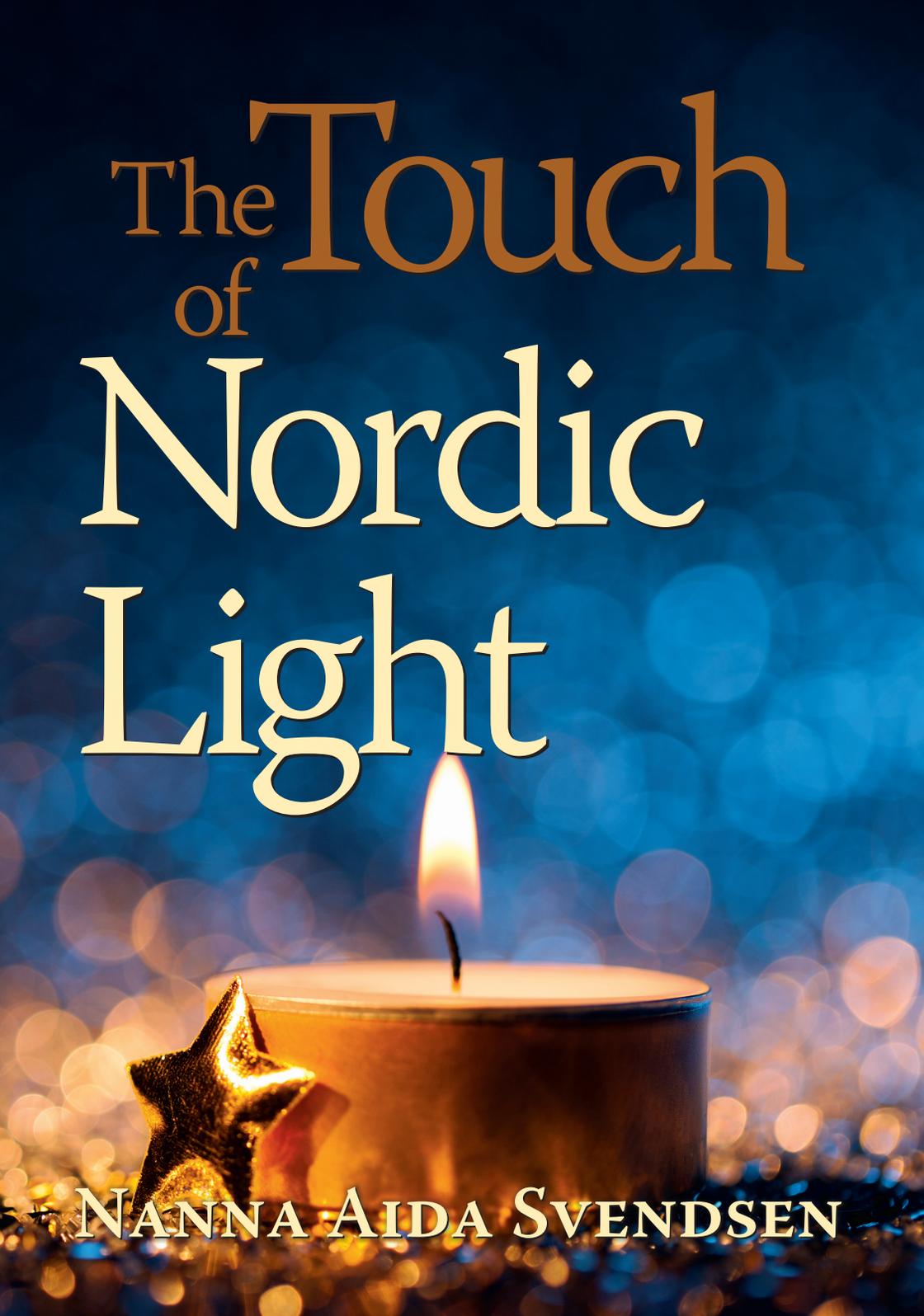


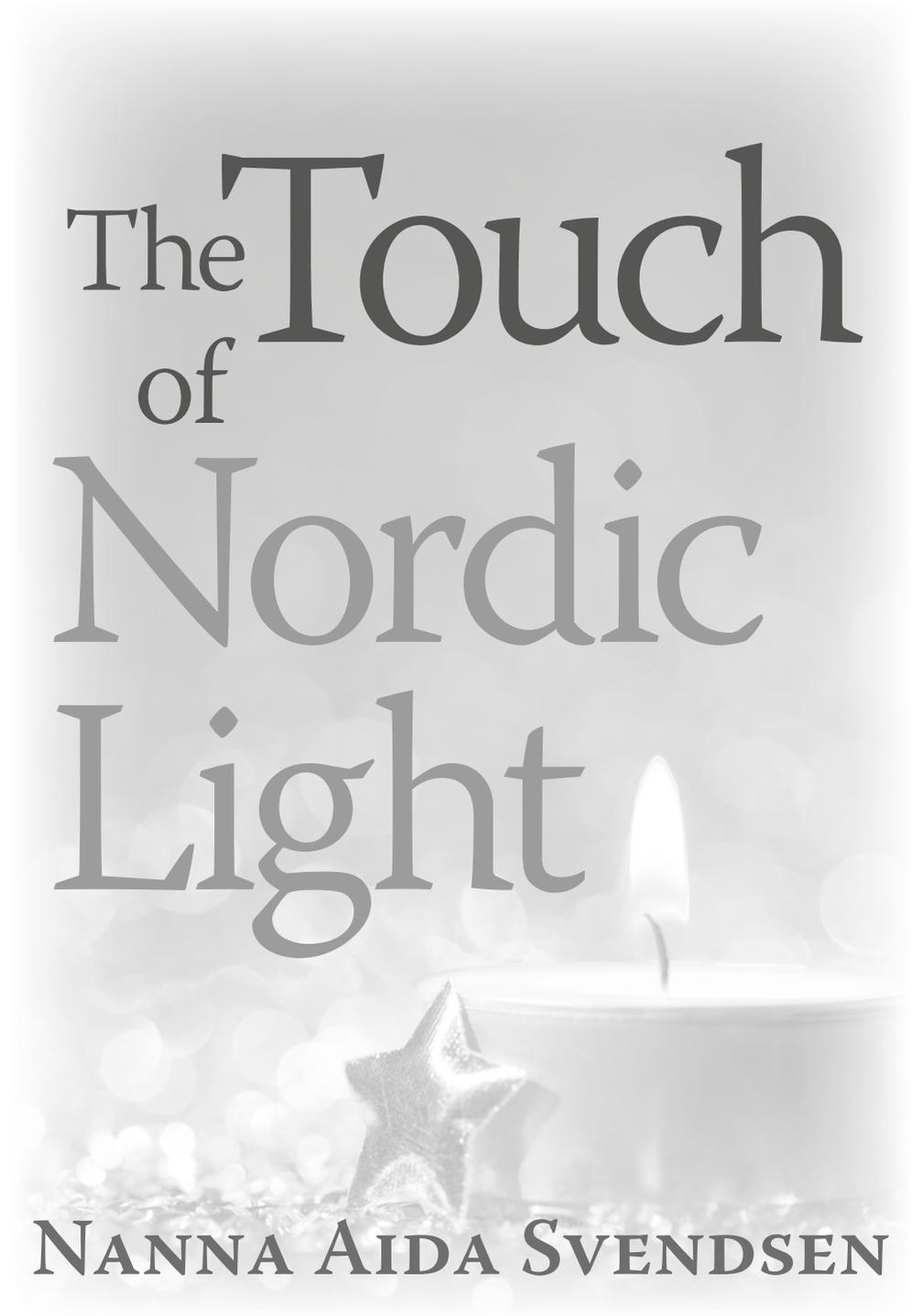
The Touch  
of  
Nordic  
Light

A lit candle with a glowing flame and a gold star ornament in the foreground, set against a blue bokeh background.

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 placed next to it. The background is a soft, out-of-focus bokeh of light circles, creating a warm and festive atmosphere.

NANNA AIDA SVENDSEN

## *Also by the author:*

*Freya 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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## *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*

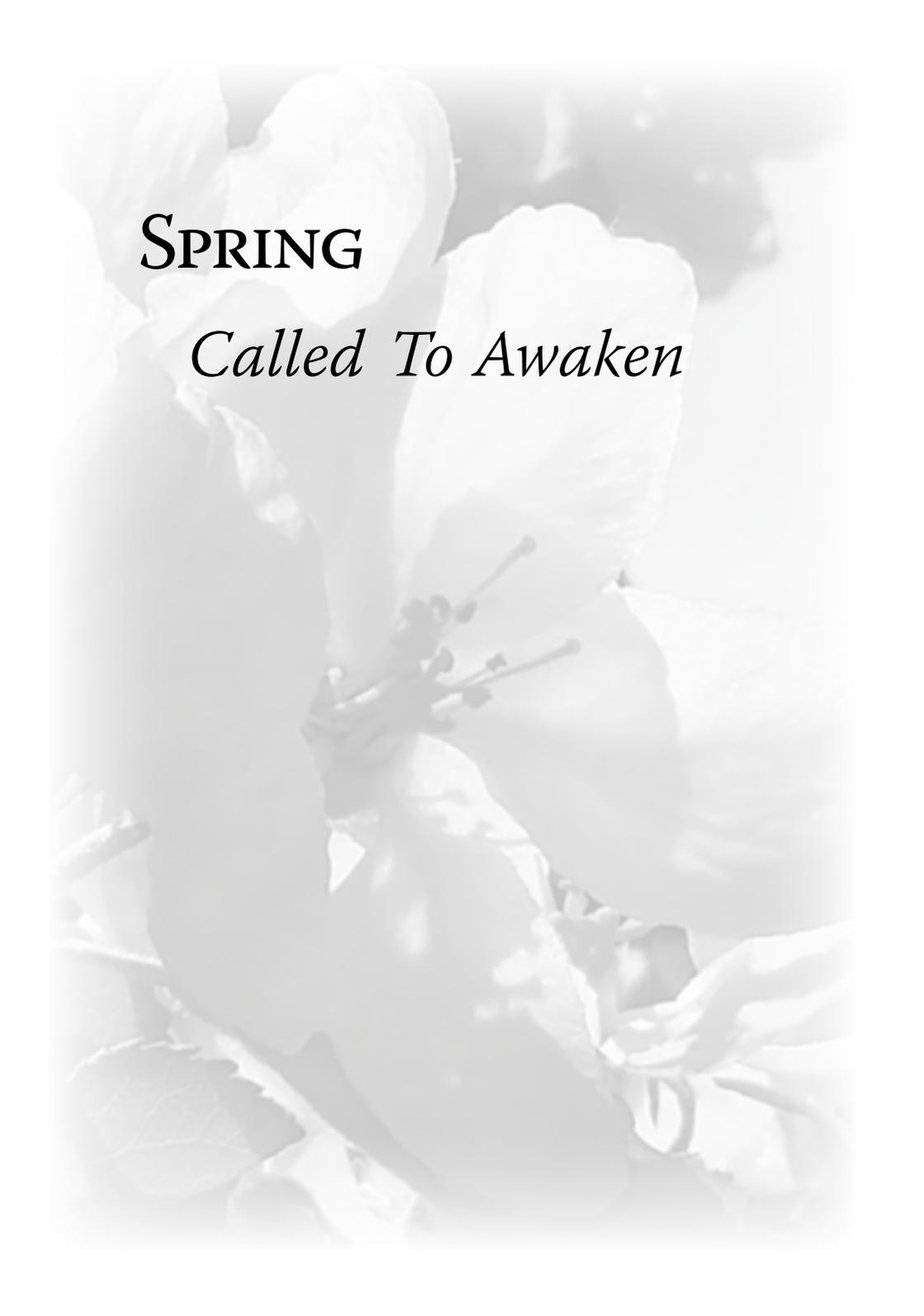
I could not find the voice that is my own amidst the cacophony of sound that is England and America to me. It took the silence of Sweden, and the touch of Nordic light, for that.

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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