
CHAPTER 7

THE PERILS OF IGNORING INTUITION

How often have I said to myself, "If only I'd followed my intuition?" I know I'm not alone in this. When we look back at those messages after the fact, we can see that they were right. Ignoring our intuition always comes at a price. This past life personality's story demonstrates what can happen when fear keeps us from listening to our inner guidance.

Iwant to find out about my toenail," I began. "I've never had one on the third toe of my right foot. It's been a nuisance my whole life. The nail bed is extremely sensitive, and if anyone drops anything within ten feet of me, it's always on that toe. I literally see stars."

NMR revealed that the origin of the lack of a toenail was in a twelfth-century life in Florence. I was female, happily married to a merchant, with two children and another on the way. I lived a full life for those times—I was an artist, painting was my hobby—but I died of internal injuries after falling from a horse. A flash of insight during NMR—by now I

knew to regard such an insight as a message from my Higher Self—told me to ask if the horse had stepped on my toe, and the answer was yes. This was the reason for my missing toenail. Now I had to find out what it was signaling.

“Now I already have a mental picture of this whole story, so how do I know when I go into hypnosis that my conscious mind isn’t making this up?” I asked.

“When we’re doing the NMR, Ann, you’re in a very focused state of concentration—at least the way we do it you are—and that is an altered state, a state of hypnosis. So as the subconscious is talking about it, you’re tuning in and seeing it. That’s psychic awareness. You are in a slightly altered state.”

We tested further with NMR and found that the visuals I was getting about this life were accurate. My horse had tripped, I fell off, and the horse fell on me. My unborn child died in the accident. My husband in that life is my brother in this life. And my unborn child in that life was my birth mother in this life.

“Oh! Rejection! Rejection!” Pamela exclaimed.

“Yeah, I rejected her then, and she rejected me in this life. Interesting!”

Having experienced six inductions, it was taking less time for me to get into an altered state. Now I could close my eyes, take a few deep breaths, roll my eyeballs upwards, watch the numbers beginning from 100 and counting backward disappear into blackness, and with some help from Pamela to relax my body, *voilà!* I was there. Soon I was drifting back through time to twelfth-century Italy.

“. . . Now, very aware of that woman in twelfth-century Florence, you are her, thinking her thoughts, feeling her feelings. You become aware of what surrounds you, looking around and noticing what you see. You become aware of your own self, of your own body, even of the clothing you have

on. When you respond to this voice that is speaking to you in your head, the sound of your own voice makes the sights that surround you clearer and clearer, makes the sounds that surround you clearer and clearer. My first question to you is, ‘What *do* you see? What *is* around you?’”

“I’m in a house, an empty house. We’re moving into this house. There’s another baby coming. The walls are being painted white, and there are lots of pictures that are going to go up on the walls—my pictures, pictures I painted. So we’re painting the walls white.”

“What kind of pictures do you paint?”

“Scenes with flowers and scenes of the city and the people in it, scenes of children—lots of little children are in the pictures. I paint what’s around me. I try to reproduce what I see every day because I have a happy life, so my paintings are happy. My husband likes my paintings.

“It’s fun, it’s exciting. We’re having a new baby and moving into this house. It’s a little bigger than our old house and it’s a nice house and I just have a really nice life. I don’t really have any worries. My children are beautiful. They’re little; they’re pretty little. I like being a mother. I just have a really nice life.”

“Good! It sounds very lovely. What are you wearing today?”

“A dress with long sleeves.”

“And as you are standing there, close your eyes and feel the fabric of your skirt. Beneath the skirt, are your legs bare or are you wearing something on your legs? Can you feel the fabric of your skirt?”

“The fabric is medium weight. My legs are bare. It’s spring. There is a lot of sunlight coming in through the windows.”

“And as you go deeper within yourself you begin to move now,” Pamela instructs. “You move forward in that spirit and in that body to a moment in which an important life lesson is unfolding, a life lesson *very* important to your spirit, to your

soul. You will feel it, you will be a part of it, you will experience it as it is happening. At three, at two, at one, what is your body seeing, what is your body feeling?"

"My body feels good. I'm carrying a baby and that's no problem. I feel excited. Physically I feel good. It's early in the pregnancy. I'm just getting a little stomach—you're just starting to be able to see it. The children are at home with their grandparents, and my husband and I are going riding outside the city. It's so much fun being with him and doing things with him. We've been married for a while, but we still act like we just met. We love to get away together, just us. We go out to the woods and have a picnic and act like we are still dating. It's really, really fun.

"So we go to the edge of the city to where they keep the horses. We go there every Sunday and we get our horses. One of us has a new horse, though. One of our regular horses—there's something wrong with it. My husband takes the new horse. No, I take the new horse because his horse is a little feisty and he doesn't think I should be on his horse. So I take the new horse. They promise me that this horse is very gentle and responds well to commands and I won't have *any* problems with it at all.

"For a moment I think I shouldn't be getting on a new horse while I'm pregnant. But I don't want to disappoint my husband so I say okay. It's a really nice horse. I feed it an apple and stroke it and get familiar with it. So we mount the horses and ride off down the trail in the hills outside of Florence. It's a beautiful, beautiful day. There are other people around, either on horses or walking. Some are sitting under the trees having picnics. And we're riding and we're riding. There are trees along the trail, and their branches form an arch above us.

"My husband is ahead of me on the trail and something happens and his horse rears. Now his horse reared once

before and my old horse, it didn't bother her at all. But my new horse gets spooked and rears. As it rears it hits something, the branch of a tree or something. It all happens so fast, but it hits something. And the force throws me off the horse onto the edge of the path.

"My horse loses its balance and comes down on me, it just crashes down on me. It's scrambling and scrambling to get up, and as it gets up, one of its big horrible hooves crashes down on my foot and then its whole body falls on me.

"My husband jumps down and comes over and yells my name over and over and asks me if I am all right. I feel like I have just been smushed. I must have passed out because that's all I remember. I just remember I hit the ground and saw this huge animal coming at me, falling down on me. And that was it. I passed out.

"I wake up in the old house. My husband is there with two other men and two women. At first I don't know who they are. As I wake up my husband is holding on to me and holding my hand and calling to me. And I ask what happened, and he tells me that we were riding and my horse fell on me, do I remember? I say I do and ask who these people are. He tells me they are doctors and nurses. They have been watching me. I've been asleep for over a day and I'm badly hurt. I have a lot of hurt on the inside. And I ask about the baby, and he says we lost the baby. The baby's gone; the baby couldn't survive the crash of the horse on it.

"I get very upset because I wanted that baby. I wanted another of his babies. He tells me I have to be strong because I have a lot of injuries and I'm bleeding inside and I need to use my mind to get better. He tells me, 'You have to will yourself to get better because you have two other children and you don't want to leave *those* children. We can have another baby. But you have to really focus on getting better.' And I say, 'I will, I will.' But then every day, the pain is just *horrible*.

And they keep giving me stuff for the pain but it knocks me out. I try my hardest to get better and to tell my body to get better, but I just keep getting weaker and weaker.

"My boys come into the room, but I can't really talk to them. I certainly can't be a mother to them. I just get weaker and weaker. And everyone is around me, but I have no strength and I just let go. The boys are little. They think I fell asleep. They don't really know what is going on.

"My husband is really upset, and I watch them all from above as they realize I've stopped breathing. It's sweet, you know? I love my husband so much and we had one of those once-in-a-millennium kind of marriages. It was perfect. I say to him, 'I'll always be with you. I'm not with you physically, but I'll come to you all the time. Don't be sad. I have no pain. I'm going to a great place and I'll be with you.' And he hears me.

"There is lots of light. I know that's where I want to go. I know I can still watch and still communicate and be with them, so that's what I do. And it is quite nice. I *am* sorry that I couldn't have spent more time in the physical world with my husband and my children because our life was idyllic. It was the perfect life. And if that horse hadn't freaked out I could have just lived on and on and had more children and grandchildren. But you can't blame the horse. It just reacted.

"I'm happy. But I was sad to leave. I was really sad to leave that physical situation, that physical body, that physical life."

"Do you have a question in your mind, then," Pamela asked, "*why* such an idyllic, perfect life should be cut short and leave two boys without a mother and a loving husband without his wife? Go to where you can discover why. Ask this of yourself, 'Why? *Why* could I not get better when I tried my best? *Why* did this happen and why could I not recover from it?' Ask that question and then allow yourself to receive the answer. And report on that answer as it comes into your thoughts."

"It was too perfect. It was too good. Maybe it was the experience of everything being perfect. There wasn't anything to learn, to overcome, or to resolve. Maybe that was the lesson: you *can* have a life like that."

"Why you? Your husband was happy too. Why didn't he die?"

"I didn't listen to my inner voice that told me not to get on the new horse. I was pregnant and should not be riding a new horse. But I ignored my inner voice because I didn't want to disappoint my husband. He loved our Sunday rides so much. I didn't want to disappoint him."

"Well, then, we have some testing we will do regarding this. But for the moment perhaps you can take that wonderful life force that the spirit has after leaving the body and pour light into the cells of the body it has left so that the cells have memory of being restored back into that perfect pattern of energy, forming that perfect pattern for the body. The arms healing from the cellular level, the heart, the lungs, every part of the body that was crushed. Now, as you are pouring the light in, at the energy level of the cells, order is restored.

"And even in that foot, in that third toenail, restoring the toe and the nail of the toe to what it was before, into that perfect pattern of nail and flesh and muscle and bone and tendons and ligaments—restoring all of them to their perfect state. And as you're doing so you say, 'Yes, from this level of consciousness I do indeed have the power to restore the body although I have left the body, although the life force has left because the need for the body has passed. The body can be restored and honored so that I can think of that body as whole and complete so it matches that lifetime, a perfect formation.

"As you think that thought and you move into the present, you see on that screen of your mind where old programs appear and where you direct the changes in the programming, you see the thought: 'No matter how hard I try, I cannot

heal my body.' And that thought is erased, that belief system is erased, and you replace it with: 'In higher understanding and awareness from the higher levels of my consciousness, I can heal the cells and the form and the structure of my body.' And you write: 'I allow it to be so.'

"And now you bring forward the thought: 'If everything is too perfect, something disastrous will happen.' Erase that and in its place put: 'Everything is perfect in all that occurs. All unfolds perfectly, and I rejoice at this realization. The universe is perfect, and it is good, and happiness is to be enjoyed, embraced. And from my happiness I can share and teach and give.'

"And as you allow those positive changes to begin occurring, at one hypnosis is over. . . ."

"That was a good one!" I exclaimed. "You know, I've never liked being close to horses. I don't mind them from far away and I love watching them run, but I've never liked being close to them."

"I guess now you know why," Pamela laughed. "So today's regression, like the first one to your Essene, is an example of a past life where you needed to look at the overall view. But we need to go back to this life because now you need to go into the emotional aspects. Why didn't she listen to her intuition? What was the fear?"

We checked some programs using NMR. In my current life I was fearful of perfection, but [through the work I was doing with Pamela] that program was already changing. This came as quite a surprise. I had no awareness of this program, but on reflection I could see how it manifested in my life. I also believed I couldn't heal my own body, but this also was changing. I was physically healing many things, and I now believed I could heal my toenail.

After this regression, my toenail grew in very quickly several times but it always fell off. I asked my body why and

learned that my Florence housewife was still in distress. A subsequent regression revealed why she had ignored her intuition. Her six-year-old came forward. Her daddy had left her, and although she knew he was in heaven, she was certain she had done something wrong to make him go away; she must have disappointed him. Pamela helped her understand she hadn't disappointed him. With this new awareness she now understood that the fear of disappointing her husband had kept her from heeding her intuition—and I was able to grow a permanent toenail.