

AN ENCOUNTER BEYOND WORDS

Shaeen Svanede

The train rolled into the platform as it had done countless times before. An ordinary movement in the rush of everyday life, easily overlooked. And yet, this particular journey would come to etch itself into my memory forever.

After a long day at school, I watched the train doors slide open. My thoughts were scattered - nothing unusual in itself - but beneath them lingered a subtle sense of resistance. Going home was no longer associated with rest. Rather with adjustment. With weighing words, gestures, and expressions within a relationship that was anything but healthy.

I took a seat in the carriage and let my gaze rest on the passing scenery as the train set into motion. Only after a while did I become aware of the man sitting opposite me. A strikingly beautiful man, with dark curly hair, warm olive-toned skin, and a calm, composed presence. When our eyes met, he smiled, briefly, openly. There was nothing intrusive in it; if anything, it felt like recognition.

I looked away, as one does, but soon found my attention drawn back. In the reflection of the window, I noticed that he was wearing a necklace - the same symbol I myself wore: yin and yang. When our eyes met again, he gently grasped his pendant and smiled, as if to acknowledge a shared understanding. I did the same.

That was all.

At the next station, he stood up, said bye, and stepped off the train. No continuation, no further exchange of words. Yet I remained seated with the strange sensation that something had just passed through the moment, as if a message had come close, but never quite taken form.

I was reminded of a book I had recently read, *The Celestine Prophecy* by James Redfield, which suggests that certain encounters are not random. That people sometimes cross our path to reawaken something we already know, but have lost touch with. The thought struck me only then, when it was already too late to act on it.

Weeks later, during a drive a few miles from my home, the experience took an unexpected turn. At a bus stop by the roadside stood the man from the train.

Alone. Waiting.

The impulse to stop came with surprising force. As if this, somehow, was a second chance for clarity. I drove on, hesitant, but shortly thereafter made a U-turn.

When I returned, the bus stop was empty. Not a single person in sight. No bus could have arrived and departed. In fact, no traffic at all.

The incident was difficult to dismiss and impossible to explain.

A few days later, after a night marked by unease and inner tension, I dreamt of a powerful light. Out of the light stepped a man with the same features I remembered from the train. He smiled with a quiet, luminous warmth and spoke only these words: *You are good exactly as you are.*

The words were simple, almost banal. Yet they carried a weight that was impossible to shake off.

In retrospect, I have often returned to these moments - the train journey, the bus stop, the dream - without trying to force a single, definitive explanation. Was it a symbolic encounter? An expression of intuition? Or something belonging to another plane of experience?

Perhaps that matters less.

What became clear was not who the man was, but what the encounter set in motion: a slow restoration of self-confidence, of the right to be oneself without being adjusted to the expectations of others. In that sense, the meeting - real or not - became a reminder rather than a revelation.

Perhaps, it is encounters like these that matter most, requiring no belief in anything specific, only a willingness to listen.

Many years later, I would come to understand who this man truly was, but that is an entirely different story, one I will return to another time.



Shaeen Svanede
Priestess of the Norse tradition

osterlenhaxan.com
pilgrimen.com
designbyhansdotter.com