
CHAPTER 2

THE ORIGIN OF POOR EYESIGHT

Anyone who wears glasses knows poor eyesight has to do with the curvature of their eyes. But why did the curvature change? An optometrist can explain the physical reason, but what about the non-physical reason? In my first hypnotic regression I find, in a life lived long, long ago, the thought that is the origin of my poor eyesight in this life.

Okay, Pamela," I said as I settled into The Chair, "let's find out about my eyesight. Anything more than six feet away has been a blur since I was eight years old. And I had to stop wearing my contact lenses a few years ago when my eyes got too dry, so now I'm back to glasses."

Pamela and I began the session by muscle testing with NMR for almost half an hour. (The transcript of this NMR session is the sample NMR session at the back of the book.) As before, she gave me a statement to make and I repeated it. Sometimes she had me say the same thing in different ways to see if the answer remained the same. Then we checked the answers with my Higher Self.

At the end of the previous session we had learned that my poor vision originated in a thought in a past life. Today the muscle testing revealed the reasons in this life: an emotional contributing cause was anger at age eight, and a physical contributing cause was the fact that my eyes were too dry.

I asked if finding and healing the originating thought would take care of everything or if I would have to continue to address the physical cause with eye drops and eye exercises. Pamela answered that sometimes healing the origin is enough, but sometimes the dysfunction also needs attention on the physical level.

Using NMR, we asked my Higher Self if I should work with the originating thought first. The answer was yes. I would work with my eight-year-old's anger later (for that regression, see chapter 16). To determine the lifetime of the origin we tested backward from today. It turned out to be a lifetime in the first half of the first century CE as a male living in Judea. I was an Essene, a cousin of Joseph and a second cousin of Jesus.

I had never heard of the Essenes. Pamela explained that Jesus was born into the tribe of the Essenes. They were a disciplined religious sect devoted to spiritual knowledge and teaching, and they gave special attention and instruction to children who showed signs of higher levels of consciousness.

With NMR we found the specific thought that was the origin of my bad eyesight: I didn't want to see. I had been present at the Crucifixion and didn't want to see what I was witnessing. Further NMR indicated that this was enough information to proceed with the regression and that my subconscious knew where to begin.

"As we do the past life," Pamela explained, "what will likely happen is that as I'm saying you're going back into time and I say you're there, at some point you're probably going to think, 'I'm very aware I'm in the chair and she's talking to me. I haven't lost my sense of here and now, but I am starting to get impressions or thoughts, or visuals or feelings of that life.'

"At that moment, if you decide to go with the thoughts, the feelings, the impressions, they will draw you more and more into that life, although you are unlikely to lose all your awareness of here. But if at that moment you become frustrated and think, 'No, no, I'm here in this chair,' you're going to start shutting off the impressions.

"So at that moment I forewarned you about, just relax and allow the impressions to come. And when impressions or visions or thoughts or feelings come into your mind, simply state them. If you try to figure them out during the regression, you're going to bring in too much of your analytical mind. You have your tape recording and you have your memory. You can figure out later what things meant. And because we have the NMR, it allows you to relax much more in the experience, to say what comes to your mind, and we can test where that came from later, which really frees you to just go with what's happening."

And so I was off to the first century in my first regression. Relaxing was going to be a challenge. I had to focus. (For the transcript of this induction, see the sample inductions at the back of the book.)

Pamela began, using her soothing hypnosis voice, so soft and gentle, breathy, like a mother urging her baby to sleep, "So as you relax in the chair, relax the jaws, relax the neck, relax the shoulders. That's it."

She kept going right down to my toes and then started counting backwards from 100. By 96, the numbers had faded away and I was drifting back through time century by century.

Pamela continued, ". . . back into that first half of the first century, into the body, into the being that you are in the first century, . . . shifting into that awareness. Becoming aware of yourself there in the time of the first century in the body that you have now in that first century, into the awareness, into the sense of knowing of self in that first century as the Essene. Taking a moment to become aware of your bearings, becoming very

aware of your feet. . . . As you hear the sound of your own voice it anchors you more and more firmly into this time and place as I ask you, 'Your feet—are your feet covered or bare?'"

"Bare," my Essene answered. The voice was deep and sounded a little distant.

"And are you standing, sitting, or lying down?" Pamela asked.

"Standing."

"Are you standing indoors or outdoors?"

"Outdoors."

"Where you are standing, is the place familiar or unfamiliar to you?"

"Familiar."

"Describe your surroundings."

"I'm at the marketplace."

"Is it daylight or night?"

"Daylight."

"Are you alone or are there others?"

"There are many people."

"What are you doing?"

"Talking to someone."

"Look at the person you are talking to, and as you do, feel your *own body*, your *own* being. Now tell me—clothing, what are you wearing?"

"A long robe."

"Is the person you are talking to a man or a woman?"

"It's a man. As I talk to him I also keep an eye on what is going on around me."

"This man, is he young or old or in between?"

"In between. Middle-aged."

"How is he dressed?"

"The same as I am."

"And is this a familiar person to you?"

"Yes."

"What are the two of you doing here, in this place?"

"Just passing by each other. We are just acknowledging each other."

"What are the others doing?"

"Daily shopping and conversation."

"What is the exchange between you and this man?"

"Nothing intense. Just pleasantries."

"So all things seem rather quiet or pleasant today?"

"Yes."

"Good. Now think to yourself that you wish to go to an important event, to the next important event in your life. Be there now at three, at two, at one, and as you open your eyes, where do you find yourself?"

"My brother's house."

"Is your brother there?"

"Yes."

"Your brother's house, describe it."

"Stone, dark on the inside, like everybody else's house. Earthen vessels around."

"What's occurring here at your brother's house?"

"There's a baby, a baby boy. It's my cousin. Everyone is excited. There is something special about this baby. But there's something disturbing. There's lots of joy about this new little baby, but there's also like a cloud over him."

"What are your impressions of this baby boy?"

"I fear for it."

"Examine your feelings. What is your knowing?"

"Something is going to happen to this baby."

"Do you say anything to the family?"

"They know. Everybody knows. No, I don't say anything."

"Are the mother and father there?"

"Yes."

"Do you converse with them?"

"Just to say it's a beautiful baby."

"Is there more to know about this moment?"

"No."

"Then close your eyes again and think to yourself that you are going to the next important event in your life. You feel yourself being drawn there at three, to the next important event at two, and at one you open your eyes. What are you aware of?"

"The baby is grown up and he's talking to a crowd."

"Are you in the crowd?"

"I'm off to the side. He's my cousin and I'm there with the family. He's talking to this crowd. He's a teacher."

"What do you think of his teachings?"

"What he is saying is important, but it's going to get him in a lot of trouble."

"You're a teacher, too, right?"

"Yes."

"What do you teach?"

"Science, math, astronomy, that kind of thing."

"Have you taught your cousin?"

"Yes, but he's teaching spiritual things. He didn't learn this from me. This is a different kind of knowledge. He inspires people. And he teaches people about things not concrete. I teach concrete things. Jesus is his name, and he teaches about spiritual things."

"What do you think about these non-concrete things he teaches?"

"I think it's inspiring. And I think it's wonderful. But it's going to get him in trouble."

"Are you basing this on intuition or on what you observe?"

"Well, by now it's both. I've always worried about him ever since he was a baby. But now, politically—something is going to happen to him."

"Is the whole family of this mind, that something will happen?"

"Yes, everybody knows, but we don't want to stop him because it's *so* important what he's saying. He's helping so many people. He's helping so many people find peace. Their lives are so miserable, and he shows them that there's more than just physical reality."

"Does he still live with his family?"

"He's all over the place."

"Does he have followers?"

"Oh, yes. It's a movement. It's getting bigger and bigger."

"Does his family support him? Do you support him?"

"Oh, yes. But there's a *lot* of political repression. Everything is tightly controlled. He's really going against the grain and something is going to happen to him."

"Do you try to speak to him about this?"

"He knows. He's got to do it anyway. He's inspired. He's getting this from higher powers, and it doesn't really matter to him what's going to happen to him."

"Does it matter to you?"

"Yes. I don't quite understand why he doesn't care. I know how he *talks* about death and moving on. And it seems whenever it happens it's fine with him. I don't quite get that. I don't want to see him—it's not so much that I mind seeing him die. I don't want to see him tortured. That's my concern, that I'm going to see him be tortured. They don't just kill you, the Romans. They torture and make it painful."

"The young men in your tribe and the young women—are you taught how to withstand torture?"

"Yes, but it remains a real fear for me. So I stay on the sidelines. I know just being family I'm at risk also. But I still support him. I want him to do what he is doing. It's very important."

"Are you married yourself?"

"I don't have a family, no."

"Go now, close your eyes and see if your fears come to pass. Go to when that ominous feeling meets its manifestation."

Be there now at three, two, and one. Open your eyes and tell me what you see."

"I'm on a path on a hill. *Everyone* is there. I mean *everyone*. They've come from *everywhere*. They're going to crucify Jesus! And they're making him drag this *incredibly* heavy cross up this hill. And everybody wants to get to the front to see him. I can't cope. I'm back in the crowd. I don't want to see him. I don't want to look. He's not here yet. He's on his way. I hear they've stuck these thorns in his head."

"Do you know this? Were you told this?"

"I've heard from people who've seen him further down the hill that he's bleeding and it's just awful. But there's something about him, even though he's in pain and he's bleeding, and all those *physical* things, he seems to be out of body. But we all just see the physical pain that he's going through. I don't think I want to see it when he comes up the hill. I want to remember him in his beauty, talking to the crowds and seeing the inspiration on their faces as he talks."

"And as he comes up the hill, what do you do?"

"I take a quick peek and turn away."

"And what do you see in your quick peek?"

"Everything I've been told. He's dragging this *incredibly* heavy cross. The cross is on my side so I don't know if he's got thorns in his head or not."

"As you turn away, what do you look at?"

"The mountains in the distance."

"And what do you hear as you watch the mountains in the distance?"

"I hear the people around me. They're crying and moaning. Not hysterical, but just *so sad*. Very *sad*."

"And you are feeling...."

"Very sad. And angry—that the Romans can *do* this, that they have the kind of power that they can *do* this. And there's *nothing* we can do about it except find comfort in the commu-

nity of my tribe. We stick together. But one false move, and they just come and drag you out of your house. We are *totally* controlled."

"How long are you here on the hill?"

"It seems like *forever*. And *then*, they get him to the top and they strap him to this cross."

"Do you see it or hear it?"

"I can't watch it. I hear it. I mean, I hear the noises of it and I hear the noises of the crowd. But I can't watch it."

"What happens next?"

"They leave him there. I take a look, one quick look before I go. I say a prayer that he can just go quickly and not suffer. Actually, I thank him for all his teachings, and for being so brave and doing it anyway and fulfilling his purpose. We all knew it was going to come to some kind of end like this, but he just did it anyway. And I tell him how brave I think he is and how sorry I am that these horrible, horrible people did this to him."

"When you turn away from him, where do you go?"

"I start walking down the hill. It's amazing how many people are staying there, watching him up there. But I just can't do it. Maybe it's because I knew him from when he was so little and because he is part of the family. But I don't want to see him up there. I don't want to look at him up there. I just want to remember him in his passion."

"Where do you go?"

"I start walking down the hill. I'm alone. I don't know where I'll go. I don't want to go home. It's so solitary. I'll probably go back to the meeting place in town."

"We will talk again," Pamela says. "Go to where you can find solace and peace, for we have more to discuss when we shall meet again. Allow yourself to rest. Rest your eyes from what you have seen. Rest your body. Rest your mind, rest your spirit, rest your heart. And as you allow yourself to rest,

[I let out a deep sigh and visibly relax] that's it—and shifting now your awareness back into this century, into the twenty-first century and into this wonderful body.

“Take a nice deep breath [I take a very deep breath], that's it—and think to yourself that this went very well, thanking the subconscious for its guidance and reminding it, now you, that the next time the regression occurs it will happen easily and comfortably as you go *deep* into that time and place. As you think of the lifetime that was spent then, send it light, thankful for a life well lived and for knowledge well gathered.

“And as you are relaxing, think of that inspiration seen on people's faces, that light. And as you think of that light that you saw, feel its presence there with your eyes, that *healing* energy you saw—so alive, so active, so present—is present now with you, present now in *your* eyes, in *your* sight.

“As you take the next deep breath, you merge easily and comfortably—body, mind, and soul—in that *perfect* alignment for your being today as Ann. With your next deep breath you find yourself very much here in this time and place. At one, at two, eager to do a little bit of testing and talking here, with you and me. At three, feeling that energy of you today, that *wonderful* healing energy that is *your* life force, that is *your* spirit. At four, coming up more and more now. And at five, stretching here at five, and giving me your impressions as you open the eyes.”

After the regression I had many questions. For one thing, the experience of the regression had been very visual, yet I hadn't felt like I *was* the Essene man. I felt more like I was watching him. Pamela explained that like anything else, people become more comfortable with hypnosis as they do more of it. Many people start by feeling a bit of distance from the inner personality. Even after some experience with hypnosis,

they may still feel more connection to some inner personalities while others will feel very foreign.

Another question was: How could I know that I hadn't made it all up? I already knew a lot about the Crucifixion from being raised as a Catholic. Pamela and I tested many details from the regression with NMR, which confirmed that I hadn't made any of it up. My conscious mind had interfered slightly, trying to make sense of the experience by analyzing it, but it had not interfered with what was happening or what I saw.

I had found the originating thought of my bad eyesight. My Essene had said several times he didn't want to look, he didn't want to see the Crucifixion. That thought had become imprinted in my subconscious. I had also learned a big lesson about the price of not looking at reality—which I had done a lot of in this life. If I didn't want to deal with something, I just wouldn't look, figuring that if I didn't see it, I wouldn't have to deal with it. But I now knew there is something to learn in everything that happens.