My place in time
- The Journey of My Soul -

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Avant
editorial

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This book is dedicated to Antonio Izquierdo Alcolea,
the being whom I chose as my father and who helped me grow.

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To the soul of my parents for agreeing to be my vehicle and for providing me with the childhood I needed to learn.

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To all the moments full of Grace…

To all the instants which have allowed me to witness so many miracles and gifts… To the Divine Creator, for allowing me to feel the greatness of the power of love… To emptiness and nothingness, where I always find abundance and plenitude…

PROLOGUE

Life is a dance of lights and shadows. We can enjoy the process, rhythms, and the encounters; we can do it in different epochs and places. But we can also suffer from the stumbles, our own and those of others, caused by a lack of coordination and dexterity. There are those who think it is about chance; that the spotlights illuminate us, sometimes, because of a whim. Perhaps they teach us that it is all about luck, extravagant coincidences, even the fact of enjoying the redemptive lights that remove us from darkness: that darkness which surrounds us daily and we tend to inhabit in our ballroom. Perhaps.

However, it is a fact that some people devote themselves to the dance of life with passion and interest to enjoy its rhythm, time, and melody. And among those, many years ago, I found Inma. The author of this peculiar story, this adventure. She transmitted clearly from the first moment a strong will and determination, being capable of going to the dance floor and make the most of all the lights that could illuminate her dance. This, of course, does not mean that everything

was simply handed to her. She had to learn how to dance, between lights and shadows, beyond the stumbles and misadventures. But she did it. She keeps doing it thanks to her determination; that passion which guides her, beyond herself, beyond her consciousness, in many instances. Because, even shaken by a thousand grim circumstances, she has always known how to find the space, make it for herself, among the crowd that comes out to dance.

With this tale she offers us a window to look beyond certain mysteries; the mysteries of an immense and marvellous life. Sometimes, out of fear or inherited prejudices, we only consider a minute part of it, there among the shadows, without suspecting the true greatness which life offers us when we decide to explore it deeper. That is what she talks to us about in these pages, disguising and portraying reality at once, but with her hand on her heart. Because that is, in truth, what this tale is: a heartbeat of the soul which breathes in the immensity of existence. A tender heartbeat.

In this story she tells us about dreams, tenderness, fear, friendship, and sweet surprises, between lights and shadows.

She talks about life. A great life that, at the same time, she invites us to enjoy. A life which extends beyond the traditional limits of existence: an immortal life.

That is what her protagonist discovers despite the popular scepticism. She talks about a woman with an apparently marvellous life who drags light and shadows. Shadows which she tries not to think about but are still present in her wounded heart. By letting herself be led by a good friend, she starts to slowly open her eyes and her heart to a new sense, a warm breeze scented by the mystery. She begins to find a wider life in her interior, with an indisputable proximity, with real value.

Irene, the protagonist, reflects similar situations to those lived by hundreds and thousands of people currently in the whole world. People who tried to find relief from their pain and discovered not only this, but an unsuspected treasure.

The adventure of the past life regression carries its risks, as every adventure does. The path must be travelled with «our feet on earth.» But it is a path worth trying, with the adequate help, to reach the treasure which existence gives to every single one of us. A treasure crowned by greatness, wisdom, and love… the legitimate roots of our true being.

JUAN ANTONIO LOPEZ BENEDI

INTRODUCTION

My Place in Time has represented a beautiful personal work. It is not the story of my life, but it is made of parts of my soul, which, through this novel, have been unified. Everything it narrates are lived experiences with different names, hidden characters so nobody can feel perturbed.

I studied transpersonal psychology as I swam in my own emotions, when I would submerge in my own sea and would not be able to find firm land around me to be saved. Thanks to this decision, a new path opened before me, and again I came afloat. It is always so when we listen to our soul and we let it guide us. This step took me to study regressive therapy and past lives later on. They have been the techniques in which I have trained. One would take me to another; they have been entering in the correct order. These teachings have made it possible for me to dedicate my life to this today; it represents something more than a career.

At the same time, I have been reaching my own adjustment by bringing order to my interior. To connect with the force of transformation is to feel the

liberation of my soul, to rescue it from the shadows which take away the brightness of its origin.

To apply this to my consultations has been something marvellous. It is rewarding to have the opportunity to accompany another being on their inner journey.

My life took a turn at the same moment I understood that I was not here to suffer, that my soul had not taken the choice to incarnate so it could be martyred. It is not easy to come to understand that the painful experiences are necessary for our own growth, but it is useless to remain trapped in the victim role. It is nothing more than a manipulation of the ego to distort the light projected by the being who feels this all. To let go of suffering is to free and allow ourselves to let go of the experiences that we have already lived.

To give entrance to new opportunities. And so, I try, as much as possible, to be. All of this, as many other things that without a doubt have helped in the awakening of my consciousness and my inner growth, I found with transpersonal therapy. Perhaps because it is true that all information can be found within us; therefore, the work of diving through our interior is enough to acquire our own manual.

To learn to live with the fears and concerns in the moments we are invaded by the shadows, and with the glory and splendour in our encounters with the light…

I have been the student of great professionals who I have listened to, who I have followed, and I have

known what to keep from each of them —the piece they had for me. Thanks to them, today I have my own school. I enjoy teaching courses, workshops, and attending my consultations, and from this plenitude I get to feel how my soul tells me that it is fulfilling its purpose in life.

My main work is to understand that nothing of what I own belongs to me, not even my experiences… Everything is a gift from the universe to be able to grow and evolve. It is difficult in a world as materialistic as the one we live in to be capable of such detachment. What is easy and alluring is to be fascinated by things, people, illusory situations which we allow to take over our authenticity as we hand them our power because of their appeal. In that instant, we become dependent on all of that to be happy, turning into slaves of the external, struggling day after day to feed it to not lose it. Moving away from what matters: what we are, our inner essence, the only place where fear does not exist. The idea to write this novel was precisely to bring those real and daily feelings closer to us. That is why I chose an easy and comfortable way so it could be understood and it could reach all types of audiences. The knowledge you have of the topic is not important. Here, the least transcendental is the technique of the work.

In short, there are many good books for sale to understand and approach the technical and professional part.

When someone is doing their work through past life regressions, they need to understand and fuse in the process to get closer to themselves. Only then, connected to their own power of transformation, will they live the turn and movement which they themselves have created, and it is then when they feel they are on the path of finding themselves.

To find oneself is the greatest miracle given to us by this opportunity called life, and I am convinced that every miracle is a change of energy.

When we are capable of generating this turn, everything begins to get organised. A new vision develops in us: the eagle we all have within resurfaces, which allows us to see beyond our earthly possibilities.

The experience of Irene Grau is not far from any other experience. Her way of feeling and to proceed is also common. Nothing of what is told in My Place in Time is foreign. Fear appears… insecurity, rage, hatred, and of course, love. This magic word which, without a doubt, is the essence of what we are made of.

They are the concerns of a woman from our time, the inner process she goes through in her search for peace. The inner fight: to battle and beat her own phantoms and illusory emotions created by the mind. The power to transform becomes her sword, and once

this prostrates in her hands, she discovers how to set aside her own shadows and so, to be able to connect with the light of her soul. With this contact, she will accept who she is: an incarnated energy in search of a new opportunity to learn.

My wish is that everyone who is reached by this book will connect with past life regression therapy, as it is a presentation of what past life therapy is. My wish is that this therapeutic vehicle will cease to be feared and unknown; that, for those who feel identified, it will become another door of entrance to listen to the whisper of the soul.

I will walk through the depths of my mind, lighting each door that opens, rescuing with bravery the criteria created which today darkens my life… And so, the knowledge will resurge, and guided by Him, I will be taken to the return of the origin of my soul…

IRENE

I found her in a moment of lament and anguish, in a dimension to which I was not accustomed to travel. My soul took me to her, desirous to integrate that fragment which one day was left there, lost in time.

Emilio guided me to that space with the subtlety and tenderness which characterised him. It was he who helped me understand that I was still her, and that she, in a way, would never stop being a part of me; finding her was to accept with gratitude who I was.

It was not easy at first. I wanted to reason from an erroneous vibration. It was also in his hands to harmonise me and help me raise the octave I needed to be able to unite that which, at a moment in space, was divided.

To the soul, there is no time; it is all occurring here and now, and a trapped emotion silently cried out its existence, and I found myself reliving that experience

anew. Although the truth is that I had never left it, a part of my soul remained imprisoned in that time of hunger and tambourines and guitar strums by the nocturnal bonfire, accompanying the gypsy songs and dances, asking the starry roof for a sunlit new dawn so we could have a good, successful day in those Castilian squares, where day after day we performed to fill our stomachs, where little mattered anything else.

How curious, nothing changes for the spirit. I, Irene Grau, was nothing more than a continuity of the one who was once called Magela… simple… without a surname that mattered.

Too many concerns, too much energy expended to create, day to day, the means to survive —all of that was too heavy to give importance to a surname… Yes, there was my soul, just in another body… another experience, acting once more on a seemingly very different stage. But when you have the opportunity of watching it from the audience seats, you discover that there is not much difference from one play to the other. There is a change of time, setting, costumes, character… but to the soul, the emotions are the same, and that is what matters in this journey from and to eternity which we call life.

Seven years had gone by, although for me it was as if it had all occurred in that same instant. Even more, it was as if it was still occurring as I remembered… It was not his name, nor his face, not even his caresses