

**Transcript of Dominique Margolis's speech for**  
**IANDS' Life Changing Mystical Experiencers' Panel**

I am not a public speaker, but I am a writer, so I created a few lines of words to share with you.

Over the next 20 minutes, I would like to tell you about my spiritually transformative experiences and two near-death experiences. I am hoping that it is also an invitation to continue focusing on where the seeds of a healthy life have been planted and on how they blossom in our lives.

So, just how have my STEs and NDEs been useful? The energy they imparted in me was useful and life-enhancing. They have truly blown the wind of life my way. They have dropped the seeds of emotional and spiritual health into my heart. They have created the standard by which to judge how well I and others behave in life. They have helped me learn about discernment. They have helped me create relative inner and outer safety. They have been like the white stones that *Le Petit Poucet* put in his pocket to be able to get back home after his parents abandoned him and his siblings.

*Le Petit Poucet* is a tale by the French author Charles Perrault that was first published in the year 1697 in a book of fairytales. People in America are familiar with Charles Perrault's Little Riding Hood, Sleeping Beauty, and Puss in Boots, but not so much with Hop O My Thumb, which is the English translation of *Le Petit Poucet*. But I was born and raised in France of divorced parents who spoke French to me and the local patois to their parents, and I learned

how to express myself in large part with that book of fairy tales. Of all of Perrault's tales, however, *Le Petit Poucet* spoke to me the most.

Briefly, the tale is about a destitute couple that abandons their 7 children in the forest to starve to death. The youngest, who is only as tall as a thumb, overhears his parents' conversation as they hatch the plan to abandon their children. He has the foresight to stuff his pockets with little white stones. As the parents lead the children into the forest, he drops them on the ground so that, even under the moonlight, he can retrace his and his siblings' steps back to their house. Upon the siblings' return, however, the parents are not pleased and abandon them again. This time, as the siblings are looking for a way out of the forest yet again, they happen upon the house of an ogre, his wife, and their 7 daughters. The ogre, being an ogre, plans to kill and eat all the 7 siblings, but *Le Petit Poucet* manages to outwit the ogre, who ends up killing his own daughters instead. *Le Petit Poucet* also outwits the ogre's wife so that, in the end, he not only leads his siblings back home but also brings back all the ogre's material treasures.

My teachers explained that the moral of the fairytale is that the smallest one in the family can bring home material wealth if only he is witty enough.

But that's never been the way the story spoke to me. To arrive at that kind of moral felt grotesque to me. It completely ignored the tremendous emotional plight of the children. Moreover, I didn't have *Le Petit Poucet*'s kind of wily attitude. Even though I was only in elementary school, I was already tired of life and didn't want to fight or spy on adults or think of witty things to do to remain alive.

I was certain that I was living somewhere other than on earth before I was born and that my birth itself had been a mistake. I only longed to go back to where I had come from.

My first childhood memory is of scratching at the wall next to my crib at an age when I was on the edge of language acquisition. I could remember having come through a sort of foggy but luminous greyish white highway that was not flat but like a tube through which I had slid into my physical body, the one from which I am speaking to you now. As I was getting physically stronger, as soon as I could stand up and be stable long enough to scratch at the wall along which my crib had been pushed, I did. First, I scratched through the French blue wallpaper. When I reached the plaster of Paris behind the wallpaper, the color reminded me of the highway I had travelled on pre-birth. The chalk-like consistency of the wall was also reminiscent of the texture of the luminous tunnel, even though it was a consistency that allowed me to fly through it effortlessly. I knew without a doubt that there was space within what now appeared to be matter, and I was convinced that I had flown through that space on my way here. Now that I had landed on earth, it took effort to scratch through the wall because that space had shrunk and matter had gotten larger, but the plaster of Paris kept crumbling to let my fingers through, so I was convinced that I could remove the blockage if only I dug deeper and longer.

At some point in my digging and scratching, I heard a telepathic voice tell me that I was going to forget about this passageway and that my forgetting was linked to language acquisition, but I swore that I would not forget.

I did not forget that I had come from another world through a luminous greyish white tunnel of space on my way to being born as baby Dominique. I remembered that, in that pre-birth world, there was crucial information that could help me understand how to live on earth, and I remembered that access to that world was as far away and yet as close as the space between the atoms that held together my body. But I did forget the content of such crucial information.

The second reason why *Le Petit Poucet* spoke to me is that his parents abandoned him because he and his siblings were a burden to them and they wished to throw them away, but they were not honest about it. They abandoned them outside of public view and public judgement.

That spoke to me because such behavior unfortunately reminded me of my own parents and, later, stepmother. In public, they were socially acceptable people, but in private with me, or behind my back, they were abusive and betrayed my trust in many ways. Somehow, however, even though my personality was not that of *Le Petit Poucet*, the tale gave me hope that, in my own way, I could escape their toxic grip. At the time, and still so young, that meant finding my way back to the luminous highway through which I had come into this life and start heading back home.

Briefly, I'll say that my parents should never have gotten married about 17 years after the end of World War II. Even though they lived within a few miles of each other while growing up in the rural Auvergne region of France, their backgrounds couldn't have been more different. My mother's parents had joined the French Resistance during the war, and they were aware that my father's father had collaborated with the then pro-Nazi French government. They understandably didn't want their daughter to marry into that kind of family. Likewise, my father's family values couldn't have been more different from my mother's. A wife had to be obedient to her husband and to her father-in-law and she could not work. In short, nine months after my mother gave birth to me, she left my father and his family and moved me, along with the dogs my father had kicked down a flight of cement stairs because he complained that she loved them more than she loved him, to my maternal grandparents' home. That marked the start of what would become a bitter, acrimonious divorce that was finalized when I was around 5 years old. And for the rest of their lives, they used me to exact vengeance on each other by procuration. Later, my stepmother, who

could not have children because she suffered from endometriosis, also started resenting my birth and added salt to the toxic brew.

To that problem was added another. As a child, and even long into my adulthood, I was unable to accept how thoroughly I had fooled myself into not measuring how deeply their antagonistic personalities and behaviors had negatively affected me and continued to affect me long after I'd moved to America on my own.

As psychologist Jennifer Freyd explains in her theory of betrayal trauma, children who are the victims of parental betrayals are also children who depend on their parents for their own survival. Consequently, to safeguard the emotional connections necessary to their survival, they don't "see" the betrayals of those people who are supposed to protect them. It's a psychological defense mechanism that is necessary to a child's survival, but it's a defense mechanism that also harms the child's physical, emotional, and psychological health in the long term.

Le Petit Poucet's parents were materially poor. My parents were not, but they were spiritually and emotionally equally destitute.

In short, children cannot see that their parents and stepparents are deeply troubled individuals because they are completely dependent on them for survival. If children talk back to their parents, if they become truth-tellers, they risk alienating their parents and, consequently, they risk death. My parents and stepmother thought that I should never have been born and so, like them, I started believing that I should never have been born, that my birth was my own fault, and I became chronically ill. When I was about 4 or 5 years old, a little friend who lived next door to my paternal grandparents got cancer and died. My paternal grandmother, who was a devout Catholic, told me that she had gone up into the sky – *elle est montée au ciel* – which is the

French way of saying Heaven, and that she was no longer suffering. I told her that I wished that I could go to the sky and no longer suffer. She asked me not to say such things.

By then, at 5 years old, I had given hope of finding the entrance to the luminous highway I had taken on my way here and of removing the blockage that kept me from riding it back to my previous life in the world I should never have left. One day, however, as I watched a 1959 American film adaptation of Jules Verne's book, *Journey to the Center of the Earth*, an image seeded itself into my inner landscape: there I was, trapped in a giant spiderweb somewhere underneath my true home. The giant spider could come in at any time and start devouring me alive, slowly. Just thinking about it was terrifying and froze me in place. And yet, my world from before this life cast its light through the luminous highway that shone down and reached me through a crater that signaled the exit out of the center of the earth. I was a prisoner, but the light could still reach me. But how was I going to free myself to hop back up to the surface and above the earth where I had fallen and gotten trapped?

Until my sixteenth birthday, I tried to free myself. Two spontaneous past life recalls even came to help me in my endeavor. In this life, I would not repeat the mistakes of those lives. I would forsake the path of drugs and physical violence. Intuitive communication with animals also came quite naturally and provided great comfort as animals and I connected on a genuine, heart-to-heart level. And on one memorable occasion, dogs saved my life without my even imploring their help. A bull charged me, and they appeared seemingly out of the blue to protect me from the charging bull that would surely have gored me to death without their mysterious intervention. That certainly made me feel that something in the universe was kind to me and looking out for me and that the dogs not only agreed that I was worth protecting but also understood the silent universal language of such mysterious but genuine affection.

For the sake of time, however, I will fast forward to the age of sixteen, which is when I became suddenly paralyzed and had my first of two near-death experiences. It's then that I learned that my being alive on earth was not a mistake.

My life on earth was not a mistake? Wait! Ok! But now, I had a much bigger problem that I now wish to speak about. During my first NDE, I did find the entrance to the luminous tunnel, and I was relieved to be heading back to my original home, which I should never have left. But there came a point in my travel through that luminous space when something halted my movement forward. A telepathic voice started talking to me. I couldn't tell if it was the same voice that had told me, when I was a toddler on the edge of language, that I would forget about my pre-birth life and about the knowledge available there and so crucial to my life on earth. The voice said that I had a choice to make, and the choices started to unfurl in front of me like a film. I could keep going up the luminous highway all the way to the world in which I'd lived before incarnating as Dominique, but I would not remain long in that luminous, happy place. I would have to reincarnate almost right away. Then I saw my new reincarnation like a film on fast-forward that stopped when I was a teenage girl inside an adobe compound looking out into a vast desert through an arched iron gate. Because I was a girl, I was a prisoner who could not leave with one of the rare merchants who stopped by the compound, and yet I longed for freedom like someone dying of thirst. Nevertheless, I knew that I would need to free myself and that it would be much more difficult to accomplish than freeing myself in my life as Dominique living in a democracy.

The problem was that I did not understand what it was that I needed to free myself from in the life I had been living as Dominique. And the voice didn't tell me, either. It only told me that my life would become increasingly less conducive to accomplishing the goal that I had set

for myself in this life as Dominique, but that I would still need to accomplish that goal, no matter how many lifetimes it took.

Seething anger set in upon my return to life as Dominique the 16-year-old. Crushed was my previous certainty that I could go back to the world I had come from and remain there for eternity if only I could find the entrance to the luminous highway that could take me back there, if only I could dig through the rubbles that blocked its entrance. To add a bitter cherry on that bitter cake, I now had to figure out what I had come to do in life.

My maternal grandparents, who had fought the Nazis and with whom I'd lived for the first few years of my life, revered the American and Allied Forces. They said that, without their intervention, France and Europe would have had no liberation. (By the way, I would learn much later that a neighbor had turned them in to the Gestapo only a few days before D-Day. Had the letter reached the Gestapo headquarters only a few weeks earlier than it did, I may not be here today telling you about my spiritual quest). Liberation was already a word that spoke to me on an intimate level, and I linked the liberation of France to my own personal liberation. Consequently, I decided to go seek my personal liberation in America.

Again, for the sake of time, I'll fast forward to the age of twenty, when I landed in California, with a foreign student visa.

The problem was that I had taken me with me! And that was to become a big problem for me.

Hoping to forget my past and keep my mind off my troubles, I took the maximum number of units allowed per semester to learn as fast as possible how to become American. I had this



odd, irrational, yet unshakable belief that, as soon as I became fully American, I would be set free. Bear in mind, I was only 20 at the time.

But when I received my permanent US resident status, I felt like a deer stuck in the headlights of an oncoming car.

Fast forward again to 27 or 28 years of age. I became once again paralyzed. This time, I had lived long enough to know that I needed to know what love was. I sensed that love could give me the physical energy, the fuel, so to speak, to continue living on earth long enough to figure out what I had come to do, do it, and leave.

That day, I was alone with my dogs. At the time, I volunteered with an animal rights organization, but I didn't know if I'd have the strength to call one of the other volunteers to take care of them in case I died for real. At the time, the local animal shelter sold dogs and other animals in their care to medical research labs. The thought of my dogs strapped to a table and cut up alive filled me with incredible rage that encompassed all the unrequited personal injuries of those who could not speak for themselves and who ended up trapped in their own versions of a giant spiderweb at the center of the earth, paralyzed with terror as they waited for the monstrous beast to start digesting them alive. All the grievances that I'd accumulated against a god that I conceived of as a sadistic ruler of the universe came to the surface. At that point, even though my body was still paralyzed in bed, my spirit had never felt stronger.

Suddenly, I challenged that degenerate, sadistic criminal that Americans called God to a duel to the death in the French fashion of a sword fight. "If you exist," I said, "If you want me to call you God like the Americans do, then show me what love is! If you can't show me what love

is, you are an impostor. I swear I will kill you and be done with you once and for all. I'll follow you through hell, and I will kill you!"

And I meant it! The tremendously skilled warrior, the force of nature that I had recalled being during a spontaneous past life memory while a teenager came back to life instantly. I was that warrior again, and more, and I would not back down.

At the same time, I was also my own observer. I was surprised at how effortlessly I had conflated the American and French God with a nebulous but sadistic and narcissistic warlord. My gigantic self-confidence also surprised me.

God did not come to me in the vile form I had conceptualized, however. An evanescent humanoid-looking hand lifted me out of my body and into a luxuriant forest where the thought of pain did not exist. I was alone with the trees and the plants, there were no other humans, and I felt a sense of well-being, safety, calm, and relief that I did not know could exist. I got hungry, and a yellow flower instantly slid down a tree branch so that I could drink its nectar. There was no need to kill animals for food. I was in paradise.

I started wondering about who the hand that had lifted me into such paradise belonged to. The most beautiful androgynous spirit appeared. The closest likeness I have since discovered is a cross between the artistic renditions of the god Shiva and of Mahavatar Babaji.

What really struck me is that I made him sad. And I could not bear to make him sad.

I intuited that he was sad because, to him, I'd been asleep all this time, not alive yet not dead either. But why would that make him sad? He took me to a spot in the forest where I could see the earth down below. It was nighttime, so all I could see were outlines as a backdrop for

many tiny but bright little lights that twinkled on the surface of the earth. I intuited that he wished I could wake up and become one of those little lights on earth.

I also intuitively understood that, if I did not become a little light on earth, I could not go back up to our magical forest. I could not be reunited with him because my energy would not hold and could not keep matching the energy of paradise. Becoming a little light would somehow change my current energy and lock in the change so that I could remain in that magical forest when the time came for me to die for good.

For the second time, I had been shown that I needed to get back to earth, but this time, I had to live fully and shine! That was probably the most shocking news of my life!

And without the intervention of another spiritually transformative experience, I would have dismissed such knowledge as nothing but a fancy of my imagination.

A little dog named Maïka whom I loved with all my heart and who reciprocated my love with all her heart came to me in a dream one night. The dream felt so real that it woke me up. She told me that I would learn that she had died, but not to cry, because look at where she was....

She was in a meadow somewhere in Shiva's Forest!

Unlike humans, I trusted Maïka completely. From the moment of her mystical intervention, I never again doubted what I had lived during my second near-death experience and endeavored to become the little light on earth that Shiva wanted me to become.

In conclusion,

It would be too lengthy for me to adequately explain the steps I took to free myself from the giant spiderweb that had imprisoned me. I will, however, tell you that my ability to cut the webs that bound me to a hellish inner landscape was as dependent on the availability of new information about human psychology as it was on my becoming anchored in Shiva's world. I am especially indebted to Drs. Ramani Durvasula and Les Carter, who keep creating amazing content on their respective YouTube channels. They help disseminate information about toxic personalities and how to protect oneself from such individuals. I am also particularly indebted to Amma Sri Karunamayi and to Sri M, who spend considerable time and energy traveling the world to teach us how to live, and who are my beloved teachers.

So far, the way I have been a little light in the world is by putting a stop to at least most of my intergenerational family patterns of emotional, spiritual, and psychological abuse. I am truly grateful for the love I do feel for my child. It has lit my spirit on fire and given me the drive to follow through on my decision that "the buck stops here", as I now say in true American fashion.

I sense that I am now on the verge of embarking on yet another, although not entirely new journey, and I pray that I may keep being driven and guided to keep shining my little light over new corners of our beautiful earth.

## Official webinar announcement:



### Life Changing Mystical Experiencers Panel – Webinar

*Kevin McNamara, Dominique Margolis, Randy Kolibaba*

**Join our 3 panelists as they share their spiritual journeys with our community!**

**Facilitator:** Betty Guadagno

**Language:** English

**Capacity:** 450

Saturday, August 19, 2023

1:00 pm EDT

1 hour 30 minutes

Life changing mystical experiences are profound and ineffable encounters with a transcendent reality that go beyond ordinary perception. In these moments, individuals often report a deep sense of unity with the universe, a dissolution of their individual self, and a profound connection to a higher power or divine presence. These experiences can be characterized by feelings of profound peace, bliss, and awe, accompanied by a heightened sense of clarity and insight. They can occur through various means, such as deep meditation, prayer, or spontaneous moments of transcendence. These experiences have a transformative impact on individuals, challenging their preconceived notions of reality and expanding their understanding of the interconnectedness and sacredness of all existence. Mystical experiences inspire seekers to explore the mysteries of consciousness and delve into spiritual practices, leading to personal growth, expanded awareness, and a deepening connection with the divine.

~Kevin McNamara~



Kevin will speak about the fundamental premise that governs all of Jesus teachings and how that premise is played out in the Parable of the Two Sons. He will demonstrate how each of the two sons

have something to teach about the human condition and how the father perfectly models the relationship between forgiveness and unconditional love. <http://changeyourmindaboutyou.com>

***~Dominique Margolis~***



Dominique Margolis experienced her first NDE at the age of sixteen while hospitalized in the town of Guéret, France, for a sudden onset of paralysis. What she learned then led to her becoming a foreign student in the USA at the age of twenty. Seven years later, and while residing in San Diego, she experienced her second NDE. Dominique has consequently become keenly aware of the importance of form (language and culture) in shaping both how we express content about near death and spiritually transformative experiences and how we define the boundaries of such experiences. You can read Dominique's most recent stories, translations, and blog at [dominiquemargolis.com](http://dominiquemargolis.com).

***~Randy Kolibaba~***



In Feb of 2015, Randy was diagnosed with a life-threatening auto-immune disease and given only days to live by four different doctors. After having a Near Death Experience while laying in a Trauma Room of the Intensive Care Unit at the Kelowna General Hospital, not only did he survive his illness, but he has gone on to write about his journey of self-exploration in his second book, "Is this the life you Imagined: What if you were wrong?" a Best Selling book in the Self-Help genre in the area of perseverance and motivation. <http://www.randykolibaba.com>