

Karmic Ballance

Chapter One.

Magna was our Master psychic seer adept in the paranormal. She specialized in astral projection and travel, psychometry, clairvoyance, precognition. Her extraordinary abilities made it possible to recover Rani's past life experiences; this saga covers a detailed depiction of my Boston life of 1733 plus my 1863 life in Arizona.

This entire episode occurred several months before she discovered our soul names. We were sitting in her old converted school bus on a five-acre plot of land in the Arizona Mojave Desert.

It was September 1, 1991, and we were preparing to research and record some of my past lives on this planet. With my old Radio Shack tape recorder running, I asked her, what do you see?

Betty said, the first emotion I am feeling translates into your entering your bedroom to find your wife Juliet and Rhys Rabbles in the act of making love. You pull your pistol and shoot them both.

I interrupted her. Hold on a minute—who am I, and when is this?

She took a deep breath and regressed her search back slightly to determine the time and said, It appears to be about 1733; you are a man in your early forties. You are Ezra Langford, the son of Elijah Langford, the owner of the Langford Shipping Company of Boston.

She went on; I see that you are the Master of a large three-masted seagoing vessel that has just returned from its maiden voyage to and from England. I see you leaving the ship and going directly to the office in a low building bordering the dock. You greet your father and tell him about a design flaw in the vessel that will need correcting before its next voyage.

She paused to tap into the conversation and translates. Your father tells you that he realizes that you have been sailing since you were twelve, and also knows how much you love the sea and would rather be out on the open ocean than anywhere else on earth, and that is why what he has to tell you is so very difficult.

I see you standing beside his huge desk listening as he reluctantly tells you that he is getting on in years, and it's time for you to take over the office and run the company. He knows how you feel because his father did the same to him when he was about your age. I see your face displaying anguish and despair because you know that your offshore life is over, and you think to yourself, no more voyages. What am I going to do with all this time ashore, You tell your father very well, we both knew this time was coming, but I was hoping for a couple more years before it did.

You bid him good-day and tell him that you will see him in the morning. You leave the office and start the long climb up the road leading to your home. It is a large house situated atop a knoll overlooking the harbor and the sea beyond. Halfway up the hill, there is a lookout point where you stop to gaze out over the tops of the masts of the vessels in the harbor, and I feel your emotion of overwhelming despair and disappointment. The longer you stand there contemplating your future, the stronger the feelings of despair become. The sun is setting behind you, and the long shadows from the masts begin to disappear in the darkness of the water, so you resume your ascent to your home, I now see you entering the house, and I sense your emotion that you feel there is something amiss here. Where are the children -- where are the servants, You then climb the circular staircase and enter your bedroom to find your wife in your bed together with another man; I feel an immediate flood of hot emotion surge through you, and without a thought of consequences, you draw your pistol and shoot and kill them both with one shot,

I now feel a cold numbness settling over you as you immediately leave the house and return to the office to find your father still there. You tell him what you have done, and he calls the local authorities. I cannot tell you what happened in the house. All I feel is your sorrow as the realization of what you have done begins to surface.

You were already in a state of despair from the news that your father had given you. And now this; it was too much for you to handle.

You are now sitting in your office sobbing, thinking, and saying repeatedly, what have I done, -- what have I done, -- I go to sea for months and come home to find this, but I should not have killed them, You are not thinking rationally nor do you do so for some time,

In those days, all ship's masters carried a sidearm, so the authorities determined no premeditation was involved and judged the killing justifiable. Therefore, no charges were ever brought against you.

Betty regressed in time and changed the subject by saying she found a joyous emotion and continued. I see you as a boy of about twelve, and you are tremendously excited because you are about to make your first transoceanic voyage. You have been aboard all the ships in the fleet at one time or another, but this was the real thing. You put to sea as a cabin boy. The next emotion I am picking up is your utter joy as you scamper up ropes and swing like a monkey high above the deck. You are looking out over a deep blue sea; there is no land in sight in any direction. You are at home and in paradise. You are about twenty-one when you return from that voyage when your mother informs you that she has arranged a marriage for you. You go to your father for help and tell him that you do not love this girl; you do not even like her. Your father shrugs and tells you that at least you can get away by going to sea.

Who was this future wife that I didn't even like? Tell me about her.

The girl is Juliet Braydon; she is a very spoiled child who marries into the family for the money and prestige,

How and why did this marriage sham happen?

Your mother arranged the wedding by mutual conspiracy with Juliet's social-climbing mother. You are married, and over the years, she gives you two sons and two daughters. I do not sense much emotion from you about any of this; your life is still at sea, When you are there, all is right with the world, While ashore, you are merely marking time until the next voyage,

She continues her observation; After the funeral, you learn that the oldest son has sided against you, and the younger son stands with you. The girls' opinions do not seem to matter. You send the two girls to your mother-in-law and the two boys to your parents. You sell the house, move into a flat close to the office, and throw yourself into the business of running the company. You cannot turn the business over to the oldest boy because you feel that he is just as spoiled and useless as his mother. So, when the younger son is about eighteen, you send him to sea, but the returned reports are not favorable; he will never become a seaman. You are disappointed that he did not take to the sea as you did, but there was no reason he could not learn to run the company from the office. You trained him well, and he did an excellent job.

She concluded with, As you grew older, you became more closed, cynical, and bitter. In seventeen fifty-eight, your heart failed at the age of 68, and you died in your sleep of natural causes. Do you have any questions before we look at the next one?

Just a few, and then asked. Who was the man I shot?

She began, I see him as an employee of the maritime company you knew in passing, but he never sailed with you. His name is Rhys, and you will meet him again, in fact, you will also meet Iena (Juliet in that life)

Why do you refer to Juliet as Iena?

It is much easier to identify and track a being by their soul name, for it never changes. As a mortal, the name changes with every incarnation.

How do you know all these things?

She sits up straight in her chair, looks directly into my eyes, and asks, Do you want the long or short explanation?

I look straight back and say, How about the short one.

Very well, every soul has its own distinctive identifiable vibration, as distinct and individual as fingerprints, which makes them easy to track through time and space. All past life memories become stored within the soul as emotion. Once identified, it is simple to trace the soul's vibration and read its emotional patterns. Negative emotions of hate, anger, and jealousy are the easiest to read. Fear and pain also register strongly. Love, happiness, and joy carry the least energy and are the hardest to recognize. In your case, I simply tune into your emotions and relate what is associated with that emotion at the time.

When it comes to specifics such as conversations, I must see through your eyes and hear through your ears.

Then she asks, Any Questions?

I think not. What about my next life?

You must realize that the one we just researched was not your most recent past life; it was merely one of many.

Really? Then what's next?

O ye of little patience; before we look at another life experience, wouldn't you like to explore what happened after you crossed over?

How can you do that?

She explains, it is because your immortal soul is eternal; thus, your emotions are perpetual. However, you must realize that after your demise, you are in spirit form, your immortal state without the encumbrances of a physical body. When you crossed over, you carried with you the guilt of having killed those two beings. That karma lay so heavily on your soul that you sought to determine when either or both would take another mortality. You planned to do whatever you could to balance the karma. After a brief pause, she continued, I have traced your vibration through several lives between that Boston life and your last one. In seventeen-sixty-three, you attempted to be born as a girl child in Japan but died at birth. Starting in seventeen-sixty-five, you spent 31 years as a Druid teacher in Scotland.

Then in seventeen-ninety-nine, you made two more unsuccessful attempts to be born to the same being who would have been your mother in Japan. However, this time, she was an Indian woman of the Navajo tribe of the western plains. Several years before you were born, the Apaches captured and held her prisoner within their tribe. On the third attempt in 18 hundred, she succeeded, and you spent 33 years as a tribal Medicine man and died in a massacre of your village at the hands of the US Cavalry. Neither Iena nor Rhys was involved in that life, so I will explain the occurrences that brought you to your most recent past life.

Before we go on, the seer said, I must tell you there is an entity by the name of Bethy who has been your sister, your daughter, and your wife in more than one life. She is not your soul mate, but the two of you have been traveling companions for eons. She is also a very gifted psychic seer who planned to follow you into this subsequent mortality and once again be your liaison to the other side.

I questioned, The way you are now?

Similarly.

I exclaimed. You know me! I'm sensitive as a rock. How was I supposed to recognize her when we met?

Because you are traveling companions, your souls would recognize one another. Haven't you ever met someone that you immediately liked—or disliked?

Sometimes.

That is because your soul recognized another being. Do you have any more questions before we continue?

Right now, my mind is reeling with so much information I can't think of any more questions... let's just continue.

She takes a deep breath, relaxes briefly, and says, While still on the other side, you learn that Iena is already in mortality somewhere in the American west, and Rhys is planning a sojourn to the same area.

You chose to enter that mortality with Iena, of all people, to be your mother.

Chapter Two

The first emotion I am receiving from you is your excitement about traveling on a train. You are about eight years old, and your name is Josh. Your father works for the railroad, and as the construction of the railroad moves westward, your family relocates periodically. He stays with the construction crews as they build and is away from home and family for months at a time. I see another boy about a year or so younger than you; this is your brother Dyce.

Your mother is bitter and unhappy with the prolonged absences of her husband and the frequent relocations. She already finds some solace in the cooking sherry. This move will reunite your mother and her younger sister, who is married to the stationmaster in the town of Holbrook, Arizona Territory.

As the train pulls into Holbrook, your aunt's family is there to greet you. Your aunt has a bright and beautiful blond, a blue-eyed little girl of about six. Her name is Mattie, but actually, this is Beth.

I see you are carrying a miniature wooden replica of a locomotive painted red, and the little girl is fascinated by the toy. Everyone lingers on the station platform as the families greet one another. Before they can leave the proximity of the train, the little girl attempts to take the toy from you; you resist, and a minor squabble develops. Your mother intervenes, and in the process, the girl child ends up pushed onto the tracks just as the engine lurches. You are utterly devastated as Mattie lay crushed under the engine's wheels.

The sisters were never very close, but this act of violence, which appeared to be an accident, was the wedge that drove them to everlasting odds. I feel your anguish, you are on the verge of

hysteria, and I sense that you know you have just lost a part of your own life. You receive no compassion from your mother; your aunt is the one who comforts you.

After the funeral, your aunt and uncle assist in building a homestead for your family. As part of your father's salary, the railroad gave him a parcel of land on the far outskirts of Holbrook. It is a barren, isolated chunk of the desert.

She shifts in her chair as she projects forward in time. Over the years, you make frequent visits to your aunt and uncle, who become more of a mother and father to you than your own. I see you living in that rustic homestead for some six years and your father returning periodically. You now have a sister and another younger sister Shana who is little more than an infant. You are the man of the house because your father is there so seldom. Your mother has developed into a very bitter and spiteful alcoholic.

Your next strongest emotion brings us to a sweltering summer day on the Arizona homestead. Your mother is screaming at you to do some minor chores. You are busy in the middle of another task with your younger brother Dyce, and you tell her that you will get to it just as soon as you finish what you are doing. Your mother has been tipping the sherry bottle all day and became infuriated by your flippant response. In a fit of rage, she takes after you with a buggy whip and begins beating you mercilessly.

I see that you do not fight back, and I sense it is because she is your mother. You cower into a crouching position with your hands over your head, trying to protect yourself. I feel your pain as she strips the skin off your back and beats you into a state of unconsciousness, then leaves you in the afternoon sun and forbids anyone to give you aid. I see you lying there bloody and unconscious, your left shoulder blade exposed to the air, dirt, and flies while it glistens white in the sun as it dries.

Eventually, the day cools into the evening, and you regain consciousness. I do not know how you do it, but you make it to your horse and slowly ride toward town to seek help from your aunt. You make it as far as the freshwater spring about halfway to town, and your thirst is unquenchable. As you slide from your horse and your feet hit the ground, the pain is excruciating, where you again fall into a state of unconsciousness and roll into the cold water of the spring. At this time, your guardian spirit sends out an emergency call for help.

My what? I ask.

Your guardian spirit, I thought you knew. All mortal beings have a guardian. Some people call them their guardian angels.

That's right, I mumbled, you told me about them, but I forgot. Please continue.

An old Indian comes upon the scene and carefully takes you to his village. I see you remaining there for six years to heal from your injuries. Between the trauma of the beating and the infections that followed, you nearly die several times; you hardly know where you are for the first year.

The Indian is the Shaman of the tribe where he and his granddaughter, Rahmia, literally save your life. During your recovery, the Shaman tells you of the quest that you have set for yourself before entering this life. He explains that after you leave the village, you will meet teachers along the way that will aid you in your quest. He tells you that someday you will remember who you are and why you came to the planet.

I see that while living within the tribe, you and the young Indian girl mate many times, for it was a perfectly natural thing to do. Upon your departure from the village, Rahmia knew she was with child but did not tell you. I also see that you never return to the village, nor did you ever venture home to see your brother or sisters. You develop into a loner and stay to yourself and avoid all towns except to purchase supplies.

She then explains, in that life, you never learn to read or write. I see that as you travel, you meet with three different teachers. Each one teaches you many things, and you learn by rote the concepts of math, science, and the philosophy of the brotherhood of man. Each teacher brings you closer to the truth of who you are and why you came to the planet.

The next emotion I am picking up is when you go to Flagstaff for supplies and are suddenly set upon by three men, dragged into an alley, severely beaten and stabbed several times, robbed, and left for dead. I sense your feelings as you struggle to get out of town, 'I must get to my cave; I'll be safe there.' This time you make your way to a cave under a waterfall, where you spend months healing from that attack. During this healing process, you have time to reflect on what your teachers have been trying to teach you. You piece together all the things you have learned about your mission. You begin to remember the pre-life determination and come to realize who you are and the mission you set for yourself.

I am trembling with anticipation as I ask, what was my mission? How do I live and stay alive? What do I do there?

One question at a time. First, your mission was to locate Iena and Rhys to settle karma. You planned to show them love, kindness, and understanding. What you did not know, because Mattie was dead and could not inform you, was that you had already met Iena. She would have helped you find and identify both of them.

Secondly, you learned the healing power of the herbs while living with the Indian girl. You gathered and used them to heal your wounds. You trapped small animals for food and furs in the forest and panned for gold in the river.

Finally, about a year after that attack, you were fully recovered. With a new realization of yourself, you set out in a new direction. You made your way to the red rocks of Arizona. (Now known as Sedona.)

She hesitates, then continued, upon your arrival in the red rock area, you are suddenly and without warning, overwhelmed with thoughts and feelings of bitterness, hopelessness, and defeat. It is not long before you are confused, disillusioned, and completely disoriented, so once

again, you make your way to Flagstaff for supplies. This time a man sees you as you paid for your supplies with gold dust, and he suspects you have a secret gold mine.

Now seated on the edge of my chair and with great anticipation, I ask, what happens this time? Can you pick up any details?

The seer pauses to reflect and continues, I see you on a horse. You are on the outskirts of town and entering onto a trail. A mile out of town, a large burly man is standing in the center of the path, holding and pointing a knife at you, and he demands that you hand over your gold.

You try to explain to him that you have no gold.

He argues that you do because he saw you pay the store-keep in gold, and he wants the rest of it.

You tell him that there is no more; that's all you had.

Now he is demanding that you tell him where your mine is.

You try desperately to convince him that there is no gold mine, that you pan for your needs from the river bottom.

The gunman is getting more agitated and angrier and accuses you of lying.

You tell him again that there is no mine.

The seer jolts in her chair; she recovers and says, He just stabbed you, and you collapsed to the ground.

She slowly takes a deep breath before continuing. I see you are lying on the ground in the middle of the trail; you are dying as the man searches for your gold; finding none, he strides away angrily.

When was this?

The year is 1910, and you were 47.

Who is the man?

This is Rhys.

Chapter Three.

We both sit in momentary silence. My thoughts are running profusely, and I say I have a few more questions.

Why am I not surprised?

I ask, Who was the Indian Shaman?

The triable people know him as a Grandfather; he is a very wise and knowing soul-being. The Grandfather was already on a mission with the tribe when he received the emergency call. He appeared to everyone as an ancient man, and as far as you were ever concerned, he was just a man like any other. Actually, he was able to materialize wherever he chose. He came and went at will but remained with the tribe only until after you left on your quest. You made contact with this same entity in your present life. Do you remember meeting an old Indian when you were a young boy?

This made me stop and reflect upon my childhood of this life, and then said, I remember now. A family friend talked my folks into sending me to a summer camp in Franklin, Maine. I had my seventh, eighth, and ninth birthdays there. There was an old Penobscot Indian there at the camp who took us on nature hikes. Everyone called him Chief. I remember him well and still use some of the woodlore he taught me so long ago.

Grandfather in that life was the same entity as your Chief in this life.

Then I ask the big question, What happened in Sedona? Why did I suddenly lose direction?

Once you realized who you were and what your mission was, the negative-collective could not allow you to continue, for they foresaw that you would eventually succeed.

What do you mean by the negative -collective?

The negative-collective is the force in the universe that opposes beings who believe in free will. They believe in predestination and take it upon themselves to ensure that those of us who choose free-will become persuaded into their way of controversial thinking.

How can they do that?

You were literally surrounded by the hostile forces and given subliminal thoughts of bitterness, failure, and defeat.

I thought about that for a moment when she added, As a being of free will, it was up to you to either accept or deny the thoughts of defeat.

Right, I declared, How are you supposed to defend against subliminal thoughts when you don't even know such things exist?

It is challenging. That is why negative beings use it.

Doesn't the positive side know how to use subliminal thought?

Yes, but we do not use it to control others. Positive control would be as harmful as negative control; both deprive one of their free will of choice.

I take a few minutes to think about that and reiterate. I know that Rhys was the man and Iena was the woman I shot in the Boston life. I also know that Iena was my mother, who almost killed me, and Rhys is the one to succeed, but why was Mattie murdered?

There is no short explanation for that, so here is why. There are entities throughout the universe who thrive on chaos.

In one earthly mortality, Isis was an obscure goddess who lacked her own temples but grew in importance as the dynastic age progressed. She eventually became one of the most important deities of ancient Egypt. Her cult spread throughout the Roman Empire and became worshipped from England to Afghanistan.

Isis, as a soul-being, is a powerful master psychic seer who collaborates with the leader of the House of Arturo, the monarch of predestination.

She is the master psychic seer who is the eyes of the negative-collective. She and her minions keep the collective informed of soul beings who do not choose to believe in predestination.

It was your choice in that life to follow your decision to settle the karmic conflict. Isis had foreseen that if Mattie (Bettie) had lived, she would grow into a powerful psychic with full knowledge of your prearranged project and joined you on the mission, and that would not befit their predestined plan of your destiny. Mattie was already in communication with her guardian, who was momentarily distracted.

More negative forces arrived on the scene, and Mattie's guardian was seized while subliminal thought developed the scenario. When everything and everyone was in their proper place, your mother was compelled to push the girl onto the tracks just as the engineer was compelled to engage the engine. The engine lurched forward, and the deed accomplished. Mattie was murdered.

I sat back in the chair, took a deep breath, and stated, I've heard enough. Let's just continue.

That's it, she said, We've looked into two of your past lives, and you are living this one.

I know, but you have already intimated that I would meet these beings again. I want to know who, when, and where.

You're not asking for much, are you?

I guess I am, but don't you think it's important? You told me that having knowledge of past karmic relationships is vital to everyone's present life.

That is very true, so what questions do you have?

Have I met anyone from those lives in this one? Is so, who, when, and where?

Chapter Five.

She settles back into her chair, relaxes into her meditative posture, and starts to explain what she sees and feels. I see you are wearing an Air Force uniform and working in a hospital emergency room at Craig Air Force base outside Selma, Alabama.

I see where another man is persuading you to attend a party. You do not want to go, but you reluctantly agree and go to a private home in Selma. You are in a smoke-filled room with loud music and a lot of drinking. I am now looking through your eyes. Through the haze, I see an attractive young woman across the room. Oh! This is Iena. Of course, you have no way of knowing that. Nevertheless, you are looking at your mother from your previous life. Remember, she was also Juliet, your wife in Boston.

I now see you sitting at a table with, I would guess, some buddies from the base. The place appears to be a hamburger joint on the outskirts of town. There are large glass windows across the front overlooking a dirt parking lot. Do you remember this place?

I remember it was a hangout for airmen from the base and was on the left side of an intersection about halfway to Selma. The place had a huge dirt parking lot full of axle-breaking ruts.

She continues, I see this woman walking in and sitting down at your table. You do not recognize her until she tells you that she saw you at the party. Her name is Alaine. You strike up a conversation with her and learn that she was recently divorced and has two very young daughters. She pauses to make the connection; you have seen these entities before, the oldest girl was your younger brother Dyce in the previous life, and the other girl was Shana, your youngest sister.

I see that you started dating her, and when you received transfer orders, you ended up getting married.

I interjected, I still don't know how all that happened. I remember I was on duty in the dispensary when the First Sergeant called for me to report to his office. When I arrived, he asked me, How would you like to go to the Air Force Academy in Colorado Springs.

I remember I was surprised and asked, When?

He said, Right away, as he handed me a set of orders. You are to report there in two weeks.

I had a horse and a three-month-old colt stabled off base that I had to sell, and my dog Shadow that I brought with me from my last base in Texas. I remember running around the base, taking care of last-minute business, and totally forgot about a date I was supposed to have with Alaine. (Iena) The next day she caught up with me as I was leaving the personnel office. I barely remember what happened between that meeting on the sidewalk and our departure for Colorado. I traded in my '57 Buick convertible on a brand new '59 Edsel and departed Alabama

with a new wife, two small children, and my dog on a cross-country drive to Colorado. I have only a foggy memory of it and don't know how everything happened so quickly.

You had lots of help from the other side.

I questioned, Subliminal thought again?

Subliminal thought, she agreed and continued, I see a daughter born at the Academy and a son born in Germany. Is that right?

Yes.

I see where you and Alaine spend about eleven rocky years together. I also see that she again develops a liking for the cooking sherry.

I interjected, Except this time it was prescription narcotics and vodka.

I am now sensing that you feel that the two older girls will soon be grown and ready to be on their own. The time is approaching when you decide that you can no longer live with the confusion and chaos.

You got that right; I divorced her right after I got back from Thailand. I retained custody of my two children, and the two older girls return to their original father.

I see your ex-wife returning home to her mother in Alabama and, she commits suicide!

I know; I was stationed at Keesler at the time. I retired from there in 1975.

My two older girls have grown up and have established families of their own. My third daughter has done the same, and my son is making the Navy a career.

Chapter Six.

Editor's interjection.

My lifetime interest has always been in metaphysics and the study of the occult, not the witchcraft type of mysticism, but a serious study of the unknown. I have read volumes on all aspects of the subject. I have continuously sought persons with unique gifts of psychometry, telepathy, foreseeing, and forecasting.

After I retired from the Air Force, I went to college and had a short career as a boat captain in the offshore oil fields than another short career teaching electronics and computer science. Following some advice I received from psychic friends, I went to Cottonwood, Arizona.

I was sitting in a coffee shop in Cottonwood when I met Ralph (Rhys) and my future seer. Inexplicably drawn to them because they lived an independent gypsy lifestyle traveling the flea market circuits, I had to join them. I understand now that my soul's recognition of them prevented me from letting them continue without me. We were working the market circuit in Flagstaff when Darlene appeared. The first time I saw her, I had an instant but somewhat repulsive reaction, definitely not a positive feeling. She kept showing up and began working with us in the market. When the season ended and we left Flagstaff for California, she somehow managed to go with us. The four of us continued our travels together for another year, but that is material for another story.

In September of 1987, we were camped outside of Lake Havasu City when we got the opportunity to buy five acres of land in the Mojave Desert. Ralph, consumed with his gambler's wanderlust, could not stand being in one place permanently. He departed our desert settlement just before Christmas.

It was shortly after Ralph left that I learned of my friend's innate talent as a psychic. She told me about having studied with a Vedic Masters in Los Angeles when she was in her early twenties. She studied the basic disciplines of the Vedic principles and learned the art of out-of-body travel. Ralph knew of her abilities but never allowed her to expand or develop her talent further.

Once Ralph was gone, we started working together to redevelop and expand her psychic abilities. We all started researching our past life experiences when we discovered that Darlene and I were both at Atlantis during its destruction. She and I were in constant opposition with each other at that time because I was a member of the Atlantis council of twelve, and she was the high priestess of Mu. In fact, we learned many fascinating things about our mortal and extra-mortal relationships. That became too much for Darlene to handle, so she returned to Alaska.

After Darlene left, we had the uninterrupted time to devote her natural talent as a seer. We honed her abilities into fine art. She remastered her out-of-body travel to where anytime and any space was accessible. Her talent evolved to the point where she could communicate directly with our guardians and other entities. We then requested teachers from the other side of the veil, and the information we have gathered concerning the greater universe is material for several volumes.

It was her fantastic ability to traverse time and space that made this story possible. We learned the names of our guardians as well as our own. I am Rani, and she is Magna. Between July and October of 1991, I recorded as Magna identified and semi-reenacted my thirty-three past life experiences on this planet. We also looked into several mortalities not associated with this planet, but that is material for another time.

End of author's interjection.

Before we closed that late afternoon session in September of 1991, she asks, Are there any more questions before we finish?

I always have more questions, so before asking, I reiterated that my first wife, Elaine (Iena), of this life, was Juliet in Boston and my mother in Arizona. My oldest step-daughter in this life was my brother Dyce and my second daughter was my baby sister, Shana, in Arizona. And they had the same mother in both lives.

Then I ask, Who was the Indian girl Rahmia?

She left our camp six months ago.

I thought a second and declared, You mean Darlene was Rahmia; that is incredible!

That's correct; she was also the High Priestess of Mu.

Fantastic! That only leaves Rhys; have we met in this life?

She stated, Ralph was Rhys.

Now my curiosity abounds; what about Bethy?

She is still in your future.

I have determined that we should have pretty well balanced our karmic debts with each other. I did not have a chance to see my brother or sister grow up in my past life, so I raised them in this one. I killed Rhys and Iena in the Boston life. Iena almost killed me in the last one, and Rhys succeeded. During my previous past life, I left Rahmia with a child but gave her love, understanding, and knowledge in this life. Considering our histories past, I conclude that since no one murdered another this time around, we should have balanced some karma, and no future vendettas are necessary. Only Iena knows how she feels since she terminated her own life.

As I stood to turn off the tape recorder and said, Just one last question; I promise. Who was my spirit guardian that sent out the emergency call at the spring in Arizona?

My good friend smiled at me and said. Why I was, of course, we are traveling companions.