

Akin to the best-selling books by author Brian Weiss (including "Many Lives, Many Masters"), "Through 7 Lives: The Gift Of My Soul" postulates that it is possible to have recall on past lives. Based on past life hypnotherapy sessions and a number of 'connections' with different parts of the world, renowned music historian, author, producer and singer David Nathan has written the compelling tale of six characters whose life challenges have common themes – including betrayal and jealousy – that 'bleed' into his own 20th and 21st century existence and the intersections between all seven lifetimes.

Even for readers for whom the premise of reincarnation has no validity, the fascinating stories of Egyptian pharaoh Smenkhare (an acknowledged historical figure), Nepalese Buddhist monk Norbu, Cambodian concubine Ponnleu, Haitian voodoo priest Houngan, West African prince-turned-slave Touvalou, Mississippi blues singer Beulah Parker and his own life, makes "Through 7 Lives: The Gift Of My Soul" a page-turner..."

THROUGH 7 LIVES: THE GIFT OF MY SOUL

By David Nathan © 2015

Preface:

What do Smenkhare, an almost forgotten Egyptian Pharaoh, considered a footnote to history; the Buddhist monk Norbu, living in a monastery in the shadows of the Himalayas in Nepal; Ponnleu, a favoured Cambodian concubine at the court of a Khmer prince at Angkor Wat; Houngan, a vengeful voodoo priest in Haiti known for his interest in the darker side of the ancient tradition; Touvalou, a young prince from Dahomey and heir to the throne, sold into slavery by his jealous older brother who spends the rest of his life in America; Beulah Parker, a plump blues singer from Mississippi, raised in a brothel who dies as an addict without achieving the success she sought; and David Nathan, a pre-eminent historian in the world of 20th century soul music have in common? One life....

Through a series of 'flashbacks,' a poem written spontaneously in 1978, past life hypnotherapy and a meeting with two prominent experts in the world of reincarnation, renowned music journalist and author David Nathan 'discovered' his connection to six previous incarnations. When he examined his 20th century life, he found amazing links.

Referencing Smenkhare....

A deep passion for the 18th Dynasty in Egypt in his mid-20's led to a 1984 visit to the site of the city built by King Akhenaten and his Queen Nefertiti in the Egyptian desert prompting him to burst into sobbing tears of recognition.

Referencing Norbu....

When David returned to live in Britain after 34 years in the US, he found himself consistently drawn to people from South Asia for the first time in his life, evoking connection to the cultures of the region. For years, David found himself attracted to Buddhism (while not actually practising it) and his support for the charity Save The Children resulting in sponsoring children in Nepal...

Referencing Ponnleu....

When he was eight, David saw the film “The King & I” and was entranced by the opening scene depicting Bangkok with its golden temples and palaces. His fascination led him to perform a Siamese temple dance at school at the age of nine! At age 13, he had developed a strange and deep fascination for the temples at Angkor Wat and when a friend had brought him back a lotus leaf from a pond at Angkor in 2005, his friend had a ‘flash’ about David – and the words ‘concubine’ at the same time!

Referencing Houngan....

From an early age, David had a fascination with witches and skeletons. After meeting the legendary Nina Simone (for whom he had formed the first British fan club as a teenager in 1965), his interest in voodoo developed to the point where he read avidly about the subject and attempted to visit Haiti. A trip to Jamaica in 2001 forced David to have a psychic ‘exorcism’ after he returned to Los Angeles in the wake of a ‘psychic’ attack prompted by his visit to the home of Annie Palmer, the infamous ‘White Witch of Jamaica’ who had been trained in voodoo and killed slaves after having sex with them.

Referencing Touvalou....

During his teen years, David’s hobby was collecting the names of ambassadors from all over the world; he was particularly fascinated by the French-speaking countries in West Africa (such as Mali, Guinea, Mauritania, Togo and Dahomey) and he developed a great rapport with one particular diplomat, the press attache at the Senegalese embassy (who would go on to become that country’s ambassador to the US) which led to a desire to visit Senegal - and particularly the island of Goree where people were kept before being transported into slavery on the other side of the Atlantic. David’s first trip to New Orleans in the late ‘70s was mind-blowing: a boat ride on the Mississippi brought up a flood of emotions as references were made to the plantations on the other side of the river...

Referencing Beulah....

David’s love and lifelong passion for the music of African-Americans began when he first heard the voice of Bessie Smith as a child – and his penchant for the blues stylings of such greats as Nina Simone, Esther Phillips and – through some of her early work – Aretha Franklin became apparent during his teen years. While never exposed to the music of Billie Holiday, his awareness of her began with her death in 1959; David subsequently borrowed her autobiography ‘Lady Sings The Blues’ from the local library and never took it back... Years later, on his first trip to the Crescent City David was walking in the French quarter and saw what he thought was ‘blood’ on the ground – which literally disappeared the second time he looked! As the story of Beulah unfolded on the pages of ‘Through 7 Lives,’ David began to understand why...

The connections...

David dedicated his life work to promoting the artists and those who created the globally popular art form known as ‘soul music’ and his affinity for a culture which he was not born into led to years of living in the U.S., singing in black church choirs and developing a reputation as a soul music expert and historian. No surprise, perhaps, given his ‘connection’ to Houngan, Touvalou and Beulah, three of his recalled lives...

Are all of the references in David Nathan's lives merely coincidences that connect him to Egypt, Nepal, Cambodia, Haiti, Dahomey (Benin)/Senegal) and the Southern states of the U.S.A. mere coincidences? Maybe. Or are they links from six lives intersecting and completing themselves in one? You may judge for yourself as you read the stories of Smenkhare, Norbu, Ponnleu, Houngan, Touvalou, Beulah and David himself...

Prelude – Children Of The Night

...**Smenkhare ('Vigorous is the Soul of Re - Holy of Forms')** was aghast. He had never felt so alone, so completely alone. In the wake of the mysterious disappearance – and he suspected, demise – of his beloved Akhy (the term of endearment he used to describe his brother, the great Pharaoh Akhenaten, the acknowledged first monotheist in recorded history), he had been left to take on the responsibility of a kingdom in turmoil. So-called friends and supporters were nowhere to be found. He wandered out beyond the palace walls as midnight approached, praying that someone would come to ease the desperate loneliness that enveloped his very soul...

...**Norbu ("Jewel")** walked slowly along the rough hewn track that precariously led up the bleak mountainside to the monastery. From the days when his family had decreed and determined that his life would be spent in the company of fellow monks all those years before, Norbu had accepted his lot, dealing with his own worldly temptations and falls from grace. Dreams of being a carpenter, of building wonderful palaces for the King were summarily dismissed leaving the youth to ponder the emptiness of his existence. Emptiness, he contemplated, was indeed the clear objective for every young man who entered the priesthood, emptiness of the mind, the loss of desire. And yet, and yet....Norbu's emptiness was lodged in a memory of another time and place where the desert sands stretched out forever beyond the horizon. His soul, he reflected, would forever seek relief from the crushing separation he felt from the love of another, knowing it would never be...

...**Ponnleu ("Illumination")** stared into the pond outside the temple. Life had seemed so glorious when she first entered the household of Prince Lompong Racha, the powerful heir to the vast Khmer kingdom when she initially enjoyed the nightly attention of the handsome prince before a tragic incident altered both of their lives forever. While it seemed like she was living a fairytale-like existence, Ponnleu was painfully aware of the loss of freedom that came with it and as she looked at the lotus leaves floating in the water, she wondered what it would be like to move so easily through life without the confines of being a virtual slave to a prince...

Houngan was stunned. Rare were the moments when he could stop and consider the truth about his life. It was, he knew, pre-determined. His predilection for the darker side of the ancient tradition of voodoo had resulted in some twists and turns during his life including his face-to-face encounter with one of the enemies of Toussaint L'Ouverture, the leader who would instigate the Haitian revolution for freedom from the French colonialists. While much of his life had been spent in rage and he had impacted the lives of many on the island with potions and spells, as he stared into the lapping blue water of the Caribbean, Houngan was aware perhaps for the first time of the desperate separation he felt from humanity...

... **Touvalou** wept. A stranger in a strange land, unable to speak to anyone. Even those who had also somehow survived the dreadful days and cold cold nights below deck as the wretched ship tossed and turned in its journey through the turbulent waters of the ocean came from other parts of the very same continent from which he had been taken. No one spoke the same language, not even the same dialect and Touvalou had quickly learned that any attempt to communicate with the white men who were his captors would likely result in immediate death. While other African men bore some resemblance in skin colour and build, Touvalou was forced to use sign language to communicate with them, aware that they knew nothing of his regal background. In the still of the night, he silently remembered his youth at the court of his father, the King of Dahomey, the pomp

and ceremony, the grandeur, the feeling that his destiny would unfold as the proud leader of a strong nation. He felt the deep pang of unfiltered alienation from all he had known. He was, he knew, alone...

... **Beulah** swigged another bottle of rum. Drink had become her occasional companion since the day her family had thrown her out of the tiny shack in the backwoods of Mississippi, her mother accusing her of seducing her own father through her years serving the madam Faye in a local brothel and on to her years in New Orleans with William, the man who had shaped her very destiny turning her into a working blues singer. Beulah thought back to the first time she had heard the sad sad cry of the blues, the soul's ancient wail which found expression through Beulah, who knew lonely was always going to be her best friend...

... **David** didn't expect the flood of tears. The phone call alerting him that Angel, the man who had arrived in his life twelve years earlier – originally as the semi-clad photo on a card he received for his 48th birthday – was gone brought a pang of deep pain that left him stunned. Oh, the adventures, being with the highest paid Latino escort in L.A., first as his client, then as his business partner, then friend and finally lover flashed before his eyes like a Hollywood movie in 3D, full of high drama, laughter and love. So many sweet and sour memories of insanity somehow laced with a deep and timeless connection that bore no relationship to logic, two star-crossed lovers destined to meet and renew a contract made so many thousands of years before. David had spent a lifetime looking for love: his very soul cried in the night fearing an inner knowing that he might never know the feeling again. An emptiness filled his heart...

