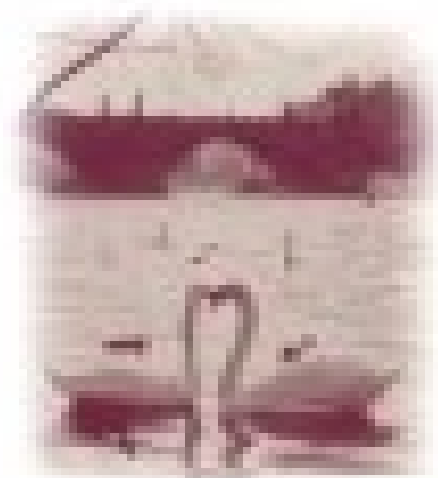


A PSYCHIATRIST AND HIS PATIENTS BRING FORTH A MESSAGE THAT CAN TRANSFORM THE WORLD

ONLY LOVE IS REAL

A Story of
Soulmates
Reunited



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AUTHOR OF *MANY LIVES, MANY MASTERS*
AND *MESSAGES FROM THE MASTERS*

"Explore the mystery, wisdom, and wonder of life and love!"
—Bernie Siegel, M.D., author of *Love, Medicine & Miracles*

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The story of soulmates reunited

Dr Brian Weiss

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To Elizabeth and Pedro, who have reminded me that there are no coincidences in love

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Reader's Note

Psychiatrist-patient confidentiality is a strong and time-honored principle of psychiatric ethics. The patients mentioned in this book have authorized me to write their true histories. Only names and other identifying details have been altered in order to protect their privacy. Their stories are true and unchanged.

Preface

*The soul of man is like to water; From Heaven it cometh
To Heaven it riseth
And then returneth to earth, Forever alternating. - Goethe*

Just before my first book, *Many Lives, Many Masters*, was published, I visited the owner of a local bookstore to see if he had ordered it. We checked his computer.

“Four copies,” he told me. “Do you want to order one?” I wasn't very sure that sales of the book would ever reach the modest amount that the publisher had printed. After all, this was a very strange book for a respected psychiatrist to have written. The book describes the true story of a young patient of mine whose past-life therapy dramatically changed both our lives. However, I knew that my friends, neighbors, and, certainly, my relatives would buy more than four copies, even if the book didn't sell anywhere else in the country.

“Please,” I said to him. “My friends, some of my patients, and other people I know will be coming here looking for my book. Can't you order more?”

I had to personally guarantee the one hundred books he reluctantly ordered.

To my utter shock, the book has become an international bestseller with more than two million copies in print, and it has been translated into more than twenty languages. My life had taken another unusual twist.

After being graduated with honors from Columbia University and completing my medical training at the Yale University School of Medicine, I also completed an internship at New York University's teaching hospitals and a residency in psychiatry at Yale. Afterward, I was a professor on the medical faculties at the University of Pittsburgh and the University of Miami.

For the following eleven years, I was chairman of the Psychiatry Department at Mount Sinai Medical Center in Miami. I had written many scientific papers and book chapters. I was at the apex of an academic career.

Catherine, the young patient described in my first book, then walked into my office in Mount Sinai. Her detailed memories of past lifetimes, which I did not initially believe, and her ability to transmit transcendental messages while in a hypnotized trance state, turned my life upside down. I could no longer see the world as I had before.

After Catherine, many more patients came to me for past-life regression therapy. People with symptoms resistant to traditional medical treatments and psychotherapies were being cured.

Through Time into Healing, my second book, describes what I have learned about the healing potential of past-life regression therapy. The book is filled with true case stories of actual patients.

The most intriguing story of all is in *Only Love Is Real*, my third book. This book is about soulmates, people who are bonded eternally by their love and who come around together and together again, life after life. How we find and recognize our soulmates and the life-transforming decisions we must then make are among the most moving and important moments in our lives.

Destiny dictates the meeting of soulmates. We will meet them. But what we decide to do after that meeting falls in the province of choice or free will. A wrong choice or a missed chance can lead to incredible loneliness and suffering. A right choice, an opportunity realized, can bring us to profound bliss and happiness.

Elizabeth, a beautiful woman from the Midwest, began therapy with me because of her profound grief and anxiety after the death of her mother. She had also been having problems in her relationships with men, choosing losers, abusers, and other toxic partners. She had never found true love in any male relationship.

We began the journey back to distant times, with surprising results.

At the same time that Elizabeth was undergoing past-life therapy with me, I was also treating Pedro, a charming Mexican who was also suffering from grief. His brother had recently died in a tragic accident. In addition,

problems with his mother and secrets from his younger days seemed to be conspiring against him.

Pedro was burdened with despair and doubts, and he had no one with whom to share his troubles.

He, too, began a search into ancient times to seek solutions and healing.

Although Elizabeth and Pedro were in therapy with me during the same time period, they had never met each other, as their appointments were scheduled on different days of the week.

Over the past fifteen years, I have often treated couples and families who have discovered present-day partners and loved ones in their past lives. Sometimes I have regressed couples who simultaneously and for the first time have found themselves interacting in the same prior lifetime. These revelations are often shocking to the couple. They have not experienced anything like this before. They are silent while the scenes unfold in my psychiatric office. It is only afterward, after emerging from the relaxed, hypnotic state, that they first discover they have been watching the same scenes, feeling the same emotions. It is only then that I also become aware of their past-life connections.

But with Elizabeth and Pedro everything was reversed. Their lives, and their lifetimes, were unfolding independently and quite separately in my office. They did not know each other. They had never met. They were from different countries and cultures. Even I, seeing them both separately and having no reason to suspect a link between them, did not make a connection. Yet they seemed to be describing the same past lifetimes with stunning similarity of detail and emotion. Could they have loved each other and lost each other across lifetimes? In the beginning, none of us was aware of the gripping drama that had already begun to unfold in the unsuspecting serenity of my office.

I was the first to discover their connection. But now what? Should I tell them? What if I were wrong? What about patient-doctor confidentiality? What about their current relationships? What about tinkering with destiny? What if a current life connection was not in their plans or even in their best interests? Would another failed relationship undermine both the therapeutic gains that they had made as well as their trust in me? It had been ingrained

in me during my medical school years and subsequent psychiatry residency at the Yale University School of Medicine to do no harm to patients. When in doubt, do no harm. Both Elizabeth and Pedro were improving. Should I just let it go at that?

Pedro was finishing his therapy and would soon leave the country. There was an urgency to my decision.

Not all of their sessions, particularly Elizabeth's, are included in this book, as some sessions were not pertinent to their stories. Some were completely devoted to traditional psychotherapy and did not include hypnosis or regression.

What follows is written from medical records, transcripts of tapes, and memory. Only names and minor details have been changed to ensure confidentiality. It is a story of destiny and of hope. It is a story that happens silently every day. On this day, someone was listening.

*Know, therefore, that from the greater silence I
shall return. . . . Forget not that I shall come back
to you. . . . A little while, a moment of rest upon the
wind, and another woman shall bear me. - Kahlil Gibran*

There is someone special for everyone. Often there are two or three or even four. They come from different generations. They travel across oceans of time and the depths of heavenly dimensions to be with you again. They come from the other side, from heaven. They look different, but your heart knows them. Your heart has held them in arms like yours in the moon-filled deserts of Egypt and the ancient plains of Mongolia. You have ridden together in the armies of forgotten warrior-generals, and you have lived together in the sand-covered caves of the Ancient Ones. You are bonded together throughout eternity, and you will never be alone.

Your head may interfere: "I do not know you." Your heart knows. He takes your hand for the first time, and the memory of his touch transcends time and sends a jolt through every atom of your being. She looks into your eyes, and you see a soul companion across centuries. Your stomach turns upside down. Your arms are gooseflesh. Everything outside this moment loses its importance.

He may not recognize you, even though you have finally met again, even though you know him. You can feel the bond. You can see the potential, the future. But he does not. His fears, his intellect, his problems keep a veil over his heart's eyes. He does not let you help him sweep the veil aside. You mourn and grieve, and he moves on. Destiny can be so delicate.

When both recognize each other, no volcano could erupt with more passion. The energy released is tremendous.

Soul recognition may be immediate. A sudden feeling of familiarity, of knowing this new person at depths far beyond what the conscious mind could know. At depths usually reserved for the most intimate family members. Or even deeper than that. Intuitively knowing what to say, how they will react. A feeling of safety and a trust far greater than could be earned in only one day or one week or one month.

Soul recognition may be subtle and slow. A dawning of awareness as the veil is gently lifted. Not everyone is ready to see right away. There is a timing at work, and patience may be necessary for the one who sees first.

You may be awakened to the presence of your soul companion by a look, a dream, a memory, a feeling. You may be awakened by the touch of his hands or the kiss of her lips, and your soul is jolted back to life.

The touch that awakens may be that of your child, of a parent, of a sibling, or of a true friend. Or it may be your beloved, reaching across the centuries, to kiss you once again and to remind you that you are together always, to the end of time.

My life as I lived it had often seemed to me like a story that has no beginning and no end. I had the feeling that I was a historical fragment, an excerpt for which the preceding and succeeding text was missing. I could well imagine that I might have lived in former centuries and there encountered questions I was not yet able to answer; that I had to be born again because I had not fulfilled the task that was given to me. - Carl Jung

Tall, thin, and attractive with long blonde hair, Elizabeth had sad blue eyes with specks of hazel in them. Her melancholy eyes overpowered her loose navy blue business suit as she sat nervously in the large white leather reclining chair in my office.

Elizabeth felt compelled to see me, searching for hope after reading *Many Lives, Many Masters* and identifying with Catherine, the book's heroine, on many levels.

“I don't know much about why you're here,” I commented, breaking the usual impasse at the beginning of therapy. I had briefly glanced at the information sheet all new patients fill out. Name, age, referral source, chief complaints and symptoms. Elizabeth had listed grief, anxiety, and sleep disturbance as her major maladies. As she began to talk, I mentally added “relationships” to her list.

“My life is such a mess,” she stated. Her history began to pour out, as if it were finally safe to talk about these things. The release of pent-up pressure was palpable.

Despite the drama of her life's story and the depths of emotion lying just under the surface of her telling it, Elizabeth quickly minimized its importance.

“My story is not nearly as dramatic as Catherine's,” she said. “There won't be any book about me.”

Her story, dramatic or not, flowed forth.

Elizabeth was a successful businesswoman with her own accounting firm in Miami. Thirty-two years old, she was born and reared in rural Minnesota. She grew up on a large farm with her parents, an older brother, and many animals. Her father was a hard-working, stoical man who had great difficulty expressing his emotions. When he did display emotion, it was usually anger and rage. He would lose his temper and lash out impulsively at his family, sometimes striking her brother. The abuse Elizabeth received was only verbal, but it hurt her greatly.

Deep within her heart, Elizabeth still carried this childhood wound. Her self-image had been damaged by her father's condemnations and criticisms. A profound pain enveloped her heart. She felt impaired and somehow defective, and she worried that others, especially men, could also perceive her shortcomings.

Fortunately her father's outbursts were infrequent, and he quickly retreated to the stern and stoical isolation that characterized his personality and behavior.

Elizabeth's mother was a progressive and independent woman. She promoted Elizabeth's self-reliance while remaining warm and emotionally nurturing. Because of the children and the times, she chose to stay on the farm and to tolerate reluctantly her husband's harshness and emotional withdrawal.

“My mother was like an angel,” Elizabeth went on. “Always there, always caring, always sacrificing for the sake of her children.” Elizabeth, the baby, was her mother's favorite. She had many fond memories of childhood. The fondest of all were times of closeness to her mother, of the special love that bonded them together and that maintained itself over time.

Elizabeth grew up, was graduated from high school, and went away to college in Miami, where she had been offered a generous scholarship. Miami seemed like an exotic adventure to her, and she was lured away from the cold Midwest. Her mother reveled in Elizabeth's adventures. They were best friends, and even though they mostly communicated by phone and mail, their motherdaughter relationship stayed strong. Holidays and vacations were happy times for them, as Elizabeth rarely missed a chance to go back home.

During some of these visits, Elizabeth's mother talked about retiring to South Florida to be near Elizabeth. The family farm was large and increasingly difficult to run. They had saved a considerable amount of money, an amount augmented by her father's frugality. Elizabeth looked forward to living near her mother again. Their nearly daily contacts would no longer have to occur by telephone.

So Elizabeth stayed in Miami after college. She started her own accounting firm, which was slowly building. Competition was keen, and the work absorbed great chunks of her time. Relationships with men added to her stress.

Then disaster struck.

Approximately eight months prior to her first appointment with me, Elizabeth was devastated because of her mother's death from pancreatic cancer. Elizabeth felt as if her own heart had been torn apart and ripped out by the death of her beloved mother. She was having an enormous ly