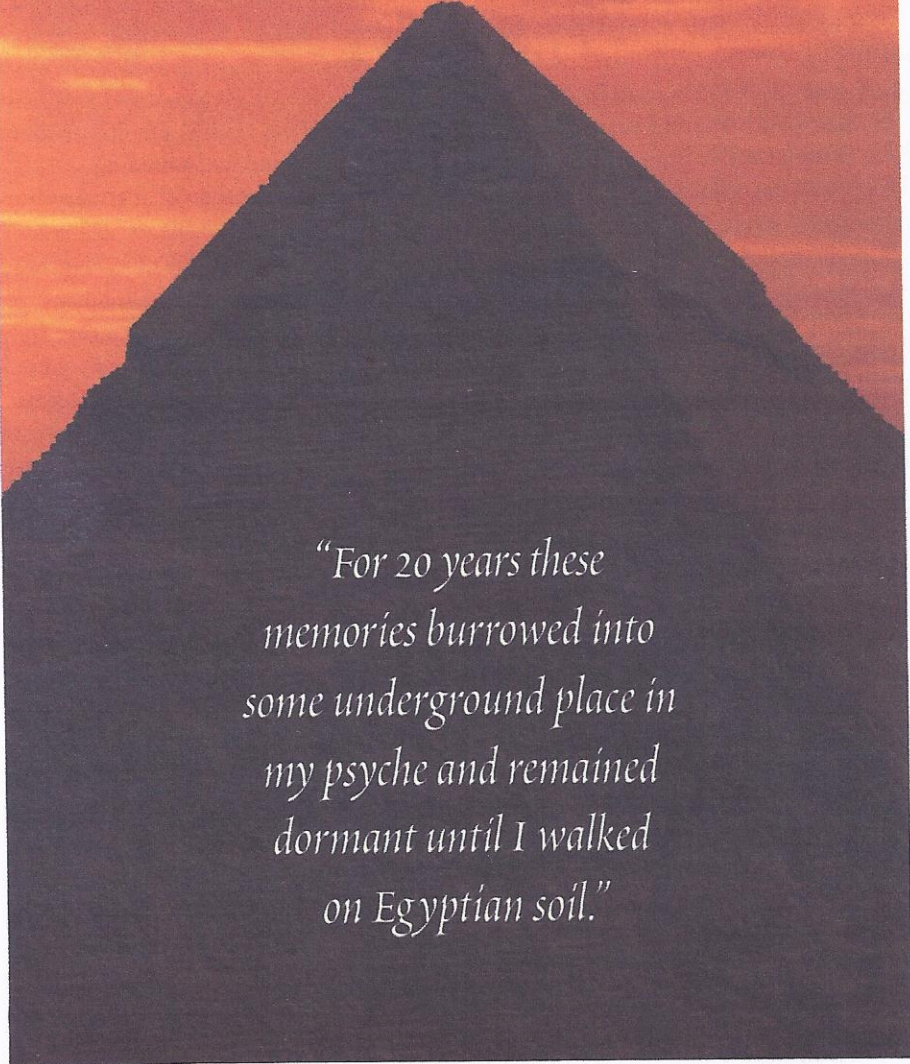


# THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING THERE

BY KAREN HADALSKI



*"For 20 years these  
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on Egyptian soil."*

While a graduate student at Boston College, I was invited to participate in an experiment with Peruvian whistling vessels by a group that just needed one more participant. I was happy to oblige. As our first session ended, the psychology professor whose office we were using returned and introduced himself. When I mentioned my name, he laughed and said, "Talk about synchronicity! I just came from Professor McAleer's office (the English professor for whom I was a research assistant), and he gave me your name as a student with writing skills who might have an interest in esoteric subjects and ancient Egypt." He explained that he was leaving for Egypt in a week and needed a "scribe" to record the results of the various *para*-psychological experiments he had planned.

The timing wasn't great for me but the inner feeling that I should do this far outweighed my common-sense reservations. So, with my professors' blessings, I was off on an all-expenses paid adventure to the one place on Earth I wanted to visit more than any other. We departed from Boston on my 35th birthday.

Our "Atlantis Rising" group included people from various states and countries, each doing their own thing, but related by a common affinity for and captivation with ancient Egypt. There were archeologists (psychic and conventional), Egyptologists, dowsers, astrologers, writers, film producers, musicians (including Steven Halpern who was recording in the Great Pyramid), geologists, metaphysicians, historians, cartographers, scholars, and children.

As a child I had several spontaneous past-life recalls. The most vivid and memorable were of lives in Egypt. For this reason, I expected to be seized with excitement as we neared our destination. Instead, when our plane circled the Gizeh Plateau a sense of deep calm enveloped me, the kind of feeling you get when returning home after a long time on the road. This placid, settled mood remained with me throughout the trip.



From the moment I set foot on Egyptian soil, everything looked, smelled, and sounded familiar. Local children ran up to me, speaking as though they knew I would understand. Remarkably, I *did*. Not because I knew their language, but due to an inexplicable intuitive understanding I had with nearly every Egyptian I encountered. Ancient texts and glyphs held meaning for me. I began to recite spontaneous prayers of gratitude to "Allah," a name I had never before uttered. My allergies and breathing problems evaporated into the dry desert air and I enjoyed a surge of mental and physical energy.

Egypt's President Anwar Sadat, who was still living at the time, had an open, questing spirit for uncovering the mysteries and confirming the oral myths and traditions surrounding his country's past. Teams of scientists and scholars from the Sorbonne in France, as well as from various British and American Universities, were exploring diverse cavities and unexcavated areas around the Sphinx and pyramids. Access to obscure sites, later cordoned off as "secure military reservations," was available to us. Another writer and I had the rare and wonderful opportunity of spending an "enchanted evening" under the most powerful full moon of 1980, between the protective paws of the Sphinx (while soldiers hovered, protecting the Sphinx from us).

We explored Memphis and the Oasis City of Fayom; spent a day with the Desert Fathers in their secluded monastery; visited the Step Pyramid, collapsed Pyramid of Meidum, Red Pyramid, Bent Pyramid, and Pyramids of Dashur. I was allowed to indulge my deep-seated desires to ride an Arabian horse into the desert with a group of archeologists who were searching for a buried city; travel to the remnants of an ancient Temple which drew me like a magnet; and visit an out-of-the-way necropolis, which I somehow "knew" how to find. There were many other sojourns and adventures; but the two most emotionally charged experiences for me occurred in a dusty back room

of the Cairo Museum and in the Great Pyramid of Gizeh.

In the museum we watched mummies being unwrapped, x-rayed, and studied. These ancients, whose leathery bands of flesh became full-faced to me as I gazed upon them with my inner vision, were being poked and prodded and gawked at by strangers from a distant future who either didn't understand or refused to honor how sacred and important to the afterlife of the soul the mummification and entombment process was. I felt great anger, grief, and sadness and wanted to scream at them to stop. Instead, I began to sob uncontrollably and couldn't calm myself for hours. Something very personal happened there. Perhaps those particular corpses were family members or friends from a thousand lifetimes ago?

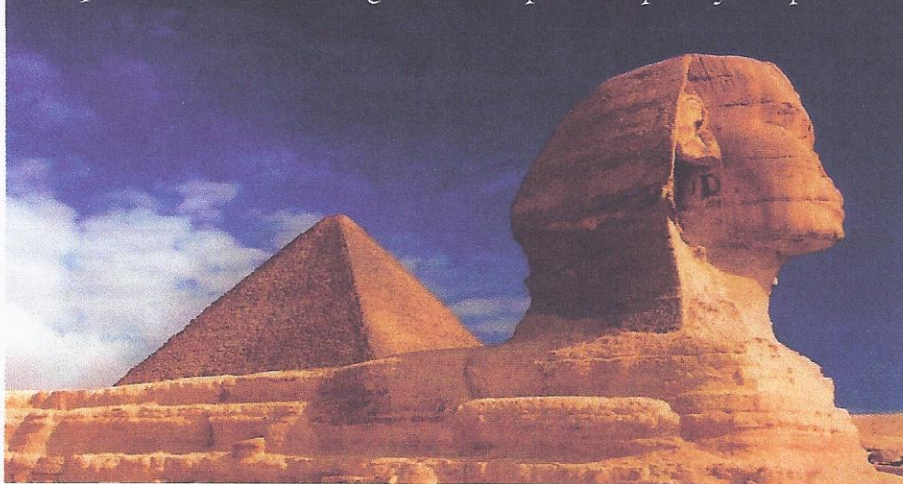
When I entered the portal to the Great Pyramid, a quite opposite emotion flooded over me: one of indescribable serenity and spiritual integration. I "remembered" climbing the Grand Gallery and anticipated its final great step. I "remembered" the antechamber and having to bend low before coming to the heavy stone door (no longer there), which only those who had mastered and harnessed the psychic energy necessary to levitate heavy objects could raise. Once inside the King's Chamber – especially when meditat-

ing in the coffer – I remembered a life filled with purpose and meaning, and received glimpses of myself and others wearing long white robes. I also came face to face with piercing blue eyes that communicated many important truths and universal "secrets" without saying a word. These were the same eyes that had spoken to me in dreams, meditations, and prayer throughout my life. *Now* I remembered when and where I first encountered them.

Being in Egypt was a "full circle" event. It served to close certain doors to past-life experiences which, for some reason, needed to remain distinct and separate until that particular moment in time. Once closed, I sensed that my current personality would become more integrated, complete, and mature.

Within a year of this trip I attended an A.R.E. conference where I met Herb and Anne Puryear. Soon afterwards, I received my one and only life reading, given by Anne and conducted by Herb. It fleshed out many fragments of those lately revisited Egyptian lives that influence and impact my current personality, talents, interests, and affinities. For instance, there was described a life in which I was a teacher in the Hall of Learning at the time of RaTa, as well as one in which I taught Mystery School teachings to "those who would later teach the Mas-

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ter Jesus.” In another, I was a dancer in the Temple Beautiful. Finally, there was one in which I worked with several others to transport the most important teachings from Atlantis to Egypt before that continent’s final destruction. In this life, I have been a student and teacher of literature and metaphysical teachings, a dancer, and am drawn to literary research and writing.

A year after this reading, at a country fair in Massachusetts, I stumbled upon an intriguing exhibit of books and prints. One print of a scene I had witnessed again and again – in dreams, meditations, and while in the King’s Chamber – jumped out at me. It portrayed the initiatory process of the ritual of the ascension, conducted by the Ascended Master Serapis Bey, in the Great Pyramid. The men in long robes were members of “The Great White Brotherhood,” which my life reading told me I had “been a part of” when they worked in the physical plane, and remain “strongly connected to” in the

realm of spirit. I was instructed to resume my studies of Ascended Master teachings in order to more fully integrate my past and present soul purpose and life’s work. Reconnecting with these teachings has been yet another Egypt-linked “homecoming” for me.

My childhood past-life recalls ceased when I reached early adolescence. For 20 years these memories burrowed into some underground place in my psyche and remained dormant until I walked on Egyptian soil. I can only speculate why this happened. Perhaps I needed this time to become fully oriented and grounded in my current life and personality. While I don’t think it is necessary to travel to every location remembered during past-life regressions, there seem to be certain cycles or series of lives that play a more important role in the here and now than others. It might be that, where these are concerned, in order to braid the past with the present, tie up loose ends, and move into the future

with a clear roadmap, we need to retrace our steps – we need to physically *be* there. For me, a momentum of synthesis, clarity, and progress began with breathing the air and digging my toes into the sands of these earlier lives and times – a momentum which, thankfully, continues to this day. ✎

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The A.R.E. Tour to Egypt, from October 26 to November 8, has just added a special co-leader, author Sidney Kirkpatrick. See next page for contact information.

