



**Wim Roskam,  
48, from  
The Netherlands**

**Y**ou're on a beautiful, deserted beach...' I told my partner Linda. 'Just you and a stone circle,' I continued in a soothing voice.

The circle created by my imagination became her sacred place, but it was far more than that. It relieved the terrible pain of Linda's cervical cancer, something that so many medicines had failed to do.

Surrounded by six standing stones, Linda, then 45, would lie on the seventh - and soak up a healing beam of light.

These visualisations were just one of the many alternative therapies we turned to after my beloved Linda was diagnosed with cervical cancer in 1999. She was adamant about not having invasive treatment such as radiotherapy.

Together we battled the illness that, in the second year of its grip on Linda, became an enemy we couldn't overcome.

She'd go nights with pain denying her sleep, and I'd lie beside her, awake and in my own agony at seeing her suffering.

We'd been together 16 years but had never married - not even exchanged rings - because we didn't feel the need to show the world how much we loved each other.

We knew. And that was enough.

The thought of losing Linda was unbearable, but seeing her in agony was worse.

Then, in the heart of her fight against the disease, Linda started uttering words which certainly weren't English, and sounded Russian.

'Linda?' I said, transfixed by her face. She looked different somehow. Something of her had gone and, in its place, was a flicker of another person. But who?

The strange words kept coming and, with them, the subtle change in Linda's physical appearance.

Then she started singing in the foreign language. All sorts of songs poured effortlessly out of her, like water from a fountain. Some sounded like marching songs, others soft and delicate like a lullaby.

One word really stood out though. Linda said it over and over and cried every time.

*Nasja.*

I felt sure this word was a name. But whose name? We found out with the help

of Linda's parents. Desperate to give their daughter some peace, they'd tracked down a woman who was said to have the ability to see the Akasha Chronicles - which store every event and every thought in the cosmos. And she had an answer for us.

*Russia, a past life. You were a soldier and fought with swords and axes. You were hurt on the battlefield but you stayed alive for five days, all alone with no help...*

The woman had written it all down for us. A terrible, bloody tale of long ago.

And yet it touched something very much in the present.

As Linda read the story, her eyes seemed to fire up with recollection - could she be accessing a past memory?

My own reaction took me even more by surprise. It was a revelation. With tears pouring down my face, I whispered, 'I was Nasja - short for Natascha.'

An ancient memory, long buried, had surfaced in my mind - I had been Nasja, the woman Linda had mentioned over and over again, in that 'voice' that came to her.

'Now I know what happened,' Linda told me excitedly.

'I was married to you...Nasja. My name was Igor. You were seven months pregnant and I was so proud

at the thought of becoming a father, started learning lullabies to sing to the little one.

'But then I had to go to war, marching for weeks, singing songs to keep our spirits up. 'It was the war that took me from you, my love. I died on a battlefield, calling your name,' Linda told me through her tears.

It was so sad. A love torn asunder so cruelly. Just like mine and Linda's...this time by the ravages of a disease.

We were two loves in a past life as well as in this one. And in both lifetimes, death was to come too soon.

Accessing the past life memory of Igor seemed to have given him a more powerful presence. He became a third person in our home, like an ancient time traveller dropped into modern civilisation.

He 'took over' Linda regularly, singing songs and asking for Nasja.

Then one day, after Linda had been ill for two years, Igor grabbed all of his fingers,



**SIXTEEN YEARS:  
With this life's soulmate**



# Counting the days

**This time around, Linda wasn't going to die alone...**

one by one, saying a different word each time.

He was watching me closely, his - Linda's - eyes willing me to understand.

As I strained my brain, trying to grasp his message, Linda interrupted.

'He's counting! He's counting to five.'

'We're not going to start learning his language now...' I said wearily. I wanted to spend every last moment with my beloved - not learn ancient Russian!

'That's just it. Don't you see? He's counting the days! Five days...and on the fifth day he died...' Linda told me.

Oh my God. We were running out of time. Igor was telling us Linda's days were numbered. My soulmate was slipping away.

I'd never felt so helpless or scared.

'What can I do to let you know I'm...

there?' Linda asked me a few days later.

'I'll just know that you're there,' I told her. 'But would you inspire me

sometimes?' I asked, desperate to raise even a hint of a smile.

I'd taken up painting a few years back, had never had much success though. But something told me that would change.

A few weeks later, Linda died in my arms. She was only 47. If she had to go, we wanted her to go that way - us together.

Igor had been all alone when he'd died on the battlefield. But not this time. His love was with him.

In the months that followed her death, I felt like half a person. It was five months before I had the strength to pick up a paintbrush.

*Give me a sign, my love.*

As I put brush to paper, I felt that something had changed.

I felt...Linda.

For the first time I was happy with what I'd created. That was Linda's influence. But I was yet to discover that my paintings were more than that.

I learnt the truth when I met a psychic.

'Linda wants you to

find and wear an old ring of hers,' she said.

I was fascinated by this request - because in all the years we were together, we'd never given each other a ring.

Why now? But if Linda wanted a ring, she was going to get one. I sketched the most beautiful ring I could, but it needed something more. A proposal.

'Bond with me in love and absolute freedom,' I asked Linda.

I got the answer I craved, three days later, when she visited me in a dream so vivid that when I woke up it felt like she was inside me.

'Bond with me in love and absolute freedom?' I repeated the proposal.

I could feel the warmth of her hug as she guided the pen in my hand to write down just one word. Yes.

Linda had accepted my proposal.

I enrolled on a silversmith course so that I could make a ring deserving of Linda.

Something inside of me had been inspired. Linda was responsible, I knew.

After I'd made the ring, I created a silver symbol with a jewel. It turned out to be more than a symbol...

Marianne, a therapist who'd treated Linda in her last few months, discovered that the jewel had an amazing effect on patients who wore it. The jewel - which we called Akaija - seemed to strengthen and re-balance the energy system.

Just like she'd inspired my painting, Linda had inspired me to help ease the suffering of others. And in that way she lives on.

I couldn't save her in this life, just like I couldn't save her in the last one. But this time I got the chance to be with her in her dying days, mine was the last face she looked at, and for that I'll always be grateful.

• To find out more about Wim, log onto [www.akaija-art.com](http://www.akaija-art.com), e-mail: [atelier@akaija.com](mailto:atelier@akaija.com) or call +31 55 5335747.

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LOVE TRIO:  
Igor, Linda  
and me

As told to Jenny Smedley and Tracie Bunce