

An Ascension Support Team publication

Sample chapter from “The Gentle Art”

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A glimpse at past lives.

When the average person thinks about his or her life he or she regards it from a fixed-in-the-present-moment-central-point, thought of as ‘Me’. Around ‘Me’ is a small, well-defined circle of trusted and beloved nearest and dearest people. Around that small circle and ‘Me’ is a larger, less defined circle of people, made up of casual acquaintances, work mates, and neighbours etc. Around that circle is a yet larger ill-defined circle of unknown town residents and in turn a national population and then a world population encircle this. But the central point of these circles is always ‘Me’. No matter what possessions and power ‘Me’ gains, these are all rendered meaningless when the happiness of his or her tiny, beloved circle is marred. That tiny circle of people represents everything that matters to us in our life and so our happiness depends upon their happiness. The same must apply to every member of mankind so we are all linked by our individual series of concentric circles. When we are able to accept reincarnation as a wider view of existence we then have to also widen our view of how we regard our circle of nearest and dearest people.

In each of those past lives that we have lived, each of us was the centre of our own series of concentric circles. In each life the circles were made up of different people that were forgotten during the lives that followed, just as our present beloved circle will be forgotten during future lives. But the one constant figure in and out of these transient relationships is the one you think of as ‘Me’. This applies to you but it also applies to every ‘Me’ that exists, and this includes each member of your present life circle of beloved people. In this way we learn to enjoy but not to cling to relationships. Each of us is on our individual path whether we realise it or not, and on that path we will find tools to help us to understand. One of the tools I found and have learnt to use is Past-lives Regression Therapy. During sessions with me my clients, experience first-hand some of their previous physical lives that in some way have affected this present life. Also I am often able to teach my clients how to regress themselves. But before I could teach my clients I first had to learn to regress myself, and so here are a few examples of what I experienced.

Meditation. Past-Lives Regression of Self.

As in the meditations that follow I am often aware that I have been taken back by my higher self to re-experience some incident in one of my past lives. Normally when I enter my still, quiet centre I try to not have pre-conceived notions of what I may or may not receive or be shown. Wishful thoughts and hopes are unreliable companions with which to enter meditation, whether you meditate for the benefit of clients or for self. Total self-honesty will ensure reliable (although not necessarily always popular!) psychic guidance for all concerned. This is especially true when I psychically accompany clients in sessions of Past-Lives Regression Therapy. Initially I guide the client into the session.

But only until he or she reaches the point where direct guidance begins to arrive from the client's higher self. In fact his or her higher self takes over, and then reveals for the client to experience first-hand past-lives that are relevant in some way to this present life. The beauty of PLR for the client is that once a session has been experienced, the client is then able with practice to use the same initial techniques to regress self.

Here are a few examples of my past-lives.

This is one of many past-lives briefly glimpsed that I shared with my husband David. In this life we were both males and we both were members of a tribe of South American Indians. A group of us had been captured and imprisoned, and were to be put to death. David and I had no fear of death because we both had been taught the 'knowledge'. David and I decided not to wait, but instead to kick up a ruckus so that he and I would be the first ones to die. In that way we would already be on the other side to aid the others as they passed over.

In another past life I am pursued, and frantically run along a tunnel in some catacombs. I am a male, and an elderly sage. Many pursue me and I know that soon I will die, but concealed in my sleeve I have something that must be safely hidden before I am caught. In the distance I hear the sound of my pursuers as they gain on me. With my final reserve of strength I run faster until at last I find what I seek, a crack in the tunnel wall that will hide the small, very special dagger that I hold. It is done and I am greatly relieved. Behind me my pursuers have almost caught up with me. Then just ahead of me I see that Lord Jesus stands there. He holds his hand out to me. I take his hand and then walk into golden light. My work is completed again.

This next was another past life that I lived in France. I watched in horror as two of my dearest friends were to be burnt alive. In the crowded courtyard some of the people were there to draw water from the communal well. Nearby the wooden stake was erected and the faggots built around it in readiness for its victims. Desperately I wanted to help my friends because I knew they were not guilty of any crime. I was asked by those in authority to tell them what I knew. This I did willingly in the hope that it would help to save my friends. It didn't help them and so they were burnt alive. I was in great despair and as I went to the gates of the city the crowd stoned me to death. The clothes that I wore were rough, and one of my feet was deformed.

I did not mind being put to death because I no longer wanted to live. The place was Perpignan or nearby, on the French coast of the Med. One day I hope to find this place, there to collect some small part of myself that I left behind in that life.

Another past life lived in France.

In this life I am a young maid aged twenty years. I look after the geese up on the hills and at dusk I return to the village. All is well, and as I often do, I go to sit by the village pond. But tonight it looks black and with no water. I don't understand and so I just sit and gaze into it. Then it feels as if I am in a very large black box, and I can see small stars. I continue to sit there for some time.

The next morning I am found dead by the pond, my neck had been broken. The place was Normandy, and sometime I hope to retrace my steps. After all the pond may still be there.

Three of my past lives briefly seen and experienced in meditation.

For those who have yet to experience regression into their past lives it might be helpful if I first briefly explain how it feels to be regressed. Also I should explain what might be achieved for the one who is regressed. At first glance the subject seems to contradict the ancient wisdom. This always urges us to live in the **now**, and not to dwell on past glories or past failures. In terms of present life clung-to guilt, regret, bitterness and so on, the wisdom is undeniably correct. Equally, for the person who must do menial work in this life, what benefit is there to know that in a past life he, or she, was a rich and powerful ruler? Of course there would be no benefit if the purpose were simply to satisfy casual curiosity, but this is not the purpose.

Master and slave, both are said to enter and leave physical life with nothing. In terms of Earthly goods and Earthly knowledge this is true. Neither is relevant to non-physical existence on the Astral and the higher levels. What we do take with us to the astral is the effect on our outlook of our individual experiences in physical life. Both, positive spiritual progress and negative obsessive thought are non-physical. Because they are non-physical their effect remains with us and affects our outlook no matter where we are. From life to life the cause of an obsession will be forgotten, but the obsession will continue to affect the one who is obsessed until the cause is once more revealed. To illustrate the point, and with his permission, I will now describe how regression helped my husband David.

David is a harmless gentle sort of man, who throughout his entire life had always loathed houseflies and bluebottles. Allow one of these to exist in the same room as David, especially at mealtimes, and there would be no peace until it was dispatched. Most people dislike flies, but not with the intensity of loathing felt by David. When I guided David into regression we both then at last found out why. In that life David knew that he and his brother were fellow soldiers in the armies of the Roman Empire. David was able to describe his situation to me. A battle had been fought and David and his brother had been mortally wounded and both now lay near to death under the hot sun. His beloved brother's body had terrible, bloody, gaping wounds and the swarms of flies that covered and crawled in the wounds increased his agony. Helplessly, David could only watch the slow, agonised death of his brother. As that life ended, David died full of hatred for flies, and with the first hand knowledge of what they had done to his brother.

In the many lives that followed, David's brother was forgotten, but the irrational hatred of flies remained. After the session had clearly revealed the cause, David's obsessive hatred of flies ended and never returned. Before we move on to my past lives, just a couple of points for the readers to note, because to be regressed is not to view your self as if in a cinema film. First of all David was not a detached onlooker who observed someone who was himself and his brother in the described scene. David's experience was as one of the two wounded men in the scene, and he re-lived the intense emotions felt at that time. Secondly, David did not experience any other part of that life. His higher self only revealed to David the part that was relevant in that it affected David's present life.

23-10-1989: In meditation I was taken into a past life. In that life I know that I am a Roman lady of great wealth and that I now wear a heavy, ornate gold chain around my neck. I can feel that I have just been injured by the collapse of a building caused by an earthquake. Near to where I lie injured I can see some men who hastily board a boat to escape the chaos and destruction. One of these men pauses in his flight to lift my gold chain from my neck with the tip of his sword, and then he kills me.

1-1-1991: As I enter this life, before me stands a first dynasty Pharaoh of Ancient Egypt, in his hand he holds a rod of power that has a tassel at its end. I know that I am a priestess of the temple, and that I wear a white fitted gown. Around my neck hangs a wonderful necklace of gold, heavy with many large rubies. In my hands I carry a ceremonial sword, beautifully made of pure gold richly encrusted with many precious gems including more rubies. I carry it partially covered in a white cloth. It is my role to present this sword to Pharaoh.

9-11-1991: Another life in Ancient Egypt, but quite different from the one just described. This time I had committed a great offence or sin for which the penalty was death. First I was bound in cloth and then forced into a large bag into which also a live cat was placed. The neck of the bag was tied and then I was thrown into the Nile to slowly drown whilst the fear-maddened terrified cat fought and clawed in vain to escape. Later my body was washed up on the bank of the river. There two spirit beings watched over my body until my friends came to take it away for decent burial.

So why did my higher self select those three past-lives incidents to show to me?

Often, matters that others are able to easily comprehend as obvious seem at the time to be totally beyond our own comprehension. When eventually the light dawns and we do comprehend we could then kick ourselves that something so obvious eluded us for so long. In this present life we all tend to cling to and overvalue our roles or we undervalue them and wish we had other roles instead. The hungry pauper longs for the power and riches of the king, whilst the harassed king, surrounded by human parasites, would-be usurpers, and Yes-men, longs for the responsibility-free life of the pauper. Phrased like this no one need feel the urge to kick them selves. But countless numbers of people have to live enormous numbers of physical lives before the obviousness of the truth dawns upon them. It's not their fault really, because in each life they are conditioned from birth by beloved and respected elders to think in a certain acceptable way, as previously were those same elders.

We souls in our own timing, pendulum-swing from astral to physical and back over and over again. But the thought conditioning travels down the physical generations and awaits each soul no matter when we reincarnate. Lovingly the conditioning always channels our thoughts into a path relevant to physical survival and success, and all that comes with success. Anything outside of that path is to be considered as interesting but irrelevant. The time to kick ourselves is when it finally dawns upon us that our individual spiritual enlightenment is the only success that is always relevant no matter where or who we are. Next I include a past-lives information meditation I did on behalf of a young French girl who had an obsessive loathing for snails and slugs

24-2-1998. PAST LIVES MEDITATION FOR H----- M-----

IN REGARD TO OBSESSIVE HATRED OF SNAILS AND SLUGS

In a previous life H.M lived near Rennes le Chateau. She was happy and enjoyed her life. The year was 1506 and H was full of plans for her wedding day. H had a best friend whom she deeply loved like a sister her name was Ann. H shared everything with Ann who was about 22 years of age, the same age as H. From childhood they had shared their secrets, their fears and hopes, plans and dreams. Now with the wedding day so near, they shared a whirl of activity to be ready for the special day. Ann: dearest Ann was of course to be H's Maid of Honour for the ceremony. But suddenly Ann was not there, and no one knew where she had gone.

Everyone, H included, searched and searched for three days the hills and hidden gullies until Ann, was found. She had slipped and fallen to her death near Rennes le Chateau. When her body was found, it was covered with snails and slugs that were drawn to seek moisture from her body. H was with the search party that found Ann's body. For H it was a terrible shock, her best friend dead. Her poor broken body and her sweet face desecrated and crawled upon by these slimy creatures. So that revulsion felt towards slugs and snails, that had done this to her friend was added to H's shock and grief. This was a revulsion she had never felt before.

Grief and compassion are the same things. To feel grief is to feel compassion towards your self at the loss of a loved one. We call it compassion when we feel it and allow it to flow through us to others who have lost a loved one. In this way personal grief and the pain it causes is eased when we allow it to flow to those others in the form of compassion. In doing this we ease our own pain in a natural way, but for poor H this was not possible. She was able to share her grief and compassion with and for Ann's family, but her kind and generous heart compelled her to never mention the snails on Ann's body. Instead, alone she had to live with that horrible memory. A few weeks later on the planned date H married her fiancé; an honest and kind young man named Frederic, a handsome and strong blacksmith who made farm implements for use in the district. Together H and her good-natured husband enjoyed a good married life. H gave birth to three sons, and lastly a daughter who they named Ann Marie after her friend.

Always H felt the loss of Ann's friendship though she no longer grieved. But also her revulsion for snails stayed with her until the day she died. Meticulously she would always inspect salad, and green vegetables, etc. for snails. Her revulsion for snails spoiled for her the pleasure of gardens and gardening, just as it has for the same H in this life. H in that life of nearly 500 years ago knew why she detested snails. In each life that followed, this present life included, H was born with no knowledge of Ann, but into each life she brought with her what she thought was a hatred of snails: A hatred that is redundant because, quite possibly, Ann is somewhere, alive in the physical and gives joy to all that know and love her. In the same way as H gives joy to all that know and love her.

With affection...Yvonne

Near the end of this book I have included a section entitled, “How to meditate”. One thing I always do and urge all seekers to do is to draw down psychic protection for yourself before you enter the altered state. This same need applies more and more also when you sleep as you develop your psychic contacts. This next section is named, “Less pleasant dreams” and will help to explain the need for protection.

Chapter five ends. If you have enjoyed reading this sample chapter and would now like to read the entire book: ‘The Gentle Art’, click onto... **BUY THIS BOOK**