

FROGS

We came to visit Almine and went with her for a walk. There was a little ditch next to the old growth forest where we strolled and it was filled with tiny frogs. Almine picked up some of these and stroked their bellies and backs. We tried to do the same, but they jumped away. When Almine held them, they seemed almost in a hypnotic state as she sat as though in communication with them. Later, she explained that this species on our planet is in an infant state, though on others it is highly evolved and dominant.

That night I felt more than the usual presences in the house. There were loud snaps and pops in the walls and sometimes the sound of footsteps.

The next day I gave Almine the gift of a massage because I knew how stressful the demands on her time were. She went into a state of ecstasy soon after I began, precipitated by feeling a huge vortex opening above the massage table, and became nearly transparent to me. I helped her to bed and remained in the house for three days, cooking for her family. She stayed in the ecstatic state, never leaving her room, but later described with great clarity the various events that took place in the house. When we asked how she could know that, she replied, "Only my body was incapacitated. I was still walking around the house."

Two Sisters from Colorado

Yogananda Vision

I am a devotee of Yogananda and was referred to Almine by a friend who had been helped after she inadvertently stumbled into a cult that followed her around and threatened her life. Almine placed a 'cloak of invisibility' around her and though my friend doubted that this would work, from that day on she was free of the harassment. It was because of my friend's testimony as to Almine's wisdom and abilities that I consulted her, even though I was unsure what I should ask or say.

As we sat in her sacred room, she went into an altered state and began to tell me about the dreams I had been having. One in particular had occurred while I was still in Assisi, Italy. How could she have known those details? She continued to provide me with detailed information and explanations about my life for about three hours. I was in a very heightened state and, glancing into a corner of the room, was overjoyed to see the figure of the master Yogananda take form.

After I returned to Assisi, an event occurred that no one could explain until I was again able to consult Almine. During that experience, I lay as though dead and felt as though my life force was ebbing from my body. I was sure I was dying, as were those around me. After two hours I resumed consciousness with memories of having been in another reality, receiving blessings from female forms that appeared before me as goddesses.

A Yogananda Disciple from Italy

A Weekend of Miracles

A group of us gathered at Almine's for prayers. It was a magical weekend from beginning to end, and we filmed many of the angels and beings in the house. At one point, Almine was playing pitch and toss with her little girl. There was a third participant, invisible to everyone else, who was obviously a part of the game. The ball moved in a triangular pattern, even though only two players could be seen. It was amazing to see how the child responded to the unseen presence.

One brother from Canada had placed his daughter's picture on Almine's altar and asked for healing for her. Almine stood in front of the picture for a few minutes, then left the room. A ball of light moved from the right side of the room and entered the picture. The father filmed this healing energy Almine had called forth from the healing angels. Later, as he was standing in the living room, I filmed him as an angel appeared next to him.

Our 'thank you' gift to Almine was a DVD player. For four hours a number of us, including a man who worked daily with sound and video equipment, tried unsuccessfully to get it to work. Trips to purchase various auxiliary bits and pieces to see if they would solve the problem were unsuccessful. Finally, we apologized to Almine for bringing her a non-functional piece of equipment. She looked thoughtful for a moment, said "Why don't you just do this?" and pointed at the TV. Immediately both the TV and the DVD player began to work and have done so since. I asked why she could do this and we could not. She laughed and said, "Of course you could. The only difference is that I know I can and you don't".

A Los Angeles attorney

Roses

Fires had been raging for days very close to my home in New Mexico. Drought was severe, the land was barren and the garden I had raised with love and pride was withered to nothing. The ground was parched and dry, the hardiest of creatures were dying and the heat and smoke from the fires was stifling.

To still my fears, I had been listening again and again to Almine's tape, Songs and Prayers for the Millennium. One night as I again listened to her words, I was struck by her saying that the Infinite shows Itself in every part of Creation and the face of God can be seen in a single rose. I went to sleep with this thought in my mind.

The next morning as I stood washing the dishes and looking out through the kitchen window, I was astonished to see a solitary, perfect red rose blooming from the stems of a brown and barren bush. I had long since given up hope that, given the severe conditions, the bush would live – let alone bloom again. My heart swelled with joy and, just as Almine had said, the glory of God was revealed in the rose.

A New Mexico Student

Emmanuel

Having spent most of my professional life as a scientist, I decided to research and write about healers and the energies their hands produce. After a short interview with Almine, she invited me to attend a men's group gathering at her home in Oregon. During that event, the following occurred:

About halfway through the week, Almine told us she woke that morning with the knowledge that something unusual was to occur that day. The morning was to be a session with a nun who was very knowledgeable about plants and their healing properties and another session with a gifted energy healer.

While the energy healer was lecturing, Almine called the nun to her room. The nun emerged, obviously agitated, and said an angel calling himself Emmanuel had appeared and given them instructions about what was to occur. She had dressed Almine in white, placing her under white sheets on the healing table where she levitated intermittently for more than five hours. Only the nun was able to enter the room. In mid-afternoon she was told the brothers could be allowed in to stand around the table, each lightly laying his hands upon Almine. As we did, powerful energy went through our bodies and the love was palpable throughout the room. Many were brought to tears. The light in the room had an orange tinge and Almine later explained that this is characteristic of the next overtone of this dimension.

As Emmanuel instructed, we went to the beach and sat in silence as our lives were clearly revealed before us. The clarity we received as a gift from this experience could not have been obtained by ourselves. It was a gift of God and the unseen holy ones present that day.

A Scientist from Colorado

During one mid-winter, Almine asked me to visit her. Coastal storms were raging and most people were huddled around their fireplaces. I had to drive for three hours in this weather and was 45 minutes late for my appointment with Almine, whom I had not previously met. As I arrived at the house, I was rehearsing my apology for misusing her precious time. Dashing through the pouring rain, I was surprised to see a blooming rose bush by the door. As Almine opened the door, I blurted, "A bush full of roses in the middle of winter and unharmed by this storm?" She laughed, saying that the bush blooms a few times a year, but always the day before holy masters appear in the house.

Explaining that she had been in prayer, she said, "I asked for you to be 45 minutes late because I wasn't ready any earlier." The experience of that day erased years of suffering caused by child abuse. I felt as though a heavy weight had been lifted from me and my life turned around completely.

Artist from Portland

Manifesting

I was with a group of women who had gathered to study with Almine in a town near Reading, England. She was to arrive from Toronto, accompanied by her young daughter, but had been delayed because of the number of people at her previous event who had needed healing. She had called ahead to ask that we have some rice milk on hand for her daughter, who is allergic to cow's milk and would need a bottle before going to sleep.

Somehow, we forgot this simple request and when Almine arrived with a jet-lagged child, there was no milk for her. Almine filled the empty bottles with water, held them in her hands for a moment, and when she replaced them on the counter they were filled with milk. Later, she said it wasn't the first time she'd had to turn water into milk and told us about another occasion.

The other event occurred when she arrived with her daughter in Vancouver after a 14-hour flight. She intended to go to a bathroom, rinse the bottles she carried and fill them with water to be turned into milk. She was so tired that her intention lacked focus. Rinsing the bottles, she noticed the water kept being white and could not understand why they would not come clean. Finally, she realized that milk was running out of the tap! She said she felt foolish – a bit like Mickey Mouse in *The Sorcerer's Apprentice*.

Student in Virginia