

# SOLOMON SPEAKS

ON  
RECONNECTING  
YOUR LIFE

Best-selling author of

*The Reconnection: Heal Others, Heal Yourself*

Dr. Eric Pearl  
and  
Frederick Ponzlov

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**ALSO BY DR. ERIC PEARL**

*The Reconnection: Heal Others, Heal Yourself*

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*In loving memory of my mother, Lois J. Pearl.*

*In honor of my father, Harold R. Pearl.*

— *EP*

*To my Aunt Eleanore, who gave me a life.*

— *FP*

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## PROLOGUE

### Eric's Story

**O***h my God!* I thought, watching my patient, Fred, who was no longer simply lying on his back on the cushioned table in front of me in my office. *No one is going to believe this. Who or what am I in the presence of?*

Fred's eyes were partially closed as they rolled up and back into his skull and began to dart rapidly back and forth underneath his fluttering eyelids. His breathing slowed and became deep. His arms, somewhat extended to the sides, began to move slowly, rhythmically ... gently up, then down, then up again, as if softly buoyed by an invisible energy field. His lips parted; you could see that his tongue was moving in a manner that was clearly forming speech as air audibly escaped his mouth.

With slight trepidation, I bent forward and brought my ear closer to hear what he had to say. Yet all I could make out was the sound of his breath as the aspirations attempted in vain to form themselves into words.

I was frozen in place by sheer awe. I knew I was in the presence of something grander than I, most people—or perhaps anyone at all—had ever experienced.

And yet this was neither the beginning nor the end of something that would move beyond what could have ever anticipated, something that would soon affect millions of people around the globe.

As I listened carefully to the sound of the air coming from Fred, I *did* finally hear a voice. Not from Fred. It was the voice of my mother saying, *What are you doing?! Get your ear away from that crazy person before he bites it off!* And I started to smile, to laugh inside. It's hard to explain what it's like to be somewhat frightened, in awe, and struck by humor at the same time....



Now, before I continue along this line, can I truthfully say that this came *totally* out of the blue? Well, yes ... and no. To be more clear, let me back up just a few months from that January day in 1991 to the previous August.

Little did I know that life was about to change for me, and for many people. For the previous 10 years, I had been very happy as a doctor. I had one of the largest and most successful chiropractic practices in Los Angeles, and that was how I thought I would spend my life. But, you see, I went home on a Thursday *thinking* that I was a doctor of chiropractic, and when I came back on the following Monday, I was something else. (Mind you, my parents had always told me that I was “something else”—but this probably wasn't what they had in mind.)

It all started on that Thursday night, when I was suddenly awakened by a very bright light. ~~opened my eyes to see what it was, and it wasn't anything seemingly spiritual or metaphysical:~~ It was just the lamp next to my bed. It had turned itself on. Now I'd had this lamp for over ten years at that time, and it hadn't selected any other occasion to self-illuminate. Yet there it was.

At the same time, it felt as though someone was in my home.

I can't begin to describe what an eerie feeling it is to wake up to the sense that somebody is in your house who hadn't been there when you went to sleep. Let's just say that I got up with a knife, a can of pepper spray, and my Doberman pinscher and went hunting. After a good 20 minutes, I decided that it had to be my imagination and went back to sleep. But on the following Monday, seven of my patients, independently of one another, insisted that they were feeling "people" in the rooms of my office as we worked, just as I had felt people in my home—although they were completely unaware of my experience.

Now, after 12 years of practice and no one having said anything remotely similar to that up until then, you would think that seven people telling me this all in one day would get my attention. But you see, other patients that same day were telling me that they could feel my hands without me actually touching them. Of course I didn't believe them. I told them to lie on the table with their eyes closed. I held my hands inches to feet to yards away from them, yet they could always tell the direction my palms were facing. *Left ankle, right shoulder.* They knew. They could *feel* me ... or *it*.

As I watched, their facial muscles—tiny muscles in their forehead or around their chin and lips—would move ... would, more accurately, *ripple*. Muscles that were so small they couldn't be moved intentionally. Lips would part; tongues would move. Eyes would rapidly dart back and forth. Fingers and feet would involuntarily move either in synchronized patterns or alternating right, left, right, left....

And when they'd open their eyes, they'd tell me that they were seeing colors they had never seen before; smelling fragrances, often floral, that they had never before smelled; seeing and hearing "people" who weren't in the room for anyone else to see or hear.

And then they started reporting healings. Real healings. They were getting up out of wheelchairs, some of them. They were regaining the use of arms, legs, vision, hearing... Patients were bringing me in laboratory results showing that their cancer growths had vanished. And children with cerebral palsy and epilepsy were able to walk, run, and speak normally; no longer had seizures; no longer required medication. My patients and their doctors would call and ask, "What did you do?"

"Nothing," was my reply. "And don't tell anyone!"

It was like the government trying to tell people to "just say no" to drugs. The more I said it, the more people talked.

Soon people started asking me to teach this work. "Teach it?!" I responded. "How do you teach something like this?" *I stand there waving my hands in the air looking like an idiot,* I thought. I told them to "go outside, wave your hands in the air, and let me know what your neighbors have to say about it!"

Yet more and more of my patients would call me after their sessions to report that when they drove up to their homes, their automatic garage doors opened before they hit the little clicker button in their cars to open them. Or when they entered their homes, their TVs or sound systems turned themselves on and off and on and off. They felt sensations in their hands and held them near someone in their family who was having a problem, and *that person* had a healing!

And suddenly we began to recognize what science and researchers would later confirm: that once you interact with this new, broader, more comprehensive spectrum of healing frequencies, something

changes within you that allows you to not only access your own healing, but to facilitate healing for others. Science today calls this *Reconnective Healing*, and this was the basis for my first book, *The Reconnection: Heal Others, Heal Yourself*.



So, back in the room with Fred, the breathy sounds continued as I watched, fascinated ... perhaps *too* fascinated, as it suddenly dawned on me that I was spending far too long in the room with him while my other patients were waiting for me. I touched Fred lightly on his sternum with my index and middle fingers and softly said, "Fred, I think we're finished now."

Fred opened his eyes. He looked at me. I looked at him. He didn't say anything. So I didn't say anything. I mean, what was there really to say?

I can't tell you that I didn't think about it—a *lot*—for the rest of that week until his next visit. I was sure it was going to happen again. I scheduled all of my patients before Fred so I'd have some extra time in case it did.

And it did. I adjusted him, and told him to close his eyes and relax and allow the adjustment to settle. As he was lying there, I held my hands in the air near his head, and the scene from his previous visit was repeated. His head jerked back, eyes rolled back in his head, lips parted, tongue moved, and air audibly escaped from his mouth. But this time the air condensed itself into a voice. And the voice said: "*We are here to tell you to continue doing what you are doing. What you are doing is bringing light and information onto the planet.*"

Fred looked at me and confessed that he had had that voice coming through him since he was approximately 11 years old; that only two people in his life knew about it; that he'd felt it starting up during his previous visit, but he thought that I didn't notice anything. I told him to relax and let it flow.

I thought that this was something unique to Fred. A "Fred thing." Little could I have anticipated what was to come next.

Two days later, three other patients lost consciousness and spoke the same two phrases that Fred had spoken: "*We are here to tell you to continue doing what you are doing. What you are doing is bringing light and information onto the planet.*" However, a third and a fourth phrase were added. Two patients said: "*What you are doing is reconnecting strands.*" One of them said: "*What you are doing is reconnecting strings.*"

Fred came back in later for another visit and told me that while he was at home, he had been doing automatic writing. (Apparently another "Fred thing.") He said that it was his usual automatic writing, except for the last two sentences, which read: *Do not underestimate the power of Dr. Ervin Scott Pearl. What he is doing is reconnecting strings.*

I asked him if he was sure it said "strings." I knew that *strands* meant DNA. *Strings* had to have been a mistake, I thought. Or perhaps some entity, some intelligence from the universe, was trying to communicate with me, and was somewhat encumbered by having to find words in the English language to convey a concept that was somewhere in between *strings* and *strands*. But Fred insisted that what he had written was *strings*.

By the way, did I tell you that none of these patients knew one another? Well, then let me tell you now: *None of these patients knew one another.* Nor did they know any of the five people it happened to in my office the following week. All in all, over the next three months, more than 50 different patients lost consciousness and spoke up to six of the same verbatim phrases.



~~What I soon recognized was that sometimes you're given the opportunity to walk through doors when you're not sure where they lead. Most often this is the case, and it is what happened with me.~~

From the beginning, I was spoon-fed fear disguised as love from “healers” watching from the outside. People would ask, “What’s the source of these healings? Is it a good source?”

“Of course it is,” I’d reply. “It’s God. It’s love. It’s the universe.”

“How do you know?” they would ask.

“I just know,” I told them.

“But how do you know?” they would ask again, until *I* began to wonder how I knew. I mean *knew*. I just didn’t know *how* I knew. So, thinking that those who were posing these questions must know something that I didn’t, I asked them how I should go about determining the source.

“Ask it,” was their response.

*Ask it? Ask it?!* What kind of answer was that?! If you ask a good source if it’s a good source, it tells you the truth and says it’s a good source. If you ask a bad source if it’s a good source, it lies and tells you it’s a good source.

I mean, here were these healers who had the audacity to infuse fear where fear didn’t belong, and didn’t even have the integrity to give me proper guidance to get to the answer. *Ask it?!*

So I thought and I thought and I thought. And finally I came up with two worst-case scenarios:

(a) I die. I show up at the Pearly Gates or wherever we go, and St. Peter or whoever is supposed to be there is there and looks up my name in the Book of Life.

*Eric Pearl ... Eric Pearl ... Eric Pearl ... here it is.... Hmm ... you led a lot of people down a very foolish path. You have to go back and live your life over again 600 times....*

Well, let me tell you. That’s not a very exciting possibility. But here comes the *worst worst-case* scenario:

(b) I die. I show up at the Pearly Gates or wherever, and St. Peter or whoever is there and looks up my name in the Book of Life.

*Eric Pearl ... Eric Pearl ... Eric Pearl ... here it is.... Hmm ... we gave you an opportunity to bring about a change of consciousness that would have ripple effects throughout the universe in perpetuity.... And you didn’t do it.... Because you were afraid....*

You see, *that* was the choice I couldn’t live with.



*The light comes not from without, but from within.... Your life is providing that light.*

— SOLOMON

Through the teachings from Solomon—the entity who speaks through the physical being of Eric Pearl—and my own evolution, I’ve come to understand what I call the *One-Cause Theory*. The One-Cause Theory posits that the degree to which we fall away from perfect health is the degree to which we’ve temporarily forgotten that we *are* the light. And all we need do is remember that we *are* that light,

remind ourselves in a way that allows us to return to our natural state of light vibration. And as we vibrate in our optimal state of light, anything denser than that light pretty much has nothing left to hold on to; therefore, it falls away, *if it is appropriate at that point on our life path for it to do so.*

I learned that being a healer—that is, facilitating healings for others—is a pretty pure experience. I learned to simply step into the equation with the other person and the universe, transcend technique entirely, and allow myself to *feel. Feel.* That is, to *listen ...* with a different sense. To feel, observe, play, notice. Without judgment. And that’s a huge part of the key. I learned that as we transcend technique, we transcend direction, we transcend specific pinpoint desired outcome, and we transcend judgment. I learned how to step out of my *results* orientation and instead step into a *process* orientation. And as I allowed myself to do so, I became more aware of the field, as well as many sensations. Varying sensations: hot, cold, wet, dry, pushing, pulling, bubbling, sparkling.

The funny thing about all of this is the simplicity of what underlies it. You see, as I distilled all of these sensations down, they became essentially one: joy, happiness ... *bliss.* As I experienced this bliss, I stepped into the *field* and became one with it. And I discovered that we are not in the field alone. We are in the field with everyone ... specifically, with that person who has our *attention* because—let’s face it—we go where our attention is, where our awareness is. Somehow in this interaction, consciously or otherwise, a little “voice”—figuratively speaking—inside that person says *Hey, I remember this. This is me vibrating healthy. This is me vibrating as light... I think I’ll do this again.*

And in that remembrance, I watched as people began to vibrate at their optimal light level once more, and they began to vibrate healthy. I observed that anything denser than that light, which includes pretty much most health challenges, if appropriate for that person at that point in time on his/her life path, simply falls away. Immediately it became more than clear that healing is just that simple. And anything—*anything*—more complicated than that is designed to sell us something.

As I allowed myself to *listen*—to stop *doing* and instead to *become*, to become the observer and the observed—this is where and when the universe often chose to display its true wonder and its beauty. This is the gift. It is here that we see things that are new, that are different, that are real. Very, very real. We experience, then, each session with a sense of newness and discovery, because with each person, it is new.

*Your job is to open doors.  
Their job is to decide whether they  
have the courage to walk through them.*

— SOLOMON

You see, I don’t like the word *healing*. It’s far too limited in its common interpretation. *Healing* implies that there’s something you have to get “better” from. I observed that healing is more than just getting up out of wheelchairs, regaining hearing or speech, cancer tumors vanishing, or cerebral palsied children walking and talking normally. Although these are all more than wonderful and more than exciting when we witness them while doing this work, healing in its truest sense is much more than that. These “healings” are signs of something much larger. They’re signs of our more comprehensive access to, and interaction with, the universe. They’re signs of our evolution. A *Human Upgrade*, if you will.

Our existence is about our *continued* evolution. I’ve learned that life is about our ability to adapt

and evolve. It's a continual process. Occasionally the process occurs so slowly, so subtly, that we don't notice it. Other times it takes leaps into obvious apparentness, and it's anything *but* subtle....

As I allowed myself to simply witness and to "be," I observed that this is healing of a very different nature than we have been taught to perceive, understand, or even believe or accept. The healing is about an evolutionary process brought into existence through *co-creation* at the highest vibrational interaction with the universe, at the highest vibrational interaction with the field.

*If a man would allot half an hour every night for self-conversation, and recapitulate with himself whatever he has done, right or wrong, in the course of the day, he would be both the better and the wiser for it.*

— PHILIP DORMER STANHOPE, 4TH EARL OF CHESTERFIELD (1694–1773)

My life has changed because of this work. I would like to be able to tell you precisely how it has changed, how *I* have changed—yet I don't really *know* how. Because I've been living with "me" day after day, I see more of my searching to be better than I see my actual achievements. I see myself when I handle a situation well, and it makes me feel good inside. I see myself when I don't handle a situation as well as I could have, and I feel hurt and disappointed in myself. And yet I persevere, determined to do better next time.

Do I see the majority of the messengers—that is, speakers and presenters—as *being* the message offstage? To varying degrees. That allows me to see that I am human, that we are all human. I don't have a different offstage and onstage persona, so you get me as I am: the good, the bad, and the ugly. But you get the truth. Am I as patient and understanding as I'd like to be? No. Am I more patient and understanding than I was? Absolutely. Would I like to *be* my message? Definitely. Am I? Well, I'm getting there. And possibly when I become my message, there will be little reason for me to be "the body." But I have a long way to go, so I don't plan on departing this life very soon! I guess the biggest change for me is my willingness to observe myself—my actions, my inactions, my successes and my shortcomings—with less judgment and the desire to improve. Maybe this is me reconnecting with the truth and purity of who I am as a being, as a soul.

We make our choices either out of fear or out of love. Fear, including lack, limitation, the illusion of separation and darkness ... or love, including unity, abundance, prosperity, oneness, and light. I choose to make my choices out of love. Now, this is not always as easy as it sounds. And at times I wondered if I were doing the right thing. At times I wondered whether I was living in a dream and would wake up. Other times I simply wondered whether I was losing my mind or had lost it completely. Maybe I was in a hospital bed somewhere in a coma, and all of this was simply my imagination.

Yet, when I found myself in doubt, I reminded myself that I wasn't the one who spoke those original six phrases. It was over 50 different people. And none of them except Fred had ever had their voice come through them before. I knew that the answers were there. In the phrases. They became my mantras to see me through the times when I doubted myself or the situation. I would keep them posted somewhere easy for me to see so that when I began to doubt, I could find just the right phrase to help me through those periods. I give them to you here so that you can have a copy of them for your own use.

1. *We are here to tell you to continue doing what you are doing.*

2. *What you are doing is bringing light and information onto the planet.*

---

3. *What you are doing is reconnecting strings.*
4. *What you are doing is reconnecting strands.*
5. *You must see/know that you are a master.*
6. *We've come because of your reputation.*

In a sense, I used these as mantras. They worked for me. And I hope that they work for you!

But please keep in mind that although the six phrases are very key to understanding this work, they are not the main focus of this book. You are more than welcome to read about them and their meaning in *The Reconnection*. The significance of this occurrence for the purpose of this Prologue is that the voices, the phrases, *stopped* happening. Just about. Sort of. In a way. And yet the information continued to come through Fred in a far more expanded manner.

I would go to Fred periodically and ask if I could speak to that voice that came through him. Fred didn't always like to bring the voice through, but with sufficient encouragement, he would sometimes acquiesce. And I had the forethought to record those sessions.

During the first and second sessions, including the "I Want You to Wonder" sequence that this book opens with, we used three tape recorders ... and all three continually broke down. So I finally invested in a quality recording system to get every word. Then I had the tapes transcribed so that they could be read. I kept them safely stored, starting in 1994, as I wasn't sure how to properly share the material, or if I should do so at all.

Over the years and a few moves, Fred and I lost touch. And in 2008 or so, after some extensive research, I located him. A couple of years later we decided to collaborate to bring this material to the public.

As you go through this book, you will find many more phrases and insights to help carry you along. Not only as a Reconnective Healer, but as a reconnected person, for this book is about reconnecting *your* life. It is designed to transform not only those who want to become healers, re-healers ... but to transform each of us who is looking to reconnect and bring about world harmony at this time.





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## PROLOGUE

### Fred's Story

*A NOTE FROM ERIC PEARL: You may already be familiar with me, Reconnective Healing, and The Reconnection, but you may not yet be familiar with my co-author, Frederick Ponzlov, and the role he played in bringing through certain information and insights that have the capacity to transport us to deeper and more comprehensive levels as healers and as people. While I touched upon this briefly in my own Prologue, I felt it only appropriate to bring you Fred's story as well in his own words....*

I seldom remember beginnings. But at some point it began ... in rural Wisconsin on a farm. The clearest memory was when I was ten and I was falling asleep, or thought I was asleep, and heard my closet door open. I sat up in my bed and suddenly heard a whirring sound that increased in volume and pitch, and just when I thought it couldn't get any louder or any higher-pitched, I felt something moving into my body.

I, of course, was terrified, but couldn't scream because I didn't have control of my vocal apparatus. I felt my mind racing through my body, running down into my feet and running out into my hands, trying to find some physical sensation that I still had control of. As it turned out, nothing was responding. I was literally paralyzed with fear. My breathing became shallower, and before long it seemed as if I were just panting.

Then suddenly it felt as if my body was covered by a long, white wet sheet. Slowly, it started to be lifted from my feet first. But it was agonizingly slow. As soon as it got past my toes, I could feel the sensation in my feet, and I wiggled my toes madly. Then as every part of my body was slowly being reclaimed, I could feel the bodily sensations that were again mine. And when the sheet lifted past my throat, I screamed.

The year was 1962, and there was no frame of reference for any of this. But it was as real for me as the proverbial heart attack.

Several weeks later, on a warm August day, I awoke to the sounds of a man screaming in the distance. It felt as if it came from the yard, so I jumped out of bed as the screaming continued and raced out to the lawn along the side of our house. The screaming continued. I was standing in my underwear but couldn't discern a clear direction from which the shrieking emanated. Our closest neighbors were each a half mile away, and I thought that perhaps some accident had occurred on one of their farms.

But then ... nothing. It stopped. The screaming. And I stood dazed in wonder, my feet damp from the early-morning dew.

---

Several days later I found out that a former hired hand from our farm had on that very morning gone to start up his new employer's tractor and wasn't aware that it was still in gear. The tractor jerked as it started and lunged forward but was blocked by the retaining wall, and the hired hand was caught underneath the spinning rear tire. They said his screams were deafening. The tire worked its way through his body, and then the friction of the wheel on the cement started the shed on fire and he was prematurely cremated.

The only problem was that this happened *15 miles* away.

When the story eventually reached my ears, I knew that something was different—with me. But there was no one I could confide this to, and I was unsure how to even convey what I didn't understand.

I still don't understand.



Around the age of 13, I remember reading about, or hearing about, automatic writing. Again, clueless, I would close my eyes and put a pen in my hand as I hoped that something would come through. And I could feel my hand moving across the page. Yet when I opened my eyes, it all was just a scrawl, with no discernible words that I could grasp at the time. I saved the very first card I wrote and returning to it years later, there, clearly in the middle of the scrawl, was the word *Energy*.

Sometimes you can't see something until you need to see it.

I went away to college, to the University of Wisconsin—Milwaukee; majored in theater; and had several of what could be called *psychic phenomena* occur, chalking them all up to coincidence. I then moved to New York City to pursue a career as an actor, and one summer got a job at the Colorado Shakespeare Festival, in Boulder.

Once there, I realized that not only were we on the campus of the University of Colorado, but right next door was the Naropa Institute (a Buddhist-inspired university combining contemplative studies with traditional Western disciplines), and this had become the summer of Transcendental Meditation (TM). A good friend from New York coincidentally happened to be at Naropa for the summer session, and told me all about TM. I wanted to enroll but, being an actor, didn't have the coinage to purchase for myself my own mantra. So I co-opted "Om" because I'd heard that was the mantra. As always, I had no idea what I was doing but sat cross-legged every morning, "Oming" away waiting for something to happen or my mind to settle or whatever was supposed to occur.

Then, one morning after I had given up any hope for any tangible result, something did happen. I had just been breezily pondering a question in my unquieted mind, and an answer came. *But ...* wasn't "my" answer. It was something else. *Someone* else. Someone talking in a way that wasn't remotely the way I spoke. I tentatively responded to the voice, and another answer came, then another question, then another answer.

I stopped for a moment and clearly thought, *How great is this? Congratulations, you have just become a schizophrenic!* I blamed Colorado: the elevation, the pressure from the shows, and perhaps not feeling at ease in my surroundings.

And then there was the problem with writing longhand in those pre-computer days. I never had any problem prior to that, but suddenly I was challenged to form letters in a handwriting that was mine. Sometimes it would go off and spell other words. This started becoming annoying.



~~I survived Colorado and returned to New York. Shortly afterward, I got caught in the turbulence~~ wake of two murders, having arrived on the scene after each had occurred. I went to two separate psychics, when I still believed in psychic inevitability, to make sense of what was happening. Both told me with great urgency to leave New York—it was *not* the city for me to be in at the moment.

I had never thought of going to Los Angeles, where my former roommate had moved just eight months earlier. She encouraged me to come out and stay with her to pursue the “acting thing” on the West Coast. I had never, ever contemplated living on the “left coast” and still possessed that right coast snobbery about living in a state with the culturally unwashed. But after the events that had recently occurred, I thought maybe it was time to take the psychics’ advice and get out of Dodge. So I packed my Rambler, which I’d recently inherited from my wonderful aunt, and eventually made it to Route 10 and followed it to its logical conclusion.

Once in L.A., I immediately set about looking for a place to live, and I had no idea what area was preferable, not knowing the layout of the city. A week later I settled into an apartment with a Murphy bed that was only a block from Grauman’s Chinese Theatre. I thought it couldn’t get much more Hollywood than this.

I had moved all my unpacked boxes into one corner and was about to start going through them when, while I sat on the fold-out bed, the room started to move and shake. I thought it was stress from the trip westward. In actuality, it was my first earthquake. It passed almost as quickly as it started.

After catching my breath, I decided to unpack a box of books, and the book on the very top was *The Nature of Personal Reality*, by Jane Roberts. I had started reading it in New York and had put a bookmark in it to continue once I was firmly, or now somewhat firmly, rooted in La-La land. I casually opened to the bookmarked page where I had left off and started reading. The chapter was about why people move to areas where earthquakes occur.

After taking it in and unpacking some more boxes, I decided I would take a nap. I lay my head down, and 15 minutes later I woke up with a start. There, at the base of the bed, was an old woman sitting with a shawl over her head and around her shoulders. My first reaction was: how did this homeless woman, one of the many who populated the streets of Hollywood in those days, get into my room with my door locked? She turned and smiled directly at me, and then she literally faded away. Disappeared as I was looking at her.

Welcome to Hollywood.

In Jane Roberts’s book, she channeled a spirit named Seth. I was dubious about a lot of it—but unlike anything, there were little insights here and there that I thought I could use. At one point Seth suggested that if you wanted to have a memory of a former life, the thing to do was to make a conscious suggestion before going to sleep of having a dream about a pleasant former life, which you would then be able to remember in the morning.

Well, the first couple of nights ... *nada*. Nothing happened. Then on the third night, I had the amazingly vivid dream of being at a party at Harold Lloyd’s in the late ’20s. First of all, I barely knew who Harold Lloyd was. All I knew was that he was a silent-film star and was the figure dangling from the hands on the clock in that iconic picture. But beyond that, not much.

Anyway, in the dream I am at this party, and it’s a very big mansion. I look at Harold Lloyd, who doesn’t seem to be having a particularly happy time, and I turn to the person I came with, a photographer, and I say, “Why is Harold Lloyd so unhappy?”

She looks at me and then says, “He has a very dark personality.”

And then I woke up.

I thought, *Who in the world dreams about Harold Lloyd and his dark personality?* That day I told a number of friends, who were as bemused as I was, and we all laughed it off.

Then several days later, early in the morning, I made my way to where my Rambler last rested and I found only an empty space. The car was gone. Of course I panicked and thought that someone had stolen it, and the next thought replacing that one was: *Who would steal a Rambler?*

Nonetheless, I called the police to report this grievous act, and was informed that the car had not been stolen but towed, due to the Wisconsin license plates that had expired. I, of course, was none too happy about this turn of events and had to bike my way to Beverly Hills to pay the ticket to free my Rambler from the clutches of a very proactive police department.

I had never been to the Beverly Hills City Hall. As I walked down the long corridor, on either side were pictures of the huge estates that were ubiquitous in the '20s in Beverly Hills. I gazed at one picture and it stopped me cold.

I thought, *I know this estate, I do; I know this estate.* I looked down at the bottom of the picture to see whose it was. There, in a clear Roman font, were the words: The Estate of Harold Lloyd.

I gasped just slightly, then gasped even louder as I looked down the hall at the next picture. There, in a very formally posed photograph, was Harold Lloyd at a party, along with every single one of the people who were in my dream, wearing the exact same clothes that I remembered them wearing. I was totally mystified.

I stared at the picture a very long time and finally moved forward, remembering the reason why I was in the hallway in the first place. But glancing back at the picture, I wondered if maybe the reason the Rambler had been towed was for me to see this. Of course, I deferred to my rational mind and reasoned that perhaps this picture was printed in a book somewhere, and my subconscious mind had picked it up and spun a dream around it.

*Yes, that makes sense to me,* I thought as I moved up to the window to pay the fine, where my wallet got considerably lightened.



Several days later, a friend called me up and told me I had to go see this psychic who lived in Simi Valley. She told me how remarkable he was and that without fail he guessed everyone's birthday.

Well, I wasn't sure what the appeal was in having someone guess another person's birthday, but I was intrigued. I had no idea where Simi Valley was. I got on the road and drove for what seemed like endless miles.

It always takes longer on the journey to the unknown.

I pulled up to a weathered little house in need of painting, with the address barely visible above the bougainvillea. I knocked on the door and there was no answer. I was a little upset, as the journey out to this hinterland was not without getting lost two or three times in these pre-MapQuest years, and long way before the letters *GPS* had any meaning. To anyone.

I walked around to the back of the house, and there, sitting at an old Formica kitchen table with his back to me, was a still older man wearing bib overalls. He reminded me of a Santa Claus who comes upon hard times. I asked him if he knew the guy whose name was on a piece of paper I was holding in my hand.

He told me that the name was his, and asked me to sit down next to him. A few roaming chickens crossed my path before I could get to the chair he pulled out for me.

Now at this point I was really dubious about this guy because he didn't fit the profile I had in my mind for someone who was in touch with the other side, should there *be* an "other side."

He looked at me a long time, and then put his head down to think.

~~Now, my birthday happens to be April 2nd. My mother was taken to the hospital Sunday, the 1st of April, because she had gone into a semblance of labor. But they couldn't locate the doctor, and since I was going to be a cesarean, they couldn't go forward with the birth. So they waited until Monday, the 2nd, when said doctor could be located, and I was born at 8:01 that morning.~~

So now I was sitting across from this weathered old man, wondering what the point of all of this was.

He slowly raised his head. "This has never happened to me before," he said, "but I am getting two dates. I'm getting April 1st, but you were born April 2nd—is that correct?"

I blanched, and stuttered out a mystified "Yes."

He then looked me straight in the eye, and the very next thing he uttered was, "You have a strange connection to Harold Lloyd. Has anyone ever told you that?"

I was in absolute shock. I hardly heard a word of what he said after that, wondering how in the hell, of all the people who are out there, living and dead, he could come up with the name Harold Lloyd.

I made my way back to Hollywood and seeming sanity. I couldn't wrap my head around how the man knew what he knew.



Now, all during this time, the voice that I heard in Colorado would sometimes surface, and I would either ignore it or pretend that I didn't hear what I was hearing. Then late in 1992, I visited a friend who was going through quite an emotionally challenging time. As I talked to her, I felt as if someone or something was trying to take over the conversation from within me, and this presence grew stronger and I began to feel very spacey and drowsy.

I finally said to her that I felt "someone or something" wanted to communicate something to her and I felt as if I were losing my consciousness. Would she mind my stepping back for a moment?

As the feeling grew stronger, my friend's golden retriever started whining, then barking, getting very anxious. I finally seemed to pass out, but was aware that someone was using my vocal mechanism, and I could feel my hands and arms gesturing. I didn't understand what was being said and that feeling continued for some time. I finally felt the presence leave, and I returned to consciousness, albeit drowsily.

I looked at my friend, whose jaw had dropped to somewhere near the middle of her chest. I felt as if I had awakened from a deep sleep. I asked her what had happened, and she said little on the subject but explained that it all was very personal. She seemed very moved and mystified. I did not pressure her any further.

I left feeling extremely uncomfortable and, I have to admit, a little scared. I wasn't sure how the phenomenon would be received by other people should it happen again, and I determined at that time that I would keep all of this to myself. (Years later my friend told me that the spirit had discussed a child she had given up when she was very young.)

Sometime later I got a job coordinating the "OUTAuction" fund-raiser in Los Angeles. It was a massive undertaking, and after it was over, for some reason I ended up with three sessions with a chiropractor by the name of Eric Pearl. I had never been to a chiropractor prior to that and wasn't even sure exactly what a chiropractor did, but it was California, and I thought it was part of the experience that was Los Angeles.

I entered the office on Melrose Place and sat in the comfortable, cozy lobby. I was ushered into

small room, where I waited with great trepidation. Then Dr. Pearl entered, and my first thought was that ~~this man didn't look anything like a doctor. But I lay down on his table, and before I knew it, the~~ drowsy sensation started coming over me and I fought to stay awake. I thought I couldn't afford to fall asleep on my first visit. It would be poor form.

All through the adjustment, I continued my battle against falling asleep and wondered how I would get through the next two visits. And sure enough, on the next visit the very same thing started happening, only the battle to stay awake was harder fought. I didn't know how to reference this and I wasn't sure if I should even mention these sensations to the good doctor.

Before the next session I did alert Dr. Pearl to this phenomenon and asked him if it was symptomatic of the chiropractic process. He looked at me, slightly bemused, but fascinated. He suggested I not fight the feeling but instead surrender to it.

I did. And this book is what has resulted from my continuing sessions with him.

Do I understand what happens? No, I don't. I only know that I lose a consciousness of a sort, and when I awake, I sometimes remember a word, a bit of a phrase here and there, but nothing more than that.

I have shared Solomon, a name we bestowed upon the voice, to many other people who have happened into my environment who are lost or are needing guidance. But in Eric's case, Solomon had a clear mission for him, and his guidance has led to the sessions that appear in this book, and ultimately, the Reconnective Healing that Dr. Pearl has pioneered. I believe Solomon's message to be universal, but *you* will be the final judge on that....



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## INTRODUCTION

**B**efore you continue on to the actual material that Fred and I have committed to these pages for you, allow me to share some discoveries I made on my journey through this book that might give you some ideas as to how to utilize it most effectively.

*Solomon*, a name we ascribed to the consciousness and intelligence that imparted the information to us, is actually the sum total of two different entities. We dubbed the intelligence the first spoke through Fred, and over 50 of my other patients, *Aaron*. Relatively soon into the session the voice, the intelligence, we characterize as Solomon appeared. We've elected, for ease of communication, to refer to the information collectively as the "Solomon" information; that is, the voice of the information, whether through Aaron or Solomon, is known as Solomon. Most of the material in this book originated with Aaron and Solomon, and they chose here to speak through Fred. In essence, you can think of Fred as the telephone and Aaron and Solomon as the callers. We—you and I—can be considered the recipients of the phone call!

The chapters of Solomon speaking are verbatim wherever we could make that possible. Each chapter for the most part was a separate session, and the sessions appear in the order they were given. In some cases we have combined parts of sessions where similar topics were addressed in separate readings.

You may notice that Solomon speaks in a rhythm, grammar, and syntax that might seem a little foreign at first. Here, punctuation is but mere suggestion (although I wouldn't advise explaining that to your fourth-grade English teacher!). Solomon will sometimes speak in the first-person singular ("I") and other times in the first-person plural ("we"). Oftentimes he will say things with great emphasis, and we have made an attempt to italicize these words to give you a more specific sense of his deliberate meaning.

As well, Solomon will repeat points throughout the book. Realize that this material spans many years and represents many sessions held during that time. Points needed to be made, and made again. Although we have kept this to a minimum, where we feel that Solomon selected certain points to be reiterated, we have left some of this repetition in the material. My belief is that by keeping it as close to the original as possible, we can better share with you the intensity and intention of the experience and the message.

The fact is, sometimes *I* just needed to hear it again. You might say that I wasn't necessarily the easiest student. I had to process the information, to experience it and to challenge myself—at times when a challenge wasn't what I was consciously looking for—in order to come to a true understanding of it. In reality, this was guidance given to me in the process of becoming a healer. Yet it is so much more than that. It has shown itself to me to be insights that resonate in every aspect

my life.

~~This material is written on many, many levels. That is part of what makes reading it so very fascinating: The layers of meaning. The layers of *potential* meaning. The doors that open for us to walk through. Even though I was present at each of the sessions, I find that as I read and reread the material, I gain more and more depth of insight. For many, this material is not easily absorbed in one reading. And if you're like me, you will choose to revisit it again and again. At times I like to read the book straight through to appreciate the sequential development. At other times I like to simply open to a page and see where my instinct leads me on that day. Often the synchronicity between what comes up in the book and what comes up in my life that day is awe-inspiring, presenting me with just the answers I didn't even know I was looking for.~~

From my own experience, I have found it to be a good idea to journal and note my thoughts and insights as I read and reread the Solomon material. After each chapter, I encourage you to jot down your notes, questions, or impressions in a journal or notebook. For me, this gives me time and focus to absorb what I have experienced in the reading. I also find it fascinating to look back on what I wrote 12 years ago—or even 12 *months* ago—and see how my perspectives and insights have evolved. For this reason I wrote the dates by each of my journaling entries. In writing and putting this together, I found it best for me not to rush through the book, but to take it in bite-size chunks, to give myself space between the chapters to “breathe in” what has been said and reflect upon how this applies to many of my particular life experiences. The journaling helped me do that.

At times I've noticed that some of the material appears to contradict itself. As I've read deeper ... looked deeper ... searched deeper, I've found that I suddenly see how seeming opposites become one, unified. And then I wonder how I missed it the first time or three! I find this material so timeless and ever expansive that it is my plan to read this book many more times throughout my life.

What also became clear to Fred and me—and to the many who graciously gave their time and input in reading through this material so that we could find the very best way to present it to you—was the added side benefit of a feeling of well-being and healing just by absorbing the information. This will vary, of course, with each individual, but it is something that we believe you may tangibly experience as well.

These sessions were part of *my* growth as Reconnective Healing emerged. And yet I have found them so far to be vital to everyone—relevant not only to anyone learning healing or undertaking a role in the healing world, but to anyone seeking to understand life in general. So even though at times it might appear as if the material is addressing me specifically or only healers, know that it is universal in its application. This takes you along on my ups and my downs; it spotlights my areas of growth, evolution, and success, as well as areas where there is room, often *much* room, for further growth, evolution, and success. At times this may appear to be laudatory of me—of *us*—and at times critical. I believe the intent of the communication to be neither. This is intended to shine a light on our potential, our newly expanded potential for a newly expanded time. And it is to remind us that as we travel our life path, with its ups and its seeming downs, we are each a blessing. And we are *definitely* not alone.

As you read *Solomon Speaks on Reconnecting Your Life* today, allow yourself to *hear it speaking to you*. Because it *is*. It is speaking *directly* to you. This book is not fortune-telling, nor does it predict the future. These are *life* insights that allow each and every one of us to access and facilitate a great level of healing for ourselves and for others, because it shows us how to access greater and deeper levels of ourselves and of others. In other words, to reconnect, to *heal others*, to *heal yourself*.

As Solomon tells us, “We are all one.” So, as I take you along on my journey, I hope that you will



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