

The Awakening Clan



A story overview.

Ingrid Barendse is dumbfounded by bold text that appears on her switched-off computer. She knows of no technology that can do what she witnesses. The message from POWAH, a mystical voice from Cyberspace, is both unnerving and inspiring. She then joins a group of people who are investigating the science behind immortality. POWAH's twenty two excerpts start to confirm astonishing facts about humanity's origin. Through genetic decoding exercises in Annelies' ascension workshops, Ingrid starts to understand why ageing, disease, and a shortened life-span was never in the original blueprint of the human species.

Ingrid meets a philanthropist who has a passion for building global communities. Their telepathic communications awaken memories from other lifetimes. While the world around them breaks out in a cauldron of intrigue between the energies of dark and light, Ingrid's life's purpose is awakening. While at work Ingrid is shown close aperture radar footage of a construction site in France. From far off it looks like an imprint of the eye of Horus, but it turns out to be long forgotten technology from an ancient civilisation which starts to be reactivated due to the increase of frequencies of the earth. The awakening has started for the souls that form the Jaarsma clan. They now must stick together through great upheavals until the year 2012.

Other books by Nadine May:

My Love We Are Going Home – Ingrid's journal (2001) Orphanage of Soulmates – Richard's journal (2003) The Language of Light – Mind-drawing through the higher self. (2003) Meditations on the Language of Light – On our Soul Qualities (2004) The Astral Traveller – Richard's journal (2007)

The Awakening Clan

LEVEL ONE:

The Desire to Become Aware

by

Nadine May

Prologue

1888 – 2012 – 2020

It is early Spring on Earth, the winter has passed. The change indeed shows the magic of elemental creation in action. The warming rays of the sun are gently stroking many hearts in order to awaken the plant kingdom and its inhabitants to a new cycle of growth.

My mission started in the year 1888. I was granted permission to act as a Guide, and activate individual consciousness, just as the Sun with its warmth is activating a new day in this time zone.

Times are changing rapidly now. You the reader chose to be present here on earth in order to experience the most significant opportunity of all your many lifetimes.

I came from the dimensional realm, which some call the Power of One. This primal void or source of One that cannot be named surrounds all creation. In this realm time does not exist and I observe your reality as a happening in only just one moment.

The part of you that exists in a physical form seems cut off from the source therefore I have a deep admiration for the many billions of Spirit Sparks that have had the courage to incarnate over and over again through the ages.

However, through that process many have fallen asleep to themselves.

I have been given permission from the inner realm of soul consciousness to 'nudge' you all through love. Because you are all part of me, the feeling from many that have a need to return home has been noted.

You are still somewhat trapped in the patterns of human activity, which is part of the resistance that attracts you to the outer tonal, third dimensional world. The five senses are still

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preventing the full flow of soul energy from being manifested into the physical.

I AM the love, the light, and the life of creation, penetrating into this earthly density externally expressed through your technologies, activating the WHITE LIGHT within all.

1888-2012-2020

The Jaarsma Group Soul incarnated as an idea on Earth in 1888. My Oversoul's energy explored the possibility of full awakening through many incarnations. Until the year 2008 the I AM's of many individual souls needed to be nudged to awaken, for they had chosen to partake in the transformation – which became known as Programme Planet Earth. The following story was the result of what happened when action is taken before the events leading up to the year 2012. Ingrid's story happened in the same moment it was created, and you, the reader, are part of it.

Soon you, the reader, will enter space, the in-breath of your evolution; taking back with you all that you have learnt into the oneness and connectedness. Feel the presence of this light as an aspect of the real you.

Let Ingrid's journey awaken your memories and call forth the remembrance of being eternal omni-dimensional beings. Every embodied soul knows the connecting link with the manifested and the un-manifested and as you walk through the embodied state of existence in your life cycle, know that you are a creation in motion.

Beloved, it is all a matter of consciousness, therefore, think no more that you are separated from other spiritual beings.

Soon you will abide in the impersonal realm, where all power, all wisdom and all love are manifesting as the threefold nature of the idea of our creator that expresses through all of us.

With love and light.

P O.W.A.H

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Cast of Characters

Ingrid Barendse

POWAH: Spiritual Guide

Sascia: Daughter

Jeroen: Son

Debbie: Daughter

Quincy: Sister

Ed: Brother in law

Toon: Lover

Harry Brinks: Boss

Carla: Colleague

Piet: Colleague

Marijke: Colleague

Ula: Colleague

Liesbeth: Friend

Crime scene

Nick du Toit: Gambler

The boss: Criminal

Bruce: Criminal

Iris: Criminal

André: The detective

Annelies Zwiegelaar

Fred: Brother

Ben: Husband

Hans: Adopted son

Otto: Half brother

Jill: Otto's wife

Peter: Otto's adopted son

Helen: Peter's wife

Yolanda: Niece.

Connie: Yolanda's Daughter.

Tieneke: Harry Brinks' daughter

Roelof de Beer: Tieneke's husband

Gerrit: Class participant

Niels: Class participant

Zola: Class participant

Wim: Class participant

Richard de Jong: Class participant

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Chapter 1

Mental Telepathy?

Apeldoorn - Holland.

Are you awake?" The popular CD 'Ascension' playing on her car radio was asking. A hidden smile dimpled her cheek as she recalled the mystical encounter from the previous night. The song 'Are you awake?' made her heart soft, reinstating her enthusiasm for life that crisp Tuesday morning. Strong, resolute hands holding the steering wheel started to drum with the beat. Ingrid's silk blouse under her elegant suit portrayed a graceful, sensual woman, mature but still youthful.

Apeldoorn's business centre hummed with activity. A big sign in a newly-opened book shop called 'The Power of Words' advertised: Ascension workshops! Starting soon.

Good grief how intriguing. The word 'ascension' raised her spirits even more. She dashed around the corner through the wide glass doors of Pleasure Parks modern office building. The tall palms in the foyer half-hid Ula, a vibrant redhead. Her bouncy, thick curly hair reflected an enterprising person. As the elevator door's infrared detector responded to her body heat, her colleague Carla, who looked like she'd just fallen out of bed, came racing in after her.

"Hi! Stunning suit! Trying to dazzle someone?"

Carla, was both clever and fun-loving with a good sense of humour.

Ingrid loved her job. She administered the maintenance of twelve holiday resorts throughout Europe, outlined artistic impressions for their new developments and did some PRO work. All this kept her

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from being bored. The chief attractions of Pleasure Parks resorts were the exotic fantasy gardens with a wide-range of bathing and suntanning beaches combined with wave pools, gymnasiums, health clubs and shops galore. These extensive facilities were situated under one big glass geodesic dome that assured a subtropical climate all year round.

She had been looking for the right job for some time. Then eighteen months previously this position became available and her three grown-up children encouraged her to apply for it.

Her move to the outskirts of the holiday town 'Apeldoorn', after her husband Jan's death, had been very difficult. Leaving the harbour city of Rotterdam she had shared with him for 23 years, closed a chapter in her life.

Ingrid glanced through the glass partition of her office. Marijke, her down-to-earth assistant, who programmed and invoiced the holiday bookings from the ANWB VVV offices all over Holland into their database, was late.

Marijke had lost her little boy, Kees, in a car accident four months previously and she had great difficulty coming to terms with her loss. Her grief still hung around her like glue. Thinking about Kees made Ingrid recollect her own grievous times after Jan's death, but her mystical encounter the previous night marked a turning point.

She was about to switch her computer on when suddenly she froze... A message had appeared on her screen! The question was very bright and clear!

<Would you like to take part in the Awakening Process?>

How weird! Her computer! It was NOT ON! How was that possible? She sat for a moment like a statue. Nobody took any notice of her. Marijke appeared, apologising for being late as she popped her head round the door. Looking back at her screen the words were still there, very bold and clear, but her monitor was NOT ON! She grabbed the mouse and at that moment the screen went blank! HOW WEIRD! Had she really seen it, heard the song

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on the radio 'Are you awake' Seen the new bookshop that advertised a workshop on ascension. Was this a coincidence?

The loud melody of her desk phone jolted her back to the reality of the workplace. It was someone from the Tree Fern Landscapers & Construction firm. Her thoughts were still somersaulting while she stared at her dark screen.

"To whom am I speaking?" she asked, since a man's penetrating voice brought her back to the present.

"Toon Haardens. This firm has changed hands, I see that we do a lot of business with your company." In a self-assured manner he carried on speaking to someone in the background who had just walked in. When he handed her over to Nel, his receptionist, she picked up on his irritation with Nel. Glancing at her desk phone the digital time display said nine twenty, Ingrid felt the man was justified. After giving Nel the information Mr. Haardens wanted she was about to switch on her PC when her screen lit up again, like it did when a fatal error occurred. But the words!

<I asked you a question? Do you want to take part in the Awakening process?>

She jumped off her chair as the adrenaline surged through her bloodstream. Were the words meant for her? Slowly she sat down again, staring at the large yellow letters on a blue screen.

<Who are you?> With trembling fingers she typed in response, seeing to her amazement her own text appearing underneath the question. Someone must be playing a trick on her, surely? Or her PC must be on!

<No. Nobody is playing a trick on you. I asked a question! And... I am you: a multidimensional spiritual being.>

That remark! With whom was she...? Everyone was working at their computers as if things were normal. Well, things were, but what was going on in her mind? Then the text changed.

<I am your mind.>

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That stunned her! Who was reading her mind?

<Explain to me what you mean by: my mind?> Her own text showed again underneath the large bold caps.

<Your mind and the mind of the collective mind are all the same!>

<Oh, sure! Meaning what?> Her heart was pounding.

<You live in an intelligent and benevolent holographic universe. Have you forgotten?>

What did that mean, holographic? Who was this?

<Truly, I speak because you are always asking questions; and you are entitled to be told the truth. You asked to live this life to your full potential, did you not? The time is critical!>

She stared spellbound wondering how on earth someone could know her thoughts? Her heart raced, with shaking fingers she ...

<Are you real? Let me know HOW you can express yourself on my computer when it seems to be switched off>

Marijke stuck her head around the office door.

“Ingrid, are you busy? Have you got a minute?”

“I’ve got myself into a muddle; I’ll be with you soon.” She repressed her tone in a soft, calm voice, but inside she felt electrified with curiosity. Ingrid was good at viewing life objectively, but this!

<I am the wind, the ocean and the air; If you have a need to call me by a name, you may call me P-O-W-A-H.> appeared on her screen.

It was real! Her computer was off! ...There was no task bar, no icons, just what looked like a test screen. Was she the only person seeing it? She was not in a trance. She could hear all the noises around her. Nobody had taken any notice of her. Was she experiencing a higher frequency of thought? What was going on? Her bewilderment was once again interrupted by Marijke.

“Sorry, Ingrid, but I have a client on the line. She wants to book her holiday bungalow in Tilburg for July but she wants to know if there are any buttercups or cup of gold creepers growing at the new

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complex in Tilburg. She's very insistent. She read somewhere that those flowers are very poisonous and she's worried about her small children." She would have to find that out from Nel, whom she had just spoken to and whose firm handled the landscaping.

"Marijke tell the client that you will look into it and phone her back. That will keep her happy."

Ingrid peered at her now blank computer screen. The text had clearly stated that she had asked to live this life to her full potential. Now who would know her own private thoughts? She turned the computer on and after a moment her familiar taskbar and icons appeared. She resumed typing on her keypad to whoever it was while her blood was pulsating in her throat.

<POWAH? Where are you from? You say you are me! Do you mean you are my own mind?> This was so silly! What was she doing? <I have a feeling that you are separate from me. Why is that?> Nothing happened! That felt even more unnerving. Was she talking to herself? Was this all happening in her own imagination?

Gosh, while staring at the terminal she recalled the extraordinary experience of last evening.

<How do you know what I want?> If someone was playing a trick on her, she had fallen for it big time.

<Do you know what you want Kitty?>

<YES, I do! But...how did you know my nickname?> Her amazement increased

<Mmm ...What exactly do you want to know, and why?>

After that question she just sat there transfixed. Why? She wanted to know the truth about life! She would then understand life better and why things happened. Her mind raced as new text jumped suddenly back onto her screen:

<Kitty, you have the right intention, and that is everything in life. You want to experience things, to know things. From now on we will have a working rela-

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tionship. You will grow in awareness with the 'coding system' we are working on together. It's time to prepare you and others for your awakening process Love P-O-W-A-H>

Her screen now reverted back to the screen saver. Who was reading her mind? That was how it felt. What could have been meant by 'a coding system'? What was she getting herself into now? Who was communicating with her on her computer? How? From where?

Ingrid wondered who POWAH was. Could the five letters really be a name? Was it all happening in her own mind? Her whole body was in turmoil. She found it difficult to concentrate on work for the rest of the day. Ingrid kept things to herself a lot and almost forgot to phone Nel about the buttercup flower details Marijke was waiting for. She dialled Nel's office before going home.

"Tree-fern Landscaping." The same resonant voice she had spoken to before replied. Where was Nel? She cleared her throat, as if...why was she so nervous?

"Hi, I'm Ingrid from Pleasure Parks. May I speak to someone in connection with the type of plants you use in the landscaping of our resorts?" She had never heard of 'buttercups' growing in Brabant's heather fields, where Tilburg's holiday resort was built.

"I spoke to you this morning. What would you like to know? Perhaps I can help?"

"We have received a query from one of our clients. She asked if there are any buttercups or cups of gold creepers growing in our new Tilburg complex. Apparently they are very poisonous. Do you have any idea?" She wondered if he knew anything about plants. There was a silence....Did she actually hear...or feel... him chuckling?

"Ingrid, I have my doubts whether this firm has used either of these plants in the past, but I will investigate the matter. Shall I come back to you on this?" His masterful tone sounded amused. Ingrid was very receptive to emotional undertones in people's voices, and with this man she was picking up a lot more than with most people.

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She repressed a stirring feeling of...what?

Being naturally curious she asked. "This cup-of-gold creeper, what plant is it? I have never heard of it."

"I am not surprised, Ingrid, some species of buttercup flowers grow in the mountains. But the cup-of-gold creepers are subtropical, very spectacular, with yellow flowers in a cup-like shape. The big subtropical types could have narcotic properties. Your client is probably mixing it up with a large shrub called angels trumpets, which is poisonous," he voiced in a knowledgeable way. Mr. Haardens was very informative, charming but somewhat imposing. They seemed to have an undercurrent mental connection. She thanked him for his enlightening chat about the flowers, asking him to phone back so that she could give the client an answer. Something about his voice was almost familiar. But what was it. Why did he make her feel...what, interested?

"That I will Ingrid," She was puzzled by his change of tone, almost playful, when she heard music playing in the background, it was the song from the radio that morning with the title 'Are you awake?'

Ingrid longed for the summer to arrive but instead heavy clouds were building up. Her floor-to-ceiling office windows looked out over Apeldoorn's main shopping street. Many people huddled up in rain gear reminded her that Beekbergen had a market on a Tuesday. On the way home she would make a detour to buy fresh groceries.

When she closed her office, an inner joy... a sense of rapture was still with her due to the rather baffling dialogue with POWAH.

She was the last to leave. When stepping out of the lift Ula, the receptionist remarked on her cheerful ambience with a speculative glance, asking her if she had a date as she tidied her desk before going home herself. If only Ula knew! She did feel different. Wouldn't anyone, after what she had experienced today and last evening?

"Ingrid! You just missed a very creepy caller, asking after you, he

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refused to give his name.” Ula’s frown showed discomfort. She didn’t know anyone you would call creepy.

“I’m sure, he’ll phone back if it is important.” Ula proudly showed her ring, smiling again. She was going to meet her fiancée’s mother for the first time. Ula’s boyfriend was a detective like Marijke’s husband.

She decided to visit the new bookshop to gather more information on the buttercup flower and to inquire about the ascension workshop.

The young girl behind the counter informed her that it was their opening day. The shop had a big selection of books and an esoteric section. Posters of the Dutch painter Anton Pieck were displayed at the door.

“I’m Connie. My mom went out for a moment, so I’m standing in for her. What can I do for you?” Connie looked as if she was expecting her.

“I would like to look up something in a plant book if I may. And... about this ascension workshop you advertised, do you know anything about it?”

“Something to do with genetic decoding of your blueprint through sound. Have you been asked to write the first journal?” Connie speculated.

“What journal are you referring to?” Ingrid’s mind leaped in amazement.

“Oh, I overheard my aunt Annelies informing my mom. She said that a lady of your description would ask about the ascension workshops while browsing in our bookshop today. This lady would write the first ascension journal.”

“Who’s Annelies? I have no idea...what ...” Ingrid was perplexed. More customers entered the shop so Connie attended to them. She did not inquire any further but would remember the name ‘Annelies’!

As the rain hurtled down relentlessly it cut her vision to almost

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nil. The driveway of the Prinsengracht Hotel was upon her so fast that she did not see the BMW in time. In order to avoid it she drove into a ditch.

She rested her head on the steering wheel because her heart was pounding. The knocking on the window broke her shock.

“Are you all right?” A towering figure asked as he stood there getting drenched. People from the hotel who had gathered around the car hid her guilty expression as she lowered her window to reassure him..

“I’m so sorry, I’m really fine, please go inside. You will all get soaked.”

“What a beauty”

When the man asked where she was heading for she was tongue-tied ... was she telepathic?All she saw, was his mouth... She dismissed her thoughts and reassured him once again. His concern really touched her.

“Yolanda” He called to his companion. “Go inside. I’ll drive behind her to see if she is okay, you go on.” His dynamic voice caused an uproar in her mind, jolting her back to today’s phone call...what was going on with her?

He got back into his BMW and followed her. When she parked near the market and waved at him, he paused, looking at her, as if...did he recall something too? Then he hooted and drove off..

At the food market in Beekbergen, the rain had stopped, the fish seller cried tunelessly “Fresh herring.” His voice lunged at the mingling crowd hoping to attract a buyer. Ingrid reflected on all that had happened that day, and the previous night.....

While soaking in the bath the previous night, she had had a strange experience of hearing a voice! She had looked around but knew she was completely alone in the house. She grinned as she recalled looking everywhere after her bath to satisfy herself that she was alone. The words: *“My beloved, can’t you remember me?”* still rang in her ear.

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“Who are you?” She had responded, but of course there was no answer. Hearing herself speaking to nobody made her grin to herself. Her father used to tease her about it.... But the voice was so real! Then she heard clearly; *“Kitty! Wake up, be still and listen!”* Except that it was different! Both phrases had been as clear as if someone else was speaking in a normal way. That is, if one accepted conversing in verbal sounds as standard.

“Listen to whom?” Her heart had skipped, speculating that if someone was in the bathroom with her, why had she not seen anything.

Ingrid could still not explain to herself what had happened, but the feeling of rapture, of being in love, as if she had never ever been alone, was profound. Going to sleep after this most mysterious experience had been difficult....

A sudden cloudburst brought her mind back just in time to reach her car with her groceries. The traffic was heavy driving home and her car radio was interrupted by a voice saying:....

“This is Apeldoorn radio, Rob speaking. We are interrupting this music for an important bulletin. We received a message that because of the dramatic increase in the electromagnetic x-ray flux of the sun, this boost of solar activity can cause poor transmission. The possibility of an electricity failure or a blackout for an extended period of time cannot be excluded. We are fortunate to have someone with us in the studio who is prepared to explain what is happening. Mr Haardens, can you clarify to our listeners what is going on?” The broadcaster asked.....

Ingrid was immediately struck by the name ‘Haardens’!

“There is no immediate cause for panic at all. This has been going on for a long time. The effects of Global warming is starting to show. We know that our earth’s weather has been greatly affected for aeons by the increase in electromagnetic radiation,” ...a deep, sonorous tone replied.

That voice! Had she not just heard the same....?

The tall figure in the BMW was, in a hurry...why? To give this in-

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interview. The new owner of Nel's firm's name was Haardens. But how would a man, who had just taken over a construction firm, be connected to investigations in weather patterns.

"Was that the only reason for our hot weather, the global warming theory? " the announcer asked.

"Yes, and we know that the shifting of earth's magnetic field is directly linked to this increased solar activity. In Australia and New Zealand where the ozone hole is expanding, the effect on bird life, plant life and marine life is very profound." Mr. Haardens stated with conviction.

"You are saying that the sun is also affecting our warm weather?"

"There are various changes currently taking place and we need to assess their full impact on a global scale and look at what specific preparations are essential. Anyone who still doubts the onset of global warming need only look at what's happening in the Arctic and Antarctic, where glaciers are retreating and icebergs calving at a scary rate.

"So the rising of tides has to be taken seriously?"

"Yes, but even more so we need now to plan for alternative living strategies that might be necessary when we are faced with blackout conditions, meaning no electricity soon."

Ingrid wondered whether this could be the same man. He certainly seems knowledgeable, but what connection would a construction guy have with global warming issues.

"That does sounds alarming. Which comes first, flooding of major proportions or having no power. What preparations do people need to make when there is no electricity, not to mention the water levels?"

The implications of what the interviewer called alarming made her sad. How many people listening would wonder where to go if the sea levels rose; especially in a country where the sea levels were higher than the ground they all lived on.

"We have prepared a web site on the Internet for anyone who wants to find out more, and further lectures on the effects of this

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solar activity will start soon.”

Mr. Haardens continued in the same knowledgeable tone as the man who had described the buttercup flower. The radio announcer thanked Mr Haardens and told the listeners that a programme on the subject would be scheduled later.

When Ingrid arrived at her driveway, she stretched her still youthful curved body full length. She was trying to get her stability back and recalled the music that had played in the background when she spoke to Mr. Haardens. There was something about his... Was she suddenly seeing and hearing things? Gee, first the voices, then the message on the computer screen today! Could it all be in her imagination? She couldn't tell anyone, because who would take her seriously.

“Guess what, I am communicating out loud with a voice in my head,” she mumbled, grabbing her groceries from the boot of her car.

“Oh, really?” she mimicked when reaching for her front door.

“Yes, and this voice texts with me through my computer when it's switched off!” She giggled, and...it can read my mind! People would really look at her, had she suddenly lost her senses? Observing herself made her feel real silly while scratching for her keys.

The next-door neighbour waved while she dumped unwanted goods at the curb for the garbage collection the following morning. She must be spring-cleaning. Ingrid waved back.

Fluffball, her cat, was sitting at the window miaowing. She side-stepped her mail inside the hallway as she opened her front door.

While picking it up a smart blue envelope stating “Dear Kitty — Excerpt one” fell out. The printing seemed familiar, so did the symbols, but not the watermark.



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Programme...Planet Earth

The Ascension Card Game.

Life has often been compared to a game, not so? And what is the purpose of any game? Apart from having fun. To evolve the rules of the human game. The purpose of Annelies' decoding card game is to activate and re-encode your dormant DNA strands, so that you can prove to yourselves that YOU CAN HAVE IT ALL!

Kitty, now is the time to prepare. Changes occurring on a galactic level will soon influence climate patterns and your accustomed lifestyles may never be the same again.

The journal you will be asked to write must reflect the games you all play. Many will become aware that they need to re-learn the universal rules of life.

Through your daily life, your relationships with yourself and others, through your dream-travel journeys and Annelies' decoding workshops the re-awakening of your 22 fragmented aspects that are all you will be of help you in order to master a new set of rules to live by.

Many hidden parts of the real you that were previously suppressed will awaken. Become the observer of your own role-playing.

You will meet many others who have chosen a new set of rules to live by, thereby letting go of old distorted patterns. Soon, when your planet's vibrations have speeded up you will be welcomed into a different dimension where the unity of your polarities will reveal the 'Riddle' of **The Prophet's Game.**

Love POWAH

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Wow! The same name she had encountered on her screen. How coincidental, this excerpt also mentioned weather patterns, just like the radio. The girl Connie, in that new bookshop had asked if she would write the first journal, had she not mentioned Annelies? Now POWAH's letter was mentioning a journal! Was she going to write about the twenty-two fragmented parts of what? Herself? Ingrid needed to know who she was, and why she was here. She understood very well that the people in her life were reflective mirrors of herself. Had she asked for this, knowing she had an inner desire to attract individuals who felt as she did about the real meaning of being alive?

The pelting rain grew more insistent while Fluffball was purring and whirling herself around her legs.

Ingrid's inner turmoil created a need in her to share her thoughts. She could just hear Jan saying; "Ingrid, you are getting like your sister, Quincy. More up in the clouds than down on earth!" Had she imagined it all? Was it all just her own fantasy? If only she could speak to her clairvoyant sister, Quincy, who was on a tour with people from a health centre in Delft. Quincy had her own health shop there.

When the phone rang in the hallway, her friend's face jumped in her mind's eye. Ingrid had always been good at guessing who was on the other end of the line.

"So you knew it was me?" Liesbeth laughed.

"Yes! How did you guess? How are you? When did you get back?" Liesbeth worked as a freelance literary agent and wrote articles for a few scientific magazines. It had been a while since she'd seen her.

"Ingrid, can I meet you tomorrow after work at the Pannekoek, near you? A friend gave me a pamphlet about a workshop that is starting soon. I'm sure you'll be interested. It is all about awakening to unity consciousness." Her voice carried an excited tone.

"You're kidding? You mean these ascension workshops? I've seen it advertised as well, in that new bookshop close to my office

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building. Wow, what a coincidence!”

She was tempted to share her experiences with Liesbeth, but because she could not really believe it herself she kept quiet.

Ingrid knew that she could fantasise people into her life, rather than dealing with real life. She also didn't cope well with spontaneous happenings.

After her shower, while she was brushing her natural styled hair, she suddenly heard the voice ...saying!! *"Kitty! Be still and listen with your heart in order to experience the magic of who you really are!"*

