



# This was yo



**Kate Delamere has been suffering from unexplained stomach pains. Curious to discover whether they're a sign of trauma she suffered in a past life, she undergoes a regression to find out**

**E**ver since I heard that the intuitive psychologist Susan Phoenix believes the cause of physical and emotional problems can lie in our past lives, I've been intrigued. I've endured recurring stomach pain in recent years and despite medical investigations I still don't know why I suffer from it. So when the chance to sample a private past life regression comes up, I pounce on the opportunity to find out more.

Susan's own spiritual journey began when she was visited by her husband Ian's spirit 10 hours after he was killed in a helicopter crash in Scotland in 1994. She went on to investigate alternative healing, which led her to explore the possibility of past lives.

I'm nervous about experiencing my former selves but Susan's warm and friendly manner puts me at ease. She asks me to lie on a sofa with my eyes closed, and takes me through a regression to discover if any lives will throw up any clues about the origins of my pain.

My eyelids become heavy and I close my eyes as Susan tells me to imagine tension ebbing out of my body. Then she says, 'Visualise a bright light on the top of your head filtering down inside your body.'

'Count back from five to one,' Susan continues. 'With each number, your mind is freed from the normal limits of space and time and you'll remember

everything you need. You're walking down a beautiful staircase, of your own design...'

On cue, a movie reel whirrs in my head and, as if in a guided dream, I step down a flight of wide, shallow, white marble steps.

'One, two, three, you see a beautiful light...'

In my mind's eye, I can see a purple mist lingering below me.

'...Five, six, at the bottom you pass through the light and see a door...' Susan says.

I struggle to see anything through the billowing purple cloud.

'When you pass through you remember everything that's ever happened to you. You'll

be in another time chosen by your subconscious mind.

'Push open the door,' she advises.

I feel anxious, then I see a heavy oak door through the cloud, and the tips of my fingers turn pink against the wood with the effort of pushing it open.

'Walk through into a scene you need to see right now...'

*Go on, Kate. Push!* And then I realise I'm through to the other side.

'First, look at your feet. What are you wearing?' I look down. One foot is bare; on the other I have a sandal with a single gold loop across my big toe. This feels so, well, real.

'Look at your clothes. What are you wearing?' I see the edge of a cream-fringed tunic. 'Day or night?'

'Daytime,' I say forcefully. 'I'm outside. It's warm.'

'So look around,' instructs Susan, 'at the geography and architecture.'

It's like watching a film in Technicolor - the camera pans 360 degrees. I hear my voice coming from a long way away.

I tell Susan it's grassy and in the distance I can see the back of a horse and a stone arch. There's a white flag with a red cross through it and a plaque in the middle. I see shapes on the back of a wagon, covered by hessian sacks, then watch them move away from me.

'Where's this coming



**Intuitive psychologist Susan**

# ur life

from?' says a voice in the back of my mind.

'How do you feel?' I hear Susan ask.

I'm staring at my feet, amazed, relishing the feeling that I'm alive. My skin is lightly tanned, but I'm not sure of my sex or age. I have a sense that I may have been left behind. Yet my overwhelming emotion is - *I'm alive!*

'Now go back in time to when you're younger, float through the mist,' says Susan.

Once again the film reel whirrs and it seems the most natural thing in the world to be in a stone medieval tower. In front of me is a wooden cradle and I'm standing, looking at a sleeping, tightly swaddled baby - is that baby me or someone else?

'Let's leave that life now. Float above your body and look down,' says Susan. 'What are you seeing now?'

'Lots of women in long dresses, sitting at a long wooden table,' I reply.

I smile. 'They can't move in their heavy, silk dresses with big winged collars. I'm conscious



**Clockwise, from left: Kate feels uneasy about the woman in the ruff; she is at home in a medieval tower; her vision features a ducking stool, a form of torture; all is later revealed about the red and white cross**

up into the ether and into a beautiful garden, a place to rest and know that whatever you did in that life, it was a life well lived. Coming across to your right is your angel guide. He's leading you to a beautiful temple, a massive crystal door swings open and you go in and lie down on a crystal couch covered with downy feathers. He's gently easing

still had her mind,' I insist firmly.

'It's time to come back to your own body. Count down from five - four, three, two...' I open my eyes.

Susan explains that most people watch themselves in former lives, as I did. She believes the Elizabethan woman probably caused me pain in a past life and has now resurfaced in this one. She tells me ducking stools were used to torture supposed witches in the 16th and 17th centuries. The emotional tension from being powerless in that life could be stored in my stomach and may explain the pain I sometimes feel here.

Later, I do some research and I'm astounded to learn that the Knights Templar from the Crusades of the 1200s wore white mantles with red crosses. Only after all the flags had fallen could they leave the battlefield, which would explain why I'd been left standing.

What with the loyal knight and the persecuted woman, Susan gently suggests that there's a theme in my past lives of integrity and to remember this and believe in myself in my current life. My mind flits to the moments of self-doubt I have and I make a silent pact to remember her words.

Curiously, since my session with Susan, I haven't had any stomach pains either!

## It feels the most natural thing in the world to be in a stone medieval tower. I'm looking at a sleeping, swaddled baby - is that baby me or someone else?

I'm standing watching them from a vantage point and peer at a woman with a ruff.

'Recognise her?' asks Susan.

I tentatively move nearer. I can't see her face, just a corner of a profile, a glimpse of faded parchment skin covered with downy hair.

Strangely, I feel anxious watching this woman, like I know her in this life and really don't want to see her in another, but I have no rational idea why not. I desperately try and see her face but can't.

'Float above that now,' says Susan. 'Nice and high. Breathe away any anxiety. Float

any physical pains or blockages in your tummy and showing you why you're prone to problems in this area in this life.'

I see an old woman wearing a sack skirt tied to a chair with a rope, which is hanging on a pulley over a well. She's dunked into the water then jerked out again. She's bedraggled, struggling - dying.

'What has she done?' asks Susan.

'An ordinary woman,' I say with conviction. 'Wrong time, wrong place.'

'What did she learn in this life?'

'Integrity. They could take her life but she

**WANT TO FIND OUT MORE?**

To learn more about Susan and her work, visit her website at [www.susanphoenix.com](http://www.susanphoenix.com)



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