***A Walk with the Medici’s***

It really shouldn’t come as a surprise that most past life stories do not take us back to lifetimes in which the client is an important historic figure. In the scheme of things, there have been millions of average, everyday people over the centuries in comparison with a very small number of people whose names were significant enough to endure in our history books. However, as we’ve seen, from time to time historic figures do show up, and it’s always a fun and, at times, surprising experience when this occurs.

 In one particular case, my client, Raja, was a young man in his late twenties who was born and educated in India. He was quite forthcoming with his introductory email to me, and described himself as follows:

*I did well academically in primary, middle, and high school, and at law school in India. I often took on projects others were reluctant to take on . . . I was never afraid to swim upstream to achieve what I set out to do I was involved in a number of extra-curricular activities—playing the tabla [South-Asian musical instrument], karate, tennis, and sailing, and participated in a number of debating, student government and committee related activities . . . I have travelled a fair bit—and have spent time in parts of India, Kashmir, Italy, UK, Thailand, Germany, Czech Republic, Switzerland, Belgium, Portugal, Austria, Spain, France, Nether-lands, Egypt, Kenya, Hong Kong, New York and parts of the US.*

 Raja was now confronting taking the Bar Exam in the United States, and he was also facing some serious questions about his current legal career.

 “One of the primary reasons I chose to become an attorney,” he wrote, “was to be able to touch many people’s lives in different ways and help ameliorate them, if at all, in whatever way possible.” He was beginning to question if he was truly able to fulfill this objective in his current situation—feeling the pull of profit and materialistic motivations in his current firm—or even if the law itself was the right line of work. He was hoping that past life regression might assist him in making some important career decisions and in finding out what the next step would be in fulfilling his purpose of helping others. I looked forward to working with this thoughtful, dynamic, and highly accomplished “Renaissance Man” even before I met him.

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Raja’s first impression is of red leather shoes with gold embroidery. He is wearing a very ornate, maroon-red robe made of heavy, soft fabric that falls all the way to the floor. It has full, long sleeves with slits in the side, a high collar, and gold embroidery, with gold buttons on the cuffs. Under the robe he wears a frilly white shirt, and he has a skullcap on his head. At first he describes himself as a fairly young man, with fair skin, and a “soft face with pronounced features.” However, he soon realizes there is another person, a middle-aged man with a beard, dressed similarly, and that he is this latter figure. He is in discussion with the younger man.

 The men are outdoors on a green lawn, with a huge manor on top of the hill behind them. He sees many hills and feels the warmth of a summer evening. He identifies the location as somewhere in Italy.

 “I’m extremely rich,” he observes. “I feel responsible for others. . . . I set up institutions of higher learning. . . . It’s the mid-Renaissance,” he explains. “My manor is full of paintings, art—tons of it! And I would like to share it with others.”

 To gain a better picture of his personal life situation, I direct him to his most recent meal. He sits at the head of a long table with an older woman, tended to by a number of servants. They are eating fruit, particularly grapes. “We don’t like meat,” he comments. The woman is short, with a small face and brown eyes, and she wears a very ornate gown. “She’s older than me,” he comments, “not my wife, but protective of me. An aunt or the like, and she is very learned, although she speaks little.”

 His attention moves back to the art. “As a child I was always surrounded by art, huge paintings on the walls. And I desired the same for myself. This is just one of my manors. . . . I grew up in a bigger city, in Firenze.” [The name for Florence in Italian.]

 “We were traders,” he continues. “And we made a lot of money. We were exposed to different art, history, and cultures. We lived very differently from the average person; we had many visitors, were surrounded by music and art. We commissioned art and fueled the growth of the art movement. We listened to new forms of thought—philosophy, astrology, and the like.

 “Everyone was happy and content. I wanted to create institutions for others to learn so they could appreciate and savor it too!” When prompted for a name, “Fellini Medici” was his answer. [The Medici family was one of the wealthiest and important families in Italy during the Renaissance.] He describes a family house in Firenze that was turned into offices, shaped like two capital L’s put together, with three floors and a fountain. [This would be the now famous Uffizi gallery.]

 Our Renaissance man describes with enthusiasm the rapid growth he has helped foster. “It’s reaching the pinnacle of expression. It’s so exciting and fulfilling—I want it to last longer! So others can be a part of it! My days are so full of artists and performers and state dignitaries. It’s totally engaging.” He mentions the Italian painter Botticelli, and that he knows him well. He also mentions a daughter, “very beautiful and talented,” who is identified as Raja’s current sister. We are not able to focus in on the figure of a wife.

 I ask Signor Medici to move forward in that lifetime to a significant event, or when something changes. “The house is quiet, empty.” But it is not due to a crisis; he has made a choice to take a break. He’s in his fifties now, turning very philosophical, and he wants to study more. “I know people think incorrectly about the world; the earth is round, the planets revolve around the sun, and there may be other life on other planets!” he exclaims. “I have a telescope, but it’s not powerful enough. I’m looking for a way out, a way to connect with what else is out there. It could be familiar to me. Few others can relate to me on this; they think I’m ‘mad,’ ” he frets.

 Signor Medici expounds on his vision and mission. “People need to see and understand what is greater, what is beyond—not just daily life. Everything we do has greater effect than we know. Mind and actions are creating. Energy constantly changes. Everything is in motion, down to the tiniest particles. Time comes and goes.

 “For me, it’s a journey. Maybe one or two others think like me. I know many civilizations have known this truth. But the time is not right now. I can help through schools—special ones—the central underlying theme being interconnectedness, being in tune with the energy. I can’t set it up yet, even today. But the time is coming soon.”

 Death comes peacefully to Signor Medici. He is much older, with a white beard. He is sitting in a chair, his leather diary in his hands, filled with diagrams and text, the important truths he has discovered in his life of exploration and study. His final thoughts have to do with “balancing energy and understanding. I’m on a path; major milestones are coming so close.” In his final moment, he gets some glimpses into future incarnations, with a realization of the connections that exist between lifetimes.

 As we look at the lessons from that inspired past life, Raja rapidly lists a number of them: to share, to teach, to learn, to write; to help people; to travel—see different places and cultures; to spend time with learning—noting that there’s always more to learn; to know what’s right and wrong; to balance individuals and situations.

 Raja notes that his love of antique books in the current lifetime springs from his days as a Medici, where learning was foremost.

 As we inquired of Raja’s spiritual guidance, particularly in regard to his current career questions, he was told, “Law is only a stepping stone, meant to build a base of higher learning. Don’t worry about the means, you will always be taken care of,” he is reassured. He is also encouraged to go to Asia. “The surge is eastward,” he is advised. “There is a lot of ancient wisdom there. Be around it even if you don’t understand it! You can be a participant there, but only a spectator if you are here.”

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And, indeed, later contact with Raja showed that he had followed his guidance and moved to Asia. Five and a half years after the regression session, he sent the following in an email:

*Post the regression, it is amazing the number of times I have been able to put life experiences (past or present) and current reactions to things, people or circumstances into pairs of well-fitting casts and molds. Once paired, I can often choose to do away with the pair altogether, in a way that the space that is left by their expulsion, is neutral, and new experiences …are open to being experienced more fully in the present without the past leaning as heavily on it…being sometimes aware of this duality provides a phenomenal opportunity to choose how to move forward in instances where my reaction may otherwise have been largely unconscious. . . it is interesting when I try to infuse…feelings or pregnant thoughts into these neutral spaces. These spaces feel like fertile soil in which by putting thought nutrients, you can enable thoughts or actions to germinate.*

 Seeing through the intellectual verbiage, I understand Raja to be saying that the regression experience has enabled him to make much more conscious choices, rather than just reacting to people and circumstances from old programming, and this has created a great opportunity for personal growth and integration. He believes the impact to be enduring. Although much of the information that came up in this regression could be discovered in reading history—and Raja was indeed well read and educated—the excitement and energy in the room and the personality that came out in the session were unique. I had no doubt that I walked with a Medici for a short moment in time.

***Lessons to Integrate***

* Using wealth to benefit others
* Enjoying learning for its own sake
* Expanding knowledge to benefit humanity
* Valuing travel and exposure to different cultures

***Exploring Your Potential***

An interest in particular historical eras can be important clues to past lifetimes. Certainly living in the center of the Italian Renaissance must have been a very heady experience, one that Raja seemed to be continuing in a number of ways in his current life. I had another client who was fascinated with Czarist Russia and wanted to specifically understand why; she went to a lifetime as the Romanov family’s personal physician shortly before the revolution.

Are there specific times in history that fascinate you in an inexplicable way? Do you love historical novels that focus on a certain time period? Perhaps you’re fascinated by the era of the Vikings, World War I, or the American Civil War, or collect antiques from a particular period? List the historical periods that call to you in your past life journal. Allow yourself to imagine what role you might have played in that era. How does this interest enrich your life, or your world view?

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