

CONFESSIONS
OF AN
83-YEAR-OLD
SAGE

The GLAD-SAD-MAD of Life

Helene Hadsell

Updated by
Carolyn Wilman

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The GLAD-SAD-MAD of Life

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DEDICATION

This book is dedicated to my sons Dike and Chris, the students who encouraged me to 'tell it' the way I perceived and experienced life so that my grandchildren and great-grandchildren will know what a magical journey I had.

To Helene and all the great teachers that came before me, not only did they make my life better, but they also changed countless lives.

Helene Hadsell

June 1, 1924—October 30, 2010

AFFIRMATION

Helene liked to repeat a simple phrase whenever she lectured, wrote, or counseled people:

"Let me be a channel to help people help themselves."

Helene found this prayer to be an effective way to be of service to the whole. As she isn't here to state this phrase, may reading these printed words affirm her prayer.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Dedication	iii
Affirmation	iii
Foreword	7
Introduction	9
Reflections	11
Grateful	21
Be Careful What You Pray For	27
I'm Not a Doctor, But...	33
Get the Swatter	35
Encounter With a Fellow Traveller	37
Points to Ponder	41
Down Memory Lane	47
Faded Beauty	51
Dancing on the Edge	53
Just Who was Joan of Arc?	57
Memory or Imagination?	63
Just Doing His Job	67
I Believe in Destiny	71
The Incredible Paul Twitchell	75
My Dear Friend José	85
Creating Thought Forms	97
Are You Still in Bondage?	111
Dr. Joseph Murphy	117
Levetating	123
Help is Just a Thought Away	129
Peru Assignment	135
A Search for Answers	149

And Just Who Am I?	157
Afterword	161
Recommended Reading	163
Authors	169

FOREWORD

Life is a daring adventure or nothing.

Helen Keller

Helene Hadsell's life was an adventure that she wanted to share with everyone. It began when she was six years old and had her first encounter with spirit. As Helene grew, so did her connection to the Universe, along with her studies into other realms and mysticism. Her path crossed with many teachers familiar to us all, and she enjoyed a 30-year friendship with José Silva.

Helene's desire to teach others about different dimensions, spirit guides, and all the adventures that life has to offer inspired her to write this book. Now, with this republished volume, you can join Helene each morning at breakfast as she taps into her intuition and chooses an engrossing tale to tell us all.

Helene was a marvel and never stopped writing. It took her over a year to complete this book. If you are an avid reader of Helene's work, you may also notice a few stories that sound familiar. Helene pulled stories from *In Contact With Other Realms* to put into this new volume, as it was out of print at that time. Plus, she was also replicating Dr. Joseph Murphy's teaching technique of repeating stories to reinforce the lesson. Helene also included new stories, some of which had never been told before.

In 2008 I was lucky enough to spend four days with this vibrant, remarkable teacher. It was on that trip Helene gifted me a copy of this book. It was during that same visit that she also suggested I start teaching others what she had been sharing for decades. Helene didn't see herself continuing to teach due to her advancing age. Yet, she didn't want her message to pass with her. A decade passed before I finally stopped holding the gauntlet she had given me and started republishing her works. I've experienced nothing but blessings from doing so, and I hope you feel the same by learning from Helene.

It is important that I maintain the integrity of Helene's work, and therefore I have only made minor adjustments in this edition. This book has been reformatted for current publishing methods (Amazon, Kindle, Kobo, Google Books, and Apple Books). I've added notes where required, as well as a Recommended Reading section at the end, so you may continue to learn and grow. I've also made it easy for you to distinguish Helene's words from mine. All of Helene's words are in Arial font. All of my words are in Times Roman font.

Just like Helene, it is my hope you take her wisdom to heart and create your own **DARING ADVENTURE** in life.

Carolyn Wilman

Marketer, Author, Teacher

www.IdeaMajesty.com

INTRODUCTION

An odyssey. A journey into other realms in search of answers. That describes Helene Daschel Hadsell's life. She has lived with the philosophy that 'life is either an exciting adventure, or it's nothing.'

This remarkable woman sprang from what one might consider unremarkable beginnings. Born in the small town of Aberdeen, South Dakota, Helene was the second child of George and Katherine Daschel. George was of Russian descent, Catherine of German, and they lived in the midst of the Aberdeen German/Catholic community.

Perhaps even at a very young age, Helene realized that she was different. At least at the age of five, when she had her first experience at journeying amongst those other realms, she knew, even if she didn't understand, that she had a gift few people had been given.

A sought-after speaker, Helene has given seminars on the spirit connection, mind control, positive thinking throughout the United States, but Europe and South America as well.

She is an author with several bestselling books to her credit, among them the treasured *The Name It & Claim It Game* outlining how she has, through positive action, won almost every contest she's ever entered, including winning a beautiful new home in Irving, Texas.

And finally, she is undertaken to let the world know and to help them understand the wonderful journey she has had through her ability to visit with those other spiritual realms.

It all began in Aberdeen, and it hasn't ended yet, but it's best to let Helene tell her own story.

It's a gift to you and all those throughout the world who like to share her very own special odyssey, her journey in search of answers.

Shirley McKee
Professional Writer

REFLECTIONS

*The mind is like a well
Springing forth ETERNAL WISDOM
To refresh and replenish the human spirit.*

It's June 1, 2006, and it's my 82nd birthday. After I got out of bed at 8:30 a.m., I cautiously walked into the kitchen and made two cups of hazelnut decaf in my mini Mr. Coffee Maker. I filled my coffee mug, grabbed a banana, and headed for the living room to my comfortable recliner.

My favorite place in the living room is by the window because I can see the birds at the feeders that hang outside. This morning they came flying straight up to the rungs, fighting for space at the feeding ports, pecking at each other, wings humming and breast burnt white in the sun, feed spilling from their beaks. They fly off and come back, semi-hovering, nine, ten, eleven birds, some in trees nearby, not singing exactly, but what's the word? Twitter? Peep? Squawk? They attack each other on the rungs or scramble in midair. I never get bored watching.

After I finish eating the banana, I sigh and look down at my lap at the backs of my hands, fingers stretching. Looking and thinking, I recall moments with people I know, not moments exactly, but times. I slipped into one of my melancholy moods as I studied the point where my knuckles shine bloodless from the pressure of my grip on the coffee mug. That's when the idea surfaced, or was it a small voice in my head that prompted me to start writing my story? I even have the title: *Confessions of an 82-Year-Old Sage*. I've visualized the cover so; clearly, it seems like I'm holding it.

"No time like the present to get started," I say out loud. It's time to turn on my laptop, and that's exactly what I do.

I propped up my feet and let my body melt into a comfortable position. My mind will do the talking as my fingers do the walking.

Maybe I better clue you in on how I go about writing. I sit and wait for past experiences to surface. I never know what will come to mind, so I don't expect a proper time sequence. Be prepared, for all keep reminding you that I'm 82-years-old.

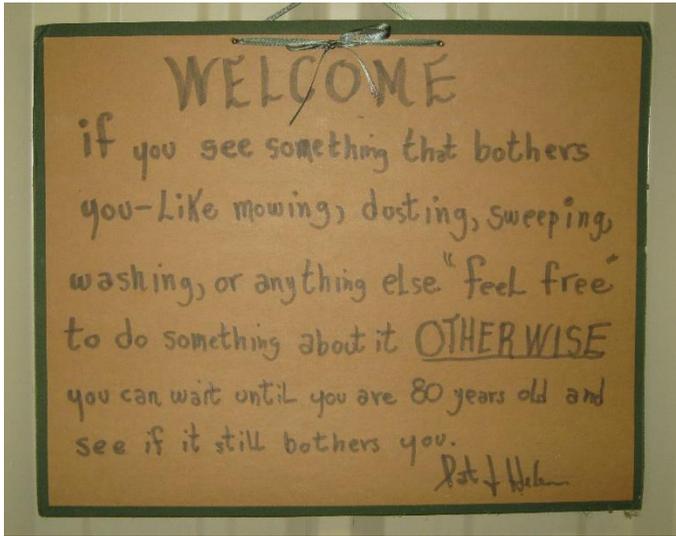
NO! I'm not senile, so cut me a little slack.

My first thought is, "Don't ever think that you've used up all of your pleasures. Keep expecting and recognizing more as they unfold, no matter what age you are."

I pause and look up. My eyes are drawn to a dust bunny under the couch. Whenever I notice something that needs to be done around here, I am reminded of the sign my husband wrote up and tacked in the back entry hall many years ago.

My family and friends use that entrance when they come to visit. What prompted him to make the sign was the day that Tanya, our 10-year-old granddaughter, was visiting. Her mother, my daughter-in-law, is an immaculate housekeeper. My husband called her a nitpicker. Anyway, Tanya came to me and asked, "Grandma, don't you ever dust?"

After my husband heard that remark, he grinned and did something about it. This is the sign:



WELCOME

If you see something that bothers you, like overgrown grass, dust bunnies, the dirty carpet, soiled dishes, and filmy windows, or anything else, FEEL FREE to do something about it. Otherwise, you can wait until you're 80-years-old and see if it still bothers you.

Now I have an excuse. My interests don't shrink with age, although my ability to do things does!

My recliner is surrounded by a clutter of books, notebooks, a box of NIPS candy, mail, and yesterday's newspaper that I haven't read. I read three books at a time and always keep a notebook handy to jot down every phrase, thought, analogy, or profound bit of wisdom that I find worth remembering. I have a thick loose-leaf book where I file the information according to subject. When writing an article or letter, I review the material, and in my own words, I build a better original description of what I want to convey. It's one of my 'compulsive disorders' that gives me great pleasure

Are you ready to follow me as my thoughts jump from place to person? The only explanation I have been able to figure out is; a thought surfaces by association—like the dust bunny that triggered the incident that prompted me to tell you about my husband's sign. Some thoughts seem to appear out of the blue—like this one.

Nursing home residents include everyone from club women to family cast-offs. Now, why would I think of that? Is it the fear of one day living there? It better not be. I've discussed the issue with my two sons. My exact words were, "If you guys ever put me in a nursing home, I'll come back in the next lifetime and shoot you." I'll get **MAD** just thinking about it. My choice is to LIVE, not just EXIST.

Let's get off that subject for now. Perhaps in memory will surface that will put me in a **GLAD** mood.

I'm usually good-natured, but I can get disgusted with people at times. Let me put it this way I love everybody, but sometimes I don't like what they do or say.

The nearer I get to the end of my life, the less I mind the thought of death. It's just a change—for the better.

This entire lifetime I've looked at life as a DARING ADVENTURE, and DEATH is my next GREAT ADVENTURE. I welcome it.

Oh! Oh! I'm shifting gears again as I'm now led to share with you how visualization is not only a FUNtastic tool; it can help solve problems by giving you ideas and advice to project energy if healing is the issue.

It was early July 1992. After sixty years of being in this physical body, the discomfort in my abdomen became a nuisance. I tried to ignore it because I had lost confidence in the medical profession due to the number of unpleasant past experiences, but I knew I could no longer ignore the constant pain. Sensing that there could be something seriously wrong with my elimination process. I reluctantly had to admit that it needed attention. Still, I kept postponing going to the doctor.

Earlier that year, I was invited to be a key speaker for the Silva Mind Control Convention to be held in Laredo, Texas, on August 11th of that year. I look forward to touching base with the many friends I met in line while in the lecture circuit.

One morning after an uncomfortable night, I sat in my recliner, sipping tea, when I had to face reality and admit that I needed help. I had a visitor from the Twilight Zone. (No, not the television show. For me, the Twilight Zone is the fourth dimension, where a number of people, including myself, can see and communicate with spirit beings.) I believe that some of the visitors we see are thought-forms we create, and some are apparitions that come to guide us in our time of need.

The visitor who appeared was small in stature and looked to be about sixty years of age. His deeply lined high forehead and slanted eyes indicated he must be Asian. He wore a loose white knee-length coat over his white pants, which led me to believe he was a doctor. It was his eyes that fascinated me. They were like summer lightning one minute and clear soft blue the next. I sensed wisdom, intelligence, and understanding behind those eyes.

Your body needs attention on the physical level. You have been neglecting it too long, and it is now time for you to take care of it, he communicated as he stood in front of me for less than a minute before he disappeared.

I felt comfortable that he was there to help me. I made an appointment immediately, and that afternoon I sat in the waiting room at the doctor's office. After an examination and hearing my symptoms, the doctor recommended a sonogram and X-rays.

"Let's get this over with as soon as possible," I said impatiently.

The following morning I took a battery of tests as an outpatient. Two days later, I was back in the doctor's office to hear the results.

The doctor had the X-rays displayed on a lighted panel when I arrived. He pointed to a mass in my bladder that was causing the problem and recommended surgery.

"I will not be able to do the surgery because it might be cancer. I feel an oncologist should do the surgery, and I could recommend several top surgeons in Dallas. I can make an appointment for you today," he offered.

"But I can't have cancer. I never learned to develop it," I said as my heart thumped uncomfortably.

He stared at me for a second, probably baffled at my response, and explained, "I've consulted with two of my colleagues. They agree that surgery is required."

Before I left the office, his nurse made the appointment for me to see the oncologist.

That night as I lay in bed reviewing what I was about to face, the doctor from the Twilight Zone reappeared.

No! There is no cancer. It is an infection around a tumor that is blocking your organs. It must be removed. You will be fine, and I recommend that you approach this experience with **humor**.

"You gotta' be kidding," I said out loud when I heard that suggestion.

I am not joking. It is a much better approach than fear, and I will be by your side to help you through this learning experience, he assured me.

Two days later, I sat in the waiting room of the oncologist. After we met, he led me to his examination room, where my X-rays were displayed. He'd circled the tumor and said it definitely needed to be removed.

"Can you tell—is it a boy or a girl?" I asked in a serious tone. I wish I had a camera to snap a picture of his expression. It was truly a KODAK moment.

"Mrs. Hadsell. I understand you're over sixty years of age, and it's unlikely that you could be pregnant," he patiently explained as his eyes narrowed. He looked like he was trying to decide if I was for real or only playing dumb.

I kept up the serious tone and said, "I guess you don't read the National Enquirer. Space aliens have been coming down impregnating women for quite some time now."

He turned and looked at me. He didn't sigh or roll his eyes; he didn't have to. He knew how to deliver a stare.

Walking to his desk, he picked up my medical file, looked at it briefly, then asked, "Mrs. Hadsell have you had a brain scan?"

"Why, no, why would you ask that?"

"Because what you were about to undertake is serious," he said as his face clouded with concern.

"OK, let's make a deal. You be serious, and I'll be silly. Lighten up. Lighten up. I'm joking," I said, trying to put him at ease.

He was only casually amused as he ushered me into his office so we could discuss the next steps to be taken.

"I'll make the arrangements, and we can schedule the surgery for next Friday," he said after looking at the appointment calendar on his desk. "You need to fill out a consent form to have the blood transfusion," to explain to hand me the paper to sign.

"Why is that necessary?"

"It's a precautionary measure. I found that patients in your age group bleed more during major surgery, and I want to be prepared."

"I'm glad you called that to my attention. I will stop the bleeding, so that should prove to be no problem."

"You will what...?" he muttered as he gave me another KODAK moment, you know—the I-can't-believe-what-I-just-heard look.

I sense that my last remark needed an explanation.

"It's mind over matter technique. I've used it in the past. It is quite effective, and it's one less complication you will have to be concerned about," I assured him. "Here, give me the form. I'll sign it if it pleases you."

He watched as I signed my name.

"I want to have the surgery Monday," I added as I felt this doctor would be the one to help heal his body.

"That's impossible. I'll need to reserve the operating room, contact the anesthetist and another doctor to prepare."

"Well then, don't just sit there. Get on the phone and make it happen. I want to get this over with as soon as possible, so I can get on with my life."

Too startled by my request to offer any objection, he got on the phone, and within fifteen minutes, all the arrangements were made. (I must explain I have another compulsive disorder: I'm pushy.)

I was to spend the night in a hotel annex to the hospital, so I could report Monday morning at 7:00 a.m. for surgery. Yes, I was scared. I would be lying if I said I wasn't, but for some reason, I KNEW it was the thing to do and that it would be OK.

After arriving home that afternoon, I headed for my recliner to review the day's activities. My Twilight Zone doctor was sitting in a chair in front of me, ready to help me sort things out.

Now let's review what is in store for you. You will have sufficiently recovered and will speak at the convention. There will be some discomfort, which you must accept, as it is just an unpleasant experience one has to bear while in a physical body. You'll be able to handle it sufficiently with the techniques you witnessed during your stay in Russia. Remember, everything is energy. Energy comes in pulsations. When you give it negative energy with fear, it becomes almost unbearable. When you repeat 'healing-healing-healing' instead of 'hurting-hurting-hurting' the energy changes and feels like waves of soothing soft strokes, and the body heals more rapidly. Review all of this information so you can prepare yourself.

I have what some people might consider to be a hang-up. I chose not to tell or discuss my physical problems with family or friends because I know how the mind works. Just the word cancer frightens people. The first thing they think about is how many people they know that have, or had, cancer and how they suffered. The next thing they do, is think of me, and I pick up their thoughts and fears, and I have to deal with not only my own thoughts but with theirs. So... the only person who knew I was going in for surgery was my husband because he, too, knows how the mind works, and I could count on his positive support.

One of my friends that I met at the lecture circuit summed it up this way. "Don't tell anyone about your problems—fifty percent could care less, and the other fifty percent are glad you got 'em."

NO! That's not Christian thinking, but it is thought-provoking.

Monday morning, after checking into the hospital, I was put into a small room where I was slipped into a gown, was helped onto a gurney, and given a shot. Five hours later, I opened my eyes and saw two doctors, the anesthetist and my husband standing around my bed.

"We want to know how you stop the bleeding?" the anesthetist asked.

"She talks to her body and tells it how to behave," my husband answered, relieved that I would be all right. I was immediately aware of all the tubes attached to my body. My one goal was to get out of that place as soon as possible.

"When you feel pain, just press this button and medicate yourself with drugs." The doctor pointed to a bag hanging on a pole by the bed. I never pressed the button. When I was aware of discomfort, I mentally changed the pain pulsations to healing waves of energy.

The following morning when the doctor came by to check me, he read my chart and shook the plastic drug bag. He then asked the nurse if they'd hooked up another bag and didn't record it. She replied they hadn't.

"Don't you have any pain?" the doctor asked with concern.

"Yes, I do, but I want to clear my system of drugs. I don't want to depend on drugs."

"You're probably one of those people who have a high pain tolerance," he rationalized.

I didn't tell him that my doctor from the Twilight Zone was giving me better advice than he was. I was out of the hospital in three days and presented my speech at the convention two weeks later.

Funny thing, the doctor from the Twilight Zone only appears when I ask for advice about a physical, mental, or emotional challenge.

If my experience sounds far-fetched, I suggest you read Rebecca Latimer's book *You're Not Old Until You're Ninety*. She, too, had a doctor from the other dimension and also used visualization to speed up the healing process.