

# I found my past life house!



**My past held the key to an exotic location...**

**By Susan Starkey, 61**

**S**lowly I could feel myself wavering. 'You'll enjoy it...' my mate grinned, trying to persuade me to go to her psychic development circle.

'But I'm a sceptic!' I blurted. 'I'm not into all that alternative stuff!'

But she kept on at me and eventually I agreed.

'Guess I have nothing to lose,' I shrugged. After all, hadn't the last 16 years been about embracing change and doing things differently?

I'd moved to Spain with my husband, Mark, in 2001 – the year of the terror attacks on the World Trade Center. I'd been working for an investment bank in central London and the horror of the attack made me reflect on how fragile life was. *And whether working all hours in a busy city was how I really wanted to live.*

'There must be more to life,' I'd said to Mark and he agreed. As dramatic as it sounds, we sold our home in the South East and bought a three-bedroom villa in Andalucia.

Communing with spirits was the last thing I'd have contemplated in my old life, but over here I was ready to try anything.

George, the spiritual teacher who ran the circle, was kind and I immediately believed in him. 'You're a natural medium,' he told me.

He encouraged me to start meditating and I also started automatic writing, where, as you are given messages from the spirit world, you simultaneously write them down as if someone is guiding your hand.

One day a spirit man called Elephally, came through.

'I'm your spirit guide,' he announced, telling me all about the life he'd lived in Libya.

Reading back what I'd written afterwards, I couldn't help wondering whether I'd just imagined Elephally.

He told me that he came from a small town in Libya called Awbari. But when I looked it up online nothing came up. Yet part of me so wanted Elephally to be real that I ordered some detailed maps of the area he said he came from.

When they arrived I could barely believe my eyes...

'Mark. Look at this...!' I called to my husband. 'There...' I said pointing to the map.

'Awbari...!' Mark read out loud. The place Elephally had said he'd come from.

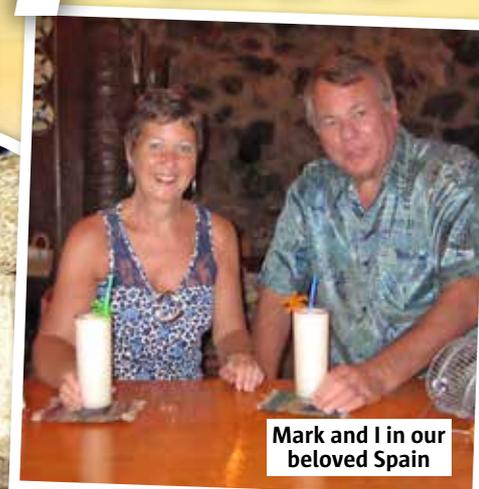
'See, it exists! I'm not imagining it all,' I squealed.

*Now I had proof that my spirit guide and the afterlife was real.* As the years passed Elephally began to explain, through automatic writing, that there was a reason I'd been drawn to live in Spain.

'You've lived here before,' he insisted, showing me in a vision the house I'd once resided in. It was high in the mountains, had a river running in the valley below it and



**Me at the property**



**Mark and I in our beloved Spain**

looked so tranquil. I could tell how special the place was.

'Go to the east,' Elephally instructed. 'Your neighbours will help you find your old home.'

But the area was in a remote region about 16 miles away. It was going to be hard to find.

Mark agreed to come with me, but despite going on a series of hikes in the hills, we got nowhere.

One day, after climbing up a steep part of a mountain, I sat down with a notepad and pen and asked Elephally for more help.

'Explore other pathways,' he urged. Before setting out again, Mark and I decided to have a quick drink. In the bar

was an old, black and white photo of a very familiar looking house.

'That's it! The house!' I squealed to Mark.

I spoke to the barman and he gave me some rough directions.

It was a sign we were getting closer. A week later we found it! Just as I'd seen it, high in the mountains, alongside that beautiful river.

Excitedly sitting down with pen and paper, I waited for Elephally to reveal more. He didn't let me down.

'In your past life you were a Spanish man called Pedro,' he

explained. 'You had seven children, and your eldest son was Antonio.'

Now he showed me another vision and I watched transfixed as I saw the place where I used to sit and watch my children playing and where my wife had made her delicious homemade bread.

I knew in my soul I'd been so happy. But a friend from my spiritual circle meditated when I took her to see the house and made a tragic discovery. My life had been cut short when, hunting rabbits, I'd fallen into a ravine and died.

Now I remembered how Elephally had told me that my neighbours would help so I started asking locals about the house. I was shocked to discover that my nearest neighbour's long-dead grandfather had owned it.

'His name was Antonio,' she confirmed. My son in my previous life!

I didn't have the words in Spanish to explain that I was my neighbour's great-great grandfather reincarnated!

Finding my past has made me even more certain of my future. I know I'm on the right path with my work as a medium and my mission is to share with other people what I've learnt. I want to give people reassurance that we really do live time and time again.

**Discover more...**

**Susan Starkey's book, *Life After Death Beyond Doubt* is published by Clink Street Publishing. ■**

**My life was cut short when I fell into a ravine**

**Automatic writing revealed secrets**

