 CHAPTER TEN

Why Am I Here?: Life Themes

The two-year-old looked intently and trustingly into Sylvia’s eyes. “You died of blood poisoning in your last life,” she explained to him. “You—don’t—have—to—die—now. Don’t leave us.”

Little David, a leukemia patient, recovered, defying all medical prognostications. Later, his parents returned to Sylvia, wildly happy but nonetheless puzzled. “How could David understand what you were saying—or did he?” his father asked.

“Kids know much more than most of us realize,” Sylvia told him. “They understand what’s going on from the very beginning. The next time you look into a new baby’s eyes, you won’t see, ‘Oh, hell, here I am again.’ That’s what he’s really thinking. But what we usually say is, ‘The baby looks so old and wise.’ That’s not it at all! He’s actually saying, ‘Oh, shit.’”

“It’s that bad, huh?” David’s father asked, shaking his head. “I don’t understand. What’s the point of it all? Why do we do it?”

“Francine says that the purpose of reincarnation is to perfect the soul by gaining different kinds of experience and knowledge in a negative plane of existence—our Earth. Perhaps, for whatever reason, it was necessary for you and your child to experience leukemia. That’s been accomplished now, and you’re experiencing something else—a healing. Your boy has literally healed himself just by deciding to do it. Can any of us really be the same after an experience like that?”

“But why do we need to incarnate?” the mother asked. “If it’s so bad here in comparison, why can’t we just stay on the Other Side?”

“Well, you can if you want to,” Sylvia told her. “At least that’s what Francine says, but the thing is, what all of us really want is to get better, to be better than we are. Some entities choose to work on their perfection on the Other Side, but the trouble is in their environment, where everything is so perfect, it takes so long. Most entities decide to come back to Earth every hundred years or so to have another whack at perfection. There are even a few who elect to spend all their time down here incarnating into one life right after another. I’d call that being gluttons for punishment.”

“Then who judges us? Who decides when we’re reaching perfection?” David’s mother persisted.

“We do,” Sylvia told her. “We judge ourselves. Doesn’t that make sense? We’re the ones who know what we need to learn. Francine says that when we’re on the Other Side, we’re much more understanding of everything. We’re fully aware of our good points, too—as well as the bad. We’re not confused there. We remember not only everything we learned here in our last past life, but everything we learned in all those other lives. Then, added to that, is all the knowledge we’ve accumulated while working on the Other Side.”

When David’s mother continued to look doubtful, Sylvia reassured her. “No one is going to be standing over your shoulder telling you to work harder, to get better. You’re the only one responsible for your learning process. How fast or slow you progress is entirely up to you. There’s no good or bad connected with it. It’s really more of an evaluation of how you’re coming along in your own progression. There’s no St. Peter or anyone else to condemn you. If you decide that your accomplishment in a given life isn’t at the level you want it to be, you may decide to live another life that’s very similar, to see if you can do it a second time. That’s part of the reason reincarnation exists—to give each of us as many chances as we need to learn something, something at which we’d failed. Think of it this way: God’s an equal opportunity employer. Everyone gets all the opportunities that he or she wants to work toward any desired goal.”

The man nodded in agreement. “I never believed in reincarnation—I thought it was all nonsense. But listening to you talk to our little boy, and then seeing him actually get well when no one thought it was possible...how can we not believe that there’s something like that going on? But what I don’t understand is why he forgot about those other lives, forgot about his blood poisoning, for instance. Why aren’t we born with a continuing awareness of our past experiences?”

“Francine says it’s so we can learn our lessons the hard way. She believes they have a deeper meaning that way and are more of an influence on our soul’s development.”

“But apparently David’s past life affected him in this life. Is there a way of explaining that?”

“He was very confused, but fortunately I was able to get through to him. A reminder was all he needed. It’s unusual to carry a physical ailment over from a past life, but it still happens sometimes. Then, such a reminder may help to dispel the new problem. It’s a kind of unfinished business, something like the spirits that hang around a so-called haunted house.”

Sylvia thought for a moment and then went on. “There’s another kind of carryover as well. We bring our likes and dislikes with us. Our personalities have been deeply affected by previous incarnations. Past lives can have a tremendous influence on physical health, appearance, race, creed, religion, value system, wealth, habits, talents, sex—I could go on and on. There’s almost nothing about us that isn’t rooted in a past life. Some of what we bring is positive, but some is not—bigotry, for instance. We’ve all—at some time in some life—been both the perpetrator and the victim of that.”

“This whole thing is so new to us, it’s kind of overwhelming,” David’s mother admitted.

“Perhaps you might want to look at your lives and analyze them from the perspective of reincarnation,” Sylvia suggested. “See how many of your interests, habits, likes, and dislikes could be the direct result of a past life. Is your house furnished in a particular decor? Do you prefer a specific kind of ethnic food? Do you vacation in the same place year after year because you feel drawn to it? You may be surprised where answers to these questions take you.”

The couple left the reading room with lots to talk about. As Sylvia watched them go, she smiled essentially, thinking of the many similar conversations she’d had with Francine over the years. The concept of reincarnation had always seemed natural to her, but the mechanics were something else. Once, during a particularly low period in her life, she and Francine had discussed suicide. “Couldn’t I just leave now and come back another time?” Sylvia had ventured.

“Do you think for an instant that you can simply ‘cop out,’ as you humans say?” Francine replied. “It is quite impossible. There are no breaks, only your preordained exit points. There is no escaping life. You would only have to face the same problems all over again.”

“But I’d be rested, it would be easier,” Sylvia reasoned.

“No, it would not—it would not be easier,” Francine said emphatically. “You would be pushed right back to Earth immediately. There would be no rest period allowed. You would be right back in the same geographical location, with the same type of parents, in the same kind of marriage or relationship, with all the same problems, the same financial situation. Everything would be the same, and you would just have to confront it all over again. Nothing would be gained by trying to escape. Think of it this way. What happens when children run away from school? Don’t you put them right back in and keep them there until they graduate? Of course you do, and it’s not until they’ve learned their lessons and graduate that other opportunities are open to them.”

Sylvia remembered, could almost feel her weariness at the time of that conversation, her exhausted frustration. “What will happen to me when I do get to the Other Side?” she had asked, as a child might beg a bedtime story.

“The same thing that happens to everyone. You will move through a dark tunnel toward a shining light where a loved one will be waiting to guide you. At the end of that tunnel, you will find an orientation center, our Hall of Wisdom. There you will sit before a screen and watch your whole life pass before your eyes. It is then that you will decide whether or not you have completed the self-assigned tasks of that life. Perhaps you may choose to reincarnate immediately, but more than likely you will choose to pursue your studies on the Other Side for a time.”

“Why would I ever choose to return?” Sylvia had sighed wearily.

“Whatever your decision, you will have help,” Francine had assured her. “A counselor will go over your life with you—your blueprint, your life theme—everything. You will decide together what is the best course to follow in order to achieve your own perfection.”

“But why did I take on so much this time?” Sylvia had asked. “Why did I make it so hard for myself?”

“That is a tendency of everyone,” Francine had admitted. “Life on the Other Side is so idyllic and one feels so strong that one tends to forget how difficult it is on Earth. You are counseled against taking on too much, but once again, the final decision is yours.”

“I must have an awfully big mouth.”
before she would eat it. As Sylvia grew older, pleasant memories of convent life contributed to her longing to become a nun in this current incarnation.

"Yes, Sylvia," Francine had agreed. "As I told you before, we retain much of our earthly personality on the Other Side."

"That's a comfort—I guess."

"But it is all your choice," Francine had insisted. "From the beginning of your creation, you, like every other entity, knew what you wanted to perfect, what your life theme would be, and how many lifetimes it would take to achieve perfection. It's that innate knowledge that drives each of us forward."

"Then what happened? How—where—did I go wrong? How did I get into this?" Sylvia had asked, feeling and sounding petulant.

"You did not go wrong," Francine had reassured her. "You are moving according to plan—your very own plan. The first thing you did before incarnating into this life as well as the previous ones—was review your past history. In the very beginning, in the early days of creation, all entities probed the future of all the planets that were enacting the reincarnation schematic. They studied all periods of the planets—past and future—seeking the one that contained the right scenario for their particular favor. The evolution of the planet Earth contained a series of plateaus—the Atlantean era, the Neandertal period, the Cro-Magnon period, the Stone Age, the Iron Age, the Bronze Age, the Golden Age, the Dark Ages, the Renaissance Age, the Atomic Age. In each of these ages, all entities could find the particular scenario that best fit them."

"Did—you do we ever get whatever we ask for?" There was a trace of eagerness in Sylvia's voice.

"In a sense. In the very early days, we all sat in a vast forum scanning all those periods on a great board—a little like a stock-market board or a union hiring hall—which apprised us of all available opportunities."

"Sylvia had been puzzled. "You mean life opportunities?"

"Yes. The boards listed information like geographical locations, parentage, ethnic and racial backgrounds, politics, economics—everything about a lifetime opportunity down to the most fine detail. Then some of us—you among them—took this information and, knowing our individual needs, bid on various opportunities."

It all seemed very strange to Sylvia. "Bid," she had repeated. "I don't understand."

"In the beginning, bidding was necessary because so many entities wanted to incarnate early. They were curious and eager to see what it was like on Earth and there were not enough opportunities for everyone at once. Now, of course, with the population so much larger, there is no longer a problem."

"I'm sure I'd be glad to give my place to someone else," Sylvia, thinking of the state of her life, had again been disconsolate.

"No, you were always very eager, very courageous about the tasks you set for yourself. You are still very courageous, Sylvia. You have no idea how much you give of yourself to others or what an inspiration you are."

"But Sylvia had shaken her head self-deprecatingly. Life had seemed very difficult at that point, getting through each day an effort. Only her responsibility to her children—and in some strange way she couldn't yet define, to Francine—kept her going.

"You—like everyone else—went to the Council, the governing body for the Other Side, and submitted a plan for your proposed incarnation. An entity does not have to do this, and a few have incarnated without the approval of the Council. But most prefer it, and all benefit from the counseling involved. It is like your earthly saying, 'Two heads are better than one.' The expertise and knowledge of the Council Elders combines with your own knowledge to select the best possible incarnation scenario. The Council went over your plan in great detail. They warned you of pitfalls that you had not considered, and they pointed out events that might change the whole complexion of what you wanted to accomplish."

"I wish I could remember," Sylvia had sighed wistfully. "Was the Council nice?"

"Oh, yes, very nice. Very loving and caring. They exist for our welfare and well-being. Frequently, a session with the Council causes entities to revise their plans until a final course is reached that takes in all contingency factors. Often an entity is warned about a particular incarnation and is counseled against it. Sometimes the Council may advise an entity to take a life that is too difficult or the wrong path for the entity. Sometimes the Council may advise an entity to change the plan."

"Sometimes the Council may advise an entity to change the plan. This happened to me. I was warned about the difficulties of living as a nun."

"Derangement? What exactly do you mean?"

"It does not go wrong. There is no 'wrong,' " Francine insisted. "Things only seem wrong to you at this time. Actually, I have not told you all the details of what the entity wants to accomplish. Some entities spend many years of your time—years as you measure time on Earth—in the orientation center preparing for life. When you are completed this final preparation, you begin search with the aid of a computerlike apparatus for the right parents, the right body, the right geographical location. Using this device, you decide upon the defects you might have, the jobs you might hold, what kind of childhood is best for fulfilling your life theme and how many lifetimes it would take to achieve perfection. It's that innate knowledge that drives each of us forward."

"Yes. The Council does the do at that?" Sylvia had wondered.

"Nothing, nothing at all. If the entity refuses to heed their advice, the Council assumes a passive stance. All entities possess free will and can incarnate as they choose. But I can truly say that I have never seen the Council make a mistake in reviewing plans for an incarnation, although I have actually seen many disastrous mistakes made by an overeager entity."

"Was—is—that the final step?"

"Oh, no. After that, you return to the orientation center, where you discuss the plan that you and the Council have decided upon with at least one Master Teacher. This is a time-consuming process for everyone because the Master Teacher must be totally familiar with every detail of what the entity wants to accomplish. Some entities spend many years of your time—years as you measure time on Earth—in the orientation center preparing for life. When you have completed this final preparation, you begin search with the aid of a computerlike apparatus for the right parents, the right body, the right geographical location. Using this device, you decide upon the defects you might have, the jobs you might hold, what kind of childhood is best for fulfilling your life theme and how many lifetimes it would take to achieve perfection. It's that innate knowledge that drives each of us forward."

"Sylvia had sighed again. "With so much planning, how can it all go wrong?"

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"Then I can make changes in the plan?" Sylvia had asked.

"There are many paths that an entity may follow, but only one 'blue track,' the path that must be followed to accomplish the desired perfection. If the entity gets off this track, some form of derangement may arise." Sylvia had considered that possibility. "Derangement? What exactly do you mean?"

"Alcoholism could be one type of response, or perhaps some other form of mental or physical illness. In the most extreme cases, it could take the form of suicide. Of course, the entity planning the incarnation is carefully programmed to avoid the stress that produces such problems."

"It doesn't work very well, does it—that programming?" Sylvia had asked.

"Most of the time it does work," Francine had argued. "In most cases, the entity survives incarnation, although not always on the chosen track. The difficulty comes, as I have told you before, from the difference between your plane and the Other Side. Overcoming the problem is the reason for the extensive planning and, particularly, the intensive review. The plan must be programmed into the subconscious mind of the entity so that he or she can not overlook the incantation but: to take two or three lives to accomplish what has been planned for just one. Of course there are always some entities who will not listen. They argue with the Council, insisting that they are right."

"What does the Council do about that?" Sylvia had wondered.

"They—do we ever get whatever we ask for?" There was a trace of eagerness in Sylvia's voice.

"No, you were always very eager, very courageous about the tasks you set for yourself. You are still very courageous, Sylvia. You have no idea how much you give of yourself to others or what an inspiration you are."

"But Sylvia had shaken her head self-deprecatingly. Life had seemed very difficult at that point, getting through each day an effort. Only her responsibility to her children—" Sylvia, thinking of the state of her life, had again been disconsolate.

"We spirit guides are always with you—if only more of you would listen to us."

Although until this time the mechanics of reincarnation had been a mystery to Sylvia, she had been aware of its principles operating in her life since early childhood. When she was scarcely more than a baby, she recalled being poisoned in a prior life and so insisted that her father taste all her food before she would eat it. As Sylvia grew older, pleasant memories of convent life contributed to her longing to become a nun in this current incarnation.
Then later still, Dal, shortly after their marriage, hypnotized Sylvia and returned her to an earlier life in Japan. “Are you psychic?” he asked.

“Yes,” she replied. Then, still under the hypnotic trance, Sylvia startled her husband by asking, “Are you one of my voices?” It was an insightful moment that seemingly transcended time and space. For an instant, two lifetimes separated by hundreds of years had merged into one.

This was a tragic life, one that Sylvia chose not to focus on for long. Her ability to hear voices that others did not hear, to see things psychically that others did not see, was highly threatening to those around her. At first, these voices were dismissed as the ravings of a madwoman, but eventually a woman frightened by a prediction about herself stabbed the entity who was Sylvia in that incarnation. She died of those wounds.

Sylvia believes today that it was necessary for her to experience that negative potential of a psychic’s life to fully comprehend the power inherent in this gift.

Later, an indication of a chain of lives influenced by psychic ability in Sylvia’s past surfaced when another regression revealed a life as an oracle in Delphi. As usual, Dal had relaxed her, leading Sylvia deeper and deeper into a hypnotic trance. “Now open your eyes,” he instructed her at last. “Look about you…what do you see?”

“Mountains, jagged mountains…they’re all around me.”

“What are you doing?”

“I’m climbing a trail. It’s very steep and rocky.”

“Are you a man or a woman?”

“I’m a woman.”

“What are you wearing? First look at your feet. What kind of shoes are you wearing?”

“Sandals. I’m wearing sandals. Sandals and a long white gown, a kind of tunic.”

“What are you alone?”

“No, there’s a little girl with me. She’s dressed as I am. I’m holding her hand. She’s my daughter.”

“Are you happy?”

“No, it’s early morning, but I feel so tired, so very tired. At the top of the trail there are a group of cell-like rooms. I will go into one of them. I do this every day. Soon long lines of people will be climbing this trail to see me, to ask me questions.”

“Do you foretell the future for them?”

“Yes, I do that every day from early morning until late at night. My little daughter is training to do it, too.”

“Don’t you like your life?”

“I have no life—no life of my own. All my time is spent reading for others. I see very little of my child.”

“What about your father?”

“He’s gone…long ago…I can’t seem to remember. I’ve been very much alone in this life. It’s all work, all readings. I have very little contact with anyone. The people who come to me stand at a little window in my cell. I’m busy all the time, but it’s really very lonely.”

“How do you die?”

“Tuberculosis. I’m not sorry. It feels so heavy, not just my chest, but everything. I am ready to move on.”

After returning to consciousness, Sylvia had total recall of this past incarnation. After meditating on it, she came to the conclusion that the memory was instilled in her awareness of the necessity of balance in a medium’s life.

In 1983, while vacationing in Greece, Sylvia became ill and was unable to accompany Dal on an eagerly anticipated excursion to Delphi. At her urging, he made the trip alone. On Dal’s return to Athens that evening, he started to describe the mountain sanctuary to her. “Wait a minute,” Sylvia said, stopping him, “you forget—I’ve been there, too.” And then she went on to describe for him the steep trails, the towering peaks, the massive columns and statuary.

Even for all of her experiences—not only from her own past-life memories, but from helping others to recapture theirs—Sylvia was unprepared for the wave of nostalgia that assailed her in 1981 as she stepped off the plane in Nairobi, Kenya. The trip had been largely unplanned. Client friends who had moved to Africa had invited Sylvia and Dal to visit them there. The Browns had accepted, but frantic schedules had kept them too busy to read or even to think much about the country in advance of the trip. Sylvia knew almost nothing about Africa, at least not consciously. Yet as soon as her feet touched African soil, she felt an immediate sense of coming home. As time passed, pictures and incidents appeared in her mind’s eye. Sylvia is certain that she has lived three very happy lives in Kenya.

In the first of these, she saw herself dressed in the red wraparound robes of the Masai tribe. Sylvia’s husband in that incarnation was killed on a hunting expedition, but her son—who is Chris in this lifetime—cared for her in a loving and tender way throughout her long life. In another incarnation, this one as a member of the Kikuyu tribe, it was Sylvia who was killed by a wild animal. She recalls this incarnation today as a short, almost idyllic life.

In each of her African existences, Sylvia was both a woman and a shaman. She remembers this as a very natural thing that was well integrated into her rhythms of her life.

Sylvia believes today that it was necessary for her to experience that negative potential of a psychic’s life to fully comprehend the power inherent in this gift.
One woman, distraught by the disappearance of a teenage son, asked for information on his whereabouts. “Is he alive?” she wanted to know. “Is he being held under duress? How can we get him back?”

Sylvia’s response was instant. Describing the events that had led to the boy’s disappearance, she gave details about the people he was with, described where he was staying, and added, “Don’t bother to look for him. You won’t find him. He’ll come home when he is ready.” The family relayed the information to the police, who continued their search. Despite their efforts to follow up clues furnished by the boy’s friends, the youngster wasn’t found.

Then on Easter Sunday, the runaway boy came home—just as Sylvia had said he would. He later confirmed most of the information in Sylvia’s prediction.

The second call to the United States was made by a Tanzanian reader of The Nation who was so distressed by his wife’s mysterious illness that he felt it was essential that she discuss her case with Sylvia.

But once again there was no need for details. “Your wife has severe headaches that constrict her circulation,” Sylvia told him. After relating more information on the woman’s condition, which the husband corroborated, she recommended a specific medicine.

The patient, who had for months consulted many doctors in her country, decided to try the new medicine. After one week, instead of being bedridden with incapacitating headaches every day, she reported only two mild headaches in six days. She appeared, on the basis of her conversation with Kathy Eldon, to be well on the road to recovery.

The article that Eldon had written for The Nation appeared in February 1982. At that time, Sylvia warned that there would be serious difficulties in Kenya during the end of July or the beginning of August. On the first of August, a coup attempt resulted in several deaths and a shakeup of the government.

Today Sylvia is known in Kenya by the Kikukyu title, “Mumbi-1,” which means “First Woman of the World.” She has made many trips since 1981 and considers Kenya a second home.

Sylvia has been told by Francine that she’s had 54 lives. She recalls fragments of 12, but has no particular interest in further pursuing her own past history. These memories have come to her, she believes, for a specific purpose that has some bearing on this life. They are long-ago memories from long-distance times. More recent experiences have eluded her. Unless some occasion should arise in which past lives have immediate effects upon this present one, Sylvia remains content to leave them buried.

Once satisfied as to the continuity of the human spirit, mere curiosity isn’t enough to justify to her the time spent on hypnotic regression. She prefers to spend the time and energy helping others heal themselves through knowledge of past-life experiences.

A dramatic demonstration of this was documented on television on October 9, 1982. The subject was Edwina Moore, hostess of the San Francisco TV show Pacific Currents. Moore’s problem was a fear of heights that was severely restricting her life.

Sylvia began by calming her subject, instructing Moore to feel the relaxation creeping slowly over her entire body, beginning with her feet and moving upward. “With each breath, you’re going to go deeper and deeper,” Sylvia intoned. “Now close your eyes and look at the bridge of your nose.” Within a few minutes, Moore was in a deep hypnotic trance.

“Now go to the time when your fear of heights began,” Sylvia directed. “Tell me what’s happening.”

“I’m climbing a mountain,” Moore said, her voice almost a whisper. “I’m afraid, I’m so afraid.”

“Go back before that time…tell me about yourself. What do you look like?”

“I’m young, about 15. I have brown skin.”

“Where are you?”

“On an island, a very lush island…it’s Hawaii.”

“What’s happening?”

“I’m running… I’m running away from someone, but it’s hard, the mountains are so steep…something terrible is going to happen!”

“Be calm,” Sylvia commanded, “take a deep breath, remove yourself from the entity you see, and get out of the picture to an observer’s position. You are now safe, calm, protected; you are simply watching the following events, which will cause you no distress.”

Sylvia continued, “Now just as an observer of events, tell me, who are you running from? Why are you afraid?”

“A woman is chasing me. She’s very angry…she wants to kill me.”

“Why is this happening?”

“Her husband—he fell in love with me. She hates me. I’m to blame.”

“What’s happening now?”

“I’ve reached a rope bridge…I’m running across a deep chasm. If I can get across, I’ll be safe…the rope is swinging—it’s hard to hold on. There are rocks below….Oh, she’s on the bridge, too…she’s reaching out. I can’t get away from her…I’m holding on to the rope, but she’s making the bridge swing. It’s terrible. I can’t hold on any longer. I’m falling! Oh, I’m falling—”

“It’s all right,” Sylvia soothed her. “That’s all over now. You don’t have to experience it. This is a new life that has nothing to do with the other one. You don’t have to be afraid of heights any longer. You now know what caused that fear, and it’s all over. This is a whole new life, and you’re completely free. I’m going to count to three now, and then you will awaken feeling well and rested. The fear of heights will be gone. One…two…three…wake up!”

Edwina Moore did indeed awaken feeling well and rested. Four months later, on February 10, 1983, she wrote to Sylvia:

I wanted to let you know that since our session, my fear of heights has virtually disappeared. I’m now able to drive Highway 1 without that shaky feeling in my legs. I can even stand on the edge of a cliff and not feel dizzy. Thank you for releasing me from that debilitating problem.

Not every client has been immediately accepting of the principle of reincarnation. One woman complained to Sylvia about sudden behavior problems that had developed with her four-year-old daughter. They had recently moved into a new apartment with no bathtub. When the child was confronted with a shower, she began to scream.

“Poor thing,” Sylvia sympathized, “but can you blame her? She was killed in a Nazi gas chamber. The last thing she recalls is being led to the showers.” You’ll have to explain it to her. She doesn’t understand that this is a new life.”

The client was shocked. “You can’t know something like that!” she argued.

“Why not?” Sylvia countered. “It’s no different from telling you what your new place looks like when I haven’t been there.”

The woman was unconvinced. “It’s different to me! I don’t believe in reincarnation.” She dismissed the idea as absurd, but the following day she called back. The previous night she’d been about to step into the shower, when the little girl began to shriek, “No, Mommy, no! Gas!”

“I used to wonder about it, too,” Sylvia told her. “I’m partly Jewish and so, of course, I’ve thought a lot about Hitler and the Nazis. Francine says there are actually group incarnations. In the case of the Holocaust, both the persecutors and their victims agreed prior to their lives on Earth to enact those historic events and death.”

“But why? What purpose could it serve?”

“It was intended as a global lesson for all of humankind. The same kind of thing happened nearly 2,000 years ago in Rome. Both Christians and Romans incarnated together to enact that grim—but inspiring—scenario.”
they also select a major life theme with which to achieve that perfection. Sometimes there are two or three subthemes as well. Lately, Sylvia has begun her death in that life will cure the fear that had virtually paralyzed the entity in effort to attempt to locate the grave of the teenage temptress who was Edwinna Moore in a previous incarnation, when simply determining the cause of able to actually locate both graves in a local cemetery and to verify several other details provided by Sylvia's regression. 

Sylvia described a life as a computer operator on Uranus. 

Almost from the inception of the Nirvana Foundation, and today has some 1,700 histories on file. Never has a subject failed to remember some detail, no matter how insignificant it may seem. It is as though the entity's memory is stored in a computer. Francisco, the director of the foundation, has compiled a vast computer data bank which is consulted by all members of the foundation on a regular basis. The data bank contains information on all the lives of each entity, as well as those of others. Most are planned years in advance so that all the entities involved are subconsciously aware of all the major influences that have affected them throughout their lives. The purpose of this is to help the entities to evaluate them after passing over to the Other Side. The devotion and effort of spirit guides are happily given, for they too have used the services of a guide at some point—everyone does—and they wish to help others as they have been helped. After all, this is how we all progress. 

Sometimes the mother is aware when this happens, but most often not. 

“Francine says that while we’re on the Other Side, we usually choose a friend or someone we respect and have confidence in to become our spirit guide when we incarnate. This is a very serious and significant choice, for the spirit guide must know all our plans for incarnation in order to enable us to accomplish as much as possible. If for some reason we get off the track, our guides try to put us back. They also observe all our actions in life and help us to evaluate them after passing over to the Other Side. The devotion and effort of spirit guides are happily given, for they too have used the services of a guide at some point—everyone does—and they wish to help others as they have been helped. After all, this is how we all progress.”

“Then making contracts is all part of the reincarnation process?”

“Of course,” she continued, “there are other cases where less time is devoted to planning, but the entities participating still know basically what to expect, even though they might not have conferred with one another. For example, an entity may incarnate without really knowing what soul will incarnate as her child. All she knows is how that ‘child’ will fit into her overall plan. This method is used less frequently, but is not unusual.”

“The true definition of karma is simply experience,” Sylvia told her. “It’s nothing more than the experience we seek while incarnating on Earth. Unfortunately, many people interpret it in a very negative sense. They think if I slap you in this life, you have to slap me next time, and then I slap you back, and we just go on slapping each other back and forth through eternity. Isn’t that dumb? As though we didn’t have enough to do.”

“But if that isn’t true, where does the negative connotation come from?”

Sylvia explained, “It began in Eastern philosophy, in which it is believed that ‘bad’ actions incur bad karma. Some are so extreme that if you were having an accident of some kind, a believer might refuse to help for fear of interfering with your karma. In our own society, the belief in a vengeful, wrathful God sometimes carries over into reincarnation, bringing a false interpretation of negativity to karma. What both of these factions fail to realize is that the whole purpose of life is for people to help one another. It’s only in that way that we all progress toward perfection.”

“It’s hard for me to even think of things like Hitler and the Holocaust, much less imagine volunteering for them,” the woman replied. “But I do wonder about my daughter and myself. We’re so close. Do you think perhaps we made some kind of contract before our incarnations to be together?”

“Very probably,” Sylvia told her. “Francine says that each single incarnation is part of a highly sophisticated network of other incarnations—your own as well as those of others. Most are planned years in advance so that all the entities involved are subconsciously aware of all the major influences involved. Probably you and your daughter chose each other before you even incarnated. Perhaps you got together on the Other Side and went over your plans together. Very likely you may have done this with your husband as well, and possibly with your parents.

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“For a time, Sylvia was very excited by such validations and worked extensively with the Federal Archives and Records Center in San Bruno, California, but now feels that the healing potential of reincarnation offers much more real satisfaction. Not only are many of the lives recalled too ancient to document, but the time involved in this type of research appears wasted when compared to the benefits of the healings themselves. Is it really worth the effort to attempt to locate the grave of the teenage temptress who was Edwinna Moore in a previous incarnation, when simply determining the cause of her death in that life will cure the fear that had virtually paralyzed the entity in this incarnation? One unique conclusion that Sylvia has drawn from her numerous hypnotic regressions is that all entities not only choose to perfect themselves, but they also select a major life theme with which to achieve that perfection. Sometimes there are two or three subthemes as well. Lately, Sylvia has begun...