

Breathe

Memories of a Forgotten Lifetime

Heidi Lanier

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HEIDI LANIER

Author's Note: Please note the names of several individuals have been changed for privacy.

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For my father,

who always believed in me.

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Be who you are,
and go the whole way.

—Walt Whitman

INTRODUCTION

"Honey, would you please pass me the salt." *Now's the time to tell him. No, I can't. Yes, I can. I've rehearsed this for the past two weeks. There's never going to be the perfect moment.*

"Here are the potatoes. Careful, the plate is hot." *Go on, take a deep breath and start talking.*

"I know I have asked you this question before, but do you believe in reincarnation?"

"You did ask me, not too long ago. Do you mean where I am in some sort of mesh pool and I come back as a lizard?"

A similar dialogue such as the one above actually took place between my husband and me more than ten years ago. Leading up to this conversation with my Midwestern born, football loving husband wasn't something I was looking forward to.

"No . . . people don't incarnate as reptiles. What I am talking about is the belief in having lived a previous lifetime as another person."

"Well, I don't know. I've never given it much thought. Why do you ask?"

Breathe . . . take a deep breath and breathe. "What if I told you who I was in a former lifetime?"

"Okay . . ."

I can't do this. How on earth am I going to tell my husband that I was a man in my former lifetime? I have no idea how he will respond. As my thoughts cleared, I revealed my closely guarded secret, "I came across a website several months ago while working on my manuscript, and experienced something quite extraordinary. I have no doubt that what happened to me is true. I was led to the discovery of my former lifetime as an artist—a famous male artist."

"Well, that's interesting."

Silence enveloped the room where nothing further was said or heard, only the sound of the ticking clock.

"This chicken is delicious."

"Thank you, Honey."

For the past twelve years, I have tried to push my past life discovery to the farthest recesses of my mind, hoping for it to remain submerged and forever hidden. However, truth has a buoyancy and life all its own that cannot be suppressed. Sooner or later, my heart needed to give voice to its deepest secret.

Stepping into my life destiny was not an overnight process. *Breathe: Memories of a Forgotten Lifetime* is a true story based on the singular most remarkable moment in my life. However, this event was being relegated to an undeserving censorship due to fear.

In all fairness, I had good reason to be reluctant in sharing my story. Discovering a former lifetime is not an everyday occurrence in my life. Nor for my family, my friends, or anyone else I knew for that matter. I was in uncharted territory. After all, what would people think if I were to come forward with my story? What will they say? Will anyone believe me? These were the questions I asked myself, not knowing any of the answers. And so, I remained silent.

I wish I could say my past life discovery was an enjoyable walk in the park. At times, it most certainly was. Though at other times, it turned my world upside down. What kept me

going through it all was the profound gift I had been given and entrusted with.

At the time of my discovery, I was receiving private sessions from a spiritual teacher who had the ability to see an individual's past life. It was he who first verified my past life discovery.

During one of our scheduled sessions, my teacher informed me that people are now retrieving memories from past lifetimes, and are understandably questioning their state of mind. He further said I was meant to write a book, either a fictional or non-fictional account about my experience. To bring to the world a first-hand perspective in order to help others. Lastly, he reminded me that this was a gift I had been given, and it was not meant to be kept a secret, for it was a part of my soul script.

After my teacher finished talking, I remained in my chair thinking to myself, *You have clearly chosen the wrong person to write a book. Thank you, but no. I'm not going to be the poster child for reincarnation.* I then realized that my spiritual teacher was most likely reading my thoughts, and abruptly ended my silent protest. Soon our session came to an end, where I had much to think about. To this day, I have never forgotten a single word he said.

Personally, I'm not the type of person who seeks the limelight. I'd much prefer to quietly live out the remainder of my life within the company of my husband, surrounded by my work and many books.

Through the years I have made numerous attempts to put pen to paper, but ended up not finishing the manuscript. I wasn't ready. I needed more time to grow in the experience of my soul script assignment. Truthfully, I balked at this overwhelming responsibility. Then in 2020, I was involved in an accident, and during this time of healing, had many moments for self-reflection. Two years later I wrote the manuscript *Breathe: Memories of a Forgotten Lifetime.*

Please join me now as I retrace my steps from one lifetime to the next, providing a front row seat on the day I met my former self.

If it is indeed true that mankind is now awakening to their former lifetimes, then perhaps you too will be given the gift of remembering. And if that moment takes place in your life, I would like it to be embraced or celebrated with all the joy, wonder, and respect it so rightly deserves.

Past life discoveries are not only an opportunity to see into the window of our past, they provide us with important information about our present lives. And from this unique

perspective, we are then given the chance to better understand ourselves in the fullest sense of the word.

First and foremost, we must create a supportive environment for people to come forth with their past life discoveries. I sincerely hope my story will continue the conversation and become a stepping stone for others.



EASIER SAID THAN DONE

The subject of reincarnation is a topic that can elicit a variety of responses. Not everyone believes that reincarnation exists—the belief that an individual incarnates from one lifetime to another. On many levels, reincarnation may challenge a person's belief system, as it did mine.

With that said, discussing my past life discovery has been far from easy. In fact, it's been quite challenging. How does one begin a conversation by stating that through a series of synchronistic events I was led to my former lifetime as the famous artist, Nicholas Roerich?

At the time of my past life discovery in 2011, there was no road map for me to follow or reference pamphlets explaining *How to Reveal Your Past Life to Friends, Family, and Skeptics*. I learned the hard way—through experience.

The few I confided in were either nonplussed about it, disbelieving, or quietly thought I was taking magic

mushrooms. Each reaction furthered my resolve to keep my past life discovery privately to myself.

However, it was very difficult living with this knowledge and not knowing how to share it. And for the longest time I felt as though I was living two different lives. The first in secrecy, and the second in avoidance of the truth. To summarize this time period in my life, I can only eloquently say, it was messed up. And it shouldn't be—not for anyone.

My world was forever changed by this beautiful event, but sadly, I was allowing my fear of disclosure to diminish the gift I was given. I am not here to convince you of my past life discovery, or to believe in reincarnation. If, however, within these pages my story resonates with you, please allow it to do so. For it is through resonance that the soul finds its way.



WELL, THIS IS RATHER DISORIENTING

My father was ahead of his time. Long before the New Age movement, he could be found browsing bookstores looking for every book on religion, spirituality, and philosophy. Now, if only he had updated his clothing. My father was as devoted to his gray Members Only jacket, short sleeved plaid shirts, and tan colored khaki pants, as he was to his never-ending search for enlightenment. He was both a learned and a working man, with a generous heart. And nothing deterred him from both his studies and immense love for the written word.

His education involved a degree in English Literature along with studying for a Masters degree in Comparative Religion. Additionally, he owned and operated a dry-cleaning company.

Throughout my life, my father practiced Zen Buddhism, where he would spend hours sitting in quiet meditation. Through his spiritual practice and studies, he was able to

overcome a difficult childhood. Aside from his studies, he was equally passionate about sailing, and shared his love for the sea with his children. Later in life, my father enjoyed weekend ballroom dancing.

There was seldom a moment when I was not read aloud an enlightened paragraph from one of his many books or wisely instructed with an applicable Buddhist saying. Through osmosis, I was exposed to a world of vast richness.

Reincarnation is widely accepted amongst the Buddhist community. This belief structure was instilled in me at an early age. It was the memory of my father and his deep abiding belief in reincarnation that kept me steady throughout my journey. My past life discovery as Nicholas Roerich was a most profoundly moving experience filled with an array of emotions. However, I wasn't prepared for the fact that I had lived formerly as a man. This was the most difficult part of this entire experience.

For months on end, I simply could not wrap my head around the idea that I was once a man. It was so disorienting to me that it brought me to tears. My spiritual teacher even went so far as to inform me that this would be the most difficult part. Indeed, it was. It's very much akin to waking up in someone else's body. After all, I love so many things associated with the female gender.

I love makeup, the color pink, and I subscribe to bridal and fashion magazines. I also love wearing an 8½ size shoe. I adore being a woman. But looking back on it now with this new perspective, I can see the male influence in my body. I have broad shoulders, narrow hips, and a wide jawline. When younger I excelled in sports and could easily compete with boys my age. In addition, there was something else slightly off. Whenever I spoke, I felt the presence of a powerful male energy inside of me. This is hard to describe and put into words, but it all makes sense now.

If you look closely at people, there are those individuals who fully embody the masculine or feminine image. I believe these individuals have lived lifetimes evolving their feminine or masculine energy.

Perhaps I have lived primarily as a man in my former lifetimes and have now chosen to embrace the feminine aspect of my soul, which I very much enjoy. To achieve balance in life requires honoring and expressing both the male and female energies.

The discovery of my past life, along with the integration process, could have been far less challenging had there been someone in whom to confide. To normalize the process, as it should be, in understanding such a phenomenon.

My spiritual teacher and I met for a brief period of time, roughly once every four months. His support was critical to my well-being. However, I believe something as monumental as this requires ongoing support until the individual feels comfortable with this knowledge and understands the purpose for their past life discovery. As with all things new, the passage of time, support, and understanding is a necessary part of the past life discovery process.

Now back to the beginning and how this all came about. This story would never have existed had it not been for one very special Christmas gift from my husband.



MY ONLINE INQUIRY

In every sense of the word, my husband is the go-to computer guy. In college, he received two degrees: the first in Architecture and the second in Computer Science. So, it wasn't all that much of a surprise when one Christmas morning, my husband presented me with a state-of-the-art laptop computer.

At the time, I remember thinking, *Gee, thanks?* But that laptop soon became a second appendage. I took to it like the proverbial duck to water and spent many happy hours gloriously typing away on my keyboard.

In 2006, I passed my Color Board Examinations in order to become certified as a Color Designer. Soon after, I started a color consulting business and began working with clients.

Prior to my color studies, I had been developing a unique system based on the idea of harmonious alignment. This

intuitive system incorporates the use of color, design, feelings, and vibrations as the basis for all decision making.

Due to the success I was experiencing from this system, I felt compelled to share it with the public. But more than that, I kept receiving a persistent thought to write a book describing the system in detail. So much so that I eventually announced to my husband late one evening that I was going to write a book. In time, the book became known as *Finding Your Yes: Every Choice or Decision is an Energetic Exchange*. And this is where my story truly begins.

While working away on my manuscript, I entertained the idea of using a nom de plume. I had even gone so far as to select a new last name. However, before I made this final important decision, I decided to go online to see how many female authors had assumed the use of a pseudonym. Little did I know at the time that this one innocent inquiry was about to change my life—forever.

Looking back on it now, I have no doubt I was being led step-by-step by a benevolent source. To my surprise, the last name I chose for my nom de plume was actually my surname in a previous lifetime! Though I was unaware of this at the time. This is how our past lives weave their way into our present lives. Most often without our awareness.

My online inquiry happened to coincide just eleven days after my mother passed away on January 19th, 2011. I have no doubt that some type of portal had been created, temporarily lifting the veil from one lifetime to the next.

The register of time and space had not yet fully returned to my life, for I was still immersed in the experience of losing my mother. Condolence cards sat on the table opposite my desk, along with a photo of my mother, a lit votive candle, and her favorite necklace.

Throughout the day, as I typed at my desk, every so often I turned my chair around to gaze at her photo. With each glance at my mother's picture, tears welled up in my eyes and an outpouring of love washed over me. My mother was an amazing woman.

As I sat in the softness of the moment, staring at my computer monitor, I typed in the following words in the search bar: *famous women using a nom de plume*. In no time at all up came multiple answers to my question. It seemed I wasn't the only woman who chose to assume a fictitious name. Now began the task at hand to weed through the authors names, to learn who had adopted a pseudonym.

It did not take long to land upon one name in particular. I was drawn to it for some inexplicable reason. Her name was

Helena Roerich (Elena Ivanovna Shaposhnikova). I had never heard of her; however, her name held my interest.

Helena was born in the late 19th century in St. Petersburg, Russia. She was well read, cultured, and multi-talented. Among her talents, she showed promise as a gifted pianist. Her interests included art, literature, foreign languages, philosophy, spirituality, and Eastern studies. During her lifetime, she wrote numerous books pertaining to her spiritual pursuits. Helena was a deeply spiritual woman who carried herself with confidence and maturity believing in equality for all women.

In 1899, she captured both the interest and heart of Nicholas Roerich. Their marriage would lead to a life devoted to artistic and literary expression, cultural and scientific explorations, humanitarianism, and establishing several cultural institutions. United by love and a shared interest in culture, spirituality, and higher aspirations, their marriage flourished. Each drawing inspiration from the other. They had two sons, George and Svetoslav.

Nicholas Roerich went on to become a prolific and renowned painter, producing upwards of 7,000 paintings and drawings during his lifetime.

As an aside, as part of my extensive training to become a Color Designer, each student was required to paint 1,700 1" individual color samples in differing pigments, to better understand the properties of each color. I appreciate Nicholas Roerich's dedication to his art.

Due to my interest in fine art, I wanted to view his paintings. Looking intently at my monitor, I placed my finger on my purple colored mouse, where, with one singular click, the moment I had been waiting for my entire life was about to happen.



THE FEELING OF FAMILIARITY

My very first impression of Nicholas Roerich's paintings was one of warmth, familiarity, and kinship. His paintings were beautiful and otherworldly. The colors he chose to use in his paintings were colors I gravitated towards throughout my life. This was my first soul memory before I knew what was taking place. Each color appeared in my mind like a slideshow. It was a wonderful feeling.

However, nothing in the scope of my life could have prepared me for what was about to happen next. After viewing several of his paintings, one in particular held my attention, where I experienced an overwhelming feeling of familiarity. It was the strangest sensation, far stronger than deja vu. Every fiber of my being recognized the painting, but how could that be? My body responded as though it were awakening from a deep slumber. Then, without warning, from the depths of my soul arose an uncontrollable urge to weep. It was as though I was experiencing a sweet homecoming and had found a long lost beloved relative.

I remained seated in my chair as wave after wave of emotion moved through my body, revealing the undercurrents of a past lifetime. This all happened so quickly that my mind did not have the time to refute this experience. What occurred next took me even more by surprise. I felt this strong desire to step inside one of Nicholas Roerich's paintings in order to traverse the familiar landscape in front of me. And should I become lost, I jokingly reasoned I'd leave a detailed note for my husband explaining my whereabouts.

As much as I enjoy fine art, I had never before been moved to tears, nor to feelings of profound familiarity, or to the peaceful feeling that I had come home. From that day forward, I never closed that particular website. It remained opened or minimized on my monitor, where throughout each day I had the opportunity to go home.

That evening I emailed my good friend Josh in Thailand, telling him I had come across an artist by the name of Nicholas Roerich. I even went so far as to say he was now my favorite artist.



TAKE IT TO THE CENTER OF YOUR BEING

Over the next several weeks, my body never wandered far from my monitor. I was glued to it like a gamer playing to win. Bit by bit, I began learning about Nicholas Roerich's life. Bit by bit, memories from centuries past were coming to the forefront of my mind, though none of this made any sense to my rational mind.

There was one website I frequented daily, the Nicholas Roerich Museum in New York. Located in a brownstone building, here one could find archival information on the artist's life. It was a world unto itself, showcasing his many paintings and providing access to his correspondence, authored books, photographs, and archived film footage.

Whenever possible, I immersed myself within this website. And with every visit, I experienced that accompanying feeling of familiarity. And although his paintings filled me with a sense of peace, I wanted to know why I was so deeply moved and drawn to them.

As fate would have it, in October of the previous year, I began receiving private sessions from a spiritual teacher. This was an individual who, as mentioned earlier, could access a person's past lifetimes, though this was not the reason for my sessions. Nonetheless, I decided to casually ask my teacher why I continued to feel such a strong attraction to Nicholas Roerich's artwork. At this point, several months had passed since initially viewing his works of art.

The thought that had first crossed my mind was perhaps I had been friends with this artist in a past lifetime. It was a stretch, but worth asking.

On the day of my session with my spiritual teacher, I tiptoed around my question, bobbing and weaving like a prize fighter, in order to avoid the question at hand. I was nervous. Finally, I got down to business and asked whether or not I had known the artist Nicholas Roerich in a past lifetime. Was I his friend in that particular lifetime?

I then summoned the courage to mention my profound affinity and attraction to his paintings, unreasonably so. I explained to my teacher how there was something so very familiar about his artwork and his wife Helena. The final question I presented to my teacher had to do with why I had

been so deeply moved while viewing his artwork, to the point of tears. It was then that my spiritual teacher uttered the words I will never ever forget: “Take it to the center of your being. Sit with it. You have asked the question and know the answer will come at the right time. Timing is everything.”

Now it was only a matter of time and patience on my part for the answer to be revealed to me.



THE MOMENT OF DISCOVERY

I wasted no time in making my first request known—to be shown the answer to my question. That evening, I sat before my computer and closed my eyes to draw my attention inward. I then focused on the question, *Why was I so moved by Nicholas Roerich's paintings*? Every ounce of my body was filled with an excited expectation to find the answer. I then went to bed, releasing my request, not knowing when or how the answer would appear.

Upon awakening each morning, I repeated the same ritual. I then went about my daily responsibilities, every so often repeating my request in order to keep it fresh and maintain an air of expectancy. This went on for several weeks. Never once did I despair that my question would not be answered. Instead, I trusted my teacher's wise words, “Timing is everything.”

There were moments throughout the day when I would forget about the question at hand, which was a welcomed

relief. It's best not to hold on to something too tightly. I had other work to do and this preoccupied my mind. So, I kept myself busy, and whenever the question popped into my mind, I'd make the request and then release it.

April 11th, 2011, began as a beautiful spring day. The air was fresh and filled with vibrancy. I love this time of year, where every shade of green makes its appearance. This day also happened to be the day I would receive the answer to my question.

By now, it was a regular ritual of mine to begin each day visiting the online Nicholas Roerich Museum in New York. On this particular day, I decided to view archival film footage and chose a specific year. The film clip was filmed in black and white. There was no background audio to distract me.

The film focused solely on an image of Nicholas Roerich advancing toward the camera. Each step brought his body closer and closer to the camera. And as I continued to look at his body, I focused on his head, which sparked an immediate sensation of familiarity. Something about the way in which he moved. I then focused on his eyes as he drew closer to the camera. Staring deeply into his eyes now, I realized they were not the eyes of a stranger. They were my eyes, looking back at me!

This all happened so fast that my rational mind did not have time to stop what was happening. The subtle movements of his body and head reminded me of how I moved my head and body as a child. I remember it so clearly. I then said the words out loud, “Oh my God, that's me!” I was looking at myself in a previous lifetime.

I sat at my desk with my hand covering my mouth for the longest time, not knowing what to do or say. And as much as my soul recognized this truth, my mind immediately tried to step in and take command, with a barrage of questions. *How is this possible? Has this ever happened to anyone else? Who will believe me? Am I losing my mind?*

On the one hand, what I had just experienced felt completely natural, but on the other hand, what took place was beyond my life experience. Reality tried to continue to take hold of me.

The most jarring aspect to this experience was the fact that I was seeing myself as a man. I wasn't prepared for that. Where is that past life manual when you need it most?

After the initial shock and surprise lessened, I began to settle down and take in the grandeur of this moment. The supreme knowing of discovering my past life. This was an

elusive quest I had unknowingly been searching for my entire life. I was overcome with such a profound sense of joy and happiness. Just moments earlier, I had merged with my former self, where the past and the present came together in order to create the future. As my dear friend would say, “It was epic.”



WHO WILL BELIEVE ME?

The experience of my past life discovery remained with me every waking moment. I was filled with a range of emotions consisting of pure joy and happiness, while at other times feeling frightened and alone. This was all so new to me, and overwhelming. Sometimes I would cry myself to sleep.

The question that plagued me both day and night was who will believe me? I didn't know how to properly process this experience. However, something deep within me knew I needed to trust what I was going through. In doing so, I gave myself permission to express my feelings without judgment or censorship. I gave myself free license to experience all that I was feeling.

Several nights later, while showering, I burst into tears. I couldn't breathe. This event was far too much to hold all by myself. Thankfully, the steam and warmth of the water calmed my body down. But once again, unanswered

questions ran through my mind. Why did this happen to me? Why me?

I awakened the next morning, feeling better and more grounded. Whereas just yesterday it felt like my two feet were on backwards. This would become a regular pattern of mine as the process of integration began to take place.

Those closest to me had been raised in a traditional all-American upbringing, where the topic of reincarnation had never been discussed. This was especially true for my husband, Mark. There was simply no way I could tell him about my discovery.

By nature, I am a very private person and seldom talk about my personal life. Little did I know in the coming years that I would write many non-fiction short stories pertaining to my life. But at the time of this discovery, I seldom spoke about my life.

When it comes time to reveal a past life discovery, many things should be considered, especially if it involves a famous person. How will this disclosure affect the primary individual's life? How will it affect their family, friends, and career? These are important questions to both consider and answer.

For now, I decided to remain quiet about my experience. Instead, I immersed myself into the life of Nicholas Roerich. Much of his life began to make sense about my current life: the people and places I was drawn to, my spiritual studies, and my many interests in life. I found comfort in learning this information.

In those rare moments when I wasn't concerned about the judgment of others or who might believe me, I spent my time basking in this beautiful gift of remembering.

A floodgate had opened—a pathway from one life to the next, confirming my interests, talents, and fields of study. Distant memories that played in my mind throughout my life were now coming to the forefront in a stream of consciousness and acknowledgement. Questions such as why I was attracted to certain countries, customs, and even clothing were being answered daily. I celebrated in these moments.

When I first discovered my past life as Nicholas Roerich, I truly felt that I had come home. This experience completed me in every sense of the word.

Of Interest

Nicholas Roerich
(Nikolai Konstantinovich Roerich)

Born: October 9, 1874, St. Petersburg, Russia

Parents: Konstantin Roerich (respected notary and attorney) and Maria Roerich

Siblings: Lidia, Boris, and Vladimir Roerich

Wife: Helena Roerich

Children: George and Svetoslav Roerich

Career: Artist, writer, archaeologist, historian, teacher, set and costume designer, explorer, and humanitarian.

Interests: Art, culture, archaeology, nature, philosophy, Eastern religion, Agni Yoga, Theosophy, and protecting and preserving cultural institutions.

Highlights

- Produced an estimated 7,000 paintings and drawings.

- Wrote approximately 30 books.
- Studied both art at the Imperial Academy of Art and law at the Imperial University.
- Numerous art exhibitions.
- Set and costume designer for the theater, opera, and ballet. Most notably, Le Sacre du Printemps (The Rite of Spring).
- Founded the Master Institute of United Arts.
- Undertook and completed a Central Asian Expedition.
- Founded the Urusvati Himalayan Research Institute.
- Nominated for the Nobel Peace Prize.
- Signing of the Roerich Peace Pact to protect and preserve cultural institutions and historical monuments during times of war.



LOVE YOUR DISCOVERY

With no one to confide in, I felt it was time to schedule another session with my spiritual teacher. I wanted to share with him the answer I had received. I also wanted to receive validation concerning this past life discovery. Though my soul never once wavered from this truth. My mind, however, was in a state of turmoil.

On the day of my session with my spiritual teacher, I tried my best to contain my excitement by speaking in a monotone voice. As excited as I was to find out the truth, I was simultaneously nervous. Here again, I needed to muster up the courage to share my experience while watching the archival film footage. After all, I would have felt rather foolish if in the end my teacher said I was not Nicholas Roerich. But I hadn't come this far to give up. I then timidly asked my teacher whether or not I was Nicholas Roerich in my former life. His answer was a slowly drawn out, “Yes.” My heart lit up like a 4th of July parade. *I knew it*, I said to myself.

He then went on to say that I was so close to discovering this in our last session, but he did not want to tell me because I would have spent the remainder of my life questioning whether or not it was true. It was far more powerful if I were to make the discovery on my own. This was an act of faith and trust to believe in myself that deeply. And because I had discovered it on my own, there was no room for doubt—for experience is everything.

Once more, he brought back the importance of listening to my soul and not the egoic mind. To really trust what I am discovering. To trust what I feel from the highest aspect of my being rather than what I think. And it is imperative, he went on to say, that I trust in what I feel, rather than to allow the egoic mind to exercise its ability to confuse me. Because when there is confusion, you can always know it's the ego.

As my teacher continued to speak, I listened intently to everything he said. I was absorbing it all like a parched plant that had not seen sunshine or water for some time. It was nourishing my soul.

He further instructed me that I now have another component, a masculine aspect that I had not had before,

and as such, this will change how I perceive myself. “Love your discovery,” he said with great reverence.

I did love my discovery. I loved it up until the point where I wanted to share it with someone. That's when I lost my enthusiasm and wanted to crawl under a large rock.

I explained to my teacher how I couldn't get past what people might think of me, and expressed my deep concern. However, this was a person who did not live their life in fear. “Courage is the mastery of fear,” he once said to me. After a moment had passed, my teacher said that the only reason I could not share this discovery with another person was due to my own judgment. I was making very painful judgments against myself about this situation. He was right, as I inhaled and exhaled deeply.

As you may remember from the introduction, my teacher next shared with me that my discovery was a chance to bring to the world a first-hand account of my past life discovery. Its purpose, to help others. He made it clear to me that this was a gift I had been given, and it was not meant to be kept a secret.



IT'S ALL IN THE DETAILS

My inexperience on this journey of self-discovery was in many ways my protection. Had I known what was in store, I don't know if I would choose to go through it again. But only because there was no road map to follow.

Once again, my teacher provided me with a great deal to think about. By all accounts, I was still trying to get my bearings. Writing a book about my experience was the least of my concerns at this moment—soul script or not. For now, I drew comfort sitting at my desk and working on my projects. For some reason my mind drifted back to my maternal grandmother. She was of German descent and a devout Catholic. She was also the matriarch of the family. With the exception of her delightful laughter, my grandmother was a woman who was very deliberate with her words and actions. It was she who gave me the nickname, *the artist*.

As far back as I can remember, I have always been deeply fascinated by color and beauty. Aside from color, my first love in life was the piano. I longed to be a pianist; however, we did not own a piano. Truthfully, I don't believe I could have remained seated long enough in order to practice. I was constantly on the move, filled with wonder and enthusiasm.

My grandmother, like my father, was a member of my soul group—people who incarnate together in a specific lifetime or repeated lifetimes. These individuals who provide support, encouragement, and care need not be limited to a family member. Most often, they are a favorite teacher, best friend, or neighbor who feels like family. They are here in this lifetime to lend support to your life in whatever manner it might be.

My father was my best friend. He and I shared similar interests, and because of his interest in Eastern religion, I was introduced to both Buddhist Zen Centers and Hindu Ashrams.

Due to my parents' divorce, my father was a weekend parent. With each visit, I would excitedly look out the window in anticipation of his car. I think it's safe to say that not many children had a framed photo of the revered spiritual teacher, Paramahansa Yogananda, displayed in their

family vehicle. Paramahansa Yogananda was my first spiritual teacher at 12 years of age.

From my father, I was taught that before we are born and incarnate into our present life, we choose many of the details about this new life from the Other Side. The Other Side is the realm in which our spirit resides when we pass away. And in all aspects, this is a beautiful, loving, and peaceful dimension.

The details I am referring to are an outline of who we will meet, where we will live, what we will look like, and expressed interests, etc. In other words, prior to incarnating we choose each family member, the friendships in our lives, associates, as well as our partners, spouse, and children. We even choose the country of origin and the city in which we will live. All this, in an orchestrated attempt to learn the lessons we have come here to learn, in order to advance the soul's growth. But that's not all. We even have the distinct pleasure of choosing our birth date and our birth name prior to incarnating.

My grandmother wore a beautiful gold charm bracelet with the engraved names and dates of birth of each of her grandchildren. Wouldn't it be something to wear a charm bracelet signifying our past lives?

Now the information I am presenting here was taught to me over a period of time. My father would often say that the Earth is a classroom and every lifetime is an opportunity to obtain experience and knowledge for the benefit of the soul. Our soul never stops evolving from one lifetime to the next. And once these intended lessons are learned, the soul advances to the next degree of consciousness and awakening.

The more conscious we become as a society and the world at large, the greater the effect this will have on past, present, and future generations. Our daily actions alone can serve as powerful, emotional particles of change.



THE INTEGRATION PROCESS BEGINS

I can't impress upon you enough the difficulty I had in coming to terms with my male counterpart—living one lifetime as a man and another lifetime as a woman. As Dr. Walter Semkiw explains in his book, *Born Again: Reincarnation Cases Involving Evidence of Past Lives with Xenoglossy Cases Researched by Ian Stevenson, M.D.*, "Overall, most people (85 to 90%) maintain the same gender from one lifetime to another." [1]

Dr. Walter Semkiw was a medical doctor who wrote extensively on the topic of reincarnation. Chapter 19 further explains interesting information from Dr. Semkiw on the principles of reincarnation.

To be perfectly honest, I don't feel I would have felt nearly as disoriented had I discovered I lived previously as a woman. Now for some individuals this may not be an issue, but for me it was. These feelings of uneasiness were all a part of the integration process, the growing pains my psyche was

experiencing and needed to go through. This was a necessary adjustment that could not be rushed or ignored.

Had there been someone to validate my experience besides my teacher, I feel I would have transitioned more easily and with less anxiety. It was one thing to believe in reincarnation, it was another thing altogether to come face to face with film footage of your previous life. Imagine that.

How many children, and or adults for that matter, are now recalling memories from their past lives and not knowing what to do with this information? And how many parents are confounded by what their child is saying to them or experiencing? This is why we need to have this important conversation.

I assume that many children outgrow their memories of past lives, but why must it be this way? Unless of course, the memories are painful. How nice it would be if the topic of reincarnation was taught from an early age, where each child was given permission to safely and appropriately recall their distant past in a supportive environment.

Perhaps someday there will be past life counselors and support groups; as readily available as conventional counseling is today. Hopefully the subject of reincarnation will become a natural part of our everyday vernacular. For

now, I am grateful to the individuals, websites, and books that are addressing this important topic.



HOW DO I TELL MY HUSBAND?

What remained foremost on my mind was how I was going to break the news to my husband, Mark, who relies heavily on science and logic. We had never before talked about reincarnation. Our conversations consisted of our shared love for architecture and design. We also enjoy movies, restaurants, and travel. But reincarnation was never mentioned. Not once.

Every time I practiced what I would say to him, I ended up sounding disconnected from my words, and even apologetic. I was ashamed of myself for allowing the judgments from others to intimidate me. But then again, I had good cause.

I have never been the type of person to push my beliefs onto another individual. What if, say, a person came to me with this exact situation? How would I react? How accepting would I be? The answer for me would all depend on the individual. The time had come for me to talk to my husband.

I awakened the next morning, ready to spend the day working on the house. My husband remained in bed, soundly asleep. Quietly, I tiptoed out of the bedroom to begin the day. When my husband came downstairs fully dressed and ready to go, I knew this was a sign to take advantage of the beautiful day outside. We made the decision to spend the day in the wine country. Our home was situated on the border of one of the finest wine growing regions in the world.

At heart, my husband and I are road warriors. We absolutely adore driving and exploring new landscapes. In particular, the wine country offered long, winding roads and beautiful scenery. Mark loved to be in the driver seat while I rode happily in the passenger seat. Driving always calmed my active mind. It was a tonic where I was able to experience the present moment, free from responsibilities.

I placed my two stocking clad feet on the glove box. This was my way of saying ready to go. My husband put on his sunglasses and placed the gear shift in drive. Thirty minutes later I was looking outside the car window while rows of vineyards passed by. The atmosphere inside the car was peaceful and pleasant. We were in our element. I had comfortably scrunched my body into the seat. The thought then occurred to me that I should approach the topic of reincarnation with Mark. In this way I would come to

understand his feelings. And besides, I had his full attention. Now is the opportunity.

I turned my head towards my husband and said, “What are your thoughts on reincarnation?”

“Maybe. Maybe not,” my husband replied. “I tend to live in the present. I'm not really concerned about the past,” he further said.

“But, does it ever cross your mind?” I said with the hope that he would say “Yes.”

“No. Never,” was his final reply.

I held out hope that my husband would want to talk further about reincarnation, but after he said the word “never” I knew not to push it.

“Great,” I quietly said, under my breath.

My husband’s honesty is one of the beautiful things I respect about him. However, this wasn't the way I wanted the conversation to go. As we continued on our scenic country drive, I couldn't help but think that in a world filled with eight billion people, I had chosen a husband who had never

entertained the idea of reincarnation. Was this a test? For both of us?

In every sense of the word, I was forging new ground and needed to give both my husband and myself some much-needed grace. I didn't know how to further approach this topic matter. It was something I needed to figure out. I have read that the best way to deliver uncomfortable information is to get to the point and to keep it simple. No beating around the bush.

Driving along the country road, I reflected on something my spiritual teacher had said regarding my husband and me. In past lifetimes, Mark and I came together during times of great evolutionary change on the planet. This was comforting to hear, as I always believed that our meeting one another was pure destiny.

As I gazed out of the window my eyes took comfort in the tree lined streets and rolling hills. Nature has always been a soothing influence in my life. I wanted to tell Mark, but I also knew the timing had to be right.

When I finally confided in my husband several weeks later, it didn't exactly go according to plan. Lack of sleep got the best of me. However, if I didn't tell him then, I questioned when I would.



THE BIG REVEAL

We had recently remodeled our condominium, where for a two-year period my nails looked ragged from hours of sanding the crown molding, taping, and painting. Our newly designed kitchen was not only beautiful, but functional as well. This was the perfect setting to talk to Mark.

The conversation began in a most typical fashion, at the kitchen table.

"Honey, would you please pass me the salt." *Now's the time to tell him. No, I can't. Yes, I can. I've rehearsed this for the past two weeks. There is never going to be the perfect moment.*

"Here are the potatoes. Careful, the plate is hot." *Go on, take a deep breath and start talking.*

"I know I have asked you this question before, but do you believe in reincarnation?"

“You did ask me, not too long ago. Do you mean where I am in some sort of mesh pool and I come back as a lizard?”

“No . . . people don't incarnate as reptiles. What I am talking about is the belief in having lived a previous lifetime as another person.”

“Well, I don't know. I've never given it much thought. Why do you ask?”

Breathe . . . take a deep breath and breathe. “What if I told you who I was in a former lifetime?”

“Okay . . .”

I can't do this. How on earth am I going to tell my husband that I was a man in my former lifetime? I have no idea how he will respond. As my thoughts cleared, I revealed my closely guarded secret, “I came across a website several months ago while working on my manuscript, and experienced something quite extraordinary. I have no doubt that what happened to me is true. I was led to the discovery of my former lifetime as an artist—a famous male artist.”

“Well, that's interesting.”

Silence enveloped the room where nothing further was said or heard, only the sound of the ticking clock.

“This chicken is delicious.”

“Thank you, Honey.”

When the conversation ended, my husband retired to his office to resume his work. Beyond looking at two photos of Nicholas Roerich, he expressed no further interest nor wished to look online at the artist's large body of work.

His reaction was such that I questioned whether or not he truly heard what I said. Despite his indifference, a door had been opened that we could both now enter. I was relieved.

Later that same month, I called my friend in Thailand. Josh and I share a deep love for the arts. Music, art, movies, and literature fill our conversations. It was he who first introduced me to foreign films. Josh is a trained photographer who by night enjoys writing poems and short stories. He is a very gifted writer.

Looking at Josh through my computer monitor, I asked him about his belief in reincarnation. His immediate response was, “I'm living in the land of reincarnation. Why just the

other day a merchant was talking to me about an experience she had involving her past life."

Thankfully, Josh was interested in what I had to say and listened attentively. This was the first moment where I did not feel reluctant about sharing my discovery.

Josh has always been a mentor, a teacher who opened my eyes to the world of culture, thereby changing my life. My husband, Mark, lovingly supports my many interests and encourages me to pursue my dreams. I wonder what past life associations I had with these two special men in my life. Both are a part of my soul group.

My conversation with Josh allowed me to fully appreciate this wonderful event. I left our conversation feeling uplifted. The next person I decided to reveal my story to was my close friend Juliana.



NOT QUITE WHAT I EXPECTED

Many of my friends are artists in some capacity or another. My friend, Juliana, is a skilled and talented painter. She is very dedicated to her craft. There is seldom a day where she can't be found in her light filled studio. Juliana and I enjoy visiting museums together. With her trained eye, I respect her comments on fine works of art.

At this point, five months had passed, where I had ample time to rehearse my past life delivery. Juliana and I made plans to get together. I arrived at her house in the evening, and as usual, we sat on her big comfortable couch. But before I began to tell her about my discovery, I first asked her what she thought about reincarnation. Juliana said she believed in it, but questioned those individuals who claim to have been someone famous. Hearing her response caused my eyes to widen in a reflexive manner. To counteract my reaction, I took a very deep breath.

One of Juliana's greatest gifts is her ability to listen. She was courteous as I spoke; however, I didn't feel she truly believed me. She then made it clear to me that I should not mention this to my family. She was concerned for my well-being. "Fair enough," I said to her. Not that I fully agreed.

Later that evening, when I brought up the subject again, I mentioned that Nicholas Roerich had designed the set and costumes for the ballet Le Sacre du Printemps (The Rite of Spring). The music was composed by Igor Stravinsky and the production choreographed by Vaslav Nijinsky. During my comment, Juliana made a subtle dismissive sound, as if to suggest disbelief. I decided it was best not to push the issue.

At that moment, I wished I had not said a word about my past life discovery. Why would I share something so remarkable, if it wasn't true? And yet, I knew that my friend was not intentionally being unsupportive or dismissive. Juliana was simply expressing her opinion based on her life perspective, which unfortunately may not include this type of reality. And although I was saddened by her response, I knew it was time to go home.

The next morning, I wanted my life to return back to normal. I wanted my life back. I did not ask for this past life discovery, and I certainly didn't go looking for it. Tears began to form in the corner of my eyes and then began to

stream downward on my face, making it difficult to see through my glasses. A large teardrop in the shape of a beautiful circle held fast to my eyeglass lens. While removing my glasses from my face, I gazed at the tiny droplet, which somehow comforted me.

Once more the word *breathe* appeared in my mind. This word had been ingrained in my consciousness by my father. Rustling through my jewelry box, I tried to find something to remind me of my father. I picked up a Tibetan necklace Josh had given me as a birthday gift years ago. I placed it on my neck and immediately became still and quiet. There was something very special about the featured stone in the necklace and its luminosity.

As my tears began to lessen, the thought occurred to me that there must be people all over the world who are keeping their past life discoveries to themselves, for fear of judgment or how it might affect their family and careers. I hope the future will bring a more enlightened perspective on the subject of reincarnation.



THE GODDESS ENERGY

Life can challenge our ability to remain true to ourselves, whereupon one day you awaken with a loss of self-direction, and what was once your North Star is no longer in view.

Time and again I've asked myself, “What is the purpose in knowing our past lives?” The answer may be different for each person. But in my case, the answer meant reconnecting to my soul, which had become fragmented over the years. I believe much of this journey has been for the expressed purpose of healing my soul.

No doubt, I was an explorer in my past life asking the deeper questions. In this lifetime, I have focused on an inward journey, learning to embrace the feminine aspect of my being. Much masculine energy was exhibited in my former lifetimes. Evidently, according to my teacher, “I was not afraid to feel in my former lifetimes. I was very capable of emotions over something I liked. It was the beginning of the

Goddess energy that I am now living in this lifetime. I was avant-garde. I was ahead of my time."

He also explained my soul's yearning by stating, "You have been looking for who you are for lifetimes." I would later learn from my teacher that in my past lives as a man, I placed a great deal of emphasis on the intellect. Additionally, I believed that true power was in the mind and not in the nature of love itself. As a result, the masculine energy began to take over in my life; to the point where I became progressively more and more masculine, which created an imbalance.

"The masculine/feminine balance is precious." This is a statement my spiritual teacher said with tenderness in his voice. Blending both the male and female energies allows each being to profoundly evolve. And when expressed, the Goddess essence, which is an aspect of the soul, will lead the mind and show the way.

Regardless of gender, when we honor the masculine and feminine aspects of our being, we restore the soul and return it to the power and presence of love. For within this balance lies true healing and wholeness.

"As you feel the power of the love that you are," my teacher said, "it is a cleansing, a healing—for it raises your

vibrational frequency and clears your mind so that you are not reliant on egoic input of old issues." He continued, "You begin to really stop looking at them for answers. Remember, you were created in love."

Without question, my quest in this lifetime was to find myself, my true self. To find my way back to love.

Years ago, I remember having a very vivid dream where this sage-like gray haired woman appeared to me. And while standing in front of me, she asked whether or not I was going to ask her my question. As I hesitated, with each passing moment she grew more faint. I finally asked her my question, and in response, her body produced a luminous light. She said to me that my gift in life is love. With that, she disappeared. How prophetic she was, because my previously mentioned book is based on the principle of love.



YOU CONTROL THE EXPERIENCE

It finally came to the point where I needed to seek professional support—someone to confide in and share all that I was experiencing. Daily, I continued to feel like I was living two separate lives. Full disclosure was necessary to my well-being. I sought out a licensed therapist. However, in hindsight, perhaps it wasn't such a good idea to walk off the street, plop myself down in a chair and reveal the mother lode of stories.

My therapist was a kind person, but understandably, I don't think she knew how to interpret my needs, much less my story. Though I did feel a little bit lighter after leaving her office. Sadly, my therapy was short-lived. In retrospect, I should have contacted a past life therapist who was skilled in such matters.

What I would eventually come to learn concerning a past life discovery is this: *You control the experience. It does not control you.* Let this be your mantra. Emotionally, I was all

over the map with my discovery, much like a toddler learning to walk. Hopefully in sharing my story, it will provide comfort knowing that someone else has been where you are. I would be remiss if I didn't mention that everyone's past life experience will be different. It will depend largely on the past life that will be revealed.

Allow yourself the necessary time to feel your emotions, but only to the point where they do not compromise your well-being. Set clear boundaries if necessary. Feel your feelings and then if it becomes overwhelming, distract yourself. You are in control of the experience. Personally, I kept myself busy. I also read magazines, watched TV, or took nature walks. Doing something physical is a wonderful distraction.

When the time comes to approach others with your story, first consider the person and their level of receptivity. Begin the conversation slowly and clue into their feelings. By no means push the topic if it is met with great resistance. At this point, you may wish to politely stop the conversation and perhaps wait until a later date to approach it once again.

I believe that in the near future, people will begin to share their past discoveries. However, I would like to point out

that this information should be handled with a sense of responsibility and care.

During my integration period, my husband never further inquired about Nicholas Roerich. Nor did I mention a word to him. It was simply too awkward and uncomfortable for both of us.

The voice of my logic and intellect tried desperately to win out—to dismiss what I knew to be true. However, I was unshakable in my belief of what I had experienced. What further helped each step of my journey was the statement my spiritual teacher said early on, “Present the question. Ask to be shown. The answers will begin to come from everywhere.”

Conflict still had a hold on me. Then one day while I was shopping at Whole Foods, I pushed my shopping cart to the checkout lane. Grocery stores are notorious for point-of-sale items. As I stood before the credit card machine, I happened to glance downward on a shelf containing various CDs by famous recording artists. You will never guess the title of the CD staring back at me. It was Jennifer Hudson's newly released CD titled, *I Remember Me*. Needless to say, I ended up purchasing the CD. I have kept it to this day.

I think this was a turning point for me. Five long months in. After that day, I began to feel better about my discovery and more at ease with myself. The voice of my intellect was less resistant and more accepting from that day forward. It was a welcomed change.

Knowing how or when these signs of confirmation will arrive is not possible. But therein lies the mystery in having the necessary faith and trust that they will appear.

One other confirmation appeared in the most unlikely setting. The location was a remote off-the-beaten path New Age store. Leading up to the storefront sat two statues of the Buddha, both flanking the walkway entrance. Upon entering, I was greeted by a friendly store clerk and soft sounding meditative music. Decorative Tibetan banners were on display, along with CDs, books, postcards, and imported merchandise.

Tucked away in the back of the store were images of the Bodhisattva. As my attention drew elsewhere, I glanced upward on the wall and, to my surprise, saw four vertically hung prints by Nicholas Roerich. This was the first time I had seen in person an actual Nicholas Roerich print. At the time, I remember feeling such exuberance and wanting to share my identity with the store clerk, but resisted and chose not to.

There was one print that instantly captivated me, titled *She Who Leads*. This print was no bigger than the size of a book. The soft palette of colors attracted my attention as well as the subject matter. Who would think to paint majestic snow-covered mountains using soft pigments of wisteria, lavender, mauve, and pink? The result is both breathtaking and sublime. The two images in the foreground represent a beautiful contrast and convey the message of the painting.

Without delay, I ended up purchasing the print, where to this day it has remained a part of my household decor. And not a day goes by where I do not appreciate its beauty. I simply love it.



SHARED SIMILARITIES AND INTERESTS

How much of our past lives play a significant role in our present life? Perhaps more than we realize on a conscious level. However, on a cellular level, through cellular memory, our past lives live on. How else can we explain innate talents and interests? In addition, for that matter, why is an individual attracted to certain people, places, and tangible objects? It doesn't seem possible for these interests and abilities to be acquired during the course of one lifetime.

For instance, ever since I was a young girl, I have held a deep desire to visit Paris. I am drawn to the French architecture, its culture, and the French language. I am equally drawn to those images depicting Paris. Why would I feel such an affinity to a location I have never before visited?

Might this interest stem from the time period when Nicholas lived, studied, and worked in Paris? Along this same thought process, why do geographical land maps pique my interest? To me I view them as works of art. Though I have

never studied geography in depth, it was, however, a favorite course study of Nicholas' during his school years.

I love the exotic as well as the urban influence. But mostly I am interested in indigenous cultures and their customs and traditional clothing. I am a fashion enthusiast and enjoy self-expression through this medium. Once again, am I drawing upon a past lifetime where Nicholas designed costumes for several well-known productions?

Each Christmas I look forward to displaying my small but treasured collection of hand-carved and painted Russian wooden folk art. They're a delight to my eyes, depicting a dedication to craftsmanship and heritage.

On the topic of design, both my husband and I love architecture and spend many happy hours discussing our viewpoints and cultural aesthetics. One of Nicholas Roerich's life's mission was to enact a pact, which became known as the Roerich Peace Pact, for the sole purpose of preserving and protecting cultural institutions during times of war. These efforts earned him a Nobel Peace Prize nomination.

For the ongoing welfare of the planet, my husband's primary interest involves constructing buildings that take into consideration the integrity of the land, the Earth, and its

inhabitants; utilizing a green and clean (i.e., reduced and or safe levels of electromagnetic fields) approach to each building phase.

In tandem with my husband's interest, I feel a deep sense of responsibility regarding conscious consumerism in our society. To address this concern, I have developed an intuitive system to reduce our unconscious spending habits.

As I mentioned earlier, by training I am a professional Color Designer and have spent years working with color. It is my true passion, along with writing and studying metaphysics. I can also be found sitting on my living room couch reading inspirational and spiritual literature by past and present-day authors. At heart, I am an aesthete and a seeker of truth. I look for beauty everywhere in each and every day.

My home is adorned with images of the Buddha, both as a reminder of my upbringing and to remember the Buddha nature. My soul derives great comfort from these images and wooden carvings depicting the Buddha.

Many of my above interests parallel the life of Nicholas Roerich. Is this a coincidence? I do not believe so. I believe we're born with an innate set of talents that live on in each lifetime, and as human consciousness evolves, so too does the expression of our talents.

Now the opposite of attraction may also be true. Phobias, fears, or a dislike for something may involve a past lifetime. For example, I have an irrational fear of snow-covered ground. Yet, I wasn't raised in snow country. I grew up in a moderate climate where it rained during the winter months. However, after having lived in the Midwest, the sight of a pure white landscape can trigger a deep-seated fear. Although, I find the cold weather invigorating and much prefer it to the heat of a hot summer day.

Nicholas was an intrepid explorer who did not waver in his scientific and cultural explorations. This is where we differ greatly. I do not have the wanderlust desire to explore remote regions of the world. In the safe comfort of my armchair, most certainly. Truthfully, I'd rather find hidden treasures perusing my favorite import stores.

Is it possible that my fear of the snow is a manifestation from memories contained within my soul and within my cells? Could this fear be attributed to Nicholas Roerich's expeditions, where he and members of his caravan traversed snow-covered passages and subsisted in freezing temperatures? One wonders.

From the books I have read, it appears that past life therapists can offer support, insight, and help in answering

these questions. In some instances, chronic health conditions and fears are resolved and healed. Past life therapy can be an invaluable service to help understand both the past and the present life of the individual.

If you haven't already read *Miracles Happen* by Dr. Brian Weiss and Amy Weiss, please place it on your to-be-read list of books.



ALLOW OTHERS TIME TO ADJUST

From the onset of this journey, I have been besieged by a mixture of emotions, as you have read. Hopefully you will not have to go through the highs and lows as I did, should your past life come into focus.

The passing of time was necessary for my psyche to process the phenomenon of this event. At the six-month mark, I was able to fully accept the fact that I had lived formally as a man. During this time period, I was forced to believe in myself in ways I had never done before. And though I had come to a much better place of acceptance, I never openly talked about my discovery. It continued to remain a deep secret.

After months of silence, I finally asked my husband why we did not talk about "the elephant in the room." One could hardly miss his presence. Why did we not address the subject of Nicholas Roerich? My husband emphatically told me that I was mistaken. He was willing to talk about it,

though he expressed his concern that I would become too preoccupied with the past and not focus on the present. Going forward, we agreed that as long as I continue to engage in my interests and talents, he will happily support my past life discovery.

From our conversations, I realized that my husband was adjusting to my past life discovery as well, and needed the necessary space in order to allow room for his feelings. I wasn't the only one going through an adjustment period, and this was a reminder to respect his process. In many ways it feels like we have a new member to our family. It will take time for all of us to adjust accordingly.

Along these same lines, I was still adjusting to having recently lost my mother the past year. Losing a parent, by all accounts, is a most difficult experience and feels so unnatural. But, without death would we know the value of life?

The idea of losing those we love or having to begin life again makes me question this process. I envision a future where we will selectively choose a past life recall in order to continue on with the knowledge, wisdom, talents, and relationships acquired during that lifetime. Why must we begin again with each life cycle?

I have often wondered what it would be like to meet a family member from a former lifetime. Can you imagine meeting a descendant from your soul's previous incarnation? Or perhaps along a similar line, I have additionally wondered when my father and mother will choose to incarnate once again.

It is not uncommon for family members to reincarnate into the same family lineage, as you will read about in chapter 28. Perhaps in the future we will have the privilege of meeting our parents in their new lives. This is something I dream about. Eventually, I believe this will all be possible. This will then give new meaning to the words “family tree”.

My past life journey has most certainly opened my eyes and expanded my soul, while simultaneously experiencing the loss of a parent. What a most unusual juxtaposition. However, I have no doubt that this was all part of a divine plan. Timing is everything.



ALIGNING WITH THE TRUTH

The time had finally come to reach out to one of my family members to inform them about Nicholas Roerich. I made the decision to first speak to my youngest brother. This particular brother has always known how to soothe my soul, and act as a soul whisperer. Each one of my brothers are quite special in their own right, and excel in intelligence. They also share a love for nature and outdoor recreation. I am very proud of my brothers.

My brother David and I began the conversation in a general way. As we were talking, I remembered that he had studied the Russian language while in college. The conversation finally led to the point where I asked him, “What are your feelings about reincarnation?” My brother's response was that he was an agnostic and felt the same way about reincarnation. He can’t say that it doesn't exist, nor that it does. And if it did, how would you be able to substantiate the truth? Nevertheless, he was definitely open to the idea of it.

Since I didn't experience a level of resistance, I chose to tell him my story. Although, I was most certainly prepared to end our conversation if he showed a measure of resistance. This is how I chose to handle this type of conversation, for the sake of his and my well-being.

Fortunately, instead of meeting with resistance, he gave me his full undivided attention. And as I continued to talk, he continued to listen. I then went online to show him images and paintings by Nicholas Roerich, along with several books written about his life. This was an important moment, for it allowed me to fully take in the experience instead of keeping it hidden under lock and key.

I then told my brother what my spiritual teacher had said to me, regarding writing a book in order to share my story. My brother was most supportive and encouraged me to do so. But he pointed out that I needed to do it on my own terms. I interpreted his words as meaning to allow the process to unfold in a natural way.

To this day, my youngest brother has no idea how much his support and words meant to me. In life, there is no greater gift to receive or share than the gift of aligning with the truth.



ILLUMINATING FACTS

As I delved deeper into the subject of reincarnation, I continued to learn interesting information. Much of this information came to me through a series of books written by the late Dr. Walter Semkiw. I was saddened to hear of his passing in 2022. He, along with his colleague, Kevin Ryerson, have compiled a considerable body of work on the research and advancement of reincarnation.

Dr. Semkiw is the author of several books:

- *Born Again: Reincarnation Cases Involving Evidence of Past Lives with Xenoglossy Cases Researched by Ian Stevenson, M.D.*
- *Origin of the Soul and the Purpose of Reincarnation*
- *Return of the Revolutionaries: The Case for Reincarnation and Soul Groups Reunited*

The following excerpts are directly from Dr. Semkiw's book, *Origin of the Soul and the Purpose of Reincarnation*:

> “Reincarnation research reveals that our personality, character, passion and talents remain consistent from one incarnation to another, indicating that we do have an energy spectrum or core essence that manifests in similar ways from one incarnation to another.”
>
> “A key purpose of reincarnation is for all of us to learn to use the energy of will, to learn to use power, in such a way that we help our fellow human beings and other creatures rather than applying that energy to harm or control others.”
>
> “Though one's core essence or spectrum of energies remains consistent from one lifetime to lifetime, the expression of talents and the level of accomplishment can vary, based on genetic, biological, social and psychological factors.”
>
> “Facial features and in particular bone structure, appear to remain consistent from one lifetime to another.” [2]

The above written statement was the moment of truth for me. If you visit Dr. Semkiw's website, you will find reincarnation case studies showing physical similarities of famous individuals. In my opinion, this was substantiating

evidence clearly showing our physical traits remain consistent regardless of gender.

There was one other aspect to reincarnation that truly opened my eyes and expanded my knowledge. The subject has to do with a split incarnation. Again, to quote Dr. Semkiw, “Split incarnation refers to the phenomenon where one soul animates two or more human bodies at the same time. In split incarnations, the ‘splits’ have similar facial features, personality traits and aptitudes, as they derive from the same soul.” [3]

Dr. Semkiw further states in his book, “At the present state of human evolution, about three percent of souls on Earth are able to have split incarnations.” [4] And in addition, I was relieved to learn that on average, a split incarnation can involve up to two or three parallel incarnations at one time. I should point out that a split incarnation is a developed skill, according to his book.

At first, the idea of a split incarnation was most foreign to me, and I'm certain it may be for you, too. However, I gradually warmed up to the notion and came to the conclusion that it was most certainly possible.

If we can remain open to these eternal principles governing reincarnation, then together we will write a new history that

embraces the qualities of inclusion, tolerance, and acceptance for one another. I believe this was at the heart and soul of Dr. Semkiw's work.



IT'S NOT MEANT TO BE KEPT A SECRET

Time has truly proven to be the best medicine. My husband seems to be more at ease with our new family member, and I now fully welcome Nicholas Roerich's presence in my life. He is no longer a secret in our household.

What continued to play over in my mind were the words my spiritual teacher conveyed to me, "My discovery was not meant to be kept a secret." Well, I reasoned, I've done my part. I've told my friends and family. It's now time to move on. The project has been completed. *Not so fast*. There was still the matter at hand, sharing my story with the public in the form of a book. "Ya," I said softly under my breath.

Nicholas had written close to 30 books during his lifetime, and here I was stalling with having to write one singular book. What would Nicholas Roerich have done had he been in my shoes? I believe I know exactly what he would have done. No doubt he would have relished in the assignment, ever the visionary that he was.

The last thing I wish to do is to try to convince people of my past life discovery. That's not what is at heart here. My desire is to tell my story as truthfully as I can and then release it, trusting that it will reach those individuals who will take interest.

What continues to be my primary motivation and purpose for completing this book relates directly to honoring my soul script agreement. Second to that is a desire to help others who may find themselves in a similar situation. Lastly, it would be disingenuous of me to say that a smidgen of my ego doesn't have a say in the matter. A smidgen, mind you, not a pinch.

I have indeed been given a remarkable gift. What I didn't know at the time was that it would take me eleven years to complete this manuscript, with several starts and stops along the way. Some things shouldn't be rushed. During this same time period, my life had become preoccupied by an environmental illness. The first symptoms appeared in March of 2011, the same time frame as my past life discovery.

Due to my illness, my husband and I sold our home and relocated to another part of the country. Through our

travels I was put in touch with an individual who was well informed on the life of Nicholas Roerich.

From the sound of their voice over the phone, I sensed a forthright yet caring individual. I was grateful that this person agreed to spend an afternoon with me. This was one of those rare moments where I would disclose my past life discovery to someone other than a family member or friend.

Upon our first meeting, I noticed a sense of disappointment, as though I did not measure up to their expectations. It was almost as if I could read their thoughts along the line of, "Who does this girl think she is, claiming to be Nicholas Roerich?"

I realize this was a bold claim on my part. If the roles were reversed, I am certain I would do the same. Moreover, keep in mind that this person's entire knowledge and orientation of Nicholas Roerich was based upon his lifetime as a man.

We first talked a bit and shared stories about our lives. We both expressed a deep appreciation for art. When it came time to recount the purpose for my visit, I was overcome with emotion. I attributed this to both nerves and from having kept my story a closely guarded secret. Fortunately, this individual was a kind person who listened with interest.

The conversation continued as my story unfolded. We then talked about Nicholas' life and his prolific body of work. I then very casually said, “I've often thought about taking up painting. I'd like to take a community art class.” My comment sparked a reaction, whereby this person firmly placed their hand on my wrist and said, “You are Nicholas Roerich. You don't need painting lessons.” The declaration of their statement was both a surprise and most welcomed. Not only did it momentarily lift my self-imposed isolation, it also provided meaningful validation for my soul.

One of the most difficult aspects in claiming to be a famous personality (with regard to a past lifetime) is the potential to not meet the high expectations set by others. So often, these famous historical figures are placed on an unreachable pedestal, where few could compete. This comment is not meant to diminish the individual's talented contributions to society; however, it doesn't leave much room for reality and the present incarnation of their soul.

As stated earlier, my journey in this lifetime was of a different nature. It was an inward journey in order to find my personal truth. I am most proud of the work I have done.

Not every lifetime will command attention and notoriety. This is important to know. This also does not mean my life is any less significant. And although I am not an academic, nor

hold a degree from a prestigious university, what I do share in common with my predecessor is the ardent search for truth and beauty. And to this end, I am on equal footing with my past.

My packaging, so to speak, is different this time around, and therefore, so too are my experiences. And in every way imaginable, this has greatly influenced my life for the better. I am grateful to be living in a time where the lines are less drawn with regard to gender. Yet I also look forward to the day where both men and women are no longer seen in a stereotypical manner, but instead given the opportunity to fully express their soul essence.

This was a very special day, meeting an individual who shared a deep interest in the life of Nicholas Roerich.



FROM AN EARLY AGE

From an early age, I showed signs of being a perfectionist. What type of five-year-old races directly into the bathroom in order to inspect the symmetry of their freshly cut bangs? My poor mother.

Not only was I acutely attentive to details, I also loved having everything in a nice and neat order. If you were to look at my fifth-grade elementary class photo, I no doubt measured the precise height of my knee socks. And if you noticed the smile on my face, it was due to wearing my all-time favorite dress.

Back then, life was filled with so much promise. I couldn't wait to begin each day! Truth be told, I still possess all the wonder and excitement of a young child. Fortunately, I was born with an inexhaustible supply of energy. On top of my boundless energy, I had a very sensitive nature, and still do. As an empath, I could sense and feel things far deeper than

my family members and friends. Also, I tended to be on the shy side and rather introverted.

My interests were many and varied. Much of my childhood revolved around my interests in sports and the arts. I loved to draw, sing, the theater, and anything that had to do with fashion. I was equal parts tomboy and girly-girl.

Later in life, I spent many years studying and practicing Tai Chi and Qigong. During this time period, I was fortunate to receive training in spatial alignment to create a beautiful and harmonious home. This unique training and profession had a profound influence on my life. However, it was my color and design education that proved to be my greatest passion.

When I read about the talents and interests that Nicholas Roerich both exhibited and fully realized, I wonder whether or not he ever cooked a family meal? Of course, I say this in jest after having spent the entire morning cooking today's meal. In reading about Nicholas Roerich's life, I learned that he had a very full schedule and a host of responsibilities. How he managed it at all, in addition to his painting, I have no idea. He was a man of great discipline.

With regard to holding many responsibilities, my mother was equally impressive. It is time now to give her a moment

in the spotlight. My mother, Carolyn, was the embodiment of unerring common sense. She also possessed a preternatural maturity unlike anyone I've ever known. She had beautiful manners and a youthful spirit.

Similarly, she was patient, strong in character, and a private person. Her love for mathematics and children made her an exemplary elementary school teacher. My mother worked tirelessly raising four children, all the while working full time. Never lacking for friends, and after retirement, her social calendar was always filled. She loved to play bridge. She enjoyed life, and in return people enjoyed her company. My mother was a very special woman.



ONE WORD AT A TIME

During the course of the next eleven years, my past life discovery as Nicholas Roerich became more like a distant dream. I didn't talk about it nor mention it to anyone outside my home.

My husband and I kept Nicholas' memories alive by seeing the world through his eyes. Whenever a beautiful cloud formation appeared in the sky, we would both comment on how much Nicholas would enjoy the sight and referred to the skyward display as a Nicholas cloud.

Beauty has always been a most important factor in my life. It is my guiding light in all that I see and do. I know this was true for Nicholas as well. My creativity has been further deepened as the result of Nicholas's work. Often, I call upon him to partake in my life, to further teach me, or to simply share in the joys and wonders of the twenty-first century. The past is the ultimate influencer, shaped by men and women who dared to dream the future.

As much as I now delight in Nicholas Roerich and his family (Helena, George, and Svetoslav), there still remained the issue at hand—sharing my discovery with the public. Not a day went by where this responsibility did not permeate my entire existence. What troubled me most was the thought of not living up to my soul script agreement. I felt honor bound and therefore vacillated back and forth. Yes, followed by a no.

Then the unexpected happened, which quickly changed my perspective on life. While recovering from an accident, I realized that time was no longer a luxury. It was now or never, as the saying goes.

In 2022, I made the decision to write my story. I then began the process of gathering and reviewing each previous attempt at a manuscript. I also reviewed every written note, both personal and from the recorded sessions with my spiritual teacher. I was on a mission.

My first version of the manuscript was a basic outline and time line of events. This was the first time I had viewed my story in its entirety from beginning to end. There is something quite special about putting your thoughts, feelings, and experiences on paper or keyboard. Every word

has the potential to expand your knowledge, and in the process, create clarity for the transfer of inspiration.

During this time of reflection and expression, I would come across inspirational words to provide the necessary momentum to see this project through. One message in particular stood out. It was not only wise but timely advice from my husband, “You cannot make progress in life unless you are willing to take some risks.”

My husband is a man who does not allow fear to govern his actions. He is disciplined and respectful with regard to his decision making. Mark has lived a full life because of his choices. And so, too, did Nicholas Roerich—a man who lived many lifetimes in one singular life.



AN UNEXPECTED SURPRISE

My manuscript was moving along at a fairly good pace. In truth, I was actually enjoying the writing process. Seldom did I labor over my words. Every writer knows full well the moment when a sentence or a paragraph can become a wrestling match—with an alligator.

By this point in time, I was completely at ease with my past life knowledge of Nicholas Roerich. I had crossed the Rubicon and was now in the process of completing what was asked of me. All was well, or so I thought.

Upon reviewing my handwritten notes from my recorded sessions with my spiritual teacher, I came across something most unexpected. Midway down on the college ruled paper, it read, “Ask to find the connection to . . .” For privacy reasons, I have chosen to keep this individual's name anonymous. However, this person was a prominent historical figure. This was a question my teacher presented to me back in 2011.

No, no, no, no. Not again, this can't be true. This can't be happening again. Why hadn't I seen this question earlier? What is going on here? My head began to spin. *Timing is everything*. With my first past life discovery, I was far too in over my head and preoccupied to have noticed anything else. And thank goodness.

It took me a few days to compose myself and to contemplate this recent turn of events. Do I dare ask the question? This time around, I present you with the question, "What would you have done?" Had I stopped now, I would have denied myself the right to know the truth. How could I possibly walk away from it? However, the magnitude of the question was beyond comprehension.

Once again, I was in a position where I couldn't simply say to my husband, "Honey, could you please come here for a minute? I have something to tell you." These types of events do not happen in real life. Perhaps in a movie, yes. But in real life? Twice now?

The person in question actually expressed an interest in Buddhism. Now, whether or not they believed in reincarnation, I cannot say. What would they have done? I don't know. All I can do is search my soul and make my

decision based on what my teacher imparted to me, “Your soul will guide you.” This is a belief I have always held.

And although I did not go searching for this knowledge, each step of my past life journey thus far has enabled me to bring my whole self forward. And with that said, I made the decision to inquire, “Ask to find the connection to . . .”



INEXPLICABLE SIGNS

Western society has, in large part, moved away from its most sacred nature. Often at the expense of the intuitive mind where rationale holds court. As Albert Einstein so eloquently stated: “The intuitive mind is a sacred gift and the rational mind is a faithful servant. We have created a society that honors the servant and has forgotten the gift.”

Logic can be as revelatory as intuition, provided it is not ego driven. Obtaining information via either means becomes more heightened with their combined existence.

Asking to be given a sign with regard to a certain question or topic is not an unfamiliar practice of mine. My challenge lies in the ability to fully release how, when, or where the answer will come.

Sometimes my questions will receive prompt responses, while at other times it may seem the answer is unavailable. Though this, in and of itself, is a form of a reply. Perhaps

more time may be needed for an appropriate answer, or perhaps letting go and greater faith is being asked of me.

To my surprise, this was not the case when I presented my question regarding my association to this particular individual. As instructed by my spiritual teacher, I once again took the question to the center of my being. Once my request was made known, it was then time for me to remain patient and trust that the answer would come at the right moment.

Within several days after my request, I began to receive inexplicable signs. Remember, as my teacher said, “Answers will begin to come from everywhere.” Newly received mail order catalogues arrived containing books on the life of this individual. A recent magazine subscription featured a multiple page article pertaining to this person’s life. Everywhere I looked, I kept seeing this person's name. It was far too synchronistic to be considered a coincidence.

However, the question still loomed large, what was *my* connection to this historic figure? Was this person reincarnated as someone I knew in my current life? Both my father and brother came to mind. Why would my teacher present a question that could not be answered within the framework of my life? The signs continued.

Then one day I came across a sign I simply could not ignore. Several significant dates relating to this individual, such as a specific day, month, and year coincided with the same significant dates in my life. And not only that, but I also happened upon an image of this person in their younger years. What struck me as odd was the similarity in the shape of a particular facial feature.

As mentioned earlier, Dr. Walter Semkiw has provided visual evidence of both past and present lifetimes where the individual shares similar facial features.

With this in mind, it appeared that all the signs pointed to the improbable conclusion that *I* was this historic figure in my past life. This can't be possible. No, it can't be true. Now, before you express that look of surprise or disbelief on your face, let me state very clearly that I was not the aforementioned individual in my former lifetime. Although I believed it to be true for a short period of time. And I'm not the type of person who falls prey to delusions of grandeur. Yet I mention this as a cautionary tale.

Yes, there were numerous signs and even a physical resemblance, but what I failed to rely upon was the ring of truth. Something didn't add up. Doubt remained present. With my first past life discovery as Nicholas Roerich, doubt was never an issue—not for one moment. From the very

beginning it rang true and I did not need to be convinced. There's a lesson here.

My mistaken past life identity could have easily been omitted from these pages, but what would be the point? My past life journey is a learning experience.

Discovery is, at times, subject to error. Fueled by our best efforts and intentions, these mistakes often lead to greater insight and progress. I learned a great deal from this recent incident, and I hope you will too.

First and foremost, take your time when seeking an answer to a past life question. Do not hurry the process or try to talk yourself into an answer. When the correct answer arrives, you will clearly see or feel the truth. Your soul will recognize it. I jumped to a conclusion too early on, and on top of that, I did not think to consider those individuals closest to or in association with this historic figure.

The way in which I learned the truth about this recent past life inquiry was through a person known as a Trance Channel. This is a qualified professional who can verify past life information. Kevin Ryerson is the person I contacted. Kevin is a highly trained and experienced Trance Channel with impeccable ethics.

A Trance Channel is an individual who has the ability to bridge the higher dimensions, by contacting those in spirit form. Kevin works with a spirit guide named Ahtun Re. In turn, Ahtun Re is capable of accessing what is known as the *Akashic Records*. Within this celestial storehouse, every action or event that has taken place in history, along with every past and present lifetime, is recorded and stored. It was both Ahtun Re and my spiritual teacher who confirmed my past life as the artist, Nicholas Roerich.

During my scheduled session with Kevin and Ahtun Re, I would come to learn that I was not the person in question. I was not this world-renowned historical figure. But there was a surprising reveal made known to me by Ahtun Re. In one of my former lifetimes, I was an assistant, a close associate to this famous individual. This, in and of itself, is quite remarkable and once again explains my interest in various cultures and regions of the world.

There is one other important takeaway from this recent experience that I would like to share. With any past life discovery, make certain to ask yourself this one important question, “Does this make sense?” Does the information you have garnered explain the reason for your interests, talents, associations, and any other various aspects involving this lifetime? Do the dots connect? If not, listen carefully to what you're sensing and feeling about a potential life discovery.

Discovering a past life is an act of trust and faith. First, it will require a trust in oneself to recognize the answer. Secondly, it will require the necessary faith to believe in the truth of your discovery.



RAISING THE BAR

Had I given myself the proper latitude and time, I may have made this most recent past life discovery on my own. Now the question remains as to why my spiritual teacher felt it was necessary for me to learn about this past incarnation. In time, I believe I will discover the answer.

When news such as this is revealed, so many emotions can come into play. A whirlwind of emotions, like a dust storm that will eventually calm down. I am still processing this new information in a manner that takes into account my well-being. *You control the experience. It does not control you.*

Imagine, if you will, staring at an image of your former self in the form of a photograph or painting. Now imagine seeing yourself as the opposite gender. As miraculous as this is, it's a bit of an odd sensation nonetheless. Time will be required in order to adapt to this new member of my family.

My husband and I have settled into a very nice friendship with Nicholas, where he is a delightful part of our conversations. Three's company, will four be a crowd?

When I finally broke the news to my husband concerning this recent past life reveal, he was totally fine. This conversation was much different than the first time around. I think he has grown used to this aspect of my life. However, he made it very clear to me that whoever I was in my past life doesn't raise the bar for me. He then said it is what I do in this lifetime that raises the bar. He was right.

Oddly enough, this entire past life journey has largely taught me how to accept myself, my talents, and my personal truth. I believe this was the gift I was given. The gift of remembering who I am, the essence of my soul.

To the best of my abilities, I've tried to convey each step of my past life discovery. Often entering unknown territory. If my father were alive, he would be the first to lead this expedition and would most likely be having the time of his life. My father was never one to shy away from the unknown mysteries in life.

Looking back now, in every sense of the word, this journey has been like a ride in a hot air balloon, exposing me to new

vistas and feelings I had never before known. My life has been changed in a way I never could have imagined.

Lastly, there is one important take away that I now hold as the Golden Truth to a past life discovery. The secret, in my opinion, lies within the window to the soul—the human eyes. In viewing many photographs of past and present lives, the eyes seem to be the great revealer and all-important giveaway. The soul's expression (captured in the eyes) seems to remain consistent from one lifetime to the next.



A HIGHER DIMENSION

All my life I have sought to find my life purpose, never realizing it would find me.

Earlier this morning I had a most unusual thought. When I am engaged in an activity in which I love, or one that brings me joy, does my soul have access to a higher dimension of existence? And from this dimension, could it be possible that my past life identities are communicating with me in my present day?

In other words, if in accordance with living in a multidimensional universe, where within this higher dimension there is no time and space, and the past, present, and future are non-distinguishable, might I be dictating the ongoing work and words of Nicholas Roerich and each one of my successive lifetimes? And to that end, are my present-day thoughts and studies influencing their work?

Is it possible that I am acting as a scribe, carrying on in each individual's name, now joined with my perspective as our respective fields of study continue to evolve?

As a young girl, I possessed a very vivid imagination. In later years, my mind became occupied with endless streams of thoughts. Back then, I had no idea that I had a purpose to fulfill. And so, my days were spent in avoidance of listening to my mind and soul. But so much has changed in my life, where I have reunited with my heart and soul and now welcome the companionship of my thoughts.

Regardless of time and space, Nicholas and my past life incarnations live on today as they did in yesteryear. The future now lies within each and every one of us, through the miracle of reincarnation.



BASIC OR PREMIERE REINCARNATION PLANS

There is one issue at hand that I would like to address. During the course of my lifetime and unbeknownst to me, I shared a split incarnation with one other person. In time, I would come to learn of this and obtain verification from Ahtun Re. If you will recall, chapter 19 offers the definition of a split incarnation.

The individual I am referring to lived an accomplished and full life. And from what I understand, lived a deeply spiritual life as well. I was excited to learn about our shared interests.

If the notion of multiplicity seems a bit much, I completely understand. In many ways it is similar to having a twin coexisting on Earth at the same time.

As I mentioned previously, the concept of a split incarnation seemed quite foreign to me. Now, however, I have embraced this interesting fact concerning reincarnation. If you think you might be living a double life, just remember the odds are

slim. Only three percent of the souls on Earth are capable of a split incarnation, according to Dr Walter Semkiw.

As I've stated numerous times throughout this book, any form of new thought may require an adjustment period, which is perfectly normal. It is no wonder that certain esoteric information remains hidden until human consciousness reaches the point where it can assimilate these truths.

In this lifetime, I certainly chose the Premiere Reincarnation Plan. First, I reincarnated as a woman after having lived several lifetimes as a man. Secondly, I then chose a split incarnation. This makes me wonder if the cosmos was offering an enticing reincarnation package, or a two-for-one offer. Something for you to consider. Maybe it's best to begin with the Basic Reincarnation Plan, for starters.

These are ancient truths that are now being revealed and reshaping the fabric of our lives—for the evolution and betterment of mankind. Together, we are forging a new path.



PAST AND PRESENT FAMILIAL ASSOCIATIONS

My interest in reincarnation continues to captivate me. One of my favorite pastimes is reading about famous personalities and their previous incarnations. These discoveries never cease to amaze me. I also enjoy trying to identify a past lifetime with various celebrities.

Reincarnation can provide the answers to a host of questions. And once these pieces of the distant past are properly understood, the opportunity for healing or the continuation of love can flourish.

For instance, what role or relationship did I experience with my parents in a past lifetime? The same holds true for my husband, siblings, and friendships. In this lifetime, are we balancing our karma as we meet and come together once again? Or are we continuing the love once shared in a previous lifetime?

Not long after my first past life discovery, I was organizing some old family photos. As I looked closely at the photographs of my maternal grandfather in his earlier years, I noticed that he shared an uncanny resemblance to my oldest brother, Eric. The similarity between my grandfather and my brother was unmistakable.

During one of my sessions with Kevin Ryerson, I asked his spirit guide, Ahtun Re, whether or not my oldest brother was the reincarnation of my maternal grandfather. The answer was, “Yes.”

My grandfather passed away at a relatively young age, when my mother was in her twenties. Far too young to lose a parent. But here we see an example of an enduring love, where my grandfather came back as my brother in order to be with his family. It is interesting to note that my brother had a special relationship with my mother's family. This story is most touching and, may I say, worthy of a Hallmark movie.



REMAIN TRUE TO YOUR SOUL

As I continue to learn about my second past life discovery, it will no doubt inform and impact my life in ways I've yet to discover. Although this time around I am more seasoned and experienced with the process. And having my husband's support means everything to me.

My previous lifetime as Nicholas Roerich remains a beautiful ongoing part of my life. My days are now spent practicing Qigong, studying metaphysics, writing, and working on my color and design projects. All are passions that run deep. I also look to nature for its replenishment.

In this lifetime I must remain true to who I am, and make any contributions based on my soul's present-day accomplishments, and not on past laurels from previous lifetimes. However, I take comfort from the past and simpler times when life wasn't so busy and hyperconnected.

Change is a natural part of life, yet I am concerned about our ever-growing reliance on technology. At what point does it—or has it already—take precedence over the genuine sound of the human soul and our common sensibilities?

It seems only fitting to complete my story with a final saying from my spiritual teacher, “The soul whispers and will guide you gently.”

This was a story I never intended to write, although my soul knew otherwise. May it find its way into your life to offer information, insight, and support. My greatest wish is for you to find enjoyment and or healing with your discovery. May it contribute to the richness of your life.

Namaste.

Reincarnation Similarities and Familiarities

Look at the face. Do you notice any facial similarities or similar bone structure?

Look at the eyes, the window to the soul. Do you see a similarity in shape or expression? Notice the gaze. Does it appear soft, neutral, or intense?

Do you have similar shared talents, interests, or a similar occupation and personality?

Do you sense a familiarity with family, friends, or associates in this particular past lifetime?

Are there shared specific dates or names?

Do you have an interest or attraction to specific cultures and regions of the world?

Do you experience unexplained traumas, fears, phobias, or health related issues?

The first six items on this list can be helpful when determining a past life discovery. The seventh item is listed as a possible explanation for unexplained mental or health related issues.

The Past Life Discovery Process

First Step: *Discovering A Past Lifetime*
The discovery of a past lifetime is a very natural experience. However, many people are not aware of this type of phenomenon. Consequently, an individual may not know how to embrace the moment or what to do next should it take place. A past life discovery is a step-by-step process.

When the moment of discovery and recognition takes place, it too will feel completely natural and as though time has momentarily stood still, thus allowing you to reconnect to the continuity of your soul. Your soul will guide you.

The feelings that may accompany your past life discovery are: profound familiarity, a sense of coming home, and deep inner peace. You may also experience a moment of surprise or happiness in the form of elation and joy.

Conversely, depending on the past life discovery, you may experience feelings of overwhelm, astonishment, fear, and disbelief. These feelings, however, will pass with time.

With your initial discovery, you may question your state of mind. This is perfectly normal. But if your discovery is

indeed true, you will know with absolute certainty. It will ring true to your soul and all your senses.

Second Step: *Record Your Experience*
From the very moment I made my past life discovery, I began a journal. And thank goodness I did. Otherwise, I would have forgotten key moments along this journey. In addition, my notebook was a safe place to record all that I was experiencing with regard to my feelings, questions, concerns, and interactions with family or friends.

Third Step: *The Yes/No Phase*
Once your past life discovery is certain, the right hemisphere of your brain (intuition) will lead in accordance with your soul's recognition and memory of a past lifetime. Next, in some instances, the left hemisphere of your brain (logic and reason) may challenge or deny the soul's identity and past life discovery.

This was certainly true for me as I vacillated back and forth. First, with the absolute certainty of my discovery, followed by an inability to accept this phenomenon. This was a very big adjustment in my life. Once again, time proved to be the remedy.

Fourth Step: *Disorientation*
Some days you may feel as though your feet are on backwards. Seeing a photograph or painting of oneself in a former lifetime can be disorienting. Especially if you were a different gender, ethnicity, or lived in a different time period or locale.

As previously mentioned, I had a difficult time accepting the fact that I had lived previously as a man. This particular knowledge required a period of growth until it became normalized.

Fifth Step: *Isolation*
This, too, was one of my biggest challenges for I did not wish to share my past life discovery. In the beginning, I did not know who to turn to or who, for that matter, would believe me.

During this period, you may experience feelings of concern over what others might think about your discovery. This is the reason why I chose to keep my past life discovery a secret. Eventually, I revealed my story to a few select individuals.

If I were to do it all over, I would not hesitate in reaching out to a reputable past life therapist or trained therapist who shares a belief in reincarnation. But perhaps you have

someone in whom to confide. I found it helpful to begin the conversation by asking, “What are your feelings about reincarnation?” You may be surprised by the differing responses you receive.

Sixth Step: *Integration*
Merging the past with the present. I knew from the beginning to give myself full permission to express the range of emotions concerning my past life discovery. I did not censor myself, nor did I dismiss my genuine feelings. And as beautiful a gift as this was, there were times when I felt completely overwhelmed.

With this most recent second past life discovery, I am honoring my well-being. I find it fascinating learning about my past lives; however, I now embrace it in a more grounded manner.

Seventh Step: *Growing Pains*
And here I thought growing-pains were a thing of the past. Allow your body, soul, and psyche to adjust to this new family member. All will be well once you allow this process to take place.

I have no doubt that my growing pains would have been to a lesser degree had I been familiarized with the process of discovering a past lifetime. The more exposure

reincarnation receives, the greater the chance for it to become a common household topic.

Eighth Step: *Acceptance*

Congratulations! If you haven't already celebrated your past life discovery, now is the time. This may also be a time of healing or finding the purpose for your past life discovery.

Take a moment to unite with your soul's past. This is a lovely feeling and one to truly celebrate. So, get out those party poppers and enjoy!

As stated in an earlier chapter, I wish all past life discoveries will be cause for celebration. But unfortunately, this may not be true. Perhaps you have learned that your past life involved deprivation, harm, or suffering. What I have learned from my past life journey is this: The soul seeks union and healing. And no matter the circumstances of the past, the Buddha wisely said, “Every morning we are born again. What we do today is what matters most.” Every day and every action is an opportunity for healing.

Ninth Step: *The Reveal*

Whether or not you share your past life discovery will be a personal decision. Do not feel compelled to share it if you do not feel comfortable. Should you decide to disclose your discovery, first consider the individual and their level of

receptivity. Do not get discouraged if someone doesn't believe you. This is a new journey for many people.

Common sense says to seek out those individuals whom you trust. Reveal this information in a responsible manner. If inclined, offer clues that pertain to your past life. Now what will it be? A blue balloon or a pink balloon? Lastly, keep in mind that timing is everything.

Tenth Step: *Breathe*
Remember to breathe. Inhale to the count of four and exhale to the count of four. It does wonders.

The above-mentioned steps are merely a time frame for what might occur during a past life discovery. Each and every individual will have a unique experience and may not follow what is outlined here.

This information is based upon my personal experience and only intended to provide a general overview of the past life discovery process.

Further Information

Suggested Reading

WALTER SEMKIW, M.D.

Born Again: Reincarnation Cases Involving Evidence of Past Lives with Xenoglossy Cases Researched by Ian Stevenson, M.D.
Origin of the Soul and the Purpose of Reincarnation
Return of the Revolutionaries: The Case for Reincarnation and Soul Groups Reunited

BRIAN L. WEISS, M.D. AND AMY E. WEISS

Miracles Happen: The Transformational Healing Power of Past-Life Memories
Many Lives, Many Masters: The True Story of a Prominent Psychiatrist, His Young Patient, and the Past-Life Therapy That Changed Both Their Lives

Websites

NICHOLAS ROERICH MUSEUM IN NEW YORK, NY

https://www.roerich.org/

KEVIN RYERSON

https://kevinryerson.com/

WALTER SEMKIW, M.D.

https://www.reincarnationresearch.com/

BRIAN L. WEISS, M.D.

https://www.brianweiss.com/

Notes

Chapter 10: The Integration Process Begins

1. Dr. Walter Semkiw, *Born Again: Reincarnation Cases Involving Evidence of Past Lives with Xenoglossy Cases Researched by Ian Stevenson, M.D.* (U.S.A.: Pluto Project, 2017), 25.

Chapter 19: Illuminating Facts

2. Dr. Walter Semkiw, *Origin of the Soul and the Purpose of Reincarnation* (U.S.A.: Pluto Project, 2011), 51-52
3. Ibid., 35.
4. Ibid., 39.

With Gratitude

With deep gratitude, I wish to thank those individuals who helped make this book possible.

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About The Author

Heidi Lanier is a Certified Color Designer, writer, and blogger. She is the author of *Finding Your Yes: Every Choice or Decision is an Energetic Exchange*.

With more than twenty years of experience working with color and design, Heidi continues to share her passion for personalized color and design analysis.

She enjoys reading, fashion, interior design, art, music, and studying metaphysics. She has a devoted Qigong practice and embraces a natural, healthy lifestyle.

Please visit *https://beautyhaswings.com* to learn more about her creativity.

What if you were given the opportunity to step back in time to view a former lifetime? Would you agree to do so? And upon discovering your distant past, what would you do or say? Who would you tell?

Heidi Lanier was busy living her life, unaware of the fact that an inquisitive online inquiry was about to reveal an unexpected past. And before she knew what was happening, her previous lifetime as a prolific artist was on display right before her eyes.

Breathe: Memories of a Forgotten Lifetime is a true story that provides a front row seat into the world of reincarnation. Please join the author as her story unfolds, recounting her remarkable journey of being given the gift of remembering.

