



Light from the other side

by
Curt Jonsson
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Introduction

This book is built on real events, that led to a dramatic turning point in my life. Maybe reading about it can give you the courage and inspiration you need to take the necessary steps to change your own life? Of course I cannot say whether you should do the same thing as I did. The only thing you must understand is that *you* are actually the only one who creates *your* life, using your thoughts and emotions. And that your options are virtually unlimited.

Over the years I have gained deep insights about the powers and capacities of the human mind, powers that we have only been able to get a vague notion of so far. The things that I am about to talk of in this book shows very concretely that this is so. And still this is ‘only’ another platform for further growth – but a platform that is placed higher than all others that I have previously tried.

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And now ...

Let's jump directly into chapter two of the book!

Chapter 2

The Workshop

"Wanna know what Lars said today?" Carina is leaning back in her swivel chair.

"I didn't know that you'd been talking to him," I reply. Lars is an old friend of ours. We met him the last time about a week ago. And then of course the book about living on light entered our conversation. To Lars this thing about prana was obviously something quite self-evident. He had known about it for many years. What Jasmuheen was saying in her book was not new to him. It was just a natural next step in a process that he had been working with himself for quite a long time.

"Lars thinks that we should try and have Jasmuheen come to Sweden and maybe lead a workshop here."

"Yeah, why not?" I nod in agreement. "I can start searching the Internet for some more information. Then maybe we can get into contact with her."

Said and done. I start the computer and log in. What should I look for? 'Breatharian,' maybe? Is there such a concept? I will have to try and see.

Oh yes, there is! Wow! The word 'breatharian' gives me a lot of addresses to various web sites. In other words, there are innumerable places in the Internet with information about 'breatharians'. So I try to narrow my search to only include sites that also contain the word 'Jasmuheen'. To my amazement there are eleven places to choose from! Well, that is not more than I can check out. Let us see if we can find something useful here.

"How's it going". Carina leans over my shoulder. "Do you find anything?"

"Oh yes," I mumble "This will work just fine. Just wait a moment".

I click with the mouse on something that seems to be Jasmuheen's own website on the Internet. And there I can have information all right! Too much information, it may seem. But nothing about Jasmuheen's travel itinerary. At least I am not able to find it.

So I go on to the next place. It appears to be a rather critical article, where the writer more or less ridicules the whole phenomenon. Jasmuheen is portrayed as a 'guru', who wants to make as much money as possible on her books and lectures, and therefore claims she has not eaten in five years. And that, according to the article writer, is so absurd that it cannot possibly be true.

But hold on. What is this? Now I have found a German site, that talks about Jasmuheen. Once upon a time I could talk German, but now this skill is what you might call 'dormant'. Therefore I only understand a little of what they write here.

"Are you finding anything useful?" Carina asks again, impatiently.

"Yeah, I think so".

"Let me see!" Carina comes again and looks over my shoulder. "But it's in German! I don't think this can lead anywhere, after all. That's my opinion anyway." She sighs loudly. "Should we give up, d'you think?"

"I don't know. There should be *something*.... Wait a moment, what is this? 'Seminarverzeichnis', that must be something about seminars. Now, let's see... Oh yes, look here! Here we have a lot of dates coming up."

A page with dates and places and telephone numbers is rolling up on the screen.

"Look here. Today we have November 26. London... Jasmuheen is holding a lecture in London tonight!"

"What? Are you saying that Jasmuheen is in Europe *now*?"

"Yes, sure! And... let's see here... In ten days she will have a weekend workshop in Munich. Shall we go there?"

"Yes, yes, yes! Let's do that! Oh, I am so glad!"

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I walk with lingering footsteps through the forest. It is heavy. It *feels* heavy. If there would not have been snow shining brightly on the ground and on all the branches of the trees, it would have been pitch black. And right now it is dark within me as well. Or can I find a weak light even there? Like the snow on the ground? Something that makes it possible for me to go on? After all I am here. I am hoping for *something*. I want a miracle to happen.

At the top of the mountain I come to the stone. Our stone. I step up on it. It is like ascending a holy place. A place where I can get into contact. With something, something that lies beyond our ordinary world. I turn my eyes upwards. It is a starlit night.

Oh God, help me! What should I do? I have lived for so long in a trance-like state. It is as if my whole life has been waiting in an idle condition. Always I have been tired. I am so tired of being tired! Do you hear that, God! I am tired of this! I want another kind of life. I want to be able to be enthusiastic and full of energy. Sometimes I can have glimpses of it, but that is merely glimpses.

I am watching the stars. As always, I look for the Pleiades. There, no there. There they are. I recognize the picture, the pattern. It is a little hazy, yet somehow very clear. Seven stars. Or is it thirty? Someone said it is thirty thousand. A clairvoyant woman once claimed that I originated from the Pleiades. That affected me deeply. If I have in fact lived there, I don't know. I only know that I experienced a strong feeling when she said that.

It was both sadness and joy in a very strange mix. Is it homesickness? Maybe some longing for my origin, my inner, true self? Many years later I found the Pleiades in the sky. I did not even know what it was, just that the vague star cluster up there was kind of calling for me, wanting my attention. So I asked a friend, who knows a little astronomy, what it was.

"That is the Pleiades!" he said. I was totally unprepared for what then happened within me. If I had not been standing in the midst of strangers, I could have started crying. 'The Pleiades'! Why did that affect me so much? I did not know. And I still don't.

Should I go now to Germany and meet this woman Jasmuheen? I turn upwards with my question, toward the sky. 'You who are there, you who wish me well, you who know what my mission here on Earth is, help me! Give me a sign!'

I also don't have any money to go abroad. So I don't understand how it could happen. On the other side, I have experienced many times before that I got help in very strange ways. Money appeared when I needed it. Friends called when I needed their help. Information came my way, when there was something that I needed to know.

But in spite of all the help I have received, I now wonder what was the meaning with it all? Have I really been happier? Have I made any progress? Can I honestly say that my life has become successively more comfortable and enjoyable over the years? I don't know. I just know that I am so tired. I am tired of fighting. Everything now just seems to have been a perpetual fight for survival.

And when I had some so called 'spiritual progress', other people have sometimes expected me to be in a certain way from then on. I don't think myself that I have been able to fulfill the demands that I put on myself. I was ashamed because 'deep within' I was not so good as others thought I was - and as I thought myself that I 'should' be. I don't want live this way.

"Oh Lord, help me!" I look up to the stars and say my prayer loudly. After all, here in the forest, up on the mountain, there is no people around to hear me.

"Give me a sign! Jesus Christ, Holy Spirit, Ascended Masters or Angels who are here to aid me, listen to me! I only want the Great Plan to manifest, the plan where I also have a mission to accomplish. Help me. Show me that you are there. I feel so lonely."

Then for a long while I am standing there looking up to the stars. Nothing happens, but still I can feel some peace, a higher degree of inner stillness. I accept that what shall happen, will happen. I am prepared to surrender. At least I think I am.

Just as I am ready to start walking back to our house, I see a satellite gliding silently over the sky. I have seen that many times before. There is nothing peculiar about that. While being preoccupied with my previous thoughts, I follow it with my eyes. Its orbit is going almost directly over my head. I stretch my neck to be able to see when the little shining dot is passing.

But... now what? Where did it go? Oh yes, there it is. But it is standing still? Or is it an optical illusion? I am not quite sure I am looking at the right spot. Just as I am about to look further away, where the satellite in all probability should have been now, if it had been following its original orbit, something very odd happens. The luminous spot that I have been observing suddenly gains an incredible speed and dashes off in quite another direction. Within just a few seconds it has moved quite as far as it did before in perhaps half a minute.

Then it is gone. Gone without a trace. Quite amazed I am standing there for a long time looking after it. But it does not return.

Much later I step down from the stone in order to return home. After having taken a few steps, I remember something. I turn around and look up to the Pleiades. "Thank

you!" I say, and I really *feel* very grateful inside. Then I slowly walk back down through the woods.

Luckily enough, the next day I get a letter telling me that I got some royalty on a few books, and that money should just be enough to cover both the air fare and the tuition for the workshop. After some more surfing on "the net" I find extra cheap air tickets for both myself and Carina, and ten days later we go off to Germany.

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Everything has happened so incredibly fast. When Carina and I arrive at Munich airport, we don't even know how to get to the place where the workshop will take place. Bernried is the name of the place. But where is it? Is it far from Munich? Can we go there by train? We have tried calling the telephone number we found on the Internet, but nobody ever answered.

Being rather irresolute, we stroll along with our suitcases on a trolley through the air terminal. Somehow I suppose we should try and get into town anyway?

"Look there!" Carina is pointing eagerly. "Bahn, doesn't that mean 'train' in German?"

"Well, yes..." I cannot see what is so exciting about that.

"Come!" She pulls my sleeve and wants me to hurry up.

A little further away there is a big counter with several computers. On the wall behind there is a big sign, saying 'Deutsche Bahn'.

"Here they must be able to tell us how to get to Bernried, right?" Carina says.

So, compliantly we stand in line. After all I cannot think of anything better to do at the moment. While we are just waiting anyway, I take out my cell phone and reconnect it to be able to make calls in Germany. Before we left home, just as a precaution, I put in the number of the contact person, Hans Schmidt, into my phone. And without too much hope I am now calling that number once again.

"Hallo? Hier Schmidt," someone is answering, and I am so dumbfounded that I cannot think of anything to say right away.

"Hallo? Hallo? Wer ist da?"

"Hello!" I finally say. "Do you speak English?"

He does. But it is not Hans I got hold of. It is his father. The father tells me that Hans already left home to go to Munich and from there to Bernried. If I want to, he will be glad to give me the number of Hans's cell phone.

As I let the signals ring, I don't notice that it is ringing in another cell phone a bit further up the queue where we are standing. And even if I had in fact noticed, I would probably not have cared. Nowadays almost everyone has one of those 'toys' that they are holding against their cheeks in all situations, tenderly caressing it.

Hans replies, and he is very kind and helpful. He says that we can just take the train to Bernried, and he will meet us at the railway station. Right now he cannot do much more, because he is in the airport, standing in line to buy a train ticket himself.

I say that so do we. Might we even be standing in the same queue?

A bit further up a man holding a phone against his ear turns around and watches attentively the people. I wave my hand and call out "Hans?". But the man in question just frowns and goes back to talking in his phone.

At the same time someone touches my shoulder.

"Are you from Sweden?" I am met by a big smile. Hans appears to be a heavy-built, middle-aged man with a wild, dark hair and an impressive full beard. He laughs and thumps me on the back.

"This is really great fun!" he says in a rumbling voice. "I really didn't know that there would be participants coming to our workshop from so far away. How did you get to know about this?"

While we are traveling out to Bernried, we have a chance to get to know Hans a little more. Half a year earlier he has gone through the 21-day process that Jasmuheen talks about in her book. And now, consequently, he is a 'breatharian'.

"Are you saying that you haven't eaten anything for half a year? I ask.

"Now, wait a minute!" Hans is laughing. "This is not about eating or not eating. I *could* have been without food for all this time - or for the rest of my life, for that matter. I don't *need* to eat, since I get all my nourishment through prana. But that doesn't mean that I am not *allowed* to eat!"

"So you do eat a little sometimes? Is that so?"

"Yes, sometimes I can feel that it would be good to have something. And then I taste it. You can say that I enjoy it much more now, having the little I occasionally eat. On the whole I enjoy life itself a lot more now."

It makes me happy to be in Hans's company. He is smiling and laughing all the time, and all the while he is extremely calm. He seems to radiate some kind of vitality and strength, and it appears almost impossible not to like him.

We are lucky to have Hans with us, because in one place we must change trains, and I think there was a great risk that we could have missed that, if he had not been there to show us the way.

After about an hour, however, we are there, and at the station we are picked up by someone with a car. The hotel, where we are going, is only two kilometers from the station, but the streets are full of wet snow, and there is a biting wind blowing. I had thought that in southern Germany it would be a lot warmer than in Sweden, even if it is December.

When we have finally arrived, Hans leaves us to ourselves. He has other things to take care of, and the workshop is not to start until ten o'clock the next day.

Why is it so difficult to breathe? No matter how much I try, it is as if I cannot get enough air. There is a pressure over my chest. Each time that I draw my breath, it hurts. I must sit down on the ground. It is so dark. I cannot see where I am. Evidently I am somewhere out in the open, because my hand now touches damp soil. Oh God, how painful this is! Am I going to die now?

"Did you want some help?" I hear a kind woman's voice.

"I cannot breathe," I whisper in reply. "Help me. I think I am dying".

"You don't need to breathe", the woman says. "Just relax. I will help you. You are not going to die".

Then something happens inside me. I decide that I can trust this person, whoever she is. I don't seem to have much choice anyway. I pray silently that if there is a God, a higher power, I will get help to live. No, come to think of it, I ask that God's Will be done. Maybe it is part of the Greater Plan that I should die now. Maybe I will live on in another dimension? 'God's Will Be Done!' I mumble quietly.

As I open my eyes again, I immediately notice that the pressure over my chest has lifted. I can breathe. It is wonderful! It is still dark around me and I don't know where I am. Slowly I realize that I am lying in a bed. Cautiously I look into the direction, where the window should be. But everything is pitch black.

To the right I can discern the outline of a person, lying there asleep. It must be Carina! Now my memory returns. We are in Germany! This is our hotel room in Bernried. I must have been dreaming.

I am so glad that I survived. It may be true that all of it was just a dream. Yet it was so real. Imagine that I am alive! And I can breathe! So I got help. A tear is slowly rolling down my cheek. I am so infinitely grateful. This was not merely a nightmare. It was something else. It was about something that I should learn.

"What a lot of people!" I say to Carina. We are heading towards the dining-room to have breakfast.

"Yes, but I suppose there must be a lot of other guests here as well," she replies. "All of them cannot possibly be here for Jasmuheen's workshop".

"No, of course not. I wonder how many we'll be. Maybe twenty or thirty, or what do you think?" I walk up to the breakfast buffet to help myself to tea and sandwiches plus a boiled egg.

"I think we should go into the workshop room to reserve two good seats, as soon as we have eaten", Carina suggests.

Outside the course room we meet our friend Hans Schmidt again.

"Good morning!" he calls out already at a distance. "Did you sleep well?"

Still I find it remarkable that so many people have gathered here. I estimate that maybe close to fifty persons are circulating around the book tables that have been put up. And some of them are busy paying the course fee, just like ourselves. As Carina said, I think it is wise to go directly into the room and get two seats.

As soon as I enter through the door, I am quite amazed. I guess I had expected a ring of chairs in the middle of the room. Instead I find a wide and very long room. Lots of people are already sitting on chairs in the front part, and some meditative music can be heard from several big loudspeakers. Up front there is a stage, and someone is testing that various spotlights are properly set.

In the middle of the room there are a couple of video cameras on tripods, and some photographers with headsets are fully engaged in making their preparations.

It is quite obvious that if we are to get any places at all, it has to be in the rear part, about twenty meters from the stage. Will we be able to hear and see anything?

Now Hans enters the room. He takes a microphone and says something in German. He laughs and people are smiling. I feel that he can make people feel at ease even in stressful situations. He now appears to have said that everyone should go and get more chairs from the hotel rooms. Otherwise we will not have anything to sit on.

All of a sudden Jasmuheen is on stage. We are over two hundred people who have eagerly waited for her. She is radiant and smiling. She jokes with us. She asks how we feel. As soon as she starts talking, we all listen attentively. I understand that she does indeed not have a preset plan for what should happen during this day. She asks us to close our eyes and to tune in together to what wants to happen right here and now. It feels very strong to meditate with Jasmuheen and over two hundred other persons.

"Imagine that there is an angel standing in each corner of this room!" Jasmuheen's voice feels safe and calm, She is saying strange things with such a self-assurance and conviction that you believe her straight away.

"From each one of these angels there is a beam of light going up to a point high above us. The beams meet in that point, and we are sitting in a pyramid being demarcated by these beams."

Jasmuheen explains that we will work with energies. The energy work is about creating on the thought level. But we are also meant to have fun while we are working. She is directing us through the longest so called 'guided meditation' that I have ever experienced. Her energy and resoluteness never seem to end. We go on and on to ever new levels.

"Now we will all reprogram our inner biological 'computer'. Your body is like a computer, and the thoughts you are thinking are like the software of this computer. They are repeated over and over and achieve that your life looks the way it does. If we want to change the program, we only need to do that once, at least for every 'program' that we want to replace or change."

That sounds simple enough. Could it really work? Maybe. Anyway there is something in the way that Jasmuheen says it that makes me believe her. But to be sure, I think I

want to write down what she is saying, so I can work a little more on it at home. I put my hand in my pocket to take out a pen.

"Since we don't need to go on repeating this, you should not take any notes. Instead we do the reprogramming right away, and then it is done!"

Oops! Did she see what I just did? No, her eyes are still closed. Or was it telepathy? Anyway I was answered immediately.

"Now visualize that you have two guardian angels standing beside you, one on each side." Jasmuheen continues. "Ask to be told what their names are."

I glance furtively at the persons sitting beside me. Their eyes are closed and they look concentrated. I close my eyes again. What could the name be of my left-hand angel? At once a word comes to me. *Okuma*¹. Okuma? Where did I get that from? It feels strange and I don't think it is 'for real'. Well, what is the name of my right-hand angel? *Nakula*².

I am a little taken aback. Nakula? Is there a name like that? Does it mean anything? At the moment I have no idea. I think that my imagination has played a trick on me. And I feel that I don't want to say this to anyone.

"Whatever comes to you, accept it. When you begin to have faith in the messages that you get, it will be easier for the angels and the Ascended Masters to communicate with you. Then a channel can be opened."

Jasmuheen goes on to give us various images. Among other things she talks of 'etheric satellites' that we can create in outer space. Divine love is coming to these satellites, and also wisdom and power from the source of the universe. And from our own personal satellite we can then imagine that healing energy is streaming down, enclosing us.

Before lunch we are told to stand up to dance in a special way. Jasmuheen says that this is a fun way to exercise, and at the same time it creates energy fields that are good for us. It feels good. And it is nice to move around after sitting still for so long.

"Now it is time to feed your little tummies!" Jasmuheen. says with a laugh.

So it is time for us to eat - but not for her. Because she does not eat. I still think it is very strange. But I believe it is true. Jasmuheen is thin. But she does not look anorectic. She radiates a kind of light and a marvelous vitality. You can sense that she is full of love and that she feels at ease. I have met anorectics on various occasions, and their energy was totally different.

Maybe the difference simply is that someone having anorexia somehow got too little love, and that they cannot love themselves, whereas 'breatharians' have so much love within that they can actually *live* off that energy and don't need to eat? It makes me inspired to think like that. I think I found some important point there.

¹ 'Okuma' is a name that implies an individualistic, steadfast and serious character, that can best express his deepest thoughts in writing. There is loyalty, originality and depth.

² 'Nakula' is about change, travelling, new possibilities and versatility plus an organizing ability and high self-esteem.

Right then I lift my eyes and look at Jasmuheen. Our eyes meet and she smiles. Then she is looking somewhere else, and somebody passes in between. After that she is gone. Where did she go? Did she really look at me?

Just as Carina and I are sitting down to eat, I happen to look towards the door. The dining-room is full of murmuring people who are eating. And all the while they circulate among the tables to collect more food. Yet my attention is drawn to two men standing by the entrance talking. I think one of them is the hotel owner, a tall dark man with a moustache. The other one I haven't seen before. He is short and robust, and he is flailing his hands fiercely as he is talking. Somehow he seems to be upset, because all the time he is objecting forcefully to something that the tall man is saying. At least that is the impression I get.

At last the little one throws his arms up in the air and turns around to go out the door, shouting something to the hotel owner. I don't hear what he says, and I probably would not have understood it anyway, as it is bound to be in German.

You might think that this argument - if it was in fact an argument - would not affect me. Yet I feel affected by it. It is an unpleasant feeling. I want to know what it is about, but of course I cannot go up to the hotel owner and ask.

"Max, are you also interested in that?" Carina suddenly says.

It is like changing over into another world. I turn to the people sitting together with us. They look at me with expectation.

"I'm sorry," I say. "I was thinking of something else. What were you talking about?"

After the lunch break, the workshop continues.

"Start every morning by thinking of what you are grateful for in your lives!" Jasmuheen says. "I did so myself every day for several months, and then people began to ask me what had happened. They thought I had changed and that I was a lot more joyful than before. This is something that I can really recommend to you to do."

Then Jasmuheen talks about our only goal being to manifest God's plan on Earth. Our mission is to accomplish *our* little part of the greater plan. All the pieces of the puzzle are needed for the wholeness to be complete. We can see God as our 'employer'. If only we show up at 'work' and do what we are supposed to do, we will get our pay.

All the time we are presented with new exercises and new ideas to digest. Jasmuheen says that we have the ability to reprogram our cellular memories from previous lifetimes. We are urged to ask for whatever we need and want. The angels who are with us would like to help us.

Can people really take all this in, just like that? I look around in the room. As far as I have understood, most of the people here have not gone through the 21-day process to start living on prana. What is their background? Anyway there seems to be an even distribution among men and women of all ages. On my right hand side, for example, I have an elderly, white-haired lady in a dark blue dress, wearing a pearl necklace. And

on the other side of Carina there is an obese man in his forties. His jeans are stretching over his swelling thighs and he is breathing heavily. The greasy, long hair is held together by a rubber band in his neck. Over by the wall a young woman is standing, rocking a pram. Right beside her I see a gentleman in a gray suit, wearing a tie. In spite of what Jasmuheen said earlier, he is making a lot of notes in his 'time manager'.

Why have all these people come here? Is it just to see with their own eyes someone who has not eaten for five years? Or is it to learn more about life? Do they know themselves why they are here? Do *I* know why I am here?

I want to get more into contact with my inner resources. That is why I am here. I want to stop fighting for survival in a way that is taking all my energy. I want to unveil the secrets of living on the physical plane as I also transcend the physical. Previously I have experienced glimpses of that. Now I want more than just glimpses. Maybe I will get it through this? Whatever 'this' is.

Is it the same for everyone who has come here? Maybe, maybe not. I can sense a tiredness in the room. Many have probably become completely stunned by the immense energy level and the high speed. Some now gaze in front of themselves with a dull look in their eyes. They do not hear any longer what is being said.

"Ask to be shown the complete vision," Jasmuheen says, and I discover that I have not heard what she has said for quite a while. I have been lost in my own thoughts. "Just ask to be shown *your next step*. That is all you need to know."

She is also saying that we should have full respect for the choices that other people make in their lives. They are probably about to prepare themselves for what *they* are supposed to do. And for this purpose they might need exactly those experiences that they are now going through.

"Expand! Enhance! Enjoy!" We are told to stand up and stretch out our arms, while saying this several times in a row.

"Relax and have fun!" With these words we finish this day at long last. Over and over Jasmuheen has emphasized that we should listen to our inner voice, our inner guidance, 'the Divine One Within', and to trust what it tells us. We should not have any "have-to's". We are supposed to enjoy life and have fun. And we can see to it that we get whatever we need. If we need to rest, it is important for us to do so.

During the night I get diarrhea. Some process has started within me. I think that it is a kind of cleansing. Something old wants to get out. My body wants to release anything that is holding me back. Time and time again I am forced out of bed to go to the bathroom. Yet I am not suffering a lot from it. I almost enjoy it.

In the morning, however, I am tired. But it is not the old well-known hopeless tiredness. It is instead a kind of pleasant tiredness, the kind that you can feel after having accomplished something good.

"Now the workshop is starting in fifteen minutes." Carina has come up to the room to look after me, after she has had her breakfast. "You don't look as if you want to come down now anyway."

"No". I nod faintly and look at her with a smile. "I suppose I'll have to obey the signals that my body is giving me. In other words, I am going to rest some more".

"Okay. But I will reserve a chair for you, so you can come down later if you want to".

Part of me thinks it is terrible that I should lie down in the hotel room being sick in my stomach. Now I have had the chance to go to Germany and participate in a two-day workshop. Then I should 'benefit' from that as much as I can. Rest is something that I can do at home! So if it is at all possible for me to sit upright on a chair, I should get myself down to the workshop room and 'learn' as much as possible while I can.

However, another part of me says quite another thing. Maybe it is exactly by staying in bed that I can learn something important. I realize that my most important lesson may be to 'surrender'. And Jasmuheen said herself yesterday that we should satisfy our needs. And right *now* I need to rest a little more. After all it is quite obvious!

I must have fallen asleep for a while, because I wake up when there is a knock at the door. It is rather dark in the room, as Carina has left the heavy curtains in front of the windows. Is that the cleaner coming now?

When I look toward the door, I can see that it slowly opens. It is something with this fact that it is done so cautiously that makes me a little wary. A silhouette can be seen against the background of the light in the corridor. Someone takes a silent step into the room.

"Hello?" I say in a low voice.

Before I can notice how it happened, the door is closed again. Has the person who came in, gone out now? I switch on the bed-lamp, but as far as I can see the room is empty. With some effort I rise out of bed and open the door. Outside, however, the corridor is empty.

I sit on the bed, trying to collect myself, my thoughts and feelings. Was it someone coming into the wrong room by mistake? Or might it have been a burglar? I don't know exactly how, but yet there was something familiar over the figure that I caught a glimpse of in the doorway. After having assured myself that the door is properly locked from the inside, I lie down once more in bed.

"Do you want any lunch?"

Slowly I wake up from the coma-like state I have been in.

"Hi," I say to Carina, who is leaning over me. "What time is it?"

"It is half past twelve and they are having lunch break now until two o'clock. Do you want any food? Should I draw the curtains to the side, so there can be some light in here? It is sunny outside."

"Well no, I don't know. I don't want anything to eat, but I suppose I am strong enough to get up. You go on, and I will join you in a short while. I can have a cup of tea, and then we can go out, if you want to."

My stomach is still aching slightly. What is going on? Has the so called 'process' already started for me? Have I begun to live on prana already? No, it may be true that I have asked for it - as per the instructions given in Jasmuheen's book - but I suppose it cannot be all that simple? However, right now, today, I feel that I will have some tea and nothing more. I will have to take one day at a time.

So what is this diarrhea thing about? It does not *feel* like a stomach flu or something. I haven't really been sick. Apart from being tired and in need of a lot of sleep, I have felt very well.

After lunch I participate in the workshop for awhile. But rather soon I discover that I have to go the bathroom again. And then I feel that I should rest some more. At least for awhile. It turns out to be a couple of hours. It is half past four when finally I come down into the lobby again. It so happens that there is a break right then, and I find Carina at once. She is talking to Hans Schmidt.

"Hello Max, how are you?"

For some reason I reply that I feel quite all right. Which seems to be completely natural. On a deeper level it is all true. And I realize that Hans does not even know that I spent most of the day in our hotel room.

"Why, Hans," I say, as I suddenly get an idea. "I may have told you that I am a writer and translator. And I would very much like to translate Jasmuheen's book into Swedish."

"Great!" he says and a smile is all over his face. "Speak directly to Jasmuheen about that! I am sure she wants to hear it."

Right then Jasmuheen passes by on her way back into the workshop room. She stays for just a short moment, saying a few words to Hans. I take a deep breath and decide to take the opportunity.

"Jasmuheen!" I say, and my heart is pounding heavily. "My name is Max and I am from Sweden. As I am a writer, I would like to translate your book into Swedish".

She squeezes my hand and looks me deep in the eyes with a warm smile. Right then it is as if I transcend time and space and don't know any longer what I actually said. We just are there, together. But I do hear something about talking to her publisher. Then off she glides, and I am standing there, looking after her with a smile on my face.

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Chapter 3

Christmas

Living on light! It is frightening - and yet *tremendously attractive*! This is the "coolest" thing I have ever come across. TM Sidhi program, Creative Intelligence Technology, you name it! This takes the prize. At present our plans are that both Carina and I will do the 21 day process during the first three weeks of April, 1999. Two weeks ago we attended the weekend workshop with Jasmuheen in Munich. Just think of the process involved to manage to get the money and air tickets! And now I am fully engaged in reading her book again . It is strong! Not eating nor drinking. Ever. If I can do that, then I can manage anything! And that is probably how it is.

However, there is one thing I cannot quite understand. Has the process already started for me? My eating has not been the same since I got home from Germany. Frankly it has not been the same since that first workshop day.

And now it will soon be Christmas. Christmas is the time for food. Some say that it is the time of the children, but I think it is more correct to call it the time for food. Is there any other time of the year when you eat so much? And right now I have plans to quit eating all together! Am I really quite sane?

Even before I have come that far, I can feel some sadness, as if I miss something. Can I never more have lutefisk? Or meat balls? Well, mostly I have had vegetarian food for many years anyway. But red cabbage? And Christmas ham, being such a treat here in Sweden? After all - for Christmas - I have often wanted a little meat. And it *is* something very special about Swedish Christmas ham. Can't I even have boiled rice pudding any more - another Christmas delicacy?

On the other hand it is all up to me. I *can* eat if I want to. And whatever I want. Of course this does not mean that someone else decides what I can do and what I cannot. I don't understand what is going on.

For some reason I am not quite aware of if I am guided towards this. Maybe I am drawn to it - with or against my own will? No, of course I do want this! It is enormously enticing. But I am scared. Can I handle it?

Do I have faith enough? Can it yield me something? Oh certainly, otherwise I would not embark on such an outrageous thing, would I? It says very clearly in Jasmuheen's book that this is not for anyone. You have to be properly prepared. Otherwise it can be risky. And everyone doesn't make it. In Australia a woman even died trying to do the 21-day process. Jasmuheen says it takes a certain amount of spiritual awakening to be able to live solely on prana.

But there are also many other so called 'supernatural' phenomena that require an inner stability, or a kind of spiritual contact. Throughout the years I have tried quite a lot of different things. After all I have already experienced levitation - which means that I have actually lifted from the ground when I meditated. I have also learnt how to walk on glowing coals - or fire - without burning my feet. And I have experienced lots of miracles - and had my prayers heard and responded to, whatever I asked for. So I *have*

indeed been preparing myself during all those years. Therefore I should be able to go through with this too.

*

When we were waiting at Munich's airport to go home to Sweden, I felt like my whole body was aching. We had already checked in and just sat there with our hand-luggage. Outside there was a snowstorm and all flights were considerably delayed. For example, the crew for our plane had not been able to get to the airport on time. So there we sat.

"I will go and see if I can get something to eat!" I said to Carina. She did not want anything but tea herself, so she stayed and kept an eye on our luggage.

A short distance away there was some kind of a bar and cafeteria. I stopped there and tried to sense what I really wanted. It was not easy. My first thought was that it had to be something very mild, something that would be gentle to my stomach. I had already been to the bathroom three times that morning, and I did not want to make it worse by eating something unsuitable.

Also from an emotional point of view, I felt very fragile. People around me were smoking and howling. They forced their way to the counter and yelled their orders to the man behind it. Somehow I was almost prepared to give up the whole project and return to Carina. But at the same time I felt, if not exactly hungry, at least in need of something, I didn't know what.

Tea. That should be good for my stomach, I thought. So far it must be right. But what should I eat with it? *If* indeed I should eat anything at all. Anyway, somehow I had come all the way up to the bar counter. In a plastic showcase they had a huge number of ready-made baguettes with ham and cheese. That would most certainly not be good for me, I thought.

Then, suddenly, the bar man turned to me and asked me what I wanted. Almost automatically I replied "zwei tee" and pointed to one of the baguettes. I got exactly what I ordered, and I slouched away back to Carina.

"I took a ham sandwich," I said with a guilty look, expecting to be criticized.

"Oh, good," Carina answered and took her cup of tea.

The journey home went well, and in some way it was as if the things I had drunk and eaten helped to stop the diarrhea. I enjoyed the flight, and we now had the chance to talk a little more about what we had experienced.

"Just imagine there was a woman from Sweden!" Carina said.

"Yes, that was really something!"

We had met Sara on Sunday night, right after the workshop was finished. Like ourselves she would stay the night at the hotel and go from there the next morning.

"I was quite impressed by her energy," I said. "That's exactly what I am after for myself. Being alert and full of energy. Not having to sleep so much. Plus having a strong intuitive sense of what's the right thing for me to do."

We had stayed in the lobby talking to Sara for several hours. She never seemed to get tired. She talked and talked. With enthusiasm. But she also listened to Carina and myself. And she laughed. It was like a vitamin injection to meet her.

However, eventually we had no power left. And Sara noticed that at once.

"Just tell me if you're tired," she said. "I can easily talk too much". And she smiled one of her very warm smiles.

"I wonder if all breatharians are like that," Carina said. "If I got it right, Sara hadn't eaten anything for over a year".

"Yes, and before that I think she had been a vegetarian all her life, more or less?"

*

Today is Christmas Eve. It is strange how little it affects me. I mean, up till just a few years ago I think I still had that childlike excitement that it was going to be Christmas. There are so many things that contribute to creating a special atmosphere around Christmas. And it starts to build up a long time ahead.

Already in November everyone talks about Christmas. What do you want for Christmas? Are you going to stay at home during Christmas? I wonder if it is going to be a white Christmas this year? Should we have a ready-roasted ham this Christmas? Maybe we should invest in a plastic Christmas tree - to avoid having a lot of pine needles all over the house?

The commerce is accelerating more and more in December. The shops are open late at night so everyone can buy their Christmas food and Christmas presents. The saint Lucia is celebrated on December 13. In every home Christmas bread is baked. They make the special chocolate fudge and toffee. It can all be very stressful!

Yet there is a certain joy in it. Since almost everyone participates in this game, thinking of the same things during this time, they create a kind of thought cloud, a 'reality' that is in fact totally artificial - and therefore not real at all.

I have gladly played this game every year - up till a few years ago. Then I started to feel a kind of emptiness. Last year I even switched off my TV and did not see the traditional Donald Duck show that to many people in Sweden is a "must" on Christmas eve. I thought it was boring. I must have seen all of it at least ten times before.

And the food. Already last year I was quite indifferent to it. I could see that there was something almost desperate in all endeavors to use special food to achieve a cozy atmosphere. It did not quite happen. Afterwards I was disappointed.

And this year I suppose that will be even more evident. Should I eat anything? Well, of course I will. It is Christmas eve! And this may be the last Christmas eve when I am eating anything. I shake my head. I don't know anything. I don't understand anything.

Outside the window the snow flakes are slowly falling to the ground. That we would have a white Christmas is something I have known for some time without a doubt,

because since some weeks already we have had a four-inch layer of snow on the ground. However, what difference does it make?

I am thinking that there is such a huge number of expectations with most people. Christmas *should* be white. You *should* have all the special food. You *should* have a Christmas tree and be visited by Santa and give a lot of Christmas presents. And the whole family *should* be gathered. You *should* be together and you *should* enjoy having all those expensive presents. *Then* you will be happy and starry-eyed.

If any one of all those things goes 'wrong', then the whole Christmas might feel like a failure. Or at least not as good as you had hoped for. But next year... then you will not do so much preparations for Christmas. Then you can be satisfied with a little less food and fewer presents. Next time, then ...

So, what do *I* want with this Christmas? In a little while Carina and I will go to Uppsala to spend Christmas with Nadja, who is a mutual old friend from Stockholm. Her daughter Marianne and her grandson Oskar will also be there. What are my expectations? Do I think this will be fun at all? I don't know.

One of my concerns has to do with the food. It is true that I haven't given up eating. Not yet. And strictly speaking I have not determined to do it later either. Yet it is as if something is going on. A process. I *will* undergo the 21-day process. But when? And what do I do now?

I notice that I am worried that there will be too much food.

*

"Thank you, this was really a surprise!"

I smile at Nadja and hold up the embroidered cushion I just got, so the others can also see it. I feel like being part of a game or a play. The character I am playing is supposed to say certain lines. And I have committed to participate as best I can. This does not mean a lifetime commitment to be in this particular play. But right now I am in it. It might even be fun. Anyway, right now I cannot think of anything else that might have been more fun.

"Well, I thought you could have it as a meditation cushion," Nadja says.

"Thank you, that's lovely," I reply. The truth is that I hardly ever sit on the floor when I meditate. And therefore I have no need for a meditation cushion. But it doesn't matter. I appreciate the caring thought.

Taking into account that Nadja's little grandson Oskar is only four years old, we have scheduled the giving out of Christmas presents directly after the 'indispensable' Donald Duck show on TV. Now it is already a quarter past five, and in a little while we will have Christmas dinner together.

"Now please help yourselves," Nadja says, taking out another hot dish from the oven. "You like baked anchovy, don't you, Max?" She can see that I am a little hesitant and goes on: "Because I don't think you have given up eating just yet?"

Then she laughs loudly, as if the mere thought of ever giving up eating feels both strange and somewhat ridiculous to her.

"No, that's true," I say. "But ever since we were in Germany I have wanted to eat very lightly. This has felt quite natural somehow".

"Yes, but today is Christmas Eve after all! And then you are *allowed* to eat and have a good time. Today you don't have to think so much about what is healthy and what is not".

I don't reply, as I notice that Nadja has not understood what I just said. Of course it is not at all about forcing myself into eating what is 'healthy' - and abstaining from what is 'good'. Tonight it is more a question of whether I should eat what I really want - or if I should eat in a way not to hurt Nadja's feelings.

Furthermore I am still uncertain of what I do want and what would feel best. Maybe I should even take the 'opportunity' to have things that I will later give up? There are so many questions buzzing in my head. Will I ever give up eating at all? Will I be able to make it? Is it good for me?

I am definitely not prepared to argue about this with someone who does not believe in it themselves. Therefore I am silent.

"No, I suppose you are right. So you remember that I am so fond of baked anchovy!" And I help myself to a substantial serving - and put it on my plate, next to the Christmas ham, the herring and the potatoes. I also pour myself a glass of dark Christmas beer. The special Christmas beer is something that I have always liked a lot.

My cell phone is ringing. I look at the display, but it only says "Max is calling". So this is a call being transferred from my phone at home. Most likely it is one of my children wanting to say Merry Christmas.

"Merry Christmas! Max speaking," I answer in high spirits.

"Max Andersson?" It is a hoarse man's voice, and I don't recognize it.

"Yes, Max speaking!" Now who is this, calling me on Christmas Eve, of all days?

"I am calling from Germany", the man says, and I can hear that he has a German accent. "You are not going to translate that book!"

"Excuse me". I am rather surprised and I don't really know what to say. "Who am I speaking to?"

The line goes dead. Obviously the man has hung up.

"Well, Merry Christmas anyway!" I say to the silent phone and press the hang-up button.

"Who was that?" Carina wonders.

"You tell me. I suppose it must've been someone getting the wrong number".

"Those things are bound to happen on a night like this, when people have had too much to drink," Nadja says. "Would you please bring us the coffee and the cake, Marianne? Meanwhile, I can go upstairs and put Oskar to bed."

"What was that phone call actually about last night?"

I can feel how Carina is observing me with a worried look on her face, as I am driving. It is in the afternoon on Christmas Day and we are on our way to Dalarna, our home county.

"What call do you mean?" I reply.

As a matter of fact I know exactly what she is referring to. But I don't want to show her that I am worried or concerned. For some reason I want to keep up the appearance that this is nothing to worry about. And maybe it isn't?

"You know very well what I'm talking about. The call you got on the cell phone last night".

"Oh, that! No, I suppose that must've been someone getting the wrong number".

"I don't believe that for a moment. Now tell me what it was really about".

"I don't think it's anything to worry about. There are so many weird people, and you can't allow yourself to be frightened by what they say".

"Yeah, that may be true. But tell me anyway what he said. This may be some information for us, that we can benefit from".

Of course Carina is right. Since many years back we have discovered that what happens in our lives is no coincidence. And when people contact us and say things, there is often a deeper message of some importance to our mission in this lifetime. Those who convey these messages are often not even aware that they are acting as intermediaries for some higher power. They only 'happen' to say the right thing at the right moment.

I have also noticed that information like this can come to me in many various ways. Maybe I see something 'by chance' in a newspaper. Or something is 'coincidentally' arriving in my mailbox, and it gives me an important clue or valuable information at the right moment. All this can happen, when I have asked for help and am open to receive it. Unfortunately I suppose I have often stubbornly refused to realize the truth of this. Instead I have felt that I must manage all by myself.

"Well okay. It was a man, and he didn't say much at all".

"But what *did* he say? Come on, for God's sake!"

"He said that he was calling from Germany. And he didn't think that I should translate the book. I just wonder how he could know that I'm going to translate a book in the first place".

"And you were thinking of keeping quiet about this! This is extremely important, don't you see that?"

"Yeah, I suppose it *is* a little scary. But I don't see what I can do about it."

"Didn't he say who he was? Maybe he had something to do with the publishing company in Germany?"

Carina shakes her head and looks despondently out at the quickly passing, white fields.

"No, I don't think so. And if this is indeed some information, I don't think it means that I should actually not translate the book. It must be something else. If it means anything at all."

"Of course it does! This is obviously powerful stuff".

"Yes, maybe so. But I don't understand it, and I'd rather not talk more about it".

A strained silence is settling in the car. I concentrate on the driving, but I don't feel very well at ease with this situation. To begin with, I may not have been directly threatened by that man, but somehow the whole thing still feels threatening. What will happen if I don't care what he said and just translate the book? If I can find a publisher for it? That's something we do not yet know.

Secondly, it is also a sad thing that Carina and I seem to disagree. We have not actually quarreled. But I feel that she demands something from me. She wants me to see what the information is. Probably she is also afraid of what it might imply.

And, as always, I turn obstinate when someone comes along and puts demands on me. Then I always turn sour. So now I am sitting here behind the wheel, sulking. Maybe I just need to be in that mood for a while. And let go. Deep within I know that if I am supposed to have some information or some message, it will come to me again. And more distinctly the next time. In any case this is what will happen if I declare that I want the information.

"I'm sorry. I don't want to be awkward, but this is not easy for me. Just give me a chance to let it sink in a little, and then maybe the information will pop up all by itself".

"Yeah, sure". I can see in the corner of my eye that Carina is smiling. She puts her hand on my knee. "We now ask for help from all the higher powers that want to help us, all Ascended Masters and angels who are with us, so that we can take in what this is all about and see what the next step is that we need to take in order to accomplish what we are assigned to do".

I nod in agreement.

*

"Have you seen the wonderful view we have from our window?" Carina is shaking me gently and gives me a kiss on the cheek.

"Yes, I mean... no. What time is it?"

"It is already seven, and in the breakfast room they serve spring water and herbal tea."

"You don't say. That sounds absolutely irresistible.... But where do you see that view? It is pitch black outside."

"Get out of bed, and you will see for yourself. There are lots of lights down in the village, and the moon is lighting up the snow on the mountains over there. It is gorgeous! And the sky is filled with stars."

I sit up in the bed. It feels good to be here at Pine Mansions in Hälsingland. Carina and I made a joint decision to celebrate New Year's Eve at a spa like this. In that way we would not have to bother about food. We would be able to take each day as it comes and just feel what we wanted - without having to plan anything beforehand.

It was a quick decision. The day after Christmas Day, when we had arrived home from Uppsala, Carina presented the idea. The next day we called various spas. Some of them were closed over Christmas and New Year, but Pine Mansions were open. They said there would be rather few guests - but intimate and cozy. That suited us perfectly.

So the following day, the 28th December, we were on our way. And now we are here. However, I can feel that the inner me has not quite made it yet. On Christmas Eve we went to Uppsala - and back again the next day. Then we were home for just two days. And then off we went to get here. Now as I wake up, there is some part of me that doesn't really know where I am. I suppose it is all about letting go.

Quite a few years ago I was a sales manager with a company selling communication radio equipment internationally. Once I had been in London, negotiating with customers. From there I went directly to an exhibition in Amsterdam, where I was also out 'winning and dining' for a couple of nights. Early one Saturday morning, after a very late night, I went on to Paris, where I had a meeting scheduled for Monday with our representative there.

I will never forget the feeling I had when I woke up in my hotel room that Sunday. I had been fast asleep, which I am sure I needed after all the excesses in Amsterdam. As I opened my eyes, I did not recognize the surroundings. What was even worse, I had absolutely no idea where I was. It took me a long while before I managed to remember that I was actually in Paris.

Now as I am sitting on the edge of my bed here at Pine Mansions, there is a little of that same feeling present. Where am I indeed? What am I doing here? What day is it? What is going to happen? I seem to have lost some control over what is going on. Is that good or bad? Or should I be worried because I am confused?

"Now get dressed, and let us go downstairs and get to know this place!"

That sounds like a good idea, and I get up and start to get ready.

*

"So you are from Dalarna. Great, so am I!" The man sitting across the table at lunch has introduced himself as Anders. Beside him there is Sonya. Apparently Sonya is working for a health magazine of some sort, and she is here to write an article about Pine Mansions.

"Yes, that's right. It is very nice where we live too, but we felt that we wanted to get away over the holidays," I say. Intuitively I feel somehow in opposition to Anders. At heart I really don't want to socialize very much with anyone right now. I just want to be on my own. And I definitely don't want to explain to anyone what kind of process I am in.

"Where do you actually come from?" Carina is smiling at Anders. It bothers me a little that she is encouraging him to keep talking.

"I am from Dala-Floda. For quite some time I lived in Stockholm, but seven years ago my parents died, and then I moved home to our old farm house, which has been in our family for ages. And now I am repairing and reconstructing it a little at a time."

"Dala-Floda?" Carina is very excited. "My grand-mother was from there. Her name was Hed, Karin Hed."

As it appears, Anders is very familiar with the Hed family, and the two of them at once start to discuss who is related to whom and where they all live in the area. I think the whole conversation is utterly boring.

"How do you like it here?" I say to Sonya, probably just because I feel left out in the conversation going on between Carina and Anders.

"Oh, it seems good so far. But I have only just come in the door. Let us see how it feels when I am ready to leave!" Sonya is putting on a strained laugh.

Today is the day before New Year's Eve. I feel some restlessness. Was it the right thing to do, coming here to Pine Mansions? There is also something heavy and sad in the atmosphere. Today Pine Mansions have invited all the guests to come along for a snowmobile ride up in the mountains. The weather is just beautiful, and in all probability it will be a fantastic trip.

Yet I feel no excitement at all. There will be more guests arriving tomorrow, but right now we are only seven persons here. Beside Carina and myself there are Anders and Sonya. Then there is a family from Sundsvall. The husband and the wife may be in their sixties, and they have brought with them their mentally retarded daughter, and she might be around thirty-five. It is difficult to judge the age in a case like that, I think.

Last night we all gathered at the fireplace. It is always nice with an open fire. Soothing. And yet lively. The innkeeper told us a little about the history of Pine Mansions. I guess it was entertaining in a way. Nevertheless I did not enjoy it. It is as if I am longing for something else, something I don't even know myself what it is.

Then Anders sat down at the piano and started to play. He was very good, and Carina who loves to sing, asked if they could do something together. This resulted in the two of them singing and playing for the rest of the evening. You could see that they really had a great time. And I rejoiced with Carina, even though I could not participate myself in what they were doing.

The family from Sundsvall retired early for the evening, and Sonya said that she wanted to take a walk before going to bed. So after that I was sitting there all alone, listening to Anders and Carina. After a while it felt sort of funny just sitting there. I could not join. Once I have played the trombone in a small jazz band, but that was to no avail right now.

There was no end to it. I could hear how excited Carina was.

"Oh great, do you know that one? Can we do that song as well? Are you playing it in G? Now, how did it start?"

After some time I said I wanted to go to bed. And Carina said she would join me soon. But when I fell asleep, she had not yet come up to our room.

I don't know if I want to come along for the snowmobile ride. I will have to speak to Carina about that, as soon as she wakes up.

"Let's take a walk down to the village". Carina points down to the valley below.

I was quite astonished to hear that Carina also wanted to stay 'at home'. I had been quite convinced that she would have wanted to go for a snowmobile ride. Therefore we two are the only ones not to come along for this outing.

"I need to talk with you about something", Carina says with a grim look. Uh-uh, this doesn't look too good. Normally Carina is not a person to make moves like this. However, I still remember the horror I experienced when she was going to Africa with her workmates. The whole company had been to a conference in Stockholm for a few days, and Carina had just come back home. She suggested that we sit down on the sofa. Then the bomb was released: "The day after tomorrow I am going to Africa!"

I remember the shock I felt - something similar to what you go through when you are told quite unexpectedly that someone close to you has died in a car accident. You just refuse to accept it. It takes some time for the information to get through into your consciousness and for your feelings to be affected by it.

Now I have a nasty feeling that something similar is coming up. Automatically I harden my heart. I don't want and I can't cope with any emotional punch on my nose right now. This whole business of giving up eating or not seems like quite enough for me to handle at this moment.

But Carina and I have agreed to share everything with each other. So I suppose I should feel honored that she seems to have something important to say to me. When I stop and look at her, she looks me deep in the eyes. There I catch a glimpse of some deep sadness and compassion that is very seldom visible in her.

"Something happened when I was singing together with Anders last night," she says.

"Something happened?" I repeat, quite mechanically. I get a sense of imminent disaster.

"Oh, Max," Carina sobs out. "I don't know what it is. I think I may have fallen in love. I'm so confused." She shakes her head and blows her nose in a paper tissue. Then she takes my hand and looks at me again.

"I had such fun last night. It must've been ages since I enjoyed singing so much. And Anders was playing so well. He knew exactly how to comp me. And he felt intuitively when to make a little pause to wait for me. Everything was so synchronistic. It just fit. It was as if we'd never done anything else. We were laughing and enjoying ourselves. It was such a long time since I had so much fun!"

All the while Carina is talking, the tears keep rolling down her cheeks. We are standing close to each other, looking out over the valley below. She shakes her long hair, as if to be able to think more clearly.

"Then, after some time, I noticed that my heart was pounding so hard. I almost thought I would faint. And we left the piano to sit down on the sofa by the open fire. We went on to laugh and talk. But sometimes we were more serious. He told me a lot about what was going on in his life right now. It was as if we had known each other for a long time. And we do have a lot of mutual acquaintances."

Suddenly Carina is silent.

"I don't want to stand here talking about it", she says. "Can't we go down into the village and get inside somewhere. I think there is a cafeteria there. It would feel better to get away from Pine Mansions right now."

Cautiously I put the coffee cup down in front of me. Carina is sitting beside me on the brown leather sofa. At this early hour we are the only guests. Carina has ordered a cup of hot chocolate. It is as if both of us want to have something that will definitely not be served at a health spa.

"Does Anders know how you feel about him?" I ask.

"I don't know myself what I'm feeling". Carina hesitates and looks out the window. "But I did say that I had strong feelings about everything he told me. And I also said, almost like a joke, that you might think that I was about to fall in love! But then I quickly added that 'no, I've learnt that much in life to understand that this must be about something else.' And then he just smiled and didn't say anything. I don't know what he'll think of me after this!"

I am listening to what Carina is saying. I don't reply. I don't know what to say. It is like I am waiting for the final blow. I am crouching down, waiting. Somehow I hope that this may not be true after all. It may not be as bad as it sounds. Bad, indeed? I don't know. I am just confused.

"So last night I couldn't sleep very much", Carina goes on. "There have been lots of thoughts. And my heart has been pounding. Sometimes I started to cry. The whole thing is so exciting. Almost dangerous. At the same time it's very tempting. I don't know how to handle this."

She turns toward me and the tears go on flowing down her cheeks.

"Of course I've had fantasies about what might happen today, and tomorrow, and the day after tomorrow. After all, I'll meet Anders here every day. And when we get home, it's not far to Dala-Floda, where he lives. Oh, Max, I don't want to keep anything secret from you! You know that. I like you so much. I am so grateful that I can talk to you about this."

In a way I can choose to be detached from it all. I am so-o-o understanding. It is as if all this were actually happening to somebody else. And under these conditions I know exactly what I think. I love Carina. She is my best friend. Now she needs me. This is a staggering experience for her, and I can support her. She dares to be vulnerable. Then how could I let her down? How could I be angry or disappointed?

However, this is *not* happening to somebody else. It is about us. About me. When the first shock has settled, my reaction will come. I know exactly how it works for me. I have a kind of built-in delay mechanism.

"I love you! You know that." I put my arm around her waist. "You know that you can say anything that's on your mind."

Carina rests her head against my shoulder and she is crying silently. I pat her slowly over her hair. Our coffee and chocolate is getting colder.

What a night! I have fallen asleep and awakened. I have been lying awake thinking, fallen asleep again and awakening again. Probably I have also had dreams, but I don't remember them. I just know that I am feeling dead beat, in fact almost beaten up. Emotionally beaten up. What will happen to my and Carina's relationship? I thought we were so happy together. Is she going to leave me now? What has gone wrong?

Why does Carina suddenly feel so passionately about another man? What does Anders have that I haven't? What is wrong with me? My emotional self is a little weird. It behaves almost like an old steam engine. At first nothing happens. Then slowly, very slowly it starts to move, and as it is gaining speed it possesses an enormous power that is almost unstoppable.

Carina and I have cried together. And talked. And cried again. Eventually the inevitable question arises: "Do you feel as if you want to make love to him?"

However, Carina's reply does not set me at rest.

"I don't know. I don't think so. At least I am not thinking of that now." She turns her head toward me and looks me in the eyes, as we lie beside each other. "Anyway I want you to know, Max, that I don't want to lose you, not for anything!"

I know that I must let go of any preconceived notion about what might happen. This is really not easy. Out of common sense and my experience I know well that if I would try and hold Carina back, for instance by asking her to make promises, or if I try to stop her in any way from seeing Anders or being together with him, this is likely to make things 'worse' - whatever that is. I know that I cannot let her down like that. But my feelings tell me something else.

So what will become of this New Year's Eve?

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Chapter 6

The Process Begins

The day after tomorrow, at 12.00 PM, the process begins! I find it hard to believe. But I have not had much time to reflect over it. The other day, when I met my three caregivers, they jokingly talked about me as the 'Master' with them being the 'disciples'. And our meeting was something like the 'Last Supper'. Then the 'Master' would go through his ordeal, possibly being killed in the process!

Well, let us hope that I will not have to suffer the kind of trials that Jesus had to endure. But in some sense it *is* actually about dying, and then being resurrected. At least the ego, the restricted and illusory Self, will have to die. The ego, being the part of us who insists that we are separated, alone individuals who must struggle for life, as we are thrown out into an alien and hostile world.

I have a strong feeling that what is now happening will bring about changes on all levels in my life. In fact it has already started. I have actually already stopped eating! This is my sixth day of fasting. And I feel fantastic. I am so strong.

An important part of it all is that I am about to finish the translation of Jasmuheen's book. My idea is that it will be complete as the process begins. During the actual process you are not supposed to do any kind of work at all. Then it is important to just be. Resting and meditating. Feeling whatever feelings there may be. Asking for guidance. Being alert to intuitive impulses that may come. Refraining from taking any part in what goes on in the outer world.

I am looking forward to it. In fact, I am longing for it. You might think that I would be frightened by it. But I am not. Maybe I am crazy. Or foolhardy. However, I feel quite safe, oddly enough. It has not even occurred to me that I might be hurt or suffer any damage from doing the process.

Something odd has happened. The Sickness Insurance Bureau has stopped paying my sickness benefit. And they did so without even telling me, and despite the fact that my doctor has signed a sickness certificate for this time up to March 31. I have not received any notice by letter or telephone. They just stopped! This must be because I refused to go along with their ideas about 'work training' before Christmas. But still! Shouldn't they have said *something*? Well, so now I am on my own, so far as money is concerned.

There are also other changes coming up. In fact, they have been coming in a steady stream lately. During the past six months I have been a member of a work group consisting of four persons. Our aim has been to support each other in going out and making money with our own businesses. We had plans to have some kind of common marketing and maybe also administration.

Now this project has more or less failed. Peter, one of the other members, said yesterday that he wanted to dissolve the group, and we all thought right away that this would be best. We will have to see if something better will emerge.

Then there is this sad business about Carina and Anders. Sad to me, that is. But never mind, I think that may be a thing of the past now. I haven't heard Carina mention it since we got home from Pine Mansions. However, I cannot help thinking about it sometimes. What was it with that man, that got Carina to be so passionate? Why can't I make her feel that way? Or will I be able to, when I have done the 21-day process?

Of course I don't fancy the process to be a solution to every problem in my life. But I do think that it will accelerate the changes that are necessary for me to grow even faster, so I can 'become' my true Self. At any rate, that is what I am hoping!

"Max, can you come here a moment? Let us sit down on the sofa."

"Oops, is there anything like that you want to talk about? Yeah, I am on my way."

"No, not really. But as you will be away for three weeks, there is something I want to discuss." She smiles, as if she wants to temper what she is about to say.

We sit down, and Carina takes my hand.

"As you know, we have often discussed how we want to live and what kind of house we want. Both of us want to be independent - while we also want to be together."

"Yes, that's true", I say. "But I am so worried when you start talking like that. At once I believe that you want us to separate. And to me that would feel like a failure. I am sure that must be another solution, where we can have space of our own, both of us - while we can still be close to one another." I become silent, but Carina does not say anything right away, and this adds to my uneasiness. What is really on her mind?

"This hasn't anything to do with Anders, has it?" I ask. Immediately I regret saying so. Why did I have to mention that again? I don't want to appear jealous. Furthermore I don't want to remind Carina about Anders, if by any chance she has managed to forget about him.

"No, I guess not," she says and shrugs her shoulders. "As a matter of fact I do think about him very day, wondering if I'll ever hear from him again, but this is something else."

"Do you think about him every day? I had no idea about that."

"That is not so strange, is it? But now there was something else I wanted to talk about."

"Maybe you'd rather live with Anders, if you do think that much about him?"

"Don't be such a fool! I hardly know Anders. Why would I want to live with him? It is not at all about that. And you know it!"

"I'm sorry. But I was shocked to hear that you think about him every day. I thought maybe you had forgotten about him."

Carina explains that she has given some thought to how we are using our various rooms. Now she suggests that we might rearrange our furniture, or at least take *some* step in that direction, before I leave to do the process. When we have talked it over for a while, I also feel it is a good idea.

So this is *another* thing to be changed. Why not? We might just as well change everything at once. A new life! New form of nourishment. New type of relationship. New living. New forms for cooperation. New ways to earn money. This is probably exactly what I need! I have heard that if there are too many changes in your life, it can be very stressful. You might even get sick. However, I don't feel stressed out. On the contrary. It is exciting!

Carina's phone is ringing. She gets up in order to answer it in her new room. As she speaks in English, I assume it is from another country. But I cannot hear what she is talking about. Just that she seems to speak in a subdued voice. And that she asks the person to get back later.

I wait for her in the living room. She sits down opposite me at the table. There is a fleeting smile on her face. And there is some kind of light.

"That was Hans," she says. "There has been a cancellation. So now I can come to the course, if I still want to! I asked if I could think it over for a while. The course will start tomorrow, so if I accept there are lots of things to take care of."

"At first I thought I should ask you what you really want, that is what makes your heart sing ... But I don't have to ask. I can see what you want! You are quite radiant. There is only one thing I can say: GO!"

Carina looks at me and gives a short laugh. There are tears in her eyes.

"Yes," she says. "Just imagine that I cannot realize that myself. But of course you are right! What time is it? Half past two? I must phone the bank. "

It turns out to be a long day. It is already 1.30 AM before we end up in our double bed, which has now been placed in my new study. Then Carina has arranged for foreign currency and bought an air ticket. She has called various persons to tell them that she will be away for three weeks. And she has cancelled various other activities. On top of that we have rearranged most of the furniture together. At least we can manage to find our way around it now. The final touch will have to wait until we are home again.

We have also asked a friend of ours to come over to water our plants and take in our mail. There are really lots to take care of, since we are both going away at the same time.

In spite of the late hour we lie there in a tight embrace, talking for quite a long time. Then we make love. But there are no sad feelings, even if we are to be away from each other for three weeks. We can feel that this a huge adventure that we are embarking on. Even though we separate for a while, we will be closer to each other than we have been for very long. And we are going through this together, even though we are doing it in different places.

*

It is now 10.20 PM and I am on the spot here at Backa. It has been a marvelous day, and I am trying to write down my feelings in my diary. I don't know whether I should laugh or cry. This morning the temperature was down to 0°F, and as we finally

left home it was a quarter past eight. "Luckily" for us, the tank was already filled up, the spark plugs were sparking and the battery was 'batting'. But as far as I understand, there is really no such thing as luck.

At Borlänge Carina would first pick up her air tickets and then take the train to Stockholm. But that was not all that easy. The tickets were still in a box over at the post office, and the train appeared to be considerably late. For a while it all felt very hard, as we were waiting at the railway station. Would Carina miss her flight on top of everything?

One of the other people waiting was passing us on his way out. He told us that he had decided to drive to Stockholm, and he asked Carina if she wanted a lift.

"Well, I don't know" Carina said.

Somehow I thought the man seemed familiar, and there was something unpleasant over his whole appearance. I cautiously pulled Carina's sleeve.

"Just a moment," I said. "I will drive you, directly to the airport."

And that is how we did it. As we came out to the parking lot, the man who was going to Stockholm still had not left. He was sitting in his car, a bit further out toward the street, talking in his cell phone. I did not like him, and I suppose that is why I kept looking at him as I unlocked the car. Just as Carina entered the car, he turned around and quickly glanced at us.

I did not say anything about it to Carina. I thought I just had to shape up. It was quite unreasonable to suspect that there were always people around us who wanted to prevent us from doing the process and from giving out information about it!

Our drive to Stockholm-Arlanda went smooth and easy, and at 3.00 PM sharp we said good-bye in the departure area. Then it struck me that the course in Germany would start exactly at 3.00 PM. And now our own adventure had also started!

As I was approaching our home district again, Anders entered my thoughts once more. I wondered what he would have thought if he had known what Carina and I intended to do. Presumably he would have considered us to be completely out of our minds. On the other hand he had been distinctly interested in Carina, when we were at the Pine Mansions. And since he had wanted to visit a place like that at all, maybe he would not reject quite new ideas just like that.

I was playing with the thought that I would meet him now that Carina had gone away. What would I say, if he asked any question? Any questions really. 'How are you doing now?' or 'What have you done lately?' or 'Will you be at home next week?'. It was practically impossible to give him any answers at all. And right now I did not want to talk to anyone about the process.

It is almost quite silent in the house. There is only a faint soughing from the radiator. Now tonight the outside temperature has fallen even more. I think it must be at least minus 5°F. But here in my room, where I will spend the next three weeks, it is warm and cozy. On the table in front of me I have two lit candles.

As I was driving, I let go of the thoughts about Anders. On the other hand I noticed that I had to fill the tank. While it had been full this morning, since then I had gone to Stockholm and back, a distance of almost 350 miles. So I rolled into the OK filling station at Djurås.

When I came in to pay, out of the corner of my eye I caught a glimpse of something that made me take a few quick steps around to the next aisle. However, at once I backed and gasped for breath. My Lord, what had I seen? Was that really Anders?

I stopped, pretending to be looking for a spark plug. Then very cautiously I peeped around the corner to see what was going on. There was Anders, to be sure. And he stood there discussing something with another man. Not any man, though. I almost could not believe it, but it certainly looked like the same fellow who had offered Carina a lift to Stockholm only a few hours ago.

I did not understand this. How could he be here now? Certainly I had been to Stockholm myself and gone back, at least to Arlanda airport. But this was peculiar. If you were so anxious to get to Stockholm, you would probably want to stay there for at least a little while, wouldn't you? And how did Anders know this man? Did they in fact know each other? Or did they just 'happen' to talk to each other here? No, I had made up my mind not to believe in coincidences like that any more.

After making sure that the two men were still talking, I hurried to the cash register and paid. I would rather not be seen by them. Why that was so, I didn't actually know.

Outside the door there was some headline on a news-bill that attracted my attention. Therefore I stopped for a few extra seconds, and during that time Anders also came out.

"But hello there! If it isn't Max! Do you remember me? We met at the Pine Mansions." Oh yes, I certainly remembered him all right! I was not likely to forget him for the foreseeable future.

"Oh, yes I remember now. Hi!"

"You wouldn't be going up to Rättvik, would you? In that case, can I go with you?"

Anders explained that his car radiator had been boiling as he came from Dala-Floda. It was because it had frozen. He was on his way to visit his son at Rättvik. The car was now parked indoors and it would be able to thaw until the next day.

"Yes, I guess that is all right."

During our trip to Rättvik we managed to discuss all kinds of things that were of no importance whatsoever. Just like most people often do. We talked at length about the variations in the weather over the past few days, discussing in particular how warm and how cold it had been, not to mention how warm and cold it might be during the next few days and weeks. Then we remembered how nice it had been in Hälsingland, where Pine Mansions is situated. What a wonderful New Year holiday it had been!

"You've been in to Borlänge, I suppose," Anders said, as we were driving into Rättvik.

"Yeah, that's right" I replied. Because I had. For some reason I did not feel like saying any more than that. And within myself I said a silent prayer that I would not have to tell him what Carina and I were about to do.

I followed Anders's directions, and we were approaching the area, where his son lived.

"So you've been in there shopping, have you ...?"

No, I told myself: this thing may sink or swim. I just cannot dodge and give Anders a lot of half-truths. So I decided to tell him exactly what was going on.

"Not exactly. You see, Carina and I have ...," I began.

"Wait a moment... stop. Here we are! Can you pull over by the lamp-post over there?"

"Let's see, you mean there, on the other side of this cross-road?" I asked, although there was no doubt whatsoever what Anders was referring to. But I understood that this was the help I had asked for, and I gratefully accepted it.

"Exactly". Anders opened the door and got out. "Thanks for the lift. That was really a great help. Say hello to Carina for me, will you!"

It is quite strange, after all. I don't understand why Anders just popped up like that. And after I had thought about him just a little while earlier. What was he discussing with that other man? And who was that by the way? How could he be at Djurås, when he said he wanted to go to Stockholm? Was he - and Anders - part of some kind of conspiracy, some 'anti-prana-mafia' who would stop at nothing to stand in the way of us innocent would-be breatharians?

No, I guess that is a little too imaginative. There must be another explanation. Or maybe several explanations. Anyway, right now I don't understand it. And what is unknown, can often be very frightening.

The radiator is ticking. I walk over to the window to look at the thermometer. The outside temperature is now down to minus 7°F.

After I left Anders, I was just in time to go home, write a few letters, pack my car again and set off for Backa. And here I am. One of the letters was for Olle Persson, by the way. In it I ultimately declined his job offer. Before that he had been on my answering machine several times, but I had not called him back. I thought that if I didn't get back to him myself, I would not get the job, but apparently they were more anxious to have me.

Anyway, now I have given them a clear answer. It is 11.17 PM and there is less than forty-five minutes left before the actual 21-day process will begin!

*

Someone is shaking me heavily. It seems like I need to wake up quickly and get up. Is there any danger? I struggle fiercely to get out of my sleeping bag. Finally I am awake. But nobody is there. I look at my watch. It is 7.00 AM sharp.

This feels strange. *Some* non-physical being seems to have considered it important for me to wake up at this moment. Should I view this symbolically? Or did this being simply want me to become aware of his or her presence?

Today is the first day of the 21-day process. So today I will neither drink nor eat anything. While I have already tried this earlier for a day, it feels very special. And this time I will do it for a whole week!

Suddenly I remember something. A dream. I did dream something before I was aroused. Was that really a dream? I was with a group of young men. One of them was called Mats. Or was it Mathew? We were somewhere together and it was night. We had gone to sleep beside some kind of wall. And I had been enwrapped in a blanket. I suppose that was what I mistook for a sleeping bag. But what happened after that?

It is 11.35 AM. I have just taken a shower. Today I will only rest and meditate and read Jasmuheen's book. There it says that during the process we will be assisted by Ascended Masters. They are with us and we only have to ask for their help. After all it feels a little frightening not being 'allowed' to drink for a whole week.

I now ask God and all present Ascended Masters to help me, so from now on I can have all nourishment from prana, and also being able to accept fluid into my body via insertion of an etheric 'drip'.

It really *is* cold! And it is difficult to get my room warm and nice as well. I should also bear in mind that I have been fasting for eight days before the actual process started. That might contribute to my feeling so cold. But there is also something wrong with the radiator. It just won't be hot enough.

Now I am so apt to interpret everything that happens around me in symbolical terms, and I am thinking: What does this mean? Water is about feelings. If the water in the heating system cannot circulate, does it mean that my feelings are blocked? If there is air in the way (because I think that there is air in the radiator), is it in fact my intellect that stops me from experiencing warmth?

However, how can I act upon this, here and now? Where do I find tools? I am now prepared to stop holding on frantically to my intellect, but *how can I get it warm in my room???* Desperately I pace the floor.

Quite unexpectedly there is some rattling sound. I stop to listen. What was that? It seemed to come from downstairs. It might have been a piece of ice falling inside the fridge. Or someone doing something outside the house. Or something else ...

I walk over to the stairs.

"Hey there?" There is no answer.

I go down into the kitchen and look around carefully. The door to the broom cupboard is ajar. Is someone there? No, this is my imagination running wild. Now I remember. Last night I did some vacuum cleaning, as I wanted the house to feel fresh and nice as I began my process.

Probably I did not close the door properly when I was finished. I now try to do it, but the door will not close. There is something in the way. I bend down to see what it is. I'll be damned! Or rather: I am blessed. Lying there in front of me is the kind of airing tool you use for radiators. Amazing!

It is in the afternoon and I feel a little thirsty. As per the directions in the book I have prepared some ice cubes that I can crush between my teeth. That feels good and I am careful not to swallow anything. I have started a conversion process, and if I swallow anything, the process is going to stop and not being able to start again until after 24 hours. I certainly would like to drink, but the price is too high. Now I am going to go through with this! And I can ask for help.

Speaking of help, I just remembered that I should meditate more than usual. So I sit down comfortably in the easy-chair I brought with me here. I close my eyes and allow myself to sink down into a very relaxed state. It feels good. I enjoy to the full being here and doing what I am doing. I know that the group in Germany have also begun their process today. There is a connection between us. It is as if I participate there, although I am in Sweden.

On this first day, in your meditations, you can ask to be told the name of your 'I AM-presence'. I am not sure I know what 'I AM presence' really is. Could it be the same thing as my 'Higher Self'? Previously, when I have meditated a lot, I have experienced states of mind, where all thoughts and all perception just ceased. Yet I was still awake and aware.

That has been very special. I was in a state of pure being. In stillness. Time ceased to exist. Is that what Jasmuheen is referring to as the I AM-presence? Is it my higher self that appears in those moments?

Anyway, I now turn my awareness inwards and think: "I ask to be told the name of my I AM-presence!" What then happens is quite stunning.

There is an answer. A clear answer! There is a voice within who says very distinctly:

"Parahamsa!"

Nothing else. Just that. I am so taken aback that I am just sitting. It is as if I am waiting for something more. What will happen now? Did I actually hear what I think I heard? In fact, it was more like a very clear thought. But I did not initiate that thought. Was it some kind of telepathic communication? Or am I going crazy? Is it due to dehydration?

On the other hand I was informed that I *could* actually have an answer. So I decide to try and communicate a little more.

"Is 'Parahamsa' the name of my higher self?" I am thinking - addressing whoever gave me that name.

This time the answer is not as clear as the first time. I am more getting the feeling that someone is shaking his head. Maybe even compassionately? Anyhow, I do know that the answer is 'no'. Parahamsa is the name of the being I am 'speaking' to, it is not my own name. But again, maybe the name is not all that important after all.

I become curious to know the meaning of the name Parahamsa. Here at Backa I don't have access to my books, but I seem to remember that Yogananda had a name like that. The Yogananda who wrote "The Autobiography of a Yogi". Could I have come into contact with him? Jasmuheen said that during the process you might hear from different Ascended Masters.

All of a sudden I can feel a fragrance in the room. Is it a flower? Or maybe some kind of incense? I go deeper into my meditation. I now release all hopes and expectations. Just relaxing. Enjoying the restfulness. What will happen, will happen. If and when it is supposed to happen.

"Beyond breathing" I am thinking. "Beyond breathing". Where did that thought come from? "Parahamsa! From Parahamsa."

I am so relaxed that I can be neither surprised nor very excited any more. Now it is the most natural thing that I am having this dialogue.

"Does Parahamsa actually mean 'beyond breathing'" I ask.

"Yes, that is one way of understanding it," the voice answers. "Para means 'beyond' or 'transcendental'. And Hamsa is connected to the breathing. In effect it is a mantra, that you say with each breath. So Parahamsa can be interpreted as 'beyond breathing'. However, Para also means 'wisdom', and Hamsa can mean 'swan'. Therefore Parahamsa is also the Wisdom of the Swan."

"Thank you," I say. And I really do feel grateful. Because there is also a non-verbal communication going on. I feel enclosed in a warm, loving energy. It is like floating in a hot, nice bath, while I am also given nourishment. Is it prana?"

"The Wisdom of the Swan," I am wondering. "What is that?"

Immediately I think of the fairy-tale 'The ugly duckling' by H.C. Andersen. In reality the ugly duckling was a young swan. But its greatness was not realized until it had grown up. Yet this greatness had been there all the time, although in seed form, as a potential.

"There is a lot of truth in that", Parahamsa says. "The wisdom of the swan is about changing your consciousness and developing possibilities that you have not yet seen. You should trust your intuitive ability more but also learn to surrender to God and trust that you will be given everything you need. You need to follow the flow, where your life can be transformed and raised to a new level. The guidance you will need is coming from within yourself. You will be able to foresee the future. Trust the intuitions you will get and the knowledge that will be given you."

Parahamsa is silent and I am waiting. But there is no more. Is everything already said? Has Parahamsa withdrawn?

"Are you there?" I think. And I can perceive a smile. "Before you go, there is something else I should like to ask. Are you the yogi who wrote 'The Autobiography of a Yogi'?"

Yet another smile. I don't actually see the smile, but I can feel it.

"In a way," he says. "That is not important. I am one of those who are present with you now - while you are doing this process. But there are others ..."

I am awake a little while before Yvonne arrives. I must have been sleeping almost an hour after my meditation. Yvonne has brought tulips, which makes me very happy. Yet I did somehow foresee that she *would* bring tulips. But don't ask me how I might have known that.

We talk a lot, but for some reason I don't tell her anything about my 'conversation' with Parahamsa. That feels so private, so intimate somehow. First I want to integrate it myself.

After an hour I make it clear that I am tired and want to rest. And Yvonne immediately knows what I mean. When she has left, I lie down again. I realize that this time can give me what I have always known will be good for me: *meditation and rest*. I am convinced that it will help me enormously.

A little while later I suddenly feel very hungry. I ask to be given more nourishment through prana, and after a short while the hunger feelings subside. Isn't it amazing? It works!

 D'ya want to know what happens next? See below.

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Light from the other side

Do you die after three days without any fluids? No, Curt Jonsson, who has written this book, survived for a week. Do you starve to death if you have nothing to eat for over a month? No, he abstained entirely from eating for ten weeks, and ever since then he is eating less than a tenth of what is considered normal. Yet he has immensely more energy than before. And his weight is stable. How can that be possible?



This novel builds on real events in the author's life. These events led up to a dramatic turning-point in his way of living. It is a very interesting story, that is both exciting and emotionally touching. In essence the book is about learning to surrender and ask for help. The protagonist undergoes a kind of spiritual initiation, meaning that his life depends on whether some Higher Power intervenes or not.

This is the beginning of an extremely exciting process, which is about letting go and seeing the world in a radically new way. As Max, the author's alter ego, eventually succeeds in that, everything changes.

Curt Jonsson is originally an MBA graduate and a technician - but a humanistic one. He has a long and varied background both from business and the academic world. And he has worked as a business consultant as well as a meditation teacher and a jazz musician. Some know him as an expert in direct marketing letters, others as an interpreter of A Course in Miracles. He calls himself primarily a writer. And he is writing about the creativity and enormous potential of humankind.

This is what some readers say:

- *"Thank you, thank you, thank you! I am now reading the book for the second time and I am crying all the way! It is so well written!"* Gunnel
- *"...your book is just GREAT! ... One of the most touching stories I have ever read.. This will be your breakthrough as an author..."* E. Sjoblom, writer
- *"..I could not put the book down when I read it on New Year's Eve. ... and I had several warm laughs!"* E. Hultberg, spiritual teacher
- *"I would recommend everyone who is interested in Jasmuheen's message to read your book first, because you make it very easy for people to grasp the whole thing. You move it into our everyday reality!"* L. Hallstrom, musician
- *"Honor the author in you! Now we want more books. GO FOR IT!"*
B. Persson, businessman