Human Consciousness: Part 9 of a Series: A Past Life Memory, Referencing the Life and Connections of Kristina, a Russian Aristocrat at the Time of the Russian Revolution in 1917, from a Soul Group Perspective

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ABSTRACT

Carol Lamb, a well-respected spiritual teacher, trauma therapist and author passed away in November 2023. This paper completes her life's work by documenting her past life memory of Kristina, a Russian aristocrat at the time of the Russian revolution in 1917; a memory which surfaced when Carol was 14 years of age. Although Carol researched the thread of this life through individual past life recall sessions over many years and group soul sessions, several of which she documented in previous papers, she was not able to complete the project. The co-authors have meticulously examined and pieced together Carol's copious notes and documented recall sessions to bring this information in Carol's own words to an interested global community, for the benefit of those studying the continuity and multidimensional nature of consciousness with particular reference to soul groups. To complete this compelling story, five past life recall sessions are included in the text together with received guidance from a non-local source.

Key Words
Imprinted memory, non-local communication, past life memory, guidance, soul group phenomena, soul evolution.

INTRODUCTION

As a therapist and teacher specialising in metaphysical healing, Carol Lamb had maintained a busy practice in the North of England and trained therapists, doctors, nurses and health care professionals in the healing sciences. After lecturing and teaching for 10 years, she developed international connections for the healing and teaching organisation of which she was a founder member.

A lifelong burning desire to promote spiritual awareness was fostered in childhood by a personal conviction of a predestined purpose and plan for her life. The somewhat unique experience of unbroken 'soul memory' from birth, coupled with spontaneous visual imagery, enabled Carol to access the reality of 'other lives'. It is this ability, recorded through time by seers and mystics, that allowed her to scan non-physical energy fields at both the personal level of the auric field and global planetary consciousness.

Experiencing 'other life' phenomena from an early age led Carol to seek for greater understanding of the soul on its journey. The search included mainstream religions and esoteric movements and was to last for many years. The answers were to be found in personal experience with the gradual unfolding of an innate ability to assist both herself and others by healing the soul wounds of the past which result in residual illness in the present. Eventually, this would become her life's work but first there was to be a 20-year apprenticeship to gain knowledge and an understanding of the need for integrated healing at all levels: physical, emotional, mental and spiritual.

Several years of nursing experience, followed by social work, included experience in community hostels, day and night shelters for the homeless, and rehabilitation units for those suffering with the effects of drug and alcohol abuse. Work with children and adolescents in residential care led to specialisation in trauma and abuse, and alternatives to custody through links with the Probation and Prison Service.

In 1991, Carol became a founder member of the Alchemy Foundation, which sought to promote healing and education through spiritual awareness. In the following 10 years, Carol's developmental role involved her in establishing community-based projects, including a College of Holistic Sciences, which trained therapists to professional standards, and two clinics which offered comprehensive healing programmes and alternative education and support for children and clients of all ages with 'special needs'.

Carol also promoted her work through the news media, radio and a documentary programme for Sky television. She recorded her unique life experiences and published her autobiography, 'Born Remembering' in 2009. This was a spiritual guide to the past, present and future, which explained the correlation between the physical and

spiritual worlds, providing a fascinating insight into the journey of the soul from a personal and planetary perspective, with a timely reminder of the consequences of choice for humanity. Carol believed consciousness to be potentially in every part of the body but that most of us are comatose. Her own path had been to understand memory as the inextricable link which influences the consciousness of the soul on its eternal journey.

IMPRINTED MEMORY

Science recognises that short term and long-term memory is stored as neurological codes at cognitive and subconscious levels, which are decoded through neurochemical processes. It is now acknowledged that all cells store information energetically as subconscious memory. Research has shown that cells of living tissue remember past experience, even having the capacity to memorise characteristics of the deceased human they relate to. (Pearsall P, Schwartz G.E.R, Russek L.S.G. 2000). Since physiological functions cease at death, if consciousness evolves solely from brain chemistry, we must therefore address the experiences which describe the continuity of consciousness beyond bodily death and even remembrance of rebirth and continuity of lives. (Lamb C & Warters J 2018)

SOUL EVOLUTION

'Esoteric teachings describe the evolution of the soul through its many incarnations through which it retains both identity and purpose with choice concerning the challenges and the companions to meet them with. According to this philosophy, guidance is given prior to birth to prepare the incoming soul for the life to come. A blueprint is offered which accords each soul optimum opportunity for advancement, this is often referred to as the life plan; it is freely accepted and not imposed. Its purpose is to remind us of our chosen goals, providing us with the opportunities to meet companions and adversaries from the past in order to complete unfinished business and achieve the fullest potential for the future.' (Lamb C 2009)

SOUL GROUPS

In her autobiography, 'Born Remembering', Carol stated that memories of other lives were often accessed spontaneously at the end of a healing session while the subject was still in a deeply altered state of consciousness. At such times when the session itself seemed complete, there would be a pause as a guide stepped forward to explain the relevance of the story to the present experience, the purpose being to integrate the past with the present to bring about harmony and understanding. (Lamb C 2009)

The phenomena of a soul group recalling previous shared lives had provided a rich archive of material containing many disparate threads. From time to time, Carol puzzled over fragments of stories as yet incomplete. The stories seemed broken and often incomprehensible until another piece of the puzzle emerged, sometimes years later. Meanwhile, the notes were placed on file in the hope they might one day join together. What was certain was that as parts of the stories unfolded, healings took place. During this process, events were witnessed which could only be described as miracles. Meanwhile, fragments of stories from the past were compelling and deemed worthy of further investigation. If true, they represented an important contribution to current paranormal investigation. Carol accepted that she was to play her own small part in assisting others in their understanding of the continuity of the soul and was increasingly being shown ways this might come about. At that time, she was unfamiliar with the limited research into soul group memory but intuitively felt that the phenomena was unusual.

Soul groups are encoded with a collective blueprint within DNA; a personal blueprint is encoded within the higher consciousness and downloaded via DNA to cellular memory. This blueprint is inaccessible to the lower cognitive mind and can only be accessed intuitively. The personal blueprint provides a roadmap of orientation, suggesting possibilities, choices and actions, predetermined but not fixed, Free Will being the determining factor. Divine Law (deriving from a transcendent source beyond man-made laws) governs cycles of time, allowing soul progression. (Lamb C 2018)

A close bond had developed between what appeared to be a group of people with little in common. They felt themselves to be in some inexplicable way a soul family, each one of them was aware of a compelling, benign force which seemed to have drawn them together one by one, seemingly overcoming their initial resistance. As they

reviewed the current situation, they were reminded of the chain of events through which they had been brought together. It seemed they were now even more immersed in a collective soul group memory and precognition.

Synergistic events are an overlapping of parallel conscious awareness, a recognition of something strange, unique, remarkable or unusual… Souls are collectively magnetised by past connection, whether by the intensity of negative, unresolved karma, or equally intense bonding of a harmonious past. Significant meetings occur at specific points, the intensity of the experience influences response. (Lamb C 2018)

As documented in Human Consciousness Paper 8, Individual past life therapy sessions had resulted in the Ballymena story, which had led the group to other lives lived in Ireland, with emigration to America a recurring theme. Slowly the group were able to distinguish a pattern of shared lives and memories which cross-referenced. Carol was beginning to identify several timelines. This was a detective story which piece by piece began to make sense, and Carol's childhood images of other lives were proving to be the keys which were unlocking the doors, although many intriguing questions remained.

JOSEPH

When Carol and Joseph, a member of this group, married only weeks after meeting, they were both convinced that there was a deep purpose behind the marriage. However, they were therefore shocked when within weeks Joseph's health began to deteriorate rapidly. His mental health gave more concern than his physical health. There were noticeable changes to his easy-going disposition, as within weeks he became increasingly paranoid and jealous. Carol had tried everything possible to no avail. He remained convinced that she was going to leave him and accused her constantly of being unfaithful.

Diagnostic tests failed to reveal any underlying neurological problems, and all other resources were exhausted, therefore, prescribed medication was the only solution. Carol began to have real concerns that unless a reversal could be achieved, Joseph would be caught in an irrevocable downward spiral of delusion. With no other options available, he requested a recall session, which was arranged with another therapist, a friend who shared Carol's belief in past lives. One

session proved to be all that was required, as Joseph accessed a life he and Carol had shared together as husband and wife in New York in the 1920s.

The recall resolved Joseph's issues and also had the effect of igniting Carol's own distant memories of the sea and the ship. This therefore seemed to be a good time to investigate the story further.

At this time, Carol remembered a memory that had surfaced when she was 14 years of age but in a very different, fragmented way. She later recorded this memory in her autobiography, 'Born Remembering'. The memory was received as blurred and disconnected imagery, sporadic flashes rather than a prolonged scene. Always it began with the sea. She remembered staring out across the ocean from the deck of a ship. The indistinct image of a young woman in her early twenties faded in and out of view. She was dressed in a long jacket and ankle length skirt with boots, the high-necked collar of a white blouse rose from beneath the jacket. Her fair hair was piled up high upon her head. The feeling was of loss, confusion and disillusionment. Carol had no desire to enquire further and gradually these transient images also ceased.

The woman she had witnessed, she now thought of as Kristina, standing on the deck of the ship as it left New York harbour but where was she going and where had she come from? The word 'Russia' began to impinge upon Carol's consciousness and even more distinctly, 'St Petersburg'. Was she Russian? Joseph had described her wearing an embroidered shawl, perhaps an indication of her Eastern European connection.

Carol re read her previous recall notes and saw that they ended with what appeared to be a jump to another life; the name Elena and an image of the hem of a nurse's uniform and hospital beds. This seemed like an appropriate focus for yet another session. However, events overtook her and Carol was forced to book an appointment when she began to experience severe back pain and agonising pain in her elbow.

CAROL: RECALL SESSION (1) WITH CO-THERAPIST.
Focus: Trust Issues
Therapist: What is you first impression?

Carol: silver birch trees in groups, blue sky, clean and fresh, a small house
Therapist: directed to clothing:
Carol: A high necked blouse, tight sleeves, nipped-in waist, hair up.

Therapist: directed forward.
Carol: A view over a city at night, dark, smoggy, single lights. New York but not skyscrapers, tenement blocks, fire escapes. A bay window, white curtains drawn half way up. A bar, empty, quiet. Looking for Billy, he's not around. He's never where he's supposed to be. It's quiet and deserted, like before opening time.
A man somewhere in the background, in a waistcoat. A woman has appeared in a doorway, in shadow, holding a baby in a shawl. Feels to be about the loss of a child. Keeps flashing to silver birch trees, blue sky, homesick, yearning.
Therapist: What is the feeling?
Carol: How did we get here? What's happening?

Therapist: Directed forward
Carol: a ship, standing on the dockside. Looking up, very high. Moving out to open sea but still looking up at the ship's size. Feeling it's going the wrong way. I want to go to Russia. It's going in the opposite direction. Images of silver birch trees, a man nearby in a waistcoat, feels like a friend.

Following this session Carol had a later session with a recall of the New York story.

CAROL: RECALL SESSION (2) WITH CO-THERAPIST

Carol: I'm looking down into a glass. It's vodka. I hate vodka.
Therapist: Go to the connections with vodka and the glass.
Carol: Sitting at a bar, at one end of a long bar. It's noisy, rowdy, the smell of alcohol. I don't like it.
Therapist: Why are you there?
Carol: This is my home. I have to sit here to make sure. See what's happening. See what he's doing.
Therapist: Who?
Carol: The man I'm married to. He has an eye for the ladies. He's a charmer. He used to be. Now I have to be careful. He's always watching me.

Therapist: Why?
Carol: To see who I'm talking to.
Therapist: Are you alone or with anyone?
Carol: I'm always alone. No one dares to speak to me, the men anyway, and I wouldn't want to speak to most of the women.
Therapist: Why?
Carol: They laugh at me behind my back, laugh at my clothes. Talk about me. Mimic my accent.
Therapist: Where are you from?
Carol: (*Unable to speak. The question was repeated*.) Not from here. He's looking over towards me.
Therapist: Who is?
Carol: Billy, he's serving behind the bar.
Therapist: Whose bar is this?
Carol: (*Smiles*.) That's a good question. It was meant to be ours. His dream, my money. (*Wistfully*) It was for a time. He's free with the money, gambling some and made mistakes with the rest. There's none left now. Someone is sitting beside me. I'm looking across at my husband. He's giving me a look, a warning look. Doesn't want the man talking to me.

Therapist: Who is the man?
Carol: He's just a friend, a good friend. He works on the ships. He's away a lot, comes and goes. He's asking if I want a drink. I decline. He's noticed a slight mark on my cheek. I'm pulling my hair forward to hide it. He's asking if it's another accident. I tell him that Billy and I had a disagreement. My fault really. I was annoyed by his flirting. He got angry, said I was jealous. The man is angry now, saying, Kristina, when are you going to wake up? This has to stop. You're going to get hurt. I'm shaking my head, I am telling him that he doesn't understand, that he doesn't mean it. It's just when he's had too much to drink, he loses his temper. I've nowhere else to go. Anyway, he would follow me.

The man is saying, Kristina, you know I'll do anything I can to help you. If you decide to leave, I can get you tickets. I have family in England. You could stay with them. He is saying, Kristina, please. You can't see what's going on under your nose. I am annoyed and ask what he means? He's exasperated and says that everyone knows except me and this can't go on. I am getting up to go to the restroom. I know that he's trying to help but I can't. I'm walking back to the bar area. My head is buzzing. I feel numb, like I'm going to faint. My friend is

grabbing me, he sits me on the stool. Asking if I am alright?' I turn to look at Billy, who is very drunk, with his arms round two women.

I tell the man to get me the tickets, please. He looks shocked but relieved. He tells me that I can have them to leave early tide on the Tuesday. He tells me to be at the ticket office at the docks and he will meet me there. I go to bed. I walk out of the bar and up to the flat upstairs, to fall onto the bed. I'm too numb to cry. I fall asleep.

Therapist: Go forward to the next important event.
Carol: I'm leaving tomorrow. I've gone to bed early to wake up early, ready to leave.
Therapist: Have you told him you're leaving?
Carol: No.
Therapist: What about your sister?
Carol: She can have him if that's what they want. I hear a noise and wake up. It's Billy coming up the stairs. He's drunk, stumbling and falling. He wants to talk to me. He's insisting we talk, trying to apologise, says there's something he has to tell me. I already know. He raises his voice. I get out of bed to get dressed. He grabs me. I fall down. He falls on top of me. My arm is bent under me. My back's twisted. I can't move. I pass out briefly. I push him away. He's unconscious. He's not going to wake up tonight. I dress quickly. Collect a few things and leave the house. I'm limping. My arm is broken, I think. It's gone blank.

Therapist: Go forward.
Carol: It's early morning. I can see a ship. I'm putting tickets into a purse. Going on board. My friend is there. We're pulling away from the land. The sea is opening up before me. I can smell the engines, feel wind on my face. Everything's grey, grey sky, grey water. We're passing the Statue of Liberty on the right. I'm remembering the first time I saw it when I came to America. I've got a pain in my chest. I can't cry. I have no tears left. I'm looking at the wash behind the ship. I look up to see the skyline receding into the distance. It's gone. I can only see grey, the water. I'm looking over the side and all around. It's grey. I feel numb. It's gone blank. I can't feel anything.

The healing was completed with a period of deep relaxation and energy alignment.

Carol opened her eyes. One more part of the story had been revealed. Now she understood why Kristina had left Billy and America, and a little about where she had gone to next – England. In the following days, the sadness and sense of isolation lifted and also the pain in her elbow, which she could now move freely.

SUSAN: RECALL SESSION WITH CO-THERAPIST

Below is a condensed documentation of a Soul Recall with Susan, taken from Carol's notes, which corroborates Carol's Russia/New York story. Susan was a close friend, colleague and member of the initial group**.**

Reason for Susan's therapy session with a co-therapist: writing block, feelings of powerlessness. Recall content was around a life as a political activist. At the end of the session Sue jumped to connections to a life in Russia.

- Silver birch trees
- Sisters, connection to Carol.
- Sisters, migrated together.
- A plan for Carol's husband to go on ahead… to plan accommodation, money,
  To meet us there.
- Its gone blank

Therapist: directed forward to connection to sisters.

- I'm seeing an image of a triangle?
- With my sister
- I am pregnant, impossible choice
- Drinking, an alternative to dull the pain.

Therapist: Where is this place?

- A bay type window
- 3rd floor up in a tenement block, over a bar
- It's New York, smog, dingy
- Its gone blank again

Therapist: directed Susan to keep the connections

- Bereavement, something to do with loss of a child, a new baby. Heartbreak, loss of trust, unfulfilled

INTRODUCTION TO CAROL'S GUIDE - JONATHAN

As recorded in 'Born Remembering' 2009, Carol had been introduced to her guide through Duncan during one of his healing sessions. To Carol's surprise, a guide had spoken to her and asked if she had any questions. Channelling was not something she expected in healing session and mindful of the need to challenge the 'spirits' to determine their source, Carol asked who she was speaking to. She was told to call the Guide Jonathan. He told her that he was a guide of the middle level who helped to connect those who wish to connect to their higher consciousness.

Carol was told that she would be able to use Duncan to connect to Jonathan for guidance, although she must always ask his permission. From that time, Carol met with the guide through Duncan on a regular basis. At this juncture, in light of surfacing memories, Jonathan gave clairvoyant viewing via Duncan from Susan's perspective, as Billy's mistress, to give clarification of an emotional triangle.

DUNCAN'S HEALING SESSION WITH CAROL AS THERAPIST

Therapist: What are your first impressions?
Duncan: I can just see a street, on a slight incline. On the left there's a bar, a doorway, and to the left a half window. It's got half curtains to the bottom half of the window. A wall to the right. Inside a long bar to the left. It's busy, rowdy. Somebody playing a musical instrument, I think it's a fiddle. People laughing. A woman sat at the end of the bar on her own (Carol). She looks sad. There's another woman (Susan). A man has just gone around the bar. He's walking towards her, he just whispered to her. He's talking to her.
Therapist: Can you describe him?
Duncan: Dark. It's not very good light. Piercing eyes, an accent. I think he's Gaelic, Irish. Strong accent, sounds more southern. Seems familiar with the woman, holding her hand discreetly.
Therapist: directed him forward
Duncan: bar, fair, gingery, smiling. A woman keeps helping herself to a drink, then sitting back down at the end of the bar . This is Carol. It's busy, cheerful, noisy. People tapping their feet to the music at the far end.
Therapist: Where is the man?

Duncan He's laughing, talking to different people, moving through.
Therapist: Is this his bar?
Duncan: Only in name, it's his wife's. There's a connection between the man that owns the bar and the other woman (Susan), it's an emotional connection
Therapist: Is he still working behind the bar?
Duncan: He doesn't work behind the bar. Some connection, he doesn't talk about it. (I am getting flashes of criminal, bootlegging, gun running, IRA}

Therapist: directed forward:
Duncan then began viewing everything from the perspective of the second woman (Susan)

Duncan (as Susan): I think I'm behind the bar now. The lady at the end (Carol), she's not happy with my involvement. I'm seeing them arguing. I think I'm making him unhappy. He's beginning to drink, accepting drinks off his clients, becoming aggressive with his wife. Sad but selfish.
Therapist: directed to next most important event.
Duncan (as Susan): something's happened. I think she's leaving. Emotional hurt, rejection. I feel as though it's something to do with me. Her husband, seems to be getting worse.
Therapist: Are you involved with this man?
Duncan (as Susan): I think I am. He's in front of me, doesn't want to know me. His head's down. He's drinking again. He's asking for another bottle. I've refused, because I care for him. He's slapped me. He says, 'I'm your boss'.
Therapist: directed back, what happened before?
Duncan (as Susan): I'm stood in a park, laughing, joking, a sunny day. I'm with the man from the bar. This is when things were good. It was false. I never had anything, somebody else's property.
Therapist: directed forward.
Duncan (as Susan): For a short time, he gave so many people happiness. Now he's got nothing himself, a sad man. It's gone blank.
Therapist: directed forward to any significant event.
Duncan (as Susan): I must carry on. I passed last week, it's closed. Three years have passed. He died. I feel empty, a waste. I'm stood next to somebody walking away from the place.
Therapist: directed to a future time.
Duncan (as Susan): It's looking better. I've got to sacrifice the emotional torment. I met them on a boat, they were all foreigners

(Irish immigrant to New York).
Therapist: How do you feel now?
Duncan ((as Susan): Better, happier.
Therapist: What was this story about?
Duncan (as Susan): Sadness. Love captured in sadness. Three of us that loved, but couldn't love freely. He couldn't make a choice between us, chose the glass in the middle. That decision was the end.

Meanwhile, the ache in Carol's lower back and hip were intermittent, a failed response to all of the therapies. She therefore arranged a further recall session with a co-therapist.

CAROL'S RECALL SESSION (3) WITH CO THERAPIST– ENGLAND

Carol described the back pain she had been experiencing recently, which seemed to be located in her lower back, but radiated across to her hip. In addition, she was in extreme pain from her elbow, which for no apparent reason had ached excruciatingly over the past 10 days. This was the focus for the session. Carol settled in the chair.

Directed to any time of wearing a nurse's uniform
Carol could see only grey upon grey. Gradually, she became aware of the smell of floor polish and heard the squeak of the shoes as she walked. The fleeting image was lost. Again, the ocean, rolling waves of unbroken grey. The familiar empty pain in her solar plexus. Asked to follow the pain. The images began to emerge, at first disconnected. As so often occurs in recall, inexplicable or irrelevant images arise. The importance is to follow them.
Therapist: What's your first impression?
Carol: The hospital where I used to work as a nurse in my 20s. *(This was a current life memory and Carol was surprised.)*
Therapist: See any connection to the pain you are experiencing in the present.
Carol: I saw a very large lady sitting up in bed. Someone I had nursed many years ago. A lovely lady, but difficult to nurse because of her obesity. She was in great pain whenever we moved her and she dreaded needing lifting onto a bedpan. Somehow, I seemed to find a knack of half-rolling her without too much discomfort. This, unfortunately, meant that she waited until she could summon my help and I did a disproportionate share of heavy lifting with inevitable consequences, and suffered a back injury which left me unfit for work

for some weeks. The injury was slow to heal and I was moved to the day unit to avoid the necessity to lift patients. *Now the pain in Carol's back was increasing. She squirmed and lifted her legs to ease the discomfort.*

Therapist: Go to any other connection with this deep pain in your back.

Carol: I can smell floor polish and hear the squeak of shoes. I'm walking along a hospital corridor.

Therapist: Why are you there?

Carol: I'm a nurse, well I'm going to be. I'm training. I'm walking with a slight limp. I'm wearing a long dress with a white pinafore, crisply starched. I have a white nurse's hat on.

Therapist: How do you feel?

Carol: Apprehensive. I hope I can be a good nurse.

Therapist: What country is this?

Carol: England, the South of England.

Directed forward.

Carol: I'm walking along the same corridor. The limp is much better, almost gone.

Therapist: How do you feel?

Carol: Very different, competent. I'm good at my job.

Therapist: How long have you been here?

Carol: Some time. I'm confident. I feel like my life is under control again.

Therapist: Are you happy?

Carol: (*Pause*) Not happy exactly. I wouldn't want that – content. Because happiness never lasts. It's gone in an instant and you can be left with nothing.

Therapist: Are you married?

Carol: No.

Therapist: Do you have family?

Carol: No.

Therapist: Where are your family?

Carol: (Pause) Gone. It's going hazy.

Therapist Go to the next connection.

Carol: Walking into the ward. Military hospital. This isn't my ward. I'm just covering, short staffed. I'm pushing a tea trolley. It's rattling. The boys are sitting up in bed ready for the drink.

Therapist: Is this a male ward?

Carol: Yes, those who have been injured.

Therapist: How were they injured?
Carol: In the war, shot down some of them. They're calling out. One is really cheeky, whistling. The one in the next bed to him is nice, quiet.' 'Hey, Elena. Can we have breakfast in bed tomorrow?' *Carol stiffens.* He is over-familiar. How does he know my name? He's saying my friend, the other nurse, told him my name. I take a cup to the young man in the next bed. He's staring at the wall. He's very nervous, shaking. His plane was shot down, has been here for months, unable to walk, doesn't speak.

Directed forward.
Carol: I'm at the hospital, helping the young man to walk.
He's much better, smiling now. He seems to like me.
Therapist: Do you like him?
Carol: He's a patient. He's likeable (*unemotional)*. He's saying we're a pair because we both limp. He makes me laugh.' I can hear a song, 'Don't sit under the apple tree with anyone else but me'. I'm going to a dance, in a foursome. I didn't want to go but was persuaded.
Therapist: Who by?
Carol: All three of them. My friend the nurse, she's going with the cheeky one, and I'm going with Alan. They've been discharged from hospital, so I suppose it's alright. They've gone to a rehabilitation unit. I feel a little uncomfortable. Music, dancing, drinking. I don't like the drinking, but Alan isn't drinking, nor am I. He's walking me back to the nurses' home. Asking to see me again. I don't understand. I'm much older than him.
Therapist: How much older?
Carol: I don't know, about 10 years, I think. He's around 29. I'm saying no. He's very insistent, persuasive. Asking what I'm afraid of. Saying he's lonely, doesn't like the girls of his own age, feels he can talk to me. I agree to meet him again.

Directed forward.
Carol sees a collage of happy times, walking, cinema, dances.
Carol: I'm writing him a letter saying I don't want to see him again.
Therapist: Why?
Carol: Because we're becoming too close. I didn't want this. I told him I only wanted a friendship, nothing more. He won't listen to me.
Therapist: Why don't you want to continue seeing him?
Carol: Because they're sending him back.
Therapist: Back where?

Carol: Flying, he's a navigator. It's just a matter of time. It's inevitable. It always happens.

Therapist: Does he want to fly again?

Carol: Yes, but he has no choice anyway. He's asked to see me one last time. I meet him at the hospital gates. I'm going on duty. We only have a few minutes. He's asking me not to make a final decision, saying he's written me a poem. He's smiling, saying I can't have it until he comes back. It's not quite finished. I just want him to go. I can't do this again. It's breaking up. We're waiting for news.'

Therapist: Who?

Carol: Everyone. They're counting the planes as they arrive back. Some are still missing. I have a pain in my heart. I know he's gone. His plane came down in the Channel. I feel numb. A sheepskin jacket, his flying jacket. In the pocket is a piece of paper. The words of the song, 'You're My Guiding Star'. I could have made him happy. Now he's gone.'

Long pause.

'I'm standing on the end of a pier, looking out to sea. The moon is glinting on the water. I'm looking out, remembering. It's always the sea. It was the sea that brought me here, and the sea that took him away. I'm wondering what's at the other side. Billy. What happened to him?'… …I have a heavy feeling in my chest.

Crying. Healing alignment.

Some years later, Carol was presenting a programme about the continuity of the soul and was introduced to a man who offered the facilities of a recording studio. He was a composer. They both felt an immediate connection. Carol agreed to meet him to discuss the possibility of collaborating on music. She had recently received some channelled music which seemed to be the words of a song. He agreed to write the music and quickly returned with a cassette tape. As she listened to the music, she was deeply touched and so began a collaboration which would ultimately lead to their working together and relocating, with the intention of establishing a faculty of music as part of the college.

Nigel could be both endearing and exasperating, and had some quaint eccentricities, which Carol found intriguing. One of which was to carry a herbal teabag in his pocket. When they went to a café, he would ask the waitress for a cup of water, adding as she walked away and could you drop this in it.' This led to a conversation about why he was so

adamant that he could not simply drink tea. The reason given was that tea always gave him heartburn. Carol commented that this was probably linked to a memory. She offered him a recall session and he accepted.

NIGEL: RECALL SESSION WITH CAROL (THERAPIST)

Therapist: What are your first impressions?
Nigel: Very fragmented images, swirling colours coming and going. Solar plexus tight.
Therapist directed him to any significant connection to drinking tea.
Nigel : I can see a canteen. Lots of noise. It's the NAAFI where we sit and drink tea while we wait.
Therapist: What are you waiting for? *(Carol states that at this point her head was swirling)* **Look down at your feet/clothes.**
Nigel: A flying suit. My stomach's tight.
Therapist: Why?
Nigel: I'm scared, scared but excited.
Therapist: Are you a pilot?
Nigel: No. I read maps.
Therapist How many trips have you done?
Nigel: Too many. The more you do, the worse it gets.
The odds are shortening.
Therapist: Are you married?
Nigel: I have a girl. I want to get married. She's undecided. I'm writing her a poem.
At this moment, Carol recognises the airman and tears stream down her face.
Nigel: I'm in the plane. We're talking, laughing. We're on our way home. I can see the cliffs of Dover. I'm thinking about the words of the song. He jumps in the chair. Something's happening, firing. We're under fire. We've been hit. We're going down. I can see her face. It's gone black. I don't know where I am. I'm floating, not in the water – in the air. It's going brighter. There's someone with me, talking to me. It feels okay now, just sad.
Therapist: What are your last thoughts?
Nigel: I can't have a relationship.

Following this recall, Nigel no longer experienced heartburn when drinking tea. The relationship issues took a little longer to resolve, but within three years he had happily married.

PIECING TOGETHER KRISTINA'S LIFE

When beginning to write up the Kristina story, Carol realised that while she had pursued the memories and carried out the research, there was still something missing. She wondered why the writing stopped and started. She was constantly forced to set it aside because her head was fogged. She now had three separate and distinct stories, each of which represented one part of Kristina's amazing life. This was, in fact, the crux of the problem; they had remained separate, then and now. She wondered what was required was to integrate them into a cohesive whole.

Carol looked with new eyes at the fragmented life. Born into Russian aristocracy, a third cousin to the Tsar, Kristina enjoyed a privileged, sheltered life in the days before the revolution. The greatest challenge she faced was to decide on the design of her wedding dress for her impending marriage to an older man she adored. Sergei had attained the level of senior diplomat, an attaché of some importance, an adviser to the Court at a time of great social upheaval.

Kristina had remained largely unaware of the impending chaos and danger, until the fateful night when she was told to dress quickly and leave, not only her beloved country but her fiancé, family and friends. Such dislocation and dispossession would be more than enough to create the soul imprint of loss and isolation as she stood, frozen in time on the ships which would deposit her halfway round the world in an alien culture, unable to speak the language, stripped of her status and her possessions, and forced to live with her fiancé's elderly relatives. Her traumatic sea journey was intercepted by the meeting with a wild Irishman who befriended her and told her of his dreams. Thrown together by circumstance, they connected at a deep level despite their disparate backgrounds.

On arrival in New York, they were placed securely back in their respective social roles and bowed to the inevitable, but fate takes a hand at such times, and Billy was a 'chancer'. He made sure that he left the means by which Kristina could contact him, however unlikely

that might prove to be. Perhaps more importantly, he gave her 'something to remember', a piece of stone 'from the old country', a poignant reminder that our roots lie with the soul of our homeland.

Sergei was determined to safeguard Kristina's future, a future he knew he would never share, and ensured her safe exile from her Russian homeland and a haven in which she could live safely with his family when he would no longer be there. While attempting to prepare her, he could never bring himself to shatter her illusion of their future together. His death left her broken hearted and fractured as once again she faced a bleak future alone. Only the stone in the drawer called her to a new tomorrow, and she bravely ventured out, returning to the tenements of New York where Billy had said he could be reached.

Beneath Kristina's cool composure lay a passionate nature, yearning for freedom from the protocol and fettered lifestyle of the Russian Court. Billy's Irish charm proved to be a potent but deadly cocktail as she threw caution to the winds and launched into a relationship which would be her downfall.

It is said that our strengths can also be our undoing. Billy too would become victim of his own charm. The personality and voice which charmed the customers and filled the bar each night also attracted the attention of the opposite sex. Like many men before him, he found the lure irresistible. It was perhaps inevitable that he would himself fall for one of them. Tragically, it was Kristina's sister and the die was cast.

Carol had previously asked the guide for a confirmation that the memories had been correctly received and interpreted. The answer was enigmatic:

'*You all come to the earth to learn. You meet and part over many lives. You are like players on a stage. For some it is a drama, for others a comedy, for still others a pantomime. You are free to choose what role you play. If led by the head, you will walk around considering and often declining to take part. If led by the heart, you engage with others. When passion and emotion take the reins, do not be surprised when the horse gallops away and you fall to the ground. They have all known each other before. It is a continuing story. They all give and take from each other. Billy wishes of not one but two or more bites of the apple. He believes he is in control but finds himself trapped by love, for he finds that he loves*

not only Kristina, but her sister. Unable to choose, he chooses the glass in his hand. Kristina was learning independence. Not to look always for the parent, to become resilient, to have courage and to remain open-hearted, for another opportunity to love is always present. She closed of her heart and paid the price – even greater pain.'

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