

„THROUGH THE WHITE“

A PASSAGE FROM DEATH TO REBIRTH

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Session Summary: In order to find the cause of a personal problem a straightforward recall technique is used. The client contacts his past death in a bus accident. He recalls “going through the white”, losing all consciousness, and – only weeks later – finding himself taking the body of his brother's freshly born son. He is now his brother's son, and so his own uncle. His father actually always felt that his son (my client) was strongly resembling his late brother. On being told by the client about his findings, the family feels happy. (Session duration: seven hours in two consecutive days.)

Matthew is a company manager of 35 years. His general feeling about life is “I'm always behind”. He doesn't quite dare to stand up for his own wisdom and so falls short of the right decision in all sorts of matters. On the first session day, of four hours, he recalls various situations when this was the case. On the second day, of three hours, Matthew eventually runs out of things to recall, and then –much to his surprise – finds himself thinking of his uncle John who passed away just before Matthew's birth. This is the first moment when my client gets intensely emotional in our session. His eyes get moist.

Uncle John, his father's brother, died in a bus accident when a tourist in Vietnam, 35 years before. Matthew was of course familiar with the incident as it understandably caused great distress in the family, and was talked about more than once. Yet the image appearing on my client's mental screen is so vivid that it clearly goes beyond the recall of a story which he was told.

Matthew finds himself on the front seat of a bus, going down a narrow country lane. The vehicle veers to the left, comes off the road, and bumps into a tree. Matthew intuitively knows that he is experiencing this from the perception position of the victim, namely uncle John.

It is raining, a stormy night, his girlfriend leans against his shoulder and is sleeping. As the bus hits the tree and rolls down a slope, the perception position moves 20 m upwards; we get an out-of-body view. Glass splinters, people climb out of the windows, the motor is smoking or steaming. Then there is nothing. My client has tears in his eyes.

1

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On pursuing this further, the following incident emerges: Matthew is in a hotel room with his girlfriend. They are waking up, and get intimate with each other. Life is good. The day before, Matthew has received a phone call from his brother in Manchester: any moment now they are expecting twins. This means a lot to Matthew, he is happy and joyful.

They get up and pack, walk to the bus. The town is small and dirty, there are dogs, rain puddles on the street, shops, spicy smells. At the bus stop they get a ticket. The girl says: this is not safe, she has an ill feeling. Matthew brushes it off.

The bags are put on the roof and covered with a tarp. They find seats on the right-hand side of the bus in front of the windshield. Matthew sits on the right, his girlfriend on the left. They doze off.

As the bus goes off the road Matthew is thrown forward, his head goes through the windshield. He sees, from outside his body, his girl smashed against a vertical pole inside the bus, dead. Her head is broken open. He gives up, lets go, and feels himself gently moving away at an angle. Everything turns white.

At this point, Matthew changes over to the first person when narrating the incident, he says: "I wake up as the bus goes off the road; I go through the windshield, my girlfriend hits a pole. I see us lying there, I try to move, but I can't. There's nothing I can do (sadness) – it is my fault – I've let her down – I've pushed her to do this bus trip. She said we had better go the next day, I said no. Now we are going up together (he is in tears). She died instantly, I didn't, and she's waiting for me to pass on. This is where I am behind. I'm behind, she is ahead of me."

"Now we go up into the white. I have a feeling like: I'll take care of them, I'll watch over them. This refers to the twins. It is family I haven't even met yet! Then I see me and my twin brother from above. It's my old childhood home, the first house of my parents. I'm actually watching them right after leaving the white! Now I can see the hospital, an outside view from above. Babies in cribs, a couple of weeks old. Is that baby there me? Is that me down there? And is it also me watching from up here? – Am I uncle John? Or is John watching over me? – Dad so often says I am like John ..."

Then an emotional outburst: "It is unfair! Why now? They don't deserve this! First the good news – and then it's all taken away again?" This refers to the near death of little Matthew when a few weeks old: he couldn't breathe and nearly suffocated.

"Now I get it, I get how my body goes weak and stops breathing. John is offering help. Or is it me offering help? And dad saying I'm like John ... (tears). – Yes, I think I have helped them (the twins) after having failed her (the girlfriend) – yes, it feels like that. So I am both John and Matthew. I am John and Matthew – and I am me. I'm not schizo, I'm happy!" He smiles.

"First I doubted her on it being a risky trip – and then she died first and even waited for me. That's really being behind." Matthew is laughing merrily. He has taken responsibility for what has happened; we end the session.

(Some days later Matthew told me by e-mail how he broke the news to his parents. The meeting was understandably highly emotional but turned out to settle and harmonise a number of inconsistencies which had kept popping up in family relationships up to this point. Matthew feels positive about life and his future.)