

Chapter Seventeen

Seth entered the steel-gray lobby of a building on West 61st Street at a quarter to two in the afternoon and took the elevator to the fourteenth floor. As he rode in the dimly-lit Art Deco cab, the dream in which Keta whispered, “He was your father,” popped into his consciousness. Perhaps Ajax had been his father, and perhaps a shuffle through his previous lives would elucidate the connection. And perhaps nothing would come of it, no connections would become apparent, and no past lives would show up. How would he know that his father in a past life had become Ajax the ghost? He wasn’t sure at all.

He took a seat in the plant-filled waiting room of the office of Selena Moore. He was given Selena’s name by a co-worker who met her at a cocktail party in the Hamptons. Selena, he was assured, was the best regression therapist in New York. A door on the far side of the waiting room opened, and a woman in a beige linen suit and pink silk blouse emerged. She smiled and introduced herself. He followed her down a long hallway with a gleaming marble floor before entering what was little more than a walk-in closet with a humming air conditioner in the window. Strips of light cast by wooden Venetian blinds gave the room a *film noir* look. Selena motioned him to take a seat in a black leather recliner positioned opposite her more compact armchair. The only other furnishing was a tiny desk tucked beneath the window.

As he settled into the recliner, Selena said, “We talked on the phone about what you’re looking for, but I’d like to review what you can expect from the regression experience. Today I’ll put you under light hypnosis for an hour.” While she spoke, her blonde hair rippled in soft waves, framing a Pre-Raphaelite face with curved lips and a nose that came to a crisp point. A barely perceptible tension in her neatly crossed legs suggested a disparity between her prim exterior and something more brazen below the surface.

“Different people get different impressions,” Selena said. “Some receive ideas of events, some see them visually, and a few get vivid Technicolor scenes. Many can access their entire life history, even though they enter a past life at a specific age.”

Seth nodded while studying Selena for signs of therapeutic or spiritual incompetence. “Will you tell me again what you’re seeking?” she asked. Her refined enunciation cast a spell over the room.

“I had an encounter with a ghost in the Orenda Valley who may have been my father in a previous life. I’m hoping to go back to that lifetime to see what transpired between us.”

“How would the ghost know that you, in your current incarnation, were once his son?”

“That’s a good question,” Seth said. “I don’t know.”

“We can work with that as an objective. But it’s best to approach this process with an open mind and go with whatever comes through.”

“I understand.”

“Then let’s begin. Please make yourself comfortable.”

Seth took off his shoes and placed his feet on the ottoman in front of the recliner, while Selena dimmed the lights and set up her tape machine to record the session. “I want you to relax all the muscles in your body,” she instructed.

Seth nestled into the padded chair. When he stopped fidgeting, Selena said, “I want you to imagine yourself encased in a warm, golden, protective light. And I want you to imagine that this

light also exists between you and me. I want you to imagine a very high mountain. You're standing at the base and there's a trail leading to the top. Before you climb to the top, I want you to envision a large jar beside the trail. I want you to put anything you don't wish to bring on this journey into the jar. You can retrieve whatever you've left there afterwards."

Seth placed his preconceived notions and disbelief into the terra-cotta vessel.

"I want you to begin climbing the trail. And I want you to understand that by the count of ten you will be at the top of the mountain. One."

Seth navigated uncertainly along a steep, rocky path.

"Two."

Gaining momentum, he looked around and saw a forest that covered the mountainside.

"Three."

He grew winded from his brisk uphill pace.

"Four. Five."

On the trail midway up the mountain, the trees were sparser, with low scrub taking their place.

"Six."

His conscious mind crashed through. *This is bullshit. You're wasting a hundred dollars, which, by the way, you can't afford.*

"Seven."

He was above the tree line. The air grew thinner with each step.

"Eight."

Craggy boulders cluttered the mountainside like rubble.

"Nine."

His hands grabbing at rock, Seth pulled himself up the slippery gravel trail.

"Ten. You are now standing at the top of the mountain."

Seth bounded off the trail. He straightened his body and stopped to catch his breath.

"I want you to look around," Selena said, "and tell me what you see."

Seth scrutinized a top-of-the-world vista similar to the Tibetan Himalayas. The snow-capped peaks were turquoise and purple in the rarefied light. "I'm standing on flat, rocky ground," he said. "I see blue sky. Below me are trees that look like match sticks. The air is pure and cold and tastes like water." His voice had slowed down and deepened. He had no perception of his body or Selena's office. He was all mind.

"That's good," Selena said. "I want you to call upon your higher source, what some refer to as a spirit guide. Ask your guide to come forth, and tell me what form he or she takes."

A mechanical click sounded as Selena started the tape recorder. In the silence that followed, Seth glimpsed an entity who seemed part human and part spirit. "The guide is a little hunched-over man carrying a sack on his back and walking with a tall staff," he said. "He's Native American. His name is Keta."

"What impression do you get of his face?"

"His face is wrinkled. He has gray whiskers and wispy white hair. He seems really old."

"Does your instinct tell you that you can trust him?"

"Yes. He has a lot of knowledge. He's visited me before."

“Please thank him for coming. Then ask him if he’s willing to help you explore a past life that would be beneficial for you to know about.”

Repeating Keta’s words as they resounded inside his head, Seth stated emphatically, “He says that’s what he’s here for.”

“Then we’re in business. He will lend protection, support, and wisdom. Now take a few slow, deep breaths. I want you to imagine that as you look up into the sky, there’s a little white fluffy cloud. Imagine that you’re very light and can float up to the cloud and that it can support you. As you float on your cloud, tell it to follow the direction of your higher self and your guide. Tell it to take you to whatever time and place is appropriate for you to explore. I’m going to count backwards from five to one while you imagine that you’re drifting through space and time. Five. Easy and calm and relaxed and flowing. Four. Easy and calm. Three. Imagine that you’re going back, and it’s easy to do because you’re an eternal being. Two. On the next count, imagine that the cloud has set you down and you’re becoming aware of a different environment. Let it be whatever it is.”

Selena snapped her fingers and said, “One. The idea of a different setting comes into your mind. Tell me what it is.”

Seth glanced down and saw that he had stepped into someone else’s body. He was wearing a white robe and brown leather sandals. He looked up and examined his surroundings. “I see sand,” he spoke slowly. “A desert. Palm trees. There are pyramids here.”

“I want you to become aware of whether you’re male or female.”

“I’m pretty sure I’m male, but I could also be female.”

“You can clarify that later if you need to. Where you are?”

“I’m outside the residence of the king, awaiting permission to enter. Eventually I’m allowed into a courtyard with a babbling fountain.”

“How old are you?”

“Forty years.”

“On the count of three, I want you to go to where you live.”

The numbers, along with Selena’s compelling finger snap, propelled Seth forward. “I live in a cloister that houses the high priests. I see a young man, a novice, who smiles devotedly at me. I teach him the mysteries. He will leave me when his training is complete, and I will instruct another in the craft of—” Seth stumbled over his thoughts before saying, “In the sacred craft of guiding the souls of the dead into the next world so they may continue their journey.”

“Let’s return to the time you enter the king’s residence.” Snap! “Why are you there?”

“A terrible misfortune has occurred. The king’s first-born son has died suddenly, there are rumors of poisoning, and I’m required to guide his soul into the Light. I’m escorted to the prince’s chamber, where he’s laid out in golden vestments looking like the Sun God except for the grimace which none of the royal physicians can correct. My acolyte arrives carrying sandalwood oil and the necessary amulets. I commune with the prince’s spirit, which hovers above his lifeless form. The dead boy is furious, shouting that he’s been poisoned by his jealous younger brother. Speaking mind to mind, I calm him, then instruct him in the ways of the afterlife, assuring him he’ll incarnate again if that’s his path. Once his spirit is soothed, I anoint

his body with oil and send him back to the Source. I see his transparent soul soar into a spiraling tunnel of light and merge with the radiance on the other side.”

“What’s your name?” Selena asked.

“Set. In honor of the god who presides over those sacrificed to the mystery of death. An appropriate name for one who escorts souls to the afterworld, don’t you agree?”

“Yes, Set, your name rings true. Now I want you to move to a defining event in your life.”
Snap!

“Years later, I’m the king’s confidant. A priest who envies my skills seeks to destroy me. You see, my knowledge of the mysteries draws phantoms to me. The mightiest of spirits serve me for the chance to be crossed into the Light. My rival sends an army of deadly thought forms to attack me. Caught unaware, I nearly succumb.”

“What’s the outcome?”

“Fearing I’ll lose my life, I foolishly resort to black magic, forgetting that it would be better to die than to violate the authority of the gods. With the low cunning of a sorcerer, I conjure up a red-bellied scorpion and send it to my rival’s chambers. I become one with it, injecting my own venom into my sleeping enemy and reveling in his death throes. Having defeated my adversary, I live out the remainder of my life in peace.”

“I want you to move forward to the time of your death.” Snap! “What do you see?”

“I’m hovering above my body, which has fallen across the stone floor of my cell. I’m content to leave the flesh behind for I know my soul will incarnate again. The battle with my rival is my only regret. As I rise into a sky emblazoned with golden hieroglyphics, the handwriting of the gods, I understand that the taking of a life through black magic is a gross misdeed. I fly toward the Divine radiance and perceive that I will carry my transgression as a tainted legacy that must be cleansed. I see the spiral. I see the light. I’m in the—” Set’s voice trailed off until the only sound in the room was Seth’s steady breathing.

“It’s time to begin your return journey.” Selena said. “I want you to imagine that you’re going back down the mountain. When you get to the bottom, if there’s anything you put in the jar that you wish to retrieve, do so now.”

Seth descended the mountainside. He approached the jar, but left behind his preconceived notions and disbelief in order to return to the present unfettered by a narrow judgment that was no longer his own.

“I’m going to count from one to five as you come back integrated, mind clear, energy flowing through the body. One. Mind clear. Two. Energy flowing. Three. Your focus returns to the present. Four. You come back a fully integrated being. Five. You are back in the present.”
Snap!

Seth opened his eyes and looked at Selena, who regarded him with a slight smile. As his senses re-engaged, the mass of his body returned to the chair. While he was under, he’d been weightless, floating in another realm. Yet he remembered all he had recounted.

“How do you feel?” Selena asked.

“I have a buzz, like a drug high. I feel like I’ve touched a place where I’ve never been.”

“As indeed you have,” Selena added. “We don’t have much time left, so if you want to continue, we’ll need to schedule another session.”

“The Egyptian lifetime answered many questions. But I’m disappointed that I didn’t find the ghost.”

“I can put you in a deeper trance, and we’ll see what comes to mind.”

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