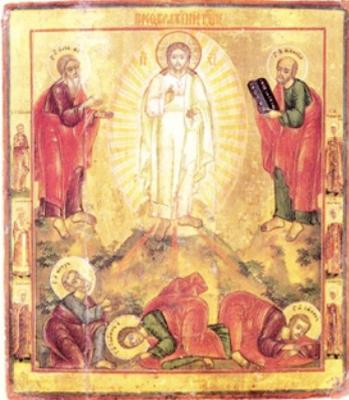


"I am the light which has come into the world" St. John 12:45, "I am the light of the world" St. John 8:12



The Transfiguration of Christ

This is an attempt to describe my experience of the radiating light from God.

I read in the fifth book of Moses 4:9- *"Only take heed to thyself, and keep thy soul diligently, lest thou forget the things which thine eyes have seen, and lest they depart from thy heart all the days of thy life: but teach them thy sons, and thy sons' sons; (10) Specially the day that thou stoodest before the Lord thy God..."*

Therefore I write the following: when taking my daily rest at the afternoon at my 33rd year of life I experienced someone calling me by name. I got up and looked around both inside and outside the house I was living in, but there was no one to see, still I knew that this calling came **from within me!** After some time I heard the same voice calling my name again, now two times in whereupon the voice said: "I am Lux"! Hesitative I wrote these words on a piece of paper and found later at the library that "Lux" means "light". I wept quietly and knew that this had to do with the Truth and Reality of God. (Later in life Christ's teaching when saying: *"I am the light which has come into the world"...* "I am the light of the world" came to mean the utmost to me.)

Again some time passed and suddenly I experienced a whole night of dreams and visions about what I had experienced earlier in life, and about life in all, and just before dawn and awakening I was standing "among mountains at the very edge of the earth where the absolute

darkness and silence of eternity began". At a meadow nearby holy men in white cloths were sitting around a table, but my intense attention and longing desired what was hiding in this total darkness of eternity. The day came and went, and at falling to sleep I was in the same situation and at the same place as the night before. Suddenly I hear the voice calling my name from the darkness, now three times, and then a bright, radiant, intense light rise above me intensifying. Within this light a bright shining man with white cloths is standing. I fell to the ground with reverence and amazement. I didn't understand what I was experiencing, though I had a feeling that this would get unexpected consequences in my life..... For some time I was unsure of how to relate to this experience. I saw light around me, often so intense that my normal eye sight ceased for a while and I saw nothing but light.

Once again I was at the library and I searched among books about different religions, I was at that time since long done with Christianity as I knew it through the poor religiousness of the Swedish Lutheran church, the Orthodox church were still unknown to me, but I had a good relation to the Catholic Christianity through a Catholic monk, whom I used to visit in his monastery. I stand in the library, suddenly holding a picture book in my hands from the monk republic Athos in Greece looking at a page where I see an icon of "the Transfiguration of Christ", and immediately recognize this sight from my own experience the other night, this I had experienced, "the Transfiguration of Christ". At the next page was a wonderful text about how God can let humans experience Him in and through this light. I knew that this was true, and that this was what I had experienced, and understood that this divine wisdom is treasured by the hesycasts of the orthodox church. The orthodox church! I started to get myself acquainted through reading books. I got a culture scholarship and went to the former Soviet Union to visit monasteries and churches, among them St Sergius' relics at the holy Trinity monastery. It was on Metropolitan of Moscow's advice I went there, he said: "fall on your knees by the relics of St Sergij's and pray for anything your heart desires and it will be given to you", I did so, and it was given to me. Therefore I chose the name Simon, from the Hebrew name Symeon, which means "he whose prayers have been answered", when I converted to the orthodox faith.

I saw light, read the instructions of the holy fathers, and went to St Anna's orthodox congregation on their different services in Swedish, and there I was taken up into the holy orthodox church through confession and myrrh chrism.

I longed intensely to also see this Divine light manifested in a revelation **outside myself**, and I searched for years a place looking like the one I had experienced in my vision at night. On a grey day in February when walking on the ice of a lake I saw a bright light on top of the mountain by the shore. I looked intensely at this place, heading straight towards it. Getting there I felt that this was my chosen spiritual place for prayer. I cut some birch twigs, brought them home, cut small pieces, and thread them on to a tarred string, which I used as a prayer rope out on that mountain. I went there at dawn every morning during a long period and prayed the Jesus prayer according to the "art of arts", which is particularly described in the book "The Way of a Russian Pilgrim". After that I let the prayer continue by itself inside of me together with breath and heart in my prayer life before the holy face of God.

All this culminated after some more years when **I was brought into this great and intense fire**, and I can't find any words to describe what I was experiencing there. Just absolute fire, like in a stove, that no one normally would survive. When I was let out of it I was convinced that no one would recognize me after this experience, but to my great surprise was there no change to see, though I was aware of how I had been enclosed in a fire that did not burn me.

In these experiences I am now deeply rooted, and I know that everything else is not reliable, while these experiences have a totally different, spiritual and for me eternal value.

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(There are two different traditions within the church, one of them warns for different kinds of light experiences. That my experiences of fire and light, and of a voice calling my name and telling His own name to me would be caused by darkness with an evil intent seems to me completely unthinkable since all these experiences have led me back to Christianity and given me a deeper understanding of it and made me convinced about its eternal truth, reality and happiness.

There is also another opposite tradition where among holy fathers God is being praised as Light and partaken of God's uncreated energies and rejoicing over the Spiritual secrets of life and God being everywhere present and filling all things with His wonderful light and life. I deeply trusting join this later tradition.)

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Kind regards from Simon "he whose prayers have been answered"