there. Linda tried to stop him. "He's going anyway," she said to me. "Don't do it! Don't do it!"

When Igor nearly had reached the tree they discovered him. All his friends were wounded or dead and the enemy had free game. Apparently they were a sadistic folk, because they stabbed him, cut open his stomach and left him there to die.

When they were gone Igor managed to pull himself over the last metres to the tree. And there he kept, sprawled, with his head hanging to the side. Always when I think of Linda how she sat, bend forward in her chair in these extreme pains; I saw that same despairing pose. The rest of the day he kept laying there, holding his hands to his stomach, trying to keep the internal organs in place. He couldn't move. He heard his comrades calling for help, but no one was able to. And no one came. He was so alone. "Nàsja! Nhaàsja... Nasjáááá."

"She can't hear you, now does she?" Linda asked to Igor. He kept calling for Nasja, exactly like I've heard so many times now.

It went dark and one by one the other voices stopped calling. I remained silent. But he kept alive. He kept calling, screaming it out because of his pain; he kept talking, so not to go crazy, because it was so very dark and so lonely. Maybe there were wild animals close by. And the night lasted so very long. I've tried it out, one day when I needed to fetch some medicine at an address near the woods... laying down on my back in pitch black dark of the night in the forest. That really is dark and very scary.

Finally dawn was breaking. The first light of day... "Now they come to get me," Igor said with hope in his voice. "The light has come... now they come..." But no one came. And the whole day he laid there. He had to go to Nasja. She was pregnant! How should she do without him! He had to go to her! He couldn't die here! This repeated day after day. Everytime when the night was turning to day, he was so glad he survived throughout the night and that the light was coming again. But no one ever came. I then felt this strange despairation, some sorrow from deep within me, and a kind of relief... a feeling that had to do with Nasja, some very dark memory from long ago. Finally knowing what had happened to Igor. But what kind of relief!

Linda tried, with my help, to get Igor to move on, asking him what happened next. But he didn't go on. He was waiting to go to Nasja. He didn't die there. How could he! So he didn't want to go on from there. He didn't want to.

Linda never could sleep well in the dark, sleeping at best in the morning when the night was gone, but when she was this ill she put this to the extreme. She didn't want to turn on any lights in the evening until it became too dark to see anything, because when you turn on a lamp it becomes really dark outside and when it's dark it means that it is night. The same happened in the morning hours... We hardly ever slept because of the pain she was in, so when in the very early hours of the day when the first light came, we turned off all lights in our room, waiting for the first light to show. That was the best part of the day for her to try to sleep for a very short while. "Light has come", she said with a tired, but expectant voice. "Light has come". Just before she closed her eyes I had to show her a little bit light from the skies and then close the thick curtains, because... strange as it sounds... she only could sleep in a pitch black room. Because of her sickness she was so sensitive that she could 'feel' the light outside, but her eyes needed absolute darkness to sleep.

Anyway... now we knew what was happening here. How it is possible that a former life can play a role of itself in a present life I didn't know, but apparently it can be so. In the days after that Igor became an important factor in our life, being present often and interfering a lot with what was going on. In fact it was very convivial this way, because it was as if we had a visitor in our home who had come to us using a time machine. He learned Dutch words and we learned to understand a few words in his language. Linda couldn't understand the language itself, but often she knew what Igor meant to tell, explaining to me what he tried to say.

One day we were sitting in front of each other and suddenly I saw her face changing and Igor said: "Ring ring Nasja!"

I asked, using the few words that I had heard: "Kèmé Nasja... What do you mean? Nasja isn't here."

He replied: "Nasja Uzbekiya. Ring ring Nasja!"

He took the telephone nearby and pushed it against my chest, meanwhile looking at me with his head slightly turned away, but still seeing me. Obviously he had noticed me calling other people who were not present in this house, concluding that when this was possible it should also be possible to phone Nasja. Sometimes (and this was one of these times) I felt hopeless, because Linda somehow wasn't there for me to help me out, and then I really felt being alone with a 'stranger'. Compare this to a situation in a city when you are confronted with a foreigner talking a language you don't understand at all. He needs help, maybe he's only asking the way (but how do you know?), gesturing wildly and so to hear there's a big problem, and you're... how to solve this?. That makes you feel hopeless.

So how was I going to explain Igor that it was impossible to call Nasja, who died 500 years ago, in a land 5000 kilometres away? I said it in simple Dutch words: "Nasja isn't here. Nasja died. She lived long ago, in Uzbekiya." I guessed that somehow he would understand me with Linda's ears.

But he didn't want to hear this. "Ring ring Nasja. Nasja Uzbekiya," he repeated and again pushing the phone strongly in my chest. But I couldn't help him and disappointed he backed off. He even was a bit angry, because I didn't want to help him, which was such an easy thing to do. He didn't understand how I could be so cold-hearted.

At some rare occasions Linda was able to travel by car to a nearby therapist. Igor must have noticed that too, because one day he surprised me saying: "Broom broom Uzbekiya... Nasja Uzbekiya!" He wanted me to drive him to Uzbekistan, so he could go home, see Nasja and then all would be right. I was sure that if I had gone to the door, picked our car keys and went to the car, he would have followed me right away. Of course that was out of the question, but how was I going to explain this to him? I found an old atlas to show him how far apart the Netherlands and Uzbekiya were. That was nearly impossible. It would mean many days of driving and that wouldn't be a wise idea now, would it? But he had no ears for such a message. He didn't want to hear it and for the first time I saw him reacting angry. He grabbed the atlas out of my hands and threw it wildly across the room, after which he sat down in a mood as if no one was willing to help him.

Linda was annoyed by such behaviour, saying: "He's getting really pert now." And once she said: "I hardly can come through anymore."

We couldn't make clear to him that he was living in another time now. That his home town and his family didn't exist anymore. It was during one such occasion when he was crying for Nasja again that I said: "Nasja is here! I'm Nasja! I'm with you."

Expectantly and surprised he looked in my eyes and for one second I thought that he saw his beloved Nasja through my eyes, but then he looked closer. "Nasja?...". Carefully he felt my beard, and I saw disappointment shading his eyes, while he smiled sadly and turned away his head. "Nasja nai... Nasja Uzbekiya."

One other day he discovered the computer. Linda and I often sat down behind the computer, reading e-mail and surfing the Internet for possible remedies against her pain and treatments for the cancer. Igor saw the possibilities that the computer could give him and suddenly he took over Linda and spoke words that made me clear he wanted information about Uzbekiya. Pictures he wanted. He pronounced 'computer' slightly different and said: "Kom... Puttr", like a Russian kozak would possibly pronounce it. But alas, in these days the Internet was in its early stages and I couldn't find anything worth showing to him. But it gave me an idea and I started making a drawing of Nasja like I thought she might have looked like, with a robe, and some local dress that seemed fit. Igor was amused and took my pencil and changed her blouse. Nasja had knobs in her blouse and the robe was slightly different. She also had two braids in her hair that fell left and right over her shoulders. And he potted two formless feet under the robe, but laughed loudly when he saw these terrible looking feet. And laughing he did in a very strange way: "Háha... ha... hahà". Linda never laughed that way and wondered too about that silly sound, but she couldn't control it. Igor also drew 3 geese close to Nasja. And he gave Nasja a short forked stick in her hands that she used to shake with to guide the geese the right way.

In fact it was really fun this way, being together with the three of us. But Linda explained that it also had some other background. "You see," she said, "When I say something nobody listens anymore. I can only talk about pain; I have nothing new to tell. But when Igor says something, everyone listens. The computer is brought in. And I do count again." She even was a little annoyed I think. Understandable, but what could I do to change it?

Because a loud renovation was going on in our block of houses, with lots of hammering and drilling sounds Linda was often disturbed during her rare sleeping periods. We couldn't ask the worksmen to stop, so we decided to move to a holiday cottage in the woods nearby Apeldoorn, our town in the Netherlands. It was only for a week, but we hoped that she could get some sleep there.

When we arrived there the first thing she said was: "Yeah.... here I can get better". She sounded so relieved! That evening for the first time in months she slept more than two hours at once. But then we were completely taken by surprise by alarming sounds. Nightly shooting, helicopters, exploding grenades somewhere in the distance... It was unbelievable! Holland was getting ready to send her soldiers to the Balkan. And this week, as we discovered, was accidentally the only week this year that these exercises took place every night! So in fact this quiet holiday home wasn't such a good choice after all.

She really was bad these days, weighing much less than 40 kilograms. Every day I had to go home, feed the cats, take a short shower myself, and speeding back to the cabin within one and a half hours. But this was much too long for her to stay alone. She couldn't stay alone at all anymore. She was so sick and sad, feeling desperate and lonely.

One day Igor grabbed the first finger of his left hand and said a strange word. Then he took another finger and mentioned another word. He watched me closely and was very serious. He went on and took all his fingers one by one, mentioned different words.

I didn't understand what he meant, so he did it again. But it didn't ring a bell, so I started doing the same, taking my fingers one by one and trying to repeat the words, but I didn't get the meaning of this.

Suddenly Linda took over and said: "He's counting. He's counting to five!"

"So what," I replied. "What's this? Are we going to learn his language now, or what?"

"Don't you get it?!" she said. "He has been surviving for five days on the battlefield! He's counting the days! He means... something has to be done really fast now, otherwise I will not make it. It's the fifth day!! And on the fifth day he died..."

But we already tried all we could think of. You practically can't imagine something or we have tried it at some point, but it was totally impossible to fight this pain. The problem was the medication she got. On the one hand she needed medicines against bleeding, on the other hand she needed painkillers. These two don't work well together. Our day was divided into four small days of 6 hours, conducted by the medicines she had to take. So 4 times a day she took painkillers in the hope she could get some sleep. 4 times a day we went to bed, etc. But no matter how much she tried, all in all she didn't sleep more than 1 or 2 hours a day... average! I even didn't sleep that much, because I had to take care for her, clean up things, etc. And as soon as she woke up, I was needed. Another 6-hour day began, starting with getting her some food. I ran off to the kitchen trying to think of something she might eat and be back within 2 minutes if possible, because she really couldn't stay alone anymore. The kitchen was a battlefield, with dishes of more than a week scattered around everywhere. And if I came to do some dishes I could only do just a little part of it, because emergency situations seemed to overtake me all the time.

It sounds crazy and possibly we indeed were crazy, but we didn't see another way. And this situation lasted already for about one whole year. You may think I'm exaggerating, but believe me... I'm not. One and a half hour of sleeping every 24 hours, average, and this for over a year... it's impossible... normally. But things weren't normal. In fact... looking back at this period, this may have been one of the main reasons I truly began to believe that we were being helped by the 'other world', and by countless numbers of friends and others not even knowing us in person, but just helping us out of Love, sending energy, sending love, sending their supporting thoughts. Otherwise this cannot be done in such a way. Impossible! Sometimes, when Linda was painfully pacing up and down the living room in the middle of night I felt so desperate. We did what we could to stop the pain, but whatever we tried... it only worked very short. Believing, at least in the way the church tells people to do, was not our way of being religious. We certainly felt and knew that there is a God, or an Almighty One. But that was a deep knowing, an inner certainty. Praying was no part of our life, at least not on a daily basis. So I found it somewhat hypocrite to start praying now thinking that it wouldn't hurt if it wouldn't benefit. Such kind of rubbish. But when I started praying now... would that still be pure? Anyway... I did.

And what I said came from very deep inside. I thought that the Almighty One (for some reason I don't like the word 'god' so much. I feel much better like the Indians refer to the Almighty One) was very well aware of our situation and our fight and surely hadn't abandoned us. If He really is Love than it would hurt Him to see his children suffer, so when He allowed this to happen anyway, than He would have a very very good reason to do so. But, still a reason that we could not see nor understand at all at that time.

Often I heard Linda call with words that still echo in my head: "Why! Why must this be! Why? Does THIS make any sense!? Must I learn something of THIS? Well... I've learned it now! So why does this happen? Enough is Enough. Why!!! Tell me!!"

And then she would look at me, asking... demanding even... help. Angry... desperate... and so lonely in her pain. Sometimes she yelled this to above, or to whoever would be listening there, if any, because she didn't notice that. The pain didn't ease, only got worse. So then no one was listening did they? So that proved that she was left alone wasn't it?

And I couldn't answer her. I couldn't find the words to comfort her. I couldn't say the right thing. But strange as it was, I felt an answer inside me, but I couldn't utter that to her. At least, not in words that she would accept.

And in my eyes accepting was what it was all about. I knew my dearest now for almost 18 years and was full of admiration for her. She was so sure of herself, so strong, so just. Always she had an answer to any problem, and if things didn't work out the way they should then she did something to make it work!

But what if everything falls down on you and things get completely out control. What when there's nothing that you can do to prevent it? What then is your answer? How do you deal with that?

"Maybe you need to learn to accept somehow," I sometimes dared speaking out to her. I was careful saying such a thing, because I expected her reaction to that.

*"WHAT should I accept?!", she cried out. (That's the reaction I meant).*

*"Should I accept that my parents are in hospital over and over again? Should I accept that all our ducks in the garden are murdered? And what about this illness? Should I accept this? All this pain!! How can I? How can I accept this pain! How can they ask this from me?! How can they expect me to do so?"*

*During such moments, myself looking for answers just like her, in the middle of a situation that you surely don't like to accept, I had the greatest trouble to say anything to her. What answer could I give? Was there any answer at all? What do you say? Should I tell her to calm down? To trust me things would work out fine. That she shouldn't worry? That things would pass over when time comes? "Quiet now... all is okay?"*

*And then the only thing I could do was to shrug my shoulders and slowly shake my head saying: "I also don't know".*

*Maybe those are times that you start looking for answers from Above. Times that you start praying.*

*Sometimes we tried to make Igor look beyond the fifth day and see what happened next. We knew he had died there and then, but he didn't want to see this. At a given moment Linda said: "He's standing in front of a door, through which is shining a lot of light. He only needs to go through that door, but he refuses! He just won't do it!" And she added: "If I go through that door myself, then I die." But how eager she was to die a numerous occasions, because the pains were unbearable, she never went through prematurely.*

*At a certain moment we consulted a reincarnation therapist, asking him to visit us at home. Linda was afraid she had to get down on her badly aching back, but this man told her this wasn't necessary. She sat, or better, hang in her chair, bent forward, almost with her nose on her knees, and while she was talking about what had happened, we could see and hear she was right in the middle of it. This man let her tell what we already knew, but on the battlefield his training and experience turned the scale. He knew exactly the right questions for Igor to make him see that he had to do something there. Igor struggled and refused, but the therapist pushed on. Igor cried that he needed to go to Nasja. Nasja was pregnant! He needed to go to her, she needed him!*

*"Look at your body!" said the therapist. "Look at it!"*

*Igor was left no other choice but to see his body and finally he saw that this body was never going to bring him to Nasja ever again. He had to accept the fact that he was dead. He was so sad!*

*Next thing he needed to do was to go into the Light, because he was dead now. But that he refused to do. He still didn't go through the door.*

*So he went to Nasja. And without them seeing him he stayed by Nasja, cared for her, and sang many many songs for her. Only the cat, pusj Maika, could notice him sometimes.*

*One day a woman in the village was pregnant. That was his chance and he 'stepped' into a male body of an unborn boy. Maybe this body wasn't meant for him, who shall say? But when this boy was born and started speaking, one of the first thing he cried was "I'm Igor. I must go to Nasja. Bring me to Nasja!"*

*The people laughed at him and told him: "Nooo... you aren't Igor. Igor was a strong tall man. Igor is dead. You're Pjotr."*

*At about 7 years of age he got ill. He had really bad stomach pains and it wasn't long after that he died again. Even while his body was buried he, no longer in his body, protested that he shouldn't be buried, because he had to go to Nasja.*

*What happened next didn't come out clearly, but some time after that Linda told about another life. She was a Swiss woman in the Alps. She was married to a farmer and together they had many cows. They lived in the mountains and were happy together, but her husband died at about 40 years of age. Linda (we didn't hear her real name then) spent the rest of her life taking care of the cows and she lived for a long time. At the age of about 90 she only had one cow left, Schnibbili, and she lived the life of a hermit. People in the neighbourhood knew her as an eccentric. Her cow grew old too and became ill. She couldn't stand on her legs anymore and started to fall. Linda cried: "No no!! Don't do that. Don't die. How can I live without you!?" But the cow couldn't help it and fell on top of her, crushing her hipbone, preventing her from getting out underneath it. Again she was force down there for days in a row, with really bad pains. But when she finally died, she was awaited by her husband, and this time she really did go to the Light.*

*But... she had one condition... she only accepted to go if Schnibbili could come too. But that was no problem.*

*This marked the end of the session*

*Things fell in place then, because we already had heard from a psychic years ago, that Linda had been a cow-whisperer one time, during the days of the colonisation of the Mid West. Farmers from all around came to her when there was something wrong with one of their cows. She, only a little girl, then sat on a stool in front of the cow and knew very quickly what that cow was suffering from and told the farmer what had to be done.*

*Igor never came back after this. I think I have heard Linda say one or two strange words one day, but that's it. And probably those words weren't real, but only spoken from memory. It was very silent after that and I had a sad feeling of loneliness. I had started to love Igor. Not strange of course, but I learned that Love doesn't rust. And also I learned that time may cover wounds, but curing them... no way.*

*This happened end of October, 2001, a few weeks before she died.*

*On the 5<sup>th</sup> of December she died in my arms, like she, and I, had wanted it to be. I carried out a small ritual to free her from her body and carry her over into the loving arms of our guardian angels and heavenly friends, who were all around us. I couldn't feel them, I couldn't see them, but I simply knew. It was 15.55 o'clock, just before nightfall.*

*It was still light.*

*Linda and I had talked about the funeral so I carried out our plans. According to Linda's wishes we invited only a few people, only those who were very dear to her. Among them were several therapists who had done a lot for her and who did accomplish remarkable things, no matter how strange this may sound. For the ceremony I also invited our Argentinian Tango dance teachers to dance a tango in front of the people. I also asked a friend of us with his klezmer-band to play their music (sounding gypsy like). We had arranged the tables with chairs grouped together like in a café, around Linda's white coffin. There were small pastries for all people, and candles on the tables.*

*As one of the speakers I felt carried by our Light-friends and was able to speak the words I had in mind. I concluded with a wish: "To often go beside her and play a part in her future. To be one."*

*The woman from the funeral centre had been very nervous about this, but afterwards she said that she never had experienced such a special ceremony ever before in her career. Even the hostesses had been speaking for months about it.*

*And special it was. I remember it as one of the most beautiful occasions in my life.*

*Marianne, the last therapist to treat Linda, said she had seen a Light, Linda, dancing through the room.*

## **A White Rose**

*In the months following the funeral I made no effort to make contact to Linda, knowing that she, like me, would need time to recover. You may not carry a sick body around anymore, but you still will need time to recover, and process all that has happened. You need to get rid of the sickness in your thoughts. And this may take a long time.*

*And so was I. These two years of her sickness had taken an extremely heavy toll. Apart from being deeply hurt by her passing, I also was devastated. More than one year I had been sleeping about 1 or 2 hours per day. I needed a lot of time to gain strength again. And now was the time. I had a lot of time for myself, and one of the things I did was start writing a diary about what happened these two years. So much had happened, so many terrible things, but also so many special and beautiful things. And it was during these hours when I was writing, thinking things over, meditating in fact, often in the middle of the night, that I made a statement to myself, but in fact to the unseen world around me. And I wrote that from now on everything I was going to do for the rest of my life was to do so in co-operation with the Divine Light World.*

*At that time I couldn't oversee the consequences of such a promise, but I would often be reminded somehow that I had done so. My life now had taken a course that would bring me on a road that I would never have expected in my wildest dreams.*

*Linda and I used to go to small fairs, always curious for new information, interesting books, beautiful stones, maybe to hear something from a hand-reader, a card reader or a psychic. The people on such fairs nearly always are very friendly, telling interesting things, but really good psychics, who make you feel they're speaking the truth, are very hard to find. A few years ago we had found such a woman. One who you simply knew she was in contact with the ones she said to be. She was one of these rare psychics who gave you the feeling of talking to the unseen friends like if she were a fax machine.*

*We had taken her card, and when Linda was ill we had searched everywhere for it, but no matter how hard we tried, we couldn't find it. Linda was in need of information and it felt awful not to be able to know her name. We also couldn't find her on the internet. She had a typical Amsterdam accent, but now one could tell us who that might be.*

*One day in March, about 3 months later I read an article in a well-known Dutch spiritual magazine about a psychic and I knew immediately: That's her! Lucia... or Loes van Loon.*

*I wrote a letter to her and sent it to the redaction of the magazine, explaining what had happened, why I wrote this letter, and that I needed her help. I took me two mornings to write this letter and while I was writing something strange happened. On the wall facing me behind the monitor screen of my computer I had put a big photograph of Linda. I was concentrated typing this letter when suddenly I heard a loud tap and from the corners of my eyes I saw this picture move. The next day when I was finishing the letter (I needed a lot of words to tell everything) exactly the same happened. That picture never had moved before and has never moved again, save these two mornings.*

*A few days later I got a phone call from Loes and the first thing I noticed was her genuine Amsterdam accent. She described in full detail where Linda's pain was located while she was ill. I had not written that. Then she told me: "So now you're convinced that it really is Linda who is standing in front of me. She's very impatient, because she's itching to talk to you."*

*So now, over the phone, and through Loes who was acting like a fax machine (as she called herself), I learned a lot from and about Linda. I'll mention a few of the things she told me here:*

*"We have done it very well the way we did it," Linda said.*

*"It's alright to be sorrowful. That you are is okay. You'd better be! (with a smile). But if you doubt me, then you hurt me.*

*You can always reach me. I can hear you everywhere. This is a world of thoughts."*

*Loes added some details and said that Linda has a very funny guardian angel, who once, in a past life (around 1500 so I would not be surprised if this was in Uzbekiya) had been her father.*

*There also was a small dog with her and I asked if this was Taxi. I was right, Loes told me. I asked who Amà was. She wasn't her guardian angel as we first thought, but a very good friend. Loes told me that it is not given to many people to have such a close and vivid view in the after life. This usually happens, if ever, mostly only hours or at the most, days before one passes over. But this was a different case.*

*One moment Loes said Linda had a bouquet of red roses. But one of them was white and was given separately to me. I was very pleased with this, as can be expected, but at that moment I didn't understand the full meaning of this gift.*

*The conversation lasted for about 45 minutes but at the end Loes repeated once more: "Don't forget your white rose!"*

*So after this amazing phonecall I went to the flower shop and bought a big bouquet of red roses with one white one. That rose has been blooming for weeks since and everytime I looked at it tears sprang in my eyes. All the time I had this feeling to find out what roses, and especially white roses, stand for, but I kept postponing this, thinking that roses stand for Love. Everyone knows that! But finally, I checked the Internet, and there I discovered this: "The white rose has four different meanings: innocence and purity, humility, 'I'm worthy of you', 'You're heavenly,' and secrecy and silence."*

*Now, regarding the last aspect... I better forget it, because writing this already the opposite of secrecy, but what struck me most is this short sentence: I'm worthy of you. Because Linda had a strong sense of*

inferiority, always saying to me that I was so amiable where she wasn't. And now finally she said this to me...

## **The Ring**

A few weeks later I had an appointment with another psychic lady in Apeldoorn, the town where I live. She gave me a message that would trigger another important change in my life. This lady was a little less direct compared to Loes, but gave clear messages non-the-less. One thing that she really emphasised was that I should look for a ring of Linda somewhere upstairs. Linda wanted me to start wearing it.

This took me by surprise. I knew of an old chain-ring she used to wear when I barely knew her 18 years ago, but that one broke quite fast after we met and all she said was: "Well, I don't need that one now, do I?" But after that she never had been wearing any ring at all. Strange as it may sound... we thought it not to be necessary. We loved each other, so why do you need a ring to prove this? We didn't marry for the same reason.

What kept sounding in my mind was the message that she offered me a ring. Now! After she died! What did that mean? And another thought came to me... what if I did the same? What if I offered her a ring? But... well... Linda had died, she was on the Other Side, in the Hereafter, the Divine Lightworld, Heaven, whatever... Do they still have a 'thing' with rings? How do they think about marrying? Living together was out of the question anyway. And also... I still had to accept the fact that she had died. My life on Earth would go on anyway... after some years I might meet a new girlfriend, although that really wasn't in my mind then. But during a wedding words are spoken at exact the moment that rings are exchanged, like: "Till death do us part." But what after that? I always wondered about that. Does Love stop with the death of one of the partners?

Nevertheless... I was very pleased with this offer. But I wondered... what did she say to me? There was more to this than it seemed. I knew! But how should I know?

Meanwhile it was July, half a year after she died, and I had planned yet another wild experiment to do. I had read a book, and a good friend of mine had done so a while ago, and that meant: 'living on light'. Living on light means not to need eat, or even to drink anymore. Our bodies are made out of cosmic energy, and in fact live on this energy. It's not the solid matter that keeps us alive, but the energy within, which is the energy of the Sun, the Stars, and above all the energy of Love, of Life, cosmic energy. Now I hear you, readers, think and protest, but please don't argue with me and simply listen or read. To get this started an initialisation was needed to adapt your body to be able to live on Light. This initiation involved a period of 3 weeks. The first 7 days of which I would not eat or drink at all. Then for two weeks I was allowed to drink diluted fruit juice only. After that I should be able to stop even that... if all worked out of course... er... okay.

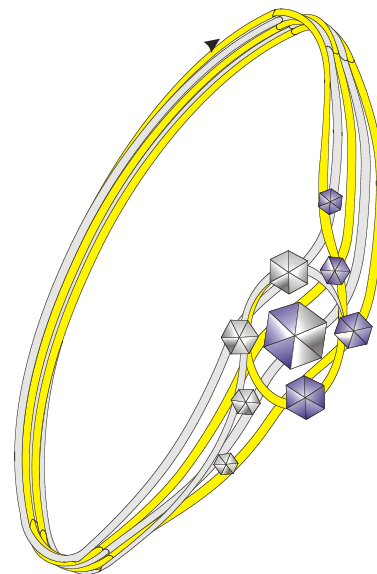
Now why would I do something extreme like that? Well, one of the reasons was curiosity. But what I had read and heard was that this would make you much stronger and healthier, and that it would give you a much closer connection with nature, with the Cosmos, with the Lightworld. The feeling being a part of... to be one!

With the therapist who treated Linda during the last months, Marianne, I made agreements that she would check on me, like a buddy, not overdoing it, just as a precaution. I already was a vegetarian, and during the last weeks I took care to eat more fruits and healthy food instead of cookies and fat stuff. I also asked the Divine Lightworld for support and for help.

I had taken 3 weeks for myself and the first day was a piece of cake, but the days after that were really hard to overcome. I didn't sleep anymore, always feeling so thirsty, dry months and feeling so extremely weak. And all I was allowed to do was wet my mouth with a tiny icecube a few times a day.

After 6 days Marianne told me that I had to start drinking, because else my kidneys would be permanently damaged. But all in all, I kept to the scheme really well.

*This also was a time of thinking, meditating in fact, for me. And what was in my head was this ring of Linda all the time. I had decided to design a ring myself to give to Linda, thinking of finding a goldsmith to make it for me when I was ready with the design. And this was it, as you see on the picture. From where it came I couldn't tell, but in just a few hours I had made a sketch of what was in my mind. It consisted of five windings in two colours (white and yellow gold) and the ends being connected to each other in some kind of spiralling galaxy, with stones instead of stars.*



*It was in the 3<sup>rd</sup> week of Living on Light that I finished the design and that I decided now to make a proposal to Linda. Because I kept a diary I shall let you read a part of it, describing what I had done. Let me read it to you:*

*Wednesday night, July 10<sup>th</sup>, to be precise.*

*“So yesterday I did the same as you did, only different. I have made you a proposal.*

*I know that you can hear me, so hear me out, and sit down here, on the couch. So I know at least that I'm not talking to the wall or whatever. And so I've asked you to... connect with me in Love.*

*To marry is silly. That is Earth-like. Then you swear your loyalty to each other. Thou shall not be adulterous and take care for each other in good and bad times, and take dot dot dot to be your lawfully wedded husband of wife... etc...*

*That is not our thing, never was. Haha... you sometimes even mentioned it to your students that we never got married. And they had replied something like: “Then he can walk away from you any day!” But you answered: “Well, do you think he wouldn't do so if we were married?”*

*We simply didn't see the need to marry. But I often wondered... would you have liked it... secretly? Were you waiting for me to ask you? Er.... well... I don't think so.*

*Nevertheless... yesterday I've asked you finally! I did you a proposal. On my knees!! But I didn't ask you to marry me. I asked you to bond with me in complete freedom. Or something like that. I don't know how to describe this. There are no words for this. Anyway... it's not my purpose to bind you, to cage you, none of that!*

*I don't know how to deal with this situation. And exactly that is what I mean... it's so difficult. I can't see you. I can't hear you. I have a feeling of... but it's so difficult to get my feelings clear, and to act accordingly. I'm so unsure. Can I get away with this at all?!”*

*So you understand with what feeling I did this.*

*Afterwards I kept sitting on the ground and waited. But... well... then you sit there... alone? Well by the looks of it... indeed very alone. I looked around, studied the walls, saw dust under the table, some cobwebs hidden in a corner. Can't be that this cobweb was there yesterday! No way. I saw the flowers on the table, I looked at Linda's picture, felt my dry mouth and I felt my knees getting sore. That didn't work. I'm not much of a meditation type and have a hard time sitting for a long time. And I thought... if any answer is meant to be heard... then I will know somehow. We'll see. I'm going to get this ring made, because that felt the right thing to do. At least... I didn't have the feeling that it was wrong to do.*

*A few days later I had a terrible hay fever day. By the end of such day I'm total loss and fall asleep on the couch of exhaustion.*

*I copy a part of my diary again, because that describes in detail what happened:*

*Saturday morning, July 13th)*

*Are you in festive moods now? Did you accomplish something now? Something special?*

*Because so it feels. Something very, very special happened this night.*

*I dreamt of you, or... better... I was with you. Or even better: You were with me.*

*Yesterday was bad, my hay fever, as always. Apparently this causes me to lower my protection and who knows could this have made it possible that I could experience this. Well... let's not try to understand. Something special happened!*

*Anyway... You'll probably recognize events like when someone you love is staying somewhere, were you can't reach him or her. This was like a prison, or a mad house, or a holiday camp, or whatever where this person stays for a longer time. And at a certain time the family is allowed to visit. A so-called official day.*

*But... who is where?*

*In fact you are visiting me!*

I'm in prison, although it doesn't seem that way. Voluntarily maybe, but still... But prison isn't the right word, but sometimes the resemblance is very near.

But let's keep it like that...

There were other beings around us, family, friends, but yet... maybe not. I don't know. You were there. The atmosphere was good, of harmony, friendship...

There was a time schedule to be followed. Things had to be done, to be seen, to listen to, etc. I was with you, but I had this feeling there was a gap to be bridged. You were Linda... but yet you weren't... you were more! But you were not so much different.

It's like Loes said: "I see a woman". She didn't say: "Here's your friend Linda". That gave me a feel of distance. Distance... it was like distance! I saw you like from a distance, while you were very close to me. That's the comparison. Comparisons, that's what it was all about. Because we have... talked...er... communicated. That's the word.

And finally, when someone came to pick you up by car I was able to ask you some silly questions like: "Do you know that I've written more than 65 pages about you?"

Remarkable however was that... not she drove away from me, but I became more... human... physical. I try to write in words what I felt and that is such a limitation! But anyway... I've experienced what it is like to communicate. I can't materialize this in words, because words are limiting this. I even can't remember it, but I will never forget. I feel it lively inside me! I experienced it!

*I've written this dream... well, it wasn't just a dream, but much much more, during that night down on paper immediately after I opened my eyes. It was half past four in the morning, and I've copied it here. It feels like the only thing to do. I want to mention that my handwriting changed halfway. At first sights it may seem confused to you because it's not clear who's who writing this. Don't bother. Just read.*

11 July 04.30

Yesterday I had hay fever (my allergy that wears me out completely at night.). I felt pitiable, and extremely tired and then sometimes 'something' happens.

This was truly special. And again... I can only remember such a tiny bit... only the very very last... nearly physical part.

I (now) remember that she looked different. Linda... and yet... not Linda. More! But not changed and grown from each other, no. It's hard to explain, I would need to find a comparison.

But... for now... very Earthlike. As if she had chosen a special dress for this occasion to make it easier for me.

I was able to 'exchange' a lot with her, but... and this is logical... in the end all fades, I become more physical...

I asked silly questions... but these I can simply remember, but... don't contain much information. Still... even that is almost impossible to write down, so much information does it contain.

For example I asked her if she could reach me well and then I see something like fingers drumming on my head... and she says: takes a lot of energy, is somewhat hard indeed. And vice versa... just alike. For me...

What I should do is simply... think strongly of her.

Again: Think... strongly... of... her! Narrow your thoughts... because it's very simple, you do it daily... but do it more consciously... and don't be afraid.

Look... these answers can I, can you give, because you have installed a new memory module. In there are the answers. You only need to verbalize them.

What strikes/struck me is the yet big distance between us in personal and physical sense. We don't grow apart from each other, but the distance will grow still... especially by what I'm going through in the future. Yet it isn't necessary to happen. She too experiences this like... pity... no need for... But she'll go on anyway.

That piece creates distance. Like 'indifference' creates distance. But it's not indifference, only logical acting. You can't do else. It's the way it is.

Now I understand what communicating is about: carrying over lots of information at once. Silly to use words, if you can do it this way.

One moment I asked: now come sit with me, here. And then I feel... yes... that's us.

It's no unwillingness... only distance... she's so much more! Bigger... without being big... remember that feeling.

Another thought: it's been hard for her too.

The opposite also counts: distance... I'm different... but not grown apart.

Give us time... and we will come to each other.

She told me many things, explained, showed, but probably this will very slowly penetrate my mind.

I believe: the most important is again: I have come one more step closer to her. I have again learned more. That sense of distance was meant to be experienced. They showed it to me, that it's not nice. That it isn't even necessary. Work on that. Try to understand.

You see, I'm... now translating in stupid simple words what I experienced. In between the words you get the point isn't it?!

Find a way in yourself to remember that feeling, because that you can!

She tries to help me. But what I'm doing now feels like such a limitation... using words. And I need so many words... worthless time. That's why.

We shall be able to communicate with each other... work on that. Try to materialize feelings. See... now it looks that I'm writing (Linda). It seems almost like automatic writing, but you know, YOU know that you do it yourself. The translation-phase has been made already. You've already got the message. So you body still is in between. That needs to change. You now still use the memory module.

And that's from where you get the answers. As if we are in direct contact, but I'm already back from where I came, on the 'other' side. So you use a clone of me. But that's okay... for now. You'll soon do it direct... believe me... You still doubt. You know that you can do this now? You're halfway between automatic writing and direct contact with me.

That distance must go. That is possible. You already work on that (for long). That happens. That's good! See... you'll already start trusting your hands. You see the words and write them down. It's so much easier than you thought hey. But don't forget... you first needed the... message... this memory module... that I give you. If that doesn't happen first than you only have your own fantasy. Just believe me.

I'm far away that is true, but I have let you feel this distance, that also counts for me... for us and with us I mean "you" and "me", we two. We have so much more that you now think, than you know. You're still so afraid... so have lost me. That is not so. That's not true. Believe me my little friend. I love you... kisses,  
Your Love.

The rest you must do yourself. I wait for you. You can do it.

You see... I'm much more close that you think and then we really are together sitting in the grass... only you and me. That's what we've got as well...

I know you... That's what I wanted to make you feel. My small... small friend... who also can be so big. When you're doubting, you really are small... but I understand... I would be the same... that never is wrong... I love you... I know you... don't be afraid... don't doubt my love. You see... now you can receive the message that Loes gave you yourself! I'm with you... that distance I've let you feel. That feeling counts in both directions. YOU can change that... by you. That I teach you, will teach you and you can do it believe that. I love you and won't let you go. Love me. You now learn too. You see, you think of a memory module... that is recorded information from the past... although it's only a quarter of an hour... past.

This is more... I'm with you. Call it a translation machine...

That you started eating again is good. Start eating again... with measure. I keep watching you. We are/stay/come closer that you think... keep watching... still closer and closer... until you get warm... don't doubt, because then you start writing yourself... I'm here... and with you... Now I'm with you... go on... I love you that I can't tell you enough. That you need so much.

You think that you think this yourself, but I'm on line. I'm here... the translation machine is still in between, but you can almost put it away.

Yes you can writing almost not keep up start talking to me

From then on I started talking to her, because my hand couldn't follow the increasing speed of this communication anymore. I really can't tell what we all 'talked' about, but afterwards I wrote this down:

(Linda) tell Marianne...

(Linda) You like her, hey

yes

(Linda) You would like to tell her this

yes. She's a friend to me

(Linda) yeah... she's our girlfriend. Tell that to her (and it felt like a real intimate hugging)

---

And also I talked about the ring (among others)

and her answer was YES (with many underscores)

with lots of joy, understanding, smile and above all love for her boyfriend.

(that comes close to the feeling that I got at that moment)

*July 15<sup>th</sup>, 2 days later, my father died. It really was a hectic period then. But I've been able to tell my (very ill) father about the contact Linda and I made.*

*So... well... that was the answer I was waiting for. Little unexpected I must say, and different from anything I ever expected, but... what more do you want!!! Together with Marianne we started searching with her biotensor/pendulum for the right man to make this ring for real, because one thing we were sure of: the ordinary jeweller/goldsmith in the mall sure wasn't the right guy. Finally we found a goldsmith about 40 miles away in a small village near the German border. A very friendly man who also had some kind of psychic powers, but who seemed to be troubled by it more than that he had pleasure from it. He was very much pleased with this design, and promised to start with it as soon as possible, but when I visited*

hem again after 6 weeks the first thing he said to me upon entry was: "And you I also can't help! This ring drives me mad. It's in my head the whole time. It won't go away. The story behind is connected to it. Here... take everything back with you. Go!"

August 17<sup>th</sup>

Now what... I wondered. What do I do now?

But I had this idea... this too has a meaning. It must be.

But what next? What now? You've chosen this man. He was the one to make it! Is this going to be such a long and winding road again?

What's going on. Why does this happen?

So there I was again, not gained any ground, and very dissapointed. Or in fact... even a bit angry. And on the way home I became even more agitated and finally I spoke out load: "This ring is going to be! Even if I have to make it myself!"

I didn't notice it at that very moment, but when I later thought back it was as if I heard laughing and amusement somewhere from within...

Nice thinking... Nice laughing... but to make such a ring... one would need to become a goldsmith.

August 20<sup>th</sup>

Has this been a diversion trick of yours???? You cannot tell me 'go and do the education for goldsmiths'.

This way I come to that conclusion myself. Is this a trick???

"I'll get you"... aha... so this way you do it... Well.... by the looks of it.... you seem to know me quite well.

Later I realised that Linda must have been influencing this man with the ring, so that he was unable to start working on it. It sure wasn't meant to be. She meant that I to become a goldsmith!

Linda was a teacher in creative arts and for the equipment she often came to a salesman in Apeldoorn who also organised workshops in making jewellery. The season was just about to start and he had one empty place for me left...

## **Inspired Art**

In the first months of the year 2002 I had asked Marianne if could make something for her, because she had done so much for us. But she couldn't think of anything. After a few months however she had thought of something. As a therapist she needed a logo for her practice. She already had a name: Marisun.

About that same time during the summer of 2002 I suddenly had an idea that I wanted to start working on for Marianne. I planned the next day for painting. It was not going to be a logo, but a complete painting with the technique that I love most: airbrushing. What I've never accomplished before was that I finished this painting in only one day. Normally I would paint for a few hours, then take a break, and the next day or the next week I would go on. Not so this time.

I wanted to make a round painting, for the first time. Always I made square paintings, but now it 'felt' not right. And I wanted to paint something with stars and spiralling movements.

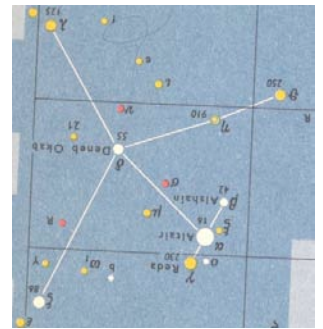
I also 'felt' that there were bright 5 stars needed in this painting.

Don't ask me why, this was just a feeling. The only problem was where to

place them. And I thought that if Linda was going to inspire me then this was a great time to start. So after painting the background I kind of spoke out aloud: "Well, show me where to put them." And I hovered my hand with a piece of chalk above the painting, thinking "Well, that looks like a nice spot, let's put a mark there. And one there."



The photograph on the right shows the finished picture. If you look close then you see that just outside the sun there's a fifth bright star. In the evening I felt really satisfied, a feeling like I rarely had after finishing a painting. This painting made me feel good. But as I stared at the stars I wondered... could it be possible that I had painted an existing constellation? I searched for a book and found an old one belonging to Linda. I paged through the whole book but I couldn't find any match. Then I narrowed my search and counted the stars. How many constellations count 5 main stars? I could find only a few. Finally, when I turned the book upside down, I saw it: Eagle! The Eagle constellation!. I looked closer and there it was... and pretty accurate at that! The only thing I'd left out where 2 smaller stars beside one big star. So I added them the next day, just to make it look complete.



But it didn't stop there. I started surfing the internet for the symbolic meaning of this constellation and I discovered a few remarkable facts. In the old Mesopotamia there's a legend about Etana, who, sitting on the back of the eagle god Shamash, was searching the heavens for a painkilling medicine for his pregnant wife. In China another legend tells about Altair, the brightest star in this constellation, represents She-niu, separated from her beloved Vega (constellation Lyra) by the stars of our Galaxy. And I saw this similarity with Linda and me.

I also found that the Eagle is an important symbol for the Indian medicine man. His feathers are said to be powerful healing tools. And I remembered Marianne telling me that she always felt that in a past life she had been a medicine man, a shaman. Now she was in fact a medicine woman. Okay okay... her tools are different, because she now uses some kind of biophotonic electro-acupuncture (but listen to the name of this device: StarLight!), but what's the difference?

I really had to admit that something 'strange' was going on here, to say the least.



A few weeks later I wanted to make another painting, one that I was going to give to Loes, or Lucia. She had helped us so much and didn't even want to be paid. She had spent several sessions and a long phonecall to me, so it felt the right thing to do.

So here's the painting (left). Barely visible in top there's a white rose... **the** white rose, because I now felt that Linda too was thanking Loes for her efforts. When I showed Loes this painting she said: "I see Linda in top of this picture. Up there is Linda. You send everything to her... and she returns it to you."

But most of all, to me this painting is a symbol of victory. When you're beyond suffering and have accepted the lessons that life presents to you, then the pain (the purple veils) falls away and the Holy Cross, standing for unconditional Love, emerges above it.

Loes: "This painting is not for me. This is for **all** humans. Show it to them, to help them. Please give me only the reproduction."

And so I did.

Then I started another painting, a round one again, something with three energy sources melting into one. Around it I thought that a loose ring would give it an extra dimension and on this ring I painted the 12 star constellations of the Zodiac and the 7 colours of the rainbow. After the airbrushing was finished I again had this 'feeling' that there should be a symbol applied on top of the whole painting. Now that was tricky, because it already looked great in my eyes, and adding a symbol on it could turn out devastating.

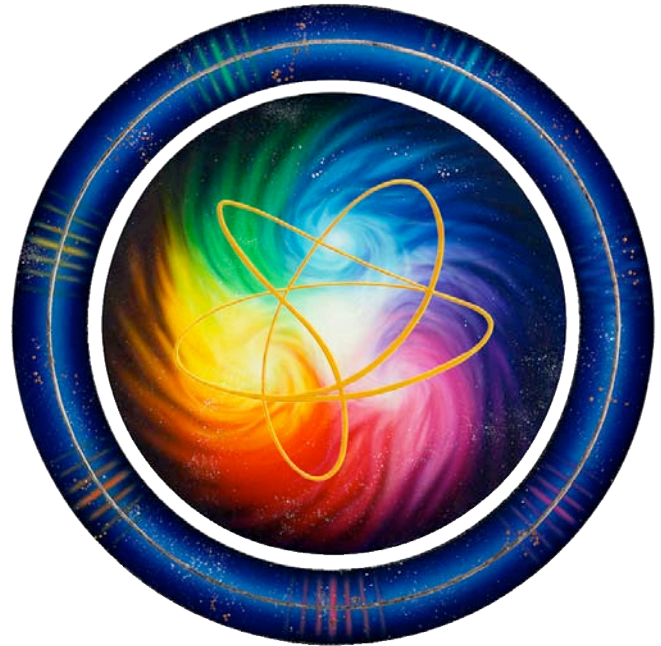
*I had been playing with wires for some time because I was struggling with a kind of a problem about vortexes, or energy spirals. A clockwise inside turning spiral should be made to go anti-clockwise somehow. Don't ask me... it's hard to explain in words, but this thinking about it resulted in a simple wire-figure made of iron wire. The silouet of I used for the symbol you see here on the painting.*

*What I discovered after I was ready was, that this symbol is an inversion-symbol. Whatever you do, when you follow the circle going anti-clockwise, you're presented with choices: Do you want to stay on the circle, or do you want to follow a different path? When you do, you'll follow a winding path, going up and down and up again, but by the end you return to the circle... in opposite direction. You've made a change!*

*Strange thing that we discovered... the people who have looked at this painting for some time (because they've had it in their homes for a while), all have gone through major changes in their lives.*

*Marianne discovered something very strange. By means of electro-acupuncture it is possible to check on the meridian points for the condition of the related organs and vital body systems. To harmonise organs in disharmony, she usually adds certain homeopathic remedies. But this painting can do the same in certain cases. The patient can put one hand on the painting, and is measured on the meridian points. If this measurement turns out to be off limits than the outer circle can be turned partially and at a certain point the readings get better, until the ideal point is found and the measurement shows that this point is balanced. We've checked this with a well-known therapist in the Netherlands too, using a different kind of electro-acupunture (Mora-device), but he agreed to our findings.*

*This painting to was shown to Loes and she said immediately: That's an aurahealer!*



*This blue painting with the golden heart has been finished in 2003, for a man with psychic abilities who has had a lot of nasty experiences. Central in all this was an experience he had when looking out from a hotel window. A blue star descended swiftly from the sky and made a turn in front of his window. This happened twice. At this moment he thought this had to do with evil powers, but when he described this to me he was sitting with his back to this painting, apparently unaware of what this picture was telling him.*

*I didn't know all this when I was painting. He told me so when the painting was finished and he came to get it.*

*Through his experience he has made a decisive step in his life. His nasty experience is symbolized in this painting by the blue star, but because of this, his heart has opened and started to overflow with colours. Now he is helping people with their problems.*

The next painting with the two snakes is called 'Into the West'. It's the same title as the song at the end of the trilogy 'Lord of the Rings'. I listened to this music almost without any break while making this object. The precise meaning is not yet clear to me, but it is a meditation object, a gateway to the stars. The snakes stand guard, as a protection to prevent you from losing contact with your body.

The story of the Lord of the Rings appeals to me very much.



And here you see some of the first pieces of jewellery I made after I finished the training to become a silver/goldsmith. I used Linda's heritage to buy all the tools and materials to start with it. Linda's ring is still not finished, but it sure is not forgotten. But first a new change entered my life...

### **Marianne**

Like you may have understood by now... the last big change in my life is Marianne. She has seen Linda while she was alive and has been able to speak to her for quite a while. Funny is how we came to meet her. Linda and I were searching a therapist who could cure certain toxic infections, like arsenic. We had the idea that Linda's pain had to do something with arsenic poison, probably

caused by her loss of weight. All her fatcells had been used up, and the stored toxins of many years ago had been released in her body. We searched and phoned called within our country and even beyond our borders. The internet was in its early stages and very slow, so searching was difficult. Finally we found a man about 40 kilometers away. He had no time he said, but he knew someone in Apeldoorn who could do the same, and if necessary he would assist her. That was Marianne, and she lived about 200 meters from our home! To call all over the world and end up in about your own backyard...

There already were early symptoms indicating that we were getting closer, because when I told Marianne about the ring I had designed for Linda, she later told me that she had felt this ring around her finger very distinctly, but she didn't dare saying that to me at the time.

Meanwhile, since January 2003, we live together and we are very happy with each other. I've taken a heavy loss, and Linda is sure not forgotten, and often I feel very sad, but I've been given many special gifts and I feel very gifted with so much Love all around me.

Special too is that Marianne and Linda seemed to have some kind of understanding, probably being soul mates or whatever. Remarkable also is something Linda told me. She had been so tired of teaching and we've searched for some other job that she would like to do, but never found anything that would suit

her. When she was ill she said that electro-acupuncture would probably be the thing that she would love to do. And now I met Marianne, and she already did it!

Another strange fact: Linda started singing while she was in so much pain. This singing seemed to originate from Uzbekistan, about 500 years ago. Marianne said that her whole life she had been singing in a strange voice, a strange language, and it feels, she said, like originating from Siberia somewhere. I've heard her singing, because she does this on fairs. I make oil pastels/energy drawings for people and she initiates these drawings for the person it was made for. This initiation is done using her chanting. Very strange!

Loes added something here... She said that Linda wanted me to make this ring. And when it is finished she said, then I should give one to Marianne. And Linda showed it to Loes, saying: "See!!" She already has it, because as soon as I had made the design on paper she started wearing it.

With Marianne as a therapist we came home by people a lot. So we came to visit two people in Antwerpen (Belgium), Eric and Suzy. Suzy was very ill, she had bone cancer and when we first entered their apartment it felt like I had travelled back in time. The similarity with my situation during Linda's illness was so overwhelming that I felt as if I relived it all again. All came back to me in an instant. Their situation was one of fighting, desperation and always being thrown backwards. They too were losing the fight, but didn't admit it. How could they?

While Marianne was using the device and did her job, my experiences with Linda gave me a unique point of view and I immediately got their attention, because I had gone through this. I could understand Eric, and I could understand Suzy. I understood her pains like very few other people could say. We tried hard, but in fact we couldn't do much for her anymore. A few weeks before she died she asked me if I would agree to make something special for her husband to remind him of her. I told her that I probably was not going to get this finished in time. But I could show her the sketches and the sapphires that were to be used. Here you see the picture of it. About half a year after she died I finished it.

A psychic friend of ours, Yvonne Baank, looked at it and she described exactly the feelings I had had during the making.



**Spread your wings  
Angel  
Eyes  
Light  
Radiance  
Extra-Terrestrial  
Apart, yet together  
Open and closed  
Tears  
Future in the hereafter  
Down here and above  
Third eye  
Eternally connected  
Strength  
Beauty  
Receiver of messages  
For ever  
Tri Unity**



*This pendant has gotten a name: Suzy-ama. Or in other words: Suzy, the beloved.*

## The Akaija

*That painting, Aurahealer, marked the beginning of something I never expected.*

*It appeared to have special powers, but what counted for the painting as a whole also counted for the symbol on it. Now that I became a goldsmith I worked it out in silver. Marianne started experimenting with it in her practise and after a while she got reactions from the people were wearing it. These reactions were, to say the least, intriguing. People told us they had more energy, that they had become insensitive to electro-magnetic radiation. They had less pain. They cured much faster than expected. One man was totally relieved from electro-static shocks. A few women suffering from life-long menstrual pains were surprised that their last period had begun without troubling them. Even animals had reactions and horses even got jealous when their mates were given one, and they not.*

*Of course we searched for a name for this jewel and Marianne was convinced that we had to look for the name in the Indian culture of Canada. Linda's mother also thought about it and she one day heard a voice in her head saying 'Akaija'. She didn't think much of it, but wrote it down and gave it to me, asking if this may be something. We started surfing the Internet for the meaning of this word and when we combined these two words: Cree Indians and Canada, we found a linguistic work in which the word 'akaija' happened to be mentioned. The writer of this work had done etymological research in old cultures and he mentioned that on the island Annatom of the Vanuatu Islands (Melanesia) people use 6 different words to express the meaning of 'we', which, according to the work, is quite unique. But compare this to for example the Eskimos, who use 18 different words for frozen water. They're specialised in the subject. Maybe 'we' is important there, because they distinguish:*

*We two (exclusive, so not including the one who is spoken to) = aijumrau*

*We two (inclusive, which is you and the one you speak to) = akaijau*

*We three (excl) = aijumtai*

*We three (incl) = akataij*

*We (plural, but excluding the addressed person = aijama*

*We (so everyone, the biggest context) = akaija*



*So 'akaija' means 'we'. And we said to each other: "That's it: Akaija!!"*

*Now, this may not sound so very special, mere a beautiful coincidence, but it was only the start...*

*We started a small business, contacted several magazines in the Netherlands, and learned to make mistakes. People, at least the spiritually minded people, were very interested and we started selling Akaija's. Soon I experienced problems because, unlike other jewels, this strange jewel was extremely difficult to finish due to its hollow wire design.*

*After a few months we got a message from one of our buyers saying: "Have you ever checked out the numerological meaning of the characters?" (In numerology characters can be replaced by numbers, like A=1, B=2, C=3, etc.)*

*"Well... no," I replied.*

*"I did," she went on. "Look at this: A=1, K=11, A=1, IJ=9+10-19=1+9=10=1+0=1 and A=1. Six times a 1 in a row!!! And 6 is the number for Venus, Harmony and for Love."*

*I'm a slow student, probably always have been, because it took me more than a month before other bells started ringing. 'Akaija' means 'We', and AKAIJA=111111. So the message that was presented to me sounded: We are One!*

*And didn't I speak out on Linda's funeral: "My wish is it to be one"?*

## ***You'll Never Loose Me***

*This story, the one you're reading now, in fact started as a story to our friends/family Jaap and Irma in Australia, because from a distance they had been supporting us through email. Irma and Linda had somewhat the same experiences and after Linda died I wrote Irma a long letter, explaining all we had done. But what started as a letter slowly expanded and it became the basis for a book that I'm now writing and which is almost finished, save for a couple of pages. This book will be titled: You'll never loose me.*

*Those were the words spoken by Linda, through Loes, because if there was one thing I had been afraid of somehow, then it was the feeling that death really might mean 'the end'.*

*The book is a story about love, in which Linda's fight against her sickness plays a major part, but it's placed into a much bigger picture, a life cycle. All that had happened, her illness, our battle, the contacts we made to Amà, to her past life as Igor, the contact we made after she died, Marianne's entry in my life, the drawings and jewellery I now make, the people who we meet... all fits together and the more I think, and write about it, the more I see lines, parallels, intersections and the complicated web woven between all. I start to understand this and therefore it gets more and more difficult to stay sad. It's still there, but there's also happiness, and I hope to be able to pass this on to others, the future readers.*

*At this moment the alternative medicines, the natural healing methods of practitioners not following the ways of the pharmacy, are under attack by government rules, not only in the Netherlands, but everywhere in the 'modern' world. Sometimes this takes on the form of some kind of a witch-hunt. It's with this thought in mind that I should like to add a few more lines to this short story.*

*Linda had told on several occasions, even shortly before she died, that... how difficult this may have to her, she absolutely never regretted the choices that we made. Apparently that is hard to believe, thinking of the extreme pains she had to endure. But they were our choices! Maybe influenced by certain factors, but still they were choices made in freedom. This counts for me as well. I don't regret the way we went. It was a conscious choice that we made, how bizarre this may seem to some people. I'm glad, and feel very honoured that I was the one chosen by Linda to stand by her side during this difficult time.*

*Of course I told Loes about the fact I was writing the book and asked Linda if she agreed to write her story down. At once Linda corrected me saying: "When do you start asking me questions to which you don't know the answer?"*

*Loes said: Linda had taken the route that she from her heart knew was the right one, and that her guardian angels showed her. And this is, in worldly terms, almost absurd. "But now I'm exactly where I wanted to be!"*

*She thinks it important that people understand **why** she made these choices.*

*"Respect each others choice. Show them their merits."*

*She considers that very important.*

*Linda: "And what I want to tell everyone especially... and please emphasize this, is that they have confidence (faith). Even, when the going gets tough.*

*Loes: From what she now knows, she says... because now she sees the other side, how things work over there, how they do it, all the time and attention and all the love they put in it from all the guardian angels around us... whom she pays immense respect... then she wants to make clear to everyone: "Trust them, give them your confidence, because they know... exactly what they do! So meaningful... meaningful"*

*Trust now means to her... so she puts it... and this too she wants to be mentioned... surrender to whatever comes your way. But yet stay self-responsible and keep thinking.*

*She says: "One thing is sure: we are **all** being watched over and cared for." This she can see very clearly now that she's there. **Then**... while fighting... she wanted to believe it to be so and that drained her.*

*But... **this** she wants to make clear to everyone.*

*And Marianne attended me to the words Linda had passed on to me some time ago and that got an extra meaning. Words that also express my feeling*

*I gave you my confidence  
You'll Never Loose Me*

*Wim Roskam, September 2007*