

A Note from the Author

I never thought I'd end up writing a “spiritual” book. When I was in my early twenties, after falling away from the church of my youth, I prided myself on my practicality. I extolled the virtues of reason, intellect, and common sense to anyone who'd listen—and especially to those up for indulging in that old taboo, *the religion argument*.

Since I always came to these scuffles well armed—and could quote and dissect Bible verses like the best of them—it pleased me when my opponents retreated into a corner. It also pleased me when, as a last-ditch effort, they invoked the “faith card,” as if that somehow trumped—and ended—the debate.

And my childhood branch of Christianity wasn't the only religion that found its way into my crosshairs. I was always fascinated by belief systems in general, and therefore, spent a great deal of time researching many different faiths. I was trying to get a handle on what adherents believed—in an effort to possibly understand the origin of those beliefs.

So you can imagine my surprise when “the guy who thought he knew everything” was ultimately confronted by something he couldn't easily explain. It forced me to reexamine my views—and to embark on a 12-year quest to get to the bottom of the mystery. This book is the result.

You'll be reading all about it shortly, but first, please afford me a few moments to discuss some housekeeping details about my approach.

My goal was to chronicle everything as accurately as possible. The "Paul" chapters are memoir—presented in novelistic format. As a result, I've recreated conversations, meetings, and hypnosis sessions, based on memories, notes and journal entries, as well as the recollections of family members and friends. In certain instances—in order to protect the privacy of the people involved—I've changed names, locations or other identifying details; however, these alterations are clearly marked.

The "Jack" chapters are based on "memories," too—albeit of a somewhat different sort. You should know that, while I was writing, I didn't intentionally research things upfront. The images, words and details flowed to me, both during past-life regressions, and also as I banged away on my laptop, and it was only later that I took to the web to see if I could confirm the things I was seeing. The fact that this book exists at all is proof of—to my mind at least—the uncanny accuracy of the information.

But I'll let you be the judge of that.

And finally, let me say thank you, in advance, for allowing me to share my spiritual journey with you.

CHAPTER ONE

SKINNY DIPPING IN THE DARK

Paul, Norton, Massachusetts, August 1975

I was expecting it, and as soon as the sun dipped behind the trees, I got it.

“Why don’t you take your shirt off now?” one of the Thompson¹ kids asked. “It’s *night*.”

Busted. I was 12 years old, the fat kid, who always wore a T-shirt while swimming in our backyard pool. My excuse was I had sensitive skin and didn’t want a sunburn, but obviously, this wasn’t going to fly now.

Pretending not to hear, I quickly dove under, skimming porpoise-like along the bottom. What I needed was more time for the twilight to deepen into full-on night. It wasn’t my rolls of fat I was ashamed of—it was my (what would later be

¹ Name has been changed to protect “the innocent.”

called) man boobs—which had recently appeared, like alien sprouts, on my chest.

When I resurfaced, the question was repeated, and I had no choice but to respond with a vague “oh, yeah” and remove the shirt, which I tossed in a heap at the water’s edge. Carefully keeping my chest submerged, I watched and waited as the darkness deepened. And just when I began to relax, my sister suddenly had the bright idea of turning on the lights.

The pool had two; one was a glowing orb submerged at the deep end, the other a floodlight attached to the rear of our house. Instinctively, I moved to the no-man’s land halfway between the two lights to await the onslaught. Soon enough, it was bright as day in the pool area again. I was trapped.

Noticing my fingers were beginning to prune, I assumed we’d be getting out shortly. I already had an exit strategy: scurry after the last one and lunge for my towel. But unfortunately, no one seemed eager for the pool party to end. Especially now that it was just us kids.

The cookout had wrapped up hours earlier, and the adults—my parents and Mr. and Mrs. Thompson—had retreated to the house. Through the window beneath the floodlights, I could see them sitting around the kitchen table, laughing and playing cards. Just like our family, the Thompsons had five children, and since they lined up in ages with my siblings and me almost exactly, we all became great childhood friends.

We weren’t exactly angels...at least us boys. We got into the kind of trouble kids growing up in the country often did: throwing crab apples or snowballs at moving cars; telling horrific (and mostly made-up) ghost stories to scare our younger sibs (with bonus points for making them cry); or passing

around a beer lifted from our parents' cooler while dutifully pretending to like the taste.

However, on this muggy summer night, beer wasn't on tap...something even more memorable was. It began when one of the Thompsons asked, "Hey! You wanna go skinny dipping?"

There was a moment of stunned silence. The Thompsons were incredulous to learn my siblings and I had never done it.

"Oh, you gotta try it," they said. "You won't believe how it feels!"

I was doubtful, but when my siblings began expressing interest, I saw an opportunity.

"We should probably turn off the lights," I said, gesturing toward the house. "Don't want them catching us..."

Agreeing this was a good call, my younger sister Laura—who'd barely towed off—was soon sneaking back inside to surreptitiously extinguish the lights. Since the pool switch was farther away, it was flipped first.

When the light winked out, I was treading water, wondering if I'd actually have the nerve to remove my bathing suit. Frankly, I was feeling naked enough minus the T-shirt.

By chance, my eyes were drawn to the floodlight at the moment it clicked off. I was temporarily blinded. As my pupils struggled to adjust to the darkness, something terrifying appeared in my field of vision.

It was a gigantic ship—a huge wall of black steel that loomed ominously over my head. The vessel was completely dark—like a ghost ship.

For a split second, I had no idea where I was or what had happened. But then, physical sensation returned, and I gasped

and literally ducked my head, as a wave of chills and goose-flesh swept over my body.

At that moment, there was a huge splash—one of the Thompsons had cannonballed into the water beside me, filling my gaping mouth and stinging my eyes.

I closed my eyes to flush away the chlorine, and when I reopened them, the eerie apparition had vanished.

“Obviously, there’s no ship in my backyard,” I told myself forcefully. “It must have been some trick of the light.” Although the explanation satisfied my mind, it did nothing to calm my still-tingling flesh.

But now, however, I had other things to worry about. The Thompsons began cajoling me to remove my bathing suit. It took a great deal of prodding, but I eventually caved in, slipping off my trunks and tossing them in a heap atop my T-shirt. And that amazing free-floating feeling of swimming in the buff diverted my attention. The water was warm. It felt perfect.

Thus, it was relatively easy to focus on the fun I was having, and put that strange, ghostly vision out of my mind.

...

They say kids have a natural propensity for “moving on” quickly, and that was definitely the case with me. By the time school started again, the memory of the incident had begun to fade, covered over by new experiences—layer by layer—like pages in a scrapbook.

And I’m fairly certain I would’ve completely forgotten about it, too—if it weren’t for the fact that, many years later, I ended up seeing that same “ghost ship” image again.

But this time, it was in such stunning detail, I could actually make out the rivets.

CHAPTER TWO

SPARKS

Jack, North Atlantic, April 15, 1912

The first thing Jack noticed when he got outside: his exhales were exploding in the night air like ragged puffs of smoke.

He pulled up the collar of his woolen overcoat, dug his hands in his pockets, and began making his way forward to the deck's end, where a crowd of passengers had gathered.

"Excuse me, excuse me," he said, pushing his way through the throng. When he got to the wooden railing, he saw an unimaginable sight: the bow of the ship was nearly submerged.

Black water sloshed around the base of the forward mast, which now resembled a tree trunk inundated by a river flood.

Jack sighed fiercely. Beyond the bow, the North Star was shining brightly. But that wasn't what drew his attention. On the horizon, the lights of a distant steamer bobbed

merrily...a ship that, infuriatingly, hadn't responded to any of Jack's distress messages. He knew that another vessel was, at that very moment, racing through the night to reach them, but it was clear she would arrive too late.

Once again, Jack felt the bile rising in his throat.

There was loud shouting from behind, and he turned to see three teenagers pushing their way to the railing. They were Italians, by the look—and sound—of them. One of the boys jostled Jack as he passed, jabbering excitedly at the sight of the sunken bow.

Jack turned and made his way back to the hatchway.

"Anything?" he asked as soon as he entered the Marconi Room. His assistant Harold, a thin boy with an unruly shock of thick hair, shook his head.

"Made contact with the *Baltic* but she's too far away."

Returning to his chair, Jack relieved him at the key.

"How—" Harold started to ask, but Jack cut him off wearily.

"The foredeck's awash," he told him. "She can't last much longer. You better put on some more clothes—and your lifebelt."

Slipping his headphones² over his ears, Jack continued keying out the distress message.

C-Q-D C-Q-D C-Q-D...

CQD was the International code for "Attention all Stations: Distress."

...D-E...

² In Jack's time, headphones/earphones were called "telephones." However, to avoid confusion, I've opted to go with the current vernacular.

DE, in the parlance of wireless operators, stood for “from”

...M-G-Y M-G-Y M-G-Y.

MGY were the call letters for the ship: the *RMS Titanic*.

As the minutes crawled by, Jack was dimly aware that Harold was again hovering behind him. The boy had put his overcoat and lifebelt on, and was standing there with Jack’s lifebelt in his hands. Knowing it would be impossible to slip the vest over Jack’s head while he was wired to the headphones, Harold finally gave up. He placed the vest on the back of Jack’s chair.

At that moment, the ship’s captain poked his head into the cabin. “Abandon your post, men,” he said.

Jack looked up from the Marconigraph. “Sir?”

“You can do no more,” the old man said, looking at his hands. “So I release you from your duties.”

The captain’s face was ashen and his eyes puffy. It looked like he was fighting back tears. “You’ll want to get on deck then,” he said. “and look after yourselves.”

“But, sir—” Jack stammered.

“That’s the way of it, at times like these,” the old man said as he left the room.

Jack paused for a moment, then turned back to the Marconigraph.

C-Q-D C-Q-D C-Q-D

As he resumed transmitting, a loud, ripping sound emanated from below, followed by a small jolt, which prodded Harold into action.

“I’ll get our things,” the boy said, hurrying off to the adjoining bedroom.

Jack didn't answer. He was concentrating on the wireless key, focusing his attention solely on the zap of electric spark that occurred with each stroke of his key.

M-G-Y M-G-Y M-G-Y

Suddenly, Harold was yelling, "Get off, get off!"

Jack turned with a start to see a strange crewman just inches from him. The man, a stoker or coal trimmer, was one of *Titanic's* many below-deck workers. Tall and lanky, his face and clothes were covered with a mixture of coal dust and sweat.

Jack stared at the boy, who had striking blue eyes and dirty blond hair. He hardly looked older than a teenager.

"He's trying to steal your lifebelt!" Harold shouted.

Jack gasped incredulously when he noticed that the boy's grimy hands were indeed clutching the lifebelt Harold had left on his chair.

In a flash, Jack threw down his headphones and jumped up, the chair toppling in the process. He lunged for the belt; however, the crewman refused to release it.

"Give it back!" Jack shrieked. But the stoker said nothing, his fingers merely tightening claw-like around the vest. Jack couldn't know that the boy had grown up in a Scandinavian country where the water was too cold for swimming, so he'd never learned—and thus considered Jack's lifebelt his only hope for survival.

Jack would've recognized the fear and desperation in the boy's eyes, had he been seeing clearly. But he was *not* seeing clearly. On the contrary, he was suddenly and completely filled with rage.

Seeing the look on Jack's face, Harold sprang into action. He lunged forward and grabbed the stoker from

behind, pinning his arms to his side. But still, the boy refused to relinquish the vest.

Jack, his anger boiling over, began pummeling and pummeling him—until the stoker finally let go. Jack snatched back his vest and tossed it onto his worktable.

Since the boy was now grunting and writhing violently against Harold in an attempt to free himself, Jack exploded with righteous anger. He lashed out again and again, until his fist came in contact with the stoker's jaw. There was a loud crack, and Jack suddenly felt like his hand was on fire. Intense pain began shooting down his arm, too, but he was barely aware of it. He merely pounded harder—until the boy fell, slack-jawed and glassy-eyed, against Harold.

Although Jack wasn't aware of it, the "knock-out punch" wasn't solely the result of his fisticuffs; Harold, who'd been struggling to keep his balance on the tilting deck, had pushed the stoker forward at the precise moment Jack launched his final blow—catching the boy, between them, like a vice.

Now, however, Harold finally released his grip, and the stoker dropped to the faux-tile floor with a thud.

"He should've known where his own lifebelt was!" Harold exclaimed, once he was able to catch his breath.

Jack glanced at the stoker's motionless body for a moment, then turned his attention to the overturned chair. His hand shrieked in pain as he pulled it back upright. He reattached his headphones, and sat back down at the desk.

As he reached for the wireless key, Jack realized his index finger had broken. It was swollen, and he was unable to close it around the key. He pushed down anyway, and there was a zap of connection. He tried gripping the key a

different way, but his hand continued to throb. It was useless.

Jack, defeated, took off his headphones and lowered his head to the table.

But soon there was another terrified shout from Harold. "Jack, the water's coming!"

Jack nodded and slowly got up. He reached down and picked up his lifebelt, raising it over his head with difficulty.

"Can you give me a hand with this?" he asked, in a strangely calm voice.

Harold hurried over and quickly tied the belt's straps. "I've got your money and your papers," he said.

"Put 'em in my pocket," Jack said. "Don't think I can do it."

Jack put his hand reflexively to his head and noticed his hat wasn't there. But he couldn't will himself to look for it. "Let's go," he said, carefully stepping over the body of the stoker, who was still splayed out on the floor.

Jack and Harold met the flood of water halfway down the hall. As they splashed through the freezing liquid, it had a reinvigorating effect on Jack. But the going was now treacherous. They were forced to grip the side railing for support. Jack held on with his left hand only. His right hand was still in agony.

The ship was groaning all around them. Suddenly, there was a sharp jolt, accompanied by a terrifically loud crash from somewhere up front. The wheelhouse had apparently given way.

The hatchway up ahead now resembled a small waterfall.

“Dear God, please don’t let her sink while we’re in here,” Jack implored as he and Harold quickened their pace.

“Please, God.”

— — —

Approximately one hour and forty minutes later, the prayers of 705 men, women and children (mostly the latter two groups) were answered when the rescue ship Jack summoned arrived to pluck them from the icy water.

But a far greater number—some fifteen hundred people—weren’t so lucky. They became victims of a shipwreck that, even today, remains one of the most haunting and notorious of all time.

Jack Phillips was among them.

He’s considered by some to be a hero of the disaster. Others call him a villain, claiming he’s at least partially responsible for the fate that befell the doomed liner.

Since Jack wasn’t around to defend himself...and the stories told by those who did survive were conflicting (or, at the very least, “selectively” edited), it’s widely assumed that the truth about what actually happened could never be known.

At one point in my life, I would’ve been of a similar opinion. But then, through an improbable set of circumstances, I stumbled upon the truth about Jack’s story...and realized it was up to me to tell it.

CHAPTER THREE

THE REGRESSION

Paul, Sherman Oaks, California, Spring 1996

I couldn't help feeling kind of silly.

I was sitting in a darkened office, about to undergo a hypnotic past-life regression. The hypnotist, an attractive, smiling woman named Janeen Weiss, asked if I was comfortable.

Define *comfortable*.

I was an East Coast transplant who'd moved to Southern California nearly a decade earlier to pursue my dream of making movies. But the plan of becoming the next Steven Spielberg had quickly gone belly up—after I was forced to acknowledge a couple Hollywood truths: one, you have to eat; and two, there are far more paying jobs in television.

Since I enjoyed watching documentary-style programs, I didn't say no when a producer offered me an entry-level

position to work on one. My job title was researcher. Right away, I discovered I had a knack for this line of work. I found it fun digging up information, talking to interesting people, and writing about the things I'd learned.

I eventually worked my way up to “Director of Research,” which meant I supervised a small staff of researchers who were tasked with coming up with content for shows. And although I wasn't technically a *producer*—my team's research files were eventually turned over to more senior people—I had little to complain about. I was 33, a former small-town boy who was making a decent living in one of the world's toughest businesses, and overall, I was grateful.

But even so, the show I was working on at that moment—*Put to the Test*—was particularly stressful.

Its premise was straightforward. We took people's claims of paranormal phenomenon and/or abilities and tested them. For instance, if someone said, “I can speak to the dead,” or “I have a ghost in my house,” or “I can locate underground sources of water with my divining rod,” we'd say, “That's great, that's wonderful, but if you don't mind, we'd like you to *prove it...*”

As you can imagine, it was a difficult show to book. Claimants of the paranormal don't exactly grow on trees—at least, the relatively sane ones—and most of those we did find (many of whom were already household names) balked at the program's skeptical nature. Their attitude was, “I'm famous for doing what I do, so why should I have to prove anything to *you*?”

Of course, they were right. The potential benefit of the national publicity we were offering (on the ABC Network)

was more than offset by the potential embarrassment of failing our “test” in such a public forum.

Consequently, many subjects we approached declined to participate. And each pass was like a dagger to my heart, since production was scheduled to begin shortly, and we hadn’t locked in all of our stories.

My boss, the show’s Executive Producer, had even called an emergency meeting to vent his frustration over our lack of progress.

After spending a couple minutes glancing at our “Story Board”—which consisted of dozens of handwritten index cards—the E.P. said, “What about reincarnation?”

Several of the researchers responded, “Yeah, reincarnation, that’s a good one.” But I wasn’t convinced.

As a life-long reader, I’d been exposed to the subject back in high school, after devouring the popular novels *Audrey Rose* and *The Reincarnation of Peter Proud*. And although the “romantic notion” of reincarnation interested me on a personal level, I didn’t think it was something that could be actually proven.

One of the reasons I felt this way was because I’d already spent a great deal of time researching the subject. A few years earlier, when I was working on another paranormal show called *encounters: the hidden truth*, I’d learned of a school of thought that claimed ordinary people could be “hypnotized” to remember their past lives.

From what I understood, this form of hypnotic regression had come about as a by-product of ordinary hypnotic regression—a controversial psychiatric technique used by Freud and others to allow patients to relive their earliest memories. For example, a person could be brought back in

time to talk about things he or she had experienced as a child. Therapists apparently found this technique useful in helping their patients remember blocked memories of traumatic events.

The “past-life” part came about when patients—or their hypnotists—went too far, and the regressed subject started talking about things they’d supposedly experienced in a previous lifetime. In the 1950s, a Colorado housewife named Virginia Tighe underwent hypnosis and described the life of a 19th-century Irish woman named Bridey Murphy. The details Tighe revealed while in trance were investigated, and—in at least a couple of instances—found to have checked out. For instance, the local Belfast grocery stores where “Bridey” claimed to have shopped had once existed, but had been out of business for more than fifty years.

Despite such impressive hits, however, the “Bridey Murphy” case, to my mind, illustrated the main flaw with the idea that reincarnation and/or past-life regression could be tested in any meaningful way. If the information about a supposed “past life” existed for the purpose of validation, how could it be proven the “regressed” person hadn’t been inadvertently exposed to it beforehand...or worse, hadn’t actually researched it up front?

And for the purposes of our TV show, there was another problem to consider: the amount of time required to corroborate a past-life story. As I knew well, Tighe’s amateur hypnotist had spent almost a year investigating “Bridey’s” tale—which was time we certainly didn’t have...since the show had to be delivered in just a few months. (The network had already announced an airdate.)

Given these problems, I thought the subject would be a waste of time to pursue, and summoning up the nerve, I told this to the Executive Producer.

“Nice try,” he said, before ordering me to research the subject.

Going back to my office, I dug through my Rolodex and found the home phone number for Janeen Weiss, a woman whom I’d worked with on a talk-show pilot a couple of years before.

I remembered Janeen had recently sent me a card announcing she’d become a past-life hypnotherapist. At the time I’d thought, hey, novel career change, but who was I to criticize? Janeen had been fun to work with, and she always seemed quite levelheaded. She wasn’t someone I’d consider a “wacko” in the least.

I gave her a call and we talked for almost an hour. Janeen’s views on past-life regression were interesting. She said it was frankly amazing the diverse stories people came up with while under hypnosis—especially those with phobias or other unusual obsessions. For example, someone deathly afraid of flying would often talk about dying in a plane crash in a past life. In many of these cases, according to Janeen, simply talking about the experience gave the person insight into their phobia and cured them. And whether these stories were real—or dream-like fabrications of the subconscious mind—was beside the point.

“I tend to take a practical view of the matter,” she said. “Who cares if it’s real, as long as it works? And for some strange reason, past-life regression hypnotherapy does work. It really does.”

For the record, Janeen wasn't in the reincarnation camp. She believed patients' past-life stories were probably mind creations. But one thing she was certain of: anyone could be regressed to his or her "past lives."

"Even you, Paul," she said matter-of-factly. Although she shared my belief the subject wasn't testable per se, she offered me a free session so I could see for myself what hypnotic past-life regression was like. I took her up on it right away. I figured it couldn't hurt—it would actually be kind of fun—and at least I'd get out of the office for a little while.

However, I knew I wouldn't be able to devote a lot of time to this "field trip." I had the sneaking suspicion that—despite the Executive Producer's opinion—reincarnation via past-life regression wouldn't prove suitable for *Put to the Test*, and, in the end, it would still be my job to find produce-able stories for the show.

Thus, when the day of my regression came, I was focused on finding substitute claimants. Given my preoccupation, I was glad that, shortly after arriving at Janeen's office, she got down to business right away.

She closed the drapes and sat me in an overstuffed armchair. I took out the mini-tape recorder I'd brought—being the perennial Boy Scout, I knew it never hurt to be prepared. Pressing the record button, I placed it on the table next to me, as Janeen took a seat a couple feet away.

She took me through the process. First, she'd hypnotize me with a series of relaxation exercises. Then, when I was fully "under," the actual regression would begin.

I was disappointed to learn the induction wouldn't include having me watch a swinging pendulum. Janeen

explained this was just a Hollywood cliché and not the most effective way of inducing trance. Her technique required only listening to her voice.

I don't recall much of the induction. I just remember hearing her flat monotone, which had an almost musical cadence. She was saying things like, "Your arms are getting heavier. Feel how heavy your arms are. See how good it feels to relax," etc. Naturally, I began to relax.

I remember thinking that, pretty soon, I'd be so relaxed I'd fall asleep and start snoring. But, as comfortable as my body was becoming, my mind remained alert. I was completely aware of where I was...and what I was doing. I didn't know what being hypnotized was supposed to "feel like," but I was pretty sure what I was feeling at that moment wasn't it.

When Janeen started telling me to go back, way back in my mind to a time before I was born, I panicked and spoke up: "But I'm not under yet."

Janeen paused for a moment. "Yes, you are," she said. Then, in that same pleasant voice, she asked me to try and lift my arm. I tried my hardest, but it felt as if my hand had been glued to the chair.

"You're hypnotized, all right," she said, matter-of-factly. Then she began again, asking my mind to go back to a time when I had lived before. I remember being disappointed she hadn't tried to ease the passage by regressing me to memories of my own childhood first. But perhaps, I thought, since this was a freebie, I wouldn't be getting all the bells and whistles.

I realized I should try to focus. How could I expect results if I was wisecracking the entire time? I tried to put

distracting thoughts out of my head and concentrate on what she was saying.

But unfortunately, it didn't help. The only thing that "came to me" was the sound of the wall clock, the whir of my mini-recorder, and the distant rumble of traffic on Ventura Boulevard. To her credit, though, Janeen kept at it for several minutes; however, my mind—hypnotized or not—refused to cooperate.

Finally, she changed her approach. "Sometimes," she said in that patient voice, "a person has physical marks on their body that connect in some way to a past-life experience. Think about your body," she said. "Think about any imperfections you have...think about your birthmarks. If you have any scars, think about them."

"What about the big gut hanging over my belt?" I thought darkly. "Will that work?" I decided not to go there. I had no interest in learning I'd been Henry the 8th in a past life.

Trying to silence the annoying play-by-play in my mind, I began to picture my body. At one point, I started thinking about my right calf. A few years earlier, I'd developed a large wine-colored scar there. When it first appeared, I'd gone to the doctor in alarm. But the doc assured me it wasn't life threatening. Apparently, a blood vessel in my leg had ruptured, staining the underside of my skin in the process. The doctor told me my varicose veins had caused the rupture. As he well knew, I'd been afflicted by this old lady disease—particularly on the inside of my right calf—since I was a teen.

Figuring this was as good a bodily imperfection as I'd be able to come up with, I began to picture, in my mind's

eye, my wine-stained calf, hidden—as it was—beneath my khaki pants.

Then something weird happened.

Suddenly, I was somewhere else.

I was outside, in terrifically bright sunshine.

I was on the beach—or more accurately—I was running through shallow water just off the beach of what looked like a tropical island. But I wasn't running along the beach...I was running out to sea.

It was obviously some sort of a bay or harbor—I could see a landmass to my right protruding into the ocean. The water was a brilliant blue, and the sand beneath my feet an unnatural white. Although I sensed I was several yards from shore, the water remained shallow.

Looking around, I saw there were others alongside me; people who—like me—were also running away from the shore. I couldn't help but notice these people were brown-skinned and wearing minimal “native” clothing. I held up my own arm and looked at it. It was bony and very brown.

“Wow,” I thought, “this is weird!”

I saw the others and I were making for boats that were scrambling to the open ocean. The boats—a type of outrigger canoe—were already partially occupied. I grabbed a hold of one and began to run with it.

At that moment, I became aware that other “natives” in the water were following us. Correct that—were *chasing us!*

Too late, I turned, and found that one of these natives was bearing down upon me. This unknown person raised a spear, and in a flash, I felt it bury itself on the inside of my right calf. I doubled over in pain, falling down into the

knee-deep water. I was dimly aware that the canoe I'd been attempting to push along was continuing out to sea.

I was abandoned—and surrounded by enemies.

Then, just as quickly as it had come, the scene vanished. I was back, sitting in Janeen's darkened office.

She asked me to describe what I'd seen, but I struggled to find the words. I was struck by how quick—and matter-of-fact—it had all been. Despite the violent act I had just witnessed, I didn't have a strong emotional attachment to the experience. I had merely watched it, clinically, as if I'd been watching a movie.

Janeen asked if I wanted to return to that particular life to experience more of it. I shook my head. Looking back, it's possible I hadn't actually wanted to learn what happened next. Given that my attacker could just as easily have speared me through the heart, it's possible that wounding—at least temporarily—had been his main objective. What subsequent horrors were inflicted upon this luckless native, I didn't—and *still don't*—want to guess.

For some reason, though, I found myself saying, “No, there's something else.”

Janeen was quiet for a moment, and then she said, “Okay, apparently your subconscious has something it wants to show you. I want you to relax...just go with it...and allow your mind to show you what it needs for you to see.”

Her words had barely died out when I was somewhere else. Again.

I was in the water, but this time, it was night.

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