

**The Journey of My Soul Through Time & Space: My Personal Science Non-Fiction
Memoir; Or My First Quantum Healing Hypnosis Session**

Her voice comes from somewhere close and somewhere far away at once — the way a voice sounds when you are lying down with your eyes closed and the room has gone soft at the edges.

What is the very first thing you notice?

A pyramid.

Tell me more about that.

It looks Egyptian. Like the ones from books, from pictures I've seen my whole life. It's just — floating. There's no ground under it. I don't know where I am, or where it is, only that there's nothing beneath me.

Is there anything else you notice?

It's spinning. Slowly, the way something enormous spins, without hurry, like it has all the time there is.

Get closer if you'd like. Describe the texture to me — is it smooth, is it porous?

Porous. Like broken bricks, sand-colored, nothing smooth about it at all.

Look all around the pyramid. Is there anything else in the space around it?

There's another one — I didn't see it at first, it was hiding behind the first, and it's upside down, spinning the opposite direction. I have to move to the side before I can even find it.

How interesting. Anything else?

Light, at the edges of both of them. A rainbow outline. Subtle — I almost missed it — but it's there, moving a little as they turn.

Does the light change as they spin?

No, it just stays, like an outline that was always there and I only now learned how to see it.

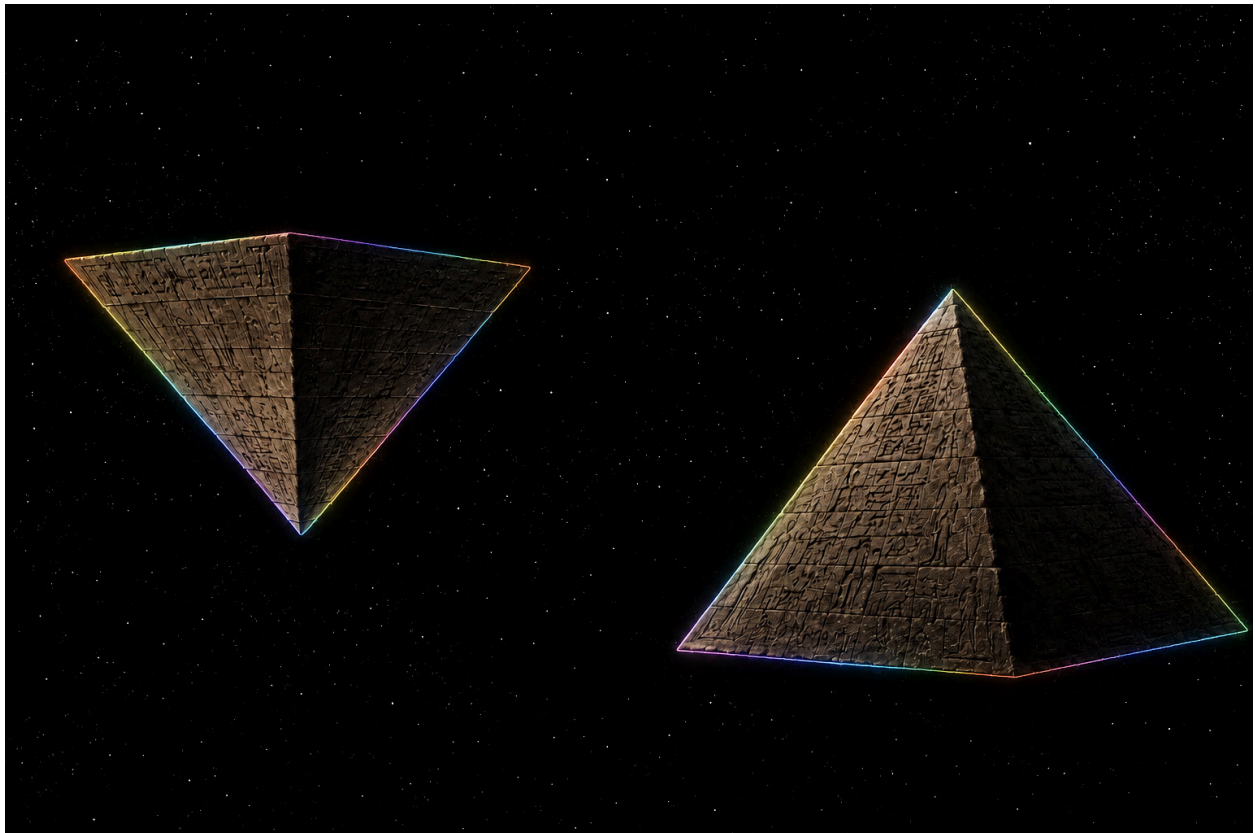
What colors do you notice?

Just — rainbow. All of them. It could be energy, I think, though I don't know why I think that. Maybe it's just the way it moves.

Is there distance between you and the pyramids? Could you reach them if you wanted to?

They're far — half a mile, maybe — but I could get closer if I chose to.

I'd be curious to know what happens if you do.



So I do. They get bigger as I go, so much bigger than I understood from far away, and now I'm sitting on one of them, and it's still turning beneath me, slow, and I'm looking out and the rainbow isn't just an outline anymore — it's glowing. It feels like energy now,

unmistakably. The space around us is black, but I'm not seeing the black directly — I'm seeing it through the rainbow, like a lens.

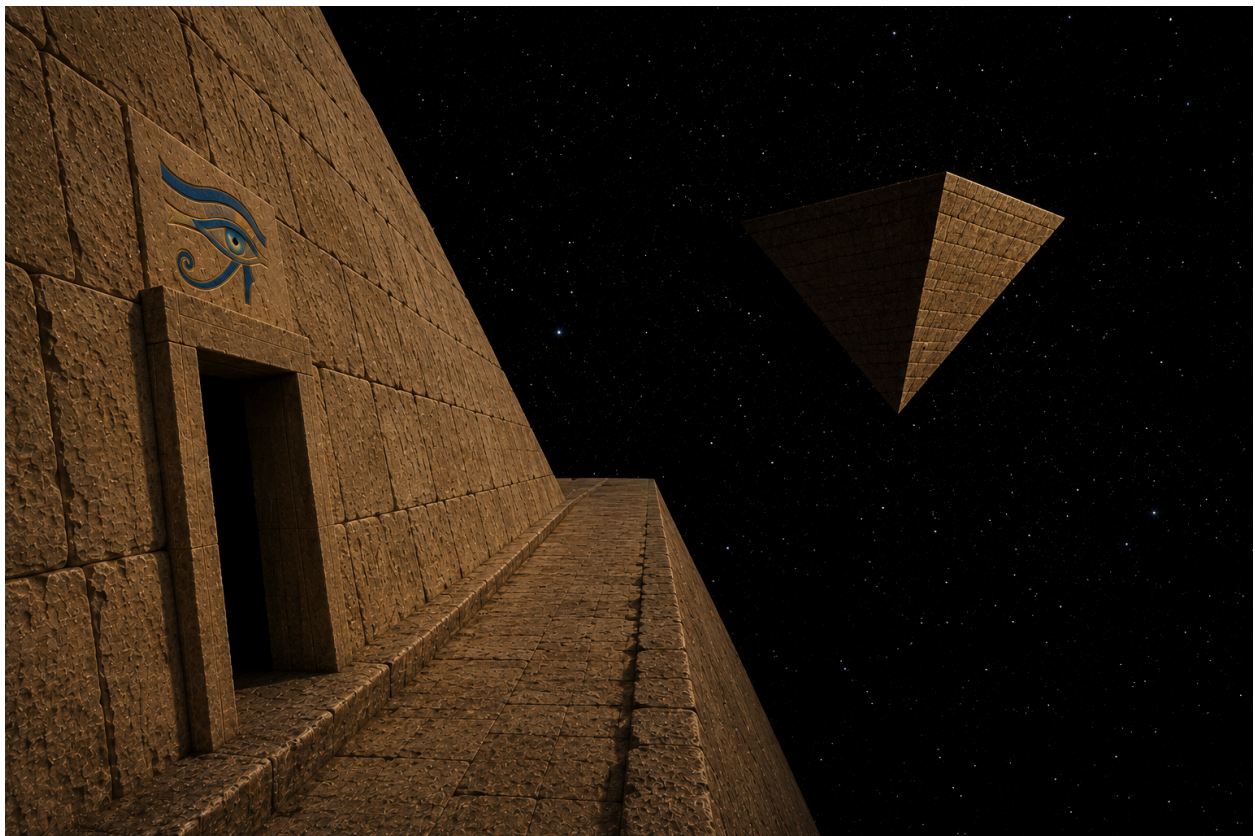
I can't see the second pyramid anymore. It's behind me now.

What does it feel like, sitting on it?

Like I'm on a step. The whole surface is steps, actually — it's an old pyramid, worn the way old things are worn. And there's a doorway. I notice it without deciding to look for it; it's just there, to my left, on the level where I'm sitting, leading in.

Describe the door to me.

There's no door in it. Just dark. But above it, carved into the stone, an eye — an Egyptian eye, blue and gold.



You're going to ask me to go through it, aren't you.

No. You don't have to do anything you don't want to. I only want you to watch, and tell me what happens.

It looks scary. I don't know if I should.

You don't have to.

I feel like I should, though — because if I don't, I'll wonder about it for the rest of whatever this is. So I'll try.

It's dark, so I make myself a torch — I don't think about how, I just have one — and I walk through the doorway.

What do you notice as you do?

Quiet. Really quiet. I can see the torchlight moving on the wall beside me. It's nicer in here than it looked from outside — not old at all, actually. There are hieroglyphics on the walls, bright, like they were painted recently instead of thousands of years ago.

I keep walking. There's a man ahead of me. Egyptian — like a Pharaoh, or something close to it.

What is he doing?

I'm not sure. Standing. Looking off into the distance. He hasn't noticed me — or I don't think he has, though I think he would if I spoke to him.

The room around him is bigger than it seemed a moment ago, full of gold — chalices, pots, objects I don't have names for.



Is anyone else there, or just him?

Just him. And a cat. Small, black, green-eyed.

What's the cat doing?

Nothing, really. It's just — very cute. I don't know if the man can even see it.

I'm going to pet it.

It's purring.

Does the man notice the purring?

No. I think he's a guard of some kind. He doesn't seem friendly, exactly — just doing his job. Watching the room. Not wanting to be bothered.

Do you have a sense of a body right now?

Yes.

Look down at your feet. What do you see?

No shoes. Long pants — blue, jeans maybe. And going up — a purple long-sleeved shirt, and a gold necklace with a heart on it.

Does the necklace hold any significance?

Someone gave it to me. There's a small white stone set in the middle — a diamond, maybe, or something else white like that.

Male or female, this body?

Female.

Young or old?

My same age, I think.

Healthy?

Yes. Black hair, very long. Nothing on my head.

And I'm holding a book — maroon, leather, thick, two inches maybe, old-looking. It says TREASURES on the cover. Inside there are photographs. Family, I think. Black and white.

Any other jewelry — markings, tattoos?

A gold bracelet. Just a chain. From my aunt, I think, though I'm not sure how I know that.



What's your sense of why you're here?

Seeking knowledge. Truth. And doing the things I'm afraid to do — like going through that door.

Does the sense of truth lie on the other side of your fear?

Yes.

The cat is walking in circles now. I think it wants me to follow.

I follow it down a hallway, and now I'm somewhere else — a bedroom.

Describe it.

A queen bed, purple blanket, light wood headboard, red carpet. A desk, a chair, a bookshelf full of books. The cat jumps up onto the bed — it feels like it might be mine. I curl up with it.

On the wall there's a bulletin board, and on the bulletin board, a ribbon. Red.

Any writing on it?

FIRST PLACE. It looks old. I think I'm younger here than I was a moment ago — this feels like a teenager's room. The seventies, maybe, though I can't be sure.

First place in what?

Ice skating, I think. I like ice skating.

There's a photo on the board too — me, on a podium. I think that's where the ribbon came from. My skates are there beside it.



I go out the door, and I know immediately I'm somewhere completely different.

How do you know?

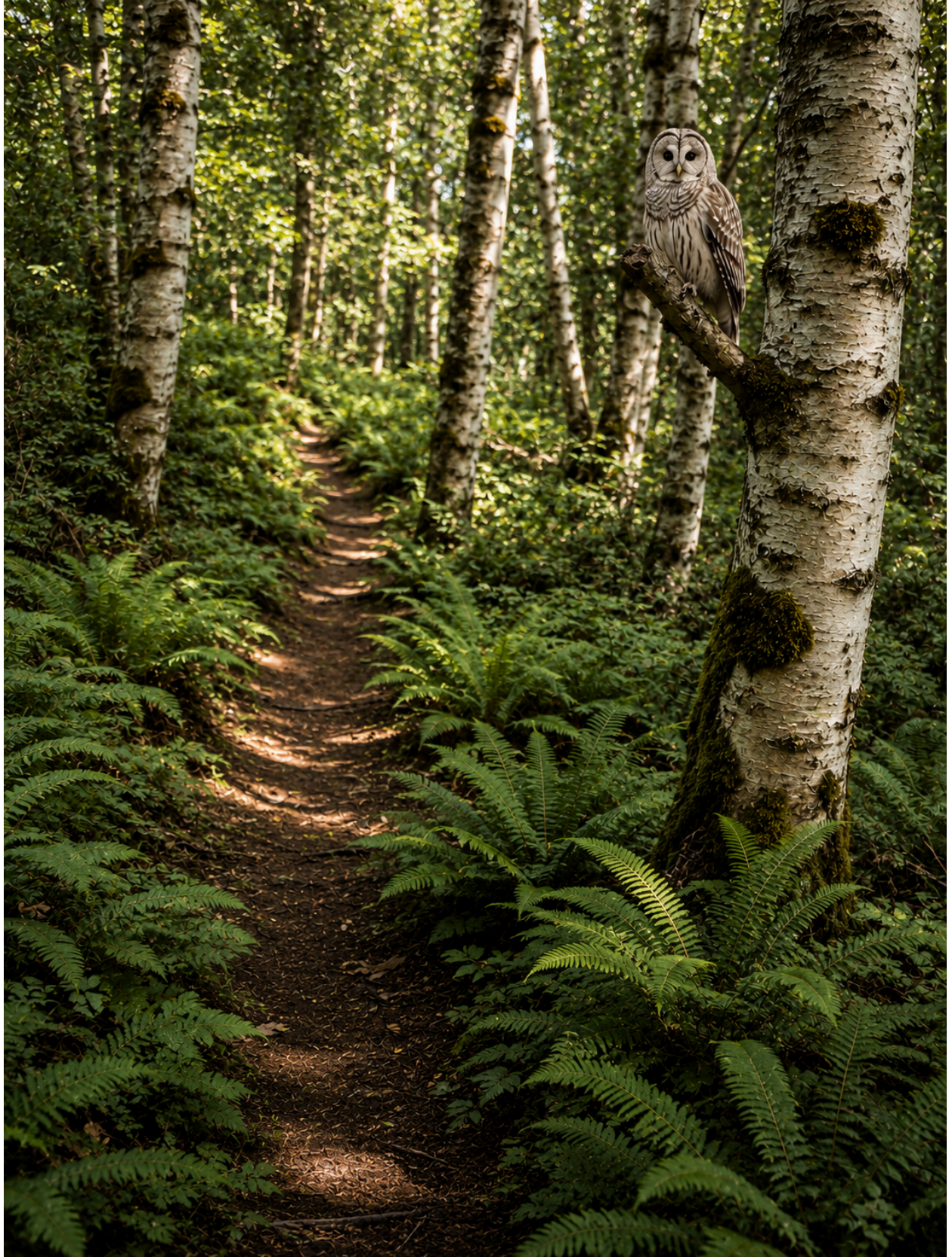
The ground. It's a forest floor now — ferns, a trail. And there's a white owl watching from just off the path. Barn owl markings, black and white.

What's the owl doing?

Protecting me.

Does he feel familiar?

Yes.



You're doing very well. What happens next?

I walk the trail. It's daytime, and the trees have that papery white bark. It feels familiar — like I live near here, or come this way often.

There's a house up ahead. White, moss on the shingles, a rocking chair on the porch, and an old man in it, smoking a pipe.

Does the house feel familiar?

Yes, though I don't think I live there. I think I know the people who live there. I think the old man knows the owl, too — like the owl watches over everyone out here.

Does he acknowledge you?

Yes, he's friendly. We might be neighbors. There's no other house close by, but I think I pass this way often enough that we know each other.

Look down at your feet again.

Brown hiking boots. Green pants. A brown long-sleeved shirt. Nothing on my head. A stick in my hand — long, sturdy.

Male or female?

Female. This one feels like me, my own self.

Any ornamentation?

A French braid on one side of my head. Silver earrings.

I want you to go now to the place where you eat and sleep in this life. Stand outside it and describe what you see.

A tall white brick house — almost a mansion, close to the forest. Round bushes along a brick path, edged with more brick. Lamps outside that look like they burn with candles instead of electricity. Someone put a lot of care into this place.



Go inside. What do you see?

A wooden bench in the foyer, coats hanging. A big living room with a fireplace, furniture that looks French — tufted, wood legs, a red sofa. Cheese sitting out on the table.



Is there a kitchen?

Brick floor, brick walls. A wood-fired oven built into the hearth. A hand-pump instead of a faucet, no metal sink — just brick, a hollowed-out space. Wooden counters. There is a chicken wandering around!



Is there a place to eat?

A different room, next to the kitchen. A long table, chairs for eight. A woman in a white apron works there — I think she likes cooking, likes making food for me.

Show me a typical meal, laid out in front of you.

Roast chicken. Bread. Shallots, potatoes, herbs — rosemary. It looks good, though I don't love the word for how the chicken got there.

How do you spend your days?

I'm a writer. I have paper and a feather quill. There's not much else to my days but that — and fishing, with my family, when I'm not writing.

You are doing beautifully. Now let go of this scene, and allow yourself to be carried to another day in this life.

I'm in a wheelchair. Alone.

Why alone?

I think I'm just old. Everyone's forgotten about me. I don't think I was injured — I think it was arthritis, before they put me in this chair. It's not a good chair. Wood. Hard to move on the brick floors, the wheels bad, so I don't go far.



I'm in the living room. I can't get upstairs anymore, which is where I used to write, where I used to like to be. I liked looking out a window and seeing something. I don't have that view now.

Does anyone help you?

Everyone's moved on with their lives. I just got forgotten. There's still the woman who cooks for me — she keeps me company sometimes. And a dog. Small, shaggy, brown and white. I feed him scraps from my food since there's no dog food to be had.

Anything else about this scene?

No. I'm a little sad. But also — accepted, somehow. I've had a good life. It's okay. I'm just lonely.

Let go of this scene too. Allow yourself to be carried to a day you consider important — something is happening. Be there now.

A wedding. My son's, I think.

Inside or out?

Inside — a cathedral, maybe.

How do you feel?

Mixed. I don't want to let him go, but I know it's good, I know it's okay. My feelings are allowed to be complicated.

There are so many people here. It's fancy. I'm sitting in a pew while they stand up front saying vows. There's a little girl next to me — five, maybe — and I feel like I'm supposed to be watching her, though she's not mine. Maybe I'm her grandmother. Or her aunt. I feel almost indifferent toward her, if I'm honest, though it's my duty to keep her behaved, and she's being good right now, at least. I think she was a flower girl.

The bride has long black hair, darker skin, a high-necked Victorian dress and a hat that seems strange for a wedding. She looks happy. I'm wary of her anyway — I don't know why. I have this feeling she's going to take my son from me, even though she's perfectly kind to my face. I can't shake the sense that I can see through to something she hasn't shown yet.



Let this scene go too, and drift to another important day.

I think I'm pregnant. I'm going to have a baby.

Where are you?

Home — the same house. I'm not alone; there are five or six people here with me. But there's no husband.

Do you know why?

No. If I had one, he'd be here. Maybe I'm not married. Maybe I pushed him away — I have this house, I have money, I can do this on my own. I don't want anyone too close to me.



How does it feel, with people around you but no husband?

Alone, even surrounded. I'm scared to have this baby. It hurts more than I expected, and somewhere in the pain I start regretting that I didn't let him stay.

Does the labor go quickly, or does it take a while?

A long time. I think because I'm afraid — because I won't let go — it takes longer than it should. Painful. Hard. But the baby's healthy. A boy.

I'm exhausted afterward. Crying.

Now drift to the very last day of this life. Where are you? What's happening?

The same bedroom where I gave birth. I'm old now, in bed, in a long white nightgown. And — I feel at peace. I was sad before, but now I feel okay.

Are you alone?

No. My son is there. He's holding my hand. He tells me he never really left — that I only felt alone because my own mind built stories that weren't true.

Everything's okay now.

Go now to the very last breath you take in that life. Describe what it feels like as you leave the body.

A tingling. I let the breath go, and then I take a big inhale — but it doesn't stop where an inhale usually stops. It keeps going, and going, and I keep growing with it, expanding, like the longest breath there's ever been.

Do you have a sense of where you left the body from?

I just float up out of it. I was the shape I'd always been, and then the inhale spread me out into something without a shape at all.



You are on the other side now. Every life has a lesson and a purpose. What did you learn from that one?

Not to judge other people's intentions. Not to judge, period.

And the purpose of it?

To learn how to be alone without being unhappy about it. That you can be happy alone or happy with people, but either way, you have to find it inside yourself first, or you'll be miserable no matter which one you get.

Bring your attention now to wherever you are. Look all around you — above, below. What do you notice?

It's beautiful. A floor like quartz, like crystal. Everything has that same rainbow outline — like the pyramids, at the very start.

There are three orbs floating in the center of the room. Big. Something gold inside each of them, though I can't tell what.



Can you get closer, if you want to?

Yes. They look like scrolls now that I'm near — gold handles. I don't know why there are three. I don't think I'm allowed to touch them yet.

Do you feel you could communicate with them if you wanted to?

Yes.

Is there anything you'd like to ask them?

They're opening on their own — I don't have to touch them at all. Whatever's inside isn't something I see with my eyes. It's something I feel. Loved. Warm. A heavy kind of hug.

Do the scrolls feel familiar?

Yes. This is where the messages come from — my intuition. Maybe my guides, or one form of them, anyway. They've been sending me thoughts and feelings my whole life.

They say something now — what is it?

You don't have to jump.

I don't understand at first.

Could you ask them to explain?

To conclusions. About my son's wife — I made myself alone in that life because I jumped to conclusions about her without giving her a real chance. It wasn't her. It was me.

They say something else — about burdens.

You carry them like stones in a basket, they say, and it weighs you down. Let go of the basket. Be light.

Would they be willing to answer some questions about the life you're living now?

Yes.

What is the purpose of this life?

To create, and to overcome. To keep finding new ways to create. To let my decisions be creative — outside the box, unexpected — because those are the choices that move a soul forward.

Forward toward what?

The soul's purpose. To learn to love more freely. To love the people who don't feel like they love you back..

Anything else they'd like to show you?

They're trying to strengthen me. Opening more communication, so I'll be okay. I couldn't have handled this before, but I can now.

Is there anything else they'd like you to know about yourself?

You always were, and you always will be, perfect exactly as you are. All you have to do is peel back the layers. It was always there.

Keep peeling how?

Quiet. Still. Meditation. A clear mind. I already know — I'm just too focused outward. I don't need crystals. It's all already inside me.

I want to ask about the pain you've carried for eight years — the kind that flares in the second half of your cycle. What's the root of it?

Fear. Worry. Rumination. Insecurity — stored, physically, in the body.

Is it healing?

Already halfway, they say, just from letting go of the fear so far. It might never be completely gone. But it can be less.

Any other imbalances they'd like to name?

Let go. Physically and emotionally. Stop bracing. Bracing closes the energy off — it's in my posture, my whole body. Bending forward and guarding. I need to open the heart.

How, exactly?

Don't be afraid. When something frightening happens, let it be frightening — observe it, don't cower from it. That's still bravery. Stand tall. Use the big toes to push, to hold the whole body up the way it's meant to be held. Don't walk with soft feet.

One last thing — why the pyramids, at the very start of all this?

To show you all the possibilities. You could only see the pyramid because you weren't open yet — not until you walked through your fear. Once you did, you could finally see everything around it.

And the second pyramid, upside down, spinning the other way?

Duality. What looks one way can also be another way. Both true at once. It's about perspective — seeing the same thing from a different angle and understanding that neither view cancels the other out.

And the woman who pushed her husband away, who was alone even surrounded by people — why show you her life today?

The same lesson as the pyramids. Look at things from more than one side. Just because something feels a certain way doesn't make it the whole truth of what it is.

How does that apply now?

Don't be so quick to turn a feeling into a fact. Try to see it from someone else's side before deciding what it means. Give the benefit of the doubt, instead of jumping to conclusions.

And the owl — was he there in this life too, without your knowing?

Yes. He'll always be there.

Watching over you? Protecting you?

Yes.

What can be shared about the role animals play in our lives — even the ones we simply keep as pets?

They're protectors too — an owl, a dog, a cat, it doesn't matter which. They take on energy that isn't meant for us to carry and carry it away instead. And there's one soul-animal that follows a person across many lives, wearing different shapes each time. The owl was symbolic — a marker for a particular moment I needed to be shown I was being watched over. The dog is the same soul, just closer, walking beside me every day instead of only when I needed reminding.

Is there any question you wish had been asked today, but wasn't?

Nothing more is coming.

Any last message before we come back?

You are loved. It's okay. Don't punish yourself for choices — they were only ever learning. Don't dwell. Share your light. You'll be okay.

How is she doing, on her path?

Well. Slow to begin, slow to become aware — but picking up speed now. Gaining intensity. So she can shine, and share what she knows with others.

How many times should she listen to this recording?

Seven.

And now, with much love and much thanks, I ask the guides, the higher consciousness, to recede to where they belong. And I ask the same of every person from every life you visited today — the guard, the cat, the owl, the old man on the porch, the woman in the wheelchair, the son who never really left. With much love, and much thanks for what they gave you. They return now to the time and space they belong to. We only borrowed them, as a curiosity, to learn — and that alone makes them valuable, makes them matter.

And now, all of your consciousness, all of your personality, returns and settles fully back into your body — replacing every other part we spoke to today.

Come up now, up, up, through time and space, back into the present day.

It is Sunday, August 23rd, 2026, and you are lying on the bed in Lori's office, and you have just had a very interesting experience.

Remember: the life you are living now is the most important one of all, because it is the one in front of you. Everything you found today is valuable — but it will not follow you into the rest of your day. It will not disturb you, mentally or physically. That matters. Hold onto that.

In a moment I'll count to ten, and on ten, you'll be wide awake — eyes open, feeling wonderful, the way you feel after a good, deep sleep. Truly rested. Truly refreshed.

One, two — your breath is starting to quicken, your blood beginning to move faster, because you're starting to wake now.

Three, four — you're becoming aware of the body. Move the arms, the legs, if you'd like. Get the blood moving again. It's tiring, holding still that long.

Five, six — you're aware of the sounds in the room now, and outside it. Aware of exactly where you are.

Seven, eight — coming up nicely. Very nicely.

Nine, ten. Wide awake. Wide awake, and feeling wonderful, all over.