

**Controlling the Creative
Process in You**

Androgyny

by William Allen LePar

Published by SOLAR Press
P. O. Box 8878
Canton, Ohio 44711

For more about William LePar and The Council visit -
<http://www.WilliamLePar.com>

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William Allen LePar

"The experience of the soul into the physical form, into life, is a profound experience for the soul. This depth of profoundness is not found in the shallow intellect of the mind, but in the wisdom of the heart and soul. Thus every experience in life must be profound whether it be the love that one has for a mate or the love that one friend has for the other.

The sight of a flower or the scent of its fragrance, the tree that is moved by the breeze, the rain that quenches the thirst of the earth, these too are profound experiences of life and soul. The profoundness of nature is as profound and necessary, as is the soul's, for it provides the sustenance for life and demonstrates the beauty of sharing and harmony that brings growth to the soul."

Few men with spiritual gifts for mankind have stood strong against the sweep of history. William Allen LePar will be among them.

For more than 45 years, LePar has set aside his private life to illuminate the path of spiritual awareness and personal growth. By manifesting an extremely rare and deep trance state, he achieves a degree of contact with the spiritual realms unique to and unique for our troubled times. From this level a union of 12 souls known to us as The Council reveals wisdom and warning of unprecedented magnitude. Through the years some 1.5 million words of dialogue between humanity and The Council have been recorded and preserved for those who seek, and will seek in a time to come, to ride the wings of total awareness.

To become the conduit for a spiritual lifeline to mankind was not what LePar wanted or expected in his early years. At least, not consciously. Born into a working class Italian family that still held Old World values, LePar exhibited strong paranormal abilities as a child. Those abilities, however, proved troublesome and young LePar subdued his gifts in order to have a normal childhood.

But that normal life was not to be. In the 1950's fate teamed LePar with a teenage friend who also possessed potent psychic abilities. In time they were stunning their friends, giving readings at a spiritualist church and exploring their powers. This led one night to a vision so shocking that LePar slammed the door on his inexplicable talents. He threw himself into the goal of normalcy, becoming a machinist in a steel mill and, eventually, meeting and marrying Nancy.

Again, that normal life was not to be. Without warning, or so it seemed, his calm and family-oriented world was turned upside down. The deep, catatonic trances had commenced. It took several turbulent years for him and

Nancy to accept, adjust, and finally to offer others the opportunity to talk with and learn directly from the realms beyond.

For a more complete biography on William LePar, The Council and SOL, please visit - www.WilliamLePar.com.



William Allen LePar

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The Awakening

For many decades psychic William Allen LePar has been nationally acclaimed for the array of psychic abilities he exhibits, particularly the Deep Catatonic Trance, a remarkable and rare phenomenon even for the realm of the paranormal.

While in the Deep Catatonic Trance, a gathering of 12 highly evolved spiritual entities known as The Council speak through Mr. LePar, providing our world with an incomparable and abundant supply of spiritual information. More than just a psychic ("a unique and distinct personality in the world of psychic phenomenon," said a professor of psychology from a major university), Mr. LePar has been referred to as a modern mystic by many of those who have encountered him.

Mr. LePar exhibited his psychic abilities quite early in life, but society's traditional reaction to such an unsettling aspect of human potential caused him to repress his gifts until adulthood. A series of unusual events triggered the state of Deep Trance, a dimension Mr. LePar had never before experienced, and he found himself catapulted back into the psychic world. For several years he conducted Deep Trance sessions privately while publicly doing psychometry, inspirational speaking, and psychic counseling.

Convinced that The Council's information held tremendous constructive potential for our troubled world, Mr. LePar in the mid-1970's invited others to share in the experience. SOL, a non-profit organization, was established to handle all aspects of preserving and disseminating the Trance Information. The organization developed a complex computer network to facilitate its duties. The Council delivered well over two million words of material. Among its many responsibilities, SOL coordinated Research Group inquiries into new topics of investigation at Trance sessions, currently operates a speakers' bureau for appearances by SOL Associates, has a membership program that provides participants with library files of verbatim Council transcripts and a frequently updated website - www.WilliamLePar.com.

Through the years, Mr. LePar's presentations on aspects of spiritual and psychic development as well as on The Council's profound information have been enthusiastically received across the country. He was in constant demand, and lectured and led workshops at colleges and universities, and for organizations such as Spiritual Frontiers Fellowship, REST, the Western Reserve Awareness Conference, Star Stream Cosmic Experience, the Human Development Center, and various chapters of Aquarian Age Encounter. The subject of uncounted newspaper and magazine articles, Mr.

LePar also appeared on many local and syndicated radio and television shows and permitted television taping of Trance sessions for broadcast. In addition to his myriad activities, Mr. LePar worked with writers investigating The Council's material and has authored the books *Meditation: A Definitive Study*, *Controlling the Creative Process in You: Androgyny*, *Spiritual Harvest: Discourses on the Path to Fulfillment and Life After Death: A New Revelation*.

An Introduction to The Council

The Council has often referred to themselves as "spiritual beings." We must remember that this is a very elusive term and can mean something far greater than what we normally have been taught to understand as a "spiritual being."

In our finite minds we look upon spiritual beings as living beings confined in similar manners as we in the physical, and this is not the case with some levels beyond the physical. But in this expanded description of themselves (The Council), we begin to realize that there are levels that we can reach as spiritual beings that far surpass our present concepts.

Respectfully, I submit for your edification The Council's own personal description of themselves.

William Allen LePar

The Council Speaks of Themselves

After a soul or an entity has accomplished a certain level or degree of perfection, through whatever system that is the ruling belief system of that time, then the individual or the soul or the entity is elevated to a level wherein it is not necessary for reincarnation. Once entering the spiritual realms without the need to reincarnate, a growth period is undergone. Many steps of awareness or many levels of awareness are accomplished, many degrees of elevation, many degrees of perfection; until finally the soul or the entity has evolved into a state where there are no levels, no degrees, but begins to expand in love and awareness to the point where there is a total mergence or merging with other beings, where all ideas of limitations, all awarenesses of false limitations, have been done away with. Where the person or the soul or the entity then begins to realize its true unlimitedness and in that begins to expand greater and greater and greater, interweaving more delicately and more closely with all others and all other things, and in so doing grows closer to the Divine Himself.

Once a soul or an entity has reached this level, then they are in union with others, total union, yet completely individual, and yet completely united. This soul, this entity, has his own personality, yet delicately flows in and out and with the other souls but yet maintains its own personality, its own being. The soul, the entity, becomes more god-like in that it becomes a part of all things, yet maintains its own personality, its own being.

Once a soul has reached this level, then there is no name, there is no body as you would recognize or understand, but a more complete and unlimited Child of God; one who is so developed that no name could ever describe him.

That is the existence we live in, and if you wish to use confining and restricting terminologies as levels, then we would have to say that is the level we exist in. In all of mankind's history this level has never before spoken in the physical plane.

Even though we refer to ourselves as "spiritual beings," we use such statements only to give all who have come to us some idea to relate to, or some concept that they can relate to.

Introduction

"Angels bending near the Earth ..." is a line from a Christmas carol that holds a special imagery for those involved in "The Council Experience." "... To touch their harps of gold" is how the line continues.

As in all analogies, the parallels are not perfect, but they serve to light a candle by which we can find our way to some understanding of the magnitude of the experience that is occurring in the final decades of the 20th century.

In one sense, the word "angels" applies to "The Council" of The Council Experience, in the sense of "a guiding spirit or influence," because The Council has been offering guidance at first to one, then to a small group of Associates who constitute the core group of SOL and through them to more and more in an each-one-teach-one fashion that The Council forecasts will eventually provide the foundation for the so-called "New Age."

However, "angel" in its truest sense refers to a supernatural being that was created separate from man to serve both The Divine and man. The Council of The Council Experience is an assemblage of twelve souls or entities who once occupied physical bodies on this Earth but who have since forever left the physical world and have developed in their relationship of love with one another and The Divine to the point that they serve man as a final lesson in love before entering the House of the Father of us all, the Divine Essence, the Creator, the Supreme Being, Allah, Elohim, Jehovah — God by any other name.

These "Angels bending near the Earth" first touched the golden harp of one William Allen LePar of North Canton in the beginning of the third decade before the end of the 20th century. To continue the analogy, The Council played upon the harp of Mr. LePar's voice to unravel the cacophony of man's confusion with restatements of the truths all religions have espoused, the truths man has always recognized with that divine spark called the conscience, the truths that demand honesty and loving action instead of empty words in order to achieve spiritual growth.

The actual mechanics of this symphony of The Council's words, truths, began when Mr. LePar experienced a Deep Catatonic Trance while tape recording a letter to a friend and awoke after the better part of eight hours to find a stack of tapes with messages for his friend beyond what he himself had intended to say, beyond in fact what he was capable of saying.

It was the first time The Council had "bent near the Earth" to begin a song of the spirit that has been taken up by other "harps," by members of the SOL Associates, SOL Research and Study Group members and others who

have come in contact with the irresistible melodic line of more than one million words. In order not to confuse, it should be pointed out that Mr. LePar is the only person through whom The Council has ever spoken and, in The Council's own words, "In all of mankind's history this level has never before spoken in the physical plane." The Council has described the "level" on which they exist in the spiritual realms as the "celestial level."

"Once a soul or an entity has reached this level," The Council said, **"then they are in union with others, total union, yet completely individual, and yet completely united. This soul, this entity, has his own personality, yet delicately flows in and out and with the other souls but yet maintains its own personality, its own being. The soul, the entity, becomes more godlike in that it becomes a part of all things, yet maintains its own personality, its own being."**

"Once a soul has reached this level, then there is no name, there is no body as you would recognize or understand, but a more complete and unlimited Child of God; one who is so developed that no name could ever describe him."

It is from souls such as these that information has flowed since the beginning of the 1970's through Mr. LePar, a self-effacing man who has made this situation, this service, his life's work, his contribution to those around him and to those to come. His service is without pay, that is to say he earns no salary, no money for representing The Council and their truths to his fellow man. Any money paid to him is turned over to the SOL organization, a group of volunteers charged with preserving, organizing, publishing and otherwise broadcasting The Council's message.

Mr. LePar has demonstrated paranormal abilities, psychic abilities if you will, from his youth, is a well-known lecturer on paranormal phenomena, is an author as the following book will attest, and is a man whose thoroughgoing spiritual perspective has transformed him into a mystic.

The SOL Associates constitute a familial-type group of people who have found and followed the light brought by The Council. They are dedicated to keeping the light burning bright and to passing on the light until the world looks as beautiful from ground level as it does from halfway to the moon.

The SOL Research and Study Group is an extension of the Associates and is also all volunteer. The only cost to belong is dedication and desire to keep and spread the light to the end, that spiritual enlightenment, spiritual growth, can be offered to all who seek it.

The extent of the legacy being developed by the SOL Associates and SOL Research and Study Group can only be measured by history, but The Council has hinted that the legacy is beyond what any can now fathom.

The following illumination of man as an androgynous being both spiritually and in the physical world is based solely on information received through Mr. LePar from The Council with commentary blessed by inspiration. It will surely nudge many to rethink their positions in life as surely as it will shed light on some aspects of our existence that we might have ignored or just not understood. If you say "Aha!" just once, you are on your way in an exciting new journey with The Council, Mr. LePar and all the "harps of gold" — you are embarking on "The Council Experience."

To learn more about Mr. LePar, The Council and SOL, write to:

SOL

P.O. Box 8878

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and SOL will send you a sample SOLAR Newsletter, Catalog of books and CDs and SOL membership information.

Now, settle back and learn more about who and what you really are.

Preface

This book will help you to understand the creative process, and thereby to gain control over your present and your future life. Understanding the principle of androgyny and how it applies to you on a personal level will help you in creating your own life, in creating a better relationship with your spouse in your marriage, in creating a better relationship between you and your children, and in creating your family unit as a unit unto itself. With the understanding and insight in this book, you can be in better control of yourself and the destiny of mankind — if you choose.

Book 1

The Beginning of Realization

The penetrating beep pierces the sensitive eardrum of the unprotected ear. I quickly grab the far edge of the pillow and pull it across my ear, hoping to drown out the wretched sound. No matter how hard I push the pillow against my ear, the sound still seems to penetrate the thickness of the pillow. I moan slowly to myself, "Oh no, not already."

With all the energy in my body, I slowly open one eyelid to see the wretched blue-green digital readout confirm: It IS time to get out of bed.

The hand that so steadfastly protected my ear with the pillow quickly reaches across to slap the top of this merciless little box that intrudes on the beauty of sleep. Silence.

A question runs through the foggy mind, "Should I roll out now or wait a few minutes more and subject myself again to the painful electronic squawks and squeals of the alarm clock?"

How many of us have experienced something similar to this? I, for one, have on many, many occasions. How could such a seemingly harmless little box inflict such excruciating pain on the tender eardrums of a sleeping human being, forcing that peaceful soul into another performance of a ritual we all seem to commonly dread — getting out of bed and starting the day?

From the fogginess of the mind, the command comes to arise. The feet are flung out of the bed to the floor. Blindly in the dark the right foot searches for the slipper and slips in comfortably. The left foot searches around for the companion and touches a recognizable form. The foot thrusts forward, burying the toes into what is hopefully the slipper, but the heel comes crashing down on the erect backside of the slipper, folding it underneath.

My consciousness encourages me to stand and walk. I answer my command. As I move to the bathroom, I find myself limping because of the uncomfortable pain that the crumpled left slipper causes. The grogginess of sleep still possesses me, at least enough that I did not realize the simple remedy required to relieve me of this pain.

A few more steps and I am at the sink. I adjust the water to the right temperature and cup my hands, filling them with the tepid water. Slowly, I lower my face into the cupped hands and feel the fluid wash away the sleep. It takes another two or three handfuls of water to guarantee that I am fully awake.

I stand erect in front of the mirror and slowly open my eyes to see a familiar sight, my face. At that first moment of full consciousness and recognition, I ask myself, "Who are you?" The response is a name that identifies me to myself and to the rest of the world. This is a morning ritual that we all go through.

Wouldn't it be interesting if some morning instead of asking ourselves, "Who are we?" we would inadvertently ask ourselves, "What are we?" Most of us, when we are asked, "Who are we?" usually answer the question with our name. Sometimes we add to that our position in life, such as: "I am a mother," "I am a father," or "I am a son," or "I am a daughter," or, for those who are more materialistic, "I am an executive for INT Conglomerates," or "I work for a steel mill."

But is that really who we are? For all intents and purposes, this may be a sufficient answer for the outside world, but what about the inside world, the world that exists within each and every one of us? Is this a complete picture of who we are? No, it isn't. This is barely scratching the surface of who we are and, more importantly, what we are.

The outside world demands that everything be tagged and slotted into specific categories. As individuals, we are tagged and slotted according to our name, our gender (male or female), our marital status, whether we have children or not, our occupation, our address, our Social Security number, and, last but not least, our credit card number. Generally, this information is sufficient to give us passage through life.

But what is necessary to give us passage into our own selves so that we may better understand ourselves, thereby increasing our potentials for self-improvement? When we look into the mirror at ourselves, do we just see ourselves, John Doe or Jane Doe, staring back? Do we ever look deeply into our own eyes and get the feeling that there is something far greater there, but we just can't identify it? Does the thought ever come to our minds that, "Certainly, there must be more to me than just what I see."

When we look into the mirror, we see our faces. Yet, we know that behind that face, behind those eyes, there is the ability to recognize, there is the ability to think; and, with this thinking, there is the ability to create ideas and concepts within that mind. And in that mind there is a subtle knowing that even though we see a three-dimensional form of ourselves, there is a depth to that form that cannot quite clearly be put into words.

What follows is an effort to delve into part of that depth, to give you information that may someday be extremely useful to you in understanding yourself and in discovering yourself. The world will recognize you as John Doe or it will recognize you as Jane Doe, but is that who you really are? Is

that WHAT you really are? No. These outside trappings are facilitators for inner growth and balance in the real WHO and WHAT you are.

A Reflection

The immense capacity we have for learning and understanding never ceases to amaze me. I look back at myself and, at times, I am overwhelmed, particularly when I recall what my concepts about life used to be. I am astounded at how much The Council Experience has educated me in the understanding of life and of reality. I am overwhelmed at how much more there is to learn and understand.

I recall one particular experience in my life, soon after I was propelled into the frighteningly strange world of psychic channeling. I was asked by a good friend, Nicole, to attend a lecture and demonstration on past life readings given by a dear little old lady. Although I was considered very proficient as a psychic, I realized I was still very naive and ignorant of the many areas and subjects related to psychic phenomena.

The day had been filled with clear blue skies and a bright sun that gave a false impression of warmth. The night did not leave such a misconception, as the snow squeaked under the tires of the car. I pulled up in front of the building where the lecture was being held and parked the car. This building was a gathering place for many psychics and would-be psychics. It was a place where we could come together with people of like mind and share our experiences with each other.

I got out of the car and walked to the front of the building, where I patiently waited for Nicole to show up. After ten minutes or so, huddling against the building, my hands in my pockets, watching the people hurry into the warmth inside, I was tapped on the shoulder by Nicole who said, "Have you been waiting long?"

I shook my head no as she eagerly said, "You're really going to find this lecture and demonstration very interesting, Bill."

Once inside the warm room, we hung up our coats. Making our way through the crowd, we stopped and talked to a dozen or so acquaintances. Across the room I spotted Ruth, the owner of this gathering place. Nicole and I walked over to say hello.

"Well, Nicole, how did you manage to get Bill here tonight?" Ruth asked.

"Well, the other night a group of us twisted his arm over a cup of coffee. We told him that, in your opinion, Sarah Yoder was the best lecturer on this topic in the area," Nicole replied.

"Bill, I hope you plan on staying for the demonstration that follows. I would be interested to see what she has to say about you," Ruth said.

"What kind of demonstration is this Yoder woman going to give?" I asked.

"Wait and see. Just pay close attention to what she says in the lecture," Ruth advised. "It'll open up a whole new idea or concept for you. Before you leave, I'd like to know how you feel about what you heard."

With this, Nicole and I took our seats. As I sat there, patiently waiting for the lecture to start, I wondered what Ruth or Nicole and some of the others would think if they knew about the Deep Catatonic Trances I was doing. They were my secret, and I was not yet ready to talk about them. For some odd reason, I felt too embarrassed to mention the Trances even to Ruth, the one person I respected highly and considered my mentor.

It was over a year before that I first met Ruth, and in that period of time I had learned to respect and admire this wonderful woman. The day I first walked into Ruth's building, as a complete stranger, she recognized I had psychic abilities. This really amazed me because I knew for a fact that she didn't know me or anything about me. I remember her saying that if I wanted to learn how to control my psychic abilities on demand, she would be more than happy to help me.

In the year or so that I had been going to her place, Ruth never once mentioned anything at all about my trance work or channeling. Yet, deep down inside, I had a strong feeling she knew that I was channeling. Ruth had enough respect for me as a human being and for my right to privacy not to press me in that area. To this day, I really don't know if I would have answered her truthfully if she had asked me point blank whether I was capable of doing anything along those lines. On a number of occasions, she had mentioned the abilities of Edgar Cayce to me and had suggested that I become familiar with what he did. To these suggestions I would generally give some noncommittal answer.

With new-found friends, like Ruth and Nicole, the silence about my trance abilities made me feel guilty. It did not embarrass me to demonstrate the traditional psychic abilities that I had, but the thought of doing a Trance or even talking about it was embarrassing. Possibly, it was because of the unusual manner in which I went into Trance. The other probable reason was that the Trances left me in a position of complete vulnerability. This gave me a strong sense of insecurity.

As Ruth's voice demanded the audience's attention, my thoughts were brought back to the present. I nudged Nicole and quietly whispered to her, "What did you say this woman was going to talk about?"

"Past lives," she whispered with an impish grin on her face.

Suddenly, I realized I had no idea what past lives were. Not a bit ashamed of my ignorance, I asked, "What the heck are past lives?"

"You know, reincarnation," Nicole replied.

"Reincarnation?" I said incredulously "You mean dying and coming back as a cow or a bug?"

Rolling her eyes in disbelief, Nicole said, "No, Bill. Coming back as a person."

"You've got to be kidding! You don't really believe that garbage, do you? When you die, you either go to heaven or hell or someplace in between," was my defense.

"Bill, maybe you should start thinking more about the something in between rather than the two extremes," Nicole added in a very motherly tone. "Now, just hush up and pay attention to what Miss Yoder has to say."

With this admonishment, I promptly slouched down in the seat, crossed my arms in front of me, and attempted to drown out Sarah Yoder's opening comments about reincarnation.

I had had my fill of reincarnation from The Council. Whenever I would listen to the tapes of the Trances and The Council got on that subject, I would simply push the fast forward button or just tune them out.

Everything else they said made good sense to me. Deep down inside, The Council's information seemed very right even though many times it would point out my own glaring weaknesses. My mind very conveniently rejected the reincarnation concept The Council attempted to teach me. I was content with my own preconceived thoughts of how ridiculous it was to die and come back as another human being — even more, how stupid and ridiculous it was to die and come back as a cow or a bug.

Look at how hard life is. There are all kinds of sadness, sorrow, death, pain, and sickness. Nobody in their right mind would want to live a second time in all this misery. And what about heaven? What about hell? There was no way this speaker and the friends I had made would ever convince me of anything as ridiculous as reincarnation. I mean, after all, as a child, I had always been taught that if you were bad and you did something to offend God, you automatically went to hell, and if you lived a life that pleased God, you automatically went to heaven. That's clear-cut simple logic. That's why people are good: They want to go to heaven. That's what my Catechism taught me and certainly those people were a lot smarter than I was, and they had the Bible to prove it. Content in my preconceived ideas, I felt secure in relaxing a little and letting some of this drivel waft into one ear and out the other.

"... deja vu often indicates that you have had an experience from a previous lifetime in that particular place or in a place that is very similar to that place," Miss Yoder lectured.

"Oh sure," I thought. "Did she ever think that this is just a psychic impression that you pick up of something that may have happened in that particular place? Oh, no, she wouldn't concede to that. That is too logical and certainly isn't heaped with as much gingerbread as her explanation."

For more than an hour I continued these mental gymnastics. The speaker would make a point, and I would silently punch holes in her concepts. I thought, "We have to be very logical about all this. We can't allow ourselves wishful dreaming and fantasy trips."

During the last fifteen minutes or so of her lecture, she gave examples of past life readings she had done for various people. The readings sounded more like science fiction than anything else to me — particularly a couple of the situations where she said a girl in one lifetime came back as a guy in another, and vice versa. This was so outrageous, I didn't feel it necessary to even consider it. How logical can it be if you are a woman in one lifetime to come back as a man in another lifetime — or if you are a man, to come back as a woman? This was the epitome of pure fantasy.

As the speaker ended her lecture, I mentally chuckled with amusement.

With a jab of her elbow, Nicole brought me out of my thoughts and into the present.

"Well, what did you think of it?" Nicole asked.

"Maybe I ought to keep silent on the whole thing, or you're liable to use your fist on me instead of your elbow," I said.

"You mean to tell me that nothing she said sparked your interest? Or even caused you to think?" Nicole questioned.

"It certainly did get me to think. I think she lives in a fantasy world," I said sarcastically.

Nicole looked at me, frustrated. "One of these days," she sighed, "you will think differently."

"Oh, sure, I will," I said, not realizing at the time it would take three years before I would accept this concept of reincarnation.

"You are going to stay for the demonstration, aren't you?" Nicole asked.

"You bet. She's funnier than Martin and Lewis. I wouldn't miss this for all the tea in China," I replied.

After a short break we were instructed to place our chairs in a large circle. I whispered to Nicole, "What are we supposed to do?"

"Nothing. Miss Yoder will start someplace in the circle and tell each of us about a past life. You don't have to do anything except listen to what she has to say to you," Nicole instructed.

"You mean to tell me I am not supposed to say anything to her. I don't have to tell her that I don't believe any of this baloney?" I replied.

Nicole, in a very motherly tone, said, "Now, Bill, when she comes to you, be nice and smile, and say thank you and then keep your mouth shut! Remember, thank you and keep your mouth shut. Remember what your mother taught you about manners."

So much for my protests against these fantasy trips. I must admit, I was fascinated by some of the tales and elaborate scenarios this woman was able to tell the people she talked to. It appeared as though, if nothing else, she had a very good knowledge of history.

I felt somewhat comfortable with the situation until Miss Yoder came to a sweet-looking young lady about six chairs away from Nicole and me. From all appearances, the young lady was a perfect example of femininity. But the past life reading this young lady received was in direct contradiction to her appearance. Miss Yoder began telling this young lady she had been a man in a previous lifetime, and that she had been a very unfaithful husband in that lifetime.

It was apparent to me that the young lady was somewhat embarrassed or, to be more specific, maybe I sensed her embarrassment. I felt very bad for her. I thought it was very cruel of this woman to say that this beautiful young lady had been a man in a previous lifetime. That I couldn't accept. It was very apparent, from her mannerisms, that she had no masculine traits. And then, to add insult to injury, Miss Yoder said that as a man she was an unfaithful husband.

To my way of thinking, this would be a humiliating experience to anyone.

During the remainder of the readings for the participants, my mind flooded with compassion for the young lady's feelings. It wasn't until I heard a familiar voice next to me that I realized Miss Yoder had reached Nicole and was telling her of a previous lifetime. Because of our friendship, my attention was completely focused on what Miss Yoder was telling her. I wanted to be prepared to punch any holes in what she told Nicole, in case it upset her.

I could tell from the look on Nicole's face that she was completely happy with what she heard.