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Forgiveness, A Past Life Regression

Lincoln Stoller, PhD, 2015

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Matile is 84 and curious about alternative healing. Having misplaced her glasses she can't read our practitioner descriptions so an intake volunteer at the [Rondout Valley Holistic Health Collaborative](#), where I am giving Past Life Regression sessions, chooses me at random. She has never heard of me and has no knowledge of regression.

Matile is guarded and distant. I feel no rapport, and I am uncertain how this will work out. I begin with the standard relaxation and lead her down an imaginary hall of doors "behind each of which lies a significant scene in a significant past life." She finds a door, opens it, and steps through. She tells me the following story without any further prompting.

"I am a young man, 34. I live in the Midwest. I'm getting married. We live in a mansion. We have servants."

I move her forward in time.

"My wife is pregnant and she is about to give birth. I am waiting outside the room where she is delivering. I'm not allowed inside. There is much crying and screaming. It goes on for a long time. I am worried."

I move her forward again.

"We have a daughter. The mother and child are alive but the birth was difficult. My wife recovers physically but not entirely psychologically. She is traumatized and terrified of pregnancy. Our relationship is cold, she will not touch me."

Move forward.

"She avoids me. I feel alone, angry. I need an heir but I cannot divorce her. I think I must kill her."

I say, "I will count to three and you will be in the next significant event of this life: 1, 2, and 3. What's happening now?"

"I am 38. I'm at my wedding. I have a young wife and we are very in love. She wants to bear children..."

"I have a son. We are very happy. We are a family..."

"My son is growing up. He has sandy blond hair. I can see him. We are proud of him..."

I ask her to move forward to the last day in his life and describe his passing.

"I am an old man. I am in bed. I am ill. My family is around me..."

"We are a loving family. My wife is distraught at my passing. I see them all below me, I am not frightened but I am uncomfortable. I do not feel good about what I did. I do not feel at ease. I don't know what to do."

Speaking to the spirit of this man I ask Matile to rise up above this death bed scene. I ask him to turn his gaze toward the sky, to leave it behind and to see himself as moving forward. I ask him to look into the distance, to search for a sense of movement, to examine what is around him, to notice what is unusual and to discern, to the best of his ability, any voices, spirits, objects, entities, or energies nearby or faraway and, if he can notice something, to turn to move toward it.

Eventually a field of distant stars develops into something that contains star-like things within reach. An object or entity, diaphanous, comes close enough to envelope his disembodied self. This is not unusual. These entities can provide wisdom. Sometimes they have a name or color, sometimes they are familiar.

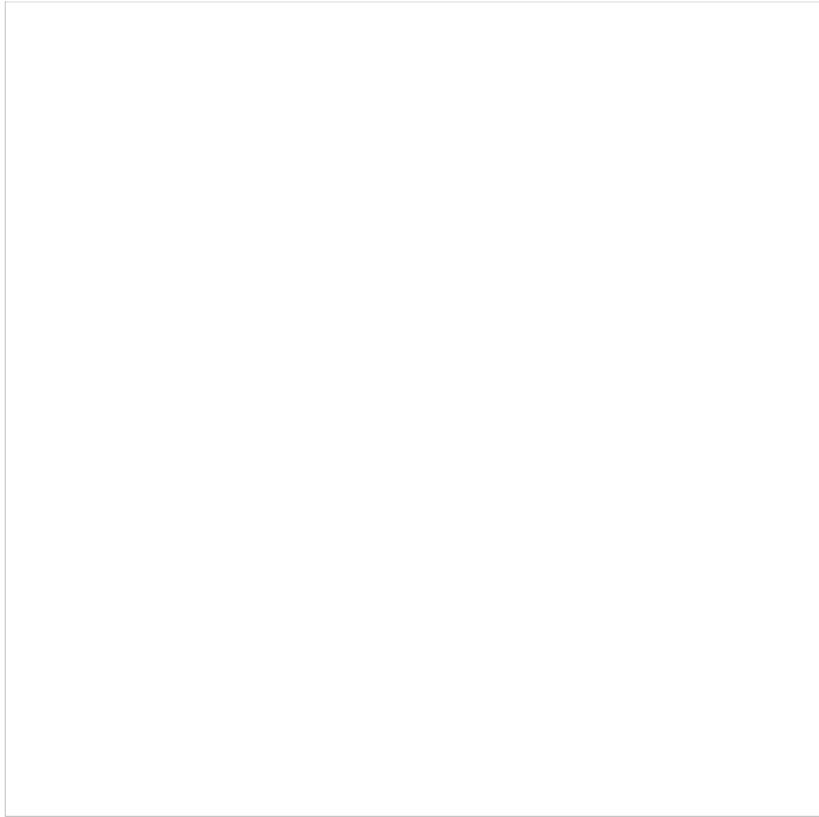
This is the afterlife journey, often a slow and formless movement through fields of light and energy. In my role as facilitator I encourage detail: if there are colors I inquire about shapes. If there are shapes I inquire about boundaries. If there are boundaries I inquire about faces. If there are faces I inquire about voices. I counsel patience support movement, looking for change and motion to, or through this fantastic world.

Change is slow and journeyers are in deep trance. It is a soulful place of deep connection. An intuitive place of resolution and illumination where I often must be the one to ask for words that otherwise go unspoken and unremembered. And so I do with Matile, and so she channels to me the message that it was not his or her fault, and that what came to pass had to be. There is forgiveness and her guilt is released.

Sitting there as facilitator I hold this space steady enough to manifest but I experience it vicariously, if at all. I am telling you what Matile said but I don't know what she felt. My senses are stopped up with a consciousness of time and self; her senses are not.

I bring Matile back to the present through a count of five: fully able to remember all she has seen and felt, able to return to those states and situations as necessary, refreshed, eyes open and alert. This old woman whom I have never met before turns to me as says, "That was amazing. I have felt guilty all my life, and now I know why."

Where did this story come from? Did it really happen? Can we meet angels? I believe these questions are unimportant; they are old concepts. They are baggage. Truly new growth exists outside of the old containers.



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