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Best Selling Author

DR. LORELEI NASSAR

#Be THAT Person by Getting Transpersonal

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Chapter 1

Once Upon a Time and Bob Monroe

It's not a fairytale, actually, but it's history for me so this is why I started out like this.

I have been interested in our inner world since I've known myself, and loved to read since I've known myself; so after annoying my mother and my grandma with the 'tell me a story' thing – my mother is still laughing that I used to follow her even to the bathroom, asking for the next story or the continuation of the present one – I began to read on my own, before I was in school. I think it is a pattern for me, similar to how I learned the Arabic language: being angry that I couldn't understand certain words and continually asking my friends and ex-husband what they meant! For sure, my first books were legends and childhood novels. I was captivated by Greek myths; for me, Ulysses was like a next-door neighbour and Persephone a majestic figure, but somehow they also formed an intimate connection with something very profound lying inside me, deep inside.



[pic] *Me in the stage of 'tell me a story'*

I was always forgetting myself in some place or other with a book in my hands... the general complaint in the family was that I wouldn't do anything else during that time or pay attention to what was around me – helping my mom, homework or even playing – it was just me and the book on the whole planet. I never had dolls because my inner world was full of characters from novels, and it was so rich and colourful that I didn't need anything else. I loved nature. I grew up at my grandma's in a small village in the northern part of Romania, at a time when the communist regime ruled. It was such a neglected and tiny place that it didn't even have electricity; we could only read with the help of the gas lamp and I had to bring water from

a nearby fountain for drinking, using in the kitchen, washing ourselves, and so on. But I was completely happy! Grandma had a lot of stories. Some very sad, like the ones from the Second World War – she gave birth to sixteen children. But during that time, her daughters – including my mother – were healthy and living in nearby cities, so they could come and help her with the daily work of the countryside such as raising animals, gardening, wine-making and much more; we were in a good place. So who would care about sad stories from a far-back-in-time war?



[pic] *Me as a pioneer in the communist regime, nine years old and the leader of the squad.*

Grandma, who only completed four years of primary school, had the chance to spend her life with my grandpa, who came from Ukraine as an army brat early in his life and was a self-made man, reading a lot in parallel with his fieldwork. I still remember his library, consisting of Russian books, classics, lots of biographies and some novels. After I learned to read, my grandma and I would spend entire evenings reading together from the same book. She had an unforgettable sense of humour and always used to make jokes, saying that I'd cheated, because I would finish a page very quickly and then we would compete to see who could read the next page fastest!

Stories... I somehow feel as though I am in front of a warm fire in a cosy, homey atmosphere, my kids near and a glass of punch, Christmassy and plenty of memories.

In high school we were no longer reading together – not that I wouldn't have liked to, but we simply grew apart in our choices of favourite books. I began to read a lot about life after death, authors such as Raymond Moody among others. Of course, the only books I could get hold of were those that slipped through the cracks of communist censorship. But Grandma and I would still discuss each other's books, sharing facts and the general storyline. Grandma had her religious convictions, but since she was never a bigot she would listen to ideas that contradicted hers and let me stay in my world with my unaltered enthusiasm and my strong beliefs; the next morning, or later in the evening before going to bed, she would silently and with an inner smile say a little prayer with me. And it was amazing – the two of them, my arguments about life after death and her little prayer, going along together!

'Now I lay me down to sleep/I pray the Lord my soul to keep.'

She taught me that prayer when I was very young, but she was such a free spirit that she never obliged me to pray; it was not a custom in our house. I don't know what had a stronger impact on me, her will to leave us free to grow and develop our own beliefs or the general fear of the communist regime, which demolished churches and denied the faith of the people.



[pic] *My grandmother*

At this moment in my life I'm very grateful to her and my mom, because slowly but surely, in time, I developed my own sense of God: a very special and different one from what a religious, Christian Orthodox person would agree to consider. I am also thankful for being surrounded by books as I grew and, paradoxically, I think the communist regime drove me to have a huge tolerance for everything and everybody on the planet. It could also be that I owe this tolerance to my permanent tendency to swim against the tide, which took me to the most interesting and strange environments in life; put together, the two elements became a catalyst to tremendous opportunities for learning and development.

Like in 1992, when I graduated from university and left Romania, my native country, for Israel. I had just married a handsome Palestinian doctor who lived in Israel near Nazareth, after a relationship of five years. We met during our university years, of course: he was studying General Medicine and I, Dental. Naturally, the next thing was for us to move to his hometown – which meant living in a village. Well, I did not give this a second thought: we had already been together a while, my family knew and appreciated him – they still do – and I was sooooo in love and so ready to accomplish things in life that nothing seemed difficult to me. I still act now in the same manner as I did then – I don't waste my time in overthinking decisions. I decide and I take full responsibility that whatever is happening, I can and I shall deal with it.

Therefore, I took the diploma and the first flight to my destiny and I landed in Israel. From my very first step off the plane I could feel the place: warm and humid, friendly and special,

noisy and full of lights. It was night and there was an abundance of lamps everywhere. Don't forget that I grew up under a regime where electricity was rationed, there were only a few lights in the streets, no outdoor illuminated signs and there was only one TV channel, with the programmes ending at ten p.m! One of the most amazing things for me during that night was on the way out of the airport, observing from the car the fluorescent lighting on the edges of the road – I was overwhelmed at this sight: 'How can it be, lamps in the road, how could they do this?'

Another remnant of my previous existence: my first years in Israel included a lot of wasted time in supermarkets, just looking at the variety of products! My husband and I had no money at all back then; we needed to pass some national exams before we could get licences to practise medicine, and because of this we couldn't afford more than the bare necessities. We lived with the family of my ex-husband's brother, which sustained us, but I was too embarrassed to ask for extra things so our lifestyle was very modest. I am still quite unpretentious and prefer simplicity; I am even thinking about trying minimalist living!

So here I was, a cheerful European girl living in an Arab village. I was sleeping in a bed – I considered myself lucky because the others were sleeping on mattresses on the floor – and we were all eating together with bare hands from huge plates on the floor. My brother-in-law had seven kids and, believe it or not, I was already fluent in Arabic at that point! I told you already that we had been together since my first year at university; so, over all that time I simply 'stole' his language – it took me four or five years, but I learned word after word, expression after expression, asking for clarifications about this and that, until I was able to speak it. Even

now, whether I am in a foreign country or here in Romania, when I meet Arabic-speaking people and talk to them in their own language with a good accent everyone is surprised: 'You speak better Arabic than me!' they say. And my regular answer is 'I don't know if better, but for sure I speak *more* than you!'

When my children were born we were living in our own – huge – house. Because coming from Romania, with its small apartments, tiny kitchens, and no space to move, I needed space! So we built a very big house. Ask me how it was dealing with the cleaning tasks; Israel is full of dust, and I had the kids to take care of as well as working at the clinic! But I was enthusiastic and highly motivated, so everything was easy for me.

At the kindergarten stage we began the negotiations, me and husband. I grew up in a house with thousands of books, so from an educational point of view, I wanted at least the same for my kids – and, if possible, more. Though 'more' for me meant school and all the other teaching facilities outside the village, in the Jewish settlements or cities. Their father, of course, wouldn't agree – in a country with such a heavy history, if you're not an Arab, you're the enemy! There was a movement for coexistence between Arabs and Jews, and I counted on it. In the country at that time there was a strong distinction between Palestinians who lived in Israel and those who lived in the Occupied Palestinian Territories. The villages in Israel with an Arab population were surrounded by Israeli settlements. This meant that Arabs and Jews were shopping together in the same markets, going to the same banks, working together, and even marrying each other. In the cities too, they were neighbours and

friends; there were mixed kindergartens and schools for their kids. But in our house, it was not a subject we could discuss, and it took a long time to convince my husband to allow me to send the children to one of those mixed kindergartens.

After that came another long-term negotiation regarding the school the kids would attend, but it was worth the effort. The educational system in those special places with Arab and Jewish kids together – such as the private school Tavnit ha-Khinukh ha-Muzahav ('The Golden Education Template') – was something entirely different from the average school, characterised by precepts of tolerance, encouraging teamwork and dismissing competitiveness. They didn't give marks or homework, and the kids would prepare projects together with three or four of their classmates, working as a team. That was how my daughter, at just seven years old, made a presentation with her classmates on the Dalai Lama, after being inspired by the books she saw around our house!

It is important for me to give you here a brief overview of the first thirty years of my life. This way, the information you're going to get throughout this book will take you less by surprise – or maybe it will catch you ready! 😊

I think I was fifteen when Bob Monroe's books first came into my hands. I was fascinated. Bob (1915–1995) was a businessman living in the United States; more precisely, he was a radio broadcasting executive who was passionate about sound. This passion, which coupled with curiosity formed an important part of his nature, led him in 1955 to develop a sleep-learning method. After college, he spent some time as a hobo; he rode freight trains