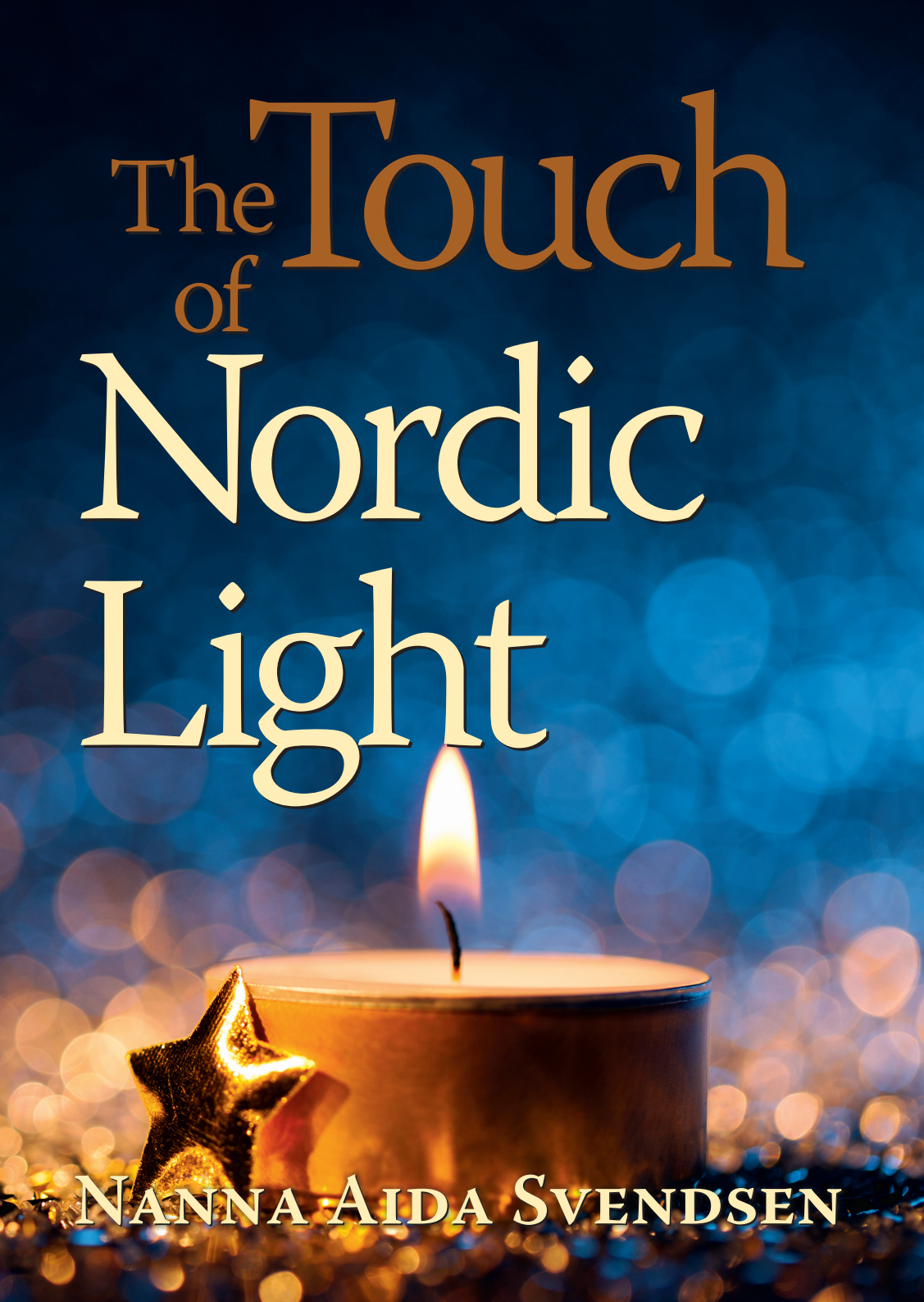
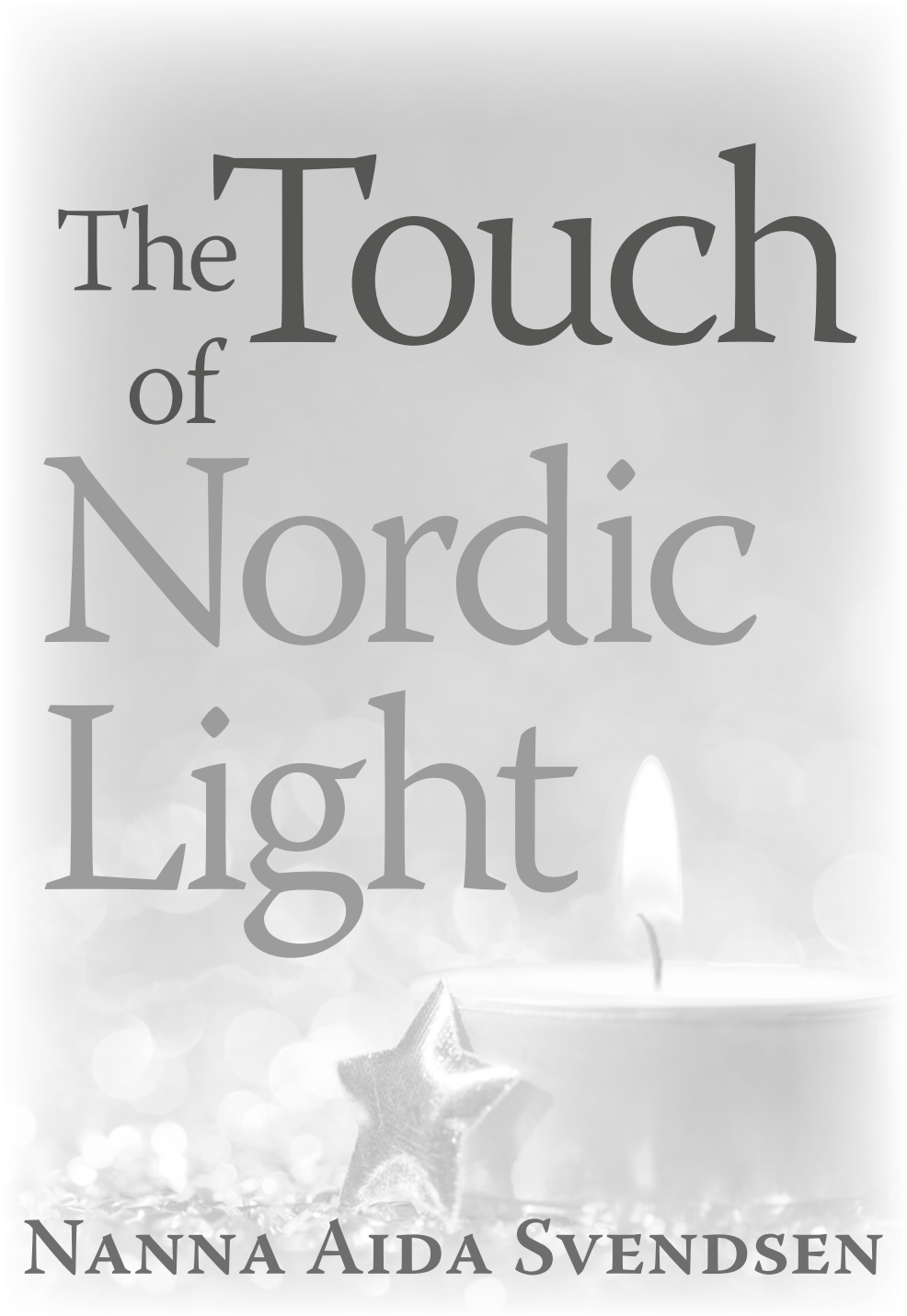


The Touch
of
Nordic
Light

A lit candle with a golden star on a blue bokeh background. The candle is lit, with a bright flame. The background is a deep blue with many out-of-focus light spots, creating a bokeh effect. A golden star is visible in the lower left corner, partially overlapping the candle.

NANNA AIDA SVENDSEN

The Touch
of
Nordic
Light

A lit candle with a bright flame sits on a surface, with a small, shiny star ornament in the foreground. The background is a soft, out-of-focus bokeh of light spots, creating a warm and cozy atmosphere.

NANNA AIDA SVENDSEN

Also by the author:

Freja And The Magic Cloak – A Fairy Tale

Of Water Lilies and Warm Heart

Poems to Soothe the Soul

Heart

Wisdom Awakening

Hjärtats tidevarv

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Contents

<i>Prologue</i>	13
SPRING – Called To Awaken	15
APPLE BLOSSOMS:	
<i>Darkness and Light</i>	17
MOMENTOUS DAYS:	
<i>Entering the season of the heart</i>	18
TROUBLED TIMES:	
<i>When all is not well</i>	21
ENOUGH:	
<i>Our deepest selves</i>	23
SILENT PULSE:	
<i>Drum of the heart</i>	26
RIGHT HERE:	
<i>An invitation</i>	27
THE HEART AWAKENS:	
<i>Exquisite wisdom</i>	29
BOLT – HOLE:	
<i>Longing for sanctuary</i>	31
DETERMINED GENTLENESS:	
<i>Choosing kindness</i>	33
HOW TO BE GENTLE:	
<i>The Soft Voice of the Soul</i>	34
WHEN THE FOUNT HAS RUN DRY:	
<i>Stay connected to the heart</i>	36
MANY THAT I TALK TO:	
<i>Living on the edge</i>	38

MOMENT TO MOMENT:

Trusting the process 40

ONE DAY AT A TIME REVISITED:

Present to the moment 42

IT'S SO EASY:

Connecting with essence 44

THE TIME HAS COME:

Take back your life 46

A QUIET REBEL-LION:

Called To Awaken 48

SUMMER – Living Love 51

THE OLD OAKS:

Calling for empathy and love 53

TEARS COME EASILY:

Susceptible to life 55

SMALL APPLES:

Not yet ready 57

A LOBSTER SHEDS ITS SHELL:

When the old is outgrown 58

WILD STRAWBERRIES:

A glimmering trail 60

VIA NEGATIVA. VIA POSITIVA:

Finding your way home 62

A PATH WITH HEART:

Present to the calling 64

LONGING FOR ELEPHANTS:

Companions of the heart 66

TWO CHAIRS:

A thank-you to my friends 68

LIKE A PEONY:

*Remembering the grace
of the feminine* 70

TANGLES OF WILD FLOWERS:

Energy as intelligence 72

CUPIDS ARROW:

Living Love 74

THE GARDEN OF YOUR LOVE:

For a wedding 76

A MESSAGE FROM A MERMAID:

Tend your inner sea 79

UNCHARTED WATERS:

Inner compass 81

WHAT IS IT:

Being called 83

AUTUMN – Letting Go 85

GOLDEN LEAVES OF FALL:

Treasuring the gift 87

WINDS OF CHARGE:

Letting go is a process 89

RED APPLES:

A matter of surrender 90

AGING BEAUTY:

A sense of loss 92

ALTHOUGH YOUR ARE GONE:

When Someone Dies ... 94

WEARING BLACK:

Grief comes in waves 96

IN WONDERING:

Season of letting go 98

A DARK BOAT:

Stormy seas 99

CRY FROM THE HEART:

Anger as a messenger 101

INNER SMOG:

Shadow of shame 103

A LIFE TOO SMALL:

Boredom 106

FRAIL LIGHT:

Regret 107

A SUDDEN RAY OF LIGHT:

Trust 109

NOT AN ACT OF WILL:

Forgiveness: 111

WINTER HAS COME EARLY:

Loss of the familiar 112

THEN CAME THE TEARS:

Simply allowing 114

SOVEREIGN SWAN:

Alone and together 115

A MESSAGE FROM AN ELDER:

Ripening into wisdom 117

WINTER – Gifts From Existence 119

THE LITTLE FIR TREE:

Connected to the current 121

SNOW APPLES:

Welcoming the heart 122

A LONE APPLE:

The grace of solitude 123

A NEW YEARS BLESSING FOR A FRIEND:

May you ... 124

HOLIDAY SEASON:

A spiritual boot camp 126

A GENTLE LUMINOSITY:

Softening into the body 128

TWO DEER:

Tender Relating 129

IN A SMALL CIRCLE:

Delving for gold 132

HOLDING THE SPACE:

Being Attentive to a Process 134

LISTENING:

The gift in being heard 136

SKATER IN THE MIST:

Being still 138

NOTHING:

Staying in and waiting 140

SOMETIMES DOING NOTHING:

An invisible art 142

MENDING NETS:

Reweaving the inner 144

ICE SKATERS:

Gifts from existence 146

THE HEART OPENS:

The gift of vulnerability 148

AN UMBRELLA OF COMPASSION:

Cherishing the heart 149

SENDING LOVE:

A way of being 151

FIRE IN THE HEARTH:

Igniting the creative 153

SAVED BY SWANS:

Beauty ensouled 155

A SMALL SNOWFLAKE SWIRLS:

Time to move on 157

ABOUT

Nanna Aida Svendsen 159

Dear Reader

I sit by the fire candles aglow, on a cold day in the north, finding myself called to map a journey of the heart. This is a journey wrought through both with pleasure and with pain. How could it be otherwise when it is all about finding and following the heart?

Following the heart might sound easy. It isn't. It is an ongoing practice. For me it has to do with giving value to the inner life as well as the outer. Listening, receiving, reflecting, processing experience, bringing a steadfast light of awareness to the ways in which the heart is hurting or has been wounded, as well as to its wisdom, love and joy.

Though invisible work, often discounted by mainstream culture, it is essential. Indeed, the future of humanity may depend on us finding, healing and following our hearts personally and collectively. It may depend on our coming to relate tenderly with compassionate awareness to ourselves, one another and the very earth itself.

In the hope that this journey might kindle your heart, as it has mine, and help keep you warm, even in cold times, I would like to share it with you.

Nanna Aida Svendsen

Prologue

I could not find the voice that is my own amidst the cacophony of sound that is England and America to me. It took the silence of Sweden, and the touch of Nordic light, for that.

It took the steadfast presence of those old, round granite rocks, the still reflective sea, and the quiet of hidden dells amidst the pines, dotted with silver birch. It took those long northern nights illuminated by the glow of candle light, along with the resonance of this place with my soul, to hear the call of the life that is my own. The one I have no choice but to live.

This for me is the life of the writer. In challenging times, when the heart is being called to awaken, and consciousness to evolve, I find myself inspired to deepen into the moment and describe it as well as I can, in service of acceptance, insight, and compassion.

I hope, that wherever you might find yourself, you will enjoy the work and discover within its pages, comfort, support and inspiration for your own journey of the heart.



SPRING

Called To Awaken

APPLE BLOSSOMS:

Darkness and Light

The sight
Of all those creamy blossoms
Effervescing right above me
Brings the tears

I reach for a trailing bough
Run the silken softness
Of perfumed petals
Along my cheek

And stand
Wiping the droplets away
Amidst filigree shadows
Caste all around
By the apple tree

An interwoven web
Of darkness and light
One conjuring the other

Rendering the vulnerable vitality
Of the world

WHEN THE FOUNT HAS RUN DRY:

Stay connected to the heart

I have of late
Been too defined
By external demand
Necessities not my own
Contingencies
Of a kind that dictate
Thinking more important
Than feeling
Expediency more important
Than empathy
Obligations more important
Than options

How ravaging this can be
To wisdom and to love!
How detrimental to humanity

And once defined by a mind
Like this
How hard it can be
To stay connected
To the heart
Though when I am busy
I may not notice

It's easy to say "Lets stay busy"
But oh

How empty the well
Becomes in these barren lands
How desperate the search
For something or some one
Out there to fill it

How tempting
The sugary drink
The quick fix
Providing a sham
Energy shot
For all
A deeper part of me knows
I do not want

What to do but stop
All this none-sense

And face the pain
Of that emptiness
The grief of that profound
Loss of joy
Simply allow them
And wait

For the fount
Now run dry to refill
With the pure clear water
Of the deep

LIKE A PEONY:

*Remembering the grace
of the feminine*

how wonderful to feel
the warmth of sun
shining on my back

to breathe in
the fragrance of blossoms
on fruit trees
of lilacs their fonds hanging over
someone's fence
showering me with petals
as I pass beneath

how wonderful to hear the nightingale
sing in the thicket
the cuckoo
call from the forest
and see
the pheasant stand stately and proud
by the hedgerow

how wonderful to sashay
like some mid-eastern dancer
hips swaying, hands lifting
with life's invisible lilt
and this oh
so subtle sense
of earth energy rising

opening me to life
like the many petalled peony
blossoming in the garden

how wonderful
after so many months
of feeling driven
to surrender yet again
to the grace of the feminine
and the gifts of mother earth

choose life said my heart

choose aliveness in this moment

a softening came to the body

a smile to the face

a gift of gentle luminosity

on a dark winter's day

in the North



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