

HANNAH REBORN

**MATURING AND HEALING THE SOUL
BEYOND ORGANIZED RELIGION**

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Rev Hannah Thomsen & Ed Thomsen



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This book is dedicated to our children Samuel, Matthew, and Esther.

May they find their truth as we have found our truth.

It is dedicated to the Aesir, for guiding and being present on our journey.

It is dedicated to all our many friends, who each came at different times to

Give support, assistance and feed back.

And it is also dedicated to Hannah's mother for ever trying to understand her;

And for loving her through all the many changes.

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Hannah Reborn

Maturing and Healing the soul beyond organized religion

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*The veil is slowly parting,
Bringing us into remembrance
Of who we are.
Truth revealed,
Faith rewarded,
Hope strengthened,
Love given in abundance,
As a new day dawns,
Heralding in a New Age,
To just be
I AM*

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TELLING THE STORY

“You are Hannah reborn,” he said.

“I am who?”

“You are *Hannah reborn!*” he repeated.

It was a sentence that got stuck in time. It was etched in my mind and my soul.

It awakened me to a life that I never knew existed.

Awakening is an individual experience. I may not have experienced it as others have, and you may not experience it as others have either. We will each experience awakening differently. It won't have the same definition for everyone which is why no one has the right to judge who has been awakened and who hasn't as there is no specific formula for how awakening will occur.

Awakening can lead to a better life.

For many years, however, I thought I could never possibly find a better life. Not after being told that I was Hannah Reborn! Especially, since it was explained to me that it meant reincarnation. How can that possibly bring about awakening? That statement, *you are Hannah reborn*, is just insane, plain and simple!

Enlightenment can happen after an awakening and is an experience of union with God. How this happens is personal. It is as personal as the awakening process. And I believe they are linked.

I am going to tell you about the conversation that brought this sentence into my life—what happened before and after it was spoken. How it awakened me so that the sentence became two-fold in meaning. And how, through this awakening, I felt enlightened as I connected with the most profound union with God.

There was the initial phase of shock when my husband, who I had been married to for six-and-a-half years, told me that he didn't believe what I had thought he believed and thereby turned my world upside down. I was a rather traditional Christian and he professed to me that he believed in reincarnation, UFOs, and spirit guides. But it wasn't just reincarnation in general, no, he believed he had been someone who personally knew Jesus Christ and that I myself was right out of the Old Testament.

Had the man gone crazy?

That was my first thought.

Then there was the slow awakening, something that can happen after the initial shock wears off. This was when my intuition started to work and it felt like someone was leading me to information that I wouldn't have found without some kind of spiritual direction. This kind of awakening felt a little bit like insanity, because as my intuition tried to tell me something that wasn't common knowledge it threatened that which already was.

It is like giving a computer input that it doesn't know how to process causing a freeze-up and ultimately leading to a complete melt down.

That happened to me—inside.

A complete melt down.

Yet, I don't believe that true awakening can happen unless the status quo is threatened, shaken up, and changed.

An awakening that occurs through intuition can be lengthy and cumbersome. For me it was a period of several years where I thought it easier to submit to the common reality and leave all the awakening stuff alone. It was too hard to figure out, too hard to distinguish the truth among all the possibilities and just too scary to venture any further.

Then, a third awakening happened to me, when the pattern of the past emerged and showed a picture of continued purpose, even

as I was giving up.

I saw a pattern of coincidences that suddenly appeared to exceed chance. Books emerged, teachers, programs and learning opportunities came out of nowhere and I saw a pattern of God intervening in my life to proceed with the awakening process making me realize there was a purpose with all that was happening.

It was about this time—after the shock, the opening of intuition, the teaching, and the realization that something bigger was happening—that I was speaking to a friend about publishing a book.

“Tell your story,” he said.

“How?” I wanted to know. How could I tell my story without publishing a book first?

“Just tell it!” he repeated.

I still didn’t get it.

“I can’t just say that I am Hannah reborn,” I insisted.

“Why not, if that is your story?”

“But how do I do that?” I asked.

“You speak from the heart.”

Suddenly I realized something very important about myself. First of all, I hadn’t really wanted to tell my story, because I didn’t want to sound stupid telling people that I believed that I was Hannah reborn, not to mention who my husband thought he was. I can’t even put that information here in the beginning of the book. You have to read a few pages first. I have to build up to that one. Secondly, I kept hoping for something else to happen so I wouldn’t have to publish my story, either a friend would tell me that I can’t publish that story - it is too weird - or that it just isn’t a good story to begin with. Deep inside I hadn’t really wanted my story to come out. As publishers rejected my book early on, I was actually happy that it hadn’t happened yet. How embarrassing it would have been!

After the initial shock of Ed, my husband, telling me about reincarnation, and after I had figured out how to survive—which didn’t happen until 6 years later—I started to write my story down. At first it was like journaling, just to get it out of my mind. Like therapy. I needed to explain myself to my friends—who were all still members of the church I grew up in—what had happened and why. It was a

record of my pain, my frustrations, my sorrows. I was appealing to a God of mercy. More than that, I was looking for validation. Then, as I started to share it with friends and these friends encouraged me to publish my story because they thought it was better than some other stories hitting the stores at the time, I thought that publishing my story would provide the validation I so desperately longed for. My parents had never validated what happened to me and it had about broken my very being.

But no publisher wanted to publish my story. It was a blow at first. Then I realized that I wasn't ready to make the story public, and that the book wasn't even done yet.

Then my children got big enough to read and comment on the book and their initial feedback was the question, "What do you want to accomplish? What is the purpose of your book?"

This question made me think about why I really wanted to publish my story. Initially it had been to explain myself, maybe excuse why I did what I did. Then it was for validation. But now I realized that neither of them were the right reasons. After re-reading my story I knew it was focusing too much on the pain. My journey was a yearning to know God, and I felt *that* was the reason to write, to tell of my longing to find God and how I found Him. But then again, had I?

I rewrote many parts and sent the next version of the book to another publisher, but was told that the book was missing something. It seemed unfinished, they told me.

What did they mean?

I had already rewritten it once. Added things, taken other things out. What more could I change?

I stopped writing and pondered for awhile, unsure of what I was doing.

OK, so my story was about finding God. But had I really found God?

I had come to a realization that God is more than what we as humans are capable of understanding, but was that enough?

I rewrote the book for the third time, bringing my healing process into the picture and my struggles to find answers.

Then I shared it with the friend who suggested I just tell my story

without worrying about publishing the book.

Then the biggest revelation of all hit me. It didn't matter what the story was about.

This is *my story* and it is about *my path to awakening*.

You see, I *am* Hannah reborn.

Reborn *through* awakening.

That is essentially what my story is about.

You can also say that I found enlightenment through reincarnation.

What am I talking about?

Reincarnation means that I am Hannah as in *the* Hannah of *the Old Testament*.

How is that possible? you might ask. I am not really sure; you have to read my whole story to see what I mean. That is why I am telling it.

Awakening means awakening to a new self, similar to Buddha's awakening as he sat under a tree. Not that I am comparing myself to Buddha; we are very different, though there are some similarities in the process we have gone through. You have to move through the pain to come to the realization about life. In the end it is not about the individual person but about the journey to awakening they took. It is about the healing process and how it is available to everyone. That is why there are so many self-help books. When we reach the other side of self-realization, awakening, or a process of healing it is such an awesome experience we want everyone to know about it.

And finally, it is about being. Being happy with who you are right now, right here!

All great teachers have gone through an awakening process. And they each went through several steps. And they all reached a place of satisfaction with just being.

According to the Bible by the age of twelve Jesus was speaking to the Rabbis in the Temple. The Bible has little to say about his life between the ages of twelve and thirty-three. Some say he went to India, others say he studied in the Jewish school with the other Jewish boys. In any case, this was his time of awakening. It was a personal experience, and so of no value to us today, because the experience of awakening will be different for each of us. In the end

he became the great teacher of profound wisdom we all love to quote. He succeeded, but not because of his name, since obviously no one saw him as being a universally great teacher at the time. During his lifetime it was more about how he treated other people, and how he affected everyone he came in contact with.

Buddha also went through stages of awakening. He was raised in a palace with all he could ever want, but when he ventured outside of the palace he saw much poverty, death, and sickness. His awakening started then, continued as he learned from many teachers, and finally ended under the Bodhi tree where he came to enlightenment. And again it wasn't until afterwards when he lived a fulfilled life of being and teaching that his name started to be known.

It is the example of how someone is that should capture us. It shouldn't be their name or their title, but who they are as a living example of fulfilled living that should speak to us.

I was awakened through an initial introduction to reincarnation by being told that I am **The Hannah of the Old Testament**. It shocked my nervous system, my brain functions and yes, my whole life.

Then followed a sequence of dream visions of people from the Bible. Was that because I was one of them?

I tell you, it was a very rude awakening of the first degree. Especially since I belonged to a Christian faith, was happy with my religion, and believed I had the truth, the only truth, which did not include a belief in reincarnation.

The story I want to tell you is about my awakening to a different level of understanding, to a different way of life, of being. This has been my path to enlightenment.

It isn't about believing I am somebody or that I saw someone special. In fact, it is rather that no matter whom we are, we are something much more. No matter who is our teacher, we are each divine beings, each of us unique. Once we come to a full realization of that, then we have started the awakening process to the life that is truly ours.

I grew up within The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, also known as Mormonism or the LDS church. My parents were converted a couple of years before I was born. They taught me the