

My First Past Life Regression

For some a metaphor of the mind, a crazy messed up dream, fiction.

For some others, an Awakening, a growth of Inner Light, a Spiritual Journey.

It was the second last day, the day of our draw to see who will be receiving a Past Life Regression in front of our class. We were so close to being Certified Hypnotists. All the studying and the practical hypnosis we learned to craft on each other had our interests and curiosities boiling in anticipation. Earlier, those who volunteered wrote their names on an individual small piece of paper which was placed in a hat. There were only six names in the hat out of our twelve person class.

All were interested in seeing how this was applied. We had nothing but hypnosis and studying for certification in our minds. This was a fascinating break from it all which put us on the edge of our seats. For me this would be the gem of my interest. I was very excited to witness such a thing. To see the reactions and mannerisms of the person regressed would be very intriguing.

After a small build-up of suspense the name was called It was me. My name was called. There was a couple seconds of shock before I mustered some courage. As I got up all eyes were on me. While walking up to the infamous comfortable chair facing the class I was convincing myself that this was still a good idea. I sat facing everyone. I was watched intensely as I was guided into hypnosis. Soon it didn't matter what he was saying. I was remembering what he told the class earlier about facilitating a Past Life Regression. I was completely fascinated. My fears bowed down to my Spiritual curiosity. I am grateful to have a lot of trust and respect for my instructor. So, I let myself fall deep into hypnosis with ease and comfort. I remained open, choosing to judge nothing. Just letting the experience transpire and happen naturally was my best judgement. My facilitator was my trusted guide.

Past Life Regression starts with Age Regression, and I was asked to go back in mind and memory to the age of about fifteen and see or find a positive memory. With ease I remembered my mother driving me to the licence office to write my Beginners Driver Test. It was the morning of my sixteenth birthday. On the way I saw how small a few rows of evergreens were then. They are much taller now and have grown strong since. When asked, I

remembered what I was wearing, blue jeans, black shirt and a sweater beside me. I recalled the, “mom radio station” I almost couldn’t stand. Most of all I felt what a negative teenage attitude I had. Thought I had it all figured out, mad at the world. A bad ass who thought it was all about me. I said that we took the back way the road I travel now to work.

It’s difficult for me to explain that it felt like more than a memory. It is more like a perfect re-enactment of a memory with feeling in a kind of third person perspective. In that frame of mind, that third person perspective, you can control the intensity of the emotion felt. You just have to be told this or reminded. It’s a strange thing to admit but when I noticed the size of the evergreen trees, just the vivid detail in them, there was an odd trust gained. Trust in the respect of what I was doing. At this point I let go even more. I went deeper in mind and let more of my subconscious come forward. Please understand it’s not a retreat or a relinquishing of one’s own power. It’s simply letting the conscious ego personality, the normal awake you, watch without scrutiny or judgement of any kind. You are very relaxed and feeling completely placid, safe, at peace. You maintain realization that you still have control of physical movement. It’s just for this “exercise” put in neutral.

My experience flows in memory like a story rather than hearing questions and answering them. I’m to trust my hypnotist who was my guide, my facilitator and basically report all I could. I write this from my memory, the facilitator’s notes and the notes of a classmate and friend. This can never be written as a report. So, I offer my story. For reasons which I won’t explain here my Past Life Regression didn’t record... wouldn’t record on three devices.

The facilitator still using Age Regression asked me to travel back in mind and memory to my age of two or three. My immediate response was, “He was tall and thin.” My Grandfather, I was able to see his face and stature, an image I had forgotten. My family was there visiting grandma and grandpa. My grandfather picks me up from the floor and I drop a wooden block, I remembered, even heard the noise, the sound against the floor. He and my father were drinking casually and laughing. I remember saying out loud, “My grandfather doesn’t know he is going to die soon.” I felt at peace for him. I felt a, “knowing” that he would be ok. Further I was regressed to the time in the womb of my mother during her later stages of pregnancy. I was asked if I could feel my mother’s emotions in regards to me. For personal reasons I won’t say, but I knew her fears. Answering a couple more questions that would ensure a bond, a communication and above all a safe journey we were ready to venture into the beyond.

I was headed towards a complete unknown. It was agreed I would just let things happen. Let these events transpire naturally on their own. There would be time later to basically put the things you are about to feel and witness under the scrutiny of the logical

surface mind. Or plainly put the part of the mind I was in charge of had to stay neutral or placid. For now I was so relaxed. The surface mind or personality would not, (I would not) judge, analyze events or raise any conflict or scrutiny. I was completely willing to watch these events unfold without interfering or judging. Using functions of the surface mind would hinder the depth of hypnosis. This would take away from the experience or abort the exercise entirely.

Harder to explain is what happened next. This doesn't get easier, I apologize for grammar. A higher part of, "me", stepped forward to answer a question from my facilitator which would allow us a- The Great Passage. There was now, Spiritual Guidance, a Higher Power with me. I was with what I assumed to be a presence of my higher mind, maybe my soul. Protection and our permission to take this journey was granted and assured. All went black, slowly in front of me my surroundings turned to a foggy grey, then there was some colour. The Tibetan word for this place is Bardo. Edgar Cayce called this place I was led to The Blue Mist. I was in an absolute positive place, apart from body, connected to a greater state of awareness with Mind and Spirit.

Perhaps I was past our Earth consciousness and into the Psychic Realms or Higher Spheres exploring a path in space and time strolling along our Astral Plane. I was more than ok or well and fine. I was healing. I felt as though I was gaining, seeing myself slowly coming full circle. I was completely at peace with all of, me. I was floating, there wasn't ground. This blue and purple mist swirling around me was the safest place I have ever been. Letting go of dead end opinions, self-doubt and numerous random fears that only made half sense or no sense at all, gave me a vast freedom of liberty, mine to claim. I then fully accepted this Journey as an experience that had to happen. More apprehension and doubt disappeared, dissolved. Slowly moving forward I saw what I could only describe as a staggered row of dim lights before me.

I was urged to focus on the one that stood out. Focus on the light that was beckoning. I was convinced I was receiving guidance without a voice. A very passive "We should do this." was decided and I just followed along. As I set a curious gaze on a single light there was loving acceptance. I was pulled towards it. There was no fear. For a moment everything was very black. Like eyes adjusting to dim surroundings everything slowly changed. With a brief confusion I felt I was standing once again on solid ground. The wind was at my face as I was gathering my bearings. I have never forgotten how blue the sky was. I breathed in very deeply and immediately felt this is not the me I know. This man was not the man I am.

The voice of my facilitator was in a different place from me now. I heard him clearly but he was nowhere close to me. Still I knew he was a link, my guide, my way back who sat only a

few feet away. I was asked to look down at my feet and tell him what I saw. I was wearing what almost resembled sandals on brownish tanned feet. I had a sense of great physical strength. The voice of my guide asked, "What are you wearing?" I said "I'm wearing what I killed to eat. I'm wearing the skin from a large doe," an old female deer. It was then I fully knew who I was and what I was about.

This awareness felt like a calm surge, a gentle rush of a granted knowing. There was complete peace and comfort throughout myself. I/me, this person I visit was a wise Spiritual man. The next thing I knew of was my home. I felt the strength of love I had for my young wife, love for my community and a sense of importance, a role. I had a much more depth of knowledge and understanding, a unique perspective of what we deem as simple things. From the leaf that falls from the tree to the fish that jumps, breaking the surface of a lake, it all mattered. It was all... valid- truth in expression. I was very strong but there was so much more to me than size and physical strength.

It was awkward for just a moment, almost unwanted, when I heard my facilitator's voice... To offer an explanation, I was with this man, visiting in a first person perspective. When I heard questions directed toward me all was understood. Although to answer the questions it was like a translation had to be done. Not so much in words although that's partially true. It was a translation of another's thoughts and happenings, impressions and feelings, to put into my own words completing an understanding to report back to my facilitator.

Reporting back to the facilitator now felt like I was in a third person perspective. Most of me was far away from the eyes of my class. It was such a strange trust. Sitting close to them all but at the same time I was so detached from them. My mind and focus were in a different place. In a flash I and this man I visit had understanding with one another. "All was well and this is an honour to us both. Much respect coming to me here this way," he said to me without words. That was it, we were as one. The next question from my guide, my facilitator, "What colour is your skin?" To one who has never seen a different race of man this was an odd question. I or he wasn't racist, he didn't know how. He felt he needed to respond with pride and a sense of identity. "My colour of skin? My skin and flesh have been kissed, blessed by the sun and the wind."

When asked what was around me I said I was headed toward a clearing a few miles away from my village. I was out on my own scouting, looking for tracks but in no way was I hunting. I was looking for patterns, signs left behind. I am completing a long walk to what has

been deemed as a Holy place. It was a place to find guidance, harmony and the right direction for my community to go.

When I got to my destination I was again asked what was around me. I, or he answered that we were along the sea side of a mountain about one third of the way up. We were in a clearing surrounded by a tall rock wall. On the other side there was a cliff face an edge overlooking the sea. The detail, what I saw around me was nothing less than spectacular. Through the ages wind's mysticism patterned clay and sand against the clearing's rock wall perimeter. The clearing resembled a soup bowl. The wall was about eighty feet high. Nature forged a circular setting of raw natural beauty. There were enormous trees of cedar and birch with an oak tree on top of a small hill where I was. The path ended entirely just before the big oak. There was a great waterfall fed by a stream which was created by the melting caps on the upper mountain. The falls fed a very small basin with raging water before disappearing into the mountain rock where no man could ever go. The height of the cliff face was no less than three hundred feet from a rocky sea below. The tranquil view by the edge out to the sea could plainly never be equalled, beautiful. All this was a sacred place to find wisdom.

Please understand I was not only answering a series of questions, reporting back. The experience will not be forgotten. There was much detail, I could see, hear and feel all of it. My emotions, how I understand and judge and experience everything absolute, made what I was a part of truly real and incredible, a raw freedom never forgotten.

"Why did you choose to come here at this time?" The response I couldn't properly articulate was I come here for my people, my village. It was a late summer and a poor harvest this year. Not much will keep. After we come happily together with food and fire, this concern of wellbeing makes one speak of bad outcomes. The whispers of men grow to make uncertainty real. There is fear in my village. The minds of families are muddled. We need confident solidarity to be vigil. All of us need to be at peace before winter. Out loud in a response back to my facilitator I know I said only a small part of that. I was asked again what I was doing. I said, "Being patient with a breeze." I was listening for the right harmony in the wind. "I listen before I ask a question. Talking to the air, talking to the endless breeze takes patience," I/he said. My facilitator, "Did you receive your answer?" "In time yes", I responded. "Please tell me what you heard." he asked.

"Solid and strong willed must be your way to help guide them into winter. Make your people work together. Build great bonds with each other. Reaffirm your strength by gathering theirs. We are to be stronger as a group, our bonds made firm... Understanding giving to others is giving to ourselves. We must grow as a circle. We must grow like the rings of a tree.

We will find most of our food through winter with the hunt. I am to trust that our needs will be sustained allowing comfort and peace. We are to be patient with our Mother Nature as she is patient with us. I am to journey to better understand.” My guide’s voice sounded like a loud whisper, “A journey to where?” “A journey that starts with being very still gazing at fire than riding a drum into the Freedom to learn, heal and grow.” I was asked if I was a leader. I couldn’t give the exact title. I was then asked “What is your function, how do you serve your community”? I had a passive humility about me and at first I didn’t want to speak of it. I was a Holy Man for a village of about fifty families. They say both the people and our leader that they need me in this position. Where I am strong, others are not.

“Please tell me your name.” my facilitator said. I answered; I spoke my/his name.... For reasons I don’t fully understand I will not write it here. “Please tell me about your home”. It would be called a hut but more of a rectangle, common two sided roof. It’s a house more than a hut, (I was explaining a picture in my mind rotating in a freeze frame.) “Tell me about the inside.” There are different plants hanging upside down drying. There is a large bowl of clean water on some sort of pedestal. I saw a small pile of different but appealing, very cool looking rocks. There were some discarded bones in a corner. In the center there was almost always an endless fire. On a long extended shelf or bench there were many rolls of furs.

As I looked around I knew my house wasn’t built with the same wood as the other homes. My house was raised a bit higher than the others. My home was by itself almost hid away from the others by a small cave. When I was asked anything about the cave or what was in it I refused to answer and had emotions of a stand-off. My facilitator moved on by asking the name of my village. I couldn’t say the name. It was a phrase of people being by drinking water but still close to the ocean. My specific homes location was closer to the ocean. When I was asked about the distance from my home to the village I said that if there was a yell I would hear it. “Why do you live apart from your community?” My response after such a long pause was, “My position says I must.” I was seeing in my head that I am not, *apart* from them. The word apart was bother- some almost negative.

“With whom do you live?” said my guide. I knew I sat up a bit in my chair and smiled faintly as I replied “I live with my wife”. After a moment I said “A wolf is trying. “ After the wolf was questioned I responded, “I fell asleep by myself outside at night by my fire. I awoke suddenly, startled by quiet rustling, a wolf was very close to me. He could have had me hurt, he wasn’t afraid caught so off guard I was. We both understood that. The wolf was alone; a whisper told me he had magic. I threw him some left-over meat scraps he was after than he trotted off. Now there are many mornings we eat close together. I told the others leave the wolf be unless

he is about to do harm. It seems I am his only curiosity, he is barely seen. I talk to him, I tell his Spirit we could work together, learn to hunt together. We would eat better, and know wolf I spoil you with cooked meat. Let us be friends and work together. I have told him this for many days when we eat early together. We are slowly becoming friends.”

“Will you please tell us about your wife?” the facilitator asked. “My new wife is young, beautiful and eager to bring me children.” I said happily with a sense of pride. “She is well respected and truly fearless. She is beautiful without trying. Her father is a great man and a wise teacher. Our families have fought and hunted beside each other for generations. She is good with medicine and makes me very happy, thoroughly. She speaks for children and has no tolerance for abuse. She raises their potential and confidence. She always says “Beyond”, when starting her many stories of adventure.”

I was asked about eating and the kinds of food available. I said we eat what the forest provides. We eat a variety of plants and some of their roots, we grow a few vegetables. We do well hunting, and dry meat to keep over time. We eat lots of fish throughout the seasons both fresh water and from the sea.

My guide’s voice, louder, firm,” On the count of three I will snap my fingers. Upon doing so please go to an important event of your life.” All images swirled into a speck and disappeared. Everything was dark. After I heard the snap all my emotions changed. I was angry, horrified and sad. I felt some self-blame and pent up rage. I was frustrated beyond imagine, disappointed. I had to be strong so others could gather their strength as well. What felt like a second was about four years ahead in this man’s life.

“Tell me what you see. What is happening? ““I killed many!” I said in a staggered voice through tears in this- my place of safety. “They came in the night, shortly before dawn. They came to murder, to evict and exterminate us.” We were being conquered. My guide, my hypnotist, “What are you doing right now?” “I’m just finishing aiding my wife. Her arm was sprained, thought it might be broken. Her head was opened; she lost a lot of blood. She is to stay with the leader’s children and others in crisis, her position is honourable. She has done well.” “What happened? Is she ok?” “She will live. I stopped her bleeding.” After applying a kind of salve he burned plants and a root for a healing smoke. “Her sister will keep her awake for a while.”

He started, “Some time ago traders came in peace to our village. We and they made bonds, good intentions for both of our futures. They left us with smiles on our faces. We were deceived. None of us saw what was to come... I did not foresee it. Two moons (moon cycles) later they raided and killed quickly. I heard a scream of fear, dogs barking. I felt a hate and

domination against our people. My wife puts her hand on my shoulder as I rise. "Stay well," she spoke. "We will not die today." I assured her. "Let's go where we belong." I called on wolf while running toward the village.

In over four years' time I and this wolf had developed a trust and friendship. We taught each other how to hunt better-how to hunt together. I was asked to say the wolf's name but our languages are too different. In a flash this Holy man said to me in thought, your large group of words mean one thing, too singular. In my language a phrase means so much. He yelled for the wolf and his Spirit to help him kill- told them both to help. He called for the magic of the wolf. He not only welcomed but insisted his Spirit become a part of him. He thought about this intensely as he ran. I/he imagined and focused this desire; he saw it happen in his mind while running through darkness.

This peaceful community was being burned, lit with torches. There was complete hostility. I/he chose to stay hidden but moved very fast, knife and club in hands. They didn't see me coming. First through the darkness of the forest than running in the shadows on the edge of my village, they did not see me. Running towards the edge of darkness I found both my opening and timing. I leapt into chaos and started killing strangers. As I mythically broke joints and spilled the blood of raiding cowards I was overcome inside. There was no logic or decision. I dropped them dead. I overwhelmed the first small group of these evil men.

While running I saw their blood on my hands. Four men dead in just a few moments, it happened within seconds. It was invigorating, brutal, and gave me (both of us) fear. Still, with hope the village will get through this purging he encouraged and accepted the presence inside him. This greater presence inside his head dictated the flow or rhythms or direction of body movement that was methodical. There is a lot about this segment of time I don't understand, how I, or he moved like that. I killed quicker than the ferocity of a wild animal. I was extremely harsh but fast, relentless without any thought. I became intoxicated, crazy in a want to kill them all most violently. I saw my community, my family, all I know threatened, screaming, burning and dying.

I ran, now more, a larger group of murdering cowards in front of me through smoke and some fire. It was my close friend's house burning. I heard a familiar "growl n bark". My back left side; the wolf runs directly up to me brushing my hip. Perhaps making sure the blood is not my own. My wolf friend is now very ready to help kill these intruders. Through fire and shadow the wolf intercepts this bunched group. The wolf leaping past the turned backs of three tackles the one that sees him first. The wolf in an instant pins and rips open the intruder's throat. As the three turn to advance on the wolf I pound one coward's right ear with my club and stab

the others right kidney. I finish them quickly, cutting, letting their blood flow bringing them death. I felt myself smiling. The third man turns toward me ready to engage. The wolf now regrouped in his stance attacks the one who just turned his back to approach me. The intruder is simply taken to the ground and killed quickly by the wolf and the spear of a friend. Killing the last three in this group was very easy as we saw their fear. We agreed us two would fight close to each other, strong bonds instantly made. Two men and a wolf that was our group, we fought close as we advanced on our attackers.

Why were we no longer being overwhelmed? My mind dances in the passion of killing to keep all of our own alive. I became a butcher to those that came to kill us. I cut and smash flesh and bone. I saw fear of me in the eyes of strangers before I take their life. I had to unite our warriors. I yell old words that carry power for my people. It was a call to unite in an unsafe time of dismay. The response rallied our remaining strength. Strong men covered in blood rose to their feet looking to fight when they needed to heal. We fought hard, intense and with courage, we keep what is ours. We watched the few remaining raiders run scared to their retreat. Blood trails told their path into the dense bush. I yelled for all of us to put down rage and weapon and help our families heal. Death and a lot of hurt fell upon my community but they worked and fought together, saving most of the village and over half of its population.

For days after, until the new moon the Holy man I visit tried to bring ease to a dark aftermath. He gave thanks to our Great Spirit often. In both the night and day he went through the village sometimes yelling burning herbs, plants and dried roots while gathering in mindset. He buried rocks giving praise to his people's unity, their joined Power. He was chasing away fear. He was calling on anyone lost in death to find the Light, to go where they need to be.

There was a plan being made to hold talks with two far away peaceful communities and have "unions" to replenish our community. We are of the same ways and mindset in regards to life. A few families chosen and approved upon would join our village. After discussions of this tragedy it was agreed they wouldn't come back. "There were more attackers than able fighting men in our community." I/he spoke, "The raiders had the surprise and full advantage. They lost." His voice echoed for the gathered community to hear. "Emotional pain and open wounds make strong scars. Patches to remember what we keep close to our hearts teaches love and keeps us united. We will seek no vengeance. Be strong enough to forgive your own hate. Never forget this tragedy but keep your Heart Free!" This man I visit... He was a great man speaking at his leader's side.

I write this from the notes of my facilitator, a class mate, my memory and the unique perspective I was in. Facilitator's notes consisted of a few sheets of lined paper written in

point form. My class mates notes about the same. I was sitting in a chair facing eleven people and my Hypnotist. At times throughout the session I knew of my tears and a quivering jaw but I felt great, better than how I usually am. To a large degree I was feeling the intense emotions of this individual. His life was being viewed, no experienced, from such a place of love and safety. I felt placid; no matter how this session presented itself I knew I would always be ok, that was a complete known. There was so much more to it than an agreement of answering questions. Report back everything you encounter. Tell me what you see, hear or feel, even touch if you can. See things without judgement, just take it all in. Experience it don't analyze it until later.

I understand, fully document all information, but... A few sheets of paper written on in point form can in no way present or give any idea as to the exceptional life I was visiting for just a short amount of time. Crazy? Almost, but I was there in sequences. I was asked to recall some important events and go over the circumstances. Review and answer questions about a lifetime from a firsthand account. This experience for me is almost indescribable. The word profound is not good enough. The vivid detail and emotion made this experience very real. Our class tried to record this session on three different devices. It simply would not record, sometimes this happens, we were told.

The Hypnotist's voice," Please go to another important event in this life. One, two, three", his fingers snapped. Everything again changed. I was in my late forties. Most of the men in our village went off in different directions hunting. There were six, five men groups of hunters and a few men and children who would fish. We were out in the morning after a heavy rainfall earlier in the night. Because the air was heavy with only a slight breeze we could smell a boar. I was of three that ran in the direction we thought the boar to be. The other two ran in a semi-circle to get a rear advantage. We stop briefly to find the new direction. I was reminded how I missed my wolf friend.

Five paces after starting again my good friend in front of me slips on a rock. Watching him try to keep his balance was such a comical display. He falls hitting his head. He gets up quickly, laughing he nods to me and says "keep your things off me I'm fine, let's eat that pig." The three of us laugh than suddenly the two that circled around yelled out to us. They were telling us the boar was moving fast in our direction, big tusks. We split up in three ways to entrap the boar. We run down this great meal. It was not my kill. I'm not as fast as I used to be. The boar died well. The five of us happily gave thanks for pig meat and honoured his Spirit Crossing. Very heavy male boar big tusks, broke two spears running than took an arrow, good fight.

The others hunting have done well also. We prepare the boar and six deer for a fire as we eat fish throughout the late afternoon. A large rack from one of the two bucks was given to me. Squash and corn have been gathered for our autumn feast. This was the time when we hunted often to dry and cure meat, to use the entire animal for many things. We feast and celebrate Life and Spirit well into the night. The fire was very big, clean white smoke.

I chose this time because I wanted to watch my son on this night again. I am so proud. His path to learn of Spirit gives me comfort and confidence. My people are becoming strong in their decision to look to my son to keep Spirit in their hearts. I am convinced and honoured my son will replace me and take my role. When I watch him interact with his peers and elders he shows the right balance in his words. He has made strength in others and helped when they are in need, regardless. He has a strong heart that searches for truth. Tonight during a big fire I'm giving my son blessings to hold Spirit with men. Although he is not ready, his place has been set. Tonight I know this to be true. He was grateful to see this time again in his life. My hypnotist's voice," At this time I ask you to move to the time of events and circumstances that led to your death."

Again all changed and faded into a softer light, there was a moment of silence. I could feel emotions and mannerisms inside this man heightened, or grown. In a way I plainly don't understand he felt completed or done. This was all in positive mindset, almost not a bad thought in him. He had remorse but that was self-blame to a mild extent, something he often challenged silently inside. It was in the afternoon when the sun was at its highest. I see this great man I visit with a weathered warm kind face, old, humble, grey hair and strong eyes. He was sitting so close to a cliff face happy and at total peace. He was remarkable. He said to me with a glance that we are close to where our journey started.

We were very high up on the side of a mountain overlooking the sea. Behind me was the majestic clearing and further on the other side past the waterfalls was the big oak tree and pathway to the bottom. In front of me is visual magic. Such a beautiful endless sea chasing the horizon as we felt the mist in the wind created from the rocks below. The waves pounded the cliff face, jagged rocks everywhere forever at the sea's mercy. This man three hundred feet up sitting at the very edge of a cliff overlooking the sea, happy, utterly content and forever thankful, was sincerely waiting for death. He was ready. Spirit! My things and learning are completed in this shell. What more do you have for me? This was his mindset.

A lot of time passed between a question from my hypnotist and the last answer explaining detail and the surroundings. I was asked if I fell. "No... so different" I responded after a calm smile. "It's not like that with my place, my role. It's my son's time. He learned the good ways of

Spirit and the heart of man. It's now his role to keep people's hearts with Spirit, to bring them closer to their own. He is respectful to our Great Spirit." He was waiting on the cliffs edge, enjoying just being free, listening for the voice in the wind. I remember he spent a lot of time their just being happy going over his life. There was no judgement or categories or labels. Just remembering, like breathing in a perfect rhythm for some kind of comparison. I wish I could describe the free thinking this man employed. His creativity and resolve, his relentless balance toward negativity, a true diplomat just a remarkable man.

"What is going on around you?" my hypnotist asked. "A friend appears. He is a bird. Not a hawk or an eagle... I have never seen this kind of bird." He is magic to mankind as he is forever a guide into the Spirit World. The man I visit was convinced of this. I could feel his strong faith. The bird shouts into our head, "Trust Love!" He embraces the raw feeling of those two words. There wasn't any fear. He rose up, deep breath, eyes forward and stepped off the edge. The peaceful fall in the winds embrace felt like timeless freedom. Hitting the rocks and water below, the man I visit dies very quickly. I am there with him. Everything about all our senses is changed, electrified. We are now rising, apart from an empty broken body. I keep rising faster. I see the part of the world I am in before I'm once again in the Blue Mist. I was still with him, this man I visit. He was healing and understanding what transpired. There was a haze of golden light surrounding him.

I was asked by my hypnotist what the most important lessons were in this life explored. My response was, "A mutual respect for leadership- to defend and protect a community while in a Spiritual position- and to again experience a raw freedom." I was asked what brought me the most happiness. I said community or family and celebrating Spirit with smoke. I was then asked what brought me the most sadness. I said it was losing my first wife and killing misguided men of greed. My facilitator asked what would the present self say to the past self. "Be kind to yourself, let go of blame because it was yours to experience, learn and feel." In the position I watched from that was an easy comment to make. The message from my past self to my present was direct. "You have clouded your true self with other's stupidity for too long. Gather your strength to learn yourself and remember nature; spend more time with our Great Mother. Know in darkness you will always see. Be like water, it flows into itself."

I was asked about the karma this great man faced, made or endured was. A rush of horror and sadness overcame me and left in an instant. It was strange and felt very controlled in a passive understanding manner. That's the best description I have. This man's karma was balanced. He showed many people faith that truth on the inside affects the outside world. His biggest mistake was he invoked Spirit, in focus and emotion, to help kill many men. Yes, they were attacking but he gave into a bloodlust, a total emotional frenzy of enjoyed rampage. He

married the emotion of loving to murder after invoking Spirit to help kill men. The last question was asked, was there a final message? I felt this man I visit looking at me but he was no longer in my sight. "Know in darkness you will always see. Our soul is protected. Forever believe in Spirit so believe anything is possible." There were mutual final thanks between us. I had no final message. Words of closure, healing and peaceful separation were said. I remember my count out to our normality. From twenty down to our level witch would represent one. At least that was my interpretation. The count was gradual and peaceful. The transition back is enjoyable.

I am thankful my facilitator reinforced, made sure I would remember and be able to process all that I saw in good time. All the eyes of my class were on me as I gathered my bearings. It wasn't a problem but I'm very glad I was told to take my time. I was in no physical or mental pain but I just went through an entire life in a short amount of time. I left the room, walked a bit, drank some water and after a few moments I came back in and sat down. Some of the faces of my classmates were memorable. Looks of awe and curiosity, I had no choice but to answer a barrage of questions from my audience. I'm told by my instructor I make a good hypnosis candidate. I let myself go very deep into hypnosis and have good detail, visualization, audio and emotional information to relay back to my facilitator.

Circumstances and events happen so quickly that it takes a little while to put everything together. You really have to slow down what you remember and analyze all of your experience to understand all of the events and circumstances. Again for Past Life Regression to work the conscious mind or ego personality, the normal you, is put in a willing voluntary neutral position. You will have time to analyze events later. Many people research names dates and places, if possible of course. Some of my clients have followed up with research and told me of their remarkable findings. Our sub conscious gives us our dreams and greater memory. In time I would be able to process all that happened. Some of my early confusion would be given answers. Unfortunately my session didn't record. Thankfully this experience will not be forgotten. What made it seem so real were the emotions involved. I was given a unique and humbling experience. I realize I am such a small piece in such a grand puzzle but my piece of the puzzle is truly valid- a stitch in a tapestry, for simplicity.

Or I could view this experience differently with any and absolutely all emotion, belief or faith deemed intrusive. Just the facts for later research, procedure and documentation kept purely clinical, scientific. Maybe I should see this experience as some kind of metaphor of the mind or a misplaced dream. Put under the microscope of scrutiny analyzed fully until, and always leading to, a useless conclusion. After all in regards to the largely uncharted sub conscious mind our knowledge is limited.

Perhaps it was this way of thinking that convinced us we need to confine, than rob an animal of its life for proper scientific study instead of watching a life express naturally. A Human Mind, understanding a Body, Spirit left out of individual reason. I choose to look for a greater truth. I believe we did not arrive at birth without a history. We really have just scratched the surface. Although like I said in the beginning, Past Life Regression, if you are not ready to “go” your sub conscious mind won’t let you.

So why would anyone choose to do such a thing? I’m sure I lost the skeptics a while ago. Please first allow me to ask, do you place worth on truth or belief? What are individual truths and or beliefs? Do you search for truth? Is it easier and better to believe what others have thought? Is that enough? How do you feel about religious dogma? Does our science have all the answers, truly? Have you become your beliefs? Or, do you stand apart from your beliefs forever letting them be explored? Analyzed your thoughts and beliefs, by only yourself and dwelled upon gives growth to your reason. How else do you decide to let go of the old beliefs that no longer serve you or perhaps once weighed you down? Is inner growth healing of the self? I want to believe that.

A search for truth is an individual path, becoming self-aware, growing thought and mind, raising consciousness. Past Life Regression I recommend to the Spiritually curious seeker. If you are of this mindset and feel bored or caught in a rut, need a push or are ready for “seek and you will find”, please gather some courage to face your own unknown. Gather your own and explore self. Allow “The You”, a timeless glimpse inside, away from your everyday thinking box.

My first Past Life experience for me was one of exploring and acknowledging a higher path making a realization in my past made truth. Thank you for the letting go of useless negative thoughts and thinking patterns. I believe it was very beneficial for me to try and assimilate my positive experiences into everyday living. Let it become part of my wellbeing, part of my life. So in regards to beneficial therapy and a potent reminder of a healthy way of thinking Past Life Regression has been an asset to me. As I am learning to be more, my first Past Life Regression has left me humbled, very gracious and thirsty for more. I have reasoned Past Life Regression is a raw reminder of positive direction. I accept that our universal progression is held in a timeless, graceful patience. It’s a reminder to move forward- to really accept, “All”. Edgar Cayce said, “The Spirit is the Life. The mind is the builder. The physical is the result.”

Perhaps a thread is fixed in the tapestry of self. You are learning about and helping a different but equally valid piece of the greater self, a “you” interacting with a different self. You’re given a Greater Knowledge. This perspective brought back to the here and now applied

in your everyday life is a priceless gift. A gift of higher knowledge to incorporate into your normal state of awareness is true wisdom. Past Life Regression will help grow your consciousness and perhaps bring you closer to personal enlightenment. It's the Spiritual Journey, a quest seeking inner peace and atonement (at one ment), or amends with our Greater self-leading ultimately towards our Maker, just my words my opinion.

A decision was easily made right away. It was within a year I had certification to facilitate Past Life Regression from the Ontario Hypnosis Centre. Since that day facing the class I have had many sessions of Past Life Regression to pursue exercises in further studies of hypnosis like Life Between Life Journeying and a few other Spiritual Healing modalities. I am saying you can trust me as a guide. That's exactly how you should view a hypnotist. I am a guide to your own- a Metaphysical Hypnotist. I am very thankful for my instructor the Director of the Ontario Hypnosis Centre. Forever grow people's freedom of thought my friend.

The ability to explore Past Life Regression is yours alone. I am a guide who keeps you on your path of focus. I lead you through a series of suggestion allowing you to bring life into your inner surroundings. This creates your personal connection with a desired purpose from the beginning of your session.

Facilitating Past Life Regression since 2011 is an honour. I feel it to be a true privilege that's very rewarding. I'm always looking forward to my next client and the ride back home feels phenomenal.

A half hour free mandatory consultation will begin your appointment. The session lasts at least a couple hours. All questions are welcomed and encouraged.

Written by Bill Runke a Consulting Hypnotist a Metaphysical Hypnotist a Reader of Tarot and
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