

WIN WIN WIN! FATE's First Haunted Weekend Contest!

46674



See details
inside

FATE[®]

True Reports of the Strange and Unknown

The World's Leading Magazine of the Paranormal

Apocalypse Soon?

Will the
World End on
May 5, 2000?

Now You See It
Now You Don't
Russia's Invisible Aircraft

Actor David Carradine
Can't Kick
Kung Fu Habit

Native
American
Prophecy
Fulfilled—

A Miracle Is Born!

A Llewellyn Publication

AUGUST 1996



0 09128 46674 3 08
USA\$3.50 CAN\$4.95 UK £2.30

THE DONNER PARTY REVISITED

by Michael Newton, Ph.D.

The story of the Donner Party is one of horror and suffering by a brave band of pioneers who were caught in the snows of the High Sierra Mountains in the terrible winter of 1846-47. Thirty-nine members of the ill-fated group of 87 died. The horror of their deaths was increased by the need of the others to cannibalize their dead friends in order to survive. For me, this well-known saga of California history is enhanced by a fascinating case of reincarnation.

I live at the edge of the Tahoe National Forest, about an hour away from the "Camp of Death" near Donner Lake. A hypnosis subject of mine, whom I will call Joan Williams, age 35, came with her sister-in-law to see me on a cold snowy day in March. They had driven up from their homes in the warmer Sacramento Valley, and Joan remarked how being in snow-filled mountains was disturbing in ways she could not explain. It is my custom to use a client's most recent past life as a springboard into the spirit world. Occasionally, the opening scene in that life is so traumatic it is hard to move on. In Joan's case she was an eight-year-old girl, underdressed, cold, hungry, and surrounded by drifts of snow.

"Where are you?" I asked her.

"In the Sierras," she answered in a small voice.

"Who are you?" I continued.

"I'm Patty Reed," she said.

"Why don't you have enough warm clothes?" I asked.

"Oh, we had to leave a lot of our things behind...in our wagon...it was too big and heavy," Patty said, shivering.

"What is the name of your party?", I said, already suspecting the answer.

"We are the Donner Party," Patty told me.

In short order I learned the date was the winter of 1846 and I was talking to the soul of one of the best-known members of this ill-fated wagon train. I then asked about her family and my subject named her father as James Reed and told me, "He is gone now, but he will come and rescue me." We talked about her mother and older sister Virginia, and she said, "I look after my little brothers Tommy and Jim (Jr.) and the other babies."

Because of my interest in history, I was excited about get-



Matty J. (Patty) Reed
(Mrs. Frank Lewis) 1854

ting a firsthand account of such an important part of western expansion in the nineteenth century. Also this past life, her life between, and Joan's life today were all connected.

I found out that two members of Joan's soul group in the spirit world were also in the Donner Party. One of them was Mary Graves, the last incarnation of Joan's sister-in-law who came with her to my office. They had been together for centuries in many past lives.

I asked my client, who was in deep hypnosis, how she had come to be Patty Reed. "I volunteered for this horrible assignment because I needed to learn the true meaning of hope and not to give up no matter how hard life gets," Joan said.

During the session I decided not to dwell on the traumatic issue of cannibalism, but simply asked if there was any food. "Very little," Patty said, "but we had soup sometimes." My research revealed that the adults cut out the brains of their dead companions, mixed it with roots and snow over a fire, and told the children they were getting soup. I was able to verify other facts that were known by Patty Reed but not by Joan in her conscious state—for example, what Patty carried on her way west (a small wooden doll and a gray lock of her grandmother's hair), and that Patty and her friend Mary lived in the same family cabin near Donner Lake during the middle of winter (this was known as the Reed-Graves cabin). During the rescue attempts in early 1847, the party was scattered all over the mountains in different sections. Patty remembered that she had three rescuers and that, besides her father, she was carried by a French trapper (history tells us

that this was a man named Gendreau).

I asked Patty who she and the party blamed for their travails, expecting to hear the names of George and Jacob Donner because of their poor leadership and lack of judgment in trying to cross the Sierras too late in the year. Joan said something else, however: "The name Hastings is in my mind," she said, "and yet, I don't know this person."

It was an interesting answer. At Fort Bridger, the party had been persuaded to take the Hastings Cut-Off through the Great Salt Lake Desert to save 300 miles. The party lost wagons, oxen, and cattle and suffered from a lack of water and food. Bridges and Hastings had a financial interest in future emigrants using this cutoff so they could supply these parties from the fort. (News of the Donner Party becoming bogged down in the canyons and deserts of Utah and Nevada reached the East the following year. Future expeditions knew it was best to use the established Overland Trail route through Fort Hall

into Oregon and down to California.)

In her soul state, Joan told me about her guide Peter coming to her at moments of greatest distress. She explained how he appeared as "an angel surrounded by light" to sustain and encourage her in past lives and that he had done just that in the High Sierras. My subjects tell me that guides really don't have wings but there is so much light surrounding them sometimes that they give that visual impression.

Later, as I was engaged in researching Donner Party records, I came across the following passages about Patty Reed: "She was such a heroic child that we all thought she was older. Whenever possible she told us not to carry her because we needed all our strength. She constantly encouraged everyone and told us not to give up.

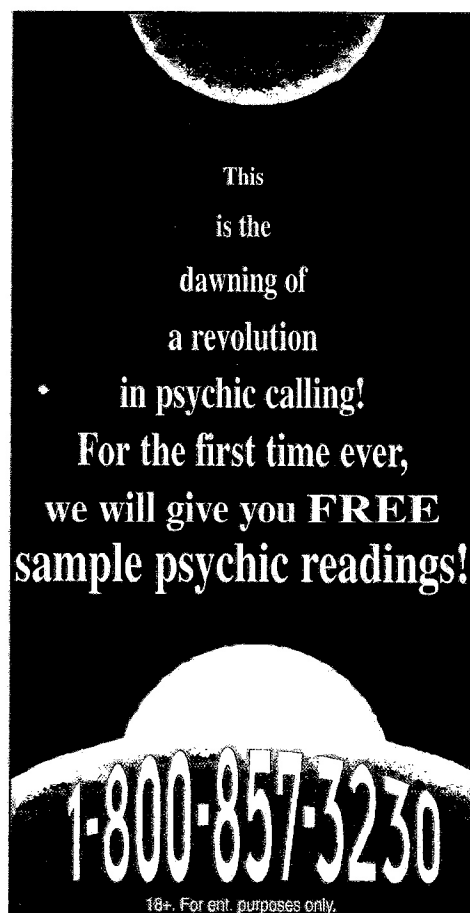
"Once, during the final days of her rescue in March, we had another terrible storm and she was close to death. She said, 'There is a bright angel coming down from the stars—hanging over

my head—and he is smiling at me.' " The rescuers chafed her hands and feet and wrapped her body to revive her once again.

Eventually, her group made it out safely to Bear River Valley. Out of 87 people of the Donner Party, 48 survived. Joan told me that in this past life she was an old woman when she died. I found out that Patty Reed later married Frank Lewis and the family had much to do with the development of San Jose. Patty died at age 85 in 1923.

I feel privileged to have worked with this soul. Today, Joan works with preschool children. Her sister-in-law says she is a healer by touch, and her strength and indomitable will is evident in all she does in this life. ■

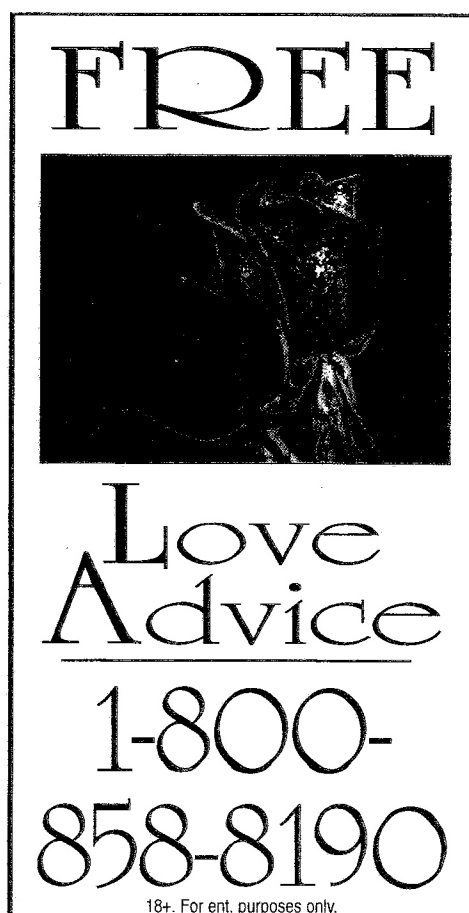
Michael Newton researches life in the spirit world. He is the author of Journey of Souls: Case Studies of Lives Between Lives (Llewellyn, 1995).



This
is the
dawning of
a revolution
in psychic calling!
For the first time ever,
we will give you **FREE**
sample psychic readings!

1-800-857-3230

18+. For ent. purposes only.

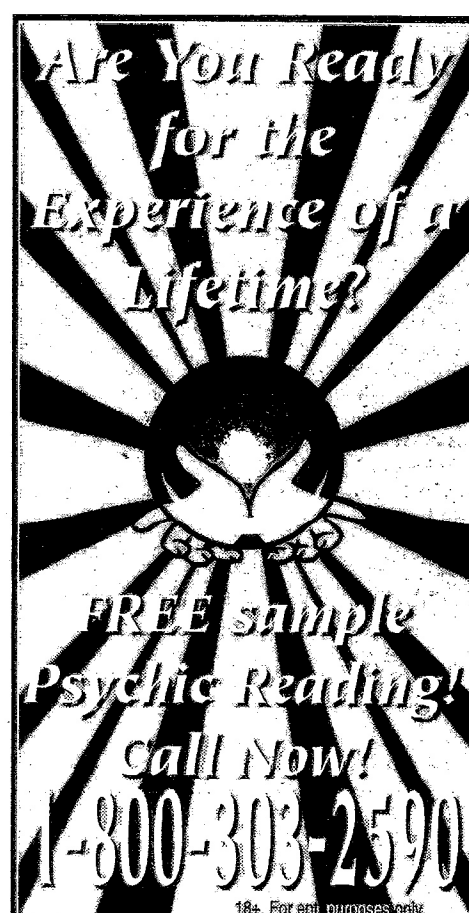


FREE

**Love
Advice**

**1-800-
858-8190**

18+. For ent. purposes only.



*Are You Ready
for the
Experience of a
Lifetime?*

**FREE sample
Psychic Reading!**
Call Now!

1-800-303-2590

18+. For ent. purposes only.