

## *PAST LIVES – FACT OR FANTASY?*

Everyone has their opinions about Past Lives. I tell my clients, “you can’t prove it, but you also can’t disprove it. If it’s real, or if it’s only something that your mind makes up to explain a present problem or reality, it really doesn’t make any difference – for therapy purposes it works.”

When I tell a client to go to the source and cause of a problem, and they end up in what they perceived to be a past life that gives them clarity, but are very confused because they don’t believe in past lives, I suggest that they just go with it, because it may just be their subconscious creating a fantasy to explain or help resolve a problem they are experiencing.

Of course, I also have clients who just want to explore past lives from a curiosity standpoint. Jennifer was one of those clients.

Jennifer was also a friend. I was introduced to her by another friend, Eleanor (not their real names). When I first met Eleanor I felt an immediate (almost motherly) bond with her. She was a few years older and she gave me a lot of motherly guidance, support and encouragement. From this point on I will refer to her as “mother”.

Mother introduced me to Jennifer and another immediate bond was created with my “sister.”

Mother was very protective of both of us, but particularly Jennifer, perhaps because she was younger. Mother was not at all happy with Jennifer’s choice of boyfriends, particularly her latest suitor, telling him constantly that he wasn’t good enough for her. She was also telling Jennifer that she needed to stop seeing him, that she was much too good for him.

One day, Jennifer called me and said she would like to do a past life regression. We set up an appointment and a few days later she was in my recliner moving backward in time to a time and place of her own choosing . . . as I counted backward from ten to one. I instructed her that on the count of one she would be at a time and place that would be significant for her to explore at this time.

As the images of where she was started to clear, she began to describe her surroundings in detail. She described colorful tapestries on the walls, heavy wooden chairs with faceted nail heads, stone walls and floors. It sounded like she was describing a medieval castle.

I asked her about her family. She said she had a sister who was older and her mother was mean. I questioned her more about her mother and she said that she hated her because she sent all of her suitors away because “they were beneath her and weren’t good enough for her.”

I instructed her to move forward in time until something significant happened. When she started to smile, I asked her to tell me what was happening. She said that the man she loved, more than any other, had just come into the room. She ran to him and they embraced. In the middle of a long kiss, her mother came into the room and demanded that he leave, and never return or ever see Jennifer again, or he would regret it.

Jennifer began to cry and then she got angry. I questioned her about her anger and she said it was the last straw, she couldn’t take it anymore. And then she told me she killed her mother. I asked her how she did it, and she said she picked up a knife off the table, faced her mother as if she was going to hug her, reached around her and stabbed her in the back twice. I asked her what happened next. She said she spent the rest of her life in a turret.

I brought her back to the present and we discussed her experience. She said it was so vivid, she felt like she was there.

I asked her if there was anyone in that lifetime that is in her present life experience. She told me Eleanor “mother” was her mother then and that I was her sister. And . . . the man that mother sent away in that lifetime is her present boyfriend.

Ok, I know what you’re thinking . . . classic case of the mind creating a fantasy to explain a present reality. Perhaps, but don’t go there yet, this story isn’t done.

We then discussed whether we should share this with “mother” and what her reaction might be. We finally decided that she should tell her, so Jennifer called her and set up a time to meet her the next day. I went with her, in case she needed my support.

When we met with “mother” Jennifer told her that she had something she needed to tell her, and she related the whole regression experience to her, including the fact that she killed her. “Mother” asked her how she did it, so Jennifer walked over to her, and faced her as if she was going to hug her, reached around her and then said, “I stabbed you . . . here and here.”

“Mother” pushed her away and said, “you SOB,” and then she started to laugh. “It’s Ok”, she said. “You see, I have scar tissue exactly where you said you stabbed me. I was born with it and the doctors have no explanation for it. You have solved the mystery. Thank you.”

Is this a past life experience, carried over into this lifetime, or a subconscious present life fantasy? Fact or Fantasy, you decide.

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