

WHY ME?

COULD YOUR CHRONIC PROBLEMS BE
ROOTED IN YOUR PAST LIVES?



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BY THE AUTHOR OF THE BESTSELLER
"MY MYSTICAL PAST LIFE..."

VENU MURTHY

Amarantos

Why Me?



Amarantos®

Past Life Regression Therapy

Presents

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PROBLEMS BE ROOTED IN
YOUR PAST LIVES?



BY

VENU MURTHY

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Venu Murthy

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Why Me?



*Dedicated to the lotus feet of my
Lord, and Masters who have
shown me the way of serving Him!*



Amarantos

Why Me?



Harish PL

★★★★★ **Very interesting and informative**

Reviewed in India on September 22, 2018

Verified Purchase

Very informative book by Venu.

It explains the causes for various issues we face in our lives and how PLRT can be used to overcome these. It covers interesting topics like guilt, substance abuse, sleep deprivation and validation of information coming out from the regressions. It is difficult to comprehend for the logical mind that the solutions to the complex problems are so simple. Thank you very much for the valuable insights.

6 people found this helpful



Unni

★★★★★ **Beautiful book**

Reviewed in India on September 12, 2018

Verified Purchase

This book is a beautifully written & is useful for those who are interested in Past life regression therapy(PLRT) . Venu with his vast experience in this field has used simple language to guide us by sharing some interesting cases - from his practise of PLRT .

7 people found this helpful



Rajalakshmi

★★★★★ **Amazing book. Very heartening that this publication comes from ...**

Reviewed in India on September 18, 2018

Verified Purchase

Amazing book . Very heartening that this publication comes from Mr. Venu Murthy, a direct trainee of Dr. Brian Weiss.

Also all the reviews on Amarantos site is very encouraging . Venu is loved and held in high esteem by all the Trainees and Patients alike.

This book will be a feast to those who are interested in matters of PLR.

5 people found this helpful



Bhaskar BV

★★★★★ **Good one**

Reviewed in India on November 27, 2018

Verified Purchase

A must read! Helped me to understand and relate several unanswered queries. Highly recommended

3 people found this helpful



I bow down in deep reverence to my master **Dr Brian Weiss M.D.** for having blessed me with this most profound esoteric art of serving.

Tears of gratitude flow whenever I recollect my *Alma mater*¹ **Dr Winafred Blake** for her unsurpassable contribution in helping me master this science.

Thanks to my most adorable **daughter Khushi!** The one who is the living proof of reincarnation and the joy born of it.

If not for Amarantos, I wouldn't have had the good fortune of meeting such amazing souls in the garb of **my clients**. Knowing each one of you personally and having spent time with you is priceless.

Love to **my students** of the First, Constellation, Cygnet, Aquila, Aster, Lotus, K2, GS and Spiro Batch.

My heart filled with a deep sense of gratitude goes out to my adorable **parents** who blessed me with this gift of life.

And to my partner in lives after lives — **Neha**, whose love, motivation and efforts have made Amarantos possible.

And of course thanks to **You**, my beloved reader for choosing to join me on this soulful expedition.

¹ Means "Nourishing Mother" in Latin.

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Why Me?

Introduction

*Happiness is Real Only When
Shared*

*A*s you read this, focus on your breath and take a deep

long breath and as you exhale, let go of all the tension from your body. Let your forehead, scalp, and jaws relax. Scanning your body further down, relax your neck, shoulders, upper back followed by your lower back. Now breathe in expanding your abdomen with a few more such deep, nice refreshing breaths — flushing out all the tension and tightness from your forehead up to your toe as you exhale. Allow your breath to stay deep and even — Doesn't it feel so good!

Compare the present relaxed state to what it might have been just a few moments ago when we might have held tension unconsciously. We could relax by directing our will to let go of the Unconscious stress consciously.

Even though born free man is everywhere and all the time bound in shackles anchored in the Unconscious. By tracing the cause of our problems using the torch of our conscious mind, we can go back to when they were sown.

In fact, knowing the root cause of the problem is already half the solution. The next half of which is in being able to root out the seed consciously from where it arises.

Through the real-life stories in this book, I attempt to partner with you in identifying the cause of your problems, thereby empowering you to resolve them. Eventually percolating the profound peace born from the Unconscious to lovingly healing all the facets of your life.

Surprisingly I had never dreamt of being an author² even in the wildest my dreams — To pen when such stupendous words of wisdom have been passed on from the mighty Masters, sages, and scientists through time! I beseech to be forgiven if this is a transgression.

I wouldn't consider myself an author of this book but a compiler who has put his name here not as the father but as the guardian of this divine child. Nevertheless, this hubris is justified by the fact that I have validated the ancient wisdom and eternal principles through my Past Life Regression Therapy — PLRT practice.

² I am a published author of advanced technology courses and innovator. But never thought I would write on such a profound subject.

Question the *Status Quo*

American psychologist Henry Murray, who taught for three decades at Harvard University, says that nothing is so powerful as a well-phrased question.

As can be seen, the history of humanity is studded with those landmark moments when great discoveries were revealed on disrobing the obvious.

Correspondingly, challenging the status quo has been my congenital affliction. It is serendipity that my name also ends with a 'Y!' People who dread the barrage of questions ridicule me saying, "You have been named aptly!"

Consequently, one of the most glaring questions I found my inner self-crying while dragging through the scorching heat of life was, "Why me?"

Which I later found to bear semblance to my clients' questions such as: -

"Why did this happen to me?"

"Wish I was never born?"

"What is the goal of my life?"

"What is it I am going after?"

"Where is the end to all this?"

In the final analysis, this quite simply implies, “Why do we suffer even when we are only pursuing happiness?”

As it turns out finding the answer to this question has been the quest of my life, similar to how it is for my clients. Even knowing the cause of their suffering relieves them to a great extent.

Found the Purpose of My Life

Furthermore, I wondered, “If all men were created equal why does each one have different characteristics?

“Why are the opportunities different?”

“What is the mystery of Karma?”

“Is there self-will or destiny?”

It is in search of the answers to these unsettling questions that I ventured into readily available scriptures and biographies of great saints across the world and through the ages.

I found that some genuine sages through their supreme sacrifice and herculean effort were victorious after a long single focused arduous labor in transforming their mind and thereby attaining equanimous joy or nirvana.

But what about the man from the ordinary run of life? I wished a “surgical” way existed for them. With an intervention renovate the mind and change the behavior forever! (For beliefs, behavior, and possessions are what makes us, isn’t it?)

Upon closer inspection, I realized that this colossal problem was garbing an opportunity — the attitude that is the impetus to

my day job³ as an advanced computer engineer. Hence two decades and a half of the most vigorous phase of my life — which dawned at my teenage — led me on this eternal quest and manifested as my passion for Parapsychology and Vedanta.

Additionally, I was eagerly seeking opportunities to heal anyone in need. For example, during my teens, my father would place my palm on his head when he had a headache. Or while I was away to school, he would relax on my bed and say, “I get peaceful sleep only here.” I also wondered why some of my spiritual friends referred to me as “Blue Buddha.”

Reflecting on those times, I can perceive the unseen gracious hands of my Masters guiding my path to experiencing these answers. Followed by utilizing this wisdom in healing those who have been sent to me by Them — my beloved clients.

Eventually, through PLRT I could enable my clients to experience the solutions to these poignant questions and bask in the healing.

Now with their real-life stories validated by my humble experience, I would like to be by your side through this book. Together hoping to find the cause of a particular problem you are suffering and empowering you to heal yourself.

³ PLRT is my passion, which I pursue part-time through our not-for-profit venture named Amarantos. The day job helps paying our bills.

Why “Why Me?” Book?

What must be the joy of a solo mountaineer who has surmounted the Everest! But who can she or he celebrate this success with? Usually, I am left with this sensation after every Past Life Regression Therapy session that I have conducted!

I share these experiences with you as if you were with me in our dimly lit studio during a life transforming session.

Imagining you breathing over my shoulder, with my heart connected to yours, sharing the *modus operandi*, feelings, explanation, experience, and the amazement—all this in the hope that you will be as awestruck as me.

Like a baby who has sneaked into the space shuttle and fiddled around the control panel and before you know, launched it into space. It is these most enthralling voyages of a lifetime I welcome you to feast with me, witnessing the incredible correlation from the depths of Superconscious! Brightly flowing unceasingly in the twilight like environment of Amarantos studios.

At every such moment, witnessing the life-changing expeditions to the summit of Superconsciousness and the healing stories that followed, I wished that someday these triumphs be shown the light of the day.

Another reason I felt compelled to write this book was the wait-list for sessions at Amarantos piles up close to a year. Hence I feel that sharing these evidence-based healing stories with you will help us find the cause of your chronic suffering, diagnosing your malady; mostly rooted in the past and invoke the power of your herculean Unconscious or Superconscious in resolving them. Hence shedding the extra baggage from the past we recoil ourselves into the present, this moment which alone is real.

So I would have liked to start off by telling you how I set sail on my PLRT practice, but that is a book in itself — ‘My Mystical Past Life....’

However, through this book I would like to present to you the truth underlying the drudgery of our daily lives in the light of PLRT. Knowing which will set you free and realize that “Life is Beautiful!” or “It is a grand opportunity!”

Furthermore, boost your courage to confront your battles and turn them to your advantage.

Moreover, that which I had learned to take place in the sophisticated psychiatric ward in the expert hands of my master Dr. Brian Weiss M.D. was happening right in front of my eyes! At our humble Amarantos studio at a remote place in India. Why would it not? In retrospect, we were tapping into the Almighty Universal Consciousness, that which Carl Jung

referred to as the Collective Unconscious. It is the magic of these moments I have tried to pen for you.

If it is Gold, it will shine!

When in love, we are all poets. Stretching our nerves to their limits just to find those fancy voluptuous words and frame them into cozy warm sentences. Offering them in the hope that they can convey the ocean of love from where they spring. We might not have been as eloquent as we want to be, but take a sigh of relief when our partner can fathom the love.

Overall I cannot assure you if this book is going to be amazing as I am bereft of any eloquence of a seasoned writer, but the promise is, drab or dull — I have not changed the truth. I will present to you verifiable facts as is and leave them at the mercy of your judgment. I am an ardent lover of truth and a firm believer that if it is ‘The Truth,’ it will shine.

However, the only changes are as much as to conceal the client’s identity. Additionally, I have not written anything which is beyond my experience or which we could not validate.

Nonetheless, do consider the fact that there is something very persuasive witnessing first hand this ballet of consciousness, which is challenging to be captured by mere words.

Once again I heartily welcome you onboard to applying these findings from this New Age Healing and solving your problems of a lifetime. Thereby regaining the joy of living!

Thanking you for choosing to embark with me on this most exhilarating adventure of the soul!

The magic of words binds us unto the last page and beyond,

Bon Voyage!

— Venu Murthy M.K.

Sao Paulo, Brazil

11th Dec 2015

*Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream!
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.*

*Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.*

Chapter 1

Who are we to judge?

*Why we should not judge, to
have inner peace*

Oftentimes have I heard you speak of one who commits a wrong as though he were not one of you, but a stranger unto you and intruder upon your world...

And you judges who would be just.

What judgement pronounce you upon him who though honest in the flesh yet is a thief in spirit?

What penalty lay you upon him who slays in the flesh yet is himself slain in spirit?

...

And that the corner-stone of the temple is not higher than the lowest stone in its foundation.

— Khalil Gibran

A

fter I had introduced myself, Sheela's husband

dragged out a massive ledger from his bag. It was brimming with Sheela's medical reports. She had undergone treatment under

the best psychiatrists and psychologists in town. Sheela was in the news a few months ago for attempting to murder her newborn baby within a few hours of delivery. I couldn't believe what I had heard, and they couldn't believe where they had come — a solitary house in acres of vacant deserted land.

Under the bright November sky, this couple arrived with their eight-year-old son. They were early for their appointment. Sheela's husband was quite quizzical about the location we were operating from. It was a quiet environment, and the place was nothing like what they had expected.

Intense stress glared upon on them as brightly as a mirror reflecting the mid-afternoon sun. They were both slogging in their mediocre day jobs, and seemed to belong to the struggling lower-middle class. Mental ennui reflected on her pale face. They settled down. Her husband was pretending to be happy and casual, and he spoke freely, while she was scanning me suspiciously.

Handing some children's books and toys to his son, the husband took the lead in telling me about Sheela. The son settled down with them on the couch and was ready to wait for an extended period of time; seemed like he was used to this routine. While he recounted that Sheela was discharged from a

mental hospital after two months of treatment. I wondered at Sheela's lifelessness, as she appeared indifferent and looked numb. I even doubted if she would participate wholeheartedly in the sessions. Additionally, I was intimidated by the bulky medical reports considering the fact that she was only my fourth client (since I had started my practice.) A client can sense any sign of a lack of confidence, and this could jeopardize the session, but thankfully my nature to rise up to an occasion kicked in, helping me radiate confidence.

Until I talk to my client and hear from them directly, I do not come to any conclusions. After the pre-induction talk when Sheela consented for the therapy we moved into the studio. Within a few moments, she no longer appeared stern, her body language indicated her willingness to continue. Every interaction with the client can be utilized to build a rapport. I gently nudged and probed through my conversation with her to give me the details I needed to start, and she answered my open-ended questions with more and more information. As she sensed understanding and acceptance, she gradually relaxed.

Sheela told me later that the reason she opened up to me was that, unlike her doctors, I was unhurried and listened to her with rapt attention. It is striking when my clients tell me that they have chosen to come because I am not a doctor (which is the reason I do not use my doctorate.) Here at Amarantos, we have

had the privilege of training psychologists and psychiatrists from around the world, and I admire their due diligence and openness.

Sheela seemed to be in her 40's, but I felt quite surprised to know that she was much younger — still in her 30's. She suffered from insomnia and especially feared getting killed in a road accident. She had several stress-induced psychosomatic illnesses.

Sheela had delivered a baby a few months ago, her second child. Within a few hours of the delivery, Sheela was caught hanging the newborn. She had made a noose out of her IV tube and strangled the baby. Sheela had no memory of what happened after that. All that transpired after that was lost, similar to how we are not aware of what happens after we faint.

She had regained her consciousness a few weeks ago and was discharged from the hospital. She heard people calling her a murderer and remembered the episode of trying to kill her baby, but nothing after that. Two months of her memory after this tragedy was erased, and she did not even remember the shock treatments that she underwent admitted in the hospital.

As Sheela narrated this tale of heinous crime I noticed her speech to be bereft of any cadence of guilt. This behavior seemed like the heights of apathy, but I tried to appear unruffled. In summary, Sheela wanted to resolve the cause of Neonaticide.

Sheela could look me in the eye. She spoke about her life. Burdened by being the eldest child, followed by six brothers, she told me about her life. How she was from a conservative society of North India and ‘broken’ to grow silently in the restricted, orthodox village environment. She had suffered chronic poverty from the time she could remember. Fortunately, she was a brilliant student, and academic success came to her effortlessly. Furthermore, she was awarded a merit seat in a prestigious engineering college where she could pursue a bachelors degree. But as this college was in a distant city, her family opposed her decision to attend. After incessant pleading, her family allowed her to pursue a lesser diploma near her village instead of the degree. She outperformed everyone in the institute and stood first. Consequently, she wanted to go in for higher studies but was deterred by her family — more for being a girl, than due to chronic poverty.

Whereas her brothers — despite being “below average” students were encouraged to take up engineering in the city. She got so used to being discriminated due to being a girl child that she stopped emoting (semblance of alexithymia.) When denied the opportunity to pursue master’s, she stopped fighting or pleading, and had turned apathetic and repressed the feeling of being short-changed.

Sheela accepted her fate of being jobless after the measly diploma from an infamous institute. After struggling for a few years, she secured a job in Bangalore and fled home to grab this opportunity. She joined work and worked wholeheartedly but knowing her desperation the employer exploited her. Sheela couldn't find a better paying job as she was not qualified enough. But over the years the company she worked for grew due to her exceptional capabilities. She had built a reputation and was highly regarded but continued to be underpaid. Destitute, she felt compelled and continued to work in the same company for a lower salary, never having the courage to ask for a pay raise.

Sheela loved and married, but the situation was no better. As is usual in India, the newlywed couple moved in to live with her in-laws. Sheela's couldn't satisfy her in-law's hunger for money with the meager dowry. Needless to say even her marriage had started on a bad note.

Adding to this, her in-laws also felt threatened that she would take away their only son who was the breadwinner of the family. This insecurity made them very defensive, and the in-laws mistreated both of them. Even though Sheela's husband was the only son, it seemed that his parents wanted him only for the money he brought. Within six months, the environment at home turned so obnoxious that they were thrown out at midnight. They were allowed to leave with just their clothes.

Fortunately, a friend sheltered them until the end of that month. On getting their salaries, they had to part with a significant share of it to Sheela's in-laws. The in-laws seemed to be exploiting the obligation that responsible children have, of taking care of their parents. With the little money that was left, they found a cheap accommodation. Even after being kicked out Sheela's husband continued to send a major portion of their salaries to his parents, and they had to eke out a living from what was left. Soon they were blessed with a son. In spite of juggling extra hours, they could barely make ends meet.

For sure there was sadness and severe mental fatigue, along with several psychosomatic illnesses manifesting, like blood pressure, and thyroid.

Sheela agreed to go ahead with the regression. She had an intense sense of wanting to be in control, but her scores from the assessments for hypnotizability were wholly in favor of a successful session. Sheela had told me that she meditated every day, which was quite evident from her scores. We started the regression session, and she relaxed well; so well, that there was palpable peace radiating from her otherwise pale face!

By the end of visualization stage, she was in delta brainwave. Since too many symptoms had to be addressed, we did not set a theme but agreed to go ahead in exploratory mode. Sheela had visions of "a lot of girls in various stages," followed by a

drowning girl. Her experiences were all quite abstract. They weren't coherent, and since I was not much experienced then, we couldn't extract much. However, she had tremendous focus. I did, however, realize that the much-acclaimed concentration in itself is neither a good or a bad thing. It is like a sharp knife, when used dexterously can help cut vegetables faster but when in the hands of untrained can hurt to a great extent.

Her sharp mind, which was only sluggish because of the recent heavy dose of psychiatric medication remembered all that she was denied. From her birth and through to her present — miserable state, she blamed it all on her being a girl. But all this would change; a great revelation was on its way — not only for her but also for me as well.

I could sense that she was struggling to cloth her abstract experience into words. As I did not want her to get high on the beta brainwave (waking state), which could aggravate the critical factor of the conscious mind and lead to a loss of trance, I suggested she experience it all for herself and remain in that state for as long as she wished. Following this, the only two things she whispered after long intervals were. “I am seeing a lot of girls of various stages.”

“Drowning of a girl — fear of water,” she said.

“Job is over!”

Past-life regression sessions are mostly non-linear. A clear past life emerging for the chosen theme is quite unlikely. Maybe this is the reason they call this abstract path a pathless path.

Carl Jung, the founder of analytical psychology, says that the mechanism by which all these works is that the Unconscious produces the material. Our conscious mind cannot comprehend all that happens there. Hence, for the sake of convenience, we let the hood remain shut and call it the Unconscious and be done with it — until a breakdown. Dr. Joe Dispenza has measured that our brain processes 400 billion bits of information per second, but we are only conscious of 2,000 of those!

Our conscious mind is like a passenger, and desires and fears are the fuel in the aircraft of our brain — piloted by our subconscious in the sky of Unconscious!

Sheela's recollections seemed to be disconnected, but she was gifted with an insight that resolved the puzzle behind her behavior.

Sheela understood herself, when she realized the unconscious reason that made her act the way she did right after the delivery of her second child. With her logic blurred by the post-delivery daze when she learned that the newborn was a girl, she did not want her baby to suffer the atrocities that she herself had undergone. Hence in the loving concern for the well-being of her

child, she tried to help her escape from the horrible male chauvinist society.

She redeemed herself of the sin of homicide after regression and was blessed with the peace that befalls on the release of vengeance. In that great peace, all her deep-seated guilt disencumbered, like a messy ball of thread instantly untangled! She forgave herself because her act was not motivated by hate, but was born out of love and helplessness.

With this release she slipped into profound silence, and I let her rest for a few minutes. It was already dark outside; I stepped out of the studio to check on her family. They were waiting, and on seeing me, they wanted to know what was happening. They were relieved to know that we had had a terrific session and that Sheela was resting. They wanted to confirm this, as she had never spent this much time with any of her doctors. I requested them to tiptoe into the room and take a peep. They were comforted to see her well-rested and exited to wait happily.

After a while, I guided (emerged) Sheela to normal consciousness. She was dazed but woke up well rested. I could sense that she had slowed down, thoroughly content and relaxed. Her Superconscious mind had taken over the baton and helped her realize that she was not a helpless woman but Shakti — the primordial psychospiritual cosmic energy! Not the oppressed, but in fact the creator!

I had started my PLRT practice with a missionary zeal. Due to the hubris of PLRT's efficacy, I would strive to resolve the core issue in one session. Due to this zeal, I subjected my client and myself to something beyond our human limits. Most of the times I used to conduct the sessions for eight hours at a stretch. Sheela's session had also hit this limit. Based on my observations, I later optimized the sessions to be around 4 hours and strategically spaced. Coincidentally my student informed me that this was in accordance with what Dr. Michael Newton had recommended.

We came out of the studio. Sheela was glowing! Her son hugged her, and the husband stood up and asked her on how she was feeling. The family was recharged. Before taking leave they tried to pay, but I declined. I asked them to pay when they were financially stable. As it was quite late at night, we dropped the three of them off at the bus stand. But Neha and I wondered shouldn't they be four?

*

*

*

My mother used to suffer from acute back pain while I was in my teens. She remained in the hospital as it was acute and I was her caretaker. My mother had to undergo several medical tests, in spite of which, the doctors couldn't diagnose her disease and hence referred her to psychologists. These were hopeless times, I

would look forward to the opportunity of meditating in the small chapel in this hospital when I got some leisure.

The psychologist's office was in the same hospital, and being a youngster, I was allowed to accompany her. These doctors had a routine set of questions that sounded ridiculous, and I would wonder how they could ever heal a person without being able to connect to them. Killing the commonsense, intuition and passion I suppose is the bane of "schooling."

During this stressful time, a miracle happened one night. I was sleeping on the floor next to the patient's bed, and I was blessed with the vision of the compassionate Master; the very epitome of consolidated compassion walking past me, kindled hope.

Artificial Intelligence (AI) looks promising enough to replace doctors. But I believe they would be able to replace only those doctors that follow a machine like process, without any attempts to connecting to the patient's heart. As for real healer they are going to be indispensable forever, the prime example being someone like Edgar Cayce.

In 1931 he was back-stabbed by one of his patient who sought a reading. Being the kind-hearted person that he was, he gave a reading to a poor lady at no charge. But the seeker was an undercover police officer who used the reading as a proof for fortunetelling, (which was illegal in those days) and arrested

him. Though the judge later waived off the case, Cayce was distressed. He asked his wife Gertrude, that if it was the will of God that he was to heal people then why did He not make him a doctor? His incredible soul mate aptly replied, "Then you would be simply a doctor like any other!"

In my humble opinion what Gertrude was saying is that people like Sheela cannot be healed by doctors but only by healers.

*

*

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Sheela informed us the next day that she was able to sleep exceptionally well, even without her medicines. She was experiencing great inner peace and joy. I wondered why all the doctors she had met and the medicines she had consumed couldn't bring about this beneficial change.

The earliest I could see Sheela again was after four months. In the initial days of my practice as a PLRT therapist, I was guilty of not following up with my clients within a week of their sessions due to two reasons. One, my hectic day job on weekdays. Two, the months-long waitlist. I admired my clients who were ready to wait for up to even a year.

The response to Amarantos was too good to be true, I sincerely thank my clients for this achievement. Because for the

first six months of establishing Amarantos, we did not have a single client. Except of course Neha was my only guinea pig at the time!

However, once the clients started coming due to referrals, we had to manage a wait-list. Consequently, I could meet Sheela only after a long time. After her first session, Sheela continued to remain peaceful. When we met for our second session, unable to withhold the joy she was experiencing Sheela informed me that gauging her improvement, her parents had trusted her with the baby, who had all along been in their care. Now they were a family of four. Having resolved the past plus these good tidings fueled the delightful transformation. Sheela spoke with a smile on her face, relaxed with complete trust reposed in me.

The husband, son, and Sheela drove down in their car. She had requested this session to address her anti-social behavior. I guided her systematically into the Delta state. When her closed eyes were swaying, I enquired with a wide, open-ended question, “What comes to your awareness?”

She whispered,

“There are many huge buildings, 50 or 60 feet, there are many tall buildings....

I am standing on the top floor...

I am seeing the movement of tiny vehicles below me..."

Exploring this experience in more detail, she said,

"I m moving in the street...

Same kind of environment...

But a different place...

Older than 60 [years old]...

Wearing casuals, brown and yellow shorts and T-shirt...

I m a man...!"

I sensed her excitement. To ground her I tried to find out what she was doing.

"I'm just taking a walk," she said.

"Which country could this be?" I asked.

After a few moments her eyes oscillated, and she replied,

"Don't know..."

Deepening her experience through pacing, she introspected,

"There is some passage into a house green and white tiles...

It is a clean, nice place and small house...

I am still outside...

There are a lot of trees; one side is open..."

She was exploring her inner reality. I suggested finding if there was anyone else living in that house.

"I see some furniture." shifting her focus, she whispered,

"Tigerskin decorated..."

Nobody is there..."

It seemed that she was all by herself. But to get her position in the skein of life, I fired a question that is proven to give a clear indication of the social structure of the encountered sub-personality. "As I count from 3 to 1 allow yourself go to the dinner time at the count of one."

In a few moments, she said,

"One old lady is there with all grey hair and bob cut..."

Don't know her."

I deployed the Yes Set technique from Hypnotherapy to get as many 'Yes' responses as possible. In case advancing the client yields a 'No,' it implies a block, which can be cleared by asking a question to evoke a positive response. Hence I asked, "What could you be having for dinner?"

She said,

“Some breads...

Some pie...”

We had grounded here to a place and got a glimpse of who she was, next in line was the timeline.

“It’s not that very old, could be 1940 or 30,” she said.

To connect her to this far-memory emotionally, I asked:
“What are your feelings like?”

With a tinge of annoyance, she said.

“The lady is having dinner alone...

And I am not having dinner...

She is not talking to me...!”

Probing her further, she said,

“Her interests are different...

She is extrovert, and I am introvert...

She has more friends...

I hardly have any friends...

I don't talk too much...”

In short, Sheela was a man⁴ in that lifetime and was not happy with the other lady who was living with him. Who else

⁴ We can be of either gender in each birth.

could this lady be if not his wife? I thought and asked, “Is she your wife?”

She agreed ,

“Yes!”

And continued,

“I don't have any friends...

I have become even more silent...

I feel very unhappy...

My speech is not fluent, so I cannot talk much...

I have some breathing problem so I cannot speak properly...”

The social isolation was isomorphic⁵. With breathing problem being the excuse in that life.

She continued,

“I cannot mingle with people because I cannot talk properly...

Nobody understood they are all busy with their own life...”

She went on with the tales of self-pity. It is interesting to note how some of us have this innate taste for wallowing in self-pity

⁵ To be discussed in the next chapters.

and playing the victim. After she had ventilated enough, I suggested she move to the next most significant event in that lifetime.

Retracing herself, she said,

“I am on a pilgrimage...

Alone, climbing some steps...

I am alone...

Many people are there...

But nobody is there with me...”

To the question of how old she was, she said,

“Older...

I am still roaming around...

I live wherever I find place...

I have some savings...

I am using that...

I don't have any interest in life...”

Sheela had abandoned home for peace. I am fascinated by this Unconscious feeling we all harbor that joy and peace can be anywhere else but not in the here and now!

The Identification Phase meandered into the Disidentification Phase, where we work on patterns. “What are you carrying over from that lifetime into your present life?” I asked.

Her face reflected contentment, but she lamented at the same time saying,

“I’m not compassionate...

I don't value people...

I have to learn that...

I died in front of a temple...

There was nobody when I died...!”

I allowed her some time to digest this experience. When her eyes started rolling under the closed lids, I asked, “How do you feel about it?”

With a ring of helplessness she said,

“I had no choice!”

To me, death is not as tragic as the fact that most of us haven't lived at all! Almost every one of us feels that living is for some other day. For today let me just go through this drudgery. Anticipating the happier times which for sure is not in the now but for some-other-day or at some-other-place.

Recollection of a disembodied state is the golden state. We had gone into the mines of Unconscious and excavated loads

and loads of ore of metaphorical representations, the fantasies or lucid dreaming mixed with the golden specks of far-memories. Panning for gold begins when the cognitive restructuring occurs by resolving the unresolved, forgiving, drawing insights, examining the learnings, identification of patterns, and the overall understanding.

The golden crown is cast on experiencing our immortality. Hence, much of the work in past-life regression revolves around the perinatal and disembodied state, which is also known as Life Between Lives (LBL).

To start with, I guided her to a few moments before death, “There are a lot of strangers!” she said,

“I don't know anyone...

My body has become weak...!”

I found it crucial to explore her most profound life impression, influenced by the last thought at the moment of death.

Clearing her throat, she lamented,

“I felt that I should have taken care of my wife...

I should have been more friendlier...!”

She was sinking into the recliner, and the pace of her breathing increased. Her body relaxed further; she dissolved into the freedom of death.

"I'm peaceful..." she heaved.

"There are no thoughts...

Just observing from above...

Someone cremated my body...

I wanted to go back into the body...

But couldn't go..."

I wondered why someone would forgo such peace and try to return to the dreaded loneliness. To find out I asked, "What makes you want to go back?"

Lowering her voice with regret, she said,

"To meet my wife!"

Sheela had not recognized her wife of that lifetime to resemble anyone in this life. This was an opportunity to resolve the irreversible past. If we introspect the past is nowhere else but in our head. Reframing is a technique used as early as by Milton to heal the past. I suggested she go back to relive that lifetime "As-if" she could choose to live it resolving all the inner emotional conflicts implanted from the time. She went back and took care of the wife, lived a harmonious and love-kissed life.

The tension due to guilt had remitted to a great extent. Hence I suggested we move to re-experience death in that lifetime — gliding into the Transformation phase.

With a sigh of relief,

“I have become calmer. I am enjoying the state of being calm,” she said.

After giving her enough time, and sensing that she was ready for this most important question, I asked, “What is it that you have chosen to learn through this life?”

“To be friendly with everybody,” she promptly replied with crystal-like clarity.

Validating her peace, and to ensure that there was no residue, I asked, “Is there anything you miss being here.”

With the irksomeness of someone disturbed in a deep sleep,

“No!” She said curtly.

I remained quiet for a while for her to enjoy this most blissful state until I was confident that she wouldn’t get annoyed and asked, “What is it that you have come to learn in this lifetime?”

A deep sigh of relief and with all her being she said,

“Love...!”

Thanks to her fabulous mind, the session had progressed amazingly well. Next in line was to make her task-focused which

is best accomplished through progression. Based on a fulfilled life, I let her higher intelligence extrapolate the next five years of her life. The technique is commonly what we is called reverse engineering, where starting with the end in mind, we chalk down the steps which will lead us there.

Content she replied,

“We have built a house, we have shifted there...

Since it is a far-off place, I am searching for a job...

We four are happy, we have made a library, and meditation hall where all the four of us regularly meditate...

My husband has a comfortable job; I don't have to worry about my working..."

To arrive at the plan of action, I asked, “What is it you have done from this moment to reach this stage of life?”

She said,

“I have focused every moment of my life to bring this to reality...

I am healthy...!”

It is empowering to feel entirely responsible for one's life than to feel a victim of destiny. Whenever we catch ourselves feeling a victim, we should seize the control by telling our self, I accept

the circumstances I am in, but I am going to make the best out of it to fulfill the mission of my life. The greatest gambler gets the same cards like everyone else, but the difference is how she plays them. It is not the cards we get but how we play them!

I sealed the session with what is similar to a post-hypnotic suggestion, “Allow yourself to invoke this beautifully relaxed state whenever you remember this relaxed state.”

Even though the content that emergence from the three to four hours long trance is a ten minutes read, it takes these many hours because what is reported is only a glimpse of what the client would be experiencing internally.

Additionally, the suggestions take time to pass through layers of consciousness, and the response returns through these many layers. But since the therapy is conducted at a layer of consciousness where the client has transcended the limits of time, even a 5 to 6 hours long session only feels like 15 to 20 minutes for the client. For this reason, some of us call the recliner a time machine!

After several months, Sheela had tried to contact me for a PLRT session for her husband. This contact provided me an opportunity to check on her. It was exhilarating to know that she was doing very well and savoring her life with her daughter. She was very happy and wished this for her husband too. But

unfortunately, I couldn't conduct sessions for him as I was sent on a long-term assignment to Brazil.

There were times when I wondered about who is to be convicted of the attempt-to-murder of the newborn? Should it be Sheela, or her family, or the society that imposed these senseless restrictions on a girl child? I think this is an excellent time to look at the remarkable experiment in Psychology called the Stanford Prison Experiment (SPE.)

Professor Philip Zimbardo of Stanford University conducted the experiment in 1971. Young men were randomly divided into the roles of Prisoner and Guard. They were transported to the basement of the psychology department, which had been converted into a makeshift jail. The study was meant to last two weeks. Dr. Zimbardo played the role of prison superintendent. He monitored the happenings through cameras positioned in this makeshift jail. Both the guards and prisoners wore their respective uniforms. Though the verbal instruction to the guards was never to assault any prisoner, they held batons and wore sunglasses. Psychologically the sunglasses were to dehumanize them. And the sticks were an indirect suggestion to keep things under control even if they had to clout.

The brutality of the guards (who could have been prisoners), progressively increased, so much so that a riot broke out on the second day itself. The cruelty of the guards and the suffering of

the prisoners was so intense, that this experiment had to be called off within six days.

This landmark psychological study clearly showed the power, situations or roles have in shaping an individual's behavior. Zimbardo argued that the guards acted the way they did because they conformed blindly to their assigned role; similar to how he was carried away by the position of jail superintendent, subtly influencing the direction of the experiment. After the experiment, those who enacted being the guards were shocked to realize the cruelty they were capable of, and those who acted the prisoners carried over the trauma through their life.

Maybe it is time for us to reflect on the roles we are playing. As a parent, as a boss, as a husband, as a mother-in-law, as a teacher, or as someone who looks down upon women and influences the creation of Sheelas.

However, I am of the opinion that if the same experiment could be extended in such a way that the prisoners and guards swapped their roles, they would have developed empathy for each other experiencing the other Polarity. A soul is subjected to different Polarities mainly to gain the perspective from all the facets of life, especially from the opposite side. For example, a rapist experiences what it feels like to be a rape victim in the next life. By experiencing different polarities and playing various roles, the soul grows in understanding. Empathy is a derivative

of understanding and it ripens to the much-needed compassion. As you might have observed compassion is the single most trait that sets all the highly evolved souls apart.

The society influences us; we conform to the roles people play while we are busy playing ours. Which is why we began this chapter with the most insightful quote from Khalil Gibran's "The Prophet" — "Oftentimes have I heard you speak of one who commits a wrong as though he were not one of you." The prophet said this in answer to a judge who has requested him to speak about "Crime and Punishment."

It is beautifully revealing that we set the context actively or sometimes unconsciously or due to our omission or apathy for someone to sin. But we must remember that just as there is Karma of action, there is also a Karma incurred for inaction — not having done something when we could have. Turning a blind eye; which is also known as "Karma of Omission." Sheela could have come to terms with her speech issue and still be more communicative and have friends instead of being jealous of his wife in the past and cutting her off.

Several years ago, when I was confronted with the startling fact that two people were committing suicide every minute, it was unbelievable. This fact had disturbed me, as these were people not dying of AIDS or cancer, but healthy people who are like you and me. And then my colleague Aaron Swartz, the

innovator of such high technologies that we still use while using the Internet, committed suicide — I was determined to do something about it.

Nobody's life is infallible — even when the gigantic sun and the moon can be eclipsed then what to speak of mortals like us? The opportunity to extend a helping hand to my sisters and brothers passing through a rough patch came to me in the form of Amarantos.

I thank my clients like Sheela for having taught me how wrong I was, just like everyone — including herself in judging her action. I also wonder to what avail were the drugs and the electric shock treatment that she went through? Those that were successful only in erasing her memory of that two months but not the cause. Let alone the attempts to know the cause there was no wholehearted attempt to listen to her unjudgementally.

I now understand to my bones the eleventh commandment “Thou shalt not judge.” It could be because as human beings we are very limited, and cannot have the full context required to understand someone's perspective.

My son from past life in 3600 B.C (who is a psychiatrist in current life), which is when I was a hunter in Africa, said that we were aliens who came to Earth ten thousand years ago with a mission to inspire Love. I did not doubt that statement much as it solved a mystery for me. The mystery since my childhood as to

why I always find (read as judge) the ways of this world to be so strange (read as unacceptable). Such selfishness, lovelessness, vanity and unnecessary harshness. But by the grace of the Masters and the experiences of my clients, it all made sense a few years ago. During a mindful morning walk through the wilderness, I had a flash settling all my inner conflicts in this regard. Here is what I had journaled:-

“Just like in the garden of our Almighty Lord, there are flowering plants and thorny ones serving His purpose. So it is in this creation that He has created a good man and an evil one. It is His creation, His game, who am I to judge, who am I to complain?”

Exercise

To reconcile to mental peace, when you find yourself filled with indignation

If you find yourself resenting or judging someone, pointing your finger to your head, and assert, “I have a magnanimous mind!”

As many of you know, the word “magnanimous” is a magnanimous word! It is a Latin word, where “magnus,” means great and “animus,” means soul. Meaning you are such a great soul that, you can pray for those crucifying you, “Forgive them for they know not what they do!”

You could also practice Emotional Freedom Technique (EFT) for acceptance, which you can easily find on the Internet.

Chapter 2

Make A Life! Not A Living.

Why our careers don't interest us?

“The biggest mistake people make in life is not trying to make a living at doing what they most enjoy.”

— Malcolm Forbes

*A*m feeling very low, he said in his slow suicidal tone,

which screams of hopelessness. Veera, a high-rank Army Officer, had called us the day before Christmas Eve while Neha and I were managing the arrangements for the much-awaited five days PLRT Training course schedule to start the next day.

This year our efforts had to be tripled as the group size had doubled. Within a few seconds of receiving this call, I overheard Neha informing the caller that I was busy. I could guess that it was Veera who had called, as we had spoken over the phone just a few days ago.

I had quit my day job to cater more time to clear the year-long waitlist and hence had the leisure to answer distress calls from people. I felt blessed in being able to counsel him along with several other clients who were on the verge of committing suicide. I remember calling back one of them while he was in the act, he had spoken to me with a noose around his neck⁶. He had

⁶ He is in touch with us even after several years and is now haling as a great developer. We all pass through a rough patch in our life, don't we?

tested all my negotiation skills in that two-hour long call. Knowing suicidal clients were unstable and whimsical, I rushed to Neha and requested for the phone and spoke to Veera.

In his lifeless monotone, he lamented saying he was feeling very low. His connotation of "low" meant suicidal. He apprised me that he had conducted a military drill during the day— a war like situation, but in the midst of it froze due an overwhelming panic attack. He was apprehensive about what his subordinates might think of him.

Over the lengthy discussion, I allowed him to ventilate, mitigating his intense emotions. Followed by reframing the episode. Which is drawing out insights such as the situation wasn't as bad as what his fears projected and so on — whatever best could be done on a phone call. Veera calmed down and requested to come over for a session at the earliest. Since he was suicidal, I asked him to get the approval from his Psychiatrist and come accompanied with his life partner. He readily agreed while a part of me disliked myself for having given away this time. As this meant that we had to postpone our New Year's vacation — meeting the same fate as our November-vacation — hijacked by an urgent session for a surgeon. It is at these times that I console myself saying, "It is inevitable to burn when we aspire to brighten someone's life!"

As soon as we had settled down after conducting the exhilarating experiential annual workshop, Veera and his gorgeous wife, Sati flew in from across India. It might have seemed to the onlookers that Amarantos was a movie-shooting site. Contrary to my mental image, both looked like models, young, smart, tall, well dressed. Wearing the same colored leather jackets matching each other's elegance. We felt a festival had walked in, making it difficult to get any hint of the misery rumbling in their hearts.

As we went along I noticed that Veera had the same lifeless look throughout; a lost and disconnected feeling. No smile of courtesy even on our first meeting. This behavior which was concerning even to his wife did not bother me as I was quite used to the ways of Army men since childhood. Indifference was acceptable as my schooling began in Army School where I was being groomed to be an officer. Moreover life is no different at home as my father is also from the Indian Army. Furthermore, my father-in-law is also from the Army!

Veera's affectionate wife — Sati was from a civilian background and was a social worker. She told us that right after arriving at Bangalore they dumped their luggage in the Army lodging and rushed to Amarantos. After ensuring that they were comfortable, Neha, and I introduced ourselves followed by the vital how and why of Amarantos.

Thereupon I presented the pre-induction talk to introduce this therapy patiently intending to address all their fears and concerns regarding PLRT. Sati was all ears while Veera continued to have the same look. But after all this slow-paced presentation there was a breakthrough, Veera shared a doubt about the authenticity of PLRT.

His doubts were kindled due to stumbling upon an article on the Internet, which defamed and disproved Dr. Brian Weiss's book "Many Lives Many Masters"— The book Veera had read several years ago.

As we know slandering a famous personality for the less-talented is the easiest route to fame. To pre-empt such controversies, I ensure that neither my students nor clients put all their eggs in one basket. I educated Veera in the same way I introduce PLRT to my students, starting with all the credible psychologists, psychiatrists, and practitioners — all those professional with the academic credentials who stumbled upon this phenomenon just like Dr. Weiss and having witnessed its efficacy reported it sincerely (bearing the ridicule that follows.) Thereon Veera's body language reflected his conviction and eagerness to start.

I ensure that my clients never feel obliged to take up this therapy just because they have come. Through the pre-induction talk I help them understand what this therapy is and what to

expect from it and then give them the freedom to leave if it doesn't match their expectation. But Veera expressed his consent to proceed. He wrote: "Lack inner peace, frequent headaches and spiritual conflict" in the intake form. (The pain level of which on the universal scale was 8 out of 10.)

Veera's psychiatrist was treating him for "Cannabis-induced Psychosis." I had requested them to inform their psychiatrist before coming for these sessions with me and get his approval along with adjusting the dosage of the prescribed mental illness medication accordingly for a hypnotherapy session.

Having brought them on the same page, Veera and I proceeded for the history-taking in private. In essence, his childhood was drenched in the grandeur of those majestic mountains, which the world will never cease to wonder about — The Himalayas! He shared his memories of the scenic village he grew up in. Playing, cycling and enjoying the mesmerizing vistas even from inside his house.

His symptom of anxiety seemed to have sprung from the constant bickering of his mother and father. Mother was from a lower middle-class background and father was in a senior social position. She unceasingly accused him of having an affair. It got worse when they ended up in physical fights. Those brawls that had taken place decades ago were still corroding Veera's psyche. Recollecting these bitter memories he got emotional and used

the 'F' letter word saying, "Why don't they get separated if they have to fight like this?"

With such a hostile environment at home, Veera's father calculated that it was better for the little one to study in a boarding school. He arranged for his admission to a residential school where students are groomed to be Army officers from their early childhood.

Veera's plea to return home fell on deaf ears; he was dumped into this school at the age of 11. As we went along, I realized that his intuitive reluctance in joining this school had a strong rationale, which he couldn't vocalize to his parents.

As we went along it was evident that all the major seeds for the present life crises were nurtured from the moment he joined the boarding school. He felt lost from then, a boy in a no-mans-land, fending for himself. In his words, "We had to prepare everything, work like servants for seniors." He implored to be rescued, but all these attempts were like how we would feel on praying to a black hole. It soon set into his mind that any attempt to escape from there was futile and he gave in.

Every moment of survival was a battle for little Veera. One of the most touching incidents that he narrated happened when he was about to step into his teens. His only relief was the free hour on Saturday afternoons. He looked forward to relaxing in this only time that was for himself. He was about to recline, and his

seniors dragged him to the adjacent room. They picked up a fight with him over something trivial and beat him. Since he was cute and fair-skinned, they took sadistic pleasure in molesting him. You can imagine how heartrending must have been the pathos of this little boy that its echo could be heard even after so many decades?

Veera couldn't bear recollecting his childhood anymore and staring into my eyes concluded,

“I killed something inside me...

I lost all my humor and lightheartedness...

They took away my self-respect.”

There were copious tears on remembering his only friend in the hostel. Veera was grateful to him for having helped him survive the several years in that hostel.

Small wonder Veera passed out of this school with bitterness and low esteem. Any self-respect he was left with was also demolished by two classmates, who were painfully in touch with him even after finishing schooling. These two were living in Bangalore and were the self-proclaimed elite class of musicians, who did not have to slog for a living. They took every opportunity to belittle Veera. From ridiculing his choice of music to his job, they left no stone unturned. They declared that

Veera was bereft of any real talents and hence joining Army was his only option.

On the whole, it makes me wonder at the power people's opinion can have over our self-esteem. A senior-ranking honorable officer feeling inferior to idlers!

Veera's psychological pain aggravated when he contrasted his constrained life with that of these freelancers who had the freedom to live in their sweet way.

You might ask, "Then why did Veera have to keep their company?" That was because they were the only two who would accompany him in smoking weed. During the inebriated states, they found unforeseen success in seeding Veera's subconscious with the suggestions in the essence of, "You are not intelligent, and good for nothing." The psychological mechanism for this victory is that in an inebriated state the mind lets go of its guards allowing any suggestion to be seeded into the subconscious by anyone.

Of course from alcohol to drugs, fantasy novels to movies, all are trying to quench the basic human need for Altered State of Consciousness (ASC). For example, sleep is ASC. All intoxicants induce ASC but resorting to them can lead to fatal addiction and dangerous side-effects. Veera's was suffering a medically irreversible mental disease due to smoking weed. However deep meditation has been unanimously accepted as the safest way of

relishing ASC as it is with no dependencies or side effects. As we learn more about it as we go along.

By and large, Veera's life story of being bent and broken through tears and torture finally paid off after being commissioned as an officer in the Army less than a decade ago. However, this triumph was too short-lived to absolve the horror of his past. He had a bitter breakup with his then-girlfriend right after joining the Army.

He had to stay in the barracks after work and realized that the dread of the seniors and the burden of meticulous work was only all the more amplified. Like they say, "Hurt people hurt people." The seniors continued to rag the juniors. Do as was done to us, passing on the buck — something that is happening everywhere; from an expert handling a novice to a mother-in-law her daughter-in-law.

Veera felt all the more hopeless, as the release from this confinement was unforeseeable. He had only moved from the hostel to barrack. He couldn't move to another career as he was legally bound to work in the Army for two decades else face criminal and financial implications. The dread of seniors and his helplessness weighed heavily on his mind. He could neither run away nor enjoy his rank due to the baggage.

He met Sati 2 years ago when posted in Kolkata. They fell in love, and just when he was feeling the relief, his duty demanded that he undergo training for six months in Bangalore.

This arduous training was the last straw on the camel's back. He crumbled. He turned insomniac, could not concentrate. Couldn't give his undivided attention that the course demanded. His aggression went out of control, and he started beating people and then suffered the pangs of guilt. Depression is too small a word to describe his state.

His only relief from this turmoil was to jump the training camp walls in the evening and seek the company of his two classmates to blow away the stress.

Sati's parents understood Veera's plight. Hoping it would assuage Veera's depression they let Sati go to his rescue even though they were not yet bound by the nuptial knot.

Veera's destiny seemed to be a stubborn dark night without a dawn. As soon as Sati arrived at Bangalore, she suffered an asthmatic attack. Veera's trainers did not approve of his leaving the training camp and attending upon his fiancée. Adding insult to his injury some of his senior officers passed derogatory remarks while rejecting his leave application. Bound within the campus, he could somehow manage to put her in a hotel and send some medical help. As soon as her condition stabilized, he arranged for her to fly back home.

It was several hours by now and to give him a break I shifted his focus to something positive, I enquired about his only friend from the boarding school — the one who stood by him.

In history taking, a therapist aims at getting a full picture of the client's life and collecting resources for the regression session. I was thinking of using this ally as the support figure. But hanging his head low, Veera continued the tale of woe that they were no more in talking terms the past one year. His friend was from a different regiment and posted deep in the snowcapped mountains. Veera could reach out to him easily due to the technology they had, but he did not. His primary social support crumbled and led to the maladaptive "social inhibition," fuelling the suicidal behavior.

He explained why they grew apart and indifferent. Veera's mother and Sati were in touch with his best friend's fiancée and were discussing all the family matters with her. Which somehow ended up in a misunderstanding between Veera and his friend.

As if all this wasn't enough, upon completion of his training in Bangalore, Veera was posted to an arid region away from Sati. Within a few months, Sati's parents pressurized her to get married. They had to get married at the earliest even if it was the offseason. Veera was helpless even in this matter and felt being pushed into marriage.

Veera's marriage was mentally exhausting as it was against his will. Stress due to social readjustment had reached its peaks.

To endear him, his father-in-law encouraged him to drink on the wedding eve. Late at night, the stoned Veera (thoroughly drunk) stormed into the room where his newlywed wife was waiting. He vented out all his anger by beating her up on the first night. Alcohol unleashes the demon in us and anger feeds it. And the sequel to which is the toxic self-hate due to guilt.

But Sati was understanding, she could gauge the motive behind his actions and could see Veera's inner self which was on the self-destructive course.

Due to some family circumstances, they couldn't even go on their honeymoon either. As soon as all the rituals were completed Veera had to return to his barren post along with his wife.

Within a few months, he was neurotic. He screamed at nights as if being abducted. Hallucinated court-martial from his duty, ripped off his ranks. He was mentally devastated and though his colleagues noticed his eccentric behavior they could do nothing to help.

It was interesting to note that a tight-lipped person such as Veera spoke for 4 hours. The secret to this I have realized that the below steps works infallibly:

1. Listen
2. Listen
3. Listen
4. Probe when there is silence
5. Repeat Step 1 to 4!

(Three levels of listening are Listen Actively, Listen to Non-Verbals, Listen to what is tacit.)

Altogether the only good time in his life was when he was having spiritual discussions with his only friend.

Before we started, he told me that he had come to the session under the influence of antipsychotic and antidepressant, Flupentixol and Nortriptyline. Risperidone-oral for treating mental or mood, bipolar disorder, and schizophrenia.

I wondered, "What?... Schizophrenia!"

My alarms went off, as schizophrenia is a contra-indicator for PLRT. Unfortunately, this could be a deal breaker. But...

Visit amarantos.org/why-me to read more.

Chapter 3

Addictions & Substance Abuse

*Why these are ramifications
of self-destructive patterns
and guilt*

*A*n oncologist warns his lung cancer patient, "Refrain

from smoking, or be ready to die within a week!" and walks out of the hospital. He then hurriedly pulls out a cigarette and lights up!

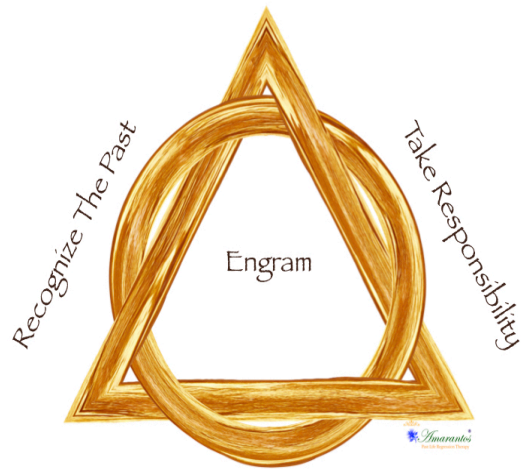
A well-revered gentleman gets wasted in the rave party and waking up in a filthy gutter next afternoon he finds himself a laughing-stock. But gets stoned again in the evening.

Ever wondered why people fall prey to addiction, even knowing that they are fatal?

This phenomenon had always puzzled me since childhood until, on a cloudy day when a convoy of cars stopped in front of Amarantos⁷. It was quite unusual to have so many cars come over to our Visit amarantos.org/why-me to read more.

⁷ This was just a few months of having started Amarantos.

Why Me?



Be More and More Loving

Chapter 4

Nightmares & Insomnia

Why do I need to dig up the buried past?

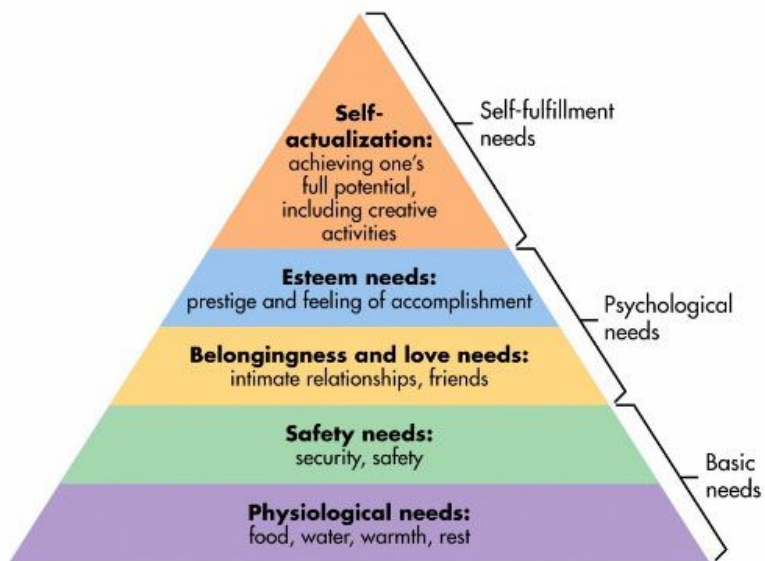
*“S*ession aborted due to extreme nausea,” I hung

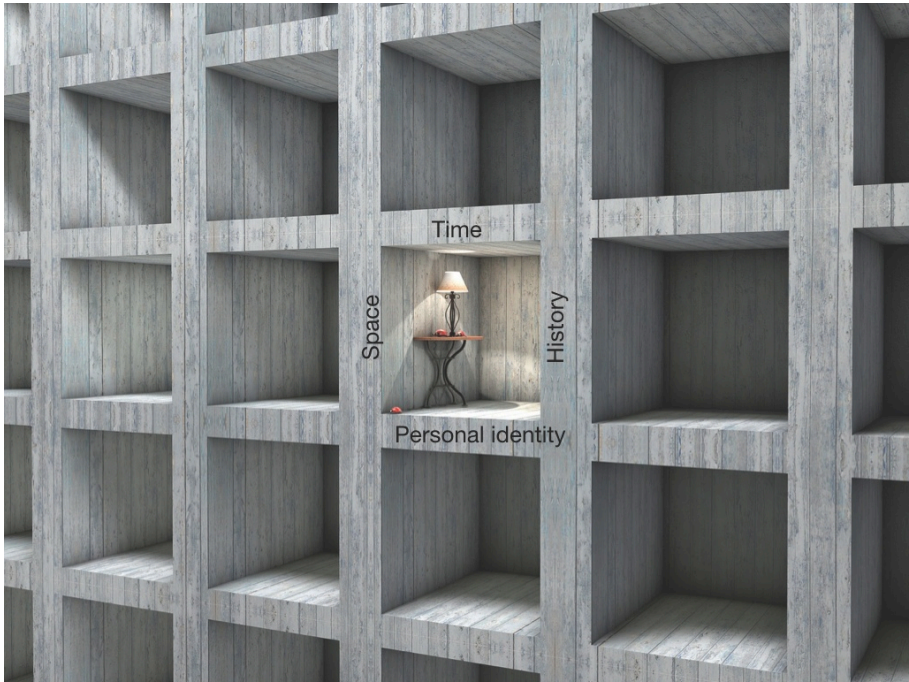
my head low and wrote on Rob's case sheet, wondering at the mighty power our thoughts have upon us! I was skeptical and was not sure if Rob would show up for his second session

Why Me?

scheduled the following day. Rob was from the military and was physically fit, medium-built, and dark-complexioned, with darker eye circles.

Visit amarantos.org/why-me to read more





Chapter 5

How real are Past-Life Recollections?

Why PLRT is Evidence-Based

*"For those who believe no proof is necessary,
for those who disbelieve no amount of proof is sufficient."*

— Dom Inácio de Loyola⁸

⁸ Entity — a disembodied doctor working his miracles through the medium John of God in Brazil.

“How

do I know that this experience is not my

imagination?” I blurted out, unable to resist the influence of my rational, analytical thinking of two decades of engineering practice. It was during my first Past-Life Regression Therapy experience conducted by Dr. Brian Weiss, where I had a glimpse of an African hunter. What Dr. Weiss told me that day had changed the way I regard these otherwise...

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Chapter 6

What If It Is All Made Up?

Why doubts strengthen trust

Anyone who has the least knowledge of Parapsychology material which already exists and has been thoroughly verified will know that so-called telepathic phenomena are undeniable facts.

— Dr. Carl Gustav Jung



queezing in sheepishly into a little gang that had brewed

around me, Preethi with her vast eyes of excitement dug into her tiny blue dandy purse.

Fishing out and handing me a rag, she exclaimed: “This is a piece from Baba’s clothes!”

All eyes turned to her, I asked in excitement, “Sri Shirdi Sai Baba’s?”

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Exercise

For holistic wellbeing

“I am Fine?” we instantly reply to anyone who asks us about how we are. This is the natural response we are conditioned to give even if we are physically sick, mentally tired or emotionally battered.

Reading this far, you might be confident of the fact that we are multidimensional beings. One of the most significant things that we overlook is that just feeding our body nutritious food (which is also quite unlikely in this era of fast food,) is not going to ensure the well-being of a person. The mental and emotional hygiene is also a must. I hope that by the end of this exercise you can take away a robust framework for achieving your holistic well-being on all the levels. Here is Amarantos Well-Being Quadrant based upon all our learnings so far in this book to help you have a solid routine for your holistic wellbeing.

Quadrant 1 – Reading and Writing

When we sit down to read or write, we turn our outbound awareness inward. We consciously interact with the Subconscious mind through these activities.



Amarantos
Past Life Regression Therapy

WELLBEING QUADRANT

Regain The Joy Of Living!



My clients renovate their subconscious mind by reading authentic and helpful books written by genuine authors. The best time for which is before falling asleep.

Remember, as they say, a dull pencil is better than a sharp mind. So by journaling, even if it is just a line per day, enables us to express our emotions. Because one of the laws of emotions is that, "Every emotion needs an expression!" Else it leaks into other aspects of our life, resulting in irrational behavior or could lead to a Psychosomatic illness.

Bottom-line unburden yourself by putting on paper what's on your mind. Even a To-Do list relieves us of a massive mental load!

Quadrant 2 – Micro-Vacation

We can consciously move from the active to the passive state of existence, i.e., from the autonomic nervous system's sympathetic to the parasympathetic state--practiced through introspection, mindfulness or meditation.

On hearing these words an excuse, which might surface in our mind, is, "I do not know how to meditate." However, the most

amazing thing is that we are meditating all the time! Just that the object of meditation is worldly. If the focus could be turned within--into the real self--on “Who I am,” or on a chosen deity or master, it is Meditation.

Done rightly, meditation is like a vacation, a short vacation and hence we could call it Micro-Vacation. The dissolving into our real Self--not having to do anything--just Being the Reality you Really Are!

Quadrant 3 – Physical Fitness

“Mens sana in corpore sano” as is the ancient Latin saying, “A healthy mind can be only in a healthy body.”

It is mandatory if not compulsory, for you to keep your body healthy, as much through exercise as diet. Have a 30mins mindful walk if you cannot do any other exercise. You can even go for a walk every evening with your family and friends to get started.

One of the other advantages of this is that people who are physically fit can handle stress better.

Quadrant 4 – Sleep like a baby

Sleeplessness has graduated to being declared an epidemic as per WHO. Due to the nerve-racking stress and mostly sedentary work life, our mind is stirred up but unlike our body is not worked out enough to have a good sleep.

Sleep deprivation eats into us very slowly, and its effects are devastatingly irreversible.

Hit the gym if you are into a job where you cannot be physically active, let your body exercise so much that your blood is well oxygenated and you enter a deep sleep as soon as your head hits the pillow!

The worries and cares of the world will always be there, but you being sleepless is not going to make them any better, so make time to catch a good sleep!

I hope that you will focus on these four quadrants on a daily basis and inculcate these essential habits for your overall well-being to gain inner strength and will sail smoothly through the storms of life!

About the Author



Venu Murthy is a most sought after technologist for the past two decades. He is a globetrotter consulting even the largest retailers and technology companies to leverage the bleeding edge of technology. He is also an

innovator of advanced computer technology and published author of technical courses. His most recent referenceable project ⁹ has been in architecting the airport navigation at Bangalore International Airport.

You can know more on <https://www.linkedin.com/in/venumurthy>

Venu has been a seeker or a student of Parapsychology since his teens. After some intense personal experiences, he realized that he was only facilitating the corporates or capitalists to consume the Earth faster while not really doing anything to

⁹ Projects which can be disclosed.

increase our well-being or happiness. (Some of the indicators being the number of infant deaths due to malnutrition in India, and ever increasing alarming rate of suicide in the world.)

The last straw on the camel's back was when he was married to Neha in 2011. He witnessed first-hand what grief of having lost a loved one felt like. Just a few months before marriage, Neha had lost her 18-year-old younger brother, and was suffering from acute depression but was receiving assurances from her departed brother. However, her paranormal experiences still couldn't abate her grief.

Venu tried to counsel her with his scriptural and parapsychological knowledge, but it was no avail. As prophesied, Neha's dead brother reincarnated as their daughter in 2012--bearing irrefutable evidences that it was him and confirming all the paranormal experiences. However, it was the professional counseling therapy which helped Neha resolve 80% of her grief! The spontaneous remission right after the session seemed like magic to Venu. He found the meaning of his life! Instead of focusing on money-making he made up his mind to transition from programming computers to human minds.

Serendipitously he remembered having met his master the world-renowned psychiatrist Dr. Brian L. Weiss M.D. (Author of the book "Many Lives, Many Masters") in 2009 at Denver, USA

and hence decided to seek his blessings and guidance. Dr. Weiss personally trained and certified him in 2013 in New York, US.

Right after returning from America Venu founded the not-for-profit Amarantos Past Life Regression Therapy center in Bangalore, India.

Amarantos is a Greek word meaning "Amara," immortal and "Tos," flower. "The immortal flower" which is all of us—our real self. Since its founding, Amarantos has been blessed with the opportunity of transforming the lives of thousands and averted countless suicides, while also having shared this joy by training psychologists and psychiatrists on this new age healing modality!

You can know more about their work on www.amarantos.org.

Alternatively, in the book "[My Mystical PLRT...](#)"

Or we welcome you to get in touch with him by going to www.amarantos.org/contact or email your feedback and suggestion to neha@amarantos.org.

May all the abundance and goodwill head your way!

Visit amarantos.org/why-me to read more.