



CHAPTER ONE



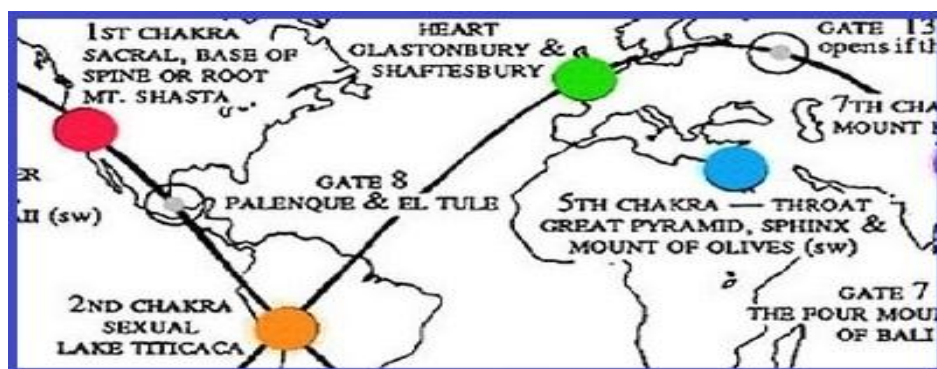
My 60th with Egypt's Last Pharaoh



**Mohammed Ali Pasha
Viceroy of Egypt**

Chapter 1

At 7000 feet, halfway between Earth's 1st and 2nd chakras, on a river of rose crystal, lies the 16th-century World Heritage Site of San Miguel de Allende, Mexico. Here telluric currents attract wine-draped Buddhist Monks, and where I was transported to Giza, Earth's 5th throat chakra, to Egypt's epic time, 100 years before Lawrence. Here *The Sphinx*, *The Voice of the Earth*, replayed my past life, about 'The Greatest Story Never Told'...



With love, *The Sphinx* replayed why *Destiny* did not send a *Gandhi* to deliver Egypt from 600 years of rapacious Mameluke rule, from centuries of grinding Egypt to dust, by foreign occupants' greed. It was my 60th birthday, June 19th, 2006, when I relived the story of *Egypt's Godfather & Sons*, in a past-life not quite *Gone with the Wind*.

...When *Napoleon* won the *Battle of the Pyramids* in 1798, world powers competing for control of India and the East unraveled! Like Alexander, a man of destiny, arrived from a Macedonian seaport. Born the same year as Napoleon, in 1801 *Mohammed Ali* came to *Egypt's* rescue. Defying his sultan and world powers, he became *The Pasha* in a populace revolution. For 44 years he transformed Egypt, his dynasty ruling until 1953.

I was an international fashion designer in this life, but in 1805 Egypt, I was a 14-year-old Bedouin princess guarding Cairo from her father's tented compound behind the Sphinx, where telluric currents of Earth's 5th throat chakra running through San Miguel entangled me with ***The Mexican Healer***, who was the man I loved lifetimes ago: ***Egypt's Last Pharaoh, Mohammed Ali***.

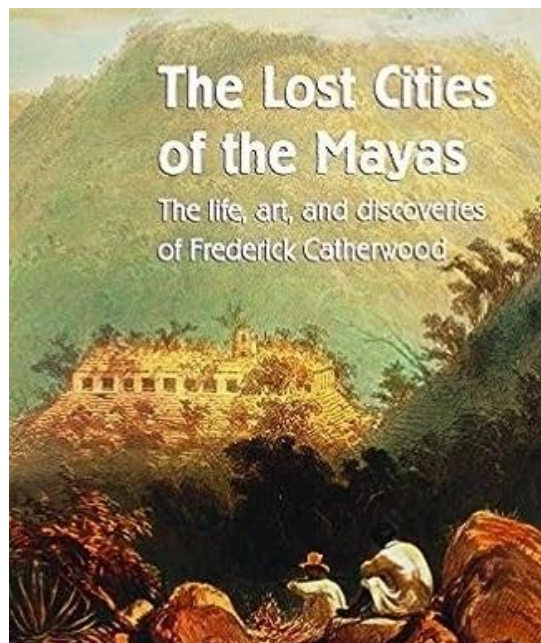
Under a skylit cupola festooned with glistening crystals, I sipped reposado and relaxed on a single bed. Sitting in a chair beside me, past-life therapist Eduardo Blanco was a tall, handsome man with shoulder-length white hair, about a decade younger than me, who was my daughter Noren's current boyfriend. As their gift to me on my 60th birthday, Eduardo began his melodious chant... *"Ten, your body is feeling heavy; you're sinking deeper and deeper into the cushions."* Hmm... I thought to myself, is this really possible? Then 9, *"You are totally relaxed,"* then 8, then 7, and finally at 1. ... *"You're going to your most significant life with **The Mexican Healer**. Where are you now? Are you rich, or are you poor?"*

.... I was in a palace on a veranda open to a port of clipper ships, seated on a carpet, surrounded by bronze-skinned servants who were pulling the cord of an overhead cloth fan. *"I'm rich!"* said my young voice, *"I'm the wife of Ali!"*

... Taking it all in, dressed in the garb of the place and time, there were so many souls I felt I knew. My mind was swimming with exotic images when Eduardo asked, *"What's happening now?"* I got exceedingly sad. *"There's a woman coming now from across the sea."* A dark gray shadow of a veiled woman flanked by teenage sons was gliding above a foreboding black sea. An emotional terror overtook me. *"She has sons, and I only have a daughter,"* I sighed. So much was happening so fast. Overwrought with fear, spinning and spinning, my head was swimming with so many images that I could not absorb or describe it all. Then I began twisting my head—shaking—side to side—gasping for air! That's when Eduardo took me back. ... *Oof! And wow! ...Such vivid images and feelings!*

About an hour after my 60th birthday past-life regression, I was walking down cobblestone streets, undeniably tipsy from my trip of a lifetime. After tea with the pigeons splashing in the fountain of the '*Bellas Artes*' courtyard restaurant, a 16th-century monastery that's now an art school, I crossed Canal Street and entered a curio shop. As a textile artist and avid book collector, a large volume of watercolor lithographs caught my eye.

Lost Cities of the Mayas The Life, Art, and Discoveries of Frederick Catherwood. In 1838, a decade before the artist/explorer came to the land of Maya, he was in Egypt, employed by ***The Pasha Mohammed Ali!***



... and right before my eyes, on page 26 of this book, was a sketch of Mohammad Ali Pasha...***My Ali!***



Mohammed Ali Pasha of Egypt

— But there was even more in this book! Although he was dressed in Eastern garb, somehow I recognized my dear friend, **David Reyes**, nephew of Mexican artist *Chucho Reyes*, of *fighting cocks* fame, part of the Rivera/Kahlo clique, but here his name was **David Roberts**. Not only is *David Roberts* credited with the richest portfolio ever created of *Egypt and the Holy Lands*, but he sketched the very palace veranda open to clipper ships that I was in just an hour ago! Titled ***Interview with the Viceroy of Egypt***, Roberts drew himself into the scene with Colonel Campbell from memory, as Roberts regrettably did not have pen and paper to record ‘*such a face of animated countenance.*’ ...*Dear David, you are truly my guardian angel!*



Interview with The Viceroy of Egypt at his Palace 1839 David Roberts

Some *Souls* may manifest, looking almost identical, as in David's case. See for yourself: ***David Reyes was David Roberts***. Below, myself with my artist/diplomat fiancé Bartolomé Sanchez and David Reyes at a dinner in The Peninsula Hotel, Hong Kong, 1982.



David Roberts

David Reyes

David Roberts



The Peninsula Hotel 80's Hong Kong with the late David Reyes

...Just blocks away with the book in hand, I couldn't wait to get to Noren's bistro to show Eduardo. In 2006, these were the days of Camelot in San Miguel. Two years after the 2004 tsunami, before the global weather changes, *The Gods* cooled and cleaned the streets with short showers three times a day. Colonial-garbed police on horseback patrolled the streets without a traffic light in sight; now there are a dozen lights, albeit on the periphery roads, and the police ride around in two-seater electric UTVs. My daughter Noren had been here since the mid-90s and had recently left an abusive relationship with her young son and daughter to open her bistro on *Correo*, two blocks up from the historic center's Gothic Cathedral with its manicured *Jardin*.



I'd arrived two weeks earlier, about the same time as *The Mexican Healer*, who was staying with Jaime in the house next door to Noren's Bistro, a man he'd healed, who could now walk. I was alone in the bistro when he came in wearing a western sombrero, jeans, and snakeskin boots. I'd been traveling to China and India for 35 years, and we began talking about Eastern health treatments, when he suggested that I try his...*that's how it began*.

In the high-ceilinged room of the colonial stone house next door to the bistro, I had lain under a sheet on a massage table with religious icon paintings looking down on me as soft music played. Of flaxen fair coloring, with a short robust build, *The Mexican Healer* smiled but didn't speak as he began, like a sculptor, to reposition each bone of my skeleton, then twist the tendons and flesh over the new frame. Somehow I never stirred, while feeling the pain was excruciating, yet I simply remained an observer.

When he finished, he left without a word. After dressing, I went into the stone-arched atrium where an elegant blond woman was sitting behind a reception table. While we were chatting, I turned to watch *The Mexican Healer*, who seemed to float across the sun-filled patio, his haloed body, looked like a *Light Being*, as tears of bliss filled my eyes. He entered the shaded atrium, then looked at me and chuckled. “Now you cry? ...I’ve never seen anyone receive my treatment without a tear before, but normally it’s during, and not afterwards. How are you feeling?” My body was tingling with youth — but I was speechless. He smiled. “Let things settle, and we’ll see how to proceed.”

His treatment completely healed an injury persisting on my left side. The very reason I had to break my 35-year travel schedule, as organic to me as the Jacaranda trees purple blooms that open like clockwork every 15th of March. From that day onwards, a magical synchronicity became our new normal, as our paths crossed in the picturesque settings of San Miguel de Allende. For two weeks we were the north and south poles of a magnet....On Sunday, the 18th of June, one day before my 60th birthday past-life regression, it was the *Dia de los Locos Desfile*, or *Day of the Fools Parade*, where thousands flock to San Miguel to release their inner madness and dance in the streets. ...Squeezed between the costumed,



masked faced bodies, into this madness, *The Mexican Healer* and I walked down through the Jardin, down Pila Seca to Don Quijote’s outdoor restaurant. Then, after a festive time with Noren, Eduardo, and friends, we stepped onto the river-rock road when—like a flash—I was spun into a time warp! I grabbed onto *The Mexican Healer*, who look-

ed quizzically at me, but I'm sure he didn't know what to think. At first I thought it was *Jewel Mountain in Jaipur*, a pyramid-shaped mountain in a camel reserve outside our print factory, as there were camels passing by. But towering above us was a mountain of stone, only it was much larger. Now I know it was the *Great Pyramid of Giza*, but that was 24 hours before my 60th birthday regression.

Reeling from the day's synchronicities, after my birthday trip of a lifetime, I was back at the bistro waiting for Claudia and Gabriela to finish their tarot reading to reveal my discovery to Eduardo. "*That's Ali?*" Eduardo seemed not as intrigued as I was with the book's sketch of Ali of my past life in Egypt. He was more concerned that our entanglement could be a dangerous replay of something that we didn't yet know. "*It's best not to repeat the past. He's leaving in a few days,*" Eduardo said ominously.

The past-life regression had ended so precipitously, and with such heightened-fearful-emotions, I was more than a little anxious about facing *The Mexican Healer*. After so many magical days, everything had changed. I needed to calm myself before seeing him for our last night. I was staying in *the Hacienda de Las Flores* on Hospicio, in a two-room suite atop a spindly stairwell that overlooked a garden. I lit some aromatherapy candles, pressed play on a *Norah Jones* cassette, and stepped into the sunken oversized tiled bath. The door was never locked; I didn't hear him come in, but a man like *The Mexican Healer* only goes where he is honored; he doesn't ask, he acts, he dominates.

How was I to say goodbye? Face to face with him, I was uncontrollably, frantically flipping between epochs. I pressed my hands against my head trying to stop the onslaught. I was weirded out, disconnected, fighting against the images flooding my brain, struggling against the frightening feelings from the past-life regression resurfacing—*ready to explode!* And of course he realized it. No words were spoken as he dressed and left. Then, as I listened to him descend the metal stairwell, I sprang off the bed and watched from the window as he exited the garden. That's when *The Sphinx* whispered in my head, "***Heal his heart, ease his pain.***"