

# FULL-CONSCIOUS PROJECTION

## CASE 1

From the Files

of

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### Regression Session – Text Book

Following is a transcript of a 'text book' past life Full-conscious Projection session.

Subject: Adult male, late 40s

Comments: Therapy Regression Session

**First Scene** - Project back to a past cycle that links to current life.

What do you see? *A churchyard, late morning, midday.*

Who are you? *A man.*

What are you doing? *Visiting a grave.*

What time of year is it? *Summer, shrubbery about.*

Whose grave is it? *Wife's.*

What are you wearing? *Tweed suit, hat, black shoes, watch - a fob-watch, soft tweed hat.*

What is your name? *Alfred.*

Describe the grave. *Old, slab, flowers.*

What is your earliest memory of this life? *Child, party, eight to nine years old, tables in a room. Stone house in the country. Father, an engineer. We own horses. It's the late nineteenth Century. Mother stays at home. There's a cook, and stable hands. I am an only child, not robust, but OK. I wear Knee britches, black clothes, and a white collar.*

**New Scene** - Go to next important event.

What do you see? *I'm eighteen years old. Train, brown coaches. I'm going to University. An old one, Cambridge. I'm going to study medicine. Wanted to write (as in author). Mother is very ill, a close friend of the cook told me. It's spring. I've a lot of luggage. I stay in lodgings. I'm interested in Psychoanalysis, Freud. Later I set up a practice, I become a GP.*

What friends do you have? *A young woman, slender, creamy complexion, large eyes, quick in movement. Her name is 'Janet'. She is one year older than I. I have a friend, a young man of the same age as I. He is quiet, thoughtful, also interested in Psychology. I also have a friend who is a lecturer. He's in his fifties, moustache, tall, Scotch. He wears baggy suits and smokes a pipe.*

What happens next? *I complete my final year, and set up my practise in the country as opposed to studying Psychology. Mother is now frail, and is bedridden. My young male friend went to Vienna, and Janet's now a lecturer in surgery.*

What is it like being a GP? *I mainly deal with things like flu and death. I dread births. I practise for seven or eight years. Now I'm late twenties. It's the First World War. I go to war as a doctor. I serve in a hospital in France/Belgium - Ypres. I have a relationship with a nurse - 'Anne-Marie'. She's French/Belgian. I lose my virginity to her. During this period I write - 'Memoir of the War'.*

What happens next? *I'm in my thirties, and I return to UK. The war is over. Home is in the South of England, Cornwall - West Country. I spend time at home. Mother is dead. Father is*

*old. No practice. I travel to South Africa. Thinking, trying to find myself. Egypt, I have a strong attraction to Pyramids. Here I develop a strong interest in life after death. Here I gain an understanding of life after death.*

*What happens next? Kenya/Tanganyika. I have a cousin that I stay with. I don't hunt.*

**Flash Back** (Note: this is a common occurrence during past life regressions). *During the war I practised euthanasia, I used Morphine. I did the same to my father. I've never spoken about this to anyone.*

*What happens next? South Africa, to study medicine. I didn't want to go back to Europe. Studied in Cape Town, UCT (University of Cape Town). Married a South African. I'm now in my late thirties. Her name is 'Miranda'. I practice, and I teach medicine at UCT. I'm interested in Psychology, and the treating of patients.*

*What happens next? I have two children, a boy and a girl. Miranda is younger than I am.*

*What happens next? There's a car crash. Miranda is killed. This is in my forties. The crash is after a party, Miranda is killed. I was at the wheel. I become introverted, there's a scandal about drink.*

*What happens next? I leave the university, and let others bring up my children. I turn to drink, leave home, and live in a hotel. The children are with the in-laws. The boy is at boarding school. I lose contact.*

*What happens next? I gravitate to the seedy part of town, and perform abortions on prostitutes, Etc. I'm a drunk. I have relationships with prostitutes.*

*What happens next? I'm called out to a pub, there's a knife fight, I'm stabbed, and I die.*

*Go on. I was buried at Mowbray. I died in my late forties. England is where my Mother's grave is. I'm buried in Mowbray (Cape, South Africa), in a family sarcophagus. 'Jameson', that's the surname.*

*Anything else? There's one life between now and that one. An incomplete life.*

End

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