

***Past-Life Regression to Sioux Nation
A Second Reality Therapy Tool***



Touchdown. With an obscure awareness, I can both sense and vaguely see my mostly bare torso. Great tension lies within me as I begin an urgent search—but for what? Aware of villagers milling around, I’m restricted to narrow, tunnel-like vision. As the peripheral blinders fall away, it hits me! I am the designated Spiritual leader for this peaceful Lakota Sioux tribe of about two-hundred Souls. We live in a small, fairly hidden and normally tranquil valley with gentle, sloping hills on all sides, with grasses green and lush. The gloriously brilliant sun warms the ambient temperature—but I shiver uncontrollably.

A great sense of foreboding tells me something horrific is about to happen. In spite of Larry’s strained effort to awaken from his amnesiac fog, I feel my heart swell with respect and admiration for this intimate tribal grouping. At this very moment, however, I must force myself to make eye contact. I fear I have betrayed my family in a way possibly fatal to all of us. Then...it all comes back in a rush.

I awake to full recall of events leading to this day. The General of the “Blue Coats” wants revenge—he suffers immensely from losing some of his own family members. Accused Indian defectors—known to us but not *of* us—quite cleverly masquerade, as they are enemies of our people as well. The furious general demands the scalps of those responsible for the heinous crime, and exclusively focuses on our peaceful tribe.

Two Moons Prior

When I first received notice of the renegade attack, I immediately went to the white Chief with offers of assistance. Several Indian scouts and civilian traders demonstrated great courage coming to my defense. They stood their ground and shared their collective belief that we were not the responsible party—in spite of the cleverly planted evidence. The General begrudgingly gave me *two moons* to bring him the criminals that his demented mind believed we harbored.

After a way-too-brief reconnaissance mission, I returned pleading for more time. Exhausting all our resources, we had not located the *evil* ones. My diplomatic ability had never failed me before in my many negotiations with the white man. My unassailable skills were now moot, however. Over the objections of his remaining white advisors, the General would have his demanded scalps—any scalps—at first light

tomorrow, or we all would pay. With the fire of hatred in his eyes he ordered my dismissal: “The blood will be on *your* hands! No more *savages* in this valley!” he declared. He allowed me to leave the fort to consider his *humane* compromise proposal. Either present the demanded human sacrifices to satisfy the General’s blood lust—and the balance of our tribe could leave—or we *all* die early next morning.

With a defeat never known in my still young life, I returned to our village. I could not accept that such a horrific slaughter could actually happen. The Spirit Gods who guide and protect us would never allow the senseless murder of the innocent. I must have faith. That’s it! This is a test of my faith in the Great Spirit. I felt so ashamed that I let dread and panic overpower my great love for the Creator of All There Is. This was a sign: although our favorite domicile, it was time to leave this tranquil valley. We must not fear renewing our nomadic lifestyle. We had gotten fat, lazy, and no longer wished to migrate. The Spirits were speaking—I would listen.

Dawn came and went. With the sun well above the horizon, I felt my confidence soar. What a glorious day—one of the best of the season! When I then noticed over one thousand armed soldiers approaching all sides of this very vulnerable—no defense/no retreat—but beautiful and plentiful valley, I abandoned all hope.

Moment of Reckoning

The other Chieftains immediately understood this a day of retribution. Innocence was no longer of consequence. The blue-coated despots advance purposefully, with death in every movement. The tribal members look to me without even a tinge of recrimination. Their respect for me, a feeling I do not have for myself at this moment, is still complete. I love them more than words could say. I was and would always be—even beyond death—their Shaman.

Now in full emotional, mental, and Spiritual contact with all tribal members—including beloved children and animals—I released my guilt for not granting them time to prepare for transition. At this very instant we were a *herd* consciousness—in full telepathic communication.

This **is** to be a glorious moment after all! We are going home, but not just victims of a horrible slaughter, or martyrs of principle. Given the opportunity to create the beginning of a great awakening for all humankind, we shall depart Mother Earth as...(to be continued in ***Celestial Fire ~ A Naval Aviator’s Spiritual Odyssey***].

SEND THIS TO A FRIEND

I WANT THIS BOOK

Painting below is ORIGINAL art created by Paul Surber

