

PLANETARY automatic reactions can be GOOD or BAD depending upon past recordings RESTIMULATED by who YOU meet from day to day and what you have done to them and they to you in the recent and far distant past.

When it is understood that cell structure records like a tape is recorded — EVERYTHING that happens on a see, hear, smell, feel, taste level — then there is comprehension of what is meant by KARMA, a small segment of the AKASHIC RECORDS.

TOTALITY CONCEPT 740426

## RELEASING ROGER

*December 15, 1985*

After witnessing my disembodied spirit hanging around and haunting my own home and family in Holland, I began to consider more seriously the possibility that my own life in present time might be haunted.

I had read many books about possession, obsession, hauntings, and so forth, never consciously recognizing that it could be happening to me. There had been all sorts of bizarre phenomena in my life which I had never understood which might actually have a reasonable explanation in the presence of obsessing spirits.

There were times when I found myself outside my body unable to get back in. There were times when I could see through my body but not speak through it or use it. There were times when my body had been thrown around the room, sometimes howling and moaning, as if being tossed around by an invisible force. There were times I was plunged into obsessive spirals of negative and self-destructive feeling. Then there was the diabolical cartoon of the hand holding the gun, putting it up to my head, pulling the trigger, blowing my brains out, then the hand holding the gun, putting it up to my head, pulling the trigger, blowing my brains out, again and again and again. And of course there were the singing voices that gave me all my poetry. There was much more of this stuff going on than I care to recall.

As a child I had been sensitive to spirits, particularly to the old man and the old woman who lived in the house where I grew up. It was their house. They had built it, lived in it, and died there. No one else was aware of them. But I could sense their presence, had inaudible conversations with them, and sometimes they would help me out in small childish matters. As an adult I no longer had that acuity of perception. Excessive use of marijuana had tended to both open me up to spirit possession and gauze over my subtle awareness on certain levels.

Now that I had such excellent help in psychic matters, it would be foolish not to take the plunge.

“Joanna,” I said, “I have been considering the possibility that I might be possessed or obsessed by one or more disembodied spirits. Judging by the evidence, it seems very likely to me.”

“I have been waiting for you to come up with that knowingness,” she said. “I have seen it all along, but I wanted to wait until you came up with it on your own. Now you have the ability to recognize it for yourself. There certainly do seem to be some spirits sitting there. I think it would be a good idea to get down to work — find out about them — where they came from, why they are there — and release them off your body so that they can go back to the spirit world where they belong. Don’t you think so?”

I certainly did.

Once we were in session I could sense the presence of a malignant entity clinging to the left side of my head, but I could not perceive it directly.

Joanna described it to me as a hunched over old man with old-fashioned glasses and a tweed coat, very angry, very bitter, creating non-survival messages, death wish.

“Ask him why he is there. Decide to know,” Joanna prompted me.

“He seems to be angry about his daughter,” I said. “She is suicidal, but I am the one who should die. He is sticking around to see that I do it.”

“Who is this entity?” she asked me.

“He’s like Scrooge, a banker. It’s in New York in 1880. His daughter, Maria, loved me, broke her heart over me. I didn’t love her, didn’t take

care of her. She became a prostitute and died of venereal disease. He blames me for abandoning her, for her death, and is hanging around to defeat me, to prevent me from loving anyone again. Loving anyone equates with abandonment and death. I have always relied on women taking the initiative with me, since I never can come on to them.”

“How may we address you?” Joanna asked the spirit.

“Roger,” he answered through me.

“Roger, how long have you been with Ahad?”

“A long time.”

“Since before birth.”

“Yes.”

“Why do you want Ahad to die?”

“As long as he’s defeated, he doesn’t need to die. He needs to be defeated in love, unable to hurt and abandon, to cause young girls to lose their lives.”

“Are there any other entities present?”

“There are, but I won’t tell you anything about them.”

Usually, Joanna could persuade spirits to leave a body on their own, willingly, guided by her spirit helpers, reasoning that it was in their own best interest to return home to the spirit world where they belong so that they can undergo clearing and be ready for a new, better lifetime. Most spirits could understand that. When the spirit was recalcitrant, she would call upon spirit helpers to act as psychic policemen and forcefully remove the spirit to a neutral place, an astral cellblock, until it could make up its mind to move on.

Roger was fixed in hatred and unwilling to listen to reason, so Joanna called on her spirit helpers to remove him. An obsessive malignant spirit was lifted off my body. I could feel it immediately. We sent his spirit love and forgiveness.

As was the case in the release of the spirit of the victim of the Aztec priest, the release of the spirit of this bitter old man off my body resulted in the immediate and permanent alleviation of psychological aberrations that had plagued me for twenty years. Most specifically, the nasty, insistent, suicidal promptings disappeared without a trace. A very large layer of

obsessive-compulsive sexual fixation was no longer there. And a sharp, stabbing, self-hatred was gone, just like that.

I don't think I ever could have fully believed it unless I had experienced it myself.

## RELEASING HENRY

*December 20, 1985*

There was one incident in my life that kept haunting me — the first time that I was unable to get back into my body.

I had come from college to New York City to visit Martin, my best friend from high school, who was now a music student and blues guitarist living on the Lower East Side. He was, predictably, very heavily into drugs, and our primary recreation was getting stoned and listening to music. He lived on Avenue C, not far from the huge, lurking transformers of the ConEd power plant. It was a very rough neighborhood, not one where you hang out on the street a lot, so we spent most of our time inside his apartment behind its triple-locked barricaded door. Even so, thieves still came in through the window when he wasn't home.

Dope intensifies natural urban paranoia — a distrust of everything and everyone as a potential energy rip-off. Walking down those streets found me positively skittery and jittery. One evening on the way back to the apartment, I passed by a group of black teenagers in the twilight. Some of them spoke to me, taunting me, trying to get my attention. I kept on walking. They shouted after me, calling me to come back. I kept on walking. A couple of them started to come after me at an easy lope. I broke into a run. There were shots fired into the air. Gunshots! I really took off, not looking back.

By the time I got back to the apartment, I was scared out of my wits. Fear like an enema had purged my psychic body of anything but fear itself. Martin and his roommate were hanging around, talking, listening to music, and of course smoking dope. I sat down across from them, so freaked out that I could not say a thing. They passed me a joint. I took a few hits, felt the welcome rush, and left my body. . . only to find somewhat later that I couldn't get back into it.

I didn't know that I had exteriorized. I merely got good and spaced, which often does involve the experience of being present as the space in which everything is existing, rather than being a body sitting in space. That is why the music sounds so great. The music is no longer outside you. You are inside the music, and the music is inside you, inside the space you are.

At any rate, there I was, freaked, totally spaced, and unable to get back into my body. I had full awareness of the dark room, the black-light psychedelic posters, the glowing lamps, my two friends sitting on the couch, talking, but when they spoke to me I couldn't speak back to them. They must have thought I was really spaced. I knew what I wanted to say to them, I just couldn't say it. I couldn't use my tongue. I couldn't operate my body. I couldn't move at all. This was really scary. I had no idea what was happening.

After a while I did manage to get back into my body and grab for some potato chips. The fear subsided. But I felt very strange, contaminated, polluted. Too much fear, I thought. My life got very strange from there on out.

Of course, life in general was getting stranger and stranger in the late sixties, and I did not ascribe any causal significance to this incident at the time. But there would be other incidents where I would, say, be walking down the street and find myself outside my body, unable to get back in. My body was still walking down the street, and I was the space around my body—I just couldn't get back inside it. And then there was the difficulty I often had getting back into my body and waking up in the morning. It was very disturbing.

When I went into this incident in session with Joanna, I was able to see that another entity had indeed entered my body at that time when I had so conveniently vacated it by spacing out. Joanna saw him as a solid white mass without much energy, a ghostly presence on the right side of my upper body.

This entity had been an old drunk sailor whose body was dying in a hospital ward nearby at the same time as I was out of my body. He was rather an appealing character, a vagabond and a poet, philosophical and

humorous, working as a sailor because he loved to travel. He gave his name as Henry. He was also lonely, alcoholic, and addicted to opium and whatever else he could get his hands on. His body was wasted away by drink and drugs, but the immediate cause of his death seems to have been a severe beating he received from a gang of punks in an alley. He was wandering around outside his expiring body when he just happened to find in the immediate vicinity another younger body that was temporarily unoccupied.

Without my conscious knowledge or permission, he had been with me for the past fifteen years, hiding out in my body, enjoying my life, making some small contributions of his own, a hitchhiker on my journey through life.

Joanna pointed out that my whole appearance had changed after Henry came on board. "Before, you were a very well-dressed young man and took care of your appearance. Then you started to wear shabby clothes, let your hair grow long, neglected to shave, and looked like a tramp."

I thought I was just dropping out to become a hippie, along with my friends, but it seems like Henry was along for the ride, too. It was true that for the past fifteen years I had only worn second-hand clothes, usually right down to the threads.

I saw how Henry had been part of my wanderlust, and got a sense of how his sensibility had contributed to my poetic voice. Though an uninvited guest, Henry was a benign spirit, a likable fellow, indeed an old friend by now. But I was into total clearing and it was time for him to go.

When presented with the idea, he was very agreeable to moving on to the spirit world for clearing and further adventures. So Joanna asked her spirit helpers to come in and escort him away, while I worked with the vortex energy to purge all traces and impressions of him off my body.

Releasing a spirit off the body is a wholesale stripping away of a psychic overlay, like stripping away an overpainted image that was not part of the original picture.

The nearest experience I have had on the physical plane was when I had the toxic mercury-nickel amalgam fillings in my teeth replaced with a chemically neutral composite material. My whole system had been