

30 MOST CONVINCING
CASES OF
REINCARNATION

T R U T Z H A R D O



JAICO PUBLISHING HOUSE

Ahmedabad Bangalore Bhopal Chennai
Delhi Hyderabad Kolkata Mumbai

Published by Jaico Publishing House
A-2 Jash Chambers, 7-A Sir Phirozshah Mehta Road
Fort, Mumbai - 400 001
jaicopub@jaicobooks.com
www.jaicobooks.com

© 2008 Verlag “Die Silberschnur” and Trutz Hardo, Germany

Published in arrangement with
Verlag “Die Silberschnur”
Steinstr. 1,
D-56593 Göllesheim
Germany

30 MOST CONVINCING CASES OF REINCARNATION
ISBN 978-81-8495-006-9

First Jaico Impression: 2009

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Printed by
Snehash Printers
320-A, Shah & Nahar Ind. Est. A-1
Lower Parel, Mumbai - 400 013.

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The knowledge of rebirth
is the turning point
in the history of mankind.
—Friedrich Nietzsche



INTRODUCTION



Dear readers, in your hands is a book which dares to suggest that after reading it you will no longer be the same person as you are now, at least as far as your outlook on life is concerned. At the end of the year 2000, reincarnation has finally been proven. The famous psychiatrist Professor Ian Stevenson M.D. has scientifically proven that reincarnation is a reality.

I will show you a number of case histories to substantiate this claim. Some of these have come from children and adults who remembered their past lives, later their memories having been proven to be accurate. Others were retrieved by means of regression techniques. In the fourth part of this book I will deal with some indisputable proofs which came to light in 1997 with the publication of Professor Stevenson's book *Reincarnation and Biology – A contribution to the Etiology of Birth Defects*. I will then

close my book with some thoughts on what the consequences may be for the individual and for society as a whole, when the concept of reincarnation becomes totally integrated into our way of thinking.

The interest in reincarnation is growing, the latest demographic surveys continue to show a rising interest in reincarnation. Professor Stevenson's book, including the condensed version where Reincarnation and Biology intersect will no doubt serve to push this interest even higher.

So from now on we can say with certainty that reincarnation really exists. Even Jesus¹ and all the early Christians believed in it. Today we no longer need to *believe* in it, since reincarnation has been scientifically proven, just as the law of gravity was proven some time ago. We are now able to *know* that it is possible to return to earth repeatedly, and that you dear readers have been here many times before. What was until recently a belief for millions of people has now been discovered to be the truth. The *intuitive feeling*, or rather the *inner knowing* of reincarnation, has now shown itself to be correct. One is no longer ridiculed for these beliefs. On the contrary, people are beginning to ask questions, wondering why they have always just believed, and are now asking themselves how reincarnation really works in practice.

In the past people were simply told what they should believe. To shake the existing belief systems that often dated back hundreds or thousands of years was not permitted. Our

forefathers had been *believers*, so it was generally assumed that their beliefs were true. Otherwise how could so many generations have been totally mistaken? We spent generations regurgitating the beliefs others had fed us. Now through regression therapy we can reach our own inner source, which often presents us with something completely different than the traditional belief systems would have us believe. Our new awareness is based on that which is continually flowing from our inner source of knowing, and the old stagnant beliefs no longer satisfy our thirst for knowledge.

In the past we allowed ourselves to form our beliefs according to that what was poured in by the generally accepted opinion. Where our belief structures were concerned, we allowed ourselves to be led by whatever was fed us from outside. We absorbed these beliefs from outside and tried to convert them to an inner experience. This only worked to a certain extent. It was a rather limited way of looking at things. Now millions of *seekers* have discovered that the truth can be found inside themselves. We no longer search for the truth far and wide, but look to our inner depths to find it. In this way we have found a direct path to truth. Deep within us is hidden a large treasure of wisdom which in this new age can be tapped by each and every one of us. We no longer blindly follow belief systems like sheeps, but instead look inside taking full responsibility for all that we discover. One of the treasures which the knowledgeable

and wise of all times discovered was that of reincarnation.

This was rejected by the main religions, which continued to spread across Europe. In the laws of reincarnation everyone has to become responsible for his or her own spiritual development, and the healing of his or her soul over many lifetimes. Seen in this light, highly organised institutions of belief become unnecessary, and are robbed of their power over the people. For this reason it is totally understandable why, for example, the Christian Church of the 13th. Century completely destroyed the Cathars in their gruesome crusade. The Cathars believed in reincarnation and had separated themselves from the Papacy, and were a threat to the ruling order. Many theologians watched with regret as their followers leapt off the *slow train* of Church beliefs and changed to the *Intercity Express* of a new era, in which reincarnation had become part of the regular *décor*. This is why many theologians are asking for modernisation of the *Church train*, so that this too can be equipped with the up-to-date *décor*, namely that of reincarnation. Maybe this train is also in need of a faster engine, in order to keep up with the *Express trains* of modern time.

In Brazil approximately 80% of the Catholic population believe in reincarnation. For them their belief in reincarnation does not conflict with their religion. Knowing this, the church elders are wise enough not to forbid the belief in reincarnation, since they would otherwise have empty churches. In fact, they endeavour to show the Pope

the validity of reincarnation. The Pope responded by claiming that he is unable to do anything in this situation because more than 50% of his Cardinals still resist accepting reincarnation for what it is². Why does he not put to use his wonder weapon *Ex Cathedra* in this case, and prescribe the belief in Reincarnation as it was in ancient Christian times, now only enriched by the latest findings of Reincarnation research? Or should Christianity wait until the aged Cardinals have passed away and new Cardinals have donned their hats? These are the thoughts of many modern theologians who have had a good look around the above-mentioned *Inter City Express*. I had occasionally the pleasure of meeting them at my regression seminars.

For those of you who are not convinced of reincarnation, and wish to stick with your convictions, I warn you against reading this book. If you still wish to read it, then be prepared that much may change in your outlook on life. Once more I warn you to close this book immediately, as it may influence you to such a degree that you will no longer be the same person you are now. You could find yourself in conflict with your religious beliefs. Surely you would not want this? If on the other hand your thinking tends more towards the scientific, then you could also find yourself in conflict with these views. Surely you do not want this either? I am sure you also would not want to challenge the great leaders such as Marx, Freud, and Heidegger? This literature could be a spiritual dynamite for you. So, quickly put this book away! For here at last is the indisputable proof that

us humans have many lives and that our present life is just one link in a whole chain of past lives. Once this idea has been totally accepted there will be a complete revolution in our way of thinking about the world and ourselves. For me there is no doubt that this will occur, since the truth invariably comes to light!

CHILDREN'S MEMORIES OF PAST LIVES



THE BOY WHO ONCE AGAIN LIVES WITH HIS WIFE FROM THE PAST

I shall begin with a story which Tag Powell, an American friend, leader of seminars and publisher of various books confided in me during a annual book fair in Frankfurt.

“Do you know something Tom?” (This is what my friends call me). “I can tell you about a case of reincarnation that is so extraordinary that it could surely turn every sceptic into a dedicated follower of reincarnation. Even so, I am not inclined to give away the names of the respective couple and their son. I am sure you know this couple, at least by name, since he is a famous author, and he and his wife run seminars in the whole of America.” I would have loved to know the name of this couple, but I was not going to encourage Tag to break his promise to them. Even so I asked, “Does he run courses on spiritual themes like Reincarnation,

Astrology or...?" "No, no!" Interrupted Tag, "he's a bloody scientist and one of his books has become a national best seller. He is owner of many patents. His wife is also a scientist and an author."

The couple in question had a son whom I shall call Michael. When he was a baby he desperately wanted to hold his father's Rolex watch in his hands. He kept reaching for it again and again. As soon as he could speak his first words, he pointed to the watch and said, "Mine!" One day, when his parents called him by his name, he pointed to himself and said, "Sunny." He insisted so long and so forcefully on being called Sunny that his parents soon gave in and agreed to his wishes. A few months later the young nipper said, "Me Sunny Ray."

His mother was immediately taken by this name, which after all meant sunray. So from now on she called him *My Little Sunray*. One day he told them that he had a wife whose name was Dawn, and that they had both lived in Texas. In his present parent's house they mainly listened to classical music. When the radio played a Country and Western song Michael would sing along, and to their amazement he even seemed to know the words. One day Michael was looking at a book about dogs with his mother. All of a sudden he pointed to a white spaniel and called out excitedly, "That's my dog Willie!" His parents never seemed to seriously consider that their son could be talking about something from a previous life.

Some time later when the boy was seven years old, the couple was running a seminar in Texas. One of the people taking part was Dawn Ray. During a break Michael's father started a conversation with the woman, and asked her whether she was married. She told him, "I have been a widow for eight years." "What was your husband's first name?" "Sunny", she replied. The couple then looked at each other in amazement. Then he asked the woman whether she would please come to their hotel after the seminar because they had something important to tell her. When she got there they told her that they have a son who claims to have been married to someone called Dawn Ray from Texas in a previous life. "Did you own a white spaniel?" asked Michael's mother. "Oh yes, that was our Willie. He and Sunny were inseparable!" Mrs. Ray now was determined to get to know Michael. Michael's parents phoned home to arrange a flight for him and two days later the seven-year-old was able to fly out to be with them. They did not tell their son over the phone why it was so important for him to come to Texas so suddenly. After collecting him from the airport they took him straight away to Mrs. Ray's house. When she opened the door, the boy recognised her immediately and called out excitedly, "Dawn!" He stretched out his hands and ran into the arms of the dazed Mrs. Ray, hugged her and gave her a big kiss on the cheek.

Finally everyone sat down in the living room. Mrs. Ray, who was still sceptical, asked Michael whether he knew this house. He did not recognise it. On hearing that, she

explained that she only moved into this house two years after the death of Sunny. Then Michael asked her whether she had kept his guitar. Mrs. Ray was highly amazed at this question. She went to a cupboard and took out a guitar and placed it into the outstretched hands of the little man. Michael held the instrument like a competent guitar player. After a couple of tries, even though the fret board was not the right size for a seven-year-old, he began to play and sing a well-known folk song. This especially amazed his parents, since to their knowledge their son had never played the guitar. Then he asked Mrs. Ray, whom he now addressed as Dawn, whether she also kept his watch for him. She fetched a box in which the watch was kept. It was a Rolex identical to the one his father was wearing. Then he asked her for his camera. His parents first wanted to know exactly what it looked like. When he had described it, Dawn fetched it and it perfectly matched his description. Also his pipe, which he wanted to see, had first to be described by him.

Tag closed his reports with the comment, "I would have loved to have been witness to that evening." "Me too," I agreed. "Gosh Tag! That's really an incredible story!" "The best bit is yet to come," he continued. "Dawn sold her house and moved in with the family in California. She looked after Michael, since his parents were often away travelling. When she moved to New York Michael missed her so much that even though he was only fourteen-years-old his parents agreed to let him live in New York with her. They have lived together ever since." "If these events were really like you say

or even close to it, then this is a real classic!" I said. "Honest to God, this is a true story."³

Dear readers, my jaw dropped in amazement when I heard this story. Perhaps it was the same for you. One more word for our dear sceptics who are in no way inclined to believe in reincarnation, but who still read this report, you still have the chance to put this book down. For if you do not you may find yourselves having to agree that maybe there really is some truth in it. To the rest of my readers I would now like to report on some more unquestionable cases.

BORN AGAIN TO THE SAME PARENTS — THIS TIME AS TWINS

On the 5th May 1957, while playing on the pavement, eleven-year-old Joanna and her six-year-old sister Jacqueline Pollock were run down by a car. The woman driver had been semi-conscious due to drug abuse. Although the parent's sadness was great, they pardoned the guilty driver and wrote a letter to her.⁴

When Mrs. Pollock was pregnant a year later, her husband revealed to her that he had a vision. He saw that she would give birth to twin girls and that these two would be their two lost daughters reborn. Even though Mrs. Pollock was reassured by a gynaecologist that there was only one audible heartbeat present and not twins, Mr. Pollock was still

convinced that his *knowing* was correct. Later he was proven to be right. On the 4th October 1958, Mrs. Pollock gave birth to identical girl twins. The first child was given the name Gillian; the second born ten minutes later was named Jennifer.

While their father was admiring his new daughters, he noticed a scar above the right eyebrow of Jennifer, the younger of the two girls. His recently deceased daughter Jacqueline had had the same scar in exactly the same place. She had fallen at about the age of three, and a visible scar had remained on her forehead. To his amazement he also discovered a brown birthmark the size of his thumb on Jennifer. His daughter Jacqueline had had exactly the same birthmark in the same place. All this proved to him that his earlier vision that he had received was true. Gillian and Jennifer were truly his first daughters reborn. Mrs. Pollock, being a strict Catholic, still rejected the idea of reincarnation until the following events occurred.

When the twins were four months old the Pollocks moved to a different area, only to return to Hexham on a visit two and-a-half years later. To the amazement of the parents, their two daughters knew their way around this area extremely well. Without being able to see the school, since it was hidden from sight by the church, one of the girls said, "The school is just around the corner." The other one pointed to a hill and said, "Our playground was behind there. It had a slide and a swing." When they approached their old house

the two sisters recognised it immediately. Even so, Mrs. Pollock, unlike her husband, still did not want to believe that the twins were really her recently deceased daughters reborn.

When the twins were four years old, Mr. Pollock opened a box, which had been closed for over three years. In it had been kept the toys of his first children. He placed some of these outside the twins' bedroom door, as he wanted to see whether they would recognise their toys from the past. When the girls came out of their room – where their mother stood as witness to their reactions – Jennifer picked up the first doll and said, “Oh! That’s Mary. (And picking up the second doll,) that’s my Suzanne! I haven’t seen them for ages.” She used the same names, which Jacqueline had previously given her two dolls. “Father Christmas gave us these a long time ago.” She turned to Gillian, and pointing to another toy she said, “And that’s your washing machine.” Now Mrs. Pollock was finally convinced that her twins really were her first daughters, and that her Church must be mistaken in refuting reincarnation.

Both the children developed over-cautious responses when crossing roads and feared speeding cars. The older daughter Gillian loved to comb peoples' hair, especially her father's. This interest had been the same in their fatally injured Joanna. Joanna had been five years older than her sister Jacqueline, and the sisters had spent most of their time holding hands and had seemed inseparable. Jacqueline always

listened to her older sister; whatever she said was right for her. The same behaviour surfaced once again in the twins. The one born ten minutes later leaves all the decisions to her sister and does what she tells her. Once again both of them loved walking around hand in hand, and as before one never seemed to want to do anything different than the other.⁵

If you had daughters like this, would you not be equally convinced of reincarnation, as was Mrs. Pollock, even if you followed a strict religious belief? There are thousands of cases that show us the same or very similar circumstances to those described here. We will look at some of these more closely later on. Sadly, most parents forbid their children to talk about such things. What their children say may well go against their beliefs, and often they are also concerned about what the neighbours may think if they got to hear about it. In India the belief in reincarnation is widely spread. One is able to speak freely to others about who one was and what one has experienced in the past. Still many parents forbid their children to mention their memories of past lives. Their unfounded fear is often that children who remember past lives may die young, or may become homesick for their previous family and may wish to be reunited with them.

Even before Professor Stevenson began his scientific research into reincarnation, there was a case of someone in India in the 1930's who remembered a past life, knowledge of which

soon spread beyond the borders of India. News about this case spread through magazines containing paranormal reports, as well as by word of mouth. The case was that of Shanti Devi.

A MOTHER HUGS HER SON WHO IS OLDER THAN SHE IS

Shanti Devi was born in Delhi on 11th December 1926. She was not very talkative as a child. At the age of three she began to speak of her home being in Mathura, a town between New Delhi and Agra. When she was four years old she began to speak more about her earlier life and about having been married. She had lived in a household with her sisters, her mother and her husband. Shanti told her mother that she came from a more well to do home and that this present house was not her home. She said, "You are not my real mother. You don't even look like her." Furthermore she told her that her husband used to have a fabric shop, and that her house in Mathura was painted yellow. Her parents did not want to believe any of it.

One day she refused to eat the food that was put on the table. When asked why she didn't want to eat it she said, "I want *Satva* food." "*Satva* food? No one here has ever used this expression." Shanti replied, "We use that word in Mutra (Mathura), we don't eat meat. It is not right to eat animals. It is a terrible crime. Still some people eat meat, but we

don't." When her mother asked her whom she meant by *we*, four-year-old Shanti answered that she meant her husband's family. "I personally see to it that my husband only eats *Satva* food. Even our servants are not permitted to prepare his food. When he returns home from his shop by the *Dvarkad Temple*, I serve him his dinner. He likes things to be that way." After that incident, her father was very understanding and allowed his daughter to eat vegetarian dishes.

After dinner, when their daughter had left the room, Mrs. Bahadur said to her husband, "What on earth did we do in our previous life, to be experiencing such bad karma now, by being punished with a mentally ill daughter?" Her husband answered, "If it is true that she remembers her past life, then she has some bad luck awaiting her. Even the old scriptures speak of this. "With this comment he was referring to the *Vedic Scriptures* in which it is written that a child that remembers past lives would die young. To avoid this, Mr. Bahadur and his wife forbade their daughter to talk about her former life in Mathura, hoping she would soon lose her memories and so stop talking about them.

Shanti nonetheless went on speaking of her past life, even to visitors who came to their house, She hoped that at least one of them would believe her, and help her fulfil her wish to go to Mathura. At school she regularly referred to her past life by making comments to her friends and teachers. Her classmates teased her about being married and having

a son. Her class teacher, who was related to the Bahadur family, showed an interest in her case and questioned her about it. He even asked her for the name of her previous husband. She just answered, "I will recognise him when I see him." (It was not permitted for a Hindu woman to use her husband's name.) When her teacher finally promised her that he would take her to Mathura if she told him his name, she said, "My husband's name is Pandit Kedernath Chobey. " After she had given him the complete address, he told his friend who was the head of the school, and together they wrote a letter to that address in the vain hope of receiving a reply. The letter said:

Dear Sir,

I have recently got to know a girl by the name of Shanti Devi. She is a resident in a part of the town called Chirakhana. She is the daughter of a businessman called Rang Bahadur Mathur. She is nearly nine years old. She is able to tell us amazing details about you. She claims the following to be true: "In my past life I belonged to the Chobey family from Mathura. I belonged to the Brahman caste and my husband's name was Kedernath. He was the owner of a shop near the *Dvarkad Temple*. My house was painted completely yellow. My name was Lugdi Devi."

May I bother you dear Pandit, and ask you kindly to inform me whether there is any truth in these claims.

Did Lugdi Devi exist? Please let me know whether there was really such a person.

May God bless you.

With the greatest respect,

Your,

Lala Kishan Chaud.

Director of the Raniya School, Daryganj, Delhi.

A few weeks later the two teachers held a reply from this person in their hands. They were truly amazed at what was written in the letter:

Lala Kishan Chaud, director of the Raniya School,
Daryganj, Delhi,

I was very surprised and somewhat excited when I read your letter. The things you wrote about are absolutely correct. I had a wife called Lugdi Devi. She has since died. I really do have a shop near the *Dvarkad Temple*. Who is this girl who knows all this?

Mr. Chobey was extremely keen to find out whether this girl was really his deceased wife reborn. He asked his cousin to look up Shanti Devi's parents in the city in order to find out more about their daughter, and to put Shanti's memories of their previous life together to the test. When this cousin met Shanti face to face she immediately recognised him as one of her husband's

younger cousins and called him by name. Shanti then asked him about her son Nabanita Lall and inquired about his well-being. She described the layout of her house and its location, which was directly in front of the *Dvarkad Temple*. Her previous husband's cousin was so convinced by her exact descriptions that he did not bother to write to Chobey about his impressions as previously arranged, but immediately travelled to him to tell him that Shanti Devi really was his wife from past life.

Mr. Chobey, whose curiosity had now been awakened by his cousin, decided to travel to Delhi with his present wife, his son from his first marriage and his cousin, in order to see this girl with his own eyes. When they arrived, Shanti was at school. They decided to pretend that Chobey was an older brother when meeting Shanti's family. With this he wanted to put Shanti to the test once more, and to make sure that her family would not tell her before they met; after all they did not really know who was coming to visit. When the eight-year-old came home from school they told her that she has a visitor waiting for her in the other room.

When she entered the room she immediately recognised her husband from the past. Without saying a word she bowed her head in shy respect before him and stood by his side, as was the custom for Hindu wives in the

presence of their husbands. Her eyes were gleaming with joy. They asked her why she behaved like this since the man at her side was Chobey's older brother. Shanti replied calmly, "No he's not, he is my husband. I have told you about him many times." When she looked at the ten-year-old boy she immediately knew him to be her son. She hugged him and cried for a long time. Then she asked her mother to bring all her own toys so that she could give them to her son Nabanita. When her mother showed reluctance she ran off herself and returned minutes later with an armful of toys. Even though she was more than a year younger than Nabanita, everyone could detect a motherly love in the way she looked at him and behaved towards him. Shanti was so moved by everything that she often had to cry, and infected everyone present with her tears. It was not long before the news of this extraordinary family reunion had spread throughout the neighbourhood. In no time at all a large number of interested people had appeared.

Mr. Chobey suggested that they escape the bustle in an open horse drawn cart. During their walk Shanti and Nabanita walked hand in hand. Later when they returned, Shanti begged her mother to prepare a meal of all her husband's favourite dishes. She also recognised her jewellery from her past life, which Mr. Chobey's new wife was now wearing. After their meal she asked her husband why he had remarried, "Did we not agree that

after the death of one of us neither would remarry?" Mr. Chobey had apparently gazed at the floor feeling uncomfortable, according to Shanti's father who later confided this to the journalist Jeffrey Iverson. Shanti's father encouraged Shanti to tell him more about her house. To this Shanti replied, "There is a courtyard in the centre of the house. That's where the well is. I often used to sit on the edge of it to bathe." Many other questions were put to her concerning her family in this past life. Mr. Chobey asked Shanti how she recognised her son immediately, since on the day she died he was only nine days old. Shanti's spontaneous reply, like that of a wise woman, was, "He is my life, the life in me recognised the life in him." Mr. Chobey excused himself, since he wished to discuss some private matters with Shanti. When they finally returned to the others, he announced, "No one other than my previous wife and myself could know all these things. This girl is my deceased wife Lugdi. I am no longer in any doubt about it."⁶

My dear readers, could you continue to have the slightest doubt about the validity of these experiences? A hardened critic will still doubt everything that does not fit his view of life, no matter how convincing it may sound. To be critical a good thing, as long as you are prepared to look into the issue in depth and then decide, without prejudice, what you can or cannot accept. Such an unprejudiced critic should also have the courage to look at the truth, and once he has

found something to be true, to admit this to himself. Our story about Shanti Devi is not yet complete.

News of these events spread like wildfire. The paper "Indian Press" sent out its reporters, making it possible for millions of readers to hear about this latest sensation. Mr. Bahadur was now encouraged by various parties to finally fulfil Shanti Devi's wish to travel to Mathura. Mr. and Mrs. Bahadur absolutely forbade this out of fear of losing their daughter to her past family. Mahatma Gandhi showed great interest in this case of a young girl remembering her past life, so he personally decided to go and meet Shanti. His visit was primarily in order to personally ask her all sorts of questions, and secondly to ask her parents to allow their daughter to travel to Mathura. This wish from such an illustrious man, whom the Indians have worshipped like a god for generations, could not be refused.

Finally a committee was formed to investigate this case scientifically, which consisted of fifteen people chosen honorary among them was a publisher of one of the most popular newspapers, a solicitor and a parliamentary backbencher. They decided to accompany Shanti Devi to Mathura in order to examine her claims there and then. She had never been there before and her father also reassured her emphatically that he himself has never been to Mathura either. On November 24th 1935, twelve days after Mr. Chobey had visited Shanti Devi, her parents and the entire committee boarded the train that was to take them on the

three-hour journey to Mathura. While on the train someone mentioned the time, and the nine-year-old announced that precisely at this time the gates to the *Dvarkad Temple* were being closed. Instead of using the word gate in her Hindi language, she used an unusual word only commonly used in Mathura and its surrounding area.

When they arrived at their destination, thousands of onlookers informed about the imminent arrival of Shanti Devi by their newspapers had gathered at the station. A tall man wearing a turban and carrying a stick pushed his way through the crowd, stood in front of the girl and said, "Do you know me?" Shanti bowed down with respect and touched his feet. Then she rose and stood by his side. She turned to one of the committee members and said, "This is my husband's oldest brother." When they drove through the streets in an open horse-drawn carriage, she could tell which roads had not been surfaced in the past and could point out the houses that had not been there before. When they arrived at a crossing, she climbed down from the carriage and led the committee to her house that was surrounded by a huge crowd of people. An elderly man was waiting there dressed in Brahmin clothing. She bowed down before him and said, "This is my father-in-law." Among the crowd she also discovered her twenty-five-year-old brother and her father in law's brother from her past life.

To her amazement the house was not yellow as she remembered it. She was then told that after her death the

house had changed hands, and that the new owners had painted it a different colour. When she was led through the house and was pointing out all the things that had changed one of the people present asked her whether she knew where the “Jajarie Khann” was. This word is only used in this area and so would be unfamiliar to the girl from Delhi. She immediately went downstairs and pointed to the toilet.

In the afternoon, one of the committee members took Shanti on his shoulders to avoid the crush of the crowds, for her job now was to find the other house in which she had also lived with her husband. Following her directions she was carried to a building. She pointed to it and said, “That is my house!” She led the committee into the house. First they came to a yard situated in the centre of the house. Once there, she was shocked not to find the well in which she used to bathe. She pointed to a particular place and said that the well used to be there. They lifted a stone slab off the ground and found under it the well she had spoken of. After that, she led the committee through the house and described all the rooms in great detail. When they reached the bedroom she pointed to the floor and said, “This is where I hid my money. If you check here under the floor you will find a box containing 150 Rupees.” They lifted the floorboards in the presence of Mr. Chobey, her previous husband, and found the box as described. But there was no money in it. Shanti was extremely surprised and said that someone must have taken it. Mr. Chobey

now owned up to having taken the 150 Rupees out of the box after her death.

After this incident Shanti led the committee to the river Jumna to show them where she used to bathe. She pointed to a house and said, "My parents used to live in that house." Then she suddenly ran off in the direction of the house and the committee had to be quick to catch up with her. In the house there were forty-five people. Among them she recognised her mother from the past and immediately went to sit on her lap. The older woman asked the girl whether she could tell her about something that they both knew about from their past. Shanti reminded her that she had promised her on her deathbed that she would bring flowers and sweets to her for Lord Krishna. When the nine-year-old asked her whether she had kept this promise, her mother from the past had to admit to having forgotten about it. Then Shanti said with regret, "Why has no one kept their promises? Why do people always lie to the dying?" The woman now totally convinced by having publicly discussed the experiences she had shared with the girl in their past hugged her more intimately than ever. She was certain that this girl really was her daughter Lugdi. Suddenly the tears flowed and Shanti now greeted her father from the past, he too was touched and began to cry. The remaining people present were also moved to tears.

Shanti's present day parents had also accompanied their

daughter to Mathura and were witness to this moving scene. Mrs. Bahadur was in turmoil, since she was certain that her daughter would no longer wish to return to Delhi with her. She had found her previous mother and they were now hugging each other as though they would never again wish to be separated. Mrs. Bahadur turned to her husband in despair and said, "They want to rob us of our daughter. They are all part of this conspiracy." Shanti's previous mother sensed their fear and despair and said, "Let Shanti decide. Only she has the right to decide which family she wishes to live with." Mr. Bahadur, who had innately let go of his daughter, tried to comfort his wife by saying, "It is fate my dear, it is Karma. We are all subject to this law."

Everyone now gathered in the room and looked at Shanti with great anticipation, wondering what her decision would be. Meantime she had gathered her thoughts and wiped her tears. She freed herself from the arms of her previous mother and whispered to her and her father, "Forgive me mother Jagti and father Chaturbhuj," and then walked out through the door. Meanwhile the news of these events had spread far and wide. Everyone who heard about it wanted to see this girl. This made getting back to the station rather difficult.

Imagine, dear readers, hearing of something like this happening in your immediate neighbourhood. What would you have done? Would you have stayed at home telling yourself, "There are bound to be reporters at the scene, and they

will find out whether there's anything in this. I'm sure to read about it in tomorrow's newspapers." How the reporter writes about the event always defines our judgement of it. Please imagine that the reporter in question had a boss, who from the start considered reincarnation and all that to be utter nonsense, and who would put his energy into opposing it. How then would this newspaper report have turned out? What opinion would you then be able to form in your mind? Would it have been an objective view? Sadly reporters are often unable to recount the events the way they perceived and experienced them at the time. They too are subject to the guidelines laid down by their newspaper bosses. The bosses decide what to feed their readers and what should be conveyed as the truth. If a reporter does not keep to these rules, he is first warned and then if he continues to ignore the guidelines he is sacked. I know several journalists who are firm believers in reincarnation who have to hide their conviction, not daring to write about it, unless of course they worked for the popular press. These seem happy to embrace these kind of issues, since many readers know that there is more to life than schoolteachers would have us believe. Do you still wish to read more about Shanti Devi? I will presume you do.

Five years later, an inquisitive scientist decided to reopen the case of Shanti Devi, who by now had become famous in India. He wished to research her case in more depth. Dr. Bose looked up Shanti's previous husband to find out what he discussed with the girl on his first visit after retiring to

another room with her. Dr. Bose had reassured him that as a scientist he was curious to find out the truth about everything, including things like the intimate discussions with Shanti. Was it not Mr. Chobey who announced that he no longer doubted the validity of Shanti's statements? Mr. Chobey told him that to this day he has not wanted to talk to anyone else about these private discussions. Mr. Bose was to be the first person with whom he would be pleased to discuss the matter. He told him that he had asked Shanti to tell him about things that only she and he himself knew about. Shanti then suggested his present wife leave the room. He replied saying that she may speak freely in her presence. She then answered, "Ask me what you wish to know and I will answer everything." He reminded her about an accident that had caused her a lot of pain at the time. Shanti described the events in detail and could show him the exact place on her body where she had injured herself during a fall. These exact descriptions had completely convinced him of the truth of her claims.

Dr. Bose himself went to visit Shanti, who by now was quite older. He wanted to hear about the whole sequence of events surrounding her accident in her own words. As always she could remember everything clearly. Dr. Bose asked her, "Can you remember how you died and what you experienced after that?" At this point I became a little cautious as an author whether or not to repeat this conversation to anyone, knowing that for many of you these truths about life after death would be completely new. I assure you that I myself

have heard of such reports from hundreds of people whom I guided back to their previous lives, and whom I gave the opportunity to relive their physical deaths. In most cases I have no doubt about the validity of their experiences. Shanti described to Dr. Bose what she experienced during and after her death.

Shortly before her death she found herself surrounded by darkness. In the darkness she discovered a shining light above her. In a state, which could only be described as cloud-like, she had floated towards the light. She was no longer aware of her earthly body on the bed and therefore did not turn around to look at it. She no longer felt any pain. She found herself standing in the bright light. She could see four figures in yellow robes approaching her. They led her into a beautiful garden the likes of which she had never seen on earth. Her own comment about this was, "It was more beautiful than I could describe with words." The beings there appeared to be holy. They were of both sexes. She was told many things; for example the place where she now was there was no darkness and therefore no night exists, only light. She was told that we are all the same beings, so it makes no difference whether someone was Hindu, Muslim or Christian. After having spent a long time in this other world, she was told that she was to return to earth, and was to be born again as a girl in Delhi. She was also told the name of the father whose daughter she would be. She experienced the descent to earth as a path leading back into the darkness. When the somewhat sceptical Dr. Bose asked

the thirteen-year-old how she imagined it possible to see things without her five ordinary bodily senses after death, she answered that it was very difficult for her to explain to him exactly what she had experienced. She did tell him that without her physical body it was possible for her to see through walls, in other words, she could perceive things, which normally she was unable to see with her physical eyes. Apparently this experience was similar with all the senses.

It was only through the research of pioneers such as Dr. Elizabeth Kubler-Ross and Raymond Moody in the seventies that we got to hear of experiences which people had while clinically dead. This is to say, in a state where no heartbeat is felt and brain wave activity is no longer registered. These experiences and those of Shanti Devi who spoke of them over 40 years ago seemed to be the same.

Shanti Devi died in 1988. Because of her vows she made to her husband during her life as Lugdi, she never remarried. She was convinced that with this incarnation as Shanti Devi she had completed her earthly lives and would no longer have to return to earth. Professor Stephenson sees this particular case as a classic example in favour of reincarnation. The statements that Shanti Devi had made before her visit to Mathura have been documented by witnesses and proven to be correct. It was only afterwards that the details were double-checked at the place itself. It had not been possible for Shanti Devi to find out anything about what sort of

person her previous husband had been, nor about the place where he had lived. Her father had also never been to Mathura before. This has to be a very convincing case in favour of reincarnation.

Surely the American professor must have wished for the case of Shanti Devi to have occurred during the time when he was carrying out his research. He would certainly have researched every possible detail, using all his scientific means available. Instead he had the task of researching over 2500 cases and in his book he describes over 70 of them in detail. Most of these were from children who claimed to have lived before. During his life he travelled thousands of miles in order to investigate many cases that could possibly be linked to reincarnation.

In Brazil he heard of a case in which the dying person told someone else that she wanted to be reborn as her child. This wish then came about. I perceive that these wishes we make relating to a future life on earth frequently do come true. When taking people back through regression I have helped hundreds of them to relive their last moments before death. It is in these moments that the dying often seem to programme their next life on earth, either with thoughts or spoken words.

I WISH TO BE REBORN AS YOUR DAUGHTER

Maria Januarina Oliviero was the daughter of a wealthy Earl and landowner in south Brazil. Her friends called her Sinha (pronounced Sinja). Her friend Ida lived in far simpler conditions than she did. She was the wife of Mr. Lorenz, originally from German and now a schoolteacher in this area. Their homes were approximately 20 kilometres apart. In 1918 when Sinha was 28, she fell ill with tuberculosis, which in those days was a practically incurable disease. On her deathbed she told her friend Ida that she wished to be reborn as her daughter and informed her that, “When I return as your daughter I will tell you about the secret of rebirth. I will then tell you many things about my present life so that you will know the truth of it for yourself.”⁷

Ten months later Ida Lorenz gave birth to a healthy daughter who was given the name Marta. When she was still very young and could only speak a few words, the landowner Mr. de Oliviero, accompanied by another man, came to visit the Lorenz family for a short while. Even though the man, who accompanied Mr. de Oliviero addressed the child in a friendly manner, she turned from him and immediately ran up to Mr. de Oliviero hugged him, lovingly stroked his beard and called him *Papa*.

When Marta was about two-and-a-half years old she asked her older sister Lola to carry her. When she refused the little girl said, “When I was big and you were little I often carried

you.” “When were you big?” asked her sister in return. “I didn’t live here then. I lived far away from here where there were cows, oxen, oranges and goats which weren’t really goat’s.” (She meant sheep but didn’t know the right word.) When Lola told her parents about the things her younger sister had told her they were surprised, but put these statements down to imagination. They had not told their children anything about Sinha’s intension of being reborn to them as their daughter.

After this, Lorenz carried out his own investigation into his youngest daughter’s past. He told her he had never lived anywhere where there were ‘goat’s which were not goat’s’, to which the little girl replied, “Well, I had different parents in those days.” One of her sisters jokingly asked whether she used to have a black servant girl like the one they now have. Marta then told her that she used to have a male black servant, a female black cook and a black servant boy. One day the boy was beaten by her father for forgetting to fetch water. Her father interrupted her saying, “But I have never beaten a black boy.” “It was my other father who hit him,” the little girl added quickly. “The black boy begged me saying, “Sinhazinha help me!” I begged my father not to hit him. He let him go and the boy ran away to fetch water.” Her father inquired further, “Did he fetch the water from a stream?” “No, no,” explained the girl, “there was no stream only a spring.” Her father who knew what the de Olivieros family was like, knew that these statements were true. He then wanted to know who this Sinha or Sinhazinha was,

(pronounced Sinjazinja, a shortened version of the first name, which means white cat.) “That was me. I also had another name. I was called Maria. I even had another name which I’ve forgotten now.”

As you can see, we are not dealing with Marta mind reading, since Mr. Lorenz did not know Maria’s full name. He also remembered nothing of the beatings that Mr. de Oliviero had dealt the coloured boy, but Maria’s father later confirmed this fact. In the light of this evidence we seem to be dealing with a genuine case of reincarnation.

Mr. Lorenz now began to write down all statements and information relating to Marta’s past life. It was only a matter of time before he had noted down 120 such pieces of information using German shorthand. Sadly someone in his family decided they were worthless pieces of paper and threw them away. Had this information been kept we would be dealing with one of the most thoroughly documented cases of a child’s past life memories. Mr. Lorenz later tried to write down some of these statements from memory. Much of what Marta talked about was new to the Lorenz family, since they rarely got to hear much about the relationships and events taking place at Sinha’s house.

One day Mrs. Lorenz asked her youngest daughter how she had welcomed her when she visited her as Sinha. Marta replied that she used to put the gramophone on just to please her. Only Mrs. Lorenz could have known of this incident since she had not talked to anyone else in the family

about it. Another day when a woman belonging to her past family came to visit, the girl recognised her immediately calling her by her name. When the woman was then told that Marta was her recently deceased Aunt Maria she asked the girl, "If you were really Sinha, tell me how we were related to each other." Marta then told her that she had been her cousin and also her Godchild.

Marta begged her parents to take her to visit her father. When she was 12 years old she was finally granted her wish. It was only on this occasion that Mr. De Oliviero discovered that the Lorenz's youngest daughter was in fact his daughter Maria reborn. Finally he was completely convinced of this fact when he saw Marta going through the house making comments about all the changes, and stopping in front of a wall clock saying, "This used to be my clock. My name is engraved on the back in gold letters." Later they took the clock down and to their amazement they found the name Maria Januarina de Oliviero on the back in gold letters.

Even though Marta had been 12 years old when she remembered those details in Mr. de Oliviero's house, her memories of her past life as Maria had gradually begun to dry up from the age of seven onwards. When Professor Stevenson visited the now married Marta in Porto Allegre in 1962, she had apparently forgotten many things from her past life. None the less she was able to tell him the exact details of her last months as Maria, especially concerning

the events surrounding her illness. This was of particular interest to him since he was a doctor.

When Marta had grown up, some of the older people who had known Maria noticed how similar the two were, even their handwriting was almost identical. Maria had died of tuberculosis as well as severe throat problems, and Marta seemed to have inherited these for the pain in her larynx was often so bad that even as a child she sometimes spoke with a very hoarse voice, or lost it altogether.

When Stevenson looked her up once more in 1972, in order to collect more evidence for his research, he was amazed how many details were still surfacing from her subconscious. For example, Maria's teacher, whom she had fallen in love with and had wanted to marry, had taken his own life after Maria's father had refused to consent to their marriage out of pure snobbery.

Even as a young girl Marta knew that one-day this beloved teacher named Florzinho would be reborn to her as her child. She did in fact bear two sons, but they both died shortly after birth. She is convinced that she gave birth to Florzinho twice in a row, because both babies had the same birthmarks in exactly the same place on their heads as her beloved Florzinho once had.

We will later explore the meaning of birthmarks and especially congenital deformities, since these revealed some of the most convincing evidence of reincarnation. But now

I wish to draw your attention to a case in which an unborn soul announces its wish to be reborn to a particular woman, telling her that she would recognise him by his scars. Professor Stevenson examined this case, which took place in South Eastern Alaska.

I WILL RETURN AS YOUR NEXT SON

The case of the Indian boy Corliss is one of my favourites to discuss during my lectures on reincarnation, since it has many interesting aspects to it. This boy belonged to a tribe of Tlingit Indians, of whom approximately 7000 still live in their original region of South Eastern Alaska. The belief in reincarnation is widely accepted in that region, as is the case among many Indians and Eskimo tribes; *belief* having become *knowing*.

Victor Vincent was a Tlingit fisherman. During the years before his death he visited his niece Corliss Chotkin Sen more and more frequently. She was the daughter of his sister, Gertrude. He seemed to be very fond of his niece and especially their youngest daughter whom he believed to be the reincarnation of his sister Gertrude. In other words, the daughter was her own grandmother, who had been Victor Vincent's sister.

About a year before his death Victor told his niece the following, "I will return as your next son. I hope I won't be stuttering as much then as I do now. Your son will bear these

scars. He lifted his shirt to reveal a scar on his back, which had remained visible years after having had an operation. There were also needle marks clearly visible around this scar. Then Victor pointed to another scar from an operation, which he had on his nose. He said that this too would identify him in his next life as her son. He also told his niece why he wants to be reborn to her. "I know that with you I will be well looked after. You won't go off getting drunk." Sadly there were many alcoholics among his relations for alcohol had become a curse among his people. In many ways modern living had separated them from their traditions or brought them into conflict with them. On my travels around the world I have experienced many such examples of devastation where modern influences have had disastrous effects on indigenous people.

Eighteen months after Victor's death, Chotkin Sen gave birth to a boy, who was given his father's name Corliss Chotkin junior. His parents were convinced that their son was Uncle Victor reborn, since he was born with exactly those scars he had shown them before his death, namely on his nose and back.

When he was 13 months old his mother tried to help him pronounce his name Corliss. The boy suddenly pointed to himself saying, "Me Kakhody!" This had been the name of Vincent's tribe. Since he corrected every one who called him Corliss with the name Kakhody, this name finally stuck. When an aunt visited his mother and was told about Corliss

being Vincent reborn, the woman said, "I knew it. After his death Victor appeared to me in a dream and said that he was now incarnating in your body so that he could be your son." The mother had waited in vain for such a dream since it was very common among them for the souls seeking to reincarnate to announce their arrival in a dream.

When Corliss was two years old he travelled to the neighbouring seaside town with his mother. Unexpectedly they met a young woman, and before any words were exchanged the little boy called out her name. He was so happy he jumped with joy calling her by her Tlingit name. For this woman had been his stepdaughter in his previous life. A little later the boy caught sight of a man among the pedestrians, pointed at him and said to his mother, "There's my son William."

A year later Mrs. Chotkin took her son along to a big Tlingit gathering. Among the many people present he saw an elderly woman and said, "That's the old dame. That's my Rose." This woman had been his previous wife, whom he used to call 'old dame' when he was Victor. In the years that followed Corliss recognised several of Victor's relatives and friends, calling them not only by their Christian names, but also by the name of the tribe they belonged to.

Corliss once talked about something he had experienced as Victor. One day he had taken his fishing boat far out into one of the wide coves when his motor suddenly failed. He was tossed about in the waves having no control. When he

saw a boat he put on a Salvation army uniform which he had on board since he thought that no one would take any notice of a waving Indian in a boat. To his amazement the boat came closer and took his boat in tow. Uncle Victor had told the story in the presence of Mrs. Chotkin a long time ago, but she was sure that no one could have told Corliss about it. Another time he said to his mother, "When the 'old dame' and me used to visit you we always slept in this room." Saying this he pointed to a room which was now used for other purposes. This too was true.

Many such memories would surface in him unexpectedly. When he was nine his memories of his previous life began to disappear. When Stevenson interviewed Corliss at the age of 15, the boy claimed not to be able to remember anything from his past life. All too often the diligent investigator Stevenson has failed to meet children at an age when they still had direct access to memories of their past lives. Therefore in many cases he has had to rely on other people telling him things afterwards. Most of the children who remember past lives begin to talk about these when they are about two years old. But after the age of six the memories usually become less frequent, and by the age of nine are often completely gone.

We have not yet finished the story about the Indian boy Corliss. Mrs. jockey Chotkin had always combed her son's hair to the back. Corliss always combed it to the front just like his deceased great-uncle used to do. He also had a

stutter like him, just as he had mentioned to his niece in his previous life. When he was ten years old he started having speech therapy. This seemed to have cured him because when Stevenson spoke with him he no longer stuttered. Victor had been a very religious man, which was why he had joined the Salvation army. Corliss also developed similar views on life, which became noticeable when he avidly started reading the Bible and later decided to look for a Bible school. Victor had been a keen fisherman. He used to say that he would be happy to spend all his life out at sea. He had also been very good at fixing boat engines and anything involving the use of his hands. He could not have inherited this from his father since he apparently had no such skills. Corliss was also left-handed just like Victor had been.

If we stop to look at these statements a little more closely, we could well come to the conclusion that we bring our talents, peculiarities and physical attributes with us from our past lives, rather than inheriting them all from our parents. Think about which characteristics you have obviously inherited from your parents genetically and which completely different ones you were born with. These could possibly be ones you had in a previous life and have now brought these talents and characteristics with you into your present life.

It is important to note that Stevenson always inspected extremely carefully the birthmarks that babies were born with. The mark on the base of Corliss' nose was from a

small operation that Victor had undergone in hospital in 1938. This mark was still visible after the operation, during which they had removed the right tear duct. But the larger mark on the back was not typical of a usual birthmark. It was about 2.5 centimetres long, dark in colour, slightly raised and about 0.5 centimetres wide. Stevenson writes,⁸ “Along the edges of the main scar I could see small round marks on both sides. Four of these were in a straight line along one side like needle wounds received during surgery.” Corliss must have scratched the scar for it was often inflamed. Stevenson had the hospital send him a detailed account of Victor Vincent’s operation. Corliss’ scar on his back perfectly matched the one Victor had been left with after his surgical operation. This case presents us with clear evidence in favour of reincarnation.

The great research scientist Stevenson has even more proof on offer, which I will speak about in detail in this book. We will now turn our attention to a case, which one of his students and research partners investigated in India using Stevenson’s methods.

I DROWNED IN A WELL WHEN I WAS A YOUNG GIRL

The girl Manju Sharma was born in 1969 in a small village called Pasaulie in the state of Uttar Pradesh. She was born to a poor Brahmin family. When she was about two years

old she began to talk about being from Chaumula (a neighbouring village approximately 5-6 kilometres away). She mentioned the names of both her father and brother from her previous life and said that her father had a shop. She spoke in detail about the day she died. As a nine-year-old girl she had just come home from school and had gone to the well to wash a statue of God. She had lost her balance and had fallen into the well and drowned. She gave her parents clear descriptions of her previous home, but her parents did not pursue the matter, since they thought that their daughter was probably making it all up. Perhaps they vaguely suspected that she could be telling the truth, and that she might be homesick for her previous family and wanted to return to them.

A few months later a man rode into their village on a bicycle to do some business. Later on, as he was about to get back on his cycle, the little girl Manju came running up to him, held on to his bicycle and said, "You are my uncle!" He then answered, "I don't know you. Whose daughter are you?" To which Manju replied, "You don't know me, but I know you. You are my father's brother. My father's name is Ladali Saran." The man was baffled since this name was correct. He assumed she was one of his brother's children, but could not remember which one of them for the moment. He asked her how she came to be in this village. To this the two-year-old explained that she had fallen into the well when she was washing her statue. Only now did Babu Ram (this was his name) realise that she must be talking about a past life, for

he remembered that one of his brother's daughters really had drowned in the well.

When Manju begged him to take her home with him, he promised her that he would do this some other day. When he returned to Chaumula he told his brother's family all about this encounter in Pasauli.

The first person to go and investigate this case was the drowned girl's mother (her daughter's name had been Krishna). She was intent on finding out, whether this story really had something to do with her sadly missed child. When she returned to her family, she assured them that the girl really was her daughter reborn. Next Krishna's brother went off to find out for himself whether the girl's statements were true. He soon returned utterly convinced. By now even the father was keen to find out whether or not the girl really was his deceased daughter reborn. On meeting her he asked her many questions about the life of his deceased daughter, all of which the girl was able to answer correctly. Krishna's parents now begged Manju's parents to allow them to take their daughter on a visit to Chaumula. They agreed to this under one condition, that her brother could accompany them. When they arrived at her previous home Manju recognised many things, especially those that had belonged to her.

When the parapsychologist Dr. Pasricha visited the now eight year old Manju, she was told that Manju still visits her previous parents in their village from time to time. The

research scientist was able to establish for certain that neither of the families had known of each other before these events occurred. This fact brought her to the conclusion that no information could have been transferred to Manju consciously or subconsciously. Dr. Pasricha was able to verify 19 out of 23 statements that Manju had made. The remaining four could not be proved. Manju married in 1988 but still remained in contact with her previous family. By that time she had forgotten most of the details from her past life apart from those relating to her tragic death.

I would like to point out something of interest. Manju had always refused to go to the well. Reincarnation therapy has made it clear to me that certain things, situations or people which had something to do with the cause of our death in a previous life, seem to create inexplicable aversions in our present lives. Our subconscious wants to protect us from getting into a similar potentially harmful situation again. Think about it for a moment, what do you have an aversion to? The more acute these are, the more devastating the event must have been that imprinted itself on your subconscious.

After Dr. Pasricha had meticulously researched many cases of reincarnation among children, she wanted to determine how many Indians were able to remember past lives at a young age. She trained a large team of helpers for this investigation. From 1978 to 1979 this team of helpers questioned 8611 people in nine villages in the province of

Agra. They asked them whether as a child they were able to remember past lives and whether they talked about this to anyone at the time.

Nineteen people claimed to have been able to recall past lives while they were children. Now came the task of asking their relatives and acquaintances whether they could remember this person as a child making comments about their past life. All 19 cases were verified. If we were to do some calculations we could arrive at the conclusion that one in 450 Indians remembers a past life and had talked about it to others during their childhood. The scientist Dr. Pasricha commented saying, "These numbers are only a rough guide. We must not generalise since this investigation only covered a small area."⁹ Those of us who are involved in spreading the truth must be thankful for the work of such dedicated scientists as Stevenson, Pasricha, Banerjee, Haraldsson and many others. All of them use scientific means to get to the truth about reincarnation in order to establish whether such a thing as repeated lives on earth really exist.

Now let us look at another research scientist, originally a colleague of Stevenson, who later carried out his own research projects on the subject of reincarnation, and later gained a teaching qualification at the University of California. He is also the publisher of the *Journal of parapsychology*.

THE BOY WHO CRIED OUT FOR HIS DAUGHTER IN HIS SLEEP

The Indian professor Dr. H. N. Banerjee, who apart from Professor Stevenson and Professor Haroldsson is probably the most well-known research scientist on the subject of reincarnation, became famous in the USA by bringing the case of Joe Wilke to the attention of the public.

A three-year-old girl from Iowa suddenly told her parents that she used to be called Joe Wilke. She was growing up in a strictly Catholic family in which any discussion on the subject of reincarnation was forbidden. The girl also told her parents that her wife was called Sheila and that they had both been fatally injured in a motorbike accident on the 20th July 1975 in Brookfield Illinois. Professor Banerjee had heard of the claims this girl had made and asked her to tell him everything once more. He then wrote to Dr. Adrian Finkelstein, who was living in Chicago, asking him to find out whether there was any truth in what the girl was saying. Dr. Adrian Finkelstein wrote back saying: The police investigation stated that a Joseph Wilke and his wife from Brookfield had died on the 20th July 1975 at 5:33pm in an accident involving his Honda motorbike.

A sceptic could well say that someone was playing games with Dr. Banerjee by telling a three-year-old girl about an accident he had heard about, and then telling the girl to recount the story to the research scientist as if it was her

own from a past life. A little girl would not fool Professor Banerjee, an experienced research scientist. I will now tell you about another case that this Professor investigated, and which in my eyes is even stronger proof of reincarnation.

In Adana, on the southern coast of Turkey, lived Mehemet Altinklish and his family. One-day his two-year-old son said to him, "I don't want to live here any more. I want to go back to my home and children." His father said, "What did you just say Ismail?" "Don't call me Ismail, my name is Abeit," the child replied. His father then wanted to know from where he got these ideas. His son explained that his real name was Abeit Suzulmus and that he had been the owner of a large garden nursery until three men had broken in and killed him.

His father clearly remembered that several months before the birth of his son, a man named Abeit Suzulmus, the owner of a large garden centre who lived just over a kilometer away from Mr. Altinklish had been killed with an iron bar by three men. There had been many newspaper reports about this incident, which had happened on the 31st January 1956. Mr. Suzulmus had employed three men who applied for a job in one of his garden centres. These three men had locked him into a shed and had murdered him. After that they had broken into the house and had killed his second wife and her two children. The three murderers were caught. After a sensational trial two of them were hanged, while the third died in prison.

Ismail continued to insist that he is Abeit and repeatedly begged his father to take him to his previous home. He often cried out in his sleep, "Gulsarin! Gulsarin!" and woke up crying. His parents knew that this person he was calling in his sleep was his daughter from his past life, since he had told his parents about her. When Ismail was three years old his father finally agreed for him to be taken to the house of the murdered gardener.

Eleven people accompanied him. Ismail insisted that no one should show him where the house is, for he claimed he could find his way there. Even though his companions tried to mislead him several times Ismail continued on his way knowing exactly where he was going. The boy had never walked this way before.

When they had entered the house there were about 30 people waiting for them. They wanted to put the boy to the test to see whether he would recognise members of his former family. He immediately went up to one of the women, called her by name and told the others that this was his first wife. Then he saw his former daughter whom he had called out by name with such longing in his sleep. The same happened with his second daughter and his son who were also present. Finally he said, "Now I want to show you where I was murdered." He led them to the shed in which the brutal crime had been committed. There he pointed out certain things that had since changed.

All these events occurred in a Moslem country in which the Islamic Church forbids the belief in reincarnation and has certainly never taught it. There are smaller sects such as the Alevites and the Sufis, who do believe in reincarnation.

The newspapers published two articles about this family reunion. One story read as follows: The boy Ismail had recognised an ice cream vendor and had called him by name asking him, "Do you remember me?" The man said no, and Ismail continued, "I am Abeit. In the past you used to sell watermelons and vegetables instead of ice-cream." The salesman agreed that this was so. The boy also told him that he had been the one who had circumcised him long ago. By now the ice-cream salesman was also convinced that this boy had really been the nursery owner he had once known.

One day Ismail met a man and reminded him that he had lent him some money when he was Abeit, and that he still owed this money to the Suzulmus family. The man agreed that this was true. Another time he saw a man who was leading a cow on a rope. Ismail talked to him and asked whether that was the 'yellow one' that used to belong to Mr. Suzulmus. The man told him it was.

Professor Banerjee is absolutely convinced that none of these stories were invented. The two families had nothing to gain by telling lies, since that could well bring them into conflict with their religious leaders. When Professor Banerjee was investigating this case and was interviewing the families, he

was asked to keep quiet about the things he was told. Besides those families avoided each other. The murder victim's family was probably accusing Ismail's family of having started all this talk.

As you can see from this story, children's memories of past lives are not restricted to countries in which the belief in reincarnation is common, but are also found in those where such a belief is frowned upon.¹⁰ Let us now have a look at Sri Lanka, a country in which the belief in reincarnation forms an important part of the state religion. I am now going to introduce you to the famous Professor of Parapsychology and Reincarnation. His name is Professor Erlendur Haraldsson. In 1992 he was asked as Congress reporter to bear witness to my group regression, in front of an audience of approximately 400 people in Dusseldorf. The question addressed during this Congress was: *Is there life after death?*

THE GIRL WHO COMPLETED A DRAWING FROM HER PREVIOUS LIFE

When Dilukshi was two years old her parents became rather disturbed by the fact that she always called them aunt and uncle instead of mother and father. The child also repeatedly begged them to take her home to her real parents in Dambulla. Her parents scolded her for talking such nonsense, but the child was quick-witted saying, "My real

parents never scolded me, instead they called me ‘darling’ and ‘dear little daughter’.” She also told her parents that she had drowned in the river near the village. Finally her parents went to seek advice from the monks in the nearby monastery. They were so fascinated by this case that they told Mr. Abeypala, the journalist. He then wrote an article for the *Weekend* magazine telling the girl’s story.

A rice farmer from Dambulla read this report. It reminded him of his daughter Shiromi, who had drowned in a nearby river on 19th September 1983, which was one year before Dilukshi’s birth. The farmer and his wife wrote to the newspaper telling them about the death of their daughter, and also of their willingness to be introduced to the girl. I can well imagine how pleased the journalist must have been, to be given the opportunity to research this case for his newspaper. As a journalist he was used to reporting on past events, whereas this case was yet to unfold.

The journalist arranged to meet Dilukshi and her parents, and together they drove about 100 kilometres, which brought them within walking distance of the village. From there they walked the last few kilometres along the paddy fields. The journalist’s report went as follows: “This was a strange story – to be reborn and then to find her parents from a previous life once more. Things like this are extremely rare, even in Sri Lanka. I was fortunate enough to be witness to the girl recognising her parents from the past. She not only recognised them, but also her brother, her sister, her

aunt and her grandmother. I was witness to all of this. I had seen enough not to need any further proof." They then fetched the toys and clothes that had belonged to the deceased girl, all of which Dilukshi recognised immediately. Apart from her clothes there was her drinking flask for school, her blackboard, her pencils her sunglasses and many other things. When she was given a book of her drawings from the past, she found one that she had not been able to finish at the time, so she immediately sat down and completed the picture.

When Dr. Haroldsson later heard about these events, he wanted to carry out further investigations using all the scientific means available to him. He claimed that this case was lacking in hard evidence. He thought the girl should have been presented with all sorts of things, instead of only her own. In this way she could then have been asked to point out the ones she recognised as her own from her past life. They had missed a good opportunity, but there was still enough material that could be used as evidence for this case. For instance, when the girl was taken down to the river, she pointed out the exact place where she had drowned. She picked up a stone and threw it in that direction full of contempt. Children often react like this in situations where they want to demonstrate their anger.

Some years later, when Professor Haraldsson took the English publisher Jeffrey Iverson to show him the river, he mentioned that before Dilukshi was taken there, she had

mentioned seeing a suspension bridge directly above the place where she had drowned. By the time she was taken there the bridge had been demolished. Even so her claims had been correct. Before being taken to the river Dilukshi had also mentioned that the roof of her parents house could be seen when standing on a small rock. When Mr. Iverson stood on the rock, sure enough he could see the roof of the house. During a film that Mr. Iverson was making based on the theme of reincarnation, Dilukshi and her parents were asked for their co-operation. The girl felt completely at home with her previous family, and had brought her 'parents' a small present. Geoffrey Iverson realised that he had witnessed a family reunion that was both joyful and sad. The rice farmer's family must have rejoiced at the fact that their deceased daughter was once more alive, but may have been a little saddened by the fact that she now belonged to another family.

Professor Haraldsson informed the English journalist, that there are 17 proven facts regarding this case, 15 of which have yet to be proven for certain. Dilukshi had talked about a vegetable stall, which now no longer existed. She had also mentioned that the owner had been a very thin young man, but until now no one had been able to trace a man of this description. Haraldsson showed the film crew where the shop had once been, at which moment a thin young man happened to come out of his house. Professor Haraldsson asked the young man whether he used to sell vegetables here. The man told them that that was correct. When asked about

Shiromi, he said that he remembered her well, since she regularly used to come into his shop. When they asked him about the thin young man Dilukshi had talked about, he explained that he was that man and that he had always been called the 'thin brother'.¹¹

My guess is that after hearing of such extensive evidence, the possibility of returning to earth again and again will have become far more feasible. For some reason, every case seems to have a few gaps in the evidence for which we are sometimes unable to find the missing links. Even so, I am convinced that if you read all the evidence available to you in this book, you will no longer be able to deny the existence of reincarnation.

A BOY DISCOVERS THE NAME OF HIS MURDERER FROM THE PAST

In December 1983 a boy named Titu Singh was born in a village near Agra. At the age of four he began to insist that his name was Suresh Verma, and that his wife Uma and his two children lived in Agra and were owners of a radio shop. He begged his present parents to take him back home and continued to reject them as his real parents. The entire family was tired with the intense behaviour of the boy, who insisted on being called Suresh and continually asked to go to Agra. He also talked about having been murdered by two men. He could clearly remember what had happened to him:

One day as he had arrived home in his car and had sounded his horn so that his wife would open the gate, two men came running towards him and had shot him in the head. He knew the names of the two men. The one that had fired the shot was a businessman called Sedick Johaadien.

During a stay in Agra, Titus's older brother went to find out whether there really was a radio shop with the name his younger brother had mentioned. To his amazement he actually found a radio shop with the name 'Suresh radio shop'. He went in and asked to see Suresh Verma. He was told that Suresh had been the owner of the shop but had died several years ago. When he asked for more information about the owner's cause of death, he was advised to go and visit the deceased man's widow Uma Verma.

Uma Verma told him that her husband had been shot in front of their house after returning home in his car. No one knew who had shot him and therefore the murder had been unsolved.

Titu's brother then informed Uma that his little brother claims to be her deceased husband. He told her everything that Titu had talked about at home. Suresh's widow now insisted on going to see the boy herself. She also told the rest of her family about this incident, so Suresh's parents and his three brothers all decided to join her.

When Titu saw his parents and his wife he was so happy he ran up to them and hugged them all. Then he drummed

on a stool with his hands to vent his joy just like Suresh used to do when he was a child. A decision was made with his parent's permission to take Titu to Agra to confirm his past life memories.

Once they had arrived there his brothers wanted him to show them the way to the radio shop. They tried to mislead him on purpose, but the four-year-old was not fooled. Even when they told the driver to drive faster as they were approaching the shop, the boy suddenly shouted, "Stop! This is where my shop is!" After the boy had recognised several things from his past, his family was completely convinced that Titu really was their previously murdered son Suresh reborn. When Professor Chatdah from the University of Delhi heard of this incident he immediately showed great interest in the case. He visited Suresh's widow Uma and asked her what it was that had finally convinced her that this boy really was her deceased husband reborn. She said that when she described an incident that only she and her husband knew anything about, Titu was able to remember it clearly. It had been about Titu having given his wife a big bag of sweets when they were out on a picnic.

Professor Chatdah must have told his colleague Professor Stevenson about this case, for Stevenson sent his colleague Antonia Mills to Agra to continue the research with Professor Chatdah. They wanted to clear their doubts regarding the authenticity of this case. All their research confirmed that they were dealing with an authentic case of

reincarnation. Naturally they also inspected Titu's head to see if he had any scars or birthmarks relating to the shot in the head that had killed him in his previous life. To their amazement they found a dent on the right side of his head which was precisely like the mark a bullet entering the skull would leave. On the other side of his head where the bullet had left the skull in his previous life, they found a star shaped scar. The wound would naturally have been bigger than the one on the other side of Suresh's head, since a bullet leaving the skull would have made a larger hole than the one entering it.

Dear readers, aren't you left speechless after reading about this case? Naturally this is no proof for the hardened critic who doubts everything that reincarnation may try to prove. By the way, I forgot to mention that Titu later remembered the name of his murderer, and when the Agra police questioned the man he confessed to the murder.¹²

I think I have given you enough examples of children's memories of past lives. I could tell you dozens more interesting cases that have served as evidence of reincarnation. I will come back to the subject of children's memories later in order to give you the final evidence. Please allow me to present you with some cases of adults' memories of past lives.