



Here's an amazing tale that rightly expands and extends the theme of the last Scripture Suggestion (metempsychosis or transmigration)...

In April, 1963, Roger Boswarva, whom I've known as a personal friend for fifty-plus years, went through a death sequence that today has him saying: "Death is nothing to fear. It is a rather pleasant, peaceful and calming affair. It's the *dying* that is the bitch!"

Roger was a champion swimmer. In 1951-2 he was lucky enough to have as a neighbor Forbes Carlile, then on faculty at Sydney University, and the leading researcher on the subject of athletic conditioning and performance. Roger was a member of Forbes's research Guinea Pig team, and it was here that Roger began to devote his attention to the principles of research and the issues related to improvement of human performance.

Roger won a Gold Medal in the Australian Surf Swimming Championships in 1954. Forbes went on to be famous as the Australian Olympic Swim Coach.

Part of Roger's research into human ability and the capacity to perform led him away from the strict limits of the physical into the realm of the spiritual and mental powers, abilities and faculties we have that are native to us. Whatever was touted or in vogue in the '50's and '60's, Roger investigated. As a result,

he came to experience the reality of his earlier lifetimes and reincarnations, and with it, the faculty of being able to retain his wits, knowledge and the ability to direct his awareness and attention when “out of the body.”

Indeed, it was this ability to knowingly determine and direct his spiritual Life-Force and Powers that won Roger many of his championships.

In 1961, Roger took up residence in Melbourne in order to continue his research. It was not ideal as it did not afford him being able to continue his swim training routine of six miles a day and his diet switched from health food to eating in Italian restaurants. The result of this was that by April, 1963, Roger had lost the peak physical condition he had enjoyed all his life till then.

And so it was in April, 1963, late one afternoon when Roger was on a return visit to Bronte Beach where he grew up, that one of the lads at the surf club grabbed him to go take on the monster surf that was raging. Roger’s friend wore flippers on his feet, Roger didn’t have any so simply opted for straight body surfing.

On the South end of Bronte Beach there is often a vicious rip by the reef that the locals referred to as “***The Trans-Tasman Express***.” The implication being that if you get stuck in it, you are on your way to New Zealand.

Being back in the surf felt good to Roger. The waves were huge, coming in from the North East, and the movement of it all was fun... at first.

Battling out through the waves was hard work, and it did not take long for Roger to realize he was horribly out of condition. His arms were burning with lactic acid build up and his shortness of breath when going under each of the waves compared to what it was like before he’d moved to Melbourne, caught his attention.

Then came a cascade of downward emotions. First was the anger at letting himself get into this situation. Then, as The Trans-Tasman Express took over and put him behind the reef, he was aghast to realize the full drama he had gotten himself into. He was confronting the fear that he might not be able to get

back onto the beach. Worse was the point that the monster waves were pounding him and the nature of the ocean bottom was that the turbulence and “white water” did not afford buoyance... even more troubling, the tide was such that the regular ocean current that sweeps south along the east coast of Australia was too much for him in his out of condition state.

The next wave that hit him did it... not being able to get up for air, he cascaded down through a fear of dying and on down to failure to handle the environment and the next thing he knew was dead, out of his body and having to maintain his wits and awareness so as to continue the pursuit of his purpose and ideals.

Knowing he had just died as Roger Boswarva, he acted to control his awareness and to perceive what his faculties were in order to direct them and “survive” this new state of affairs.

He saw a bit of the “light” that folks who’ve had NDEs refer to... but determined not to go anywhere near it. Roger then decided what his future was to be. He determined that he wanted to continue his work and research on the issues of human capacity to perform along with the fuller articulation of the nature of our Spiritual Presence, capacities, powers, abilities, faculties, etc.

Hence he decided to reach out to the community of people he was aware of as being like-minded and who were involved in the investigation and recovery of our spiritual capacities. His intent was to find out who was or was likely to have a child that could then provide the body for his next lifetime. He wanted it in this community because they knew and understood the truths of existence as he did.

Things then began to happen instantly. He would decide or intend and it would happen.

As he tells it, he spiritually spanned the east coast of Australia: Brisbane to Melbourne and Adelaide with his awareness. He says he was aware of and perceiving that part of the physical universe he was spanning holographically, and that the 1,200 miles of the span was encompassed at once: not piece by

piece. **He** was spanning those 1,200 miles as a Spiritual Presence and what he was aware of was within him and his reach.

Only one opportunity was available. Roger had never met the mother, but very briefly met the father and knew of him by reputation.

Roger perceived the future of this event and that the child was due to be born in September. And he spiritually moved in to occupy the body, and as he did so, he suddenly became aware of the fact that it was a *girl!*

As Roger now explains it, it was a degree of a shock to him as he had not contemplated any sexual preference, as the urgency was to get a new body; and as he then viewed life in 1963 as being a **girl**, he did not want it. As he says: "All they did was sit on the beach, trying to look pretty. No rugby, no surfing, no action!"

Concluding there were no forthcoming baby bodies for him to take up, Roger decided to rescue his just lost body. To this day, he does not know how long the above spiritual event lasted. It could have been a millisecond or many seconds. Getting back with his body, he was able to cough the foam out of his lungs and take a cold blooded account of his situation.

As he now reports it, he reasoned that in his current out of condition state he wasn't going to be able to fight the combined southerly current and the Trans-Tasman rip. He contemplated swimming three miles or so south to Coogee which was both well lit enough and at the north end sheltered. And it would be dark by the time he got there as the sun was already down behind the cliffs that lined the coast.

But he did not relish the idea the way he was feeling. The only other option was to get out over the reef he was trapped behind. As a kid, he grew up rock-hopping and fishing these rocks and reefs... so he thought he might be able to do it OK. The biggest risk was being cut up a bit. But that was better than the alternative.

Getting close to the reef, and timing it right, he lifted himself up into one of the incoming waves (they were all already breaking 50-100 yards out to sea from the reef) and it lifted him up over the dangerous part and settled him down safely such that he could climb out ahead of the next wave.

A very chastened Roger had learned a good series of lessons. All he had suffered for it was a cut on his big toe.

Some eighteen to twenty years later, Roger was attending one of the get-togethers in the USA of folks pursuing the spiritual awareness issues he was involved in and, walking in his direction was a very friendly upbeat lady that seemed familiar. They locked eyes.

“Well Hello!” He said.

“Well, hello,” came the reply. “Do we know each other?”

“I dunno. Where are you from?”

“Melbourne, Australia,” came the friendly reply.

“Ah . . . I lived in Melbourne for about four years in the ‘60’s. We could have met. What’s your name?”

“Helen Trachsel.”

“No, that doesn’t ring a bell.”

“You might have known me as Helen Meadmore,” she then offered

Oh boy! Roger relates he was suddenly riveted.

“Helen Meadmore!! Did you have a daughter in September, 1963, in Melbourne?”

“Yes I did,” she answered somewhat quizzically, “Samantha.”

“Let me tell you a story of what happened for me in Sydney in April, 1963.”

Roger told Helen of the events regarding his nearly taking on the body of the daughter Helen delivered that September and, as he relates it to me, she was excited to hear the information partly because it validated her views of life and death, but also because it revealed to her what high regard Roger had held her in to select her as a parent.

And they had a good laugh together with Helen revealing how excited she was to be able to tell her daughter Samantha about it when she got back home.

Being a close knit community of seekers, it happened that a third person, finding out about the story on the grapevine, contacted Roger, revealing he personally knew the Meadmores and was able to vouch for the events.

Today, Roger leads a forum of several hundred researchers and practitioners, including MDs, PhDs and some Professors at international universities along with business leaders and elite athletes, dealing with the subject of our basic and true Spiritual Presence and our powers, abilities, faculties, virtues and characteristics. The purpose of the research being to establish the procedures by which we as individuals can upgrade and empower our basic capacity to perform and attain our ideals.

For, as Roger is wont to say, “The game of life is all about the *ability to perform!*”

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