

From Death To Life - A Dark Passage

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Abstract

Although near-death phenomena are thoroughly described in literature, very little is known about what happens *after* death (at least in our western culture). The reason is obvious: People returning from a near-death state may easily be interviewed regarding their experiences, whereas it is no longer possible to ask questions of those who have terminatedly departed. Research therefore proves difficult. However when one considers the possibility of past lives it is reasonable to assume that a person returning to this world in a new incarnation would not only be able to recall his past life but also the death leading to the end of that life, and the time following that death. It has indeed been found in MindWalking sessions that it usually is not a past life which causes the incapability which brings a session partner to seek a session, but the traumatic nature of a past death. Equally the events during the time span between that death and the next birth may affect a person negatively. Much as the death itself may already have been bad, the things to follow often make things worse. Although the stories told on the dark passage between death and life vary from one case to another, definite patterns leading to next-life aberrations can be detected. In sequence of their frequency of occurrence in sessions they may be categorized as: 1. The disembodied spirit is affected by mental energy installations and configurations containing disturbing intentions and emotions. – 2. He suffers telepathic interference by UFOs. – 3. He is influenced telepathically by the ancestors or members of the family he is about to enter. (A combination of all three is also possible.)

These influences can only work on a disembodied spirit if he is not conscious of being contacted or trapped by them, or if he stays conscious but loses control and feels overpowered and victimized. It is worthy of note that clients with no prior instructions on the subject, will not only feel the presence of these phenomena in their sessions but will also accept them as fact and communicate and deal with them. Those with with a leaning towards science fiction or the esoteric generally find disproved assumptions which they made about themselves or were given to believe by mediums or clairvoyants.

Once the disturbing connections have been recognized and neutralised, the client will feel empowered to execute his intentions in his life without further hindrance.

A Case Study

Instead of collecting and presenting observations of the categories 1 to 3 above and offering theories on the matter, it may be more useful to illustrate the point through the example of one particular case. It was chosen as it shows not only the path from one death to the next life but also the departure from a spiritual point of origin before the very first incarnation. It appears that a spiritual being is born out of a larger, immeasurable spiritual body, from which it once “dropped out” as an individual consciousness unit.

The Interview: Christa is 53 years old, has studied business administration and law and is the sales director of a health goods company. Throughout her life she felt used, misused and abused by people, but due to immense guilt feelings she saw herself unable to leave. For

example her marriage of thirty years, with six children, was but the continuation of a drama which began at birth, yet various attempts to separate from her husband failed. To sum it up she says “I’m not being seen” (as the person she really is). Also she mentions “I want to get back” but cannot specify where to. In the light of the ensuing session it is worthy of note that in the opinion of her relatives Christa very much resembles Irma, the elder sister of her father, who died two years before Christa was born.

The Session: Memories on the subject of “I’m not being seen” are evoked and narrated: a loveless childhood, sexual molestations by her father and uncle, humiliations by her husband. After only two hours, memories of an earlier time before her present life become available and hold Christa’s attention for the next eleven hours (until session end). Total session time, including the interview of one hour, was fifteen hours over two and a half days.

Christa’s account makes the deep and complex dimensions of her life patterns comprehensible in a way far beyond expectations. Please note that her account, brief as it may appear in writing, was not initially told by her with clarity and in logical sequence but is the result of putting together for many hours, the pieces of a seemingly incoherent puzzle. This was by far no intellectual exercise but included painful emotional and somatical dramatizations and extended periods of mental fogginess. From her signs of relief and light-heartedness towards the end of the session and the positive statements she made afterwards it may be concluded that Christa didn’t invent a wild story (which would have been considerably less work, by the way) but broke through to a personal truth of some magnitude. If one were to grant it factuality instead of interpreting it symbolically, it would also constitute a transpersonal truth. Please note also that her account is by no means unique. Most session partners will come up with comparable narratives.

Christa’s Account (in her own words, selected quotes): To begin with I am in a sea of light. I’m a special pattern, a wave within that sea, I am connected with all and everything. I am myself a source of boundless light. By projecting ourselves down, three of us sources create a chevron-shaped field of coloured light points, emerald green and gold and white. It moves through an intermediary space which is neither the bright light where we are from nor the darkness beyond. Within that darkness lies Earth. It is dark and heavy. We feel we should send a carpet of light down in order to do away with the darkness and create joy. Our intention is tied into the light points of that chevron-shaped field we made. We have become those light points. It moves towards Earth. Each of us in turn takes the position on the tip of the chevron, thus guiding it.

It is now my turn to hold the guiding position. We are moving extremely fast. We have been warned about a grid around Earth. When I become aware of that grid it is already too late. I get startled and then get stuck to it. In some distance above the grid there was some sort of membrane. Above that there were no limitations, but in the zone between the membrane and the Earth grid everything became dense and gooey.

Our chevron has fallen apart. I feel guilty. I have acted light-headed and irresponsibly. I am disconnected and sad. I want to get to the level above that membrane but there is no help. I’m not being seen by my fellow beings up there (!). I’m inside a dark fog. Below me is Earth.

As I was first touching the membrane my energy vibrations were modified by it. Now the more I get in contact with it in order to understand it, the more my light is absorbed by it. Like dripping water on a porous stone. My light is sucked up, it is gone! As I increase my efforts to get away I am held even stronger. My power is taken from me. My friends, too, are in this situation, I can feel them. That is my guilt, my ethical failure. I am bad, heavy, ugly, deserted. From having been a simple, straightforward being I’m now becoming a self-reflecting and self-reproaching being.

As I'm moving down emotionally, mental images produced by other beings attach themselves like dark matter, tar and slime. This makes me even heavier. One image is that of a crippled old man with a broken spine who, when young, deserted his troops, was caught by an officer and kicked in the back. This happened in the Thirty-Years-War. (It takes about an hour to re-live this particular incident from the viewpoint of the crippled old man, and neutralise it.)

I have no impulses left within me. Below me I see Earth but I'm not interested in it. I see it not geographically but as changing patterns of emotional energy, black, brown, white, yellow. Some of its emotional vibrations feel attractive insofar I feel correspondingly black and heavy. Amidst those energy fields I can see bright sparks of light. These are light brothers and sisters who have made their way down to Earth and managed to keep their light.

Since I cannot move upwards any more there is no alternative but to move downwards. I see Africa and all the suffering there, but even for that I'm much too heavy already. Then I see the Jewish people in Germany under their curse, the people with no country, the people bearing a mark. This goes with my own state, that corresponds. It is better to be with them than to hang about and be like dead. To get down I orientate myself by a light spark down there who feels like one of my light brothers. Suddenly I am inside a pregnant mother. There is a sudden power grabbing me and shoving me down. I'm pushed through a vortex and end up inside my mother's womb. I have no say in this. A three-year old brother is already there. He is the light brother I noticed from above.

My mother is absent-minded and weak. She doesn't want to be there. She is addicted to cocaine and morphine. My father is a practical man, he is a doctor. He is nice. Neither of the two becomes aware of me, but my brother does. He is one from my home world, I can feel his love. My mother is Jewish but my father isn't. He is desperate because of what's happening to the Jews in Germany. To avoid the worst he knows no way out of his conflict but by killing us. He gives an overdose of morphine to my mother, then he kills her and us two children with gas. We lie in the lounge, the kitchen is next door, the gas oven is turned on, it isn't lit, and it's left open. Before that we had been kept hidden for many weeks. I never saw any daylight. That was in Nuremberg, 1939.

I'm lying on the sofa and leave my body. I see it from above. Then my mother goes. My little brother fights the longest, he survives it. My love to him keeps me close to him. I see him on a truck under blankets, then on a train platform amongst many people. He carries a small suitcase. He is taken to a concentration camp. Some men look after him and hide him away. I visit him at night and comfort him. He sees me. I'm his only contact. We "play" with each other. When he makes a noise in the dark a guard shoots in his direction, hits his neck, and then clobbers him with his rifle butt. That was in Buchenwald. Oh, now I know why this word means so much to me ever since I was a child! It's because I have witnessed it all. I didn't happen to me, but to my brother! (A medium had erroneously told Christa that she had been killed in Buchenwald.)

My brother and I are leaving Earth. We keep our energy bodies in the form of children's bodies. He is inwardly dead, but I hold him with my love. We sit inside an energy cloud. It is like a cocoon. We are safe there. Then he feels drawn down to Earth. He goes to the wife of the brother of my future mother. That was 1950, eleven years after his death in the concentration camp. He becomes my cousin Kurt. I don't know this then but only find out after my own birth. We didn't notice how time went by, up in our cocoon there was no time keeping. We were suspended in nothingness and sat in whirls of coloured light. We remained unseen.

I'm alone after my light brother has left. I drift about. My attention is drawn to Earth. Somehow I get contacted by Irma, the sister of my father. Irma died some years before. She used to look after my father and his six brothers and sisters when my father was a child, and

she still looks after them, years after her death. Irma draws my attention to my mother who is just giving birth to Sylvia. It is a difficult birth. Sylvia is very small and has a harelip. She is all blue and dies some hours later. This is two years before I am born. After her death Sylvia stays with me for a while. Like me she is a light being from home. She asks me to make my father find love and my mother responsibility. This is why I'm staying on.

My father exudes a brutal energy which I find hurtful. He is full of fire, very dynamic. Through him and Irma (his dead sister) I get in contact with the lives of the ancestors on my father's line. His background is full of violence. He came from the Polish-Russian borderlands. I see images of rape, abortion and depression. His mother withdrew within herself. This is why her eldest daughter Irma had to look after the six other children. When by the age of 19 Irma found a fiancée, her parents were against it and she died soon after of sadness. My grandmother, the mother of my father and of Irma, was one of eighteen children. She was the oldest and knew only work. When she was married to grandfather she was only looked at and used as a workhorse. Her daughter Irma was her support and her partner, in the same way as years later I was the support and partner of my mother. Grandmother's sister married a man who betrayed her; she died of pneumonia. Even of the earlier family history I can see pictures, they are of rape through Tartar invaders.

Over this family there lies something dark and leaden, there is no light and cheerfulness. Its men and women break each other as they know no love. They don't see each other. For me, with my husband, it went on in the same way. All he knows is sex and irresponsibility. He needs sex to show that he exists as a man. It's in the tradition of his ancestors.

Through Irma I was formed to be who I am in my role as a woman and a mother. Outwardly I look like her, and like her I have six children to look after. She made me stay in the family, because she wanted me to heal the relationship of my parents. One year before my conception my father had a severe car accident, breaking thirty-six bones in his body. I was witnessing the accident. Irma was there with me. (To neutralise the accident it is re-lived first from the perception point of her father, then from Christa's own perception point:) As my father leaves his shattered body he becomes aware of me just as I am aware of him. Irma makes him stay, and she makes me stay because of him. It is like a pact was formed between father and me. I understand now why he was always so nasty to me. He wanted to really show me that he had only stayed because of me. And to pay it back to me he wanted me to stay, too. He never allowed me to leave the house. When I finally went away, aged seventeen, he became ill and died soon after. It all started with Irma. She kept him from leaving the site of the accident and from letting his body die, and she urged me to stay with him and give him my love. So our pact was formed.

On the day of my birth mother was going shopping with father. Then they went to the movies. The foetus in her womb didn't mean much to her. My birth I am witnessing from a position above the bed in the clinic. The midwife is a nun, she says: "press!". Then they use ether and the birth is easy. At home I am being handed around and looked at. It isn't safe there and I feel homesick. I am different from them. I don't like milk and meat. Everything is too loud and too cold and too rough. And nobody sees me for who I am.

After-Session Report: Two weeks after her session Christa sends an e-mail saying that a new and so far unknown feeling of lightness has entered her life. She no longer has the impression that she isn't being seen. She is separating from her husband, this time successfully, and notes a total absence of guilt feelings.