

TIMETRAVEL

Book 1, Chapter 2

The nightmare proceeded...

I kept having the the same nightmare many times. Nothing in it changed.
 My friend the author recommended a book that was about **past life regression**.
 I bought the book and read it.
 It was very interesting.
 As I told him about that evening where I sat there on the first row and then a man came in I recognized with my back turned at him, he said it was quite common if we had known each other in a past life.
 It was possible to have a regression at the meditation center but it was very expensive, so I couldn't afford that.
 Finally he found out who the man was. "He works for the center " he said. "He is an author, healer and astrologer !"
 Later that broke some barriers. A female friend of mine had overworked herself and got a lot of tension and a headache, she asked me if I knew any one *good*, - that could heal her.
 I said there were several healers at the center.
 She picked one from some of my brochures and wanted me to be there as well.
 She had never tried to be healed so she was a bit nervous.
 No one else was available but him. Let's call him James.
 So I went to the center, picked him up and guided him to her place.
 He was a very good healer, and she soon recovered and felt very well again.
 None of the unpleasant feelings I had during that evening came back.
 He was a very intelligent man and interesting to talk to.

He apparently didn't recognize me ?

Then I meet James one afternoon as he was guiding the meditation. **So I asked him if he ever had felt like he had known me before ?**

He said no.

"I mean: **as in a past life ?**" No, there didn't seem to be anything familiar about me.

He asked why ?

I didn't dare to tell him about my horrible feeling during the speech, so I just told him about the nightmare and asked if that told him anything ?

Meanwhile my closest girl friend and I had been to the library to see if we could find any soldiers uniform that fit the looks of the soldiers from the dream.

We learned that those uniforms were worn around the **French Revolution** and **during Napoleon**.

I asked him if he knew anything about having had a life as a soldier in France ?

He was not aware of that.

Well, - I thought that I was wrong about connecting him and the nightmare.

Then suddenly one afternoon my daughter was not at home and I sat in my bed reading a book that was very exciting, I got a strong nausea and went a bit dizzy where after I was overwhelmed by a clear vision, where my bedroom disappeared and I was suddenly somewhere else....
 I was also some one else.

.....
 I immediately realized that I was the same woman as in the dream that stood under the trees identifying the body of the 'murdered' (?) soldier.

It was a bright sunny day with blue sky and white clouds. I had the sun right in my face and could hardly see the crowd of people standing around me yelling and spitting. I felt their hatred clearly.

I found myself on the woodwork around a corn mill. It was fitting slightly raised above street level, giving the crowd a better view.

I was convicted by the military of murdering (as I heard it..) Le Chevalariste Daniel Rousseau (or Roche ?) (The spelling incorrect: could be Chevalier ? = Knight?)and was now to be executed.

(Was he knighted by the military for some heroism ?) My surname I missed but my first name was Gabrielle.

A new invention was to be tested, instead of the usual executioner with an ax, I had to stick my head in an invention they called **La Guillotine**.

In addition to some military personnel was a torturer present wearing a red hood over his head. He was wearing white pants and no shirt but bare-chested.

Of course I was nervous and scared. What if the thing didn't work ? Would it be painful ? I thought of that soon I would go to Heaven and join my loved one and we would be together for ever.

I wasn't really sad about losing my life. More like 'Thank's God it's soon over' !

My hands were tied behind my back. And suddenly some one pulled a sack of bright fabric over my head, it smelled of flour.

I was dragged to the Guillotine by two men each holding a firm grip to my upper arms.

Then one of them forced me down on my knees and bend my head forwards so I had my neck at a precise position for the execution. "Don't move !" A voice commanded.

Then I heard a screeching sound and a snap as my neck vertebrae were cut through.

From here everything went on in slow motion.

The fabric of the sack was cut over as well and while my head was spinning around falling into a basket below, the fabric glided off my face so I could see my own neck above me. A big sigh was heard as my lungs were letting go of the last air and a thick bloodstream poured down into the basket where my head was with my face halfway turned upwards..

All I felt was a slight burning sensation in my neck region below my face. I could hardly feel I was beheaded ?!

All I could think was: "No, no, no, - not the blood in my face !" But the blood pouring from my neck went right into my face and open mouth. I tried to scream but couldn't. "Why am I not dead ?" Was one of my thoughts.

I heard a big yell from the crowd as my head went off. Now they had their satisfaction !

Then I suddenly saw the whole scene from above. Like I was a bird.

Two soldiers dragged my body backwards rolled it in some blanket and tossed it into a wagon pulled by two horses. The basket was moved away and the crowd turned around and walked away, there was no longer any thing to watch.

I went higher and higher and couldn't care less about my body, nor my life and was happy to feel free and weightless.

Then..... the whole thing started all over again.

Me standing there being exposed to the hatred of the crowd.

Being hooded and bent into the Guillotine.

The screeching sound.

The snap.

The burning sensation.

The last air coming out of my cut throat.

The blood pouring into my face.

The chock I felt because I was not dead. How was that even possible ?

Then me flying over the scene upwards not even carrying about my body, nor my life. I didn't feel anything just peace because now 'I was going to Heaven'.

And then it started all over once more from the beginning.

While I was looping around this horrible event my present life consciousness was put a side or rather felt in the background of this ordeal without me being unable to have any control over it. Thoughts cut through as: "I must pick up my daughter, I promised her....I have to go shopping there is no milk."

"Oh, God, - Help me !" I managed to think.

That helped.

I saw a being of light, but clearly as a human being, so shiny his face features blurred out and I couldn't really see what he looked like. He radiated a very lovely energy, that felt so comfortable that I totally trusted him.

"Listen to my voice and do exactly as I say!" he told me.

He asked me at first to take a deep breath.

Then he told me to raise both my arms in front of me. I couldn't move anything, I was so deeply embedded into the beheading situation, I had no control over my body.

Then he ordered me to inhale and exhale a couple of times more and rise my arms above my head....slowly the scene got blurred and disappeared and my bedroom became visible again.

I found my self sitting on my bed with my arms raised above my head. And I could finally let them down again.

I guess he just wanted me to move my body so that I could get re-united with it ?

I knew what the time was before I went to my bedroom to read and relax.

To my surprise only 5 minutes had passed ! ?

There was plenty of time before I had to go and pick up my daughter and go shopping with her.

I manage to do everything as usual but was a great deal absent minded for the rest of the day.

In the evening I had to tell this story to someone and told it to my best friend and her husband.

To my surprise they didn't ridicule me and thought very deeply about it.

My best friend thought she had something to do with it. "What do you mean ?" I asked.

She said she have had dreams about dragging a corpse of a dead man in a sack or a blanket over a bridge connecting two riversides with grass on the banks. It was a cold winter night or maybe autumn ?

"Maybe I killed him !" she suggested.

I asked her if she dragged him by herself. She said no we both dragged him, she was sure I helped her.

"What if you were beheaded for something I did ?" she asked. No, - I was sure it was me.

We both wondered why ?

Her husband later surprised me. He was studying to be biochemist in a science project at the University and had asked his professor straight out: "Is it possible to have you head cut off by execution and still be conscious afterwards so you understand that you are beheaded ?"

He looked at him for a while and answered: "Of course it is ! You see as long as the blood vessels in the brain still contain oxygen you would be able to think as usual..- I guess about 10 seconds. They might feel as a very long time the situation in consideration !" and then he added.

"But why are you asking me that ? Are you planning to be executed ?" and he laughed.

Then my friend's husband told him, that his wife knew a woman that had a past life experience and went through a nightmare re-living her own beheading by a Guillotine in late 1700 France.

He told him the whole story in detail.

The professor didn't seem surprised.

So my friend's husband said to him he was a bit surprised because most people didn't believe in reincarnation and he had expected he would laugh overbearing about the story.

The professor then said: "I neither believe in reincarnation nor dis-believe it. You have to keep an open mind. But this experience is not a proof of a past live. It rather proofs that the woman in question has a rare ability to merge herself and her consciousness into another human beings ordeal even in spite of time differences !" and he lifted his index finger in the air.

That statement was even more surprising to my friend's husband. The professor added:"The Guillotine was a new invention right before the French Revolution and that experience of being conscious and not being able to feel pain in the wound right after the beheading, tells me it's very realistic ! Even traffic victims that unfortunately have had their bodies cut in half, don't feel anything. It's because their nervous system is in shock !"

It was a very interesting viewpoint. I for my part felt thou clearly 'I was her' even as her thought patterns and emotions was strange to me. I do not feel this way, as she did. The way she loved this man was obsessive ! But surprising that he actually talked about the possibility of a time traveling consciousness. That has later become my own conclusion to the 'memory' of a past life.

Because I realize that we can't remember it...we have to re-live it. And then we can remember it. Meaning we are working totally outside the physical brain. And the whole situation probably has nothing to do with the body, it's rather a soul experience.