

CHAPTER 4

STUCK IN A TROUBLED RELATIONSHIP

So many people end up in relationships that they know for certain are not to their greater good, yet they still cannot leave. Maybe it's a spouse or a family member or a boss or a friend who drives them crazy. Why does this person irritate them so much? Why can't they tell him or her to get lost? They may half-jokingly say they must have known the person in a past life—it's a surprise when they find out it is true. When we find it is true, what can we do about it? The following regression explores the invisible ties that keep individuals bound to each other across lifetimes. However, the session starts out focused not on relationship issues but on a sore arm.

My right arm is killing me," I complained as I settled into The Chair. "It started right after my last appointment. It feels like a sore muscle or a pinched nerve right up here in the bicep. I have no range of motion, and if I move the wrong way, the pain is

killer. Do you think this is a signal of some kind? I've got to do something about this arm!"

"Let's find out," Pamela replied.

NMR disclosed that the pain was a cell memory from my childhood. Pamela had already explained the difference between origin and cause. The origin is the thought or belief that started it. The cause is what triggered it to show up in my present experience. Something happened in my childhood to trigger a cell memory that was being signaled as pain right now, but where did that cell memory come from? I needed to find the origin.

Using NMR, we found the origin was in a life in the third century in what is now Holland. "Oh!" I exclaimed. "I lived in Holland. I have many friends in Holland, and my birth father is Dutch! And you know, the first time I went there I felt like I'd been there before."

Further testing disclosed I was a male in that life, a peasant who worked on the docks, and the origin of my arm pain came from an event in that life. So with the help of Pamela's gentle hypnosis voice, I was off to Holland.

". . . And you become aware of the sounds of the busy docks, the sounds of the docks, the fights that surround, and the smell that is there. Your olfactory senses are very profound. You become aware of the smell of the docks, the sounds and pictures, the sensations. And as you think of this and as you watch this, you become aware of how it would feel to be a male dockworker in the third century in Holland. Are you there, dockworker?"

"Yes."

"And where are you now?"

"At the docks."

"Are you watching or . . ."

"No. I'm lifting heavy, heavy things."

"Do you lift them by yourself?"

"Right now, yes."

"And how do you like the heavy lifting? Does it feel manly? Does it feel good?" Pamela asks.

"Just heavy. It's my job."

"Are there other dockworkers there with you?"

"Many. And lots of seagulls. The sound is deafening."

"Have you been in this job a long time?"

"It's my life."

"Did you start young?"

"Yes, when I was old enough for the lifting."

"And was it something you were happy to go into?"

"It was just my life. It's what we all did. There wasn't a choice."

"Are you a young man, a middle-aged man?"

"Now I'm in my thirties."

"Do you have a wife?"

"Yes."

"Children?"

"No."

"What's your day like? Do you work all day?"

"Yes. When I leave, people are still working. People come and go."

"Where do you go when you leave work?"

"I go to the tavern with other workers and drink ale."

"Is that a part of the day that you like?"

"It's the best part of the day."

"How late do you stay there?"

"Not late because I go home for dinner."

"Go home for dinner now. Do you walk home alone or with others?"

"We all leave together and go off in our different directions."

"How are you feeling as you walk towards home?"

"Good. I want to go home and see my wife and have dinner."

"As you approach your home, what does it look like?"

"It's a wood house. We have one floor with a large fireplace for heat and for cooking."

"When you come home, is dinner ready?"

"Yes. A big pot of something."

"How does your wife treat you?"

"She just says hello. No hug or anything. Just hello—oh my, she's [my ex-husband] Alex today."

"Are you happy you're home?"

"Yes."

"Let me ask you if this is a good moment to continue on with your life?"

"Yes."

"What are you eating?"

"Vegetables cooked in a pot and some crusty bread."

"Can you see your wife?"

"Yes."

"How does she look?"

"Smaller than most of the other women. I'm not very big. That's why I liked her."

"It must be hard working at the docks if you're not very big."

"I'm strong. But most of the others are taller with bigger shoulders. I'm just not as big as everybody else. But I'm strong."

"What do you feel about your wife as you watch her?"

"I love her, and I'm glad that when I come home she's there. She works hard all day. But she gets home before me and makes the meal. She works for somebody rich. She works in their house. It's not like some of the horrible jobs that other women have to do."

"Does she sit with you to eat your supper?"

"No, but she stands near. She pays attention to me, but she doesn't sit with me. Well, when I finish eating she might sit down."

"Indeed. Finish your meal and tell me what happens next."

"Well, it's dark. There's only light by fire. We sleep. There's nothing else to do. And the day starts early, early, early."

"Do you and your wife fight?"

"Not now."

"Move forward to when there is an argument. Let's see how you argue. Move forward into that argument. You are aware your wife is upset and you are involved in that situation now. Be there at three, two, and one."

"She wants more sex. I'm too tired. All day I lift and I drag and I pull. And I come home and I just want to eat and go to bed. She's upset because there's no sex—or just once in a while."

"How does she show that she's upset?"

"Now she just says she wants more sex. And I tell her I'm just so tired. I'll try. I love her. It's not that I don't love her. I'm just tired. And so I try, and I have sex with her. It's just not very rewarding."

"How does she react?"

"She doesn't know. But I can see now in the future that she's getting angry about it and saying I'm mean and selfish and not considering her needs. And she starts yelling and getting upset. She says she hates our house. It's dark, with a dirt floor. She's mad at me. She just yells and yells and won't let up. And it gets worse. And I don't want to come home so I stay at the pub. And that makes her mad. And when I get home, dinner is cold. And I get mad. And she gets mad. And we fight a lot. We just fight and fight and fight."

"Go to the last fight."

"I push her once. I don't hit her, but I get so angry with her, I push her. She falls down, and she gets really, really angry. She yells and yells and starts pushing me and she pushes me up against the fireplace. I push back because I'm afraid she's going to push me into the fire. She says if I push her one more

time, I'll be sorry. And I tell her I don't want to push her, but she's pushing me into the fire. And so she pushes me again. And I push her back.

"And then she grabs something and stabs me in my arm [in the exact place it hurts today]. I see stars. I see red. I'm furious that she did that to me. And I grab her and I shake her and shake her and I just get this rage. I don't even know who I am. And I grab her around the neck. And she's little and my hands are strong from work at the docks. I'm so angry with her. I've been holding it in for so long. The next thing I know she just goes limp.

"I'm holding her up by her neck. And I think, 'Oh my God, I killed her. I'm sorry. I didn't mean to do that. I didn't mean to kill you. You made me so angry. You yell at me. Nothing is ever right. I can't make you happy. But I don't want you dead. I don't want to be with you, but I don't want you dead.'

"Oh, I'm so sorry. I killed her. I can't believe it! It's like letting the air out of a balloon, all that anger and resentment and rage. Mine. I feel it all leave me. I guess killing my wife made me release all that anger. I feel bad I did it, but I feel somehow good, too."

"What happens next?"

"I go get friends and bring them back to the house to take her away. We need to do something with her body. Nobody asks me anything. People are killed all the time in my life. No one is ever punished in my class, so I'm not really afraid of that.

"We've buried her now. I come home and my house is so quiet. I feel relief. And now I really feel the pain in my arm. The muscle in my arm just throbs and throbs. Someone tied something around it to hold the cut together. It's stopped bleeding, but the muscle is just killing me. Oh, it hurts!

"And now I'm not working anymore, and I'm going to the pub but I don't drink. I just go for the company. And I go to the docks to be around my friends. I can't lift much anymore,

but they give me something else to do at work. I don't get paid as much, but I'm counting things as they come on and off the ships. My life is so calm now. It's so quiet.

"I feel bad. My wife saw the way rich people live and she wanted that. And she knew she couldn't have it. She blamed me and yelled and yelled at me. And the more she yelled at me, the more I didn't want to have sex with her, and that made her more mad and it just got worse and worse and louder and louder. But now it's so calm and so quiet."

"And then what happens? Move forward into your life."

"There's a group of us. We've all been married, but none of us is married now. Whenever there's time, we do something other than work. We always go together. We have such a good time because nobody is nagging anybody. Nobody is mad at anybody. Nobody has issues with anybody. We'd do anything for each other because we want to and not out of some obligation. It's nice. It's good."

"Does your arm ever heal?"

"The pain goes away. But it's always much weaker than it was before. I can't lift with it. I have to lift everything with my other arm."

"Do you ever think of your wife?"

"At first I did. At first, one minute I'd think, 'Oh, what have I done?' but the next minute I'd think, 'Oh, I love this peace and quiet.' I'm just so thankful for the peace and quiet. I mostly remember the yelling. I try to remember the good times before the yelling started, when I liked coming home. But I got to dread coming home.

"I didn't mean to do it. It just escalated and I killed her, out of rage. She got me so angry. I probably would have shaken her to death if I hadn't grabbed her neck."

"Move to a place now of knowing of that life, where you have left that life and feel yourself in that state of spirit

where you're leaving the cares and the worries of life behind you. Tell me the sensations you have in this state of spirit."

"It's nice. I feel light, like I'm weightless. I feel happy, and I see my life as sort of this little scene on a little stage somewhere down there. And I know I shouldn't have killed another person, and I know somewhere sometime I'm going to have to make amends somehow. But the whole village is like on a little stage. And I think, 'Oh, that's so far away. I was in it but I'm not in it anymore.'"

"What was learned? What was gained?"

"Happiness and serenity come from within no matter what is happening around you. You have to make yourself happy."

"What is unfinished about that life, if anything?"

"That I killed her to get the peace and quiet that I wanted."

"You said you would make amends somehow. What does that thought indicate to you now?"

"There are ways to get the serenity you want without killing for it."

"And would you say that this has been learned, that this has been recognized, that this realization is part of your spiritual awareness?"

"Yes. I know this now. We'll have another life together to resolve our differences without murder."

"Good. Move from the spiritual viewpoint into the present life, into the relationship with the one who was then your wife, the one known today as Alex. From your vantage point, what do you see or know that would tell you about the relationship and the letting go of that one now?"

"Well, I let go without killing him—although he says I killed him. That's the issue. He says I destroyed his life, I've destroyed his future, I might as well have just killed him. I know I didn't, but he, probably in his attempt to make me

feel guilty, is—most likely without knowing it—speaking from the life where I killed him."

"Yes. He is speaking from that lifetime, too. No future. You killed her. In your awareness now, how would you counsel yourself, from your vantage point, to let go of the guilt?"

"Now that I understand the lesson in this relationship, now that I understand the reason, there's no need for guilt. It would be wonderful if he could learn what I have learned. But I know I am not responsible for his knowledge and understanding."

"Wow!" I exclaimed as I stretched after hypnosis. "So I killed Alex in a past life. That explains why I could never leave. I tried so many times. I could never figure out why I couldn't get away. So it was karma, right? I couldn't leave because I had killed him before and hadn't learned the lesson. And you know what? He and the Dutch wife were so similar!"

"I had so many signals to leave. But I didn't know they were signals then. I fell off a step stool while we were painting a new house and tore all the ligaments in my left foot. It was like my body saying, 'If you're not going to walk on your path, I'm not going to let you walk at all!' What finally got me to leave was a 19-centimeter abdominal tumor. It was so deep there wasn't even a bulge—even on this skinny body. Fortunately I went to see a psychic before I had surgery. She was also a medical intuitive and she told me this time it was benign, but if I didn't get out of the situation that was causing the stress, next time it would kill me. It took the surgeon hours to get it out because it was stuck to all the organs in my abdomen. My organs were stuck just like I was stuck in that marriage. Recognizing a signal was actually a life-saver."

NMR following the regression confirmed that I had resolved my guilt and felt peaceful about the end of the

marriage. I had fulfilled my destiny to learn that lesson, Pamela explained.

“What is the difference between destiny and fate?” I asked. “I want to be clear about destiny and fate.”

“Destiny is what you planned before you came into this life. ‘This is my plan. This is my purpose. These are my lessons. This is what I want to accomplish. This is the body I’m choosing to accomplish it. I’m choosing the best set-up I can to accomplish this.’ Fate is what you actually accomplish while you’re here,” Pamela explained.

“So,” I added, “that’s where free will comes in. It’s our free will that is the determining factor in fulfilling our destiny. We can either go with the plan or not.”

“Yes. And when we don’t, that’s when things get carried forward to subsequent lives.”

My first-century life as an Essene had shown me how an unlearned lesson in a past life can have a physical effect on this life. My third-century Dutch life revealed the effect an unlearned lesson can have on a relationship in this life. Having experienced this much, I knew I couldn’t stop until I found all the stories from my past that were affecting my present experience.