
MY PAST LIFE

AS A WWII GERMAN SS OFFICER



Wreck of a Panzer IV tank on the Russian Front, 1945

Disclaimer: This website is not intended to either condemn or condone the actions of Nazi Germany in WWII. It is instead a page about my personal experiences of reincarnation.

I created this site after seeing another similar page, and finding others who have reincarnated from past lives as Germans in World War II. Discovering that others have had similar experiences to my own encouraged me to share those things that I remember.

WHO AM I?

In this life, I'm a happy, healthy, reasonably normal person. I am educated, manage a business, am happily married, own pets, have many hobbies, and get along with most everyone. I am NOT a Nazi in this life, nor a racist. Although I happen to be Caucasian, (with the exception of having a full-blooded native american grandmother on my mother's side) I am not a white supremacist. I have no German ancestry by blood that I know of. I have a good sense of humor, and do NOT obsess over WWII. (Well, I'm a little interested, naturally, but not as much as the majority of military hobbyists or enthusiasts.) I'm moderate in my politics, and don't happen to own any firearms or a collection of Nazi paraphernalia.

MY THOUGHTS ON REINCARNATION

Since this page exists, it's pretty obvious that I have a personal belief in reincarnation. I have memories of a previous life that were with me long before I was old enough to know anything at all about reincarnation, WWII, or Nazi Germany. My personal belief is that we are not generally supposed to know much about our past lives - that information would tend to harm our learning and experiencing in this life. When we come back we are for the most part someone new, so it is impossible to 'pick up where we left off' in any case.

Yet there can be some exceptions to this. Sometimes (as with mine) a past life was so particularly strong, it can't help but be felt and known in a current life. That can be even stronger if there was unfinished business in the previous life, or if one does a lot of work with any of a variety of spiritual disciplines in the present.

SOME OF MY PRESENT LIFE EXPERIENCES, OR "RESONANCES"

I had many experiences as a child and young adult that seem to have come from a past life. They were the strongest when I was very young. Before the age of ten I had *deja vu* experiences almost constantly. Most I don't remember enough now to be able to relate the details. Here I give a few random experiences that seem significant, and some behavior as a young adult that seems to have relevance to a past life.

- I was born a blond, blue eyed child. (Sounds like the start of a bad novel, doesn't it?) A perfect little Aryan kid. After age five my eyes turned less blue, and my hair got brown. My skin also darkened a little. Now I turn red as anything in the sun, and don't sunburn. I of course know this just happens sometimes, and is proof of nothing. Yet, genetics aside, I kind of feel I was blond and blue eyed last time around too, and it stayed with me through birth. It is hard not to feel that I changed physically as I became more 'me' in this life.
- My 'experiences' actually start with a story from my mother. I learned to talk in complete, adult sentences *very* early on, just before turning one year old. I was something of a prodigy in that respect as I had an adult vocabulary almost from the start. One day, at the age of one and a half or so, I was playing with toys in the living room, and talking to myself out loud. After a while, I started to arrange the toys in what she describes as 'battle lines', and started talking about tanks, tank units, etc. (She was getting a little freaked out at this point but just kept watching me.) Next, I started continuing the playing *in another language*, which she later figured out was German! I was saying the names of various unit commanders, (none of which she thought to write down, unfortunately) and issuing seemingly urgent orders as I moved the toys around on the floor. Finally, my mother couldn't take it any more and moved to stop me. I looked up at her and said, "You think I'm talking about this life, don't you? I'm talking about my other life."
- When I was five, my parents took me to a large park a couple of towns away. It was a large place with trees, a pond, and a few monuments. One of the monuments was a WWII tank. The moment I saw it, I knew it was 'home'. I ran a long way to get to it, and tried to climb up onto it. My father lifted me up, and I sat on the front by the turret. I was absolutely, positively at peace. I didn't want to leave at all, and cried horribly when my parents tried to get me off. They had to let me stay there for almost three hours before I could bear to go! I knew instinctively that the tank wasn't quite the 'right kind' of tank (it was an American Sherman), but I was able to pretend it was another sort of tank - a larger, gray one... and I was happier than I'd ever been. That tank became my best friend for many months - my parents had to keep bringing me back again and again. (Now that I'm an adult I feel sorry for my parents. They put up with a lot!) I have vague memories of sitting on that tank for hours, just kind of in my own little world, 'thinking about things', and with the oddest feeling....
- When I was seven, my older brother made a large wooden swastika for a history project. He hated war stuff and so there was never anything to do with military or WWII subjects

around the house. This was the first swastika I'd ever really seen. I absolutely, positively, HAD to have it. I raised an incredible fuss over the thing - I was terrified that I might lose it. I made my brother and parents promise to let me have it after the school project was over. I worried over it terribly for a week until the class project was finished and my brother brought the swastika home. I (absolutely amazingly, now that I think of it!) got my parents to hang it on the wall of my room where I could see it from the bed. To give my parents credit, they did sit me down and try to explain to me that the Nazis were bad people, and that the swastika was a bad symbol. I did my best to agree completely, and just said I thought that it was a 'neat' thing that my brother had made, and couldn't I have it anyway? I still have that swastika to this day, packed somewhere in a box in the basement.

- About a year later, my mother was off somewhere with a friend, and ran into someone that had a large collection of WWII things. In conversation, my mother mentioned that I was interested in the war. The man went into a back room, and brought back a German Iron Cross. "Give this to him", said the man. "I'm sure he'll like it." (Damned odd gift for a stranger to give a young child he'd never seen!) My mother brought it home and put it into my hands. (Well, she knew, after all.) I don't remember saying much, but do remember just sitting with it, and looking at it for the longest time. It had a swastika on the back, and was inscribed with the year 1939. I It hung on the wall of my room, below the swastika, for years, pretty much my most treasured possession.
- Throughout my childhood, from age six or seven until almost my teens, I was obsessed with playing 'war'. Fortunately this was the era before the politically correct idea of 'nonviolent toys' so I wasn't considered all that strange. I just liked to play war more than any of the other kids I knew. I think a couple of my friends actually nicknamed me "war kid". My favorite game was to pretend that I and whoever I was with were facing incredible odds, and getting overwhelmed by a vastly superior numbered enemy. (Luckily, I had other 'interests' besides war, and went through some pretty normal phases also- dinosaurs, space ships, etc. I think this saved me from some childhood counseling, now that I look back on it all!) But playing war (almost always WWII) was what I spent most of my very young years doing.
- As I got into my teens, I began to become obsessed with creating 'secret' organizations. I was forever cajoling my friends into forming various groups and organizations. Although we were never actually violent, we always seemed to have weapons involved. I spent a lot of time being very concerned with symbols, paperwork, and armaments for whatever group we were doing. Once, a friends parents sort of 'found us out', and I had to hurriedly get rid of a lot of our 'secret' documents. I remember standing outside, burning papers in an old 50 gallon drum, having the most intense feeling of deja vu. I knew I'd done this sometime before...
- I toyed with secret organizations for a few years. Then, in my late teens, I started to suddenly become intensely interested in the occult. I bought a book on Satanism, and for a couple of years considered myself a Satanist. (A somber, studious book reading sort, not some sort of heavy metal music 'let's go out and hurt animals and people' weirdo.) Then, in the 1980's, books on ceremonial magic started to become more common, and I got into that instead. For the longest time occult learning seemed *terribly* important... it felt as if I was racing against time to find some sort of 'power' that I would need. (For what, I didn't know.) That learning actually became quite beneficial to me - as an adult I know a great deal about

ancient and medieval history and religion.



A destroyed Panzer III tank - Russia

HOW I REMEMBERED

I didn't actually put everything together until 1988. I was sharing a house with a couple of roommates. One day I was working in the 'office', listening to a tape on a Walkman. As I did some paper sorting I was muddling over a personal problem. I had inexplicably let a work situation go until I was in a LOT of trouble, and was working out desperate plans on how to avoid getting fired from my job. Suddenly, it hit me. This problem was the same as most every problem I had ever had! Same pattern every time. I'd start something, do well, then almost deliberately let things go haywire. Then I'd scramble to right things once they reached the '11th hour'. Why did I keep repeating this pattern? Why on earth did I continually let important situations in my life (jobs, friendships, relationships, etc.) go all to hell, and then desperately try to 'save' the situation once it was too late? It was as if I were deliberately setting myself up to fight against unbeatable odds, hoping I'd win.

The tape I was listening to at that time was new, and I was hearing it for the first time. Suddenly, an absolutely haunting melody started to play. It was an old Catholic church tune... which I recognized even though I'd never heard it before. For some reason that flipped a switch somewhere. Suddenly, it all (or a lot of it) came back to me. It hit me like a ton of bricks - I stopped short with images and feelings passing through me in rapid succession.

MY PAST LIFE IN THE SS

I had grown up a Nazi. Joined the Hitler Youth in my teens. Nazi philosophy had been my whole world... I had completely and totally identified myself and my life with the ideals of the 'Thousand Year Reich.' I'd joined officers school as early as I could, and joined the SS as a young man, and was sent to active duty right after training.

I was with a Waffen Panzer division, which sometime late in the war was posted to the Eastern Front. I believe I attained some fair rank, (mostly due to attrition, death of senior officers in fighting) and toward the end was coordinating a fair number of tank units. I remembered so many things! Running battles, days without food or sleep, endless fighting. Trying to hold, being pushed back, and trying to hold again. So many of them, too many to stop...

Then, the images got much, much worse. Suddenly I saw that I was not only a soldier and an officer, but also was part of some sort of very secret 'magical lodge' made up of SS officers. I was part of one last huge, desperate project - an attempt to turn the borders of Germany itself into a physical and psychic 'fortress' that the enemy would not be able to break through. We had to raise an incredible amount of power - more than ever before. We poured everything into that last effort. I remember fighting during the day, and then quietly leaving my unit to attend rituals at night in an attempt to raise enough energy to 'seal off' the borders.' I remembered SS officers gathering in spotless dress uniforms, the presence of fire, and fierce, demanding concentration. I even believe we sacrificed a few people to add their life energy to the work - probably captured Russians.

The fighting and the magical work were the most important things in the entire world. The fate of everything hung on them. We'd been pushed out of Russia, and if they breached the borders of Germany itself, there would not be enough to stop them. It was all a scrabble for power. All the reserves had been used up already - yet more, so much more was needed! We drained ourselves of more power than we had. I remembered incredible weariness - a draining of both mind and spirit that mere sleep or rest could not replenish.

We could not hold. The barrier we raised was strong, but it could not hold back the weight of the entire world. There were so many of them! To our horror, the line gave. The Russians were inside Germany, and there was nothing we could do to stop them. We had done all that could be humanly done, and much, much more. I remembered the shock of failure, and the cold realization that it would all fail.

I was killed on the Russian front. Inside the borders of Germany. I was glad to die - it seemed like the world was dying too and there would be nothing to live for anyway. Without the "Thousand Year Reich" mankind was doomed... all the grandeur and glory of humanity would die with it. It was all ending in flames, filled with sadness and grief.

As I remembered all this, I was absolutely paralyzed by grief. Suddenly with the perspective of time I understood how futile it had all been. All the horrible things that had happened - to achieve nothing!

I was in tears, and went to the bathroom to clean up. When I looked at myself in the mirror I didn't see myself. I seemed to be looking out of the eyes of my former self... and recognized them in the reflection. It was so SAD.

I started sobbing to myself. "We killed them on the altars, we killed them on the battlefields, but we couldn't kill them all. My God, what did we DO?!?" It was absolutely heartbreaking. I'd never been so grief stricken before, and have never been since.

It took me hours to recover. I'd try to get over it, and another bit of memory would come back, and I would start to cry again. Three or four hours later I finally went to bed, exhausted. For more than two weeks after I didn't feel like myself. It was like there was someone else watching me live my life over my shoulder, or that there were two of me.

Gradually the feeling left, and by the end of it all I was actually glad it had all happened. My life took a definite upturn after that, since I was able to sort out my own behavior between what was 'present' and what was coming from the past. And, it truly seemed that fewer things were coming from the past and intruding on my present life. It was like pressure had been released, and once I "knew" the urgency of it all was gone.

The question I had been thinking about, (and many other questions about my behavior over the years) was answered. From the time I was a child, I was unconsciously acting out impulses and emotions from a previous life. For over twenty years I had been trying to 'win' the second world war by snatching victory from certain defeat in any way I could.



A destroyed Panzer III, Russian Front, 1945.

ABOUT "PROOF"

For a couple of years after my experience, I did some reading on Nazi Germany and the Waffen SS. I found many things that seemed familiar, and some things that 'generally' supported the outline of what I remembered. However, I have as yet found no specific proof of details of my past life. I do not know what my name was, or what unit I was with. I don't know the names of my comrades, or where I was killed.

Most especially, while I've since read some things about Nazis and the 'occult', I have never found anything to corroborate my memories of an SS project to raise a huge and powerful barrier of psychic force to turn the borders of Germany into a fortress. I have never seen any documentation, or even wild rumor, that the SS performed human sacrifices in rituals. The only 'hint' I've had that such a thing might have been done came from watching a TV show about Hitler's Berlin bunker. Before the place was sealed up, a camera man went down and filmed the empty rooms and corridors of the bunker. On one of the walls in the guard room, one of the SS soldiers had painted a mural. The mural showed two large SS soldiers holding large, black shields outward to protecting civilians from harm. (The civilians were crouched behind the SS soldiers, and drawn in smaller proportion, much in the way medieval artisans showed degrees of importance in paintings and tapestries.) Seeing that image had an amazing effect on me. I was *sure* that image was symbolic of the barrier the SS tried to raise to protect Germany.

If I felt I had something to 'prove', I suppose I could visit a professional therapist or two, and try to work with detailed past life regression. Perhaps I could find the specific details, and find written documentation about what I remember. As yet I haven't felt any great need to do so. World War II is long over and done with. I'm glad I remembered what I did, since it helped me in many ways. I feel that at this point to research deeper would be counter-productive and achieve nothing.

WHAT I THINK ABOUT ALL THIS

I have little choice but to believe that my reincarnation experience is 'true'. Over the years I've looked into any number of possible 'normal' explanations for my memories and experiences, and

none have come close to providing a reasonable alternative. The only explanation that 'fits' is the obvious one... that I have had a strong connection to a previous life. It is something I've just learned to accept, and really don't think about much. The experience is no stronger than having memories of say, having attended a strict school long, long ago. Once I regained some memories my past life seemed to be less intrusive into my present - and I've built a perfectly decent liife this time around that has value and meaning in its own right.

Why did I remember my past life? I feel there was a lot of pent up emotion and 'unfinished business' that I'd carried over, and needed to vent on a 'spiritual level' before I could deal with it and move on. I might never had remembered if I hadn't been lucky enough to be thinking about just the right question at a time when I was distracted, at just the same moment as I heard a song that triggered a 'deja vue' experience. I really believe I broke through an unseen barrier to get an answer to my question.

LINKS

(click on name to visit link)

My email: waffenss_1944@yahoo.com - Feel free to writte to me if you have questions or comments about my site. It may take a few days for me to respond, since (what a surprise!) the rather hokey email address above is not my primary everyday account.

[My past life in the Wehrmacht: 1914-1944](#) - the first page on WWII reincarnation I ever saw. The page that inspired me to do a website relating my own experiences.

[Ulex's past life feelings from Nazi Germany](#) - an excellent and amazingly detailed site.



http://groups.yahoo.com/group/OLI_discussions - An Internet list exclusively for people who had a past life on the "wrong side" of the last war.
