



## S.A.A. MEMBER'S PAGE FINLAND IS NOT FAR AWAY

By Carl Sarelius

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*Some of you will know Carl Sarelius is a member of the SAA committee a regular attendee of meetings in Sydney. You may not know that he is a Finnish war hero, who fought Russians on skis in the winter war of 1939.*

This is not an invented story, it is a factual report of my experience. It all took place a few years ago when attending a crystal healing seminar at the Swedenborg Centre in Sydney.

Before I start with the report I would like to explain my sensitivity which may facilitate some understanding of my experience. When I was in the early school years in Finland I noticed that some music created unusual feelings in my stomach, chest, neck or upper arms, something like a ticklish feeling and often becoming painful if the music was too loud.

My parents could not explain it – nor my friends. They could not relate to what I was talking about. So, I learned to avoid some music, or turn down the radio, if my inner disturbance became too strong.

As I became older, this problem manifest less and less, until it again came back with greater strength, frequently this was while I was driving and listening to the car radio. Occasionally I had to stop driving to let the feelings melt away, feelings which gave me an impression of ants crawling up and down my spine, so strongly that I would not dare to let the feelings grow stronger – not knowing what the result would be. The strength of the feelings created an expectation that I would “disintegrate” if letting them grow much stronger.

Now back to the seminar at the Swedenborg Centre. It was to learn about how to use crystals for healing.

We were all given one quartz crystal approx 2 – 4 cm long. There were about 25 people there and at the end of the seminar we formed a large circle, sitting on chairs with the crystal in one hand directed so that the energy would flow from person to person in the circle.

At this stage the leader asked us to keep our crystal directed, close our eyes, relax and listen to the music he put on. The music was a sort of Tibetan low tonal drumming.

The feeling like ants crawling up my spine was triggered. But here in the circle, in the Swedenborg meeting room it was the first time I had this feeling with people close to me – so I decided to let the feeling in the spine grow stronger with the drumming music, knowing that if something serious happened I could get some help.

All of a sudden – there is a brilliant white light around me – no music, only an intense hissing sound, for one second or two – then I am no longer in the meeting room – no more in Australia.

I am standing outside the family home where I grew up, in Finland.

There I am, standing outside, in the garden and looking at the two storey building. Thoughts come to my mind, “What has happened?” The building must be re-painted, because the colours are so vivid, but the same as before – in golden yellow of different shades. Our home was a beautiful