

ON MY MIND #31

THE LONG WINDING ROAD and The Nature of Reality – Part 1

by Michael Brady

In hindsight, I have been interested in the nature of reality since I could start to reason at the age of seven. I was asking “difficult” questions in catechism class in the second grade. I was, in essence, often told to sit down and shut up. I was a reader from early on. I filled my childhood and adolescence with reading the founding fathers of science fiction. People like Ray Bradbury, Robert Heinlein, and Isaac Asimov. As a side note, this allowed me to escape my daily life without doing drugs and gave me an excellent vocabulary by the time I graduated high school. At fourteen years of age, I became obsessed with hypnosis and began a lifelong practice and study of trance and the unconscious process. In college I took up the science of psychology because I believed it would explain the nature of human existence, human nature, (my existence, my nature). Unfortunately, psychology did not live up to my expectations. By the time I completed my master’s degree, I was already beginning to see that psychology was more about enforcing the social norms of my culture. Then I met Linda Prevost and she began to teach me Astrology and then Karmic Astrology. Oh, and she married me along the way. Concurrent with that, I began to explore past Life regression with clients in my work. I began to read about quantum reality. My first book was THE DANCING WU LI MASTERS by Gary Zukav. Nothing was able to explain what goes on and why it goes on completely enough until I got to Karmic Astrology. I define Karmic Astrology as the use of the natal chart to identify past life influences that impact and affect current life experiences and issues. So, my mind led me to entertaining multiple lifetimes and multiple dimensions of reality.

But that is just interesting information. How do I know, or for that matter you, know for sure what is true? Well, that comes only from personal experience, does it not? Along the way, I had some very powerful experiences that showed me the truth I sought in life. So here is how I came to personally believe (know) that past lives are real and consequently: **Everything is unfolding, more and less, as it should, whether we know it or not! And Shit happens for good reasons!**

In 1979, my first and only child, Matthew was born. I began work as a school psychologist at an institution for the mentally retarded. I met Linda Prevost and had my chart read to me by her for the first time. The night before that reading I had a dream that I recalled (which was unusual for me). I dreamed that I saw a person adrift in the ocean. It started from a perspective of being fifty yards away from them. I saw a figure in an old-time deep-sea diving suit. The canvas one with clunky boots and a large round helmet. There was a hose line extending from the helmet and the hose was broken or cut about fifty feet above the diver. I began to drift in closer to the diver. For some reason I thought the imagery was Jules Verne like. As I got closer, I could see that the diver was male and that his suit was filling with water. The water was up to his nose in the face mask. As I zoomed in closer, I could see his eyes wide open in the mask. I thought, oh he is dying. He is drowning. He is okay with that. **He is me...** And then I abruptly awoke. As I got out of bed, I thought, wow that was weird and promptly forgot about it. Four hours later I was sitting in Linda’s office listening to her tell me about myself, about my chart. She explained my sun, rising sign, mercury, and a bunch of other stuff I found interesting, but it only mildly impressed me. Then she told me about my moon. Linda said, your moon is in cancer in the eighth house. The eighth house is about sex, death, transformation, other people’s values, and money.

The eighth house tells us, for instance, one of the ways we have died in a past life. Because you have cancer there it implies that you died in water, that you possibly drowned in a past life. The moon placement says it had something to do with Mother, woman, or heart centered love.

I sat straight up in my chair. It was like someone threw cold water in my face. Suddenly, the weird dream I had that morning popped back into my mind. I said, you won't believe this, but I had the weirdest dream this morning. And I can go months and not recall dreams. I promptly replayed the dream to her. When I finished, Linda paused for a moment and said, "That sounds like you had a dream this morning that was a past life. You dreamed about how you died in that lifetime. You even remarked to yourself in the dream "that's me," at the end. I was dumbfounded. I was confused.

My internal scientist said what are the odds that I would have a dream like this, hours before she tells me about past lives? It must be astronomical! More importantly, I felt a sadness in my heart like I had just learned someone I loved very much had died. Then I had a whole-body sensation of wonder. In that space I realized that what she said **must** be true. A few years later, I put myself in trance as I went to sleep and programmed myself to dream about that lifetime. I had grown interested in knowing more about why I died that way. This part really blew my mind. In that life I was the captain of a slave ship. I transported slaves from Africa to the southern United States. Historically the African slave trade to the United States began in 1619 in Jamestown. The importation of slaves was abolished by Congress in 1808. Domestic slave trade continued until The Emancipation Proclamation in 1863. So, I was a southerner during the height of the slave trading years. I was older, maybe in my fifties.

I took a liking to one of the females that we took on board ship. I decided to house her in my captain's quarters. I wanted more than sex. I wanted company at night. My decision to house the woman in my quarters had never been done before. As the voyage wore on the crew became more disturbed every passing day that she was not returned to the hold. It started to become apparent that I was beginning to treat her like a person rather than property. In fact, I fell in love with her against all my upbringing. And I began to question my own beliefs. The undercurrent in the crew became mutinous. I was in a tumultuous state, in love and ecstatic and depressed and cross.

Something happened to our rudder in a storm. There was a diving suit on board. It was used to do salvage work on sunken ships we could encounter. In this case it could be used to repair our rudder underway. On a still day, I decided to do the dive myself. I believe I was intentionally or unintentionally suicidal at this point in the voyage. I did not believe the crew was going to allow me to remain captain or prevent me from withholding the woman from delivery for sale. Either way I would ruin my life. So, I decided to do the repairs myself. Once the work was done, my crew cut the air line. And there I was eyes wide open about to take my last breath in that diving suit.

The amazing thing was that the past life content fell right in line with my moon in Cancer. Linda said that first day that the past life had something to do with Mother, woman, or heart centered love. Wow, this content covered it all, sex, death, transformation, other people's values, and other people's money too!

This was the first experience that gave me personal proof that I lived before. I could not refute this. I certainly knew I had not made the story up. And it unfolded over a few years. In part 2, I will tell my Bird Story. If you think this is something...You ain't seen nothin' yet!