

My  
Little  
Cowboy

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# My Little Cowboy

*My Reincarnation Story*

*Second Edition*

ROGER MENDOZA

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## DEDICATION

To my mother - Carmen,  
She called me to this life and nurtured and cared for me.

To my friend, who was once called Alex.  
He taught me balance, patience and a willingness to live.

To my dog - Einstein,  
He taught me how to love unconditionally.

## PREFACE TO SECOND EDITION

This book is about reincarnation. It is about my past lives, two in particular. Although, I have lived many lives before this one.

Do you believe in reincarnation? I do. After experiencing the past life recall episode that I describe in this book, how could I not?

Do you believe that your soul is separate from your physical body? Do you believe that your soul is the real you? I believe those things and more.

Here is what I think reincarnation is:

I believe all souls were created at once, eons ago. I don't know when and I don't really care to know. I do believe in God and that he created those souls. You might be thinking that I'm a creationist (i.e. a believer that God created man, not evolution). However, that would be incorrect. I believe that evolution is responsible for what we now call man (or woman). I believe that the soul and the physical body are two separate things. The soul is a life force that lives forever. The physical body is born, lives for a while (hopefully) and then dies.

Are you still with me?

Good!

There is a third component, of who we are, though.

Time to get your pitchforks and torches ready.

I call the third component of man (or woman) a thought-collective. It is an aspect of the soul.

A thought-collective is an ever expanding repository of all thoughts uniquely (and permanently) tied to a particular soul. Each and every soul is associated with its own unique thought-collective.

Each person is born with a soul and its associated thought-collective. As the person experiences life (by thinking thoughts), his/her thought-collective expands. Every experience, whether positive or negative is represented in that soul's associated thought-collective. In other words, every thought ever thought by the person is

aggregated into his/her soul's thought-collective. This thought-collective forms the beliefs of the living individual. The thought-collective and its associated soul together define the core attitudes and personality of the individual. When the person dies, this thought-collective and its associated soul continue to exist.

Some people believe that the soul is born into one and only one body, never to be born into another body again. I don't.

I believe that each soul (and its associated thought-collective) is unique and can be born into a body that eventually dies and then that same soul can be born into a new body. For most people this cycle is repeated many times. Each cycle (i.e. incarnation) expands the thought-collective.

The thought-collective is the aggregation of all of the thoughts and experiences of the current life and of all of the previous lives lived by a unique soul.

Heresy, you say!

This 'soul-mind-body' concept makes sense to me. For a living person: The soul is the life force expressed through emotion; The thought-collective is expressed through the mind; The body is the core attitudes and personality expressed through health.

The soul and its associated thought-collective never cease to exist.

Please put your pitchforks and torches away as I continue.

Years ago, before I ever wrote this book, I made a wish; perhaps it was a prayer.

"Please let me understand why I am the way I am."

I asked because I was tired of living a life where I felt that this world would be better off without me. Yes. I thought about killing myself a few times. I finally tried it and failed. I ended up in the hospital and was much better for it. I learned how to dance and to better express myself. Fortunately, I didn't lose my job – a software engineer in the

defense industry.

Even though I was much better off than before. I still felt a longing to find someone that was missing from my life. It wasn't like the way people described looking for their soul mate. It was something different. It felt like finding a person who had once meant so much to me and then lost. Well, in this life, I never lost any such person, and I had no reason to miss anyone. And, to be honest, I preferred to not be in a relationship with somebody. I'm a loner, and I like that very much.

In, 1980 I saw the movie "Somewhere in Time" and it resonated with me. Christopher Reeve's character (Richard Collier) "remembers" Jane Seymour's character (Elise McKenna) after seeing a picture of her. Richard Collier "remembered" his relationship with Elise. Although, the relationship happened years before he was even born. I love that movie. It is my all-time favorite. That movie resonated with me. Even though it is about time travel. I thought of it as a story about reincarnation.

Just a couple of years later, I met someone that resonated with me similarly, to how Elise McKenna did to Richard Collier in the movie "Somewhere in Time." It bothered me and sometimes angered me that something was happening to me that I didn't understand. How could I remember a person who I had never met before? This can only occur in the movies, I thought.

Well, several years passed, during which my life was filled with wanting to solve this painful riddle: Why do I want this person, this stranger in my life? Especially now that he thinks I am nuts.

Mind you, I still wanted to end my life. I'd been obsessing over this person for over twenty years.

Then, in 2005 the "hallucination" happened on my way to work. I saw him, the object of my obsession in the 1800's. Suddenly my desire to end my life was lessened, and I had a new obsession. Why did I have such a "hallucinogenic" experience? Now, I had daily intrusions of this "hallucination."

No, I wasn't taking drugs!



These intrusions were so distracting from my obsession with this person that I started to get excited about life again.

Then in 2008, I had a life threatening issue that almost killed me – a bleeding ulcer where I lost more than half of my blood. During that episode, I fought hard to stay alive, even though it would have been easier to just let myself die. I ended up in the hospital. When I was released, I was better than new. I realized that I didn't want to die anymore.

Once I wrote this book, the hallucinogenic intrusions disappeared from my life. Later, I moved back to my hometown of San Antonio and found that I had a renewed sense of self. I learned that the experiences of the past were best left in the past. All of the good and bad experiences of the past were what made me what I am today.

I believe that my past includes not only this life but also all of the lives I (my soul and its associated collection of thoughts) have lived before.

As for the person with whom I was obsessed with? He's happily married with four children (at last count) and moved on with his life. Most people do not (and should not) remember their past lives. In retrospect, I'm thankful that he didn't remember his past life. That would have been awkward.

I used to think that dreams never come true for me until I wished that I could remember my past lives. My wish came true, and now I remember more than anyone should. I didn't realize that past lives are meant to grow from – not to relive.

My takeaway: Live in the present, not the past and not the future. Appreciate the relationships in your life and cherish the respect that others have for you. And most of all, cherish the respect you have for yourself.

And, have respect for your soul, your body, and your mind. They are a great combination that makes you who you are.

This is a story about how life stories always have happy endings (no matter how tragic the journey). This is a story about how each life always coalesces into an incredible, contrast filled, universe-expanding

life.

This is a story about how people's lives always continue in spite of interruptions. Life always finds a way to bliss, if you let it.

## INTRODUCTION

One morning in May 2005 as I was driving on my seventeen-mile trek to work, I decided to put a meditation CD into my player. The cover of the CD had a warning advising that you should not drive while listening to the meditation. I blatantly ignored the warning and pushed play. The road was not well traveled. I could quickly hit the stop button if I needed to. I couldn't see any problems with doing this. I found it to have beautiful and soothing music with nice calming words. My mind began to wander and imagery from different historical periods began to flood my thoughts. I thought about the wagon wheels, the highway road, the horses, the steering wheel, the covered wagons, the highway signs, and my car on the road traveling on the road.

Barely fifteen minutes into the CD, I felt a level of clarity that I had never experienced before. I became super aware of my driving and the wheels of a stagecoach all at the same time. I could see a version of myself meeting a woman, marry, raise children, and much more. The freeway exit caught my attention. It jolted me back to the subject of my work, my car, and the highway. As quickly as I had shifted into an expanded focus of hyper-awareness, my focus had shifted to an awareness of my job. My job was not very pleasant, so just the thought of going into work was not much different than slapping me across my face. I realized that what I had just experienced had characteristics similar to a waking dream. There was so much information in it. It had

the qualities of a holographic image where you could see an infinite number of perspectives. If I focused on the wagon, I could discern the minutest of details about the wagon. It seemed that I could look at any aspect of the scene and know many intimate details. If I focused on the other version of myself in the dream, I knew all about that man. When I focused on the woman, I could see that she was my wife in the dream, what she looked like, how she moved, and even her mannerisms. It was quite odd. No matter where I focused, I knew all about the story – this story.

When I got to work, I scribbled some notes and then tried to focus on my job. When I got home, I wrote down as much detail as I could remember. As I fell asleep that night, I wondered if I had dreamt about my past life. There was so much information. I wanted to know more. I wanted to know what happened next since the story had seemed to end abruptly. I had a feeling that the story had a tragic ending, but I wasn't sure. I had plenty to think about as I drifted off to sleep.

A couple of months later (July 2005), I was taking a road trip to San Antonio with my brother's family. I had just completed six hours of driving and pulled over for a short break. It was my brother's turn to drive, so I went over to the passenger side and made myself comfortable as my brother took over the task of driving. I started to doze off, and what seemed to be an instant later I was in a waking dream. I saw the second half of the story unfold in the same holographic manner as the first half had done two months earlier. However, this time, I saw the tragic ending. It was unsettling, to say the least. I woke up with a start and told my brother. I could tell that he was less than impressed. He was in his rhythmic driving pattern, probably thinking about his life questions (mostly finance, I'm sure). I probably startled him, and he figured I was making a big deal about a silly dream. I don't blame him. Nevertheless, to me, it was a phenomenal, multidimensional holographic dream.

When we arrived in San Antonio, I documented my experience. Once I committed these happenings to paper, then the wagon wheels and horses that seemed to dominate my imaginings had vanished. This

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blew me away. Could this be for real? It was as if these imaginings had been trying to get my attention for years. I began to see connections in that story to this life. At times, the connections seemed to have far-reaching implications that were impossible for me to ignore. The son from that story in the 1800's is the same person as a close friend from whom I've been estranged for the last thirty years. I even recognized myself as the father. That life and this life - my life were inexplicably intertwined.

What follows is a narrative of that story that I once lived. It was the life that has profoundly affected this life.

It was late September of 1864. The air was crisp and fresh. The birds flew from tree to tree announcing the new day. Their cacophony of singing was almost deafening. The trees nearest to the two story hotel held hundreds of squawking crows. They carefully watched the suspicious man below from their perch.

Alexander, a tall, thin man in his late forties was almost alone in the town square waiting for the stagecoach as he paced back and forth in the middle of the reddish brown hard clay road. He looked like a banker or a businessman with his fine woolen tan pants and his well shined dark boots. He pulled out his gold pocket watch while he was still pacing on the dusty road. He knew that the stagecoach would have to stop at the bank to load some valuable cargo before picking him up in front of his hotel. The coach should have already arrived, he thought. He would have been worried about the cargo, but he had the assurance from the town sheriff that all would go well. It was already seven in the morning. He took a deep breath and let it out all at once. He would just have to wait. He hated waiting with a passion.

Alexander was a very solitary man. Always friendly, well liked and proficient at everything that he did. He worked as a bank manager, usually staying in the big city. He rarely traveled to the smaller banks

in the towns nearby. Instead, he would conduct most of his bank business between his hometown of San Francisco, a thriving gold rush town and the major banks of New York. However, two days before he had traveled to this small town about a day's ride from his home to visit with his eldest son under the guise of conducting bank business. He was very familiar with this town but never had much interest in visiting. He was much more comfortable with the feel of the big city. Even San Francisco was no comparison to New York City, the city where he had grown up. He had traveled with his wife and infant son from New York to San Francisco long ago.

What could anyone, even his son find comfortable about this small town in the middle of nowhere? He took a deep breath and let it out all at once. "Where is that damn coach?" Alexander said.

Alexander had lost his wife, the love of his life some thirteen years back. He never wanted to get married again. How could he even think about it? He had two sons and a daughter. His oldest, Alex was twenty-three then Marcus nineteen and Marissa sixteen. He loved his children and was very proud of each.

The waiting was unbearable. Still no coach. Alexander made his way to the hotel porch as horses, carts, and people began their hustle and bustle along the roadway. He kept to himself and didn't make eye contact with any of the townspeople. Most people didn't pay attention to this stranger. They just went about their business, not quite sure what to make of him. However, some of the townspeople glared at him as he nervously paced back and forth. They weren't sure what he was up to. Probably up to no good, they thought. Even the crows watched him silently, occasionally squawking with suspicion.

Alexander was lost in thought, impatient and distracted. He didn't notice that it was a beautiful cloudless blue sky. There were two dogs in the alley next door to the saloon where he had met the sheriff when he first came to town. He didn't hear the rhythmical sound of the horses' hoofs as they passed by him. Up the street from the hotel, he saw the town grocer, a shoe repair store, a blacksmith shop, and the town jail. The town was coming to life.

At half past eight, beautiful majestic horses pulling a shiny black stagecoach arrived in front of the hotel. Alexander snapped out of his distraction in time to see the driver motioning him to enter the coach. He took one last look up and down the street and hesitated before entering the stagecoach. Was this all for naught, he wondered. His heart was crushed. There were two other passengers already seated in the coach. They were a wealthy couple named Charles and Victoria Adams. Alexander was familiar with them, as they were loyal bank customers who frequented the bank where he worked. Alexander was not shy. He graciously participated in the obligatory pleasantries of exchanging greetings with his traveling companions.

Victoria noticed that Alexander looked a bit pale and asked, “You don’t look very well, Mr. Johnson. Are you alright?”

He was devastated. He had been sure that his son was coming back home with him. I told him that it was his choice. His son had seemed thrilled at the prospect of seeing his siblings and Gertrude again.

“I’m just tired from all of this bank business. If you don’t mind, I’ll close my eyes for a bit and see if I can get a bit of rest.”

Alexander leaned up against the side of the coach, pulled his hat over his face and shut his eyes. He felt defeated and just wanted to go home. With that, the coach drove on.

Alexander quickly fell asleep and found himself dreaming of his father. In the dream, Alexander’s father was furious with him. His father was very abusive, self-centered, and drank excessively. His father was yelling at Alexander. His father was telling Alexander that he was worthless. In his dream, Alexander was only twelve years old. Alexander thought that if he couldn’t get his father’s love, then he would at least try to get his father’s respect. His father thought that this was ridiculous. His father was laughing at him, ridiculing him, and taunting him. Alexander woke up agitated and choking.

This time, Charles asked, “Are you alright? You seem distressed.”

Alexander, using his might to gather his composure, sat upright. “Yes, I’m fine. I just had a bad dream. I apologize for upsetting your wife.”



Victoria smiled uncomfortably.

Charles continued, "Alexander, do you know what business this coach had with the bank this morning? I saw them loading some satchels into the compartment above."

Alexander took a deep breath and let it out all at once.

"Just a small sum of money to transfer back to the central bank branch. There is nothing to worry about."

Victoria shifted uneasily in her seat with a look of sheer panic on her face. Even before she could gasp, she knew instantly that something was terribly wrong. She had a sense for these sorts of things. The stagecoach was traveling on a narrow road when a shot was fired, instantly killing the driver. The horses ran in terror. Victoria, Charles, and Alexander were jostled about in the cabin as the coach careened over the edge of the trail into the ravine. Alexander was thrown out of the coach seconds before the it stopped at the bottom. Alexander saw someone up on the road above. He wiped away at the blood that was obscuring his vision.

"I'll get some help," he muttered. Alexander crawled up the side of the ravine. As he crawled onto the road, he saw his son's friend Tom seated on his horse.

"We've had an accident, we need help. My travel companions are still alive down there, but the driver is dead," Alexander cried.

Tom got down from his horse to help Alexander.

Alexander could still hear Victoria sobbing quietly. Alexander jumped as he heard Victoria scream. Two loud shots silenced her scream. Even the birds went silent.

Alexander laid still on the ground, writhing in pain fading in and out of consciousness. He thought that he was dreaming again. The pain in his left leg was intense. It was broken. With a mixture of tears and blood in his eyes, he looked up at Tom and said, "Help!" Then Alexander passed out and began to dream about his wife, Martha.

Thank you for reading this preview.  
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Barnes & Noble.

Find more information at <http://www.mylittlecowboy.com>

My next book is Purging Purgatory: A Ghost Story

Find more information on Purging Purgatory at

<http://www.PurgingPurgatory.com>

## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Roger Mendoza lives in San Antonio, Texas, the seventh largest city in the United States. In 2014, he moved back to his birth town of San Antonio from Parker, Colorado where he had lived for fifteen years. Living on the outskirts of San Antonio, he still enjoys the taste of the rural life that he loves so much and the many conveniences that the big city provides.

He worked most of his life as a Software Engineer in the defense industry where he cultivated his passion for computer programming but is now retired. Along with writing novels, Roger is also a professional photographer and can often be seen toting his camera looking for photo opportunities in and around town. He loves to capture nature photography and beautiful scenery.

He was born eighth in a family of ten children. There were five boys and five girls with an age span of about twenty-three years. With a fascination for his family history, he has spent years gathering his parent's family photographs and documents. He has cataloged the family's collections and digitized them all. He loves keeping the family tree database updated with new family members as they are born. Roger loves to review the thousands of family photographs and documents while imagining what these people – these relatives were like.

Roger has always had an interest in understanding the philosophy of life, why people act the way they do and how we all fit into the grander scheme of life itself. He still believes in 'happy endings' even though life often gets in the way of that outcome on occasion.

He's always had a fascination with unusual phenomena – the most being the drama of life itself. It still amazes him why so much drama fills the life of his friends and family. Perhaps it is observing that drama that sparks his imagination and gives his characters life.