

michael newton

To: ARCHIVES
Subject: SHOT DOWN IN FLAMES

I conducted the first LBL hypnosis trainings in history in Virginia Beach just after 9-11 in September, 2001. NATH only lost a couple of students after the terrorist air attacks in New York City and this was remarkable. Word had gone out that this would be my first class and a lot of people wanted to be part of that particular class that included Paul Aurand and Art Roffey. NATH was directed by Allen Chips who was unhappy three years later when I told him that I was leaving his program. By then I realized the admission of every student who wanted to come to my LBL training, the huge classes of about fifty and the lack of well trained TAs plus a lot of general sloppiness made it too difficult to carry on virtually alone. The only way to resolve these deficiencies was to conduct my own training with my own organization making proper decisions. Thus, SSR was formed on June 19, 2002. I should add, however, that Allen and his wife Dee Chips got me started teaching when I had no thought of doing so before they lobbied for me to work with NATH. I had worked alone for so many years I did not know the reputations of the various hypnosis organizations or even if I should be conducting LBL trainings. So, actually they got me started. I was involved with a total of four trainings between 2001-03, three were in Virginia Beach and one was on the west coast in Newport Beach, California. This is the training I want to cite in my case below.

We had never had a husband and wife come to one of my trainings as partners but in Newport Beach a couple from Alaska wanted to work together. Although the wife was a licensed psychologist I was totally against this plan. I felt a married couple as partners would be a mistake on many levels. Yet, I had little to do with management decisions of this sort with NATH and was overruled by Allen and Dee for financial reasons because the class was much less than their usual number. Allen was out of his home territory and would never do another training on the west coast after this one. I decided to accept their decision against my better judgment because the couple refused to be split up.

The first two days, as usual, I did all the lecturing but at this particular training because NATH was short handed I agreed to be "the floater" at the experientials which followed. This meant that I had to prowl up and down the halls of the hotel and spent a few minutes in each room with the TAs and student partners. The problem was there were not many TAs because we did not yet have the reserve of certified LBLs who were qualified. All the previous trainings were on the east coast and Allen did not want to fly out more than a very few TAs for his Newport Beach program. As a result, as I remember, each TA had three or four rooms to monitor. Another bitter lesson that I was to learn the hard way. Also, this situation was quite unfair to the students.

The time of the incident I will describe with the married couple took place in the early afternoon when the student partners were involved with their most immediate past lives. Their room was assigned to Art Roffey as the TA. I will move the progression of events forward a little so the reader will have the background of what followed just before my arrival on the scene. The wife was facilitating her husband's past life as the late Major Hamilton of the Royal Flying Corps in World War I. Maj. Hamilton was the fighter squadron commander who was conducting a pre-flight check with his pilots before going on a sortie over the French lines to engage the German fighters. As I remember it was 1915. A new flight officer had arrived to join the squadron without any combat experience and not a lot of training hours in his plane. Hamilton took the boy aside and instructed him to just stay immediately behind him in the air during the sortie so he could learn the fundamentals of staying alive on his first combat flight. Hamilton then told the entire group that after a short time in the air they were all to check and clear their guns with one short burst. This should happen when their leader gave a signal by pumping his arm up and down from the cockpit. These were routine instructions for everyone but the newly arrived pilot. The squadron now left their airfield.

At about this point in husband and wife past life session I was walking down the hall preparing to go into the room next to them for observation. Art Roffey had left the room of the couple a few minutes before and gone into another room down the hall. The couple were now alone. A moment later I heard muffled cries and a banging noise on the walls of the couples room. I now hurried to the room door of the husband and wife when I heard a blood curdling cry. Rushing in I saw the wife on top of her husband straddling his thrashing body. He was red faced and bathed in sweat reliving the moments before his death in the fighter plane. His wife had her hands locked on the lower part of his neck near his shoulder blades lifting and then slamming his head down against the backboard crying: "Oh, darling, wake up---PLEASE WAKE UP!" This performance was conducted in the finest traditions of hypnosis awakening technique. Her husband was in a daze. Half his mind was on the fields of France and the other half in Newport Beach.

I reached the bed and pulled off the man's wife and told her to go to the chair in the corner of the room and tried to work with the husband. He was finally coming awake but was still in a rage because, I learned, his new unseasoned pilot officer flying in back of him had cleared his guns by shooting his squadron commander down in flames. The plane had just crashed. In those days no parachutes were issued to "heavier than air" WWI pilots and crew. It was thought that if a pilot had a parachute he would jump when hit by an enemy fighter rather than trying to save his aircraft. Also, most cockpits in WWI were not large enough to accommodate both pilot and parachute because it was thought the extra weight would affect performance.

I did my best to calm him but it was difficult because the sobbing wife had returned to her husband's bedside disrupting things. Besides, Major Hamilton was still in her husband's head because he wanted to go back and change the ending of his last life. Art Roffey by then returned to the room after being alerted by someone there was a problem with the partners he had just left. The two of us were finally able to quiet the couple down with Art taking the wife away while I dealt with her husband which took a while. Needless to say, I convinced Allen that the couple should be sent home the next day before he was faced with a lawsuit.

michael newton

To: ARCHIVES
Subject: SMOTHERED BY A 300 LB. MAN

There came a point in my career when I felt the need for a State of California Certification as a Master Hypnotherapist. Before this time much of my basic and advanced hypnosis training was private in the 1950s when there were few if any hypnosis schools teaching all the programs that were to come later. Besides my private instruction with psychologists and psychiatrists, I had gone through both the Arizona School for Professional Hypnotists and the Erickson Foundation program, also in Arizona. Because I was now based in Los Angeles I decided to earn the CMH. It was convenient for me to attend the advanced program offered by The Hypnosis Training Institute of Los Angeles run by Gil Boyne. Boyne incorporated the use of Gestalt Therapy in his hypnosis training program as practiced by the psychologist Fritz Pearls. Boyne was sharp and used the case study method in his advanced course besides all the practical work his partnered students were required to engage in during and after class.

However, Gil was also a strange duck who required any student receiving a diploma from his school, basic or advanced, to learn his technique of fast induction. He had no patience with long inductions so I kept quiet about my own induction techniques for LBL. By quick I mean induction in ten seconds or less. I became rather good at it. When I was finished with the Training Institute I decided to experiment with the rapid induction method to see if I could combine this with my slow induction first into childhood then past lives and finally life between lives. The quick induction would only be used initially in the session. The results were not bad over a couple of months but I eventually determined that it was best to begin with a slow induction and continue deepening in that mode over the next hour. One of the negative elements that convinced me to drop the quick induction during this time was the case of a 300 pound man who showed up for an LBL session. After my usual intake the following events unfolded.

In my office I said: "Are you ready for hypnosis?" After an affirmative reply I asked the client to stand in front of me with his legs firmly planted on the floor. Then I commanded: "Raise your arms so they are rigid in front of you and lace your fingers tightly together." I took hold of his locked hands with my left hand and placed my other hand in back of his neck. At this point I said: "Now, look deep into my eyes without blinking and take three deep breaths." At the third breath I pulled his body toward me and gave my final command of: "SLEEP!" He was out like a light and fell on top of me.

Not only was the breath knocked out of me but I couldn't move. This had never happened to me before and was something Gil Boyne did not teach! Since it was getting harder to breath and I could not push him off me there was only one thing to do. In a failing faraway voice I commanded him to stand, take a step back, turn and sit down immediately in my office recliner while remaining deep asleep. To my relief he did so at once. I got up slowly and stretched while catching my breath and then started the session without further incident. So much for quick inductions!

To: TNI Archives
Subject: Comic Vignette's from my early lectures on LBL

During my first few years on the road lecturing from 1994 to 2002 I was the only person out there discussing life between lives regression. This was such an interesting time because almost no one in my audiences had attended such a lecture. Everything was fresh and as a result every so often a bit of real comedy took place. This is a little out of the usual for our archives, so I have picked out three cases that I remember with great fondness. I will list them by time period.

1) I believe it was 1996 when I first traveled from California to the east coast for a series of lectures. There was one I will never forget in New York City. Barnes and Noble bookstores all over the country were always very prominent in requesting my appearances from my publisher Llewellyn for book signings. A very aggressive and creative B&N bookstore manager in downtown Manhattan on Fifth Avenue next to Rockefeller Plaza had arranged for my appearance over the noon hour. His plan was to attract business people and shoppers during lunch. This man was like a Hollywood casting director and I loved it. Not only was the event well advertized but he had placed loudspeakers on the store building around the front and sides so everything I said during the lecture would reach people on the sidewalk. He had also hung banners with my picture across the entrance to the store.

The store was absolutely packed with people sitting on chairs and the floor as well as on the tables, pressed against each other. I arrived a few minutes early and could hardly get into the store there were so many people jammed at the doors. I had to tell them that I was not crashing the line but unless they let me in there would be no lecture. A couple of women screamed, "Oh.....it's HIM!!!" I was later told that in the middle of the lecture there were crowds up and down the sidewalk listening to the loudspeaker since they could go no further. The lecture went over the usual hour with all the questions and then there were lines of people waiting for me to sign books. Some people absolutely had to get back to their office so I signed extra books for the manager.

When it was all over, I thanked the staff and got out a side door. I then made my way down to Rockefeller Plaza to sit on the wall and relax near the reflecting pool in the sun. A man was sitting nearby and he turned and said: "Did you happen to hear that guy over the loudspeakers up the street? I'm sorry I couldn't get in because I think I missed the second coming of the Messiah!" I laughed, and because I was tired of answering questions, I simply added, "I think we both did."

2) In May, 1997 I was traveling across Canada and was booked to give a keynote speech in Montreal at the International Institute of Integral Studies (don't try saying this after a few drinks). Actually, the invitation in Canada had come by way of one of the founders of the Past Life Regression Association in California because I had given a keynote speech for them the previous year in Washington D.C. I found the people who ran IIS to be a strange bunch and the grounds were sort of like a metaphysical college. This was their annual meeting and I was surrounded by about a thousand people in a great hall with five glass booths in back for language translation in this French speaking community.

In the hallway, just before entering the auditorium, a distinguished looking, formally dressed, Frenchman with white hair stopped me for a moment. He explained that he was the president of a local spiritual science fellowship. He wanted to tell me that they had scripted a play out of Journey of Souls and then videotaped this play in French for their members. I had very little time left before I was due on stage so I just asked, "Who played my part?" He hesitated because he was embarrassed but then said, "A gifted actor who is mentally disturbed."

When I reached the stage I opened my address with this story and I could see in a far corner the distinguished Frenchman was not at all happy with my doing this, but humor is hard for me to suppress. When the large crowd shrieked with laughter I added, "My wife would say this lead actor is a perfect description of her husband." It was a good ice breaker to kick off my LBL lecture.

3) In July, 2001 I scheduled a month in Africa. The first two weeks we went on a safari and the final two weeks were devoted to my filling a busy schedule for LBL lectures with a company called, Aquarius Rising run by a real promoter called, Chantelle. She explained that it was only recently that the government had lifted a ban on metaphysical books and the public was hungry for information about my research. Working with a former client who lived in the area I opened this tour with a national Sunday night T.V. show. They gave me the whole show which lasted about an hour and resulted in the many venues I attended in Johannesburg, Capetown and Durban being filled with people. Also, I was doing radio shows and magazine interviews along the way. I found it exciting that I was "opening up South Africa" to spiritual regression!

In Johannesburg, there was a huge auditorium called Monte Cassino that was actually an opera house in an Italian setting a block long. It was called, "the largest lyric theater in Africa" with a seating capacity of some 1,900 people. When I walked into this ornate building to give my lecture it seemed to me to be practically filled. I was thrilled by such a large captive audience that really had my adrenaline going. I was first taken back stage behind the theater curtain. As it happened, there was a play going on at the time that is famous in our country from a movie called, The Graduate. Near where I was standing there was a large king sized

bed used in a scene by Mrs. Robinson, played by Anne Bancroft and her young lover in the movie played by, ^{Dustin} Benjamin Hoffman. I was sure most of the crowd knew this story. The curtain rose and I walked out on stage with lots of applause but I wanted laughter. I walked over to the bed and said loudly with a shocked face, "Oh, my God, Mrs. Robinson—how can this be happening—you and my mother have been friends for years!!" This line was just before the two jumped in bed together. It brought the house down because many people thought I was going to be very serious in my presentation. I must have done well because at the end the applause was deafening with the fine acoustics in the building. Later, I compared this venue with some of my small, out of the way, bookstore signings in the U.S. with only 15 people. I always did better with lots of people.

Because I love humor I always tried to interject as much as possible into my presentations and I think the contrast with the very serious aspects of the afterlife is a good counterbalance and it always seems to relax the audience. I'll give just two small examples:

A.) In Dallas, Texas I started to begin my book signing talk when a hand was raised in the front row. He was a weathered, older man dressed like a cowpuncher with real cowboy beat up boots that did not come from Hollywood. He was squirming in his seat next to a rather severe wife. I said: "Sir, I usually talk for a while before taking my first set of questions." His hand stayed up as he said, "I can't wait." I noticed that his wife was giving him that, wait until I get you alone look on her face so I felt sorry for him.

I asked him to go ahead if it was that important. He said: "Please, Dr. Newton, if you are going to tell me that after I have spent a lifetime getting away from all my relatives that I am going to have to see them all again, after death I want to leave now!" Of course, the crowd broke up and I saw this opener was just right. I then persuaded him to stay because I had comforting things to tell him about relatives and soul groups. He then relaxed and I think felt better by the end of my talk.

B.) I'll give one more small example. At another lecture/signing I was talking about the kind of pressure I receive from a long waiting list of potential LBL clients. I added there are people who try and jump the queue. One audience member asked for an example, so I had my opening for another joke. I explained about "Mark from L.A." This young man from Los Angeles told me on the phone: "Look Doc, I need to see you right away. There are three women in my life who are waiting for you to find out which one is my true soulmate. Therefore, I am forming no really serious relationships with anyone until you see me—it wouldn't be fair to the girls. Of course, if you want to frustrate them and keep them in suspense by making me wait many months to see you the responsibility is on your head!" I told this young man, with obvious control issues, no, because it would not be fair to those who had been waiting a long time and I never heard from him again.

michael newton

To: ARCHIVES
Subject: THE PYRO GHOST

I would like to say at the outset of this story that I am not troubled by ghosts, phantom specters or demonic figures of any sort in my life and never have been---except once.

As I neared retirement, I was doing LBL's out of my house in the Sierra Nevada Mountain foothills in Northern California. Not having a commercial office anymore worked out well because my wife was completing her career as an oncology nurse at our local hospital in Grass Valley. So, as our business careers were winding down for both of us, we were downsizing and looking forward to a long rest.

A client who had waited three years to see me came from a farm community in Southern California and she arrived in an agitated state. I conducted intakes in my living room so I began by trying to calm her down sitting in our stuffed chairs and to learn what was the matter. She said her family had recently purchased and began renovating an old farm house that was in a run- down condition because no one seemed to have wanted to live there because the place had the reputation of being haunted. She and her husband ignored the rumors. The price was right on a good piece of land so she and her husband bought the old place that was first built in the early 1900's. However, the early history was a sad one. The original owner was a farmer, who a band of ruthless land speculators tried to drive out of his house. In the 1920's they wanted his property to be combined with other land they had purchased for a large agricultural development. When the farmer refused to sell they harassed him in many ways and finally set his house on fire. The farmer, with the help of neighbors, was able to save the farmhouse but he died fighting the flames. The perpetrators were never brought to justice.

The dilapidated old farm house sat for years undisturbed until after World War II. Then, when anyone tried to move in and fix it up they were subjected to the ghost of the old farmer who drove them off by knocking dishes off kitchen shelves, upsetting their pets and children, and especially starting fires on the property. For years the property deteriorated to the point when it was about to be torn down. Then my client and her family decided to buy it very cheaply and began to re-model the place. This did not suit the resident ghost who then proceeded to start fires again and prowl the halls at night trying to scare the family out.

My client was very distraught and only kept our appointment because she had waited such a long time and knew I was going to retire soon. "I know this ghost is going to try and ruin my session with you," she said. "He is perfectly capable of following me around too."

Then she added that normally she would be reluctant to discuss this ghost with “just anyone, but I knew you would understand.” I tried not to be dismissive, but replied off-handedly, “Oh, you need not worry about that sort of thing here.”

To the side of where we were sitting there was a fireplace that had only a small piece of a burned out log and a few bits of paper. Suddenly, we both noticed smoke in the room and turning around we saw flames shooting up the fireplace. I couldn’t believe my eyes. This was a fireplace that was normally hard to start. My client just looked at me ruefully and said one word. “See!” The smoke was getting worse so I tossed a pitcher of water over the log and then opened the front door and windows while shutting the door to my office to keep out the smoke. During this time the client cried out, “Well, I can’t go on---he has destroyed my session with you.”

I thought quickly that something dramatic had to be done to salvage the session. After the fire was out I suggested that she and I kneel down in front of the fireplace and appeal to our intruder. My client was more than willing so she took my hand and knelt beside me as if this was a prelude to a marriage ceremony. I was trying to think fast and I don’t remember exactly all I said next but it was close to the following: “Look, it has been many years since your farmhouse was burned by evil men. The house you loved was in terrible shape before this innocent family spent a lot of money and work fixing it up again making the necessary alterations for both safety and design. You should be satisfied that after all these years of neglect they are preserving your house because otherwise it was going to be torn down.”

Then, after a pause I continued very firmly. “This poor woman and her husband and small children have done nothing wrong. They have not hurt you and it is time for you to completely let your anguish go and disengage from our earthly sphere and stop tormenting them. Today, she only wants to experience the place where you should be going. The spirit world. Now, listen closely. Your spirit guide has waited patiently for you to voluntarily go into the light to a beautiful world on the other side. It is time for you to depart and allow this family to live a happy life on the property you love.” I waited a moment and then added, “Please consider what I have told you and give us a sign that you understand and are ready to let your guide help as you move into the light.”

Suddenly, we felt a soft breeze from the open windows that removed the rest of the smoke. The Pyro Ghost was gone. My client knew at once she had been released. We stood up and then she said smiling, “Now, I’m going to see where he went.” However, my primary thought at that moment was what if Peggy had decided to come home early and found me holding hands with a female client in front of the fireplace? But then something more profound came over me. My last thought before we went into my office for our LBL session was that I had been taught another lesson in humility and one I would never forget.