

# A Series of Past Lives

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## A Past Life in Egypt

'Has Andrea had any interesting past lives?' Dorothy asked the spirit communicator who was speaking through her husband's trance mediumship.

'Just one moment. Let me see.'

The upper class voice of the spirit went quiet for a moment and we waited to see what would follow.

I was as keen as Dorothy to hear about any of my past lives, for I had come to believe in reincarnation just a few months before.

'Yes.....oh yes,' the voice continued quite gently.' Yes, you had a life in the land of Kush. You call it Ethiopia today. You were black of course and, as I see you – for I am receiving a picture of you in that time, you would have been around the age of eighteen, I should think.

Your name was Arruka and you were the daughter of the Prince's accountant. He looked after all of the finance for the principality that was a small part of Kush, so you had been well educated. You spent a lot of time around the court – indeed you were very fond of dancing - belly dancing, I think you call it, and you often entertained the Prince's foreign guests.

I can see you now dancing for a large audience in the royal quarters. You are richly adorned and you are indeed a tall, beautiful girl. Golden bejewelled bracelets on arms and ankles are gleaming, and the silken tassels are swirling as you move sinuously to the music. You are weaving a spell with your dancing and everyone is enchanted watching you, because your dancing is telling a fascinating story.

Suddenly, without any warning whatsoever, the palace is invaded by shouting Egyptian soldiers armed with spears and short daggers. In no time at all these fierce soldiers are everywhere.

People who try to oppose the Egyptians are killed outright, and bodies of Kush guards and those who are trying in vain to get out of the building are being trampled as many more people are herded and pushed outside where they are swiftly tied together in groups. The Egyptians are on one of their periodic raids in this rich land of Kush. They want gold, valuables and they especially want slaves.

Your wonderful life is over now, and you are tied with many others to be taken on the long journey by foot to Egypt, under the lashes of the Egyptian soldiers.

Eventually, you all arrive in Egypt and the slaves are assessed for the different kinds of work. Very ordinary people are put to building and labouring, but the richly dressed, educated ones, like yourself, are to become personal servants to the high born officials – some, and this number included yourself, are taken to work in the Pharaoh's own household.'

Both Dorothy and I were quite fascinated by this past life and were absorbing every word the spirit said. It was to become even more interesting.

'There were many of your native people from Kush around the Pharaoh's household and you were able to speak to them, and eventually plan an escape. You were a very proud person and the last thing you intended was to spend the rest of your life waiting upon Egyptians as a slave. You were ready, and one dark night you were helped to get out of the palace and you set off at a run in the direction you had been advised by your helpers. You were alone, as you had not wanted to be held back by others. You ran through the night and hid during the day.

However, the Egyptians, upon discovering your absence the next morning, sent a chariot after you knowing that you would be heading back towards your own country. You were soon recaptured and admonished in front of all of the Kush slaves in the Pharaoh's household. It was said that you had insulted the great land of Egypt; you were ungrateful, as they had treated you well. They had dressed you finely with jewels, fed you and given you many small privileges. You were held up as an example because, should you – or anyone, ever try to escape again; you would truly be punished by death.

And so you were obliged to accept your fate.'

I could hear the clock ticking steadily in the background in this small room in the terraced house in Hull, where Frank and Dorothy Grieveson lived.

The pleasant voice continued.

'Eventually you picked up the language and became quite interested in the Egyptian customs – especially the astrologers who came daily to discuss the planetary movements and their effect upon everyone's life and well-being. Also you started your dancing again and the Egyptians saw how excellent you were and had you dance for them in their leisure times.'

He paused here for a few moments. I was quite amused to hear about the belly dancing. In this life I had always been very fond of dancing and, as a small girl, with my friends, we held many concerts in our gardens in the summer. We strung blankets across the clothes line for curtains, and on the grass behind them that formed our stage, I always did belly dancing as I sang an old song about an Egyptian dancer called 'Salome'. Little did I know, as my childish voice rang out and my little dumpy body swayed in the costume I had put together from my mother's net curtains, that I was bringing out some memory of a distant past life experience!

However it had been an even more startling moment when he said that I had learnt astrology in those days in Egypt because I was currently – and indeed still am a practising astrologer!

Even more astonishing information was to come out of this past life story.

The spirit speaking through Frank continued.

'The palace slaves used to go to the large markets to buy scarves; fabrics; trinkets; prettily decorated candles; jewellery; lotions; perfumes; make-up and ointments for the ladies of the household. They went very regularly and were always accompanied by a household Egyptian armed guard. You became very fond of your visits and always found bargains and beautiful things that had been brought by foreign merchants. The Egyptian ladies you served gave you a bulging purse and always awaited your return with excitement to see what you had bought for them.

One day, rifling through boxes of jewellery at the market, you felt someone's gaze upon you and you looked up and across the many stalls towards an area where slaves were building houses and warehouses. There staring at you was a huge, handsome Egyptian soldier, by name of Erli.

This soldier was a man hated for his cruelty amongst the building slaves. His powerful strength and his fondness for the whip had killed many of their number, but you of course were not aware of this, and, as your eyes met across that noisy and bustling market place, a great powerful feeling for him rose inside you. It was a feeling you had never experienced before but you quickly looked away and continued your shopping.

Erli, this tough uncompromising soldier, had also experienced a deep feeling of attraction. He was not at all what could be called a 'ladies man' and certainly never went out of his way to attract women, but this day he knew he had to see you again and to get to know you.

In time Erli managed to bully his way into the household guard, leaving his lodgings in the building slave compound, for a small room in the barracks built in the palace grounds. This way he would be able to see you on a regular basis.

Soon he was accompanying you on your visits to the market and indeed even managed to watch your dancing. Standing on the periphery of the completely round chamber, behind one of the marble columns, he became as absorbed as the rest of your audience as your lithe body, moving with the floating music of the pipes and the subdued rhythm of the drum, served to inflame his love for you.

The laws of this great land of Egypt did not allow the cohabitation or marriage of mixed races, so there was absolutely no possibility that your love could ever be fulfilled. You both knew this and had to accept it and be satisfied with the precious times when you could be together to talk, and experience those magical moments when Erli could protectively place a hand on your arm or shoulder; or when your hands brushed together as you walked.

One day at the market, there was a sudden swift rush of movement as hundreds of the building slaves, armed with long, narrow, extremely pointed staves of wood they had sharpened, made a rush for every Egyptian soldier they could see, killing them instantly and making much progress due to the suddenness of their attack. The hated Erli was spotted and armed slaves rushed towards him and Arruka as they stood there amazed at what was happening. Erli, first a soldier and secondly a man in love, pushed Arruka behind him as he drew his great scimitar and leapt forward. However a shrill, loud scream rent the air and made him turn. Slaves had also come up behind them and Erli had inadvertently pushed Arruka on to one of the long, narrow weapons. It had pierced her back and now protruded through her bejewelled naval. Erli forgot his own danger as he lifted her up in his arms and held her close as she died. Tears in his eyes, he was kissing her beloved face even as several staves were savagely thrust into his own body.'

The voice had stopped. It was very quiet in the room and I must say that I had almost stopped breathing myself. The only sound was that of the clock. Both Dorothy and I had been captivated with this fascinating story, but I had another powerful concern in my mind.

Very, very few people outside of my own family knew that I had been born with Spina Bifida - a hole in my spine. It was situated in the small of my back – exactly opposite my navel. The medium most certainly did not know – nor his wife. The only problem I had was with my right foot, and other than a bit of a limp, no one would know that I had any spinal injury at all.

It was my first sitting with Frank and Dorothy and it was the very first visit to the Grievesons'. I had been so impressed hearing this spirit communicator at the Psychic Centre in Hull, that I was keen to have a private sitting.

At this moment I felt numb and Dorothy had no idea why I sat there so silently.

### I See a Spirit and Read Tea Leaves

I began my investigation into the purpose of our lives at the age of forty, after a fall had caused very painful sciatica to develop. I found it difficult to stand for too long and my hectic life as a mum, wife and co-owner with my husband Geoff of a small, busy supermarket in Hull, came to a sudden stop. There was nothing for it but to stay at home, rest and wait for this very painful condition to go away.

One wet, dark Saturday afternoon, towards the end of that enforced quiet period, I was lying on my stomach, the only position that was pain free, in front of the fire. My son Tim came into the room to ask if I wanted any books bringing from the library. To my amazement I heard myself asking him to bring me a couple of books on Reincarnation.

This was really very strange, as I had never even said the word 'Reincarnation' in my life before and, as I stared at the raindrops cascading down the windows, I wondered why I was interested in this subject all of a sudden. How had this word come into my mind? Why had I not asked for a crime novel?

Tim brought not only the books but also a tray with a pot of tea and some biscuits. He placed them all on the carpet near me and went off back to his 'O' level studies in his room.

When I opened one of the books and started to read, I experienced a most peculiar feeling inside. It was a kind of rippling heat in my solar plexus and with it I felt absolutely positive that I had 'come home'. It was all very weird and as I sipped my tea I wondered what on earth was happening to me.

I felt I was a very ordinary person with my feet planted firmly on the ground, yet for some reason I had stepped out of my normal life into a subject that I had never ever considered.

Another peculiar thing I realised was that, as I read, everything the book was saying was familiar to me; as if it was a subject I accepted and understood. How could that be?

I had been very much into the Church of England in the early part of my life, but, at the age of fifteen, the hypocrisy I saw each Sunday amongst those around our vicar really put me off. I gave up any kind of belief in religion.

The only unusual thing in my life I suppose was astrology, and I liked that because it told me about people.

On holiday on the Norfolk Broads in the seventies, I was in a lovely store in Wroxham with the children. There was a fabulous range of toys and games for them to spend their pocket money on, and looking round I came across a large scroll entitled 'Aries' – my own birth sign. I was an inward-looking person and I was really amazed at what I read. How could this astrologer know so much about me when we hadn't even met? I couldn't wait to get home and look into astrology.

Once back in Hull, I found Geoff Mayo's 'Teach Yourself Astrology' and started learning. I worked hard at the subject, gradually making new like-minded friends through a programme on the local BBC radio. We formed the 'Hull and East Riding Astrological Group' and held regular meetings – at first in my house until we hired a room centrally.

I did birth charts for people, gave talks and some time later I took over the local BBC radio phone-in programme.

The subject of Reincarnation however had not come in to the astrology I had studied so the answer was not there. Then my mind took me back to various occasions when I had had some very peculiar experiences.

One morning I was washing up at the sink in the kitchen at the back of the shop.

To my right there were two doors, both open. One led into the shop where, if I turned backwards a little, I could see Olive serving at the bacon counter. To my immediate right the other led to the small hall of the side entrance of the building and the stairs that led up to the flat above.

I was feeling very relaxed and my hands were warm in the sudsy water, when something made me look up at the staircase. I froze.

There, sitting on the stairs was a man whose dark brown eyes were looking steadily into mine. Mesmerised I stared back.

'Olive!' I called quietly, 'There's a man on the stairs,'

I did not turn towards her, for I didn't want to look away from the strange visitor.

As Olive had worked at the shop for many years, she thought it must have been the ghost of a previous owner.

'What does he look like?' she asked.

'He looks like Romany, but a bit foreign. He's wearing a brown hat with a soft, floppy brim. He has grey curly hair, brown eyes, and is quite dark skinned. He's wearing a frilled white shirt, a red spotted cravat and a suede waistcoat. He has very tight shiny leather boots up to his knees and brown cord trousers. He's smoking a carved wooden pipe and the smoke is swirling upwards.'

All of the time I was describing him, the attractive man just looked at me in a pleasant, friendly way. He was not at all wispy – I couldn't see through him for he was just as solid looking as the doorway and the stairs. He looked just like a real life person sitting there smoking, but somehow I knew that if I once looked away he would be gone and I did not want him to go for some reason. It wasn't a scary situation for me – quite the opposite, I felt quite calm and excited in some way.

'He's not someone I recognise,' Olive said.

A few moments later I turned to look at Olive and then quickly back to the stairs. My visitor had gone.

It was the very first time I had seen - and seen so clearly, someone who was not in our reality. Who was he? Was he a ghost? He just had to be. And why did I see him?

I thought about it and of course I told all of my friends and family about this unexpected experience over the next two weeks and then I pushed it to the back of my mind and got on with my life. In no time it was just as if it had never happened.

Then there was the night at the home of two of our bridge- playing friends.

Geoff and I played duplicate bridge at a local bridge club and, to celebrate an anniversary, these friends invited ten of us to their spacious bungalow for a duplicate bridge night.

Halfway through our game, we'd just eaten a delicious supper, with a few glasses of Bill's homemade wine, and were sitting around a large coffee table finishing off the supper break with cups of tea and coffee.

I felt happy and I was very relaxed as I sat there. I loved playing bridge and still do. My eyes were suddenly drawn to one of the large empty tea cups and to my amazement the tea leaves on the bottom formed into a picture.

'Whose cup is that?' I pointed to it just as a huge cat walked into the picture at the bottom of the cup.

'Oh, Elsie, it's yours!' I had seen Elsie's cat, Hector, before as she lived not too far from us.

My friends were all sitting on the edge of their chairs staring at me.

'What can you see?' Elsie asked.

'Well you are going to have a visitor, a member of your family that you have not seen for years. He's bringing his wife tomorrow to see you. He has an open sports car and Hector is brushing up against the wheel.' I don't know where these words came from but I certainly heard myself saying them.

Everyone was staring at Elsie now.

'Yes! You are right. Our nephew is coming tomorrow. We haven't seen him for years, have we Lewis?' she asked her husband.

'Oh look at my cup,' someone said.

I gazed at the table again and another picture was forming in one of the cups. I looked at Molly.

'It's your cup Molly. I'm seeing a large tree and you seem to be putting money into the top of the tree and the roots are becoming enormous. I suppose it's some kind of investment. It seems to be the right thing to do because the tree is growing really big.'

We all stared at Molly to see if she could identify with this.

'Well I can't tell you anything just yet but I promise I will in a month's time.' She said.

We had to be content with that and I was feeling a bit hot and certainly very embarrassed by now. I wanted to get back to playing bridge and said as much.

It was just over a month later when Molly told us all that she and her friend were buying a large house and it had all just finally gone through and was definite.

For several days afterwards I had thought about those teacups and how clear the pictures had been and I wondered what it could have meant. As nothing came to my mind to tell me, I just got on with life and quite forgot the tealeaf readings.

Even further back I remember once telling a close friend, that she should be careful that night if she was going out. The next day at work she told me that she had got a parking ticket. I seemed to get quite a few bits of intuition where Jool was concerned. However I never made much of it all, I didn't really understand what was happening and felt no desire to question it.

So that was my life up to the point when I slipped and Sciatica developed. I was what you could call a normal person with a busy, interesting but normal life.

Trance Mediumship \*

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