

Omnec Onec

Collection of Texts

- Part IV -

Meeting a Wood Gnome

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Meeting a Wood Gnome

It happened on my first tour here in Germany. Sigrid B.-Lamb from Mutter Erde Center near Cologne had read my book and wanted me to do a workshop at her place.

She lives in an old school house with a big magic garden. This garden is very special and not open for the public. She lets it grow naturally and only allows certain people in or groups from the seminars to do meditations. So after my workshop we all went in, carrying incense sticks. Right in the middle there is a fireplace with 12 tree stumps around. And there is a bench in front of some bushes, facing the fireplace. We entered by two big pine trees that are bound together at the top to form a huge gate and followed the path to the fireplace.

There were 12 tree stumps standing in a circle around it. When we got there it started to rain and we had to go back inside. Everybody stuck their incense sticks into the ground. I put mine next to a tree stump.

There was sunshine the next morning and I went for a walk with Torsten. We passed the garden and found a brook nearby, crossing over on some rocks. It is a very beautiful area. When we started climbing a nearby hill, covered with bushes and trees, I noticed something at the foot of one tree. "Look, this is a wood gnomes house", I said to Torsten, pointing at a small hole between the roots. He was very sceptical at first, not believing that gnomes really do exist. They hide from people because they were mistreated by them in former times, when they were captured and put on display for money, or tortured to show where precious gemstones were hidden.

Torsten believed this to be a mouse hole. "But look at this little house", I said, "it is built right into the base of the tree. There is a small door and a step up to it. And there is a leaf lying on the step. It is a mat to wipe their feet on, and a mouse doesn't do this, does it?" There even was a window, made of earth onto the side of the tree. On top, some sticks covered with leaves made the roof. Part of it had been blown away by the rain. "Let's fix the roof," I insisted. "It will take the little man a long time to do it, and for us it is but a few minutes." Torsten was looking at me like I was really crazy, but he helped gathering some leaves and sticks to repair the roof. "This will make him very happy", I smiled.

When we returned to Sigrid, I remembered that I had promised her to do a special meditation in her garden. Her spiritual guides had told her that I was to go into the garden alone as some certain information would be waiting there. So I went to the fireplace, passing the tree stumps and suddenly I wondered where all those incense sticks from last night were. They were all gone, except mine that was still where I had put it. I took it with me and sat down on the bench. I was wearing blue jeans that day and my black boots with a chain at the back of the heel. When I closed my eyes to start my meditation, I suddenly smelled incense burning. The stick in my hands was lit. That's magic, I thought, my incense stick lit by itself. This is really interesting. I closed my eyes again to do my mantras, when something moved the chain on my boot. I had played with a small kitten earlier, so I thought that this was the kitten playing with the chain. So I just smiled and when I felt something warm on my foot I thought again that it was the kitten lying there.

I opened my eyes, expecting to see the cat, but there was a little man sitting on my shoe. I almost had a heart attack! I closed my eyes again thinking that he perhaps was not really there, but when I looked again he was still sitting there: legs crossed, smoking a little pipe. I could smell the smoke. All of a sudden I felt that I was going to sneeze and I wanted to suppress it, for fear that the noise would scare him away. So I slowly moved my hand up to my nose to stop the sneezing – and he did the same thing! I started to laugh and he also laughed. His voice was very deep. I could see his little white teeth. He had very rosy cheeks and a white beard. He was wearing suede pants and vest, and a pointed hat. And he was so small, not more than 20 cm, like a little doll. We looked at each other smiling. Then I noticed that he moved his hand from behind his back and was holding something up for me. So I bent down and opened my hand. He laid something in it. His hand was so tiny, and it was very warm, like a real hand. The he just hopped up and disappeared between the bushes.

My heart was still beating madly. I was afraid to look what was in my hand, because I was afraid that nothing would be there, and I thought: Nobody is going to believe this. What am I going to tell people? And what am I going to tell Sigrid? Can I share this story?

I went back into the house and told Sigrid all that had happened in her garden. Finally, I got up my courage to look what was in my palm. I had such a fear to tell the story, but this gift from the little man is my proof that it is really true. There was a tiny crystal, as big as my small fingernail, with a holder shaped like a gnome-hat covered with strange symbols. On the very top there was an Egyptian Ankh. The hole was for the chain to go through. The crystal was cut in many small irregular facets, many small ones on one side and bigger ones on the opposite side. This side was covered with gold. It was very unusual in glistening blue-purple color. According to a gemnologist, it dates back to the Atlantian times. That is the time when they coated the crystal with gold for special ceremonies.

Sigrid was very happy about this whole story, because when moving into the house and first clearing the garden, she had heard singing at night and had seen little men dancing around a fire. Now she was glad that they were still there and felt that she was a caretaker for them. And the gnomes had chosen me to tell their story and give people a chance to change their beliefs and reconnect to them. The story of the gnome became part of my workshops. Many people, who had been afraid of being ridiculed and never talked about their experiences with the little people or nature spirits before, now shared their stories with me.



**Little pendant given to Omnec
by the gnome**