



**Do you ever wish
you could step outside
this world
for a little fresh perspective?**

**Now you can
with
“the guy who was supposed to die!”**

“You don’t have a life contract anymore,” Henion was told in channeling.

“Why,” he asked.

After a long pause, the answer came back, *“It ended a couple years ago.”*

Hunt Henion studied the bible, took Unity Church courses, got initiated into Transcendental Meditation, practiced Buddhism, served as a cleric for Eckankar, and got a PhD in Religious Studies. Still, he never got all his questions answered until he met and married a woman who channels.

After studying religion and philosophy his entire life, a light went on when Hunt learned that he had accomplished the extremely rare feat of outliving his contracted departure date from Earth. Suddenly, doors began to open, and Henion became privy to a perspective that even the best minds on earth don’t normally acquire until after they die.

He saw many of his past lives, including a very peculiar one in which he was the model for Cervantes’s Don Quixote. Henion also saw how his past lives connect to each other, revealing the secret purpose behind all of his reincarnations and hinting at the universal purpose of life.

All of Henion’s books discuss this purpose and illustrate it with present and past life experiences. However, [*The Don Q Point of View*](#) is the one place where he lays out most of his significant past life experiences in consecutive order. This preview eBook summarizes many of the lives and lessons of the world’s MOST Quixotic character.

Reincarnation Stories and Secrets

A preview sampling of *The Don Q Point of View*

By Hunt Henion

[Shift Awareness Books](#)

A firsthand account of the world's most Quixotic character



By Hunt Henion, PhD

“...his character’s evolving consciousness in sequential lifetimes suggests a karmic series of actions and consequences. This pattern is compatible with the most robust cases evaluated by the Reincarnation Experiment. It suggests that linear reincarnation is essential to the evolution of consciousness in a self-learning universe. --Paul Von Ward, author of *The Soul Genome: Science and Reincarnation*.

This official quote was followed by a note from Paul von Ward to the author saying: “Hunt, you have not only given us a good and instructive narrative, but a collection of keen insights into the dynamics of reincarnation.”

“The past lifetimes presented in this preview of *The Don Q Point of View*, are fascinating and resonate with the universal quest for truth, freedom and love, we all aspire to achieve in the spirit of [Don Quijote de la Mancha, pursuing The Impossible Dream....](#)—Adrian Finkelstein, M.D.; Past life regression therapist

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Introduction

I know of many other past lives I'd rather talk about than the one where I lost it the most. Still, that life begs the spotlight because of the mixed messages Cervantes imbedded into his masterpiece and the confusion that resulted ever since. Also, I feel compelled to try to add a little bit of credibility to the real life Quixote's conviction in "the impossible dream."

Many have struggled to understand whether it's better to believe in common sense reality or the vision Quixote presented ever since Cervantes first introduced his character to the world. There's something about Quixote's message that feels like a reality more powerful than the one everyone else knows.

The Don Q point of View sheds light on this message by showing where Cervantes's writings depart from the real life of his main character and his companions. It retells some of Miguel's stories about me the way I remember them, and I discuss things that Cervantes couldn't at the time because of his fear of retribution by those who expected his loyalty.

It illustrates Q's quirks and excesses up close and personal. I also share some insight into the motivations for some of his most bizarre actions as I fill out the character of this very real person. We'll explore his vision. Then, in typical Quixote tradition, I let my hopes for realizing impossible dreams overwhelm my common sense, and hope that they'll meet with a warmer reception today than they did 400 years ago.

However, for now, let's get to know our main character like no one in this quixotic world has ever been able to. Q's early childhood does little to explain the depth and convolution of his character. Why was the Don so obsessed? Why was he oblivious to the realities and priorities of most people and completely alone in his recognition of others? The answer to those questions and others requires a story that began thousands of years earlier.

Building of the World's Most Quixotic Character

Countless civilizations fly by as I look back through the misty annals of history to find the beginning to best explain what made Don Q the man he was. The fall of man from the Golden Age back in ancient Mesopotamia, about 5000 BC, calls to me, crying out as a baseline from which to measure the changing mass perceptions of reality. It might make a good story to discuss how egos rose and why the sense of peace and oneness fell. However, I'm better qualified to stick more closely to events that strictly relate to the making of the character that, thanks to Miguel de Cervantes, has become widely known as Don Quixote.

Many amazing stories whiz by, regrettably destined to remain hidden in the annals of time as I come to the beginning of my story about 3000 BC in ancient Canaan. For all relevant purposes, this is ground zero—the site of the first event, which set karmic forces in motion to establish the real life Quixote's passionate motivation. Ironically, Q's intensity first began to ignite during a previous life as a young girl.

I had just returned home from the leisurely and playful completion of my daily chores. My mother and I were sitting down to dinner when we heard a knock at the door. I ran along with my mom as she opened it to find an old friend of my fathers standing there, greatly disturbed. His anguish was a sharp contrast to the peaceful dusk behind him. Since he never managed to say anything, finally my mother greeted him with the typical salutation of the time: "May the deities preserve you and give you peace." Then she invited him in, but he shook his head and finally managed to give us his news. My father had been ambushed on his way to Egypt. All the goods he was taking to market were stolen, and he was killed.

My mother and I cried all night. Gradually, my mourning turned to anger as I realized who was probably responsible. All doubts were extinguished when that horrible man showed up at our door the next day to claim his prize. He was a priest and a horribly evil man who had been jealous of the recognition my father had been getting for his cabalistic magic.

He was coveted my father's wife, my mother. I knew this, and I think he might have known I knew. Maybe he was afraid I'd make trouble, or maybe he just wanted to get rid of me. Young, healthy girls fetched a good price from Egyptians. They showed up that same day, hauled me off kicking and screaming, and I never saw my mother again.

During the rest of my life as a slave, I replayed the events of that day and the evening before, over and over in my mind. Why did my father have to die? Why were I and my mother at the mercy of these bad people? Anger turned cold over the years, and I died with the resolute desire to never be vulnerable to anyone again.

Fast forward a bit and we find a typical life resulting from that resolution. The main thing which makes this life different from the countless ones which came before it is that this was the scene of my next turning point. The morning of that pivotal point, however, began like most others:

The sounds of swords clashing from our practice at dawn still rang in my ears. I could still feel the shock waves in my hands and arms from the powerful stokes of metal against metal. The focus and intensity of combat was still in my heart, as it almost always was. Memories of cutting down innumerable enemies filled my mind as I marched into position with the rest of the legionnaires.

The sky was blue, and the earth was at peace as we marched clanging and clamoring over it. Spotting squirrels, birds and three deer, all naked before the world, I became very conscious of my uncomfortable Roman armor. The calm harmony of the natural world was a sharp contrast to the anger and ambition in the faces of the men around me.

Still, this is what I was trained for, and I was well trained! I had survived many such campaigns with all my limbs intact. I'd seen countless groups of recruits taken from their homes to train and lie down their lives for their country. I had advanced in rank over the years, and the promise of bequeathed land, a reward for my service, loomed on the horizon. Still, soldiering was all I really knew. I really couldn't imagine being anything but a soldier, and my only sure reward for my service was my continued survival.

I marched off to battle that day with these thoughts and a sad resolution about all of life as I knew it on my mind. The vision of a little boy who was left crying in the road as his father marched out of town haunted me. Faces of many miserable, fatherless children who resulted wherever the army marched also filled my mind. Shame at the selfishness of men gripped me, but was instinctively shut out when the command to "charge" was given.

I quickly dispatched many of the enemy; men, who were not that much different from myself. I grew tired after a dozen or so, but being a well trained killing machine, I continued, shutting out fatigue and pain.

Finally, as the enemy thinned out, I found myself close to the top of a hill when I spotted a deer running in the nearby forest. Calm captured my heart. I eased up on my focus, and let my intensity wane just for an instant, knowing the likely lethal consequences for that decision. But it was time. I had had enough.

I felt more relief than shock when I was cut down, and left on the ground to slowly bleed to death. I lay there listening to all the anger and anguish around me and looked forward to peace as my life slowly drained away.

"As he lay dieing on the battlefield, he asked himself why—not why he was dying, but why he had lived at all." From *Man of La Mancha*

Much later, I knew why. But I still don't know whether many of the images used to explain it to me came from my memories or imaginings. That happens a lot, and the answer I always get is that the lesson is the only important reality. I seem to remember many lifetimes as first a Greek and then a Roman soldier leading up to this life. I was never quite good enough, so I kept coming back and kept getting better. I reincarnated with more focus and more intensity each time, until I was finally unbeatable.

That death on the hill seemed like a good ending to that lesson on invulnerability to me. However, Jesse (who speaks through my wife) told me that I came back again as a general who sacked Rome. Actually, he said I was "the number one general who sacked Rome." I'm not sure

what general that would be, but the spirit of the experience was unmistakable. Many lives and deaths as a soldier taught me that the pursuit of power and physical invincibility was literally a dead end path.

This lesson progressed to its natural conclusion that day on the battlefield when I let down my guard, preparing to begin my lessons on invulnerability on another level. From then on, (after a little self-indulgent revenge on Rome) I endeavored to find a reality behind all the illusion and trauma we see in the physical world.

When I came back, this philosophical approach to life culminated in being admitted to the mystery school taught by Pythagoras, around 520 BC. This school started with a 12 year stint in which the student was expected to remain totally silent in the hopes that when that time was up, he'd have something worthwhile to say. Students lived a very ascetic life, eating mostly flatbread and water. We learned math, a sacred form of geometry, numerology, music, cosmology, and magic, but not as the isolated subjects taught today.

We actually only studied one subject that can be best summed up in the word, "harmony." This was a precise study with many aspects and approaches. For instance, numerology was a sort of shorthand referring to the points or corners of geometric shapes which were understood to give the science of numbers form and depth. The basic, elemental shapes, (which became known as platonic solids after Plato studied some of what Pythagoras taught) also each represented one of the elements of nature. Some of it was intuitive such as the sphere with its infinite element of phi representing Spirit, and the cube representing the solid, Earth element. Other shapes took study to understand why the tetrahedron represented fire, for instance, or why the octahedron was symbolic of air. The icosahedron referred to water, and the dodecahedron was used in discussions involving the ether element.

At any rate, the elements were the building block to our understanding of harmony, and geometric shapes were used to teach that understanding. The math of music and alchemy were studied for the same reason. Pythagoras demonstrated how anything was possible by coming into resonance with the desired harmonies. The study of basic elements grew to the pondering of the biggest things you can imagine, culminating in astronomy. That is where we found our final test.

Pythagoras taught that the earth and planets were living crystalline spheres moving in orbits in cold space around a big fire. He also maintained that they made sounds as they moved through space, and that one could be trained to hear this "harmony of the spheres." After twelve years of studying physical relationships and traveling the inner worlds to better understand the spiritual relationships, if a student couldn't hear this music, he was instructed to leave and never speak of the school to anyone. Actually, even if we learned everything perfectly, we weren't ever supposed to try to share the secrets. It was understood that they had to be presented properly, and Pythagoras was really the only master of that process.

Working in silence with complex mathematical concepts for long stretches of time, caused us to space out and slip past the limits of the mind to where we could actually experience the truths that were behind all the study. Students were expected to go to a place where all

knowledge was accessible—a place where just wondering about a question attracted the full and complete answer.

According to Pythagoras, the point was that you can only pry so much truth out with logic and physical instruction. To really understand the truth behind the physical screen, you need to go behind that screen! I was told that I was one of Pythagoras's favorite students, so I must have gotten what he was teaching, which was all about our personal connection to the harmony and the mathematical precision of the universe.

Still, I remember wondering if there might be a way for some of this wisdom to benefit the world. Only a handful ever attended Pythagoras's mystery school and we weren't supposed to ever discuss what we learned. It was a dilemma. The world really needed to know what we knew, but we weren't allowed to try to give it to them, and I honored the wisdom of that rule for the rest of my life.

After that barrier was crossed by Plato and others, I was reborn with the idea of learning how to transition the great truths to the world. I soon found myself sitting at the feet of Socrates. Actually, since I was a girl again, I had to sit at the edge of the circle and listen quietly because I wasn't allowed to partake in the discussions. My mother was dead and my father was very lenient in letting me do what I wanted to do. So, I listened to Socrates speak and watched his life with interest.

I listened from the outskirts as he tried to teach a little geometry, astronomy and contemplation. It seemed to me he wanted to get people to transcend the limits of their minds. However, in the open forum, the kind of control Pythagoras had with his students was impossible. Socrates had to deal with undisciplined minds and tongues, and frankly, he was no Pythagoras. Sure, he had studied the sciences, but he was basically a sculptor who liked to talk to people.

He talked to all kinds of people about absolutely everything; their business, their families and lives and of course what they thought about it all. Mostly, his teachings grew from the way he just sort of slipped simple truths into these sorts of casual conversations. He'd just question people to get under their assumptions. Then, he'd use dispassionate logic to dispel an illusion here and there. It was a small step, and I felt that he often wondered if it was a step in the right direction.

Instead of leading people into a contemplative state where they might really find their own pure answers, he seemed to just feed the machine of their minds. He often said that a mind is a much better slave than it is a master. Still, discussions rarely rose above that level. I suppose it was the only way to reach the common people.

Unfortunately, the appreciation for logic was usually the only lesson that people seemed to retain. In fact, the general public put so much attention on the discovery process that very little attention was ever left over for the discoveries themselves. Thus, the personal and universal truths he uncovered and basically handed out on a platter during the discussions were largely ignored. He seemed to become resolved to this ongoing disappointment, and I always wondered if this may have been instrumental in his decision to give up his life so easily when the small minds of the town challenged him.

Another frustration Socrates faced had to do with the consequences of a bad marriage. He was fairly old before deciding he'd like someone else in his life. By that time, I think his disciplines had negated the imbalances that usually motivate a body to bond with the opposite sex.

Still, having great faith in his own ability to live stoically happy under any circumstances, he took up with a woman whom others avoided because of her evil temper and angry disposition. He saw something he loved in her and wasn't afraid. That's probably all I should say on that but personally, I believe his love for her wasn't entirely spiritual. It seemed to me that his passion for this sultry but angry woman tested his stoic control daily, but I tried not to think about that too much.

At any rate, two sons resulted from this union. Her negative disposition never allowed for a very happy home life, and Socrates was greatly disappointed that she never really related well to the love he tried to give her. So, he turned his attentions to his sons.

He showered them with love. However, it was obvious to me that their mother was poisoning them against their father. Also, his detachment from unsolvable situations was often read by Xanthippe and their sons as indifference, which didn't help the situation any.

He tried to share what he could with his sons, but they grew apart as the boys tried to distance themselves from the anger in their home they couldn't understand. Socrates also distanced himself from that uncomfortable home by hanging around downtown more, talking to people. His personal life was tragic, but it's probably responsible for sending him in the direction for which he became famous. The more trouble he had at home, the more time he spent hanging around the town talking to people.

He had some regular acquaintances with whom to discuss their mutual philosophical interests. However, I think he generally found kids and youth more receptive and better listeners. We also had more time to talk with him. Perhaps he was trying to prove to himself that he wasn't such a poor father by befriending us, but the more time he spent away from home, the worse his domestic situation got.

I'm going into all this because during that lifetime, I lived vicariously through Socrates. Because I was a girl, I couldn't have much of a life myself. And because I personally couldn't have much of a life, I used my training to see through his eyes and live through his heart. I felt his strength and his torment, but was blessed to not actually be in his shoes. I had my own perspective, and as I watched, I learned a lot about the tragic consequences of our decisions.

Initially, he made lots of friends. Seeing his wisdom and potential, they tried to get him involved in politics. He'd laughingly answer that he was "too honest a man to be a politician and live." That statement sent chills up my spine as I realized that this guy could very well get himself in trouble if he didn't learn to be a little more political.

He eventually got persuaded to go into politics, but then got right back out as soon as he could. I don't think he ever really appreciated the reality of politics and living in a politically appropriate way. He was a purist and honestly felt he was above those things and that other people should understand. I understood, but the men downtown didn't, and that was the real root of his downfall.

In the course of telling us how he felt about everything, some controversial ideas came out and made their way to the founding fathers of our little community. Some of his ideas were

disruptive, but they weren't all that bad! The real problem began when he had to deal with the authorities.

They tried to reason with him. He, of course, couldn't resist trying to reason with them. In the process, I'm afraid he made some key people look really foolish and self-serving.

To make their stance better, they exaggerated their claims against him. They told him to stop corrupting their youth with his radical ideas. It was a fairly silly command. He never took it seriously and, of course, never considered holding back on discussing the truth as he saw it. However, quiet disobedience would have been better than facing down the authorities as he did and forcing their hand.

This is where his story took a tragic turn and I had to wonder why he let that happen. I think his brilliant belligerence toward the authorities was fed by his frustration with his life on two major fronts. I believe he felt he misled people into putting too much priority on logic instead of teaching them to search their own souls for their own heartfelt answers. He was also obviously very frustrated by his passionate and impossible wife and hopeless home situation.

So, I think that when they threatened to throw him in jail, he didn't care much. Ditto when he was in jail and they told him he could go free if he'd just stop subverting their authority to the youth of the town.

He told them they should be rewarding him for his instructional service instead of punishing him. He said that if they killed him, it would be their loss, and not his. As his student, I could see that he simply trusted the universe to bring about the proper outcome. That conviction has been an inspiration I've held onto ever since!

I'll bet they were exasperated because they wanted to see fear in his eyes, and I'm sure he never showed them any. I'm also sure he couldn't resist demonstrating just one more lesson, especially if it was to be his last act on Earth. He was always saying that no one has any power over us—not family, friends, or enemies. He probably should have held his tongue just this once. However, that wasn't his way, and that habit wasn't about to break when he had an important point like that to prove.

As it so happened, the Universe gave him another chance to acquiesce a bit. Usually, they executed their convicted criminals within a day. However, this fateful day happened to fall during a time when what the ruling fools considered their "sacred ship" was out of the harbor. As a result, for some reason, all executions were put off until it came back. Socrates sat around about a month while friends devised an escape plan, which was presented to him by his good friend Crito.

I don't think he really wanted to be a martyr. However, I also know that he could never resist the chance to make a point when he had someone's attention. I think he also may have believed that he had done just about all he could do to raise the consciousness of the public.

I know he didn't look forward to escaping in order to fade into the background with his wife. He had an opportunity to demonstrate his trust in the Universe, which he had been trying to get across to people most of his life, and he was going to take it! So, to the dismay of friends, and the frustrated delight of the politicians, he let events take their natural course.

Something inside me kept screaming out, "Retreat, and live to fight another day!" All those lifetimes as a soldier embedded an attack/retreat strategy that served me well. Socrates

shocked me by making me aware of a higher priority which I've been trying to reconcile with the "real world" ever since. Don Q, of course, simply jumped over that chasm of conflict ignoring the priorities of the "real world," but I wasn't there yet.

I desperately wanted Socrates to do the reasonable thing! However, at that time, he was no more reasonable than Q, and he was headed for the fall of his lifetime. Since I was just a young teenage girl, I couldn't say anything to him or anyone to try to dissuade his course of action. This cemented my position as his student all the more. In the vacuum of silence, my contemplation of the validity of his impossible dream grew until the day I died.

Actually, I did let off a little steam to my dad. However generally, my thoughts were just left to repeat over and over in my own mind, which made them stronger and stronger. Because of that, I think I learned Socrates' lessons pretty well. I also sat back and saw things that I don't think others who could actually participate in the discussions noticed.

For instance, Plato was a great student, but I noticed how he often irritated Socrates. Socrates really wanted to teach depth. Plato seemed dedicated to learning a little about everything, and then propagating that shallow understanding in the name of his teacher. Plato quoted his master in saying that love is the divine architect who came down to Earth "so that everything in the universe might be linked together." However, in Plato's hands, those links all fell apart.

He taught things that were never understood in relationship to each other, and then he moved on instead of insisting that his students grasp this unity. Thus, the heart of wisdom, which is in the oneness of all things, was plucked from the study of philosophy. After that, confusion just became much more intellectual, setting the foundation for Western philosophy as we know it today.

There was one subject though, which Socrates discussed that Plato seems to have grasped and passed on fairly well. Socrates talked about a divine love, which is uncontaminated with physical expectations. When Plato repeated this concept, it became known as "Platonic love." Today, that just seems to mean non-physical, but that's more the fault of time than it is Plato's.

I'm sure there could be lots of discussion on why a man with a very disappointing romantic relationship would originally recommend such a thing. However, the truth of it had to do with his belief that we shouldn't get attached to results after we put our love into things or people. It had to do with keeping divine love pure. Like everything else Socrates taught, it was deeper than words could ever pin down.

Also, for the record, I sincerely believe Socrates always thought his stoic steadfastness in love would eventually be rewarded by a reciprocal love and trust from his wife. He often spoke of the absolute power of divine love, and I'm sure he felt it would eventually break down the walls between them so the loving soul he saw in his wife could escape. It might have too if only he had lived longer. That would have been one of the most romantic stories ever told. As things ended up, I learned more about tragedy than I did romance. I also learned that a tragedy endured for a noble purpose is the hallmark of the most romantic life possible!

After that life, I was born into a life in which I wrote some of the first Greek tragedies. Jesse has told me that I was a contemporary of Aristotle and one of his teachers. However, I

believe that all I taught him had to do with the elements of tragedy. I don't think anything else he believed or taught had much to do with me. I always thought he was leading the thinking world down the wrong street. Again, the issue at point was the value (or lack thereof, as far as I was concerned) of mental knowledge and intellectual decisions as a foundation for ones life. I know it's a constructive step for many, but when people were mesmerized by the logical lectures of Plato and Aristotle, they tended to be diverted from the higher path of their own intuitive knowing. This wealth of disassociated truths blinded them to the big picture that they might have otherwise seen.

I chose to write tragedies to call people's attention to the fact that physical pursuits were generally a no-win situation. I, and others, demonstrated how the lives of normal people making reasonable decisions, or decisions which they felt honor-bound or otherwise compelled to make for one reason or another, would always end in tragedy in one way or another.

Citizens who chose to look for a better way (and could afford to) joined one of the mystery schools that abounded at the time. The reality they presented was in sharp contrast to what everyone else experienced. I had taught those mysteries myself on the steps of the pyramids in the Ohio Valley about 50,000 years earlier. Still, when I saw that it wasn't having any real impact on the masses, I had jumped back into the vat of human consciousness so I could work on it from within. However, I got caught up in things like everyone else. That culminated in finding myself in that fateful lifetime in Canaan, which is where our story began.

I hit the same wall over and over, and I couldn't really understand the problem. There seemed to be plenty of opportunity for individuals to learn a better way. Still, the vicious circles continued as most never bothered to look up from their busy lives.

I figured that one life affords an individual of a single example of how operating solely on reasonable decisions doesn't work. However, if I could show many stories of how normal reactions always end in tragedy, people might begin to look for another option.

In the end, I think the world just ended up with a bunch of sad stories that never made most people think of anything except maybe how lucky they were to not be that poor guy whose life ended so badly. I never wanted to kill hope. I just wanted to redirect it. However, I left that life with the idea of leaving hope alive and well-enough alone.

I almost didn't come back. Human consciousness is what it is, and it didn't seem that all the wisdom in the world could change that. Why not just sit back with amused detachment with the others above and marvel at the goings on down here? Maybe, I wouldn't have gone crazy if I had.

Still, little things called to me. Good people called out for help just by being there and being in need. I had learned a deep transcendent wisdom from Pythagoras and Socrates. It gave me strength to deal with a lot. Then, I wrote tragedies in hopes of burning away the painful illusion that gripped the world.

However, after that life as a writer, I watched from above as the groundwork for modern thought was laid down by Plato and Aristotle. It didn't seem that any of their regurgitated teachings made any significantly positive difference in the world. I also couldn't see how any of my efforts, so far, had helped in any real way. The world just seemed to plunge continually deeper

into darkness despite that little pocket of enlightenment during the golden age of Greece.

I had learned some lessons earlier that resulted in me laying down the sword along with the idea of fighting for what worldly logic told me I needed. However, the Roman Empire didn't seem to be learning anything similar. At that time, it was just coming into its stride and would soon march right over the great minds of Greece. Still, I was at a loss for anything constructive to do about any of it.

I watched from above as Alexander "the Great" and then the Romans, destroyed the existing peace and order to replace it with one that dissolved into chaos as their empires fell. That fed the fire of my discontent. Not knowing what else to do, I sat out at least part of the resulting dark ages, resting behind the walls of a monastery deep in the remote mountains of Spain. It was there that I was reintroduced to Jessie, who had been my father back in Canaan. As monks, we made wine there together, but were never allowed to speak to each other or anyone else for that matter.

I experienced a quick and deep affinity for this monk I've come to know as Jessie. It was another tragedy that we were never allowed to speak. All the monks obeyed the vow of silence imposed on them, more to protect the power of the church than for our own spiritual enlightenment.

I think my stint with silence under the tutelage of Pythagoras prepared me for that experience in the monastery. However, the vow of silence was more than just a little uncomfortable for Jessie. His reaction to it had some tragic results.

He was reborn without the ability to talk and "a little retarded," according to Jessie himself. Although, as fate had it, he was befriended by Danna, my 21st century wife, which probably helped draw him to us together in this lifetime. In the tragedy business, that's what we call catharsis, or in Greek, "katharsis." It means to cleanse or purge the emotions from the sense of pity or fear or whatever feelings the conflict in the story caused, by revealing the final resolution and the resulting order. This resolution and order is no better seen than in a multi-life story where the evolution of consciousness and healing becomes obvious via the extended interaction of the characters.

Jessie, as my father was killed—tragic. We met in the monastery but couldn't talk—poignant and tragic. He was reborn not able to take care of himself and abused by many—tragic. Danna took care of him, but his life was still pitiful. Next, he took care of her in another lifetime in the old west. That's the beginning of the resolution. Finally, here we are where he is acting as our wise and loving guide from the other side. That's catharsis like I could never completely show back in Greece with just one lifetime to illustrate it.

Now, in perspective, I can see how our desires and failures are used by the unseen hand of the universe to heal the tragedy that resulted from our desires and failures. It works sort of like a homeopathic remedy, which uses poisons to cure being poisoned. Don Q was definitely a dose of crazy for a crazy world. Up until that point, I felt an unresolved tragedy in my self and a sense of sickness in the in the world in general.

After my lifetime with Jesse in that Spanish monastery during the 11th century, I gave up on the ways of light for a while. I didn't transition back to it until the 13th century, when I was

known as Senior Alighieri. It was just panning out to be another relatively restful lifetime when my grandson was born. His birth marked the renewal of my sense of purpose. I was anxious to impart my perspectives to him, and he was a wonderfully willing student.

I had a very close relationship with little Dante, and it only got closer as he grew to adulthood. His life was his own, but I can see my hand in some of his attitudes and activities as he grew up. He caught the lesson that heart-felt answers and inspiration is much more important than knowledge and logic. When he had finally mastered that concept, he produced his classic *Commedia*, “The Divine Comedy.”

Back then, the word “comedy” didn’t necessarily mean a funny story. It was simply a story in which divine order was happily evident—as opposed to “tragedies” for instance, where the author’s intended order was often overwhelmed by the tragic story. At any rate, his “Divine Comedy,” was a masterpiece.

According to the Stanford Encyclopedia of Philosophy: Dante was “... intimately familiar with Aristotelian logic and natural philosophy, theology (he had a special affinity for the thought of Albert the Great and Thomas Aquinas), and classical literature. His writings reflect this in its mingling of philosophical and theological language, invoking Aristotle and the neo-Platonists side by side with the poet of the psalms. Like Aquinas, Dante wished to summon his audience to the practice of philosophical wisdom, though by means of truths embedded in his own poetry, rather than mysteriously embodied in scripture.”

Trusting his own perceptions enough to attempt to get readers to see truths imbedded in his own writings rather than referring to the bible was a big step for his day. Writing in his native Italian instead of the traditional Latin was significant too. Then he took an even bigger step when he wrote the primary work for which he is known today. The Stanford Encyclopedia of Philosophy continues its analysis like this:

“The *Commedia* (The Divine Comedy) is concerned (just as Dante’s grandfather was) with the ultimate, eternal destiny of human life and with the transcendence, rather than the fulfillment, of human understanding. When Beatrice at the summit of Purgatory utters prophetic words which “soar” far beyond Dante’s power to envision her meaning, she explains that his limitations are those of “that school which you have followed,” whose teachings are as far from the divine way...”

The Encyclopedia writers explain their point with this final summary: “The school” in question is the study of philosophy as Dante had pursued and celebrated it in earlier writings. It is his training in this school that makes possible the luminous precision of the great doctrinal passages in the *Purgatorio* and *Paradiso*..., but it is a training that harbors the danger of rationalism and intellectual pride.”

Dante realized this danger and had Beatrice identify it in his writings. Then, satisfying his grandpa’s need for catharsis of his multi-life story, which felt like an ongoing love/hate relationship with rationalism, he explains: “I see well that never is our intellect satisfied, unless truth illumines it beyond which no truth may soar.”

In other words, all the philosophers who helped Dante form his thoughts and paint such pretty pictures in his previous works were only able to take truth to certain limits. Dante discovered those limits. Then, he came to recognize the truth that’s beyond the understanding of the mind.

The kid got it, and that helped me believe again in mankind's ability and to see the "truth beyond which no truth may soar." Does that sound like something that may make a man (like Don Q, for instance) "oblivious to worldly realities, and obsessed by higher ones?"

I think it's interesting that, at the peak of a totally male dominated society, it's Beatrice, a woman, who reveals this concept to Dante. She was symbolic of his heart and connection to ultimate truth in the story. In his real life, after meeting Beatrice Portinari when little Dante was just nine years old and she was eight, she became his lifelong muse, his *Dulcinea*.

Perhaps he got the concept of the divine feminine from his grandfather or perhaps it was the other way around. Espousing on the virtues of his lady, Dante writes: *And when she finds one who is worthy to behold her, he feels her power, for what she bestows on him is restorative, and humbles him, so that he forgets any injury. Moreover God has made the power of her grace even greater, for no one who has spoken with her can come to a bad end.*

If ever there were a Don Q point of view, that would be it! His "Platonic" love for his Lady empowered and humbled him, and made his mission holy. These are the thoughts that filled Dante's consciousness and poems even after his lady died in 1290. He described them in his celestial *intelligenza*, in which he proclaims that she exerted a power over him derived from her understanding of the divine. After studying the thoughts of the greatest minds the world had ever known, he still concluded that the heart of his Lady was his key to the heart of all truth.

These are the thoughts that sprouted into the attitudes, which later became known as chivvry, and they were the musings Dante and I enjoyed until the days we died. We also both learned how poetry could get at the heart of an issue like no logic or classical concepts ever could. I finally floated away from that life in a cloud of inspiration.

When the cloud burst, my bag of water broke in Japan where I enjoyed a life of luxury. I lounged around in colorful robes while I liesurely wrote ponderous poetry with beautiful quills and brushes. That entire lifetime was a blissful vacation. Refreshed and renewed by that experience, I took the strength of my conviction into the next lifetime where I was reunited me with my beloved grandson, Dante.

He was an abbot and I was a monk in the same monestery, and the veil of death had caused him to forget his previous passion. The devotion with which he had persued ultimate truth was now channelled into the protection of the power of the Catholic church. Now that his Lady was replaced by the Church, his previous softness was as hard as rock, and his humble nobility was entombed in the lifeless authoritative figure of the abbot. I couldn't consciously realize the reason for my profound disappointment in him, but it was a disappointment with which I lived the rest of life.

Next, I was born during the reign of Henry VIII, and learned my father's trade as a printer. My father, who is my son in my current 21st century life, was a staunch follower of Henry's new Church of England, as were all respectable people. We printed books for the aristocracy, but I also printed some dangerously controversial material behind his back and against his wishes. I think maybe holding my tongue around the barricaded soul of that abbot in my previous lifetime had caught up with me.

When Henry's daughter, Mary (AKA Bloody Mary), took the throne, I sided with her sister, Elisabeth, in her fight to make Protestantism acceptable. Unfortunately, the heads of many good friends rolled for our noble cause. Injustice and intolerance seemed to be ruling the day, and what was right and good seemed to only exist to be slaughtered and fuel for the fire of fear which fed that evil ruler's power over the populous.

After finely honing my appreciation for the highest of truths for thousands of years, culminating with those experiences with Pythagoras, Socrates, and then regenerating my commitment with Dante, to be faced with a world where none of those values mattered at all, where even common human decency was non-existent, and where truth and life counted for nothing, was more than I could bare. It was all entirely too unbelievable, and this disappointment knocked me out of balance.

According to a channeled message, everything that preceded and was to follow was simply because I "wanted to experience the full spectrum of life."

However, it looks to me like I just couldn't quite deal with the reality of the inquisition culture and still keep all of my faculties intact. I had just lost my head in the fight against the Catholic empire, so when I came back as a good Catholic in the body of Q, I had to make some other adjustment.

It was an extremely disappointing world to me, and my solution was to not relate to it any more than I had to. In other words, I just snapped. Stories of my bizarre behavior eventually made their way to Cervantes, and the rest is history—albeit a murky and inaccurate history, which I hope to clear up with *The Don Q point of View*.

Q Part II

My story as Q is actually much different than Cervantes describes. However, leaving that alone for now, let's just move right on to my death. I was crazy to the end, and never renounced any of my convictions the way Cervantes has his main character do. I didn't die of melancholy either. Although, I almost died from that in another lifetime, and perhaps that demise was already in the cards for my future and Cervantes picked up on it.

Another cool foreshadowing was when the Senor Bachelor Sanson tries to coax Quixote back from death by asking, "Why does your Grace choose to turn hermit?"

What a strange thing to ask a dying man! Yet becoming a hermit was also in my future. I have to wonder if Cervantes might have had a playful little muse who was dropping little clues.

At any rate, in the true story, after succumbing to a heart attack, I left my estate to my Lady, Dulcinea, Mrs. Don Alonzo Quixada. The town's people found something else to talk about, and Aldonza was finally able to enjoy a limited social life.

After that life as Q, I was reborn as an Iroquois Indian, and got a much-needed vacation. I was finally just like everyone else—almost anyway. I have some particularly vivid memories from that lifetime.

For instance, I remember walking through our camp past a shaman who was counseling a couple of people, and thinking, "I could probably do that." This memory has been with me as long as I can remember, but I always assumed it was just my imagination, until I discovered other lives that made perfect sense out of it.

I also have memories during that time of asking the Great Spirit about the increasing tension between our tribes. Family and tribal pride was superseding respect for peace and the sacred rights of others. Negativity was getting a foothold and fights were becoming much more common and often more deadly. I was worried as I saw our idealic existence slipping away.

During my vision quest, I saw how harmony was once valued above all else; how angry reactions were once considered a serious aberration to be dealt with immediately. I saw what the real golden age of peace was like. Then I saw the inclinations of my people swing the other way, and I saw as much as I could stand of our future as a people. I saw petty arguments among the tribes escalating, and how a strange, new people would move into our land causing trouble that would make our tribal differences seem like nothing.

I lived to see my worst fears realized; as our brave's egotistical desires multiplied and incited conflict. Then I saw the false beliefs in our superiority quickly dashed as our people struggled to hang onto anything they could in the face of total domination. I foresaw the eagle flying off and the deer running away as our culture and our people died out. These visions shook the

happiness I had found in blending in with these people for the two or three lifetimes I was among them.

I was married to my present day wife in one of them, and knew her as a fellow-brave in another. My name was “Running Deer” in one of the lives. I don’t pretend to understand how this all works, but the totem of deer or elk seems to have stayed with me at least from that day I died as Roman on the field of battle up until today. I’ve been told that the spirit of deer and elk are still in my aura.

I believe I was in my 30s when white man moved into our area. We had heard of many deaths by then, but I thought these people might be different, and I’d hoped that my vision wouldn’t be realized in my lifetime. I didn’t trust these new strangers, but they gave us things. We cautiously accepted their gifts and their apparent good will. However, the blankets they brought carried disease, which killed many in our tribe including my wife.

That was the end of my vacation. Furious again about man’s inhumanity to man, and helpless to do anything about it, I set up a teepee at the edge of our village. I sat down in front of it and didn’t move from that spot for most the rest of my life. I withdrew from the physical world and into the Spirit world more and more. However, I never found the answers that had the magic to dispel my pain.

Next, I was born in Ireland as a woman during difficult times. The beauty of the area attracted me, but so did the difficult times. After watching my wife fall victim to evil forces in my previous life, the warrior in me wanted to come back as an assertive woman. At one point, I gathered my younger brothers and sisters and immigrated to America during the Irish immigration. Fooled again, I was totally unprepared for what I was to find. Prejudice and oppression just about did us in. I eventually gave into prostitution as our only means for survival.

I once referred to that lifetime as a terrible experience to Billy, the being my wife channels, and found him to be totally devoid of such human evaluations. He said I did a lot of good and actually saved the lives of my brothers and sisters. Later, I found out that my grandson in my present lifetime, who ALWAYS wants to be held by me, was one of my younger brothers who didn’t get to show his appreciation to me before I died. So, yes, it was a terrible lifetime, but it inspired a great love, which has proven to be more powerful than death.

Now here is where the story starts to get really quixotic. Before that life as an Irish immigrant was over, Soul manifested another body. I was born as a male in the pre- Civil War era. My stepfather owned a plantation and we owned slaves. I was adamantly against slavery, and so I was always in conflict with my stepfather, whom I later found out was a member of my core family group and always meant me well. Today, I know him as Spencer, and he’s been with me ever since that lifetime, trying to ease my torment about man’s inhumanity to man. He’s also healed my sense of isolation with knowledge of my spiritual family.

After that life when my wife was killed and I felt the calloused disregard others had for human life, I became blinded and crazy with conviction. Q's passion was reborn and multiplied, but I had lost his ability to see the good in people. I totally missed the honorable and loving intentions of Spencer, for instance during that civil war lifetime.

I had fought and died for my convictions, and was intensely committed to the cause of furthering human decency. At the same time, I died with misgivings and wanted to retreat from a world which didn't seem to have any completely honorable, loving life path. **These two reactions yielded two new lives.**

The intensity of conviction carried through to the life of another soldier who continued my battle against injustice. He was born in Russia and fought against the Czar in the Russian Revolution of 1917. (My mother from that lifetime still looks over me fairly constantly.)

The other manifestation of soul was a man who retreated from the world. This man was extremely psychic and particularly ill-prepared to live in the world of man. I heard whatever everybody was thinking to the point that it was driving me crazy. When I was about 25, I headed for the hills up in the Yucatan.

It was absolutely gorgeous! I built a little home there, and became more and more comfortable talking to the animals and spirit beings around me. I only came down for supplies now and then. As Billy was channeling this message through my wife, he also told me that he sold me supplies in that lifetime.

He also said that I was about 50 when I stopped coming back into town, and that I made my hermitage complete at that time. He said that this is when I started communicating with Veda, who is my daughter in this lifetime. She was also my daughter back in ancient Egypt and had the same mother back then that she had in the 1940s, when I psychically connected with her from my hermitage in the Yucatan. She channeled me to her mom, and I painted them both a beautiful picture of my life in the beautiful Yucatan jungle.

After several years of this, Veda died of a knee injury on a mission of mercy during WWII. Her mom took it pretty hard and we lost contact. However, I found out that after she died, she came back as a wood nymph in order to more consciously live the beauty I had told her about through Veda. (Mental note—I've got to see her again someday!)

That brings us up to my present life. I was reborn in 1953, and I still have as much passion for the Don Q point of view as I did back when I was a crazy old Quixada. I don't think I'm nearly as crazy as I was in that lifetime. Although after going public with all these past lives, I'm sure there'll be those who'll have serious doubts about that assessment.

You'd think just telling about my present life would be a simple thing. However, the further things go, the more quixotic they've become. I said I was born in 1953, and that's true. However, actually about 20 years before that (which overlaps with my last two simultaneous lives), I was born also in the Ukraine.

This is a transition life from that life as a hermit. This man is about 75 now, and has worked most of his life in the forest. His life contract was designed as a rest from the fighting and to help transition me a little back into civilization. He deeply feels the influence of our previous life as a hermit and thinks about returning to that path often. However, learning to bridge away from those isolation instincts is part of his mission, and so far he's done a great job! Still, something inside him worries and wonders about what's next. Now that he's getting older, he'll probably find out fairly soon. I just wish I could tell him "Thank you for getting me this far!"

I know him as I know myself—better in a way sometimes, since I have perspective on him. He's a gentle and strong soul, and the one painful lack I feel in him is that of a significant other. This reincarnation of Q is missing his Dulcinea. He's also missing perspectives I recognize as mine and some I recognize as belonging to the other me.

That's right—about 20 years after I was born, when my contracted life was almost half up, a woman was born in India who is also me. She's a totally different persona; and yet, I feel that in some ways I know her at least as well as I know myself.

She's very psychic, but she doesn't isolate herself the way I do. Instead, she simply shields herself from the unwanted inputs. She carefully uses her abilities as a sensitive to assist her employer. She works for the government and is very conservative. She wears the traditional sari and is very reserved and balanced.

Still, knowing her as I do, I'll bet she wonders about her conservative path. I'll bet she wonders about the consequences of letting her warrior inside loose. She probably questions her choices and struggles with feelings that don't have much expression in the world as she knows it.

I once asked in channeling if I could talk to her.

"No."

After finding out that she speaks English, I said I'd really like to assure her that she is leading a very valuable life and learning things which have eluded me for many lives. I said, "I don't suppose you'll give me her name or email address."

"No."

Anyway, my prayers are with her. I can only hope that she feels my support, and that the abilities she seems to have mastered can somehow osmose over to me in some small way. God knows I could use a little more control and discipline, to say nothing about social graces.

That's it for the manifest physical lives that are me. However, I've been told I'm currently running many bodies in non-physical worlds. I'm a student, a teacher, a guide, and the list goes on.... I also am aware of some alternative lifetimes that resulted from forks in the road of the life known as Hunt Henion. However, I don't think those would really do much to further our story.

As far as the rest of the characters who were in Cervantes's story, go, I tried to get some basic information just for the sake of closure. However, for the most part, the message was that seeing those subsequent lives wouldn't do much to help me understand where those lives were going.

However, there was one exception. When I asked about Dulcinea, I started to get the “none of my business” attitude I had gotten when I asked about Cervantes and Sancho, but then he said, “She did come back as your mother once.”

I thought that made perfect sense. She took care of my bodily needs when I was an infirmed old man. I can see how she’d continue to do that same thing when I was in a helpless body of a baby. This initial response missed the whole point of our karmic connection, but it did get me thinking.

The more I thought about it, other things started to occur to me. I followed the karmic lines and when we channeled three weeks later eagerly asked, “Dulcinea didn’t come back as my mother in THIS lifetime, did she?”

Billy said, “We wanted to tell you, but thought it would be better if you discovered that for yourself.”

My mother once said that she stopped nursing me when I was three months old because when she looked at me, she saw an old man. I always assumed she had just seen an old soul in that baby. Now, I realize that she flashed back to her time with that crazy old Quixada.

My mom grew up in this life on the backside of Chicago during the Great Depression. I grew up with her stories of loyalty she says she learned in the streets. Whatever the story, loyalty was ALWAYS the moral. To me, love seemed like a moral too, although she never talked about that with regards to her street stories.

Now, I know that the lesson of loyalty hit a cord with her because she was actually remembering that lesson from a particularly poignant past life when she met a crazy old man who showed her a whole new world. She became devoted to him (“for better or worse”) because of the beauty he saw in her and his unique hope for life.

I’m afraid that loyalty was constantly tested by continuously showing her his worst. That relationship, with all its dynamics and intensity, carried through to this life. The challenges changed, but the dynamics and tensions remained, and have remained unexplained until now.

I think this explains our difficult relationship throughout most of my younger life with her. Billy says that if I try to explain this to her, she’ll just think I’m as crazy as Q. So, I guess maybe I’ll just wait and see if she reads this someday.

Incidentally, my mom bought me a statue of Don Quixote when I was a teenager. My step-father bought me the movie, “*The Man of La Mancha*” when I was an adult. They both noticed a special appreciation I had for that story. My kids have also noticed. Although that movie is old and totally without any flashy youth appeal, my kids actually asked to watch it regularly for years. When I was single, a girl friend also bought me a statue of Quixote.

All this was many years before I was informed about my past life as Don Q. Now that I’ve been blessed with that knowledge, his ghost is more solid for me. I know much more about the reason for my perspective and passion, and I know why that old man I see in the mirror everyday is looking more quixotic to me all the time!

Life Lessons

I think, generally, that the consequences of our errors in judgment are felt in subtle ways as we move through life from one situation to another, one life to another. Some corrections to our life path are made consciously. However, most minor adjustments never even register on our mental screen, just like we make instinctive changes in direction to the steering wheel when driving a car.

The larger the mistake (or “complementary experience” for those who would be quick to remind me that there are no mistakes), the more conscious the correction needs to be. Our higher selves may still take on most of this awareness, so we don’t actually have to and can get on with just leading our conflicted little lives. However, awareness of what’s happening eventually sifts down to our level of consciousness if the error in judgment has been big enough.

I’m going to tell you what I know of the negative consequences of a lifetime in which I gave up on the path of light and love. If I don’t seem entirely clear, just know that I’m blessed to the degree that my ignorance shields me from all the ramifications. Like everyone, I’d rather not think I ever did anything wrong, and if I did, that the consequences are over now. Or at least, if they’re not over, I want to believe that they’re not so important anymore.

However, in my case, I can track the consequences of that life as a black magician right up to present day. Oh, I’ve forgiven myself. I understand all I need to about why it happened. However, in this world where positive and negative go hand in hand, I don’t want to sweep the benefits of my reaction to that lifetime under the carpet with the memory of the mistake. My reaction to that error in judgment has led to the power of my convictions, and these convictions have been responsible for my Don Q point of view ever since.

Yet, these convictions have also blinded me to some subtle or common sense matters at times. In other words, the negative situation that caused my positive reaction and conviction also caused another negative reaction. This karmic cycle has plagued all my best efforts as I’ve struggled through ages for invulnerability, justice, understanding, and finally balance.

I couldn’t stand to see people suffer for their beliefs during the reign of Henry the VIII, and this conviction cost me my relationship with my father (who is my son in my present lifetime), and finally my head at the decree of Queen Mary (Bloody Mary). I compromised my convictions a bit, and my consciousness a lot, when I reentered this world as the good but crazy catholic known as Don Quixada. However, that handicapped life was the one bright spot in my relatively recent past, where I focused on the beauty and good in everyone most of the time.

After that life and a quick respite, I was back to focusing on what was wrong with the world. I felt anger and alienation from humanity again. My wife died at the hands of the conquering whites when I was an Indian. I simply sat down and gave up on the physical world, but then

came back fighting mad again. I struggled against this self-serving evil in the world as an Irish immigrant, and then again during the American Civil War, and then again as a Russian soldier. Next, desperation turned into the biggest alienation yet as I gave up on the world again and became a hermit in the Yucatan—all these lives and so little visible progress.

During the Civil War, I was against slavery, and although that may seem noble, I turned my back on members of my family who sincerely cared about me. I also missed the good intentions of those in the Russian Royal Family, who I now know to also be a part of my close family group. I just stormed the palace with righteous indignation never looking into their eyes as I slashed my way through the ranks. Now, I find out that the Dowager Empress Maria Feodorovna, who is my daughter in this lifetime, was working behind the scenes, against the wishes of her husband, to accomplish the same things I wanted. “Sorry hon.”

In my shortsightedness, I helped destroy the established order along with all the extensive groundwork for humanitarian changes, which she and others had worked so painstakingly to lay down. After my intervention along with that of the other ignorantly optimistic soldiers, things got even worse for the Russian people than they had been under the Czar.

The provisional government didn't know what it was doing and quickly got overthrown by the new, experimental communist regime; which, while well intentioned, also didn't know what they were doing. Civil war, poverty and hunger affected millions regardless of their political inclinations, and I can only wonder what would have happened if we had just left the Royal family alone a little longer.

On a personal level, I can see that by condemning acts of others against humanity, wherever I saw them, I was reaffirming to myself that I could never again (since my life as that evil magician) follow the self-serving path at the expense of others. Life after life, I'd stand my ground for the sake of my conviction against the self-serving evil in the world. Life after life, this stand would destroy me and cause harm to others.

The convictions didn't destroy me, but my crazy, single-sighted follow-through almost did. I couldn't stand a world that would murder my wife, so I sat down and quit it. After alienating my stepfather during the Civil War, he's been with me ever since trying to reassure me of the love and closeness of my family. However, my alienation from humanity was too deep to really understand that love until now.

When I was born in the life just previous to this one, I confirmed my frustration with the human world by seeking refuge as a hermit in the Yucatan. Billy has pointed out that I still seek to isolate myself from people's thoughts and attitudes rather than shielding myself from them. Living in a forest in the far corner of the country, I can't argue with him about that. Still, I do see now that escape isn't the whole answer. In fact, feeling the need for it is probably just another consequence of my misconception about the world that has been so long in the making.

Looking back at the last 5000 years and 20+ visible lifetimes, it now looks like every major reaction during those lifetimes was just a different attempt to fight or escape the injustices of life. I did this physically and emotionally. I used philosophy; then when I gave up, I used magic. When I got my bearings again, I used pure passion to try to leverage the world into a less negative and vulnerable place.

However, to quote what I'd consider the definitive word on the subject, "*Unfortunately, our vulnerabilities don't ever go away. They just change form.*" "...*If however, we can approach our issues and fears about vulnerability with the attributes of faith, hope and love, the fake-out world loses its grip on us. Our love of life and our reliance on the mystic laws of the universe relegates our personal vulnerabilities to that realm of things which just don't matter much anymore.*" (*The Big Fake-out, the illusion of Limits—Hunt Henion*).

I know my next step is to really internalize this attitude. Actually, there are lots of things I still need to work with and learn better. I have issues just like every other human, but I finally get it.

As a result, I'm trying to remember to keep those Don Q blinders on. I don't need to see how I or others are vulnerable. I don't need to let in any of the fear or anger anymore. I just need to keep my attention on the beauty in people and life and hold the impossible dream in my heart.

Like that crazy old man in Cervantes's story, this approach to life uses human failings as a tool for motivation, and blindness as an instrument of focus. With the right focus/blindness, our failings actually feed the Don Q point of view. So this really is a game anyone can play!

Once we minimize the necessity for "goodness" and acknowledge the function of human failings (lots of human failings) and blindness in the secret formula for salvation, then many of us can finally feel okay about ourselves again. I may have missed the boat—for over 5000 years! However, all those experiences, along with a little introspection recently, have led to the point Q's The Code of chivalry is the thing that feels most purposeful in my life. When I think of what I'm supposed to do in this lifetime, inspiring legions of crazy knights to see the beauty and validity in everyone and to act chivalrously to help them, each in their own way, is the ultimate of my ambitions.

I think it's my mission, and until that army does its job of converting the world of self-serving oppressors over to the ways of light and love, I expect I'll be at my post. Could be this impossible dream is another karmic consequence. I suppose my total conviction and crazy belief in that impossible dream could be another consequence, lasting lifetime after lifetime! I may have to wait until the end of the world to realize the error of my ways. Yet, until then, it looks like I'm just stuck with the Don Q point of view, for better or worse, sanity and lunacy, until the end of time.

My Experience with Channeling

Danna, my wife, learned to channel when her brother, Billy died. Their love for each other made a connection, and he taught her how to do automatic writing. Then, one day, he said, *“This is too slow,”* and he just started talking through her.

I did channeling sessions with Danna every couple weeks or so for several months. During that time, he discussed the coming earth changes told me a few things about my past. However, when I asked questions that were of a deep and personal nature, he’d say that was a matter to discuss with my own guides.

He’s always felt very easy to talk to! Still, it was never like the channeling of Kyron, or before that, Jane Robert’s Seth. I don’t just sit back and record the flow of wisdom. I have to ask specific questions, and then I only usually get the specific answers to those questions.

For instance, once I said, *“I keep seeing myself sitting down in front of a teepee, and spending the rest of my life there because I was so depressed and upset about my wife being killed. What’s that all about?”*

He simply answered, *“Yes. That’s a true vision.”*

Then I had to ask other questions to put it into some sort of a context that meant something to me.

Once, I said, *“Every time I read anything about Dante or anything he wrote, it feels real familiar to me. I wasn’t Dante was I?”*

This was the strangest answer I ever got, and it was confusing until I realized that he had let slip two past lives in one answer.

He smiled and said, *“You were the motivation for a character in his play.”*

“What play,” I asked.

“Don Quixote.”

“But Dante didn’t write Don Quixote. What does this have to do with Dante?”

“Oh. You were Dante’s grandfather. You were also the old man who was the motivation for Don Quixote.”

I guess one old man reminded him of another

Anyway, that’s how it’s gone. We’ve gotten one detail after another confirming our own insight through channeling. However, whenever I ask questions involving how or why, or something that would involve a long answer; I’m always told to ask my own guides. Then, when I get those answers, I confirm them through channeling to clarify the details and to reassure myself that the communication with my guides wasn’t just my imagination.

Billie has also refused to answer some questions. For instance, before Danna met me, she saw me in a vision. She asked how we would meet. Billie refused to answer saying that information would cause her to act differently, so he couldn’t tell her.

The big breakthrough for me in understanding the purpose of channeling versus the subtle ongoing discussion with inner guides came when I asked about how my past lives may have fit together, because there seemed to be a pattern developing. Yet, all Billy would say was, *“You wanted a variety of experiences.”*

When I pushed, he gave me that stock answer, *“That’s something you should ask your own guides.”*

Well, I did, and I realized the motivation that moved me from one lifetime to another. The process of going back and forth from the subtle, whole picture messages of personal guides and the short but concrete answers given in channeling has left me with the realization that no one can give us the totality of our own personal answers. They can't be put into words, except our own, and only then with the help of our own inner guides.

Channeling could, hypothetically (if I spoke to more cooperative entities), give me more complete answers, but I wouldn't ever understand all of the ramifications of those answers anyway until I experienced them in a personal way through my own exploration. In other words, I'd never really get it in a way I could personally use in my own understanding of life until I walked through the entire issue with my own guides.

This process of looking for answers, which make the channeled answers make sense, has reconnected me to my own guides, which in turn initiated other benefits. I don't feel so alone anymore, and I'm more intimately aware of the loving order behind the apparent chaos of life.

The bottom line is that channeling can bring out some cool information, but for me, it hasn't been the all-inclusive short cut to an illumined life, which many believe it to be. Spirits either have the innate wisdom or are under direct orders to not say anything that would alter our actions.

The popular channelers inspire with an enlightened perspective. However, specific channeled answers invariably raise more questions. If you listen carefully to what they say, you'll realize they can't give us the insight that would make sense out of the illusions we contracted to live under before entering this world. Illusions are our sacred birthright and an integral part of this quixotic world. However, for those who want more questions to explore with their own guides, channeling can be a real blessing.

How to Discover Your Own Past Lives

You may start with a vague feeling of affinity for someone in history. You might have fleeting glimpses of scenes that you know are not from your present lifetime. However, usually confirmation is necessary before most people become comfortable entertaining a lot of visions and feelings on a potential past life memory.

You can get that confirmation in two ways: by asking questions in channeling or by doing a past life regression. Channeling provides you with the ability to ask questions remotely (via email for instance) and to get quick answers. Past life regression, on the other hand, helps you relive the experience in question so you can relate to it better. Both of these approaches have merit. Both methods have situations in which they are preferable to the other. Both approaches can also complement each other.

I have a daughter who has an affinity for Helen of Troy. She thought she might have been her reincarnation. So we asked in channeling. It turned out she wasn't Helen, but she was her husband, Menelaus. This discovery validated our daughter's feelings, corrected her thoughts, and in doing so, opened her up to many memories as that great warrior, which have helped her confidence in this lifetime greatly.

Having a past life revealed in channeling does tend to open you up to visions from that lifetime. However, those visions don't necessarily follow for everyone in every situation. That's where Past Life Regression can be so useful. Those who undergo regression, actually experience the past life, removing any doubt about its validity. Such experiences can be traumatic.

Yet, in the words of Lena Chen (Singapore), *"The process of bringing past life blockages to the surface and clearing them out is why PLR therapy is beneficial for healing past lives. In addition, with skilful guidance from the regression therapist, the person can be facilitated through the relieving of the trauma in a gentle and safe way, so that aftereffects are minimal."*

So, channeling gives you quick answers for your own exploration. Past life regression helps you actually relive the experience.

The International Association for Regression Research and Therapies (IARRT) sets the worldwide standard for regression therapy excellence. You can access their membership list by countherry and US state here: <http://www.iarrt.org/members/profmembers.html>

Below are a few world-class Past Life Regression Therapists, whom we recommend highly. This is by no means a complete listing of the outstanding therapists in the world or even in the US. It's just a possible place to start:

Dorothy M. Neddermeyer, PhD
President of IARRT, Holistic Healer, Hypnosis and Regression
president@iarrt.org www.drdothy.net

Adrian Finkelstein, M.D
Past President of IARRT
www.adrianfinkelstein.com ❖ www.pastlives.com
22837 W. Pacific Coast Hwy., Ste. B
Malibu, Ca 90265
Tel.: 310.457.3609
afinkelstein@pastlives.com

Linda Adler, LCSW (retired)
Past President of IARRT (available for consultation and regression sessions)
1940 18th Street, Apt. 1-201
Bellingham, WA 98225-8092
360-714-8905
lindadler@aol.com

Bud James, CCHt, MNLP, BLST
Regression Hypnotherapy, Between Lives Soul Regression, Trauma Resolution,
and Deep Memory Recovery.
Bud@DeepMemoryRecovery.com
<http://www.DeepMemoryRecovery.com>

Dr. Linda Backman
Psychologist/Regression Therapist
Author of *Bringing Your Soul to Light* (Llewellyn Worldwide Publishers, 2009)
www.RavenHeartCenter.com

Georgina Cannon D.Mc.CMI. BCH
Location: Ontario Hypnosis Centre
94 Cumberland St, Suite 310
Toronto, ON. M5R1A3, Canada
www.ontariohypnosiscentre.com
Email: info@ontariohypnosiscentre.com

Reincarnation Stories and Secrets

Telephone: 416-489-0333 / toll free: 1-866-497-7469

Julien WILLM (Hong Kong)

Certified Hypnotherapist, Regression Therapist, Yuen Method & Matrix Energetics practitioner

www.hypno-hk.com

julien@hypno-hk.com

Lena Chen

Holistic Therapist (specializing in Emotional Freedom Techniques and Past Life Regression)

www.lenashealinghaven.com

Singapore

+65-9671-5709

Wilja Witcombe

wilja.witcombe@gmail.com

coordinator of the Multicultural Child Regression Project for World Peace.

ACII

2nd Avenue

Anna Nagar, Chennai 600 040, India

Blossom Furtado, M.D Naturopathy And Yoga Certified Clinical Hypnotherapist, Past Life Therapist Spiritual Regression and Life Between Lives Therapist

FOUNDER DIRECTOR THE HYPNOTHERAPY SCHOOL OF INDIA

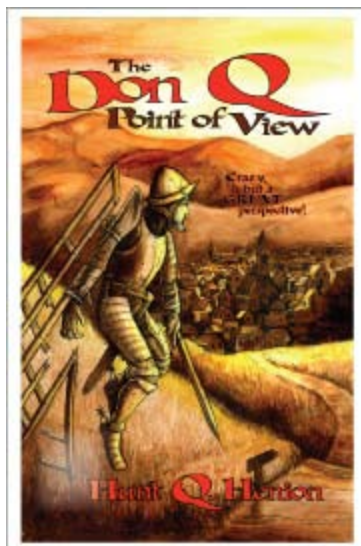
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www.hypnotherapyschoolindia.com

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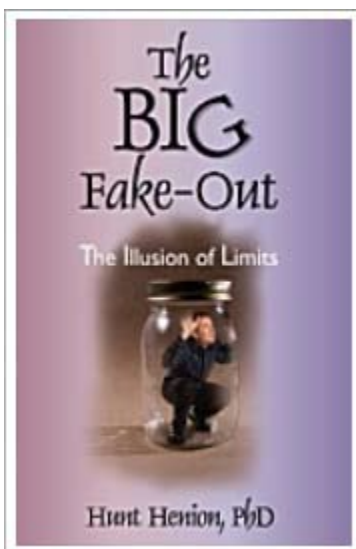
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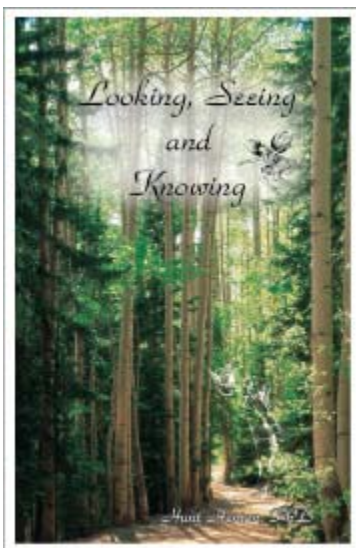
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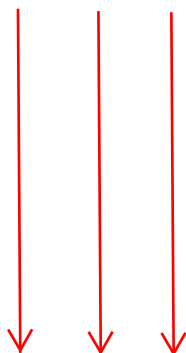
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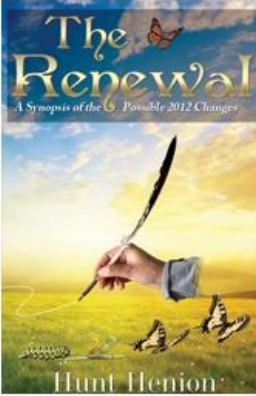
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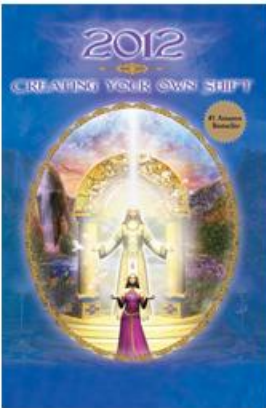


[The Renewal, by Hunt Henion](#)

ISBN: 978-0-9822054-4-0

Mayan expert, Carl Johan Calleman, David Wilcock, Mark Borax, Hunt Henion, and the other authors quoted in *The Renewal*, believe that we could be experiencing a metamorphosis very similar to what happens to a caterpillar in a chrysalis.

***The Renewal* is all about how to believe in and cooperate with the magic of this transition.**



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This book summarizes THE BEST insights of thirty-seven of the world's most authoritative sources. It provides readers with a vast cross-section of information and perspectives on this initiation into a divinely ordained, new beginning for our world! The authors of this prophetic anthology explain what's happening around us today and what "ascension" is all about. Each chapter adds dimension, reassurance and excitement about this exciting transition.