

## The Awakening

I'm nobody special. I'm not a Tibetan monk, avatar from India, priest, minister, or even a simple psychic. Except for a few dreams around the time of my mother's death I didn't have any paranormal experiences. I married, had a family, and am currently the Chief Financial Officer of an international corporation. It doesn't get more status quo than that. Then at the age of 50 my world started to turn upside down. My father was struggling with end stages of cancer and I was his caretaker. I gave him everything I had but he died anyway. I thought if I just took really good care of him I could keep him alive, maybe indefinitely. He was in pain and tried to stay alive for me but his pain was intense and one hot summer night in August he finally let go. He died in the early morning hours. He had insisted on sleeping in his own apartment that night, instead of our house. I left his apartment at 9pm and spoke with him on the phone at 11:30.

At 4 am I awoke startled. I dreamed my dad was in our house. He was walking up the staircase to the second floor. He was weak and had no sense of balance anymore but loved going up the staircase. I ran to assist him the way I had so many times before. I placed my arm behind his frail frame and said "let me give you a hand, Dad". We always laughed at the way I held him tight. For a short person I am very strong. I always told him he would never fall on my watch! As I assisted him in his ascent up the staircase he lost his balance and fell backward. I had my arm behind him so he wouldn't go anywhere but he fell right through my arm as if he were made of loose particles, not a solid mass. I grabbed his shirt as he fell but that too was loose particles and I couldn't get a grip on it. My father fell backward and landed at the bottom of the staircase, on his right side, with his knees pulled up in the fetal position. He didn't move. I picked him up and started running to the hospital with him in my arms. I sensed he had died but somehow he spoke to me without opening his eyes or moving his lips. He said, "Where are you taking me?" I responded, "to the hospital". He was very sad and said "don't take me there." Confused I asked him why not. He replied "Because they will revive me". I said, "Dad, I can't *not* take you. I *have* to take you to the hospital". I felt his sadness and awoke startled.

I was sick. I had been fighting a fever for the last week but I couldn't slow down. My dad needed help several times a day. I took care of him before work, at lunchtime and hurried back to him right after work. I was sweating from the fever so talked myself into going back to sleep. Surely this was just a dream.

I arrived at my father's apartment at 7:00 the next morning, the dream still fresh in my mind. I called his name but no answer. His bedroom door was shut so I opened it and again called out to him. No answer. I walked in and found his cold body on the floor, on his right side, with his knees pulled up in the fetal position.

I'm nobody special. Why did I dream these events? It appears my dream coincides with the timing of my father's death. Was this his farewell message to me? How can he communicate with me when he's dying? Where did he go after he died? Where is he now?

My sensei noticed I was having difficulty with my father's passing and recommended some books on spirituality. I had no prior knowledge about anything I was reading. I devoured every book I could get my hands on. Everything I read was so new and unusual but somehow it seemed like I knew it already at some unconscious level. I read "Embraced by the Light" by Betty Eadie, "Many Lives, Many Masters" by Brian Weiss, "Talking to Heaven" by James Van Praagh, "Life on the Other Side" by Sylvia Brown and many more incredibly wonderful books, all talking about the same thing. I couldn't believe I had lived 50 years without knowing about any of this.

Around this time I attended a presentation by a local medium. I had no idea what she did or what the show would be about, but it peaked my curiosity. There were about 50 people in the audience. She spent the first part of her presentation explaining what she sees as a medium and how the spirits interact with her. She then started to pick out individuals within the audience and describe the spirit that had passed who was speaking with her. I watched as the medium described deceased loved ones and passed on their messages. She was so kind and gentle to everyone. One after the other, she nailed the description of the deceased loved one, leaving the surviving relatives in tears, happy tears. I was shocked. Could this actually be true?

Then she came over to my husband and me. She again gave an unbelievably accurate description of my husband's father and grandparents and then turned to me. I had no deceased relatives or friends visiting me from the other side but she saw an angel with me. Then she saw piles of books and nailed my two book a week reading habit. That shocked me more than anything she had said yet. I was a closet reader, only my husband knew what I was reading. I preferred to keep my odd interests to myself rather than have to explain ideas to others that I didn't really understand myself. Then she looked deep in my eyes and told me I was a healer. I would be healing many people. I'm an accountant not a healer. She must have me confused with the lady next to me. No, now she lost all credibility. I'm an accountant, not a healer.

2005 is a blur. I'm an accountant and our company was going through due diligence. As CFO most of the work fell in my arena so I worked long days, seven days a week. I

still missed my dad and at some level I felt a good work ethic was somehow honoring him and the values he had taught me. I still found time to read but nothing more. By the end of 2005 our company had been purchased by a much larger corporation. For any other accountant this would be an exciting opportunity. I was the CFO for an international corporation which was now a subsidiary of one of the nation's largest corporations.

I worked hard to get to this position. I had married young and when my children started school I went back to college. I worked full time during the day, went to school at night and studied on the weekends. This was a hardship on the whole family and we all had to sacrifice for the sake of my education. In the end it worked out. I have a great job but something was changing inside me. My job held no appeal any longer. My heart just wasn't in it. Other things started to interest me. I studied Reiki, then Rising Star healing and finally Reconnective healing. All of this fascinated me. I went from being a closet reader to a closet healer. Perhaps the medium knew something I didn't. Certainly I couldn't share my new interests with my coworkers. I would lose all credibility if they knew I was exploring these spiritual concepts.

Out of the blue I decided to take a hypnotherapy course. It was certainly interesting but I had no idea what I would do with this new skill. Shortly thereafter I read Michael Newton's book Journey Of Souls which recorded the journeys of his clients as they passed out of a previous life and into the Bardo or between lives state. The information they received in this spiritual state was incredible. I had to find out more. From my logical accountant mind it appeared this type of hypnotic regression had the potential to answer some questions I have been asking, like where do we go when we die, and where is my father now?

I started to search for training on between life regressions. I finally found an organization that offered this training and signed myself up. They were willing to take me despite my inexperience with hypnosis, after all I'm an accountant not a practicing hypnotherapist. They did however require I take an additional class in past life regressions before I attended their training. No problem, I had a month to figure this out and there were lots of past life regression classes advertised on the internet. I signed up for one in New York City but was notified a few days later it had cancelled. No problem, there was another one in Los Angeles that sounded more fun so I signed up for that. That one too cancelled. I found two more but each of those also cancelled. With only one week left before my between lives training I started to panic. I scoured the intranet over and over but only found classes in England and Israel which looked like the only possibility. I finally stumbled upon a past life regression class being held only an hour from my home. I have no idea how I missed it in prior searches. I called

them immediately and they had room. No cancellation this time. This class turned out to be a life changing event.

The teacher was a practicing past life regressionist from Manhattan. I was mesmerized (excuse the term) by his knowledge. He seemed to have the missing pieces on how to use my hypnosis skills for healing purposes. As I listened to him I thought this is what I want to do with my life! We all went around the room telling each other who we were and why we were taking this class. I told them all my story about signing up for 4 past life regression classes that cancelled and how I needed to take this class so I can attend a between life regression class in Denver next week. My instructor's jaw dropped and he told us he would be attending the same class. What a coincidence! These classes are very rare and there are very few hypnotherapists who offer between life regressions. Only ten people had signed up for the class in Denver, one from Turkey, two from the east coast (he and I) and seven from Colorado and California. I couldn't help but think it was more than just coincidence my other classes had cancelled and I found my way to meet this most unusual person.

As expected, his class was fantastic. I couldn't wait to get home and try this out on my friends. We split up into pairs and practiced on each other. Since there was an odd number of students I ended up having to regress the instructor. Talk about pressure! I was so nervous as I tried to remember everything he taught me. It ended up working out fine. He actually told me I did a good job! Outwardly I gave him my CFO obligatory smile but inwardly I was doing my happy dance! I did a good job! Maybe I can really do this after all!

We ended the class with a group regression. This should be fun. Since the instructor was my partner and didn't need any practice in regressions I didn't have the opportunity to experience a past life regression yet, so this should be interesting. We all closed our eyes and the instructor took us down a long path and into a past life. As we landed we were told to stamp our feet and feel the Earth beneath our feet. I followed his instructions and saw dust rise up from a dirt road as I stamped my little bare feet. I was a young boy of about four years. I felt something ominous about this life so I tried to get out. I returned to the path that had brought me into this life and chose another path. Hopefully that will take me to a different past life. I stamped my feet as I jumped into this new life but I was back where I started from, the same little four year old feet. Again I felt that unsettling feeling so again I tried to jump into another life. No luck. For the third time I found myself on a dusty road with dirty four year old bare feet. I gave up and just allowed myself to become immersed in the scene around me. I saw my parents talking and laughing with a large group of people. We were all traveling together and I felt happy to be a part of this group. In the middle of this group was someone I knew and loved very much. He looked at me and without interrupting his conversation with

the adults he motioned to me to come. I ran and jumped in his arms. I felt him catch me as I looked deep into his eyes and felt the essence of this being. I felt indescribable love and acceptance. I recognized this person as Jesus and even though I was a very young boy I held a total understanding of who this person was and why he was living. I recalled a sea of thousands of souls gathered around this person before he was born and all were honored to share this life with him.

How can this be? I don't go to church and I am not a religious person. As I'm pondering what I just witnessed the instructor moves us forward in our past life. Suddenly I'm watching Jesus speak to a crowd. My parents and many other followers are assisting. Oh no, I know how this story ends! Maybe since I'm just a boy I will not witness the end of this story. "One, two, three, you're in a significant event in that life." The instructor has moved us forward again and I'm at the foot of the cross. I'm seven years old and this man that I love so dearly is hanging in pain high above me. Oh my, nothing could have prepared me for this! As his body remains nailed to the cross he walks among us in some sort of spiritual existence and tells us we must continue his teachings. I'm still a very young boy and I sense myself wailing inconsolably. Jesus comes to me and emphasizes the importance of spreading his teachings and healing others. He shows me how he heals and tells me I will remember all he has taught as I grow older. I feel his beautiful love as my body is whisked away from that scene. "One, two, three, you are now a few years older and in a different scene". The instructor has pulled us forward in time. The master is gone now. I'm still grieving. After a few more jumps ahead we end our past life experience but for me this was just the beginning.