
CHAPTER 5

THE ORIGIN OF A BIRTH DEFECT

In the few weeks since my first regression, my vision had started to improve. I was doing my eye exercises with diligence, and they were paying off. I now understood why I had such a hard time leaving my ex-husband. Next I wanted to find out about my heart. I was born with a faulty heart. In this regression I learn once again to look beyond the physical cause to find the spiritual lesson of a congenital disorder.

I was born with a complete heart block,” I explained to Pamela. “The electrical charge between the chambers is completely blocked. My pulse has been around 40 my whole life. Fortunately my parents never made me feel limited by it. I just didn’t have the wind for anything that required stamina, like swimming or running. But I lived in third-floor walk-ups—which always amazed the doctors—and I ice skated as a kid, walked everywhere when I lived in New York and Amsterdam, and basically ignored it.

"They found the block when I was a year old. I always knew that someday my heart would just give out because it had to work so hard, pumping a double dose of blood with each complete beat. And sure enough, about ten years ago I went into congestive heart failure and had to get a pacemaker.

"Nobody could believe I had lasted fifty-five years. The pacemaker was a good thing, though. I went in for surgery with a pulse of 35 and came out with a pulse of 60. I remember thinking, 'Wow! No wonder people have so much energy! This is great!' So now that I know everything happens for a reason, I want to find out why I have this heart."

"That's quite a story, Ann. Let's see why it happened."

With NMR we learned that the origin was an emotion in a past life in eighteenth-century Boston. I was male, a merchant, and married with two young sons. The emotion was fear, which led to a traumatic death that caused my heart problem today.

I had lived in Boston for nearly two decades in my present life. We tested for the exact address of the house where the merchant had lived so I could find it the next time I was there. It was in Back Bay, an area I knew very well.

"So," Pamela said, "I guess we're going to Boston. Let's begin.

". . . firmly, in that time and place, the sound of your own voice anchoring you very firmly, becoming very aware of yourself in the body you have now in eighteenth-century Boston and saying to me, your feet—are they covered or bare?"

"Oh, covered," a deep voice replied.

"What are you wearing on your feet?"

"Shoes—of beautiful Italian leather."

"Are you indoors or outdoors?"

"Indoors, in my office."

"Tell me about your office."

"There's a large ornate desk and a high-backed wooden chair with rollers on it. There are lots of cases around the room holding my files. They have glass doors on them that move up and down. My office is in the commercial area of Boston."

"Are you alone in your office?"

"Yes, I'm alone. And I'm very worried. I don't know where I'm going to find money. I can't figure out where I've spent my money. There's not enough money to keep going. I don't know where it went."

"Don't you keep careful records?"

"Well, it's not my strongest point. I have people help me with that, but often I tell them things that might mislead them. It started out very well and I was making lots of money. I'm just not quite sure where it went wrong. For so long it was so good.

"I have a wonderful lifestyle. I have a good life. But I can lose it all. I'm very scared. I don't know what's ahead. I could lose everything. I need money to buy inventory to import. I've taken too many draws out of the business to give my family—and myself, I can't say it's all for my family, I love it too—all the finery and servants and carriages and trips."

"What do you import?"

"Silks and things from the East—finery kinds of things—ivory for jewelry and ornate boxes and things like that. They're for people who live my kind of life. Expensive things."

"So here you are in your office, very worried. What are you thinking you will do?"

"I don't know *what* to do. I was going along thinking this money was going to magically appear. I don't know what I was thinking. I just spent myself right into a hole."

"Does anyone else know?"

"No. Which is *awful* because I don't have anyone to talk to about it."

"Do you have sons?"

"Yes. But they're young, ten and twelve."

"So no one to talk to and you don't know what to do. What do you do? Move forward to your next action. What do you do about it?"

"Well, now I'm really in bad shape because I've contacted my suppliers. They have sent me inventory on credit twice, but I haven't been able to pay them and now they won't do it anymore. So now I have nothing to sell. I have no way of keeping my business. And I have some loans that I can't pay.

"I can't face everyone knowing what I've done. It wasn't that I wasn't paying attention; I just did it anyway. I just spent more than I had. I can't face people. Everyone I know is so successful in what they do. Or, who knows? I appear successful, too. Who knows what's really going on with anyone? But I think other people haven't gotten themselves into this mess. I was just totally irresponsible. Oh, how could I have done this? Everything I have will be gone.

"Anything is better than facing this. Anything. My wife is beautiful and young. She'll find someone to take care of her. And my boys, they'll be all right. I just can't tell them. I can't let the world know. I'd rather be dead. They can say whatever they want when I'm dead. It doesn't matter.

"The gun. I have a gun. I've got to do it. I can't think about it. I just have to do it. I'll just get up, go over there to that bookcase, take out the gun, stick it up to my chest, and pull the trigger. That's pretty easy. I don't *think* it will hurt. I think I'll just die. If I hold it right here [I point to my heart] I won't miss and it will make my heart stop and I can't live much longer than that. It *can't* hurt. It won't hurt. And then it will all be over. Nothing will matter anymore.

"Just get up and go over to the bookcase. Put a bullet in the gun. This is such a nice gun. God, what did this cost? Look at this ivory handle—it's *so* beautiful. Nothing that anyone would need. All these things I have, all these objects—you don't *need* them. You just accumulate and accumulate. It's ridiculous. Why did I do this? And now it's *all* gone. All right. Bullet's in. Just put it to your chest and pull the trigger.

[He releases a sigh and laughs.] "It didn't hurt! Oh, what a mess. But it's over. Oh, it's so calm. I can see myself there on the floor all crumpled up. They'll find me. I feel bad for my family, but they'll be okay. There's a whole house of things to sell to live on. Ah, it's so calm, it's so peaceful. I was so worried. My stomach was terrible. It's so calm now."

"What's happening now?" Pamela asks.

"I just feel this incredible calm. I haven't felt like this for so long. Oh, I savor this feeling of feeling so calm. It's so wonderful."

"What do you do now?" Pamela asks.

"I feel like there's somewhere to go. I have to leave this scene. I feel so different now. I feel lightweight, like air. [He chuckles.] I felt so *heavy* and so burdened. Now I just feel like air, like I can float, go wherever I want to go. There are all these other—I don't know what they are. They're like air, too. They're coming towards me and they're saying, 'Come with us. You're going to love it!' I'm just so happy to feel this way. I'll go anywhere. [He laughs.] Take me! Take me! Oh, I love this feeling! I've never felt like this. Ahh, I feel so free!

"There's a huge expanse, so open, like going into the universe or something. It's not dark, though. It's light. It's serenity. Oh, it's so wonderful! I know everyone I left in that life is going to be okay. I don't feel like I hurt them. I mean, I hurt them, but they'll be okay. I know that somehow. I don't know how, but somehow I *know* that.

“Oh, these people here don’t care what I had or what I did. They’re just saying, ‘Come with us, come with us.’ They don’t really have bodies. They’re like floating energy. I feel like I’m in some kind of holding place. I know there’s something beyond this. But right now it doesn’t matter. Wherever I am right now is just fine with me. There’s no guilt, no worry, no problems. I’m staying here for a while.”

“Okay,” Pamela instructs, “allow yourself to remain in that peaceful calm and move into the guidance and knowledge of your Higher Self. Tell me when you are there.”

“There were other solutions,” a different voice responds, the Higher Self’s voice.

“What other solutions were there?” Pamela asks.

“Take responsibility for his actions. Admit to his failures. He wouldn’t face up to his mistakes. He took the easy way out. He didn’t need to do that. He left people behind. He didn’t give them a chance to forgive him. That’s the real pity. He didn’t allow himself love and forgiveness.”

“Are there any consequences from his actions?”

“He’s calm and peaceful now because he’s not worried. But he must un-create his actions in another physical life.”

“Move forward now in your awareness to when the time has come to figure out how to rectify that. Tell me what is happening.”

The Higher Self continued, “In order to *receive* forgiveness, one must learn how to forgive, especially oneself. Just as to receive love, one must be able to give love. He was unable to do that. He was loved without experiencing the joy of being loved. He did not experience joy because he was not aware of his inner light, the power of his spirit. That is what the soul must learn—to connect with the power of the spiritual self, to give and receive love and be joyous, and to take responsibility for one’s actions and be forgiving of self and others. That is what it will take to un-create taking his physical life. That is his soul lesson.”

“How is this choice made? When is the next life?” Pamela asks.

“Not long” is the reply. “Things will be more modern—more advanced technology. The lesson might be better learned if the life is lived as a female. She will be born to someone who will not stay with her so that she can learn to forgive the rejection by understanding it. And she will need to learn to give and receive love.”

“Thank you. Think now of the body of that merchant,” Pamela instructs. “Such a mess, you said, that gentleman’s heart. Send healing energy to it. Pour into that heart your light and ask it to forgive you as though you were talking right there to those cells. Ask that they receive this healing light as your attempt to ask for their forgiveness.

“See in your mind’s eye that heart becoming whole again, healing from the shock and trauma. Holding it in your hands, you put it back together. Removing the bullet, soothing the heart, you tell it that you understand now the consequences, that never, ever again will you harm the heart in that manner or harm the heart at all.

“Tell the heart you will dedicate yourself to bringing it love and joy so it feels love and joy deeply, completely. For the one that the heart served has now recognized the importance of that life and the lessons learned and gained. And the heart feels honored and feels it lived a worthy life and served you well. It has, at long last, gained recognition.

“As you move again back into that light of your spirit, you now find your spirit, your Higher Self, hovering over your physical body as Ann. You can feel your Higher Self sending its light to you even as *you* shine that light on your physical heart today.

“Your soul says to that physical heart, ‘I understand, and I am asking the cells of the heart to embrace my desire to act upon my word. I seek your forgiveness, for I do truly recognize

now how important the heart is physically and symbolically, how important life and love and joy are to the soul and to the physical being.' You say to your heart, 'It is my intent to embrace life with joy, it is my intent to feel love, which for you is the most life-giving tonic of all.'

"You recognize how powerful it is to have this team working together—the power of the body to heal, the power of the spirit to supply healing energy and life force and to gain knowledge, and the power of the mind to record it all and, with its perfect memory, to continue to direct the healing to its completion.

"As you focus on healing in the future, your thought as you talk to the subconscious is one of gratitude and joy. 'I thank you for doing your part. Without you, I could not be on this spiritual path. I thank you, heart, for your forgiveness. I reassure you, heart, that I will never jeopardize you again.'

"Embracing your own power, embracing your positive awareness of self, take a nice deep breath now, Ann, and slowly I will count from one to five as you come out of hypnosis. . . ."

I was back. "So that personality of my soul shot himself in the heart," I exclaimed, "and I came into this life with a messed-up heart. Amazing! Is that usually the case? When people are born with a defect, does it usually come from something like that in a past life?"

"More often than not," Pamela replied. "Congenital disorders usually come from a past life. Of course sometimes something happens in utero, but there's a metaphysical reason for that physical development, too."

We had discovered the non-physical reason for my heart block, but I was curious to know the physical cause too. With NMR we learned it was the result of my birth father being gassed in World War II. Maybe that was why he was chosen

to be my birth father. We tested further and discovered he also had two sons after the war and one of them was born with the same heart condition.

"So," I commented, "it's the metaphysical reasons—the spiritual reasons—that allow us to make sense of everything in our lives. And the Higher Self even recommended adoption in my next life so I could learn to forgive. That's a pretty good case for pre-life planning. So before each life we plan our lessons, our purpose, and even choose the parents and other people and circumstances that will best help us to fulfill the purpose and learn the lessons in that life. That's why you said *nothing* is arbitrary, everything happens for a reason.

"I kind of hate to admit this," I went on, "but until recently I was pretty reckless with money. I can't even begin to count the number of times I looked at my bank balance and asked myself where all the money went. And that was exactly what my Boston guy said.

"I'm a little confused about forgiveness. Everybody's so keen on forgiveness. But is it really forgiveness? Isn't it more about understanding? If you understand why something happened, that it was all part of a soul's plan to learn a lesson, then there really isn't anything to forgive. Of course, that's if you're looking at the non-physical reasons."

"You make a good point," Pamela replied.

"And so much for judgment—how can you judge anyone when they're just working out a lesson? This puts a whole new spin on things. I'm beginning to understand what it means to be an observer of your life. It doesn't mean not being involved in it. It means seeing things from your soul's perspective. That's really the only way you can understand what is truly going on.

"So my Boston man couldn't experience joy because he wasn't aware of his inner light, the power of his spirit. But

that's everyone's universal soul lesson, right? And his individual lesson was to take responsibility for his actions and trust in the love and forgiveness of others. By learning this, he was able to un-create taking his physical life and now my heart can begin to heal."

After this regression, NMR revealed that I would have to heal my ability to love and be loved before I could heal my heart. My next regression to the past would start me on that path. Over time I worked very hard to heal my heart but nothing happened. Then I learned with NMR that my one-year-old had overheard the doctor tell my mother, "Nothing can be done." So we regressed to her and Pamela helped her understand that although doctors are very smart, sometimes they can be wrong. And, for every rule there is an exception and she was an exception to the doctor's rule. Once my infant believed something could be done, I was able to begin manifesting a stronger heart.