

Ella Lehmus

X-MEDIUM

The way from darkness to light



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Design of the cover: Ella Lehmus /Canva

Layout: Ella Lehmus

Publisher: BoD – Books on Demand, Helsinki, Finland

Printed by: BoD – Books on Demand, Norderstedt, Germany

ISBN: 978-952-80-8239-2

DISCLAIMER

Unfortunately, I cannot guarantee the complete accuracy of the text.

Typos and misunderstandings are possible.

However, this story is about my own life, and it is based on true events. Some names and descriptions of places have been changed.

O N E

Since I was a child, I had intuition about what was going to happen. My mother told me, that in the age of two I was telling in advance some things that were really happening. Sometimes those things were happening within few hours.

Once I have kept saying that my aunt will visit us with her daughter. We did not have a phone and neither any appointment for a visit has not been done. Funny, but I do remember that.

I was sitting on the bed, covered with a mustard-colored blanket. I was wearing white pantyhose and a dress. I had to patter: – Anni and Minttu will visit us. Anni and Minttu will visit us.

I was continuing pattering of it, and I remember my mother was getting a bit annoyed because of that. In a while Anni and Minttu were behind our door. They were living 25 km away, so they have

been leaving their home already when I started pattering.

I remembered many things happening in my early years and my mother always kept saying it is impossible for me to remember. But I did and I do.

I was 12 months old when I got high fever. The thermometer was no longer enough, and father had called a doctor for us from the neighbor. I told my mother about that night decades later and she was amazed.

– It was raining, weather was awful. The rain was lashing the living room window hard, I started. I was lying on the brown fabric couch in the living room on top of a red blanket, facing the window. I did see the whole room at once, as if I was at the edge of the ceiling at the same time as I was lying on that sofa. Then father went to turn on the outside light and soon a man in a black robe entered the front door, I continued the story and mother listened more closely.

– The man was wearing a black hat and black raincoat, and he was carrying big black bag. He had a bland and silver colored stethoscope and it felt cold, I was remembering.

– No one has been ever telling you that, Ella, my mother said. – How an earth can you remember that? she was wondering.

– I don't know, I just remember clearly, I answered.

– The doctor indeed had a black hat and black raincoat, and it was raining like cats and dogs then, mother told and was still wondering. – And you had over 40 °C (104 °F) fever and you were convulsing.

When I was about 8 years old, I woke up in my room which was in the top floor of our house. I could not sleep after waking up and I went sneaking downstairs to my parents' bedroom. I wanted to ask if I could sleep with them for the rest of the night.

I descended the stairs and went to the hall.

The hallway led to the kitchen and from the kitchen to mom and dad's bedroom. I had a blue nightgown with yellow lion pictures on it. I stayed in the doorway between the hall and the kitchen, wondering if I was too old to ask to sleep with mom and dad. But at the same time, I saw myself at the door of the kitchen and the parents' bedroom, talking and complaining that I couldn't sleep. I looked at myself from five meters away and felt embarrassed. So, I was embarrassed by what I did there, when I had just thought about going. Part of me was standing at the other door and part of me was standing there at the parents' bedroom door. These events confused my family, but to me they were quite ordinary. Telling them later convinced certain groups that I had the skills

The purpose of sensitive Ella was spiritual growth, self-knowledge, inner peace and finding her own strength. The journey took her deep into the New Age and the world of spiritualism for fifteen years.

Then something happened that changed everything.

A true based, arresting story about mistaking darkness for light. When you find the truth, even if you thought you already found it.

Ella's story gives food for thought to those who are considering embarking on a spiritual path, or interested in energy therapy, mysticism etc.

But this story is especially to those who are already there.

The story is also good for those who work in the service of the church.

