

Book about reincarnation and karma in practice - from the more than hundred years old - from- the other-side-dictated book:

# Sow and reap.

**(SÅDD OCH SKÖRD)**

By Oscar Busch  
(Free translation of rø in spring 2012)

Oscar Busch (1844-1916) must have had a very good receptivity to these messages from the other side - the book is very vivid and fully in line with the "laws of life" that the cosmic / spiritual science describes, and suppose, like the contents of the other books he wrote "how destiny is entangled" ([translation](#) of the orig.swedish title "[HUR MÄNNISKOÖDAN TVINNAS](#)"), - that also this book having been received as content by automatic writing or medially.

Part 1 is about the young man Wolfgang, who inherits a trading house of his wealthy father and to keep it going. He has had a poor girlfriend, Gerda, he loved since childhood, but when it gets serious, he marries the manipulative and greedy Gertrud, who like himself - also are of a rich family, but there gets no happiness of the marriage. He had been warned against this "evil woman" of the wise old women "Dorthe", but it was too late - he was already caught in Gertrud's net.

The business began to go bad, and with more debt on behalf of his wife, he started with gambling. And a short time it went "well". But soon there were only gambling debts, but his wife demanded money ... And she was waiting to inherit her rich father, but she was not the sole heir of his father, who was mayor of the city - for her younger brother Carl Goran, should also have his share of the inherited wealth, which they thought was great. Therefore, she would get rid of his brother and suggested that he should take a world trip and look around. By one her husbands/ Wolfgang's ship, carrying goods from the Far East. (Looks to me that this must have been in the first half of the 1800s, for it is mentioned that they had sailing ships to transport goods from the East to the West. Steam ships became more common in the latter half of the 1800s. rø-rem.)

But his brother - Carl Goran, never returned from this journey, and her father also died shortly afterwards - and it was suspected that he was poisoned, but it was never clarified. So now she had the legacy alone, but there was however no particular wealth for her, it turned out some later, so then his wife Gertrud went away without saying where. But Wolfgang was relieved, but also suffering of remorse - even if it was not himself having planned all this.

A while later his childhood's sweetheart, Gerda, again was at his door, because she had noticed or felt his poor mental condition and would help him. While it was 16 years since he last saw her, she had become ill and exhausted and impoverished. Now as an inner cord of love for him, had led her to his house to warn him against doing suicide, as he had in mind. For a moment he listened to her and stood in the choice of following her advice, but then he ran off and shortly afterwards they found him hanging .... suicide.

## ON THE OTHER SIDE

"What I experienced immediately after my death I have no idea of re-telling, it was a chaotic tumult of thoughts and emotions that defies any description. I was hoping that death would result in complete annihilation, but my hopes mocked, I survived, I felt, though in a terrible dizziness and under the most terrible sufferings. My view was at first dazed, it was all dark around me, and I could no more find my thoughts to discern anything in my environment. I felt the excruciating noose around my neck and went through them again and again, the choking plagues. I wanted to shout for help, but the throat gave no sound. How long this hell lasted I do not know. Maybe it was not so long after the earthly reckoning, but when time is measured only by endless torment, then it becomes an eternity.

Finally, there was a merciful being, that took care of me. I then heard that it was one of the good spirits who made their business to take care of the unfortunates who rushed into the other world. He took me to an institution where there were many as unhappy as me. I do not know if I should resemble that of a hospital or an insane asylum, it is certain that there were sufferings of all kinds. (Similar to ["astral City"](#) ?!- and book of [Franchizzo](#)- both ca 100y back. rø.rem)

At first I perceived nothing, besides what was inside my own. I felt I was treated with the utmost tenderness, and that underneath my sufferings gradually abated. I could now look around, but saw everything in a shady half-light. My kind nurse stood to me as a figure: it was as if all the light I could make out was based on him, but his face I could not discern. He was very taciturn, asked me just to be still, and when I still had very difficult to produce a sound, so there was not much talking between us. But I shall never forget, the sore hand he was washing and removing the blood on my neck and patted my temples. When the anxiety came over me and shook my whole being, he only needed to lay a hand on my heart, and i became calmer. What he did me good, that man! That there really are people who want to sacrifice themselves for others, it was a mystery to me. It gave me much to think about, whom I had never given any attention, it gave me the first weak impulse - to becoming a better person myself.

Time passed in a largely lethargy condition, occasionally interrupted by the anguished recollections of my past life, but my mind had not completely yet awakened. It was as though I could not quite make it clear to me, how much of my own, had been involved in all the terrible memories that loomed over and disappeared, for soon after to re-emerge. But gradually it became clear pictures of my earthly life, and I became calmer, but not therefore less unhappy.

Any serious thought, I did not to want to use on the past. When memories trying to force themselves on me, I chased them away. I was hoping to forget, and I hoped never again have to worry about them. Fool I am! How little I knew then what spiritual development requires. None of the tracks we put behind us in this life can again be swept away, everything must be looked at to be examined, processed and summed together to be experienced, for eventually to be crystallized into wisdom, the spirit takes care of such as their inalienable property. But this whole melting process goes through suffering, more difficult in proportion, as we oppose the divine guidance offered us all. This I did not understand then. Then my spirit revolted against the suffering, and I thought I could hide it away, like the hare believes himself to safety when he sticks his head under a bush.

I soon became so recovered that I could no longer be allowed to stay at the home during my carer-friendly treatment. In vain I tried to persuade him to remain. There were other

unfortunate people who were waiting to be received, and I had to go from there. But where should I go? I did not have any place to go to, and no one who could take care of me.

**-You must go out and search, said my taciturn friend.**

Who should I apply? I asked.

-You must find out yourself.

I did not understand what he meant, and gazed wondering at him. He stroked me slowly over the crown and added.

-It is in your own mind you must be searching, and on bended knees, until you get hold of that which is your INNER essence, your better self. There you will find what to cherish and cultivate, that you shall bear the light so that it may grow. This will make you happy.

-But you told me to go out and seek?

-Yes, it is in the solitary walks, alone with yourself, you will find yourself.

-Will no follow me? Will not you, who are so good, join me? I beg you.

-My friend, I could not. My duty is to stay here, and I could also just slow down your search if I followed you. But I want to give you some comfort to strengthen you on the road. You should know that you actually will not go alone. There are those who follow you in all your ways, *though you can still not see him*, but when you're in deep trouble, then he will come forward and show himself, and then you get all the help you need. Now go in peace! God bless you!

-Give me at least your name to remember and pronounce in my loneliness.

-Call me Guru.

With gentle force he untied himself from my embrace, accompanied me a few steps on the road, stood a long time, and waved farewell.

Now I was alone again. Where should I go? I felt that I could not go back to my friend again, but why should I go anywhere? Could I not just be as were I was – to sit here by the roadside and wait until someone came and took care of me.

I waited and waited, no one came, but what came, was the memories of the past and with them a concern that soon grew into anxiety. I could not sit still any longer; I got up and started walking without knowing the road, and without any goal for my walk.

How can I describe my further experiences? Earth's languages have not expressed any of the things this other world reveals, and common earth man can not grasp what lies beyond his conceptual realm, and yet I have to borrow your language and appeal to your concepts to describe my reactions. **This is indeed very appropriate, because that part of the spirit world that lies closest to the earth, let's call it the astral world, is by no means all that different from the physical world as earth children generally imagine.** On the contrary, in the external respect, the two worlds are so similar that one can safely say that everything that exists in the physical world has its counterpart in the astral, except that they are fashioned by such different stuff. ***You could say that the astral world is the original, and the physical world is only partial and weak copies.*** So is man's physical body an imperfect and often distorted imitation of his astral body, which in our world is her outer shape, a body fully as real as ever, the physical body. Yes, the inhabitants of the astral world is not only in the external sense, but also the inner meaning, as people on earth, that can reasonably be calling them people; solid clad in a body of much lighter material. Similarly, also our world is just as an objective world as yours, and it will offer exactly the same phenomena as of the earth.

Everything is so similar and yet it is something that I would characterize as the individual's subjective perception of what he perceives, which make such a significant mark on everything. One can possibly get a clue about it, when one considers, how different for example, the same landscape, or the same work of art is perceived by and affects a cultivated and an uncultivated man on earth, though the landscape and the artwork is exactly the same objective reality for both of them.

Here, this circumstance is of a much greater importance, this makes the spirit an idea of what he sees in accordance with his development or state of mind at the moment, and these are to him so vividly that it seems perfectly objective, for another, however in other mood, the same object appear completely different. In some sense, one can therefore say that each create their environment for their mind. The heart leaves the subject and spirit creates.

This is what is so difficult to explain to the earthly consciousness.

But it was about me, I would speak.

I walked and walked, at first, across vast plains, but then through the wilderness. The road gradually became ever narrower, until it dried up into a little path that led over the rocky mountain ridges; then through tangled swamps. Nowhere to see a human habitation, where I could go in and find shelter. Never, I met someone I could ask for directions or ask for an advice where I should turn around.

Twilight became closer, and the darkness came creeping in between the rocks and bushes and wrapped an almost impenetrable blanket over the whole neighbourhood. I felt creepy and started running in the hope of soon reaching a populated city, but the foot stumbled, I fell and could not for a long time get up again. Eventually, I crawled up and sat on a stone, but now my strength exhausted, I could not take one step further.

There I was now alone and abandoned in the wilderness. It came upon me a terrible depression. Was it my imagination or was there really ghostly shadows that crept around me. I thought I recognized them and was seized with an anxiety that was terrible. What did they want of me these terrible figures, which came up and stared at me? Some threatened me with his fist, others menaced to me, others wringing their hands in despair. Where did they come from and what had they to do with me? I tried to chase them away, but they came back, I asked them to leave me, but did not. I would hardly admit it to myself, but I recognized them. There were business people that I cheated, lenders that I never paid, players that I ruined, and women that I made unhappy. **Alas, the bitter memories emerged and took shape before me.** Their dumb accusations hurt as lashes. I could not bear to look at them, I leaned my head my hands and wept. It eased slightly.

Suddenly I heard a voice beside me, who said: "**Ask them for forgiveness!**" - Should I ask them for forgiveness? Not was I alone the guilty, what I did was probably no worse than thousands of others have done before me. I again lifted my head and thought: Now I see them all in their face, so they run away from me. But now they were all gone. I sat alone again without a clue of where I was or what I should do with myself. I just stared dully in front of me.

Then I noticed something bright far away in the underbrush. It was moving among the trees, it came closer and closer; it was obviously a man who might have gone astray like me. Hello! I shouted. He did not answer but came briskly towards me. In less time than I expected, he stood in front of me wrapped in a cloak, and a broad hat down on his forehead.

He was not a shadow, he was a real man. What was he bright, and it was almost as if it came a shine appearance from him.

- Can you tell me where we are and where I should go, to get home? I asked.

- You are in search of yourself, he replied, and when you found yourself, is on the road to your home by the valley of self-conquer.

- Do you know me, because you can talk like that?

- Yes, I am your friend who came here to help you. Would you take my hand and I will lead you. I know the way.

- Who are you?

Now the stranger opened up his coat and lifted his hat.

- Jesus, Maria! It is Carl Gøran.

I fell completely annihilated with the face to the ground. He stroked me slowly over the hair. I played out of his hand.

- What would you like me? I shouted. It was not me ... it was she, your sister. Get away from me. Have I not suffered enough, will you also come and torment me?

- Well, I go, and then you do not want to accept my help? - But cry to me when you are in distress, and I will try to come, he said in tones of most tender sadness.

When I looked up again he was gone.

How long I laid there in my helpless loneliness I do not know. The time is long for those who suffer, and I suffered terribly. The only one who wanted to help me, I had sent away from me, but how would I have dared to put my hand in his. I was his murderer, though not directly taken his life. Yes, for myself, I could probably confess it, but would I also do the same before him? He knew nothing, and would he ever after seeing it, be able to forgive me? He said I was out in search of myself. It was also what the Guru said I would. What did they mean? Once I heard that the voice inside me: "Go into your inner, bare your most secret nooks, not only for yourself but for all those whom you have done wrong."

Where did that voice come from? There was no one near me. I sat down to think over the words and got a feeling as if I was faced with the inevitable difficult operation. Was it really inevitable? And who would take the knife? - Would I do it? I shook with fear, but tried to dismiss it by thinking about something else.

Then it crept back beside me. The mysterious shadows came first, one by one and smiled at me, and then they started a WITCHES 'DANCE' around me so horrible that I thought I'd be losing my mind.

- Enough, enough! I cried, forgive me! I have done wrong to you all. I am a miserable wretch, who has done much harm. I have been too weak, I could not resist, I have followed all the evil temptations, and therefore I have made so many unhappy, but I myself am the most unhappy. Sorry! Sorry! And you Carl Göran ... Carl Göran! I screamed as it echoed in the hills, forgive me, even you. It was me who did it, though she gave me the idea - a devilish thought - forgive me and forgive even her! Against you, we have sinned worse than to any other. And it was not only against you, that was the whole crew. It was clear that the old ship, "Wotan" - was no longer able to ride out a storm. Oh, all of you who went to the ocean-bottom with the old hull, how can I make it good again, what I have sinned against you? And you, who loved me, my own Gerda, you have I done so bad, so bad. Of greed I disowned you and made you unhappy for all your life. I wretch, how can I atone for everything, everything?

I had long lain prostrate and cried in my most dire straits when I felt a hand on my shoulder. I stood up slowly. It is wonderful; there was a radiant light figure by my side. Not, that I heard when he arrived and had not seen him before. He smiled so kindly to me.

- Who are you? I asked surprised.

- I am your friend who has followed you all the time here in the wilderness, he said, and long before that too, but you have not been able to see me. Only a couple of times have you heard my voice. Get up now, so shall we together walk over to the nicer areas.

- How can you be so kind to me, me, that am such a damned creature?

- No one is so reprobate that he can not be established or restored. You have now found yourself and going through the self-defeat ordeal. You should receive the forgiveness you have requested, by one after another of all those you sinned against, and you must also, in due course to make everything right again towards them, when you get power to it. You asked how I could be so good to you. Alas, dear friend, my goodness is only a weak reflection of the Love that is everlasting mercy.

Would you like me to bow both knees here in this wilderness, and thank God for his spark in the depths of your soul, was so strong that it did not give you some peace, until you fought your battle with yourself and won at peace.

We had just raised again and started our walk, when Carl Gøran with urgent steps came towards us. He embraced me and was so indescribably happy. He told me that he always kept so much of me, but to his sorrow seen his sister pulled me down.

- You probably thought, he said, that I was just a child and a strange child, but I lived an inner life for myself and saw and understood more than anyone guessed.

He had so much to talk about while we walked the way forward, who led through all the more beautiful places: ever upward toward brighter hills. Carl Gøran not only led me, he almost carried me, and he was so strong, while the other hand I was still pretty weak. It was a great trip, full of new impressions that I can not describe. We met at times, crowds of walkers, sometimes we signed ourselves to those that were in the same direction as us, but we embarked us not into conversation with them, we had so much to say to each other.

When we reached a height from where it had a sweeping view of the whole neighbourhood, our guide stopped, took me on my shoulder and pointed down toward a charming beautiful valley, overgrown with trees.

- There, he said, is the hut that will become your home for the near future. It belongs to another of your friends. Carl Gøran will bring you there and even stay with you. I leave you now, other duties call me, but I will soon return and visit you.

Then he shook hands in farewell, and he said: "If you want anything in particular, call on Akab, and I will not be slow to come. God bless you!"

He waved a friendly hand and disappeared in another direction, so suddenly, as though he had wings.

When we finally reached the goal of our hike, my new home, I encountered an exceedingly dear surprise. On the threshold stood Gerda with open arms and invited me welcome. Not the degraded, prematurely aged Gerda, as I moved away in despair when I last saw her, no, radiantly beautiful, she stood there with mild blue eyes and curly blonde hair I so well remembered from our youth.

- Well, finally! She said. Here I've been waiting you for so long, long time, while Carl Gøran has been on the lookout for you.

She told them that she had to leave the earthly life not long after I so cowardly ran away from there. She had met Carl Gøran and they had decided to help me and offer me a home with them, until I became strong and coherent enough to find and help myself. They both

were among the others of a somewhat higher sphere, but when I naturally could not get right of domicile there, they moved rather than down to my realm.

It soon became apparent how blessed well it was for me to have these friends by my side. I had more often severe attacks of despair over my suicide. It started with a very strange sense of connection with my dead body. I kind of sucked back into the mortal clay I left behind me, hanging from a rafter in the attic, and I could for a moment feel so attached to it, so I again went through something of the death labour pains. Everything went black before my eyes and I burst into convulsive sobs. During these attacks, Gerda would give me magnetic deletions; it was the only thing that calmed me. Then she sat and held my hand until the crisis was over. At first these attacks was severe and prolonged, and could come back quite often. No one knows what I suffered but she, who shared my pain, but certainly did not have any way she could help me. It felt that she was carrying half my anxiety, and it had no one else could. How lovingly she cared for me during this my long convalescence, I can not describe, but with all my soul, I thank her for what she did for me. Even Carl Göran was indefatigable in his tender care of me. Gradually, I was attacked less frequently and they were also easier to handle.

On one occasion, when Akab came and visited us, I asked him, of which this was, and whether he thought that I would always come to suffer under these sensations?

- No, he replied, at the time you would have died a natural death, if thou be not gone natural order in advance, they will reach the very end, but until then, you are still by a very nice feeling -wire connected, well not at the physical body, which has already undergone its transformation, but in its essential counterpart to this, therefore as long as is living a kind of unsouled vegetative life. This band, which nature herself has spun, none can completely tear apart, but it weakens by itself, as its once fair life-size is exhausted, and so long as there is no feeling in this thread, drawn one, that one think, to his discarded body and feel more or less pain of this touch. Have you yourself taken your life, this relationship can cause great suffering, in proportion as it conjures up horrible memories, but are there are other reasons of a sudden death, suffering is not significantly thereof.

There was also another circumstance that during this time caused me pain and I do not know how I would have endured it, if I had been left to myself. Akab had been imposed on me to record my own life history, past moves from beginning to end.

- This, he said, is the best way to self-learn from what they experienced. Experience is often costly, so carefully it must be safeguarded. You do not do well on a misstep by carefully remember the impact it has caused. Write therefore the things, the dark as well as the bright side, it becomes an expensive protocol that you or others in the future may have good of.

- Should others also read it? I dared to object.

He smiled as kindly as he replied: **There are no secrets, and also it encourages us to live so that we have nothing to hide.**

It was no easy task I had received, but the last thing I could blame was not to remember the past. On the contrary, all of my earthly life was for me like pictures so accurately reproduced that I am at their viewing once again lived through each day, each moment with a reality that was really embarrassing. Remember sitting there and watch yourself, to scrutinize all evil thoughts, all the harsh words, and all the ugly actions and write them down line by line; that are something terrible. If there came a sun glimpse sometimes, of a little good that I had done, it made so liberating, but unfortunately such bright spots were very rare. It was essentially a dark portrayal I had to give.

Sometimes I tried enough to lightly slipping over a particular black spot in my life, but then I caught of such anxiety that I could not go on, until I crossed out what I wrote and got to the bottom with myself. And it was not enough to just objectively describe what had

happened and what I did. **I also had to write down what I considered my guilt in each case.** How eagerly I sought after what would excuse me, but truth must reach out. I had no peace until I gave myself all the debt I really wore on. This **was purgatory, nothing more and nothing less.**

But while I was in agony under the weight of all my memories, my two friends spread light and warmth around me, they were tireless in encouraging and comforting me. I was, thanks to their care, on the whole, quite happy, as soon as I for a moment let go of my job and devoted myself to their company. But these happy times were short, it burned like a fever in me that I must go back to my work again.

So went a time, how long I do not know, to me it was like a completely terrestrial life. Akab was occasionally visiting and inspected my work. One time, he rub me over the head and said: "It's good; I thank you, on your own behalf." He sometimes had such strange opinions, which I did not really understand.

At last my work finished. The last part would have cost me hideous effort to write down, but when it was finished it was also as if a burden has been lifted from my shoulders.

Akab came, examined my opus (work) carefully and expressed his appreciation. Better reward, I could not wish for me. It was a joyful day in our little circle. We sat all four on a terrace outside our tent and enjoyed the evening's cool and the sunset splendour.

- You have now completed a difficult job, said Akab, but you will also have the joy to see how blessed it will be for your own development. Now you have to think about to start working something out. Do you have in that case any particular desire? Which direction is your wishes, for worse?

- Dear Akab, Gerda interrupted, you must grant him a period of refreshing rest after the strenuous work he had. You have not followed him as closely as I and not seen how bravely he struggled with himself. We've hardly had any joy with him so busy he has been on his mission.

- Yes, it was not too much that he now has a period of leave, agreed Carl Gøran. We have just planned some nice trips in the neighbourhood. He has not had time to look around; he has served as a hermit in his cave, isolated from the rest of the world.

- Feel free to let him rest, if he have the desire and need; replied Akab, and least of all, I would not put any damper on the joy you are to meant to him and yourself, but it would be nice to hear what he might want to undertake himself.

- I have a craving, I replied, but I also feel that I am still ill-equipped to realize it.

- What is it? Gerda asked eagerly.

- I had such admiration for those who first received me, when I came rushing headlong into this world, the love guru. I have often thought about how happy he must be, who can do so much good. And I have desired to come and help him.

- To fill such a place as his, require large forces: that you do not possess, but you could try to become a little help, to meet for him in his difficult vocation. I will try to prepare you a place in the large hospital, but first you have some time enjoying your freedom with your friends.

- I feel also another yearning, I said, there is a desire for knowledge. I have Carl Gøran heard that there should be such a good school not far from here, where he is studying. I know so little history of the world; it would be so instructive to hear about the major happenings amongst peoples of the earth.

- Yes, it would be much better, fell Carl Gøran. Drop the idea of the hospital and follow me instead of my studies.



- I do not think he should suppress his desire to accomplish something good, replied Akab. Would his forces there fail him, he can come back and sit with you to school. Education, do we all need.

Now followed a great time, I do not even want to try to portray. We made trips together in different directions, and I enjoyed most of everything new and beautiful things I saw and experienced.

What life is rich and diverse!

Many valuable acquaintances I did, and all were good to me. But the more I came in contact with others, the more I felt the pressure of my own limitations. All were superior to me, I thought, not only in knowledge but also in spiritual power.

It began to cry out within me, that the life I had, was not befitting one who was so far behind others. I thanked my dear friends for all they did for me and all the joy they brought me, and so we decided to part for some time. Gerda moved up to her true home, Carl Gøran stayed for some time in their school and I went to the hospital, where Akab obtained a pitch for me under my beloved Guru.

Here was expecting me a difficult duty - never could I imagine that it was so difficult. It was important to receive unhappy from the earth, and especially those, like myself, who had thrown themselves into the darkness, without any thought that there could be a life after death.

It was heartbreaking to see the despair which took possession of these creatures, when they awoke to full consciousness, - to hear their moans and anguish cry. Some raged and cursed, others cried and moaned. How did I not recognize myself in these poor, it brought my memories back to life, and little was that I had agreed to their weeping and wailing. I had just tried to comfort and encourage the comparatively calmer, to sustain their weak forces, and submit them hope by talking about how I myself was in the same condemnation, but had been helped.

So far, I am more appropriate than the Guru, because the unfortunate generally easier perceived me and heard what I said to them, because I was at my low level of development, closer and had a tighter, more visible astral body, whereas the Guru had generally very difficult to make his light, airy body perceptible, and his presence felt among those we should help. But when it came to actually treat these unfortunates, to relieve their pain and calm their fury, then was not my small forces enough, as then it was Guru who helped. It sometimes came to the real wrestling matches, between him and his patients, and it was strange to see how surprised they were being overpowered by someone they could not see. The Dear Guru, what he was strong, and what he was good!

It would have been a very challenging job I gave myself in, and several times swayed my strength so that I was ready to declare it, but I was ashamed before the Guru and held out as best I could.

**One day he came to me and said, 'You shall follow me to the earth, there is someone down there who are crying out for you.'**

I was soon ready and we went away. Faster travel, I have never done. Guru held me in his strong arms, and we cut like a flash through space. *It was the first time I saw the earth.* How strange everything seemed to me there. I looked and saw everything very clearly, but it was as if the material world was no longer as true as ever.

We came to a sick bed; there was an elderly woman apparently dying. She was very thin and weak, she coughed hard and persistent. At the moment, she was not fully ready; she laid delirious and muttered half aloud something about evil people who wanted her misfortune. Suddenly she cried: "Wolfgang! Wolfgang, come here, you will hear and help me! It's your

fault. Give me something to drink ... I am dying of thirst ... but do not provide water ... true Burgundian be be. Hurry up ... I'm dying! "

-Do you recognize her? asked the Guru.

Yes, it must be Gertrude, I replied. But so changed and so miserable!

-She has been through a lot, since you both went separate ways. Look around you, so you can read excerpts from her story.

There was a large room with old expensive furnitures, but everything bore witness to the most lamentable decay. Dirty rags were thrown in the corners, and empty bottles under the bed, and the astral atmosphere was so obnoxious that it was a real plague to stay.

I stood still for a moment and listened to her troubled spirit-breath. Then I saw the pictures appear, aura pictures from her life, which was pictured in the astral light. I saw drinking party where it went merrily, where high amounts of money traded, orgies where passions flare untamed frenzy, and everywhere she was and the center around which everything was buzzing Now she lay alone abandoned, poor and dead tired. Poor her! What it made me feel sorry for her!

- She's not far from going, said the Guru, we have to wait for her.

I made a suggestion that I probably should stay, but I could feel Guru was pained by this whole environment, and I suggested that he would return.

- Dear friend, he said, you have a debt that binds you to her, and that you to some extent seek re-apply, because I want us to take her with us to our hospital. Something good we can do for her. But alone you can not handle her.

So this was the Gertrude who in her youth, so bewitched me, and then chained me with such strong ties that I went as her slave from one bad act to the other. Why she had this power over me? Why did I choose her and not Gerda? Was it my greed, or something that lay even deeper into my being? Strange dark mystery of life, when shall I have your solution?

The diseased had become still, she slept with short, strange breathing. An elderly woman came in and messed up a little in the room, looked at the sick, made a face and went out again.

Now came a new attack of coughing, violent and persistent, then the life band burst and spirit began to liberate it selves. This was apparently associated with severe pain, but the Guru helped her and soon she was free. But then she looked like - dark and obnoxious!

Guru wrapped her in a cloak, and we took her with us, and brought her home. A heavy burden it was. Guru was right, alone, I had not been able to handle her.

She had, when we lay down our burden on a bed at the hospital, not yet awakened to consciousness and did not have any perception of us. I was set to watch over her.

Never shall I forget her surprise when she finally opened her eyes and saw me. Curiously, she immediately recognized me.

Is that really you, she said. So, you still came at last, and came to see me. They told me you were dead, that you have killed yourself, - so it was not true.

-Oh you, who have not come before, but allowed me to be here alone and suffer loneliness. I have such a horrible cough and I'm thirsty. Give something strong, so I can get forces, lest I die.

**-You are already dead, I said.**

-What are you talking nonsense. If you are not sober?

-Look around, do you recognize yourself here?

-It is so dark. Light a candle so I can see nothing.

Guru had arrived; he touched her several times over the eyes. Now it seemed as if she saw anything clearer. She looked about her with wondering eyes, but the Guru she was not able to see.

- What's this mean? Have they moved me? Why did I not stay in my home? Where am I now? Answer me, is it you who brought me away?

- It is yourself, who have moved away from the earth, into spirit world. Your body is dead and buried, but your soul lives, and it lies here ill at the hospital.

- You are crazy. Go away and send me a wise person I can talk to ... Help! She cried in the same. Help! It goes around in my head. She began to beat with her arms around him. Guru held her hands until she became still, then she fell into a stupor and was a long time motionless.

But why should I dwell on these sad memories? Surely it was so that she had many such bouts of dizziness and wild outbreaks when only the Guru was able to get her calmed down, and that it took a long time, many years of earthly time reckoning, before she came to the realization that she moved to another world. But when she was forced to admit that it was, she was almost wild with despair, and cried that she wanted to return to earth again, for all its pleasures and amusements. Then the Guru gave her some strong magnetic strokes. She became quiet and stared in astonishment around him. Only now she became aware of her benefactor.

Who are you? She said, horrified, you've come to judge me?

-No, I just want to help you, replied the Guru. But she did not hear his voice. She cringed and tried to hide from the light which emanated from him. We went out and left her alone.

-She has now come to as much clarity, said the Guru, that I can not help her anymore. She has to leave hospital and move to the residence she prepared herself. You should follow her on the road as far as you can.

-Where should I keep her? I can not find her residence.

-There'll probably be the one who leads you.

-Do I stay with her? Now you are strict, Guru.

-No, just follow her as far as you can. Then you come back here again.

-But if she does not want to go from here?

-Do not worry, she'll be all right. After a while I went in to her again.

-How do you feel now, Gertrude? I asked.

-Good, very good, but now I do not want to stay longer at this facility. I do not thrive here. That bright man I do not like, he looks so stern. Come, let us go, you follow the course with me. I do not really like you either, you look so hypocritical, but you can come with me and help me, you see.

So we went then together, her and me. But it was not easy to follow her, for she almost ran way ahead. And what a way! It went out and down, and performed in increasingly steep slope; oh, it became increasingly dark around us. She turned on.

-Can you not follow me? She said. You are a coward.

But still, I followed her. It went down precipitous, down and precipices, that I almost felt dizzy when entering, and still she was before me. Finally, she stopped at a dark pit that looked like the opening to a mine.

-Take me now in hand, she said, so we jump down here. Permit me to settle down. I can not like to be in this light up here, it really hurts the eyes.

- Ugh, what there was dark! No, there I will not follow you, I said.

- Are you afraid your jar? Come on, you must go with me, you see.

She took a firm grip on my wrist and wanted to take me with her. It came to a wrestling between us, but I tore myself away and she disappeared with a mocking laugh in depth.

Of all horrible I felt this was almost the worst. I sat a long while, staring into the darkness behind her, until I felt of an indescribable feeling of powerlessness. What could I do to help her? Was there no salvation for such a soul? And the strangest thing of all: She wanted to get down there by herself.

In my helplessness I clasped my hands and prayed to God that he might take pity on her. It was my first request for this unfortunate woman; it would not be my last.

I got up and went home. Had it been difficult to go the way down, it was now so much easier to go up again. It was like I had wings, and soon I was back in my beloved Guru.

While I was away there had been bids from Akab that I should quit my service in the hospital and move back to Carl Gøran to begin my studies. It was with tears I parted from the Guru, but how much easier it was now compared to the first time. He asked me to visit as often as I had time and inclination, and so we parted for a hearty handshake.

From my school days I have not much to tell, not because it was not a very important role in my development, but because it was not for the others to offer anything of particular interest, and I must try to limit myself so that my story will not be boring. Would just like to mention that it was a blessed time, full of the most pleasant impressions. And the best we had it together, Carl Gøran and me! He was a little ahead of me in all subjects, but because he was me too much of help. When I was stuck in a problem, it was usually he who solved it. But his mind was more about philosophy, mine to the practical sciences and history.

Our Holidays we spent ever with Gerda. What a paradise she lived in! - Yes, I will not bid to describe. She was staying with some friends, whom she knew from way back in earlier stages of development. They had formed a small colony, where they busied themselves partly by self-study, and with art and music, and also to seek out wayward people in the world and work for their salvation. It was truly a feast to come to these friends. Always they had a special pleasure to invite us.

Once we got to follow them to a great feast that was celebrated in an even higher realm. Something so wonderful, I had never before experienced: it was a great religious festival, to which it flowed a lot of listeners from different spheres. There was talk, but not those monotonous, tedious sermons, which usually characterize the underground church festivals, no; it was exhilarating and fun-provoking. And such music! Never had I thought that the choir could fade so overwhelmingly beautiful. But how beautiful it all was, had I not had the desire or even been able to stay up there. It was so bright it almost blinded my eyes, and I was pretty pleased to get back to my school again. Involuntarily, I think of that poor Gertrude who did not tolerate the dim light she had about her, but longed into the darkness. Light and darkness are very relative concept.

So passed many years of earthly measure of time. Akab sometimes came to visit us. On one such occasion, he told me that he had visited Gertrude and gave a heart-rending account of her plight. She's probably still very stubborn, he said, but something she has, however, softened by all that she has suffered. It's great, he added, that there is a fund that eventually bend even the stiffest knees, and this medium is not more stringent than they barely needs to be, and indeed this is only the natural consequence of our actions.

- Can we not do anything for her? I asked. I have so often thought about her and think it's so hard to not be able to help her, as I now have it so fine.

- Yet it would be premature, you would not do any good to approach her, on the contrary, it would rather bring her defiance. But the day will come and years may not be so remote, then you should step in to offer her a helping hand. I will give you the bid, where you can go down. Even Carl Göran must stand ready to assist, when I find the time had come. I think he has to come before you.

- What you are good, Akab, who committed her to you too!

- I am committed both of you, 'he said emphatically on the last words, for you belong together, as strange as it may look. In any case, you have a debt to her honour, and therefore it is the first room you are given the task to rescue her.

I felt an unpleasant chill PASS THROUGH me at these words. Was I not free yet? Would she still be able to control myself? And what could I, the weaker do to save her, by far the stronger. **It was a task that lay so heavy on my shoulders.** And what did I have owed to her? Was it not *she* who had led me to destruction? All these questions crossed themselves in my head, and I could not keep back the matter to Akab: What have I done Gertrude, that I shall carry on such a debt to her?

- I can not even tell you, 'he replied. Perhaps you read the answer to your question when you least expect it.

Again one of those obscure observations that I did not understand, but neither wanted to ask for explanation.

An episode from my school days I have to tell. I had a real challenge, which caused me many headaches. I would have recourse to the lectures I listened to, writing a dissertation on the ancient Egyptian culture at Hermes' time. My notes from these lectures, however, was very incomplete, and other sources was not available to me. Carl Göran had not complied with this lecture series and hence could not help me. I sat there very perplexed, wondering where I would turn around to get the information I needed.

Then suddenly appeared before me a female figure, completely enveloped a dazzling white dress of the thinnest fabric. Completely silent, she had come into my room. If she walked through the door, or floated down through the roof, I know not: I saw her first when she was standing in front of me. She fought back the veil and showed a beautiful face of southern type, with dark eyes, which had something wonderfully charming in her eyes. The head was framed by dark curls that fell around the neck and shoulders.

Had this happened to me on earth, I would have called it a ghost from another world, but now I found myself in that other world, was it ghosts here?

She smiled at the astonishment which no doubt was written in my face.

- Peace be upon you, Wolfgang! she said with a voice that was almost as captivating as her eyes. Do you not know me?

- No, who are you and where are you from? Your body is so thin that I can see right through it. If you are a being from a higher world than this?

Without answering, she drew the veil over her face and stood for a while still. Then she again bare her moves, they were transformed. I now saw an old woman with careworn features, but her eyes were the same, as warm and friendly.

- Ah, I cried, it's you, is it really old Dorthe, my dear, old friend! But what does this say, can you transform your face to how you want?

- Hear me Wolfgang, she said, as she drew back the veil over her face. I am your old friend Dorthe, which once nurtured you in my chest, and thus love you as if you were my own child. But now I have, as you correctly guessed, my residence in a higher world than this, a world which for you is as invisible as it is for the earth people. To make me visible to you, I have been compelled to condense my body by attracting me topics of your atmosphere. My will is thus the organizing power, and I can see myself either as I now live up there, or in another form that I have ever been in one life on earth. It costs me no effort to retain the shape I once passed, therefore you must now settle for that look of old Dorthe in her new guise.

She stood a moment silently, beating back the veil and showed again the same beautiful features as I first admired. I was so full of surprise that I could barely utter a word.

-But ... why ...? I stammered.

- Why/how do old Dorthie come so high in the world? she interrupted my sentence. Well, let me explain to you. I am an old spirit, who has gone through a long series of earthly lives. My past was my last pay-back/balance-life on earth. When I happily had finished it, I was also finished with Earth's schooling and had to move past the nearest spirit world to the next higher. Now it is not a must for myself to go down again. If I do that, it becomes as a missionary.

- Among the heathen? I asked.

- There are too many pagans among the so-called Christians, who need our help, she said.

- But tell me, Dorthie, how could you, who stood as close to perfection, having to go through such a hard and trying life on Earth.

- First of all, let me tell you that I have is infinitely far from perfection, and indeed is often the case that the last test you have to take on Earth is quite heavy. I myself had asked to take on such a difficult task, and if I succeeded, would not have to return to Earth. I had, you know, from my many lives, yet a great deal left to atone, so I went down to be a servant, cold. There, I also made acquaintance with you, my mourning and my joychild.

- Yes, you had to suffer many things for me on earth, I saw it.

- Was it strange that I grieved when I saw, where you wandered astray. But now you're my delight children. I can not tell you how happy I am to see you as you sit here in front of me. I have followed you through all your struggles and aspirations and urged good for you in my prayers and my thoughts. Long have I waited for an opportune time to come to you, now it was as if you had called on me. It was then easier to break through the line separating your world from mine.

- Have I called for you? I asked, surprised. I must confess that I had not been for many years given myself such a thought.

- You wanted help from someone who knew the ancient Egyptian cultural history.

- Yes, it is true, but ...

- Do you not think old Dorthie had inside such wisdom, you mean. Why not? I was in Egypt at the time you want to portray, and had not a little social status. I can therefore speak from personal experience and give you information of great importance to your topic. If you would like, we will begin immediately. I have time to stay long.

She sat down beside me. I wrote, and she dictated.

When we were finished, she got up, kissed my forehead and disappeared as mysteriously as she appeared.

My teacher was very surprised. That is a very masterly production, he said, and here are details that I never mentioned in my lectures, so even those whom I myself have found out. Where did you get them from?

I told her how it went.

- You are lucky to have such helpers, he said.

Now a message came that we would go our way down to Gertrude, both Carl and me. We had to go together. Akab would meet us there, I found the road.

I think I never trembled so before any indication as to this. Not only that it would be very difficult, but also the pain of staying down there in the dark. My whole body tremors. But of course we have to go. The always cheerful and lively Carl Göran became quiet and serious, but he did not hesitate for a moment, and so we went by.

At the mouth of the shaft where Gertrude was gone for me, we met Akab.

- Courage now, my friends, 'he said. Take me one in each hand, so we step down, but prepare yourselves that it is terrible scenes we are to see.

We sank slowly down, deep in the bowels of the mountain. It was both dark and cold, but Akab had with him a small light, and warm outerwear for all three of us down there. We walked through long tunnels, where the water trickled down from the walls and arches were covered with stalactite. On both sides there were caves; blasted into the rock, some open, others closed with gates and thick beams. From most of them, were heard moans and cries and a few oaths and curses.

We met someone who already at a distance appeared shiny white. When he came near us, we saw that he was a high spirit that radiated light around him. He nodded kindly to Akab.

- It was one of the guards down here, 'said Akab, if one can even call them that. They watch over the unfortunate, always ready to bring them comfort when they are able to receive it, and to bring them out of here, when they are finished with themselves. It is a love of work, as it requires an unwavering faith and a burning zeal to go ashore, but they are also real heroes, those who engage in this sacrificial service.

Now we were at the goal. In a small hole at the side of the tunnel, Gertrude sat cowering. She had not noticed us. Akab asked me to stay outside and we went in with Carl Gøran. I could hear everything they said. At first she became aware of Akab, who she recognized.

- What do you want here again, she said, when you still can not bring me out of here?

- It can be none other than yourself. A full and contrite confession of all that you did, is the only thing that can free you from this darkness.

- I have confessed all. It was me who killed my father, it was me who stole his fortune, it was I who seduced my husband to play, it was me ... Here she fell silent.

- you hide even on something that gnaws your conscience, I see, said the Akab. You understand that you must open your heart completely to the divine light to flow in and warm your frozen spirit. Maybe you want to trust you to an old friend, who I brought with me today. Do you recognize him?

She let out a scream when she recognized her brother, and then it was silent for a long while there inside.

When she recovered from the fright which the unexpected meeting developed, ensued a long conversation between brother and sister. He made all possible attempts to persuade her to calmly talk to Akab about all his life, without hiding anything. She squirmed apparently as a snake during the secret feeling of guilt towards his brother, as she tried to commit an innocent tone. She, however, became more and more agitated and asked them to finally go away and leave her alone because she had nothing more to confess.

Carl Gøran came out very sad and discouraged. Over Akab's features bore a heavy seriousness.

- Now, you take over the watch of her, he told me. We get up again, but will return as soon as you call us. Be patient toward her, tire her not with long persuasions, let confession be voluntary, otherwise it has no value. You should understand what it is still weighing on her. God be with you.

They shook hands and were soon out of sight.

I sat alone at the meagre bed where Gertrude rested. She had not noticed when I came in, she lay with her head wrapped in a ragged cloth, and sobbed. It was a pitiful sight to see this once-celebrated woman be like that wretched and miserable in the cold and darkness. I clasped my hands and prayed that God would have to warm her heart so that she could no longer resist his love. Sob gradually became weaker, and I think she fell asleep.

I must confess that I found myself quite creepy, as I sat and stared into the darkness ahead of me, alone among so many unfortunate in that torments dwell. The silence was disturbed only by an occasional moaning sigh, an occasional cries of anguish, which came from the nearest trenches. My eyes had gradually become accustomed to the darkness, so that I could

see the nearest objects. The decor, if one can even speak of such in this house, was the simplest imaginable. She lay on a bench with a small pillow under her head and a blanket over her. The floor was covered with flat stones, walls and vaults were naked mountains, a low flat rock was all there was to sit on. *How long I sat there and watched, I have no idea.*

Finally she awoke, sat up and stared at me.

- Oh, it's you, 'she said. Have you come to pick me up from here. It was then not too soon.

- Yes, I have come to fetch you, I replied, but you've probably still difficult to get out, I fear.

- Yes, I have been so difficult to move, is so heavy, you see, it's as if the body was made of lead. But you may be able to carry me.

- I do not think I can, it would probably be better if you threw away what is weighing on you.

-Yes, yes, you're probably right about that, and I want, too, but it is so difficult, you see. I will not tell him everything, him Akab who were here. I've always said the worst thing, is not that enough?

-No, it's probably not. Do you remember how it is in one of the Psalms of David: "When I wanted to keep silence, languished my legs." That is why your legs do not want to carry you. You want to conceal anything, it's a debt you do not want to admit, and as long as you can do that, you do not get out of here.

-But it is so difficult, you see. You know what it is. You - yourself was accessory in that, it was you who put it into effect. That's you, you and no one else to blame. Why should you pass it to me?

-I understand what you mean, and I confess that I also have a large debt of the crimes we committed against your brother.

-It is said he never forgive you.

-He has already forgiven me and wants nothing more than to even forgive you.

-He was here just now. I was so scared when I saw him, but he did not know I had any part in his death, I could see in him. How then can I confess it to him? It goes over my strength.

-Oh, he knows our offense in all its details, but he harbors no grudge against any of us for that matter. He is so good, your brother.

-What do you say? He knows it and hates me? It was strange.

-Once you reach the point where he stands, you can not hate. Nor is it for their own sake, he wants you to apologize, it's for you, for you to be lighthearted and can come out from this darkness, out into the sunlight, out to joy.

-For me there is no joy.

-Do not say that. I know that roses will grow even in your path, when all you want.

-How can you tell so?

-Because God is good, he has created us for joy, not for grief. And what he once designed, it is said he also implement if we do not delay his plan by going away from him on misguided ways.

-Strange speech that. Never did you say that to me on earth.

-No, there we both went astray. But then I came across here, I have learned a lot. While you will be taught, when you well be coming out of here.

-That I do not care about. I do not believe in that story about a God and a heaven. Is he able to, he should trample me to dust rather than let me suffer like this, but either he has never existed, or else he is impotent.



- Exactly, that you are suffering proves that he is alive and powerful even in the depths of your soul, for he lives in the spark where he planted it. You have wanted to strangle this spark, but the shouts within you are there, and you get no peace in your soul till you give it air. He has a great voice, you have probably experienced.

-She said nothing, she crouched in her corner and sat cradling her head in her hands, then she fell on the bed again, and wrapped the blanket over herself. She lay quite still, but I do not think she was asleep.

Again I sat there alone with my thoughts, but now no longer so uncanny feelings as before. I began to feel a hope of succeeding my efforts, and it filled me with joy. But the hours were long in the dark, I had no idea what the time was.

Then it was suddenly as if the rock wall opened up. I saw a vision, or rather a series of visions, which followed close on each other with the warm color over it. I will try to describe what I saw, while Gertrude lay there motionless beside me.

I saw a gypsy-camp in a field outside a large city. It was a sunny day in southern regions warm sky. The camp was celebrating a festival, and many people from the city had flocked to look at it. A young gypsy woman was dancing on a widespread carpet to the sounds of a violin, played by an old gypsy. She was breathtaking with dark dreamy eyes and black coiled curls, swaying pace with the dance. The mouth wore a defiant smile that suited her well. She wore a thin silk blouse, and over a small green velvet jacket studded with sequins and gold embroidery. A short striped skirt that reached above the knee, and a gold knit belt completed the costume. Arms and legs were bare. And as she danced! There was a glow in every movement.

A young man among the spectators, by the clothes to be a nobleman, was very captivated by the young dancer. He walked up to her when the dance ended, and invited her to an expensive jewel, which he took from his frill.

The scenes change quickly. I see them on horseback. He has her with him on the pommel of the saddle and spurs his horse to the most rapid rate the double burden may allow. It is a veritable escape, and it is also of necessity, because not long after coming two Gypsies, also on fast horses. Is he getting away with his precious burden? If not, he is dead.

A castle rises its high towers not far from there, there goes the way. The distance between the persecutors and the persecuted are getting smaller. The first knight already gasping with effort. Then the rider once again spurs with such force the horse's sides that he breaks off with desperate speed. He reaches over the drawbridge, which the attentive hands immediately pulled up, but crashes in the doorway. The two pursuers are close behind with such force that they with difficulty, to stem their little horses of falling in moat. They ride back empty-handed.

Then I saw the following scene more and more indistinct, perhaps as a result of that I felt more and more upset. I did not know why, but it took me so deeply.

I saw a wild life at the castle with drinking and woman-plunder -and I saw the gypsy put away into the void room where she was, well not as prisoner, but secretly guarded. Finally, I saw her with a child in her arms come out from the castle alone and abandoned.

A shudder shook my whole being. What did these pictures? What had I to do with them?

A voice within me said, "**It was you and it was her**". I was petrified. So it was my debt to Gertrude. It was I who had put her out of the gypsy circle in which she was happy and where she might have been a good person. It was I who had poisoned her life and then thrown her out. It was I who had sown bitterness in her soul. It was my fault that she was where she now lay. I knelt by her bed and stretched out her arms to her. She turned slowly and looked at me with wondering eyes.

- Gertrude, I said, you have suffered unspeakable. I have done you a terrible evil. It's my fault, can you forgive me?

She just stared in astonishment at me.

I said; "- It is I who seduced you. It is me who plunged you in the dark. I should be here where you sit, and you go free.

-What do you mean? she asked. I told her what I read in the pictures I've seen. She sat quietly and listened with the most strained attention.

- Yes, Wolfgang, 'she said when I stopped, it was you and it was me. I know this. She hit her chest. All the trapped bitterness I have been carrying on, now I understand it.

-Excuse me! I whispered.

She stroked me slowly over the hair.

-Wolfgang, she said with a voice so gentle that I never heard it before: we both have wronged against each other, but I most. I've been playing with your tenderness, I've incited your passions, and I have drawn you into the dirt. You have raised yourself out of your humiliation, but I'm there yet. Help me! Help me, Wolfgang! I am a lost creature.

She fell on my neck and wept bitterly.

- Oh if I had Carl Göran here and could tell him how black I acted. May He forgive me if he can!

On my call came Akab and Carl Göran, and now followed a touching scene between brother and sister.

Akab wrapped her in a cloak, and we carried her out of the cave, away through the long tunnel and up through the shaft, into the clear sunlight.

A hymn from the higher spheres tinted us to the meeting: "That man be in joy in heaven when a sinner turns back."

The period that followed is of little interest to others, but for me it was of an indescribably importance. It involved all the bliss I then was able to enjoy, and also a job so blessed and so invigorating for my spiritual strength that I will always remember it with gratitude.

As I had saved Gertrude and had to leave her for a few good friends care, I got Akab's long-awaited word that I was now ready to move on to the next realm, where I was given permission to share a home with Gerda. First I must finish my course of study with some supplementary tests.

Gerda came herself and picked me up at her house, which now would be mine. Here we lived for a long time the happiest life together, in a nature that after my former concept seemed like a paradise.

To describe this life in earth's imperfect language, would be for me to destroy all the impressions of the same, but still being able to draw a real image thereof. I have to give away, how much I want to communicate something of the ground the kids can awaken the desire for such an existence.

If I were a poet I would write an ode to love, for this feeling was always fresh, always a new source of joy in our lives. It was this divine force that drew me out of the humiliation I once dropped into. She had done it, she had fulfilled the strong words that she once, when she herself was a physically broken creature, had spoken to me in my extreme need, "I must save you."

No one, however, imagine that this life was a lazy absorption in all sorts of so pure pleasures. Rather, it was a very strenuous and strained life for good. Once you come so far in developing the desire to do good - for good's own sake, so tight, it will never be boring work. Then you get from the spiritual senior leaders, you voluntarily placed yourself under; the tasks

best suited to one's forces, and the more joy you can not experience than if you carried out your work so that the spiritual leaders have a positively, word, or a grateful gaze.

Of what do these missions exist? - Ask anyone. They can vary infinitely. Think of the innumerable multitudes of needy eternity travelers of all possible stages of development, think of all that whimpers over the chains they put on themselves, all rushing blindly towards their own destruction, and sits bloody against the obstacles they encounter on their way, all who grope in the darkness, all suffering from spiritual or temporal need; ALL they need assistance, whether they are on the physical plane or has moved over to the astral. Wailing and misery are the same here as there. It is thus a large field, which provides for the willing, it's just a sadness that we unfortunately can accomplish so little. But between these times of hard work, we often had to perform together, she and I, what a glorious rest to return to her home up here, that this to get acquire knowledge, **to make field trips to other more advanced world globes.** Yes, life is infinitely rich in possibilities.

Once we got to follow Akab on such a journey. We shot at a dizzying speed through space, something desolate planet and sank back down on this - one of Earth's neighboring inhabited planets. This is in the planetary life older than the Earth and therefore its humanity reaches a higher development than of the earth. We have therefore much to learn from them, not only on the mechanical and technological aids, but also on social and ethical conditions. Our stay there was however very short, because when Akab officiated at his task, we must turn back together with him. However, it was a most agreeable and instructive journey, which I shall never forget.

What particularly struck me by surprise was how easily people wore the physical shackles, they are burdened not nearly as much thereof as the earth's humanity. Alas, we would be there!

But although earth fetters are heavy, so gripped finally, just up in all the glory the free life offers; a desire rise to return to earth again. Longing is perhaps not the right word for this strange feeling. One perceives it first as an internal challenge, for which initially shying away, but it comes back stronger and stronger each time, until it finally becomes so overpowering that one make a request to be allowed to go down to earth (physical level) again. It is as the internal weaknesses of one's being become more and more relevant the longer you stay here and come into contact with more advanced spirits. They also feel that the way to come further, goes through "the Matter school", for it is - strange as it may sound – just that which brings together material (experience) for the building of his spiritual nature. It is in the world of matter, where the spirit goes with the blindfold, as lets his/her inner nature's imperfections come forth, as it lets her inner nature's imperfections come forward and assert itself, and which thus makes his/her most valuable experiences. When the stuff (experiences) which is thus collected - and is as used up, **you have to go down again to collect more.**

Gerda was initially deeply saddened when she heard that this earth- hunger (lust for reincarnating) seized me. She did not believe it and asked me to dismiss these thoughts, but they did not allow themselves to SILENCE. I knew enough also for myself how difficult this divorce from Gerda would be for me, but nothing could shake my resolution. When Akab next time came to see us, I asked him about my desire.

He answered only nothing, but looked at me with a look so full of tenderness and sadness that I almost got scared. Was the life I went to the meeting so full of trials?

- You dear Wolfgang, 'he said finally, **I am glad that you made this decision without influence from anyone.** I've been expecting it, because I think the time is right. Now be equally steadfast and faithful as you are dashing. The life that awaits you is, as you may well

understand, not easy. You must undergo a rigorous education to strengthen your weak character, and you have all a thing or two to make amends to those *you did wrong*, he added in a low voice.

-Dear Akab, Gerda said, do not encourage him to take this step. I do not think he even has gathered strength for the trials that this means. I think he should stay here one more time ... I can not let him go, she whispered with tears in her eyes.

- Maybe you go after him, replied Akab with a friendly smile. But now you must not make him despondent. He should go the way he feels is right.

- Do you know anything, Akab, about the outer contours of the life I should go into? I asked.

- Nothing is for certain, he said. I just know that whatever you have to go through, *it is no harder than you are able to bear*, and then I will always be supportive by your side. I will now make your request to the high master who rules over birth and death. Is there a particular desire you have to ask for?

-Tell them only that I may serve most of the burden that weighs me down. I can not wait to get rid of it.

-Take not too much on your shoulders, it can be hard enough anyway. *Better to share what you have to atone for the many lives, that's my advice.*

Gerda had been sitting quietly for a moment. Now she stood up, walked over to Akab and put her hand on his shoulder.

-Sign the same time for me, 'she said firmly, while big tears rolled down her cheeks. I must follow him.

-You warm soul, said Akab, you are always big and strong, but you shall not go down if you have not received the word from inside. Wait, it will perhaps soon. One should not go wild in advance, either at birth or death.

Akab left us, and soon thereafter I was calling to keep me ready.

It was a strange time that followed. I kind of became numb, and my consciousness was swept in an increasingly thickening fog. While I was still clear enough to believe what I saw, I was once again to slow down to earth to see my mother. She was so light and good, but the external conditions in my new home were such that I doubt, that if I had seen them before, I had returned. Now I was already so bound that I could not think of a return, the fluidic connection between my mother and myself were already linked.

The last thing I remember from my lovely time of Liberty was Gerda's tender care of me, and she never left me during this time - never.

Her last words were like a balm for my numb senses:

Be of good cheer. I will be looking for you, and will find you!

## Part 3 – back on Earth's physical level

So then I was now back on Earth. I was born in a small hut in a remote village, far from civilization's major streets and roads. My father was a poor agricultural laborer, who narrowly beat his and their living from the little farm that was his. My mother was of the bourgeois family and had been well brought up. It was a whole little novel, how she had come to end up as a farmer's wife in the remote backwoods. She had taken a liking to father when she was

young and did a travel in these areas with him as their guide. It caused a sensation in the family when she decided to become his wife. But she was big and strong and good as well, and she kept by her husband; therefore all went better than anyone had expected. My father was a simple, unpretentious man, but not of a different culture than the elementary school and had an intimacy with nature. But they lived happily together.

I was long the only child, but several years after I was born, a daughter came who was christened the name Maria. Of course my name was Johan. Our family name is of no importance, nor is it important to specify where our home was located.

Early on I learned privations of all kinds, it was probably many times lack of bread in the little forest cottage. Early on, I also learned to work, first with chores in the kitchen with mother, then with father in the fields and the stables. The school was far from home, and it was not an easy thing for a little boy like me to get around in rain and shine to the little school, where an extremely frugal spiritual "food" was given. But I was amused to read and had, as the schoolmaster said, very easy for learning.

Once I received from a friend at school, to borrow a storybook, which became my dearest treasure. With it, I slipped into the woods and was then not easy to find my repository. I heard mother calling me, but pretended as nothing happened. I was in the midst of an adventure that I could not tear myself away from. But it was trouble to be, when I then had to confess what I did, and also I heard the cries but not obeyed them. My mother probably thought it was sorry for me, but the father was strict and saved not on punishment.

My childhood was cheerless until I got my little sister, and she gave me a lot. Nothing was so funny as to watch and play with her, I also got to take over the care of Maria.

My happiest moments I had during the big tree behind the barn when I got to sit with Maria at my knee and tell stories to her of giants and trolls and beautiful princesses. I enjoyed seeing how the little eyes shone with fear and astonishment, and to feel the slender limbs tremble with fear when trolls uttered his awful noises. She was cute, my little sister, and we were best friends.

When she reached the age of six years I was the one who taught her to read. She had an early awakened mind, and when I was eight years old, I could teach her a good deal of what little I gathered in the school, so Maria, when she began her schooling, were already quite at home in the school books.

The years passed. I was now big boy and needed to be out to seek my services, because it was not possible anymore to just go home and help father, in addition, the farm was too small. It was with heavy heart I parted from my father and mother, and especially from Maria, but it could not help. I took the pack on my back and went out into the world. At first I was a little discouraged, where I wandered in the sun, the long boring road ahead, but as I got further from home, grew my courage.

However, it is a great feeling when you are 18 years: to be free and stand on your own.

I had intended to seek me service on one of the larger mansions that were lower down the village. It also succeeded, I was employed first as a laborer, then as a foreman at a large farm, and was striving to work, and had on the whole pretty good. All my spare time I used to read, for I had an unquenchable thirst for knowledge. My master was kind to me and I had to borrow many valuable books, particularly on agriculture and animal husbandry. I saved from my salary all that I could quit. Finally, when I gathered what was needed for a year's living expenses, I took leave of my master and became a student at an agricultural college.

The home had I not seen again since I walked out of there, but Maria and I often wrote to each other: it was my greatest pleasure when it came a letter from her. She was now a grown girl of 17 years

- What I longed to see her, but I could not afford to put money on a long journey.

Everything went well for me in your hands. When I completed my degree, I got through a relative's influence, a favorable lease in the vicinity of a large country town. Now I wanted to get Maria to me to look after my house. She'd probably also like to come, but our mother had recently died and she could not leave father alone in the yard.

Well, I have to get married, I thought, but I just had no particular inclination to it. I was long undecided - mostly because it just was not someone I really liked.

Then something happened that was designed to intervene deeply in my destiny. It came to the city a theater troupe, and I went in to see a piece that newspapers said were very famous. But it was not so much the piece I saw, but one of the actresses, a young dark-haired girl with unusually handsome features and a special fascination in all her being. I stayed in town and watched her night after night, until I could no longer suppress my feelings, but made her acquaintance and - asked for her hand. I fell into love, I did not ask who she was or where she came from, I was not thinking about how bad she could fit in the position I had to offer her, I just wanted to take her as she was.

She rejected my marriage proposal a bit chilly and went shortly afterwards with the troupe from the city. I was a changed, I had no strength in my work. Everywhere I went and whatever I was doing was Laura's beautiful picture in my mind, enchanting and paralyzing. I went as a dreamer and neglected my duties. Finally, I decided to go after her, she appeared in another city far away. She was very surprised when she saw me, and I think it made a powerful impression on her when she saw how strong my feelings were. She thought for a few days and then gave her assent to our association.

Six months after Laura was my wife. Now first, I wrote to Maria and told of my marriage and how everything had passed. She wrote back a long letter, which was one persistent anxiety story. It seemed like a wakeupcall. Fool that I am, what I had done! It was not long before I discovered the big difference in our characters. She was capricious and domineering, I am weak and submissive. The "love-mist" I've lived in evaporated soon and I saw the reality soberly in the face. Here we had to make the best of the situation and take the consequences of my folly like a man. I realized that I was all to be too compliant. Should I not give up the empire in my house, I had from the beginning to be with firmness. But I also knew how difficult it would be and what battles it would cost.

Some time passed, however, all good. She did, though not the slightest interest in the farm and household, but she was happy and cheerful; mocked me for my robust habits and manners, and was on the whole, both pleasant and friendly. But it was not long. The conflicts did not take long in coming. She did not like the quiet and monotonous daily life that we must keep. She was accustomed to travel, to constantly see new people, to hear the applause estimates across the ramp, to feel noticed and celebrated. What did she care about the barn and milk-room, where pigs and chickens, it was her abomination. She became irritable and touchy, and little was better when I paid in the same kind.

All this I should have realized in advance, if I had my simple practical intellect to flourish, but it was too late.

One day she came in to me the farmoffice, sat down beside me and said with her most charming smile:

- Do you know John (she could not bring himself to say Johan, it sounded so simple). The

world is so beautiful. You have to go out and look around. I will be your cicerone, for I find the roads. The last thing she said with a gleam in her eye.

I objected to what I had neither the time or money to think about, but it was as if she had not heard what I said. She just moved closer, leaning her head on my shoulder and whispered:

- We travel far, far away to the south, where the sun is warmer. It's so cold, your Laura freezes. We travel to where the sky is dark blue, where the oranges glow, where it leaps to life in all nature. I once made that journey and I long to go back there again. Follow me John, we would be so happy out there.

- Are you really serious that I would give up my lease, my only livelihood, and to go on such adventures?

- For a time at least. Then you can of course turn back again to your horses and oxen.

- I can not afford, and that you should be able to understand.

She continued long enough to entice me with everything beautiful I'd see, and created me that it would not be difficult to borrow the amount needed as security of inventory, but when I was still adamant she became angry, stamping her foot, called me unreasonable and mumbled something about travel or go alone. She walked out and slammed the door behind her.

However she was in the coming days still, and was even friendlier than before, which gave me reason to suspect that she secretly went and designed something. She often traveled to the city and stayed longer and longer there, under the pretext that she was tested by a seamstress. One evening she stayed more than the usual duration. I was waiting with supper, but she did not come, I went to and fro in the hall, occasionally listening. It began to rise up in me a fear, which eventually grew into anxiety. Where could she be, had any accident happened to her? I went out on the porch and listened. A carriage was heard in the distance, it came closer, but my hopes mocked, it was not her. I walked down the road towards the city, went and stood, walked and stopped, put my ear to the ground to listen, but to no avail - no one heard, no one came. During these painful hours of waiting in the bright spring night, it dawned on me that I, however, was attached to this woman with stronger ties than I imagined.

Early the next day I went into town to look for her, but nobody could give any definite information. In our common neighborhood had nobody seen her since 4 o'clock the day before. She had given the driver a note to buy dinner and told him to wait for her, even if it would be late. He had taken a stupor and was sleeping when I arrived. In the seamstress, she had not been since the dress was completed a week ago. Only one assistant in a shop where she used to be, thought they had seen her go down to the station in company of an older gentleman, but he was not quite sure it was her.

She had vanished and had left no trace behind.

I went back home, full of gloomy thoughts. She had traveled with another, it was obvious, but where? How to find her tracks? Where would I find her? For my desire was now to be able to bring her back again. I would be so good to her, I would do everything to make her happy, if I could get her back. It cried within me, Laura! Laura! - But none came.

There was a letter from Maria, that father lay on his deathbed. I went immediately to my old childhood home, which I had not seen again, since I eighteen year old's with courage went from there, it was now fifteen years since. My father was already dead when I arrived, and Maria weighed down by night-watching and sorrow, but her joy at seeing me again was greater than I dared hope. I had after my marriage been a slow letter-writer. Her ever-loving letter was long unanswered, and about Laura's escape, I had not said a word. It was as if I was ashamed that Maria would get right in her notions of how such a marriage must fail. But it was not as I expected, with reproaches or with a triumphant "what did I tell you," she met my

confessions. She was just the open arms where I have full confidence could lay down all my worries. She was so good, she was so understanding, I felt I in her had not only a sister but also the most faithful friend.

Then I arranged everything in the estate and received the small farm leased out, I returned home, and Maria was happy to follow me. With her fell a ray of sunshine into my home, and it looked like I would again have peace and harmony in my life.

We were in the city of an uncle, an old bachelor, who was a very wealthy grain merchant. He was at first very accommodating. It was he who got me the favorable lease, and he had even lent me what I needed for the purchase of furniture. But Laura had never been acceptable for him, and from the moment she came into the house, he put no foot above our threshold. We had made a few visits to him, but he was cold and repulsive to us both, and Laura had from the first moment a certain reluctance, almost afraid of him.

In Maria, however, he was very friendly, and also between him and me was the relationship better when Laura came away, but never became what he was against me before.

He was known as a strong-willed and capable man and had been in the city and far away a great reputation, which because of their relationship to some extent even came to my part, but then uncle took his hand away from me, turned around other backs on me and consequent injured not a little my credit. At first I saved enough, but a couple of crop failures caused difficult setback in my pocket. Maria, however, was tireless in her work, she took over the barn and dairy, which she made a good return, and also she managed our little household with care and frugality. Yes, I had never managed without her during the difficult years that I had to undergo. It was a strenuous and wearing life we both took, but we got on so well together.

-Have you not thought about the possibility that Laura might come back and want to assert her rights? asked Maria, one evening as we sat together on the porch.

-She does hardly, but if she would do it ...

-you will not open up to her? interrupted Maria.

-That's probably depend on how she come. I want to tell you, Maria, that I have a feeling that I am bound to be good to her, as far as I can. This was a pretty violent transplanting she endured, when I moved her from the spotlight and the applause here in my humble home. She's probably not happy, where she is located.

-But think about what she has done to you. You will not be obliged to accept her if she would come. I tremble at the thought of what it would mean of new sufferings for you.

-if happen- then must take it, I replied.

In the evening we took a stroll along the shores of a lake, not far from the farm. On one such occasion, we saw an artist who had pitched his easel on a cape and was painting an evening atmosphere of the lake with some big pine trees in the foreground. We stopped and looked at the blackboard, and I asked if he would follow us home. He thanked her and was our guest not only for the evening but for a long time nearly.

Never had I met such a likeable young man. He was so happy and healthy and also so kind-hearted. Maria, who was normally very shy with men, felt from the start so at home with him, as if they were old friends. And Axel - so was his name - got on admirably in our party and our humble home habits. He had come to our beautiful region to paint studies for a larger painting. Now, we organized an improvised studio in the garden pavilion, where he worked with enthusiasm. It was remarkable how easily he took the people, even our glum uncle found pleasure in him and bought his paintings. Axel was delighted and asked to stay to paint another canvas.

It was the pleasantest summer I had in my entire life. Daily hours he spent, in his own way to work, but when night came and we were sitting together in the arbour, or, when weather



was bad, in his studio and talked or read something worthwhile - he read so well, then I felt really happy. Occasionally even the uncle came and joined our little circle. Axel had apparently struck a bridge again between our old jerking uncle and us.

But moments of joy are short. In late summer, came one evening in the mail a letter, which fell like a thunderbolt in our little peaceful circuit. The obeyed completely laconically

"John, I am poor and sick. Shift not thy Laura."

I handed the letter to Maria. She was very pale and said nothing. Axel asked if any accident occurred, and I initiated him in my sad story.

- Do you think she intends to come here? asked Maria.

- Probably, why would she have written else.

- But you're not going to take her in?

- What I may do or not do, I have still not clear to me. It's probably sorry for her now, I think.

- She will ruin your whole life. I beg you, do not take in her!

Since I have not replied, she turned to Axel and asked him to persuade me to follow her advice. He sat long silent and serious.

- It is difficult for an outsider, he said, finally, to prevail in such an important and delicate case. I think John is best rådför himself with his own good heart. Men there to forgive and help, so he does best, both to advise himself and her to follow that advice, even if it would interfere with the pleasant atmosphere in the home.

Two days later she came, spiritually and physically degraded. She was so helpless and miserable that it would have been quite impossible for me to close my door for her. She sat never question other than to stay, and installed herself in her old room, where she immediately went to bed. Any explanations she did not give. When I asked how she was, she answered only with groans and wailings over her head ached so violently. She did not want to call a doctor, it would probably go over, she said.

And it went over, and I do not think the disease was more than an excuse to be left alone for the first time.

However, she had already become the focal point around which everyone's thoughts and cares revolved. Maria, who so eagerly insisted that she should not be received, was now her tender care of her. Even Axel, who had first made available a tone of indifference toward her, gradually became interested and showed her so much sympathy that it was touching.

I myself was a victim of the most conflicting emotions, as it cost me a real effort to overcome. At times I felt drawn to her with all the strength of a warmer feeling. It was something with this strange creature which fascinated me, so I was hardly myself when I devoted myself to this spell. I felt that I could easily have become her spineless slave, if I'm not with all the power asserted my independence. Hence came the reaction so sharp that I could feel the next moment as a real lead on her and be ready to throw her out. It was something terrible rending of these inner spiritual struggles; while my outward appearance, however, took pains inside me to show a peaceful and quiet kindness.

She had a wonderful ability to win people, perhaps most, by a certain childlike helplessness as she so well knew how to build, and when she was very dependent on the servant's help, she soon won their affection as they obeyed her every whim. But then she probably knew her power, she hesitated not to use it, it was not long before she was everybody's tyrant. I can not describe how I suffered under the yoke she hung around our house. I was perhaps the one most able to separate myself from her influence, what it cost for the effort, I will not talk about.

But uncle, she never managed to win. When he learned that she came back, he stopped with his visits and showed me again the same desaturate coolness as before. Only Maria was still high in his favour.

Laura had some favorites, including the driver, Lars, the same as six years ago, had driven her to the city when she ran away. He was a good groom, but could never stay sober. Once I had fired him, but then he made a half years when he came back starving and miserable, I let him stay. Now he again had a drunken period and addressed to some confusion, so I have to drive him out. He cried and complaining himself. Laura lay out for him, she thought I was hard-hearted who could not comprehend that it was the same as to let the man go under. As this was apparently a sign of a heart goodness that only too rarely appeared, I made her to please, and took the sinner into favour again. It was touching to see how grateful she was. There was probably a deposit of goodness in this strangely composed woman, but it was buried under so much hardness, that it never got to be felt.

It was now late fall and Axel have to travel, to great grief of us all. He had so grown into our hearts that it was with real regret we told him goodbye.

When he travelled, and one day I sat alone with Laura, she said:

- I'm glad he's gone.

- It was strange, I replied. He was always so kind to you, and you seemed to show him so much interest.

- Yes, but he did always have a certain affinity with me. At times I felt almost afraid of him - I do not know why. I could not really stand him. Also Maria was happy for me to leave our home, she bothers me with her flattery.

- Are not you ashamed, I replied in a violent tone, the one who always shown you so much sympathy, - though you often been cross and insistent against her. She is truly too good to be so treated, it would not surprise me if she got tired.

- if she do not thrive she can move, was the icy response.

So it went as well. Maria came a day deeply distressed and told me that she could not stand it anymore - not so much for her own sake, but she could not bear to see what I suffered. She moved to the city, where uncle helped her set up a small stationery store, which gave her the job and barely living.

Now, I was again alone with this enigmatic Sphinx, which had seized such a deep hold of my life that I could not get rid of her. Much as I would not let her go and kept my sister, but to drive her away now, as I once again took her as my wife, I could not. She now had the legal right to stay, and it was also no talk of anything else.

But then she ruined my life! My good guardian spirit was gone, and the economic difficulties began to pile up. Times were bad, the dairy was making losses and harvests failed. The people proved unwieldy and unwilling. Everything went with long strides downhill. I was many times so dead tired that I was tempted with a bullet in the chest go away from it all. Then I went to Maria and got from her comfort and strength to persevere. It would probably be better, she said. Patience - patience and trust, that's what we need, and we must also, if we believe that a higher power guiding our destiny. I left her with new courage to renewed fighting.

So I dragged out year after year by a cheerless and, it seemed to me, meaningless existence. Laura became more and more nervous and irritable-tempered, especially against me. The servants knew she still keep in good spirits, though she always tried their patience. We lived a very isolated life. I knew that they considered me for a coward, who did not punishing my wife for her escape, and then sent her away, but no one said anything to me directly. At some point, I did get an attempt at claiming the accounts of her, but it usually

ended with a small scene, no other result but that she had a seizure of her severe headache and then became even more introverted and irritable. The fascination she formerly exercised over me was now burned out. She had been both for herself and others a burden.

She was almost never out of her room. There she sat as a voluntary prisoner, and had herself served. But this sedentary life undermined her health. A cancerous disease came out of her thread of life and finally put her on the sick bed from which she would never occur. But it was slow, a full year - the longest I had - she was lying in bed before relief came. It was my daily prayer to God that he would soften her heart and make her soft before he took her away. Already there was thus a sort HEARING OF PRAYER, that she had to lie so long, but I would get better.

When the plagues did hit her, she asked me to come and sit beside the bed and hold her hand, it eased, she said. On one such occasion she stroked me caressingly over my hand and said in a low voice: "You have all suffered much you Johan, for my sake." But there was no continuation. She was not finished with herself yet.

When I saw that it was toward the end and that she was in an agony that probably not only came of bodily suffering, I asked if she wanted to ease her heart to me.

- It's said black, you see. I would probably talk to you, but I can not.

- Talk openly, I said. Whatever you may have to tell me, I will not have a word of reproach, I promise.

- You see, she started, it was like pulling me up by the roots to take me from my triumphs and put me here, where I do not belong. I felt that I would fade away if I did not get the nutrients I longed for. It was so stuffy, so stuffy, so unbearably boring. You were probably always nice, but we were so different. I was a fool who did catch me in your yarn, but once I was hooked started the rebellion in me. I struggled in my bonds, and I screamed for freedom. You with your calm temperament, does not understand that, but I have something of the savage in my veins, I can not get linked onto the same spot, I could at least not then, when the blood was still boiling hot. Therefore, I tore my bonds and fled far away into foreign lands.

It was not difficult to arrange the practical side of things. I only had to give a hint, it was always someone at my feet and offered me his gold. I sold me - what did I care, but life's billows went sky high and its salty foam struck me in the face. It was the life I loved with all its pleasures and pains, and believe me, I've tried both. I chased up the trackless paths, until one day I hit my head against a rock which I could not outdo. There I lay myself crushed, bleeding from many wounds. Now I was deeply unhappy.

Then it came up in me a wild longing for you. I can say I crawled on my knees against the home I had abandoned, but how would I dare to take over its threshold. Understand me when I tell you it was me a tremendous humiliation just to come here again, and understand that it would have exceeded my powers to do you an apology or make a confession. It has been necessary years of unspeakable struggles and sufferings to arrive at this moment when I can finally talk to you. I have fought valiantly, though it looked like I had this hard and cold. I have longed to throw myself into your arms, but I just went and tormented you with my irritability.

But do you know Johan: My heart I gave none. Maybe I had nothing to give, or - and here she lowered her voice to a whisper, perhaps, remaining here ... with you. For, singular as it may seem, your picture followed me wherever I went, it seemed to me as an ideal, which was not yet mine, but that I should strive to acquire. Had I stayed with you, I never would have reached you. Can you understand me when I tell you that I needed to leave you to find you, that I needed to let all my passions go all the way to get back to you and to die with you ...

Now it's almost over. The crater is burned out, it has finally thrown ashes around in all directions, only ashes. And you've been here for years and waded into the ash ... You, poor Johan! I have done you much evil ... Can you forgive me?

- Laura, now I understand you that I've never done it before, and now I understand also what wrong I did you, when I asked you to be mine.

I had only the selfish idea of owning yourself without making it clear to me if I could fill your requirements, if I could be for you what you needed. In it have I violated you.

She was a long time with my hand in hers and looked at me with one of the nice look in hers eyes that were once so enchanted me, and that still glittered up for one last time. Now she was on sweet, and I felt this little while, gave me ample compensation for years of sorrow and suffering.

She asked me to fetch Maria, but when my sister arrived, the forces are already so exhausted that she was unable to speak. She took only her hand, and then extinguished the spark of life.

If the rest of my life, I can be brief. I had chosen to serve the debt during my previous life on earth heaped upon me and my desire was to a significant extent been satisfied, but then I had no consciousness of the past, I felt many times as if fate has settled meaningless heavily on me.

I could no longer maintain my credit, I was ruined and had to leave everything I owned. At first I was a sanctuary of Mary and helped her a little in her business, but when I saw how hard she had to pull out, I moved up to my native village, where I received a small tenancy which gave me a meagre livelihood.

Over my last year on earth would the sun shine. Our uncle had died, and when Mary and I were his only heirs, we were hastily added in a completely different and better economic conditions. We did not need to toil longer, we bought ourselves a little place.

We did not need to toil longer, we bought us a small place, moved together and lived a carefree life.

Axel, who has become a famous artist and long lived abroad, was now returned home and rushed to look us up. He had several times written both to Maria and me and expressed his desire to see us again. Now he came and was like in former days our guest for a few sunny summer days. It was a joy to resit together and look back on all that we experienced.

But the joy is not resident on the earth. In the fall I suffered from pneumonia, which took a serious turn. Maria sat beside me and patted my fevered temples. I knew the end was near, and thanked her for all she has been for me. The last thing I caught was her steadfast gaze.