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# *Gnosis*

The direct experiential knowledge of the supernatural or divine. This is not enlightenment understood in its general sense of insight or learning but enlightenment that validates the existence of the supernatural



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# He Leadeth Me

He leadeth me, O blessed thought!  
O words with heav'nly comfort fraught!  
    Whate'er I do, where'er I be  
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.  
    He leadeth me, He leadeth me,  
By His own hand He leadeth me;  
    His faithful follower I would be,  
For by His hand He leadeth me.  
Sometimes mid scenes of deepest gloom,  
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,  
    By waters still, over troubled sea,  
Still 'tis His hand that leadeth me.  
Lord, I would place my hand in Thine,  
    Nor ever murmur nor repine;  
    Content, whatever lot I see,  
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.  
And when my task on earth is done,  
When by Thy grace the vict'ry's won,  
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,  
Since God through Jordan leadeth me.

*Joseph H. Gilmore, 1862*  
*28-year-old Baptist minister*

# *Gather us in*

Gather us in, thou Love that fillest all  
Gather our rival faiths within thy fold  
Rend every temple-veil, and bid it fall,  
That we may know that thou hast been of old.

Gather us in, we worship only thee.  
In varied names we stretch a common hand.  
In differing forms a common soul we see,  
In many ships we seek one spirit-land.

Each sees one colour in thy rainbow light.  
Each looks upon one tint and calls it heaven.  
Thou art the fullness of our partial sight.  
We are not perfect till we find the seven.

Some seek a Father in the heavens above.  
Some ask a human image to adore.  
Some crave a Spirit vast as life and love.  
Within thy mansions we have all and more.

*George Matheson, 1890*  
*Blind Presbyterian poet*

# Foreword

My name is Thérèse Emmanuel. The greatest pursuit of my life has been my search to find God. I started looking for the threads of consciousness that unite Christians, Buddhists, Hindus, Jews and Muslims, as well as the ancient Egyptians and Greeks. In my quest for truth, the universe responded, powerfully, unequivocally, and compassionately. Still, there were many tests to pass, many trying times, and much soul searching. I came face-to-face with death, with my deepest fears, and with a lot of pain. God never let go of me, through darkest nights and brightest days.

This book is about some of the real, down-to-earth miracles that happened to me. Some were astounding, others more subtle. Each brought me closer to the great, ever-expanding, all-encompassing mystery of love that is God and that thrills my heart and soul.

God speaks to each one of us in a very personal way. All who tread the spiritual path have stories to tell. It is my hope that within these pages, you will find inspiration and a renewed sense of purpose that will accelerate your own path and soul awakening.

What is the soul? It is a spherical ovoid of light that enfolds our body as a childlike presence. The soul is separate from our personality and from the identity that we have come to know as “me” and “you.”

At times, God has shown me specific past life records and karmas that my soul has gone through. I can see the learning opportunities that thread each of these lives together.

Why am I here? Why are you here? To graduate from all of these lifetimes, to seal the lessons learned and to give ascend back to God.

Others have walked this path before me, and before you, and have graduated from these halls of learning. At the close of earthly life, their consciousness ascended into higher octaves, crystallizing all of the good, all of the love, all of the understanding, constancy, devotion and courage anchored through lifetimes on earth. They became ascended masters, immortals, beings of light with brilliant white auras.

Ascended masters are spiritual beings who, having graduated from their soul's journey through time and space are abiding in the heaven-world. When Jesus went up on a mountain with his disciples Peter, James and John, the ascended masters Moses and Elijah appeared to him and interacted with him. This is recorded in the book of Matthew.

There are as many ascended masters as there are stars in heaven. Some specifically focus their attention and efforts on helping us in our human travails, limited nevertheless by our free will and our returning karma. In my search for God, I came into contact with them through deep striving and communion. These masters are my friends and I can often recognize their vibration. I feel their closeness, their love, and their concern. On many occasions, they have interceded in my life in very real, tangible ways. The help, the comfort, the discipline, the correction they afforded me, they would also give you.

# *Be Ye as a Little Child*

My first memories communing with God were as a little girl, growing up in France. I was born next to the Cathedral of the Sacred Heart in Paris, and learned to walk holding its gates. I remember playing in the sandboxes under its towering dome. I remember going into the basilica and looking at the large painting of Jesus on the ceiling. When people asked me what I wanted to be when I grew up, I told them I wanted to become a nun, which alarmed my grandfather, who wanted a more worldly occupation for me.

These early years were not unblemished and on several occasions, I directly experienced God's rescuing hand. Has it not been said that if it wasn't for heaven's intercession, we might never make it through childhood?

My mom tells me that when I was an infant, she left me in a stroller outside a post office building in Paris so she could quickly run in. It was 1970. Life was more laid back then, and my mom, who was still very young, didn't see any harm in it. As she came out of the building, she saw an older, suspicious-looking woman pushing the stroller away, and ran to save me. Looking back at this moment, I shudder to think of where I might be today if the kidnapping had been successful.

The next incident I clearly remember. We had just moved to Chantilly, a beautiful town twenty-five miles north of Paris. I was three years old. In the evenings, my parents often took my younger brother and I for long walks around Chantilly's world famous racetrack.

One day, I fell behind them picking flowers in the grass. I looked up and could no longer see them, so I decided to head home, crossing fields, streets, sidewalks and the town's main thoroughfare, which had heavy traffic.

I made it back to our apartment building, and rang on the door of the concierge. Though I was alone, I felt a presence with me and was not afraid. My parents, of course, were very upset when they realized what had happened, and had alerted the police.

Like most children, I was very devotional. I had been taught that when I clasped my hands together in prayer, Jesus would come and place his hands around mine. I liked to skip down the road, thinking about Saint Thérèse of Lisieux, Saint Teresa of Avila and Mother Teresa, who shared the same first name with me and loved Jesus too. I also liked singing “What Child Is This” at the top of my lungs, outside my parents’ bedroom, to my father’s dismay when he was trying to get some rest!

When I was five years old, I received the sacrament of first holy communion and began to feel the spiritual light. I still remember the holiness of my first midnight mass, and the awe looking at baby Jesus in the crèche. And I still remember the sense of elation, freedom, and joy each sunny Easter morning, when I would wear a fresh new dress and rejoice amidst the blossoming trees and flowers.

I would ask many questions of my catechism teachers. When I asked them why Jesus was the only one to have two fathers, one in heaven and one on earth, their answer was not fulfilling. I could never get enough of the Bible stories my Mother read to me, and that I continued to read and reread for myself as soon as I was old enough to do so.

My grandmother had taught me the Lord’s Prayer and the Hail Mary, which I faithfully repeated, and I cherished a little Bible she gave me that had been hers as a child, along with many cards and pictures of saints, embroidered in paper lace and gold, that had faded with age.

In 1977, we moved to East Fairfield, Vermont, a little village with a covered bridge and a very “small town,” insular atmosphere. The contrast with Chantilly was stark.

My Mother had longed to find her American roots again, and my Father had agreed to follow her. Like many Europeans, he wanted his chance at the “American dream,” and to become an entrepreneur. After investing a lifetime of savings and more, the business my parents had started floundered and we experienced very difficult years. I weathered my way by reading the “Little House on the Prairie” series, by writing poetry and by praying. Laying in bed at night, I tried to acknowledge every saint I knew, but would inevitably fall asleep before getting through my list.

Then when I was about ten, my Mother gave me a book on Greek mythology that I devoured from cover to cover. From that point forward, I could not get the idea of gods and goddesses working with humankind out of my head. I learned all of the stories of the Greek pantheon by heart, which I shared with my sixth grade classmates. I felt especially close to Pallas Athena, Goddess of Truth. She was my favorite.

During my childhood years, God’s intercession sometimes came as the answer to a prayer. For a long time now, my brother and I had wanted bicycles. My grandparents had offered to buy some but my father adamantly refused. He had seen a reckless driver come around the bend near our home and run a dog over, and his mind was made up. We would never have bicycles!

Dissuading him was impossible so I turned to God and implored him each night for a bicycle. Then, one sunny day the following spring, my brother ran to greet me at the school bus stop, all excited. There was a surprise waiting for us at home: two brand new shining green bikes that my father, of all people, had bought for us on the spur of the moment. I was amazed and my faith was strengthened.

In the early 80s, my Father got his hands on the published works of Nostradamus. He shared with us what he had been reading with great alarm. Of all the dire and most convincing prophecies, the one which concerned me most was that Jerusalem, Paris and Rome were going to be

destroyed in 1984.

This grieved me to no end. I could not imagine a world without these beautiful cities. I loved Paris, my birthplace, and I wanted to have the opportunity to visit Rome and Jerusalem, which were surely magnificent as well. I began to pray fervently every night, that these prophecies might not come to pass. I was so relieved when we made it through 1984 with those cities still standing.

The fact that this prophecy of Nostradamus did not come to pass does not make it irrelevant or discredit the seer's work. It is a testament to the power of prayer which should never be underestimated.

Regarding the power of prayer, in 1993, for example, I read in a journal that four thousand practitioners of Transcendental Meditation from eighty-one countries came to Washington, D.C. to help stop crime, and the rate of violent crime did decrease by twenty-three percent. The odds of this occurring by chance were less than two in one billion. And so with God, all things are possible.

Over time, I have seen prophecies that were made, be they from ancient sources, modern-day seers or even from scientific tracking equipment, circumvented by the grace of God. Time and time again, with the power of prayer, negative prophecies can be mitigated or overturned altogether.

# *The Sufis*

During my third year of college, I met a woman who spoke to me of the mystical path of Sufism. Something in me stirred again, a deep desire to find God.

I learned to recite the mantra, *La ilaha ilallah*, which means, “There is nothing but God.”

One night as we were chanting this mantra, faster and faster, I felt an indescribable bliss penetrating my being from head to toe, that was awakening every cell in my body. This bliss was accompanied by an intense heat and an overwhelming joy that lasted for several days. A week later, while attending a spiritual event in American University’s ecumenical chapel, I experienced the bliss again, cleansing me from head to toe.

Then one night, I found myself waking up in the most unusual way. I could hear all of the cells in my body chanting the Sufi mantra distinctively, clearly and in unison. I wasn’t hearing through my ears. I was hearing through my cells! The singing kept getting louder and louder, and with it I found myself floating upward.

# *Saint Germain and the Violet Flame*

During my senior year in college, I spent a semester in Argentina. Up to that point, I had continued to explore Sufism as well as other new-age teachings. I was in search of a spiritual teacher and the path I was mine to follow.

Columbus Day weekend 1990, I decided to take a fifteen-hour bus ride to Iguazu falls, one of the wonders of the world bordering Argentina and Brazil. I knew something exciting was about to unfold. I spent the weekend meditating on the rainbows bouncing off the waterfalls, directing the light into my chakras. Then coming home, I met a Brazilian man who showed me a portrait of the ascended master Saint Germain, along with a picture of the Chart of the Presence, that shows a person enfolded in a tube of light under rings of spiritual colors. This man told me about a group that invoked the violet flame, a spiritual light that transmutes and consumes negative energy. One of these prayers is,

*“Yo Soy un ser de llama violeta  
Yo Soy la pureza que Dios desea.  
I AM a being of violet fire  
I AM the purity God desires.”*

I joined them in giving violet flame mantras. I felt light, clear and deeply happy. When we left the meeting, a surge of joyous, buoyant energy accompanied my steps. I had never experienced anything quite like it.

My new friends taught me everything they knew

about angels, Elohim and ascended masters, as well as about our Mighty I AM Presence, the spirit of God connected to us. We passionately discussed these topics with South American fervor, between sips of yerba mate and honey in a small wooden bowl with a silver straw.

I wanted to learn everything about these teachings that I could get my hands on. I started devouring classic esoteric literature like *The Magic Presence*, *Unveiled Mysteries* and *The I AM Discourses*, and discovered the magical adventures of people who had interacted with the master Saint Germain, along with the alchemical spiritual formulas he imparted to help transform their lives for the better.

My friends also told me about a woman called Elizabeth Clare Prophet who worked with Saint Germain in the United States. I had never heard of her and was intrigued by their description.

I started invoking Saint Germain's alchemical formulas for self-transformation daily. It was exciting for me to put his teachings to the test, especially after experiencing the violet flame.

# *Presencia Yo Soy*

One spring day, I was walking through La Boca, a colorful, artsy neighborhood of Buenos Aires, taking pictures, when I became aware that a young couple had been following me. All of a sudden, the woman pulled out a handkerchief and insisted on wiping my back because she said there was a mustard stain on my shirt.

I knew that local thieves sprayed tourists with mustard in order to rob them while helping them clean up, so I politely thanked the woman and told her mustard comes off in the wash. Then I walked away, relieved that my purse was intact. I had just exchanged a lot of dollars and had all of my bank and credit cards with me, which was the only way for me to get more funds.

A short time later, while I was waiting for a bus in front of the main train station, I was caught off guard. A young man pointed to the stain on my shirt and the minute I turned around, my wallet was gone. I asked the man to give it back and he denied taking it. Then, I remembered these thieves work in groups. I looked around and saw a man in his forties, dressed in a suit, crossing the street whistling.

My intuition told me this man had my wallet, so I started chasing him. He turned around and when he saw that I was coming after him, started to run too. I ran as fast as I could, dodging all of the colectivo buses and taxis that were coming at us with Latin speed.

“Para le! Stop him!” I yelled, as people watched, but nobody moved. Eventually, I could no longer keep up with him and he started to get lost in the bustle.

This was a real crisis for me, having no money to get home or to finish my stay. I had just learned about the

Mighty I AM Presence, the personalized divine presence that hovers above us at all times, surrounded by concentric rings of spiritual energy, I decided to call upon it for help.

“Presencia Yo Soy,” I fervently cried, under my breath, as I continued to run. No sooner had the words come out of my mouth that I experienced a renewed burst of energy and spotted the man in the crowd again.

He looked behind and saw me, and decided to give up the chase, though he still had the lead. “Here’s your cuero,” he said, when I caught up with him, throwing my wallet on the ground.

By that time, a crowd had formed around us. I did not know whether to laugh or cry. My lungs were burning and I was out of breath, but I felt elated because my wallet was intact. I knew that my Mighty I AM Presence had intervened.

# *Love Holds Everything Together*

Traveling through the great deserts of Western Argentina by bus on my way to visit the glacier Perito Moreno, my eyes started to focus on the rocks along the side of the road, and I marveled at how everything was made. In a flash, I understood that love holds everything together. Without love, none of the atoms would stay together and matter would not exist. It was a magical realization. I felt that interconnectedness again in Ushuaia, which is the southernmost tip of the Southern Hemisphere, as well as when we crossed over the beautiful Andean Pass Libertadore on the way to Santiago, Chile.

# *Jewels in the Heart*

Back in Buenos Aires, I met the daughter of my host family. She was about my age, sweet and very sophisticated. She was wearing expensive jewelry that was not common for a young adult. I was admiring her jewelry as we were talking, and wondered what it would be like to wear jewels like this.

That night, I found myself waking up to a spiritual experience. I was fully conscious, though my body was sleeping, when God took me inside my heart. There, he showed me three jewels, radiant divine flames of love, wisdom and power, far more beautiful, far more glorious, than any outside gem. Nothing in the world could compare to their awesome, scintillating, intimate and intelligent presence. I had seen the threefold flame of life, God's gift of love so pure. All I could ever want was already mine to cherish as treasures of the heart.

# *A Voice Out of Heaven*

Back in Washington, I started yearning for a group of spiritually like-minded people that I could connect with. One day, while browsing through a bookstore at Union Station, I came across *The Science of the Spoken Word* by Elizabeth Clare Prophet. I saw the contact information and called the number. The person on the other end of the phone asked me whether I wanted to be a “Keeper of the Flame” for Saint Germain. My heart stirred and I said yes. I was eager to study more about Saint Germain so I signed up to become a member of the Keeper of the Flame Fraternity. Every month, I received a new lesson in the mail with simple, practical and powerful spiritual tools.

About the same time, I went to my first spiritual service and met someone who had visited the organization’s headquarters in Montana. I asked this person what her impression was of Elizabeth Clare Prophet. I was curious, having heard so many things. “Look into her eyes and you will see,” she said. “When I did, I knew that I had found my teacher.”

The following year, I moved to California to pursue a master’s degree in international policy. That winter, I decided to head up to Montana to meet Elizabeth Clare Prophet and look into her eyes for myself. I was wondering what it would be like to be present for a “dictation,” where the aura of an ascended master comes over the Messenger to give a teaching.

I soon found out that these dictations, delivered through the power of the Holy Spirit, were a completely different experience from psychic channeling. My body was filled with light and the spiritual energy was very powerful.

At the end of the conference, I chose to get baptized,

and Elizabeth, fondly known as ‘Mother,’ conducted the ritual. As I stood before her, I looked into her eyes, and it did seem like universes danced within them. Mother beamed a big smile. Then, she placed water and rose petals on my head and started to baptize me, “In the name of the Father, the Mother, the Son and the Holy Spirit.”

I noticed a resonance in her voice that was truly extraordinary. The only way to describe it was like a portal into a higher octave. The sound was traveling down a tunnel into the physical plane. It was the voice of God speaking through her, unlike anything I had ever heard before.

# Conditional and Unconditional Love

I once ran into Elizabeth Clare Prophet in Washington, D.C. I had been going through a hard time and wanted reassurance. I followed her out the door as she was putting on her coat and said, “Mother, I need for you to tell me that the masters love me.” She spun around and gave me the fiercest look. Then she said, with a bolt of spiritual fire that penetrated to the core of my being: “Unconditional love is a New Age thing. You have to earn it.”

I will never forget the encounter. It stunned me. What did this mean, “Unconditional love is a New Age thing?” Wasn’t God unconditional love, I pondered?

Years later, I came to understand that God’s love is both conditional and unconditional. People who are looking for unconditional love from the universe without submitting to spiritual accountability are really pursuing pseudo-love. This is the “hippy” love that Mother was referring to when she said “a New Age thing.”

God’s energy is Father and Mother, Alpha and Omega. You cannot have unconditional love, which is feminine energy, without the masculine counterpart that comes through conditional love. The energy of God as Father exacts a discipline that curbs our lesser self. If we do not move into alignment with God as Father’s direction and discipline, we cannot receive God as Mother’s unconditional love.

When we receive a discipline from God, we are freed from errors in our ways that we may have been carrying for lifetimes. No matter how difficult or unpleasant, when we truly embrace the discipline, we feel free from that which

the Father energy has separated us from. It is a grace.

As the years went by and I grew in spiritual understanding, I started to receive expressions of unconditional love from Mother. I was in a completely different state of consciousness and the love of God that I experienced in her presence seemed limitless.

## *Staying in Tune*

As I continued to explore esoteric teachings, I discovered that syncopated rhythms found in rock music, rap music and jazz will set you back. Pictures drawn by clairvoyants, as well as experiments on plants, show the detrimental effects of these kinds of rhythm and their accompanying lyrics on our spiritual, mental, emotional and physical nature.

I spoke to a Summit Lighthouse minister about this, who suggested I stop listening to music for an entire month, and then reconsider. I took her advice. A month after my music fast, when I began to play my favorite bands again, I noticed that energy was leaking out of my base-of-the-spine chakra. I also noticed that some of the more intense music hurt my heart chakra.

From that day forward, I started to listen to other forms of music like classical, folk and Eastern. These lift you up without having a jagged effect on the chakras.

# The Gas Chamber

In 1993, I joined the army with my first husband, and left for basic training at Fort Jackson in the sweltering heat of a South Carolina summer. A few days in, I realized this was not for me.

On a Sunday morning, I was prompted to go to confession and burst into tears in front of the chaplain.

“You’re not here for confession,” the chaplain said.

“No, “I admitted. “I can’t stay here. I can’t stand even the thought of killing.”

The chaplain told me he would help me and went to see my commanding officers. I prayed my way through several more nightmare weeks. In the meanwhile, a dreaded event loomed on the horizon.

Our platoon was going to the gas chamber. I had heard about it from others. You put on a gas mask and enter a chamber filled with tear gas. Once inside, you have to remove the gas mask for as long as the drill sergeant, who still has one on, determines. The gas burns your eyes, lungs and skin and when soldiers are finally allowed to exit the building, they are throwing up with tears and mucus running down their faces.

I knew our drill sergeants would not be letting us out easily. I had seen soldiers pushed beyond their limits in other exercises, to the place of passing out or breaking bones.

Now even though the sergeants knew that I was pending discharge, they would not exempt me. I had to surrender: “Father, if this cup cannot pass away from me unless I drink it, your will be done.”

We drove to the training site and were sitting on a bench, waiting for our turn, when God answered. Our

sergeant told us that because of a mix-up, there was not enough tear gas for our group. This was something that had never happened before.

That same night, after thirty-three days, my discharge papers came through. Lying in my bed I closed my eyes and cried, in gratitude and to relieve the tension. All of a sudden, I saw, with my inner eye, a purple mist. Behind this mist lay a placid pond of deep emerald on which grew a large and beautiful lotus. The outer petals were soft pink, the center petals golden. Upon the lotus sat a Buddha. In contemplation, he raised his arms and embraced all of the stars of cosmos as their light pierced the night. His peace was complete. He was God, the beginning and the ending, the creator and sustainer of all worlds. I then saw that the lotus on the pond where Buddha sat was in my heart and that there was no separation, no fear, only harmony, peace and a deep abiding faith.

# *The Burning Coal*

In 1994, I spent a couple of months in Washington, D.C. to further my training in journalism. One Sunday morning, I was listening to the recording of a dictation by Justinus, Captain of Seraphic Bands, that Elizabeth Clare Prophet had delivered many years before. The seraphim are large, six-winged angels that were seen by the prophet Ezekiel. They form a choir in the heaven-world and are great healers.

In the dictation, Justinus spoke of the seraphim who will place a burning coal on your tongue. This spiritual initiation is recorded in the Book of Exodus. In my heart, I told Justinus that I wanted to receive the burning coal. Even though we were only listening to a recording, when the dictation came to a close, I felt my tongue and mouth tingling with an intense sensation, just like when you burn your tongue on a hot drink! It was amazing to feel it so physically.

# *Driving on Empty*

I learned how to drive in my early twenties and did not have much experience with cars. It was 1995 and I was now living in Minneapolis. On the weekends, I set out to give spiritual lectures in local libraries, which were well attended.

This was a clear blue Sunday afternoon, and the lecture was scheduled about forty miles away in a library on the other side of town. I was driving there with a friend.

I headed down the highway without noticing that we were out of gas. Not long after, the car stopped as it does when empty. This was a busy highway so I pulled over to the left, near a concrete divider, sure that it was a mechanical problem caused by spiritual “opposition” to the lecture. I started making intense calls to God and the angels to help me get there no matter what.

After the calls, the car started up, and we continued to drive for a few more miles, until it pattered out again. I pulled over and made more calls. The car started up and again went a few more miles. Then it stopped so I made more calls, that nothing would deter us from getting to the lecture hall. The car stopped and started again at least six or seven more times, until we reached a gas station a block from our destination. That was when I finally realized that it needed gas!

Incredibly, we made it to the lecture on time, and more incredible still, the fact that we drove about forty miles on a completely empty tank. Looking back, I smile at the fact that I thought my mechanical problem was spiritual opposition when it was only a matter of putting gas in the tank.

Many years later, I had another experience driving

on empty where God supplied the difference. I was living in Paradise Valley, Montana and driving to Bozeman, Montana for a medical appointment with my teenage daughter. We got wrapped up in a conversation and I completely lost track of my gas gauge. We had taken a back road into the town that was mostly farmland with a few residences. There were still several miles to get to our destination and I could not be late.

As the car pattered, I called to Jesus for help. The answer was clear: "Keep going until you stop." I followed that directive and the car stopped at the beginning of a hill. On the side was a driveway. I walked into the driveway. At the end of the driveway, a police car was parked with giant words "chaplain" written on the side! The police officer chaplain came out. I explained to her the situation. I had never seen a police chaplain car before.

The chaplain drove us to a gas station a few miles down the road and radioed other officers that our car was not to be towed. Then, after filling our tank with enough gas to keep going, the police chaplain opened the trunk of her vehicle. It was filled with stuffed animals, brand new, that she was distributing to children for Christmas. She asked us if we wanted to take some home and we did for my sons and for my niece and nephew who were staying with us for the holidays. Thank you Jesus for the love, the care and the going of the extra mile to provide for our need.

# Archangel Michael, Help Me!

Back to where our story left off. Over the holidays, my younger sister Marie came up from New Orleans to visit. We decided to head to Montana so she could attend a New Year's conference and experience an ascended master dictation. Before getting in the car, I told Marie about calling to Archangel Michael for protection, and taught her the fiat, "Archangel Michael, help me, help me, help me!"

Within a short time, we had an opportunity to put the fiat to the test. We were driving at highway speed when the car hit a patch of ice and started to spin. There were cars coming both ways and we had lost complete control of the vehicle. At that point, we shouted, "Archangel Michael, help me, help me, help me!" The car made a 360-degree turn, then stabilized in the right lane, heading in the right direction, without hitting any other cars.

Marie and I laughed with joy and relief. She told me that up to that point, she hadn't been sure about Archangel Michael or any of the other teachings I had shared with her, like whether it was helpful to decree.

# *An Angel in a Pickup Truck*

On our way home from the conference, we decided to drive through the night to get back to Minneapolis for Marie's flight. We took turns driving and at about midnight, I fell asleep.

It was extremely cold and pitch dark on the highway. We were in eastern Montana, which is very barren country, and the roads were covered with a thick sheet of ice. All of a sudden, Marie accidentally jerked the steering wheel.

I woke up, startled, as we headed down a fifteen-foot ditch. The car softly stopped at the bottom, lodged inside a snowbank. We were stuck. We hadn't seen any traffic for a long, long time and the car did not have much gas left.

I stepped outside the car and realized we were in a life-and-death situation, so I started to call to God and to Archangel Michael for immediate help. We had no time to lose.

Within a minute or so of making the call, a man showed up in a pickup truck. He was wearing a flannel plaid shirt, overalls and some kind of cap on his head. He was very friendly and completely calm.

"You girls are lucky I stopped by," he said, "because even highway patrol isn't out tonight in these road conditions." He pulled out a tow rope and told me to go inside his truck to warm up. I sat down and waited, listening to the country music that was gently playing. Then he told Marie, "Go check up on your sister because she is very worried." Neither of us had told him we were sisters.

The man pulled the car out of the ditch and told us he

would follow us to Miles City, where we must stop and get a hotel room. We thanked him, got in the car and drove off. I could see him in the rear view mirror, following us. We were the only two cars on the road. Then, as we reached the first signs for Miles City, I looked up in the mirror and he was gone.

Since that trip, I have driven through Miles City many times. There is no road that exits the highway where this took place.

# *The Yellow Ray*

It was summertime and I was attending another conference, this time in the Heart of the Inner Retreat, an alpine meadow above the Summit Lighthouse headquarters. Dozens of large white tents had been raised and thousands of spiritual seekers from around the world were gathering to hear new mystical messages and teachings. On this particular day, the masters of the yellow ray of divine wisdom and illumination were giving dictations. First the Elohim Apollo and Lumina, followed by Archangel Jophiel and Christine, and then by the master Lanto.

In the months preceding the conference, I discovered that I suffered from a form of dyslexia that had probably been there since childhood. This dyslexia manifested in a number of ways and also affected my short-term memory. It was hard for me to remember a set of instructions. My brain would fog over.

I visited specialized therapists and diligently did “brain gym” exercises, but could not get my eyes to turn full circle, which indicates a disconnection between the right and left sides of the brain, among other things. I wanted my brain to be restored to wholeness.

Before the dictations began, I asked the yellow-ray masters to heal my brain. After the dictations, I was so involved in the moment that I completely forgot about my prayer. I heard my higher self saying, “Aren’t you going to check?”

“Check what?” I thought, and then remembered. I lifted my eyes and tried to make them turn, first in a clockwise, then in a counterclockwise direction, like I had many times before. This time, they were no longer stuck.

I tried again and again and sure enough, my eyes

could make a complete, uninterrupted circle, which I understood from the therapy meant the brain connections had been restored. I was so grateful for God's forgiveness and willingness to make us whole.

# *Blessing Food*

Blessing food and the “laying on” of hands are ancient spiritual traditions. Food, like our bodies, is mostly made up of water. Water molecules, as Dr. Masaru Emoto has demonstrated, crystallize according to vibrational patterns and energies. The hands have secret-ray chakras in the middle of the palms. Through these chakras, spiritual energy flows to bless and to heal.

I started to place my hands over my food before eating. Sometimes I would say a prayer and, at other times, I would simply send a conscious intent over the plate, thinking “Charge this food with light!”

The more I got into the habit of blessing my food, the more I noticed the energy coming through the center of my palms. I also noticed less light coming through when I blessed healthy, whole foods and more light descending over fast food, microwaved food and food prepared around negative energy. The light coming through my hands became an indicator of the quality of food I was about to partake in.

How comforting it is to know that when you can’t eat in an optimal way, God will make up for it with light when you bless your food.

# Double Rainbows

My birthday was approaching and I was most burdened, so I asked Mother Mary to give me a sign of God's love for my birthday, something I would know was from her.

Several days passed. On my birthday, some friends and I gathered at the outside terrace of a local restaurant to celebrate. In the middle of our meal, a tornado warning was issued and we were all encouraged to go into a nearby shelter.

The sun was still warm and bright, so a few of us decided to stay outside and watch the incredible cloud display amassing in the sky. All of a sudden, the most magnificent double rainbow we had ever seen appeared in the sky. Both rainbows were perfectly formed and every color was absolutely brilliant, in an almost surreal way.

We were gazing at the sky in awe, when one of my friends tugged me on the sleeve and said, "Thérèse, I have to tell you. This is from Mother Mary for your birthday." It was so touching. I had not told anyone about my prayer and had even forgotten about it myself.

# *Shiva! Shiva! Shiva!*

I had often wondered what dreams were all about.

Over the years, I learned that our souls can either go to the etheric plane or to the astral plane.

To go to the etheric plane, the soul must rise through the energy vortex of the solar plexus chakra. Like a drop of oil rising to the surface of water, our souls must rise through the astral element to get to the heart chakra and access the etheric plane. Oftentimes, we get stuck in the astral plane on the way to or from the etheric retreats and we tend to remember the astral experiences. It is more difficult to remember the etheric experiences because they are more subtle.

That is why it is important to pray before falling asleep, like we were taught as children. We can call to Archangel Michael, Jesus and other ascended masters for protection.

One night in my sleep, I became aware of the presence of a UFO on the astral plane. It was a terrifying experience and I felt overpowered by the evil coming from that ship. I knew that my soul was in danger and I turned to God for help.

Still sleeping, I remembered to call to Shiva, the destroyer of evil in the Hindu Trinity. Even though I felt weakened by my sleep state, I started to shout "Shiva! Shiva! Shiva!" With this fiat, I became impermeable to their energy. The danger passed and I woke up, back in my body.

# *Focuses of Light*

A talisman is an object that is imbued with spiritual energy and creates a connection to the etheric plane. In my travels, I specifically experienced talismanic energy over the Statue of Liberty and the Washington Monument. While living in D.C., I loved to take the elevator to the top of the Washington Monument, even if it meant waiting an hour in line beforehand.

While tourists shuffled in and out of the small observatory, admiring the view, I would bask in the strong currents of spiritual energy that emanated from the top. These currents of divine energy reminded me of the fire under a hot-air balloon. Standing in them, it seemed like you just might lift off!

Years later, when I visited the Statue of Liberty, I felt a similar sensation as we stepped out onto Ellis Island. The spiritual radiation under my feet was so strong that it seemed like the ground was not solid.

These monuments and others hold an important spiritual balance for the nation and for the earth. They provide a chalice for a more than ordinary measure of God's light to be anchored in key places on the physical plane.

# *A Special Clearance*

I moved to Montana and started working for a public relations firm in Bozeman. One of our clients included a non-profit group called Citizens for a Strong America. It was summer, 1996, and I had an important project to finish, a booklet promoting America's need for missile defense. The task was arduous, compiling information from hundreds of articles, often working long hours overtime.

Saint Germain and other ascended masters had spoken of the need for a strong defense in their dictations and I was glad to be of service. Still, I would have preferred to attend Summit University, a retreat sponsored by The Summit Lighthouse that my sister Marie was attending.

Every weekend, I would drive down to visit Marie and other friends who were at the retreat. Then every Monday, I would drive back to work, wishing I didn't have to.

By the end of the summer, the booklet was completed and it was also time for the Summit University clearance. The clearance was a special event, where students could be spiritually cleared of a number of obstacles and astral entities.

I really wanted to attend this event but I knew it was out of the question since I wasn't enrolled in the program. To compensate, I asked Marie if she would be willing to take a picture of me in her purse so that I could be included energetically. Then, I wrote a letter to every divine being I could think of. I asked them to consider clearing me through the picture, since I couldn't officially attend the event, and since I had worked so hard on the missile defense booklet. I burned the letter, which is a way to send it to the etheric octave.

A couple of days later, Elizabeth Clare Prophet (Mother) made an announcement to the local community. For the first time ever in the history of Summit University, the clearance was going to be open to people in the area. Each one's clearance, she said, would be according to their personal service in recent months.

I participated in the clearance in person, standing in one of the first rows, and I definitely felt charged with light and a renewed sense of purpose. I was so grateful to the masters and angels who had answered the letter I had written, in an even better way than hoped for.

# *The River*

On a hot day later that summer, I set out with some friends to go tubing down the Yellowstone River. I had never done this before, but my friends were regulars at it. We were each sitting on inner tubes, and no one had a life jacket. We started downstream, having the time of our life, bobbing up and down in the splashing rapids.

After we passed the first set of rapids, the current separated me from the group and I started to lag behind. All of a sudden, there was a huge boulder just below the surface. Before I could steer away, the water swept me into a giant hole. My inner tube flew into the air and I was engulfed in a powerful whirlpool that was way over my head. Being a good swimmer, I started to tread water but the whirlpool was too strong. I struggled to come up for air but no matter how hard I tried, I could not reach the surface.

Soon all of my energy was spent. I had no strength left and was sucked down into the hole. Everything was dark around me and I felt completely defeated. I knew I had to give up my life even though it didn't seem like the right timing.

"The fallen ones got me," I thought, referring to the force of darkness, and I became acutely aware that a significant part of me would be staying in the bottom of the river. It was my not-self, impermanent and unreal, that I had identified with. This jarring realization was even more disturbing than the physical experience of drowning and I finally did let go.

At that point, time and space collapsed and I found myself on top of the river, a couple of yards away from the whirlpool. I was stunned. I did not experience my body

moving from the bottom to the top of the river and had no idea how I got there. I started to swim frantically so I would not get sucked into the whirlpool again, having no tube to hang onto.

One of my friends, who happened to be a lifeguard, was floating by. He had been leading up the rear when the accident happened. He knew that if he jumped in, we would both drown so he watched me struggle and go under. Then, when I surfaced, he said it was like an angel had picked me up.

Away from the whirlpool, he reached out to me with his inner tube and helped me stay calm. As the two of us swam to shore through more rapids, I felt a peaceful light shine upon me. I knew I would be safe.

# *A Perfect Fit*

Mother Elizabeth was selling some of her clothing and personal belongings as a church fundraiser. I was all excited, since I love to shop, but my budget didn't give me much leeway. Most of the dresses and altar clothes were beyond my means, but I really didn't want to leave the sale empty-handed.

Peering through the clothing racks, my eyes fell upon a dress that must have been at least thirty-five years old. It was an early 1960s style, made of white cotton weave with a long train that went three feet beyond my height. The dress was badly stained and yellowed. It had an under-garment of bright pink satin that could not fit me, but would fit my sister Marie.

Since it was within my budget, I bought it and headed home to see how it would wash. It would take a lot of bleach to take the stains out, which made me a little nervous, but my intuition kept nudging. I poured the bleach in, said some prayers and voila! It came out of the wash cycle white as snow.

I was even more nervous about putting the dress in the dryer. Still, my intuition kept nudging. I really didn't want the dress to shrink, since it was already a tight fit, so I said some prayers while it tumbled. Lo and behold, it came out fitting perfectly. More amazing yet, the long train, and nothing else, had shrunk about three feet to fit my height exactly. Now, the dress was a perfect fit.

Elizabeth had worn this dress in a picture with Mark Prophet that was published on an album about twin flames in love.

# *The Body of Christ*

One night while I was sleeping, I was shown a spiritual umbilical cord that tied me to Christ as a higher spiritual awareness. This Christ essence was a vortex of energy. Then I noticed that from this vortex of energy, umbilical cords of light also reached down to many other people, and reached up to those who had ascended.

I understood that I was looking at the body of Christ, the divine consciousness that ties us together and makes us one, as above so below. I also understood that through these pathways of light, the body of Christ is broken for the many. Now I could appreciate the inner meaning behind the words, “brothers and sisters in Christ.”

The Eastern teachings have a name for the connections of light that form the body of Christ. They call it the antahkarana, the web of light that links all sentient beings together.

One night, I was camping with my family in Jackson Hole, Wyoming, right outside the Grand Teton National Park. It was a beautiful starry night and I went for a walk. In my head, I started to complain to God about someone I had issues with. As I looked at the brilliant night sky and the endless starry bodies, I felt my higher self whispering to me, “You may disagree with this person’s human self but her soul holds an important position in the antahkarana of light.”

I began to understand that even when we find fault with someone’s personality, God in us champions their soul. Even though we may dislike each other at a human level, we are still connected and worthy of appreciation through the mutual Christ consciousness that unites us.

# Holy Christ Self Above Me

Our Christ self is our higher self, who evolves in heaven while our soul evolves on earth.

Following a dictation in the Heart of the Inner Retreat, I looked up and saw my Christ self. He appeared to me as a young man with shoulder-length, blond hair, like an Arthurian knight, and he was dressed in ruby and pink garments.

Our Christ self is the spiritual bridegroom Jesus spoke of. Whether we wear a man or a woman's body in life, our Christ self forms the masculine, positive polarity balance for our soul's feminine, negative polarity. He holds a balance for us in heaven while we journey here on earth.

Our soul is destined to fuse with our Christ self through a divine alchemy described in the Book of Revelation as the marriage of the Lamb. This is an initiation which can precede the ascension.

“Let us be glad and rejoice and give Him glory, for the marriage of the Lamb has come, and His wife has made herself ready. And to her it was granted to be arrayed in fine linen, clean and bright, for the fine linen is the righteous acts of the saints. Then he said to me, “Write: ‘Blessed are those who are called to the Marriage Supper of the Lamb!’ ”

Jesus spoke about preparing for this initiation during his Galilean mission. He taught a parable about ten virgins who need to have their lamps trimmed and filled with oil when the bridegroom comes. He taught another parable about a marriage feast where a guest is cast out because he is not wearing a wedding garment. Both of these parables

highlight the importance of spiritual preparation. The lamps held by the virgins are a metaphor for the chakras of the body, that need to be filled with light. The wedding garment is a seamless mantle of light in the aura woven through good works and devotion to God, that enfolds the soul, magnetizing her through the heart of Christ back to the I AM Presence.

# *Angel of the Presence*

On a clear and beautiful morning as I was walking down the cobbled streets of Georgetown, I gave a prayer called the “Tube of Light” that invokes the blessings and protection of the Mighty I AM Presence. I could clearly feel a shower of light descending upon me from above, and the sensation of walking inside a cylinder of light substance.

Surrounding the Mighty I AM Presence is a “causal body” made of concentric rings of rainbow light. In the center resides a divine intelligence, which is actually a spiritual being. The ascended masters call it the Angel of the Presence.

When Jesus taught that “one star differeth from another in glory,” he was explaining that no two people have identical causal bodies. Each rainbow ray is actually a frequency of divine energy. The blue color, for example, holds the frequency of good will. The green holds the frequency of abundance and healing, and the pink holds the frequency of love. In each subsequent lifetime, the good works that we do are anchored in our causal body as a measure of light. They are the treasures stored up in heaven that Jesus spoke of.

A soul who, lifetime after lifetime, engages in healing work, for example, will have a larger band of green in their causal body than somebody else. Souls who have demonstrated love over and over again in their interactions with others will have a larger pink band. And older souls who have evolved through more lifetimes than others also have larger causal bodies. They have had more time to qualify and anchor the divine energy allotted to them.

One night after exercising the science of the spoken word and doing many decrees, I closed my eyes. All of a

sudden, I was able to see my Angel of the Presence. For me, it manifested as a most holy feminine presence dressed in white raiment. Filigree threads of light emanated from her being. I knew that she was me, and yet she was not the “me” that I am familiar with, the ego self that I identify with and have often defended.

Seeing this presence made me realize that so much of who we are is not who we think we are, and that we exist and evolve on multiple levels of consciousness, hidden from our outer awareness and human personality.

# *Violet Flame Blazing*

I was trying to get in contact with Elizabeth Clare Prophet by mail and was told to send a photograph so she could evaluate the state of my aura. I decided to give extra violet flame decrees to dissolve as much undesirable substance from my aura as possible. Then I went in to get my picture taken with a Polaroid camera, hoping for the best.

My mouth dropped when I looked at the background. It was filled with violet flames.

On another occasion, we were driving down Malibu, California, we took a picture against the ocean. When the photograph was developed, I was standing in a brilliant ring of light, formed by the sun, like the solar ring we call for in our prayers. I treasure these pictures that are a tangible focus of the world of spirit, merging with our own.

# *Minuteman for Saint Germain*

Herbert Beigel was an unforgettable character. I met him at the Chicago Teaching Center in the winter of 1992. He was a tall, handsome, elderly gentleman already in his eighties, with a twinkle of mischief in his bright blue eyes, and a smile you couldn't help but smile with. Herbert was quite a character. He always dressed in pastel suits, crowned with a royal blue, felt top hat. He wore great big gold rings on his fingers, encrusted with jewels and ascended master insignias like the Maltese cross.

Herbert was determined to reverse the aging process through the power of prayer. For the fifteen or so years that I knew him, he did indeed seem younger every time I saw him.

Herbert had studied the ascended master teachings for six or seven decades, day in and day out. He had served as the right hand man of Lotus, the messenger of the I AM Movement, for many years, before meeting Elizabeth Clare Prophet. He often told stories of how he and other fellow students decreed several hours each night for more than four years straight during World War II, enlisting the heavenly hosts to shorten the course of the war and to secure a victory for the Allies.

Herbert never missed a service and always sat in the same chair, to arc the light from the altar. He had experienced live dictations for decades and seemed to remember every spiritual dispensation that had ever been given by an ascended master. He also knew his Bible cover to cover and would quote how the scriptures fit with

ascended master teachings.

Herbert refused to see anything but perfection made manifest, almost obstinately. His favorite expression was, "It has no power!" and he would say this in the face of any adversity or setback. That was his greatest strength. He never wavered from his principles or from the letter of the law and would not tolerate any infraction of ascended master principles.

Herbert had great generosity. He let me stay with him several times and completely funded a conference when I had no money to go. He was an astute businessman who had made his money renovating rundown properties in Chicago. He told me that on at least three occasions, he had lost his entire fortune and had to build it back up from scratch.

Herbert would invite me to sit on the atomic accelerator, a chair he built replicating the atomic accelerator described in Saint Germain's retreat, where people revitalize during soul travel at night. Sitting in Herbert's altar room on this golden chair in the form of a flame, surrounded by myriad focuses and larger-than-life portraits of the masters, you could really feel the presence of God flowing through.

Herbert also taught me to see the photons of light that dance in the atmosphere. He told me this was the substance from which masters and adepts would precipitate whatever they needed. And he often spoke of how important it was to sustain your decree momentum.

The last time I saw Herbert, he took my hand in his. As we sat together, I felt a great current of electric light sweeping through me. He made his transition a few months later, and I have no doubt he has become an ascended master, minuteman for Saint Germain, one with his many friends of Light.

# A “Near Death” Experience

During the winter of 1996, I received a phone call from my family in France telling me that my beloved grandfather, Pèpère was ill. He had been ill before but this time, I knew I had to hop on a plane. I took a leave from work and left Montana the next day.

After we landed, I went straight to the hospital room where he was laying. He was barely breathing. The skin on his face had turned waxy and gray and his eyes were lifeless. My grandmother was crying and a cousin, who was a medical doctor, said nothing more could be done.

I went over and touched Pèpère’s hand. All of a sudden, his eyes jumped back into their sockets and he recognized me. It was a very moving moment, which astonished everyone in the room. Still, he could not move or talk, except to ask for water, which he was not even able to drink.

I went home that evening, certain that he would pass away during the night. I stayed up all night, making intense prayers for him that invoked the angels of the ruby ray of God’s love. I also told God that I wanted to offer myself to give birth to him, when it would be his time to come back.

I had brought with me a stainless steel sword with the words “Archangel Michael” engraved on it, used to remove entities and to clear negative energy. There is something about the metal stainless steel that penetrates through the astral plane and can cut through astral entities that seek to drain us of our light. When we carefully wield a stainless steel sword or knife around our body, we can feel

an energetic shift taking place. I intended to wield the sword around my grandfather's body to help free him so he could go into higher octaves of light. My only concern was how to do this spiritual work incognito.

After daybreak, I drove to the hospital, long before visiting hours, and sneaked into Pèpère's room unannounced. I was sure to find only a corpse. Instead, to my great surprise, he was sitting up in a chair and had eaten breakfast for the first time in days.

"What are you doing here so early?" he asked me.

"I thought you would be dead," I said sheepishly, quickly hiding my sword. The rest of the family was amazed at his recovery and told me I had brought him back to life. I knew that it was not me, but the love bond between us and the spiritual work of the angels, in answer to my calls.

We spent time together during the following days walking down the hospital corridor and visiting, until he was able to go home.

A year later, I received a phone call that Pèpère had passed away, three weeks before Christmas. I was stunned by the intensity of the grief I felt, and the pain of separation, especially since I had lived thousands of miles away from him for many years already. Now, it seemed like there was no time or space, only the pain of separation.

I ran into Elizabeth Clare Prophet at a Christmas party and told her what had happened. She gently rubbed my back while we sang carols together, until all of the pain I had been carrying was dissolved. A couple of days later, I ran into her again and she told me that she had been watching Pèpère's transition. She said he was shooting up like a rocket, from octave to octave in the heaven-world, which put my heart to rest.

# Mother Caspari

Dr. Elisabeth Caspari was a friend and colleague of Dr. Maria Montessori. Mother Caspari was almost one hundred years old and loved to speak French, the language of her childhood in the Swiss Alps. She had worked with children and educators all over the world, promulgating the educational methods that Maria Montessori had imparted to her when the two had lived in India during World War II. Mother Caspari was very devout, as was Dr. Maria Montessori. Mother Caspari told me that the two of them had nurtured a strong tie to Mother Mary and had studied and practiced Theosophy.

Now, Mother Caspari lived in a small village above Emigrant, Montana where she had moved to help Elizabeth Clare Prophet develop Montessori International, a school for children of spiritual seekers with a mission to offer the most effective and inspiring educational methods.

Mother Caspari also confided to me that in a past life, she bore the same name, Elisabeth, and was the cousin of Mary. She said my visit reminded her of the time when Mary had visited Elisabeth and the baby John had leaped in her womb.

One year, I went to visit Mother Caspari on Wesak, the day that we celebrate the birth and enlightenment and transition of Gautama Buddha. Her only conversation with me on this visit was about souls coming in from higher octaves of light. I told her I was not ready to have children yet, and she dismissed my protest. She insisted that they were coming, because "The child," she said, as the masters in the East had taught her, "chooses the mother." I had been awakened that morning by a dream in which I saw a new causal body of rainbow light merging with my own. A

month later when my first pregnancy was confirmed, I realized that Mother Caspari had been tuning into the conception of my child.

On one of my visits, Mother Caspari also shared with me that as a young adult, she had traveled to the East with a friend. They had taken the ancient caravan route and had stopped at a monastery in Ladakh along the way. While they were admiring the view from the roof top, the monastery librarian and two other monks reverently handed the ladies a parchment scroll. The scroll was held between two wooden slabs and wrapped in colorful brocades. “These books say your Jesus was here,” the monks told her. Greatly moved, Mother Caspari remembered the scripture in the Gospel of John, “But there are also many other things which Jesus did, were every one of them to be written, I suppose that the world itself could not contain the books that would be written.”

A few years later, a friend called to say that Mother Caspari was close to making her transition. I jumped in the car and drove to her home. Only a caregiver was there so I had the opportunity to go into her bedroom, where she was laying. I could tell she was in a lot of discomfort, both physically and emotionally.

It was surprising to me that someone as close to God as Mother Caspari could experience such unrest as she neared her transition. She was longing for comfort, so I took her hand. I started to sing to her in French, as we had done together in the past. It seemed like I was rocking her inner child with these songs of her childhood in the Swiss Alps, songs of love and songs of worship.

With each song, she seemed to relax a little more. She could not speak or open her eyes, but she clasped my hand tightly. Then, I put a few drops of holy water that I had brought with me into her mouth and she yearned for more.

I continued to sing and to give her holy water until she was calm and I knew that it was time to go. When I

returned home, the phone rang. Mother Caspari had just passed away.

I will never forget this holy and somber moment, standing on the edge of two worlds. In the days that followed, I felt the great, great joy of Mother Caspari's soul, like a beaming sunshine, blessing us all. She had won the victory, like Jesus, who went on to affirm, "It is finished. Done with this episode in strife, I AM made one with eternal life."

# *Auld Lang Syne*

I will never forget July 2006. I had been attending a session of Summit University in San Diego. The day after the session was my birthday and my friends went to celebrate with me on the beach. I was especially excited, and so were they, because Mother was coming.

We had a wonderful time. We jumped in the waves together, talked and ate, and huddled together around a bonfire like giggling teenagers. It was so much fun and Mother was right there with us.

Then, in a moment of reflection, Mother told me that she had prayed to El Morya to help her to heal her inner child and to process the pain of being “left out” in her youth. She told me that hanging out with us that night had been the answer to her prayer.

At one point, we had just run back in from the waves and Mother stood and held both of my hands, and we deeply smiled at each other. I felt such an incredible outpouring of joy and love. It seemed like all time had stopped.

Later, when it was time to go, Mother started to walk back to the vacation home in which she stayed. As she turned around to wave at us one last time, I started to sing Auld Lang Syne and everyone joined in.

# *The Servant Leader*

In the summer of 1996, I joined the staff of The Summit Lighthouse. I was in charge of publishing the organizational newsletter, Heart to Heart, and later, the annual report. My job was to share with the larger community Mother and the new church president Gilbert Cleirbaut.

I would visit Gilbert downstairs in the little blue house which was the Office of the President, and from where we admired the snows of Electric Peak. I could feel a wall of light, of spiritual protection and sponsorship, as I walked through the door, which he often left open to reinforce the message of openness that he was trying to instill.

“Before you are fit to lead another,” he would say, “you must be willing to wash their feet, like Jesus.” This he taught to those working closely with him, including Mother. This he taught not so much by word but by example.

# *The Gift of the Guru*

One summer day, I went up to visit Mother with a friend. Mother sat us down on her pastel flowered couch and served us watermelon.

I didn't know what to do. Watermelon was one food I absolutely couldn't stand eating, but my higher self was reminding me never to refuse what the guru brings. Mother came back into the room and gave me the biggest piece. I gulped, and started to cut away at the pink crispness with my spoon. Slowly, I put the fruit into my mouth and began to chew. And now I love watermelon!

# *Yellow Bottles*

One day, I was sitting in Mother's living room admiring the multicolored glass bottles in her window, through which sunlight gently shone. I noticed that the bottles were every color of the causal body except yellow, so I determined to find some yellow bottles for her.

The following year, a few days before Mother's birthday, I stumbled upon two yellow glass bottles in the bottom rack of a store in Livingston and brought them to her in a yellow gift bag. She was thrilled and couldn't stop talking about the yellow bottles. Now, her collection was complete, with the seven rainbow rays.

I understood in that moment that the best gift was always to supply the difference, to see what someone lacked and to bring it forth.

# *O Christmas Tree*

A couple of weeks before Christmas 1997, Mother had stopped by our office. With childlike enthusiasm, she told us how much she liked her Christmas tree that year. One of the men on staff had gone up in the woods to cut it down for her and she said she had never seen a tree that big.

Before leaving, she invited us to come up to her house to see the tree. After work that evening, I drove up the winding road to her home and rang the doorbell. One of her attendants greeted me. Then Mother came out and ushered me into the living room where the tree was erected. It was a magnificent spruce tree with wide, generous branches, so tall that the top was cut off. On each branch hung a vast array of beautiful ornaments, which had probably come from students all over the world. In the middle shone strands of multicolored rainbow lights.

Mother and I talked for a few minutes, and then she told me it was time for her to put her youngest son to bed. She asked me to stay in her living room while she went to his bedroom to read him a story.

I sat down on the floor and waited for her, gazing up at the tree, which the masters have said is a symbol of our causal body. As I sat there in silent communion, I felt Mother's presence come upon me so strongly. Her light essence was such that I could hardly move. I was glued to the ground. Then, a while later, Mother came back into the room and it was time for me to leave. The spiritual work had been accomplished.

# *Spiritual Mantles*

Spiritual mantles are like layers of spiritual protection, attainment and connectedness to the heaven-world. The masters have taught that everyone has a mantle, which is the mantle of our own Mighty I AM Presence and Holy Christ Self. An ascended master can also place a mantle of their choosing on someone for a particular service to render. In the case of Mother, there were a number of mantles that the masters had bestowed upon her over the years. These allowed her to perform all kinds of blessings and healings.

A few months before Mother retired, I had seen a number of memos circulating around the Office of the President. They were surmising which appointed successor would inherit Mother's mantles. This burdened me, so I went to visit Dorothy Lee Fulton, a friend who had more contact with Mother than I did. "Do you think you could let Mother know what is going on?" I asked.

At that very moment, Mother waltzed in through the door, unannounced. "Thérèse has something important to tell you," Dorothy Lee told Mother.

I proceeded to explain what I had seen and heard about the mantle debate. Mother was astonished. It seemed unfathomable to her that people would want to take something that is only God's to give.

The resonance of her voice shifted, in a similar way to what had happened during my baptism. It seemed to be coming from her Mighty I AM Presence. "Don't they realize," she said "that I have trained for this for eons?"

Having said that, her voice returned to its normal chirpy state and she told us she would be off to have lunch.

One of the most important mantles Mother had

received was from Saint Germain. Through this mantle, Mother had an additional spiritual protection that allowed her to take dictations from the higher mental plane of the Christ mind without interference from the astral plane. This preserved the purity of the release of light and also afforded a high degree of accuracy in relaying the masters' messages, which were later printed in Pearls of Wisdom.

Mother stopped giving dictations in 1999. Between 1964 and 1999, she received nearly four thousand dictations, an incredible feat for any one person. These dictations are spiritual tools that transcend time and space. The masters' light essence flows through the recordings and you experience their vibration, teaching and blessings, goading you on towards an individualized expression of co-creativity and union with God.

# Messenger of Music

During the winter of 1995, I had seen Dorothy Lee Fulton in the chapel. I knew that she had written many ethereal songs for the masters and that she was a chela of Mother Mary. I thought it would be interesting to meet her, but there had not been any opportunity to do so.

Then one night in 1996, we met in a dream. A couple of days later, I drove to the town of Gardiner to make a bank deposit and as I was walking out of the building, we practically bumped into each other. Dorothy Lee said, "Hello," like we already knew each other, and asked me to come see her.

I started to visit Dorothy Lee more often and she taught me many things about God. Dorothy Lee, who was Brahms in a past life, had been composing since her earliest childhood. She shared with me that no one had taught her how to play piano. She instinctively knew.

Now, Dorothy Lee was receiving songs directly from the ascended masters. Mother Mary had placed upon her the mantle of Messenger of Music, with which she could tune into the etheric plane by the power of the Holy Spirit. It was awesome to hold the pages on which these notes and words were written. There was so much light in them.

Dorothy Lee also taught me how to play canasta and we played cards together with other friends, often interrupted by the energy of a master coming through. It would expand her throat chakra so quickly that she would have to cough every time.

Dorothy Lee coached and comforted me on my spiritual path, and taught me how to see the rainbows around lights. She would often hold my hands, and they would sweat profusely, and this was all transmutation.

One day, she needed to move out of her apartment, so we rented a house together with a couple of other ladies. We were roommates until my wedding, and I stayed in a little tower room, under the roof, that overlooked the whole valley. It was quite magical.

Dorothy Lee and I shared many special and intimate moments together, and often talked about life on the other side. She helped me to publish my book, *The Legend of the Ancient of Days*, as a gift from Mother Mary. Then came time for me to help her publish her memoirs, entitled *Here I AM and Here I AM Again*. She also kept encouraging me to write down my stories, before I even knew I would.

I also remember a moment of cosmic communion with her through the heart of Mother Mary. She looked at me with the deepest divine love as light filled my auric field. She told me that beyond her passing, beyond her transition, she would bring so much through me. At the time, I could not understand. I was not a musician I thought.

Still, this came to pass. I began to sit at the piano and intuitively remembered how to play. The playing grew and grew. and then other instruments, like the guitar and the harmonium entered my life and finally, computer orchestration.

Dorothy Lee always asked me to teach her the computer. She said that she would teach me piano if I taught her how to use a computer. She even bought a computer from me so I could do that, but we never got around to it.

In the end, all of this happened on the inner. After Dorothy Lee's passing, much music came forth. I wrote 52 new songs of Divine Love.

It's funny when I reflect back on my friendship with Dorothy Lee. When I was a little girl, my father would always repeat to me the title of a french book, *Aimez vous Brahms?* He had much admiration for the book and for Brahms. Dorothy Lee had been embodied as Brahms. She remembered it vividly and on one occasion, when the local

symphony was playing Brahms' Requiem at a local church in Bozeman, Montana, I sat next to her during the performance, a moment that anchored great light and that I will never forget.

# Elemental Beings

The world of nature around us is comprised of intelligent forces, elemental beings of fire, air, water and earth that occupy the nucleus of the atom, the air waves, the waterways and the earth surface, all the way down to the tectonic plates and beneath.

The elementals are greatly burdened by mankind's misqualified energies and especially by the practice of abortion. Much of the energy that they carry for us must eventually be discharged through cataclysm and with heavy storms, unless it is transmuted by the violet flame.

The sylphs of the air carry our negative thoughts and the pollution of the mental plane. The salamanders of the fire element carry our misqualified lower etheric substance and the pollution of the fire element, including misuses of atomic energy. The undines of the water carry our negative emotions and the pollution of the waters. And the gnomes of the earth carry the physical burdens and pollution of the earth body.

I experienced firsthand a number of years ago the clearing action that happens during cataclysm. I was in Mexico for my brother wedding and Hurricane Paulina came upon us. We were safe, but many people lost their lives. What was most remarkable to me was to witness, in the middle of all of the debris and wreckage, the calm that had followed the storm. Everything was stilled and the energetic feeling was one of purification.

We can avert cataclysm or mitigate it by offering prayers and decrees to the violet flame to help elemental life.

Over the years, I have also noticed how when a big storm is forecast, much damage can be mitigated through

prayer. The most effective prayers we can give are those that invoke the violet flame because the violet flame consumes the karma and the burden that the elementals have to carry before it must fully be discharged through cataclysm.

# *The Promise*

The secret chamber of the heart is an inner sanctuary where our soul connects to our Christ Self. It is also the eight-petaled eighth chakra. Saint Teresa of Avila called it the “interior castle.”

On Easter Sunday of 2001, as I was meditating on the master Jesus, I saw with my inner sight this secret chamber as a beautiful stone chapel with Gothic spirals overlooking a lake, and surrounded by woods and flowers.

Into this chapel came Jesus as the representative of my Christ Self and we practiced the ritual of the alchemical marriage. It was so uplifting and comforting to know that we have this place inside our being where we can meet God face-to-face.

During this cosmic interlude, I was shown that many souls who had been with Jesus reincarnated over and over again during the last two thousand years to follow in his footsteps and to further his teachings. They would become the instrument of his “second coming,” and the Christ consciousness in them would now bless and heal the world. This, the apostle Paul had alluded to when he said, “Let that mind be in you that was also in Christ Jesus.”

I wrote a poem to describe the glyph I had received. It is called “The Promise,” and describes the bond of love between Jesus and his followers that has held strong throughout the centuries.

*Was I not with you, Master  
When you made the blind man see  
And broke the bread in morsels  
On the shores of Galilee?*

*Did we not linger on the beach  
After the multitudes heard you speak  
Thirsting for the living water  
You promised we would drink?*

*My head upon your shoulder  
Your heartbeat close to mine  
Your hand upon my forehead  
Our union was divine.*

*“Wait for me,” you said to me  
Looking at the sands of time,  
“Watch and pray for me each day  
Forever you’ll be mine.”*

*I watched them nail you to the tree  
And tear your garments into shreds,  
I prayed while you were in the tomb  
I hoped you were not dead.*

*I ran to you on Easter morn  
I was so overwhelmed,  
I couldn’t contain the joy to know  
You were with us once again!*

*At eternity you seemed to gaze  
With essence from above,  
“Wait for me,” you said again.  
“Watch and pray, my love.”*

*I watched the world around me change  
Two thousand years I prayed  
I knew that you would come again,  
That things wouldn’t be the same.*

*Longing for your heartbeat  
And for your hand in mine,*

*I didn't forget your loving words  
Across the sands of time.*

*Now lately when I think of you  
I feel your breath in me  
Not since that day upon the shore  
Have I felt you so near.*

*Your hand upon my forehead  
Your heartbeat close to mine,  
You live inside me, Lord, each day  
Forever you'll be mine.*

I come from a very Christian family and have had many encounters with Christians. Some believe that the teachings given through Theosophy and the ascended masters cannot be reconciled with their traditional faith. How can you, for instance, show an appreciation for Buddha and Shiva, and still accept Jesus as your Lord and Savior?

We are at a new nexus in time and space, the beginning of the Age of Aquarius. The teachings brought forth by Jesus and disseminated by his apostles set a foundation for the previous age, which was the age of Pisces.

During the Piscean age, while many of Jesus' teachings made it into mainstream Christianity, others did not, including his more esoteric teachings. These he shared with the Essene community in Palestine, as well as in his journey to India during the "lost years," where he was known as Saint Issa.

Some of Jesus' teachings were not acceptable to the religious power elite of the third century, who codified the Christian creed during the Nicene Council. They could not embrace the promise of personal Christhood. They refuse to serve Christ as a seed potential in man and resent the fact

that man, who was made a little lower than the angels, can become crowned with greater glory by becoming Christ, as the Book of Hebrews foretells.

They seek to curtail mankind's spiritual growth by holding hostage the true teaching. They indoctrinate people into worshiping the personage of Jesus as an only Son of God, instead of modeling the Christ consciousness that he represents, which is the true "only begotten Son."

Today, we have entered the Age of Aquarius and there is a step-up of spiritual energies. The new dispensation is for every Son and Daughter of God to become the Christ, as Jesus and other masters have demonstrated. "The work that I do, ye shall do," said Jesus, "and greater works than these shall you do, because I go unto my Father."

# *I Am Michael*

This story also took place in San Diego. My sister and I were attending the summer Summit Lighthouse conference.

Mother was on the podium leading the decree to Archangel Michael, "I AM Michael! Michael! Michael!" for at least forty-five minutes straight, before we were dismissed for a break.

My sister and I left the hotel and went out by the wharf. People were enjoying seafood and walking down the sidewalk. All of a sudden, a handsome man on roller blades almost bumped into me. He was very friendly and introduced himself. "I am Michael," he said. He wanted to know what we were doing. I told him about the conference we were attending and he said he had heard of the teachings of the ascended masters through his aunt. I invited him to join us, but he could not come, so we made plans to meet later that evening.

Michael came by and picked me up in a car that he said was his brother's. I was so naive and trusting at the time. I didn't think twice about it. I could feel the protection of the masters with me and I knew I was supposed to get this person into the teachings!

We spent several hours talking. Michael shared with me that he had been in and out of a homeless shelter in San Diego, because some people in the mafia, tied to the local Catholic church, were out to get him. He was really frightened about it and I could tell he was telling the truth. He shared many details that I can no longer remember, and I urged him to come back to Montana with us. We met several times over the next few days and I insisted he return to Montana with us. I had a feeling that if he did not,

something terrible could happen to him.

I spoke to Mother about it. She just listened.

Next, I told Dorothy Lee's driver Robert about Michael. Robert was a Vietnam vet with a good heart. He offered Michael a ride back to Montana.

Michael found a place to stay in the vicinity of the ranch and started working as a waiter for the Ranch Kitchen, a local restaurant. He got to wait on Mother a number of times and we also connected a few more times.

Later that summer, I invited him to join my sister and I for a trip into Glacier National Park. We wouldn't let him sleep in the tent with us, so he had to sleep outside under a picnic table. He was so afraid a grizzly bear might come along, which was funny, seeing that a tent wouldn't protect us much either, and that he had been chased by the mafia up to that point.

My life went on and Michael disappeared. Twenty years later, I received a phone call out of the blue while I was working in my office.

"Hello. This is Michael," he said. "Remember me?"

"No," I said. "Michael?"

"Michael!" And he reminded me of our time in San Diego and in Montana. He told me that after Montana, he went to Vermont and made a life for himself not far from my childhood home. He actually lives near where I went to school.

He told me that we had truly saved his life when we brought him back to Montana and into the teachings!

A homeless man named Michael chased by the mafia who was cut free with 45 minutes of decrees: "I AM Michael! Michael! Michael!"

You never know!

# *Reverse the Tide*

Back to an earlier time. During the summer of 1998, some friends and I headed for the beach to make a bonfire party for my birthday like we had enjoyed the previous year with Mother. The fire was going and all of the food was out, when the tide started to come in. The beach was beginning to be swamped. Towels were getting soaked and the water came up to the fire. Our party was about to be spoiled!

I got up and made a prayer to Lanello, who is a master of the elements, to reverse the tide so that our party would not be ruined. Then I started doing “reverse the tide” decrees, a prayer, originally given by the ascended master El Morya for the reversing of the tide of darkness on the planet.

The others joined in, in a joking manner. This seemed a little out of the ordinary, but I was enthusiastic, and since it was my birthday, why not give it a try?

After the decrees, we continued our party and a little while later, we noticed the water line. It was farther up than us on both sides of the beach, yet had circumvented our fire. We were the only ones left in the sand at that level. We gave thanks to God and enjoyed the rest of the evening.

We should never underestimate the power of the spoken word. The Bible says, “Thou shalt decree a thing and it shall be established unto thee.” When we engage our free will through the power of sound, we harness the power of creation, the “word in the beginning,” and we can work miracles.

# Mother Mary in a Suit

In November 2001, I was in labor with my second child, hoping for the best, since the delivery of my first daughter had been most difficult. Between contractions, I prayed to Mother Mary as the hours went by, offering an Aquarian version of the classic prayer that she gave to Elizabeth Clare Prophet.

*“Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee  
Blessed art thou among women and  
blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus.  
Holy Mary, Mother of God,  
Pray for us, Sons and Daughters of God,  
Now and at the hour of our victory  
over sin, disease and death.”*

When the contractions became very close, my husband and I drove to the hospital, which was only a few blocks away. I went into a hot tub in the delivery room, and a couple of hours later, the pain became very intense. I thought I could no longer tolerate it.

All of a sudden, Mother Mary appeared before me, dressed in a cream-colored business suit, with a briefcase in her hand and high heel pumps. I had never imagined Mother Mary in such a way, because I had always visualized her in gown and veil. I guess she meant business!

Seeing her helped me to calm down. I knew that as long as she was with me, no harm would come to me or to my child. The pain did not lessen, and as my cervix continued to open, Mother Mary gave me the visualization of the twelve starry focal points in a circle. My cervix had become the twelve starry focal points and my child's head

was going to crown through. A short time later, my second daughter was born.

# *The Psychology of Success*

I still remember the joy, sitting in the church of Saint Francis in Salta, Argentina, reciting a prayer from the ascended master Kuthumi, who was embodied as Saint Francis. This prayer, I found out later, had been published by The Summit Lighthouse and set to music by Dorothy Lee Fulton. It is a beautiful testament to the spiritual path.

*“I AM Light  
Glowing Light, radiating Light, intensified Light!  
God consumes my darkness,  
Transmuting it into Light.  
This day I AM a focus of the Central Sun.  
Flowing through me is a crystal river,  
A living fountain of Light  
That can never be qualified  
by human thought and feeling.  
I AM an outpost of the divine  
Such darkness as has used me is swallowed up  
by the mighty river of Light which I AM.  
I AM, I AM, I AM Light!  
I live, I live, I live in Light.  
I AM light’s fullest dimension  
I AM Light’s purest intention.  
I AM Light, Light, Light!  
Flooding the world everywhere I move,  
Blessing, strengthening and conveying  
The purpose of the kingdom of heaven.”*

Kuthumi is the master psychologist. He helps us to overcome our deepest emotional blocks and issues. He strives to unfold a more comprehensive understanding of

the human “psyche,” which in Greek means “soul.” All enlightened psychological pursuits that he sponsors lead to soul awakening and soul freedom.

I woke up one morning from a vivid dream. I was standing under a statue of Saint Francis that had come to life, and the master was telling me that the inner family archetype work would help me with my life mission and ascension.

Then in 2003, I was writing a sequel to the book when I had another dream. Before me stood three masters dressed in Franciscan robes. I knew them to be El Morya, Kuthumi and Djwal Kul. Kuthumi was in the center and handed me a giant book, bound in brown leather. Across it was a title, embossed in letters of gold: The Psychology of Success.

The book that I received on the inner was much larger than what we had published at the time. Looking back, I know that the meaning of this dream and the wisdom contained within that volume will continue to unfold, as we open our hearts to receive the golden age psychology that the masters teach at night in the retreats and apply it in our daily lives.

# *Crossing over Jordan*

I would like to share a few words about my experience of Mother's transition and her cremation service.

I had not seen Mother physically for almost 10 years even though we lived close by. I spent three days with her and her body during the wake. The light in the room was extraordinary, and she looked most peaceful and beautiful.

I realized in those moments how she had been with me for marriage and childbirth. Now, she was preparing me for my own transition at a future time, and that there truly is no death.

I was meditating intensely during her cremation and about mid-point, I saw her in my mind's eye crossing over what looks like a giant waterway, that the ancients called the Styx and that Christians have referred to as the river Jordan. I saw her reach the other side and meet up with her beloved twin flame Lanello.

Feelings of victory and joy came over me, preparing me also a the soul level for that which we must all go through, and stripping me of fear. I saw that when we leave our loved ones on one side of the river, loved ones are waiting for us on the other side, like the songs describes,

*“And I'll be waiting on the far side banks of Jordan  
I'll be waiting drawing pictures in the sand  
And when I see you coming I will rise up with a shout  
And come running through he shallow waters  
reaching for your hand.”*

# *Bride of Christ*

Hans was a dedicated student of the masters who was only slightly older than me. He died at a young age from cancer, which was a surprise to everyone, because he was so healthy. What was most striking about Hans was the good will he had toward everyone, his dedication to the teachings and his helpfulness.

I was friends with Hans for many years and he was the videographer for my wedding. On the day of his memorial service, I went down to the ranch for the service. At one point in the service, we were meditating on a song. I was lifted up in consciousness and I saw Hans as the bride of Christ, waiting to be crowned. This was striking to me, because I knew Hans as a man. And yet we know from the teachings that regardless of our earthly gender, our soul is our feminine potential to be God while our Christ self is the masculine aspect of our spirit.

From that exalted place, I heard Hans speak these words. "I was there for your wedding," he said. "Now you are here for mine."

# *A Visit from Lucy*

Lucy was a great devotee of Archangel Michael. She had been shot in the head when she was a police officer and was saved by Archangel Michael. Lucy was very dedicated to the teachings and died unexpectedly from cancer.

Lucy was also a big fan of calls to the master known as Mighty Victory, who anchors the flame of cosmic victory for the earth and for our life. Lucy was definitely eccentric, and liked to say “hail” instead of “hello” when she met someone. She especially loved the mantra, “Hail Maitreya, hail Victory, hail Flame of God!”

In the months that followed Lucy’s transition, I started to give daily calls to Mighty Victory for the victory of my life. One early morning, I fell back to sleep after giving those calls and Lucy showed up in my consciousness. She told me she was there because I had called to Mighty Victory!

Then, she proceeded to explain what she had been doing since her transition. What she shared with me was that she was having to retrace all of the places in her life where this had been so, cleaning up all of her life’s “picture frames” until they were stripped of egotism. She had come to let me know that I needed to do the same and that it would be better to do this while I was still in embodiment, than from the other side.

It’s the same for us. We must remember that only Christ is king. Our ego, our personality, our body is only a vessel. When we seek to enthrone the lesser god of our human consciousness, our works have to be purified.

# Lanello

I love the ascended master Lanello deeply. Though I did not know him when he was Mark Prophet, I feel very close to him in his ascended state.

Years ago, Lanello gave a dictation in which he asked us to solicit his help concerning whatever problems we might be having. He asked us to write a letter addressed to him and burn it, so the angels can take the energy into the higher octaves.

I have written to Lanello countless times about every situation imaginable, from little problems to major ordeals. Each time, the situation has cleared up. It is astounding how involved he can be with our day-to-day problems, no matter how small.

Once, I was standing in the chapel, communing with Lanello and thinking about the rose flower, which is also my middle name. I heard Lanello, plain as day. “Yes, you are a rose,” he said, “and we are going to remove your thorns!”

On another occasion I remember visiting Lanello’s retreat over the Rhine Valley in my etheric body at night. I can still see the towers spiraling above the retreat and the huge library room with a great big fireplace, where the students gather.

Then one morning, while I was vacationing in Hawaii, I woke up remembering Lanello’s words reminding me that we had spent many lifetimes together, and I knew, in my heart of hearts, that this was true.

# *Please Come Into my Heart*

The Maha Chohan is a master who is the representative of the Holy Spirit. He is both very stern and very loving.

Driving home one sunny Sunday afternoon, my spirits were low. I felt bereft and disconnected from God, so I started to speak to the Maha Chohan. Between tears, I told him that I needed his presence and asked him to come whenever I would say the words, “Beloved Maha Chohan, please come into my heart.”

Since that afternoon, I have made this call, “Beloved Maha Chohan, please come into my heart,” almost daily and sometimes, several times a day. Each time, I feel his response as a burst of spiritual fire within the flame inside my heart. It is a tangible expansion of light that comes up from my heart into my head area, both strong and gentle. The call works unfailingly to remind me that he is always with me.

The masters have told us that the call compels the answer. They want us to connect with them, using our free will, and it can be as simple as these five words, “Please come into my heart.”

On another occasion, I had a dream of four guests who came to my house. One was an old man with a long white beard, and very simple garb, a robe made of brown jute cloth. I asked him for his name.

“You can call me Homer,” he replied, “because I’m here to stay!”

I started laughing at the brilliance of this simple

answer and this woke me up, allowing me to remember the encounter.

Homer was an embodiment of the Maha Chohan. I never got to see in the dream who the other three men were but they were likely the three kings, the masters Kuthumi, El Morya and Dwal Kul who had pledged, together with the Maha Chohan during Summit University, to stay with us until we make our ascension.

# *A Shark Encounter*

We were fortunate to be able to travel to Oahu several times, where the etheric retreat of the Elohim Peace and Aloha can tangibly be felt.

On our last family trip to Hawaii, I went out one afternoon into the ocean to snorkel off the reefs by myself. Everyone else was on shore and I was about one hundred yards away.

I was admiring the beauty of the ocean, the depths and health of the coral. It was magnificent and I couldn't resist going a wee bit further and further. All of a sudden, I received a prompt warning from my higher self to stop immediately. I did and looked to my left. A five to six-foot gray reef shark was coming out from under me, less than fifteen feet away. I knew these sharks are aggressive when cornered.

I turned around and swam back as fast as I could, staying on top of the reef, while the shark went the other way. I got back to shore and my heart was pounding for at least another twenty minutes. This was a dangerous encounter, and my Holy Christ Self warned me. Had this warning not happened and had I not obeyed, I would have been on top of the animal a few seconds later.

# *Love Conquers Fear*

Elemental essence imbues every living creature. There are many nature spirits, or elementals, who desire to help us, like the gnomes of the earth, the sylphs of the air, the undines of the water and the salamanders of the fire element.

I never felt the help of elementals so much as when I attended a retreat near Lake Louise in the Canadian Rockies, during the month of August 2004, which was like a summer camp for grown-ups wanting to stretch their limitations.

The first event of the retreat was an inipi sweat lodge, which challenged my sense of claustrophobia. I took some deep breaths and started to focus on the fiery rocks in front of me, glowing red in the dark, and the water turning into steam. Then I shut my eyes and prayed while our Native American guide was conducting the ceremony.

In the dark heat, I began to perceive a ruby ray circle with a cross in the middle. At the top of the circle was Sanat Kumara, the ascended master known to the Native Americans as "Great Spirit." I saw Sanat Kumara as the flying eagle at ascension's gate, and all of my fears about the intensity of the ritual dissolved into reverence and bliss.

The following day, we were challenged to walk down thin metal cables that were as high as telephone poles. I was terrified of heights, when all of a sudden, a squirrel came running down the cable, chirping in no ordinary way. He got my attention, and seemed to say, "If I can do it, you can do it." I summoned my courage and went up the post. I knew I had to move from fear to love, so I hugged my teammate, who was just as terrified of this high-wire act as I was. Once our energies shifted, we found the wherewithal to proceed down the cable.

The next exercise was even harder. It involved jumping off a platform higher than trees. As I stood contemplating whether I had the “guts” to do this, a cloud of blue butterflies came fluttering around me, and I had to laugh.

I climbed to the platform, which was no bigger than my two feet, and leaped off. Plummeting downward seemed almost eternal, until the rope attached to my security vest bounced me up and my feet safely touched the ground.

The final challenge was to walk barefoot down fifteen yards of red-hot coals. A Native American spiritual guide called to the elemental spirits from North, South, East and West for a loving fire and everyone joined him. Later, the staff that was tending the gigantic bonfire and shoveling the hot coals noticed that the flames were burning in the shape of a heart.

I was debating in my mind whether to follow through and looked down. There was a forget-me-not growing at my feet! Forget-me-nots are flowers associated with the master El Morya. Since there was no other flower in sight, I took it as a sign of the master’s support.

I removed my shoes to step onto the burning coals and an energy came over my feet like “cosmic galoshes.” Walking down the coals, the sensation was purifying and I was neither hurt nor blistered. Then, as my teammates took their turn, I looked up. Shooting stars were flying across the sky.

On this magical night, we broke through barriers of self-limitation and celebrated new levels of empowerment. Cradled by tall, fragrant pine trees under a canopy of sparkling stars, we lost ourselves in the crackling of the roaring bonfire and connected, like never before, to the majestic and most serene presence of God in nature.

# *Past Lives*

Even though it is true that as a personality, we have only lived once, our soul has lived through a parade of personalities over many lifetimes. When I first began studying the teachings of the ascended masters, I wanted to know all about these past lives. I was curious and the idea was exciting. Had I ever been anyone famous, I wondered?

After many years, God started to reveal to me different past lives and I would go look up the historical records. Each time, there was a direct correspondence with events and initiations going on in the present.

I soon found out that working with past lives is not a fun and fascinating game for the curious. When the record of a lifetime is revealed by the ascended masters, a lesson must be learned. Opening the record brings up the energy, the difficulties and the mistakes of that life, which have to be processed by the soul and the personality, as if they were from the current life.

Doing so can be quite burdensome. For this reason, God only opens the record when you are ready, so you can better understand your current condition. Then, you invoke God's forgiveness through the violet flame to repair the wrongs and to make amends, and you determine not to fall on the same stumbling stones again.

Once you become aware of a number of lifetimes, you can see repeating patterns, regardless of the historical period, gender or geographical area of those incarnations. Eventually you become aware that you are more than your current personality, and more than the sum personalities of past lives. You begin to see how enemies and loved ones cycle and recycle with you through the centuries and how life is, as Shakespeare said, only a stage.

Each new play, each new story, each new character you become is for soul edification, to move forward in the pursuit of a greater love, understanding, compassion and wholeness.

The older your soul, the more lifetimes you have had, the more you are ready to process your past lives with the help of the violet flame. Most people who are attracted to the teachings of the ascended masters are older souls, prepared at inner levels for this challenge.

Over the years, God also revealed to me some of the past lives of family members and others who are close to me. This can be helpful to understand the psychology we come in with and some of the challenges we may have to face again. Nevertheless, it is also important to allow for the clean slate that each new birth brings and to hold, as much as possible, the same immaculate concept for the incoming one that Mother Mary holds for each of our souls.

# *The Labors of Hercules*

Four years after my daughters were born, I started to tune in to the soul of a child who wanted to come into our family. My daughters would often draw pictures that had a baby brother in them. I spent a lot of time getting my body back in optimal health and after several months, became pregnant. This made me very happy.

A couple of months later, I noticed I was bleeding. I prayed to God and to Mother Mary to help me keep the baby. When I went to the hospital for an ultrasound, I knew I would have to let go.

Looking at the monitor, I saw there was no sign of life in my womb. I deeply wept. The next day, I passed the fetus and picked it up. It had a head and little stubs for arms and feet. You could even see the definition of a face. The loss that I experienced made me realize just what a miracle life is.

Our family went up to one of our favorite mountain peaks and had a little cremation service for the baby, asking him to come back if it was God's will. The day was glorious and the spring flowers were blooming on the high alpine meadows.

Six months later I became pregnant again. This time, the baby stayed. I could tell it was the same soul and the ultrasound confirmed it was a little boy.

When it came time to push, the baby was stuck. One of the nurses was pressing down as hard as she could on my belly while the doctor was using forceps on the baby's head, but my contractions had stopped. I had no strength left to push the baby out.

Then from my mouth came the call, "Hercules!" to the Elohim who was embodied as Hercules in Ancient

Greece and had performed twelve labors. I knew that the spirit of Hercules could get us out of any tight spot. I had never forgotten the sense of victory standing on top of Mount Half Dome as a young adult, where the etheric retreat of Hercules is located, after one of the most difficult and challenging hikes of my life.

“Hercules,” I shouted again, and then the baby popped out.

“These are the labors of Hercules,” we told the doctor and the nurses standing by, dispelling any sense of strangeness.

My son weighed more than ten pounds and had huge shoulders, wider than his head. He broke his clavicle bone coming out, which healed a few weeks later. How grateful we are that he is here with us, and how thankful to Hercules for getting us through our labors!

# The All-Seeing Eye of God

The Elohim are the builders of form and are great beings of light. The Elohim Cyclopea focuses the all-seeing eye of God through the third-eye chakra. His presence atop a pyramid is a masonic symbol ensconced on our dollar bill. The founding fathers, who were initiates of the Brotherhood of Light, embedded this symbol of divine vision and other sacred concepts in the foundational documents of the United States of America.

One day, I was reading a decree that invokes the presence of the Elohim Cyclopea,

*“Beloved Cyclopea thou beholder of perfection,  
Release to us thy divine direction;  
Clear the way from all debris,  
Hold the immaculate thought for me.”*

I had been working on difficult areas of my personal psychology and needed help. I decided to write a letter to Cyclopea, asking him to assist me in working through my issues. I also asked him for a “delivery confirmation” that he had received my letter.

The following night, I woke up to a clap of thunder in my inner being. Simultaneously, the words, “I AM the Elohim Cyclopea” resonated through me. What a delivery confirmation! Later in the day, I remembered that the seven mighty Elohim are the seven thunders mentioned in the Book of Revelation, and rejoiced at the correlation.

# God Is Healing You Now

During my third pregnancy, I started to have gall bladder attacks. These were excruciatingly painful, like a knife going through your middle, and they would last anywhere from twenty minutes to a couple of hours. I kept praying to weather these attacks so I wouldn't have to get an operation with an unborn child, but the pain was almost intolerable.

Six weeks after giving birth, I had one of the strongest attacks ever and rushed to the emergency room. The surgeon was called in to take out my gallbladder.

When I woke up from the anesthesia, the pain was worse than anything I had ever gone through before. Not only was my mid-section in pain, but my entire body, which had been inflated with carbon dioxide gas during the operation.

Back in my room, I turned on the television, hoping to find something spiritually uplifting. I stumbled upon a live broadcast of the televangelist Benny Hinn, who was conducting a healing service.

I wasn't paying much attention to the program, when a nurse came in and told me I would have to sit up. As I held on to her for help, I cried, "Oh, how my shoulders hurt!"

At that very moment, from the television set I heard Pastor Benny say, "Someone just said, 'My shoulders hurt.' God is healing you now." I couldn't believe my ears. Then I felt a rush of light coming over me. It was so comforting for God to reach out in such an obvious way, over the pain.

During the next few days, each time I relayed the story to someone, I felt the same healing energy come upon

me. The love and the light of this miracle continued to strengthen me through a challenging recovery.

# Mercy's Flame

There is a time when we must face our dark side and the demons that lurk inside the hidden recesses of our subconscious and unconscious mind. This is a great challenge. We have to squarely face the motivations of evil that erupt in us, though we would rather not admit to them in the first place.

Most people feel ashamed. We would rather ignore our selfishness, our greed, our egotism, our anger, our mean-spiritedness, our desire to be “better” than others, our lust for self-annihilation, and the overt or covert control strategies that we orchestrate to have our way. We coat these negative ambitions with a layer of denial, sophistication or self-justification, and then pretend they just don't exist.

When we genuinely carry on with our spiritual work, our dark side eventually riles up and comes out of the shadow. The hatch door to the filthy, creepy basement opens and it is time to clean house.

The word “guru” means “dispeller of darkness.” This is what the ascended masters and our own higher self will do for us if we will let them in.

Kuan Yin is the Goddess of Mercy, revered by many in Asia. I invoked her assistance when I was going through some of my most intense spiritual battles, caught between the “hound of Heaven” and the “hounds of hell.” While I struggled on the edge of the abyss, I experienced her compassion. I understood that she would not leave me bereft.

Kuan Yin is a cosmic mother to all. Chinese mantras, like *Nahmo ee roo Kuan Yin* invite her presence with us. She speaks to us of the sword of mercy that we can visualize

and draw from our heart to plunge into those difficult situations in our life.

# *Bolts of Blue Lightning!*

The master Morya tells us that when he was still embodied, his sponsoring master the Elohim Hercules, rather than give long corrections, would send him spiritual bolts of blue lightning to separate him from his negative human substance.

One day, I wrote a letter to the Elohim Hercules and burned it, inviting him to send me a bolt of blue lightning. “Beloved Hercules, now of my free will, I welcome your bolt of blue lightning to penetrate through my human substance.”

Within minutes of burning the letter, an enormous crack of lightning burst over our home. It made me jump but I felt so much joy. I looked outside the window and the skies were still blue. There were no storm clouds in sight. “Now that was Hercules!” I said.

On another occasion when my children and I went to Half Dome, where Hercules’ retreat is anchored on the etheric plane over the physical plane. We hiked halfway up the mountain. The skies were blue and the forecast was clear. We passed the second set of waterfalls.

No one was around so I started to chant with all of my soul and strength, “Elohim, Elohim, Elohim” a number of times, calling to Hercules and to the masters of his retreat on inner planes.. My daughters joined in.

Moments later, we noticed clouds had gathered. Then, twenty minutes later, lightning bolts started to hit the granite. We turned around immediately to go back down the mountains and the lightning bolts kept coming. The whole way down, I was praying, “Beloved Hercules, thank you so much for answering the call, but please keep us safe and in embodiment. Don’t let the lightning come near us!”

By the time we reached the parking lot, the lightning storm had passed. We made it back safely.

# *The Legend of the Ancient of Days*

I once heard Elizabeth Clare Prophet read the story of Sanat Kumara and the 144 thousand. These beings of light came to Earth from Venus, a planet that is evolving in the etheric octave.

Even though our scientific equipment shows that Venus is inhospitable to life as we know it, there are many levels to life beyond what our scientific equipment can capture. Our mind may resist the idea that a great civilization is evolving on Venus in a higher dimensional frequency, but our soul remembers.

One day, sitting in meditation, a scene came to my mind's eye. I saw a group of men, women, children and angels, standing before Sanat Kumara and Lady Master Venus, connected by the deepest love and spiritual determination.

I described the scene to our friend, master painter Marius Michael George, and he illustrated it in brilliant colors. The scene became a poem, and later a book, now translated in a dozen languages. Line by line, I could feel the master Lanello's help, lending me the momentum he had garnered as the poet Longfellow in one of his past embodiments. It is the story of many a soul:

*A long time ago  
On a star far away  
A council assembled  
In solemn array.*

*The question weighed heavy  
On everyone's mind,  
Was the future of Earth,  
What to do with mankind?*

*The planet was burdened  
With discord and strife  
Human beings had forgotten  
The purpose of life.*

*They had even begun  
To walk down on all fours  
In their eyes and their souls  
God's great light shone no more.*

*“Earth must be dissolved,”  
The cosmic council decreed,  
“Her energy sent back  
To the great primal sea.”*

*I, Sanat Kumara  
Arose from my chair  
And invoked Opportunity  
From those who were there:*

*“Let us give them a chance  
And perhaps over time  
These ones will remember  
They once were divine.*

*“I will show them the way  
I will be the front line  
I'll bring mercy to Terra  
If you would change your mind.”*

*“My Son,” said an elder,  
“You know the law well:*

*You will be tied to Terra  
Until your ranks swell.*

*“To win back her people  
The flame in your heart  
Must inspire them to love  
And become Freedom’s Star.*

*“These are new beginnings  
For children of man  
By your grace we do grant them  
A fresh divine plan.”*

*I gratefully knelt  
Before the Great White Throne  
Where the Nameless One blessed me  
As I left for home.*

*“My son, they will call you  
The Ancient of Days  
To the Great Spirit in you  
Give glory and praise.*

*“You are known throughout cosmos  
For your eternal youth  
May your Word now spring forth  
Like a fountain of truth.*

*“I anoint you with Spirit  
The I AM THAT I AM,  
The ark of the covenant  
And the embodied Lamb.”*

*On my shoulders descended  
A mantle of light  
Power, glory and honor  
Love, wisdom and might.*

*I bid the council adieu  
And returned to my star  
Where fair Venus awaited  
With Holy Kumaras.*

*Winged messengers had announced  
The cosmic council's decision:  
That Earth was now granted  
A new dispensation.*

*Our daughter Meta greeted  
Me home with a kiss.  
"Father, we're thankful," she said,  
"For your courage and faith."*

*Though we rejoiced that night  
In a grand ball reception,  
Our hearts were weighed down  
By a feeling of sadness.*

*The pain of separation  
Could not be eclipsed  
As we thought of the loved ones  
We most surely would miss.*

*Many aeons would pass  
Before we'd meet again  
Our mission accomplished  
Our victory at hand.*

*Twilight dropped upon us  
A blanket of peace,  
Our twin star twinkled softly  
With ethereal surcease.*

*Then I looked to the mountains*

*And to my surprise,  
Mine eye caught a spiral  
Of light hovering nigh.*

*T'was the souls of my children  
One hundred forty-four thousand  
Fast approaching our palace  
With joyful compassion.*

*The anthem of brotherhood  
That echoed below  
Still rings clear through these valleys:  
Solstice Ode to Joy.*

*They reached for our balcony,  
Stopped, lifted their eyes,  
Then stepped forth to address me  
'Neath violet skies.*

*I saw in their leader  
My beloved son  
Whose loyal steadfastness  
Was rivaled by none.*

*“Our Father,” he said,  
“We have heard of your plight.  
We will not let you down,  
We will fight the good fight.*

*“We will prepare the way  
We will help tend the flame  
We will spread love and light  
We will speak in your name.*

*“We will be at your side  
When you enter the fray;  
We will go first to Earth,*

*To keep evil at bay.”*

*Their love was so touching  
Their service so rare  
I was moved beyond words  
By their life-giving prayer.*

*These hundred forty-four  
Thousand, my lady and I  
Wept together for joy;  
Angel legions stood by.*

*Then I called from among them  
An hundred forty-four  
To become our forerunners  
In this epic untold.*

*The veil was now drawn  
The heaven-world left behind  
Clothed in bodies of flesh  
They were born of mankind.*

*Neither castle nor palace  
Would be their Earth home  
Rather shacks, caves and huts  
Humble hearths carved of stone.*

*They waxed strong and matured  
In the ways of their kin  
Yet their souls often stirred,  
With an urge to transcend.*

*T'was a deep inner memory  
That could not be erased  
A magnificent city  
That would now be their fate.*

*Came a day they set forth,  
Friends and family behind,  
To sail for blue horizons  
And to seek holy ground.*

*Hearts brimming with passion,  
Pressing on day and night,  
Only intuition would guide them  
Toward their appointed site.*

*From four corners of Earth  
These great pilgrims arrived  
Mighty warriors of spirit  
Crossing lands, seas and skies.*

*The Gobi Sea was the place  
Destiny had assigned  
For these men to accomplish  
Their purpose sublime.*

*When the pilgrims had reached  
The final destination  
One among them came forward  
To express a shared vision:*

*“A resplendent white city  
Is ours to erect  
Reminiscent of Venus 'n  
Divine architects.*

*“On a lush, verdant island  
Seven temples our feat  
Focusing sacred fire  
In alabaster retreats.*

*“A beautiful bridge  
Will be our first task*

*Over sapphire blue waters  
Where others can pass.*

*“Fashioned with pure white marble  
Engrained with finest gold,  
Lined with sweet cherubs carved  
Mem'ries of days of old.”*

*By the sweat of their brow  
Initiating the task  
They hauled rocks, stones and metal;  
Nine hundred years passed.*

*Down from neighboring hills  
Savage hordes would attack  
To destroy what was built  
Cosmic goal now set back.*

*Determined and constant  
The pilgrims kept their pace  
Lifting up from the rubble  
Planting trees in its place.*

*At the top of the island  
The main temple was raised  
Where Sanat Kumara's  
Blessed feet one day would graze.*

*Twelve marble steps  
Leading up to the throne  
That was framed with perfection  
By a high gilded dome.*

*A massive gold door  
Shimmering rays in the sun  
Like a gigantic mirror  
To welcome each one.*

*Tall trees lined the path  
Leading up to the gate  
Reflecting pools, rainbow fountains  
Vibrant floral parquets.*

*A sacred space was created  
Where brotherhood shone  
The builders called it Shamballa  
To remind them of home.*

*The task was completed  
The altars were groomed  
With delicate flowers  
Picked from most fragrant blooms.*

*Sanat Kumara would come now  
For time had run short.  
To depart unto Earth  
With his devoted court.*

*He kissed his lady farewell  
In a poignant embrace  
And ascended o'er Hesperus  
Into stellar space.*

*The souls that convened  
Offered sweet hymns of praise  
And he blessed them sincerely  
With an affectionate gaze.*

*Then to their amazement  
Midst a brilliant light trail  
He vanished away  
Like a comet's vast tail.*

*In Shamballa the builders*

*Waited with bated breath  
For their lord to appear  
As the prophecy said.*

*The birds hushed their singing  
The seas ceased their sway  
And all nature grew silent  
On this momentous day.*

*Slow and majestic  
His feet touched the ground  
Then all life felt his presence  
Though there was not a sound.*

*Fresh peace, hope and comfort  
Each troubled soul stilled  
As his Great Spirit swept  
Over woods, lakes and hills.*

*Withered flowers that drooped  
With new strength raised their heads,  
And the laughter of children  
Was heard once again.*

*The builders were happy  
They wearied no more  
And knelt in Thanksgiving  
To honor their Lord.*

*Then upon the altar  
The Ancient of Days  
With a powerful fiat  
Invoked a dazzling flame.*

*Threefold and immortal,  
Pink, Yellow and Blue  
Fount of love, wisdom, power*

*Precious life renewed.*

*From each flickering plume  
Flashed forth filigree threads  
To connect each one's heart  
In a mystical web.*

*The crisis was over  
The planet sustained,  
And the Earth was redeemed  
For a new golden age.*

*Now the end of this story  
Is yours to create  
As you search in your soul  
For the keys it contains.*

*Close your eyes, try to see  
Your mighty threefold flame  
Anchored deep in your heart  
'Tis your spiritual claim.*

*Pulsating, blazing  
It waxes and spins  
Helping you find your mission  
So you too can ascend.*

# A Song for Our King

On New Year's Eve 2007, some friends had gathered in our home for a service and festivities. After cleaning the house, preparing food and tending to the children all day, I had become tired.

The service was beautiful, and after welcoming the New Year, we all went to bed. Once my body was asleep, I was ushered consecutively by three masters into the presence of Sanat Kumara. His presence was surprisingly familiar and comfortable, like meeting up with an old friend, and I was exceedingly happy.

Sanat Kumara was dressed as a young king, in garments of ruby and pink silk, embroidered with gold. In the dream, Sanat Kumara asked me and my friend, Antonia, who had been at our service, to sing a song for him.

The next day, I told Antonia about the dream. She replied, "When I came into your home yesterday, there was a song playing. I so much wanted to sing it with you as a duet."

I looked up the words to the song she had heard. It was a song about bringing in the New Year, and described our King!

*"Good health, love and peace be all here in this place  
By your leave we will sing, concerning our King.  
Our King is well-dressed in silks of the best  
In ribbons so rare no king can compare.*

*We have traveled many miles over hedges and stiles,  
In search of our King unto you we bring.  
Old Christmas is past, twelve tide is the last  
And we bid you adieu, great joy to the new."*

The following day, I was driving my children home from school, still thinking about Sanat Kumara, when all of a sudden, a magnificent bald eagle shot straight up above our car.

The bald eagle is a sacred symbol of Sanat Kumara and the highest spiritual omen in Native American lore. This eagle rose in a straight vertical line above us. Under its wings, a number of small birds rose with it, protected by its wingspan, like the Divine Mother who rises into heaven with her children at her side.

# *Etheric Retreats*

In the etheric plane, we visit ascended master and angelic retreats where we receive instruction. Most of them are congruent with our atmosphere at about 30,000 feet, the altitude that airplanes fly. One is congruent with the Grand Teton Mountain and one is beneath the waters of the Pacific ocean.

There are also etheric cities around the globe that Gustav Dore saw and painted, where elemental spirits form great cathedrals and other beautiful structures almost effortlessly.

When I was pregnant with my third child, I started to create illustrations of ascended master retreats. I could feel my unborn child's support from the etheric plane, where souls abide before birth. He was helping me to tweak each image until the vibrational frequency most closely captured the essence of that plane. These focuses were published on the website [www.ethericretreats.com](http://www.ethericretreats.com), as well as in a book.

In the etheric retreats, masters and angels commune with unascended mankind in a climate of mutual goodwill and respect. They outpicture the consciousness of the New Jerusalem that was described in the Book of Revelation:

*“And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away.”*

# *The Last Chord*

I loved my paternal grandmother dearly, whom we affectionately called Mémère. I had spent several years of my childhood living with my grandparents and the bond of affection that was created never diminished.

Now, in the winter of 2002, Mémère was in her nineties, laying in a nursing home in Chantilly, France. Her right leg had been amputated because of gangrene.

A few days earlier, I had spoken to her over the telephone as she was being wheeled off to the operating room and she told me how concerned she was that she might not come back. Her birthday was right around the corner, and I assured her that she would come out of the operation so that we could celebrate! Since Mémère had made it through the operation, it was time for me to fulfill that promise.

I spent several days by Mémère's side, and I washed her hair and painted her nails, as in old times. She was not recuperating well and I realized this would be our last visit. When I returned home, I told my family it seemed Mémère had survived the operation only long enough to say good-bye. Several days later, we received a phone call that Mémère had passed away.

Mémère was apprehensive about death, but she recited the Hail Mary, which opened her consciousness to receive Mother Mary. I learned from this experience that our consciousness determines what takes place after we pass on. We can only see and go where our free will consents.

As I meditated on Mémère's transition, the hymn of "The Lost Chord" resonated through me. How often had Mémère, as a professional pianist, sat at the keyboard. Now,

in her time of transition, the Hail Mary had become the lost chord that would usher her soul to higher octaves of light.

*Seated one day at the organ,  
I was weary and ill at ease,  
And my fingers wandered idly  
Over the noisy keys;*

*I know not what I was playing,  
Or what I was dreaming then,  
But I struck one chord of music,  
Like the sound of a great Amen,  
Like the sound of a great Amen.*

*From our discordant life,  
It linked all the perplexed meanings  
Into one perfect peace,  
And trembled away into silence,  
As if it were loth to cease;*

*I have sought but I seek it vainly,  
That one lost chord divine,  
Which came from the soul of the organ,  
And entered into mine.*

*It may be that death's bright angel  
Will speak in that chord again;  
It may be that only in Heav'n  
I shall hear that great Amen.*

*It may be that death's bright angel  
Will speak in that chord again;  
It may be that only in Heav'n  
I shall hear that great Amen.*

# *A Third-Eye Blessing*

When I first found out that Elizabeth Clare Prophet was suffering from a physical affliction and would have to “retire,” I wept. I knew I would miss her and the contact we were used to having with her.

However, since Mother’s retirement and transition into the higher octaves of light, I can attest to her presence on inner planes, not only in my personal life but in the lives of so many of her students. We interact at night in the etheric planes and find a renewed sense of joy, understanding and purpose.

On one such occasion, there were many students standing in a large chapel. Some were at the front by the altar, and others, including myself, were sitting closer to the back. All of a sudden, Mother came in through the back door and asked us to line up for a blessing.

When my turn came to receive the blessing, Mother placed her hand over my third eye. I experienced a healing. Mother took from me something that needed to go. Then upon awakening, I could still feel the light upon my forehead.

# A Rose from Heaven

After eight years of marriage and three children, we were still living in an apartment in town and owning a home seemed completely out of reach. Each day I prayed for our home to manifest, but no response seemed forthcoming. We had to be patient.

One night, I went to the movie theater where “Thérèse” was playing, a movie on the life of Saint Thérèse of Lisieux. When the doors opened after the movie, we were greeted by a group of young Catholics carrying buckets of roses. They handed each moviegoer a beautiful fresh rose. Attached to the rose was a picture of Saint Thérèse and on the back was an invitation to do the following novena to her, invoking a miracle.

*“Saint Thérèse, the little flower, please pick me a rose from the heavenly garden and send it to me with a message of love. Ask God to grant me the favor I thee implore and tell him I will love him each day more and more.”*

The card said to give this prayer, with five “Our Father’s,” five “Hail Mary’s,” and five “Glory Be to the Father’s” for five consecutive days, before eleven o’clock in morning. Then on the fifth day, it said to give the sequence twice. I wanted to ask her for a home for our family, but I was a little reluctant about whether or not this would work.

Saint Thérèse had been my patron saint since I was a little girl, and I remembered the walls of her church in Paris, covered with crutches and other objects that witnessed to her miraculous intercession.

I followed the instructions on the card. The day after

I finished the novena, I drove right above the land where our house is now located. I called our friends Orlando and Antonia, who owned the land. Orlando told us he had subdivided the land and would give it to us. This set many wheels in motion.

I could feel Saint Thérèse's steely determination. As God said to Abraham, "Is anything too hard for the Lord?" Day after day, week after week, month after month, her personal sponsorship and investment, and her guiding hand were with us. Everything started to come together in spite of the most difficult odds and challenges.

Our initial construction lender went out of business. The foundation was mispoured by a contractor. A fraudulent team of builders stole more than \$8,000 from us when finances were extremely tight, and delayed us for two months. The home structures arrived badly damaged because of horrible winds and the insurance would not cover the claims. There were also legal complications on the land that needed to be resolved. We were homeless for two months in the coldest winter with a newborn baby, and on the day we absolutely had to move in, the weather was thirty below zero.

None of these setbacks deterred Saint Thérèse and her strength kept us plowing through every detail. At each turn was an equivalent or greater blessing, and with perseverance and faith, the obstacles started yielding to us.

Our loans were approved in time and we were able to manage the construction interest. Workers came to help and the damages were fixed. The land negotiations were finally resolved. We saved money in unexpected ways that more than made up for our losses. Friends offered to give us shelter when we no longer had a place to live. We received a full house of furnishings from the estate of Maria Scoble, a dear friend who had just passed away. And then when it came time for landscaping, an unexpected check arrived from the estate of my maternal grandmother.

Saint Thérèse's card is on my kitchen cabinet. Each

time I look around me, I give thanks to the Father for this rose from the heavenly garden. Our home truly stands as a miracle and I know that if Saint Thérèse could do this for us, she can do anything of good for those who ask.

# *Windows of Opportunity*

While we were in the middle of our home construction, we took a weekend off to participate in a prayer vigil dedicated to the master Morya. Our money was very tight, but we went ahead and gave a donation to the group. I was wondering how everything would work out and I heard El Morya within my inner being, telling me we would be well compensated.

When we got home, I was prompted to search the web for more construction information. I came upon a brand new site which listed our new home at \$24,000 less than what was in our contract. The next day I called up the company that we were working with and they agreed to match the lower price. In one night, we had saved \$24,000! A couple of weeks later, when I checked both sites again, I noticed the price of our home had gone back up to the original amount.

On another occasion, I wanted to take a family vacation but we were short by one thousand dollars. I was working on a publishing project that I knew was important to the masters, and I had volunteered a lot of extra time. I had also been looking at airfares for weeks. The night I completed the work, I thought to check the fares again. My higher self gave me exactly what dates to type in and the fares had dropped dramatically, enough to save us the thousand dollars!

I booked the tickets immediately and a few minutes later, while our transaction was still processing, I noticed the advertised fares had already gone back up. In this small window of opportunity, God provided the money we were missing and blessed us.

# *Holy Water!*

Our construction was already underway when it came time to drill a well. The cost of the well was an unknown factor that had me stressed for months. Orlando's well was one of the deepest and most expensive in the area. If we were to run into the same terrain, we would completely blow our budget. Every time I prayed about the well, I got the sense not to worry but I was still extremely concerned.

"God," I said, "you know where the water is and I don't. Please show me and help me feel the light."

I started to walk the land and came upon a spot where I felt light on my crown chakra. The light was focused in a circle. I could clearly feel the circumference of the circle, about ten feet around, and the center point where the energy was strongest. My neighbor and I put a stake in the ground there.

I could not come out on the day of the drilling, so I asked Orlando to show the drillers the stake. I was at home praying for the best possible outcome.

About thirty minutes later, I received a phone call from the driller. "Lady," he said, "I don't know what you did but we found abundant water at less than fifty feet. This is the shallowest well we have ever drilled and you just saved yourself \$10,000."

I put the phone down, elated. I was so grateful for this divine manifestation and for the joy of co-creating with God. The savings on the water made it possible for us to buy a hot tub, a luxury I had secretly wished for but which, up to that point, would not have fit our budget.

# *The Blue Chandelier*

Alex Reichardt, long-time student and biographer of Mark and Elizabeth Clare Prophet, told me that Mother always had a chandelier in her home as a focus of the star Sirius. Sirius is the spiritual center of our galaxy on the etheric plane. The masters call it the white fire, blue fire sun. If you look at Sirius on a cold winter's night down from Orion's belt, you will see that it flashes blue, yellow and pink light. These pulsing colors can be seen even more vividly with a pair of binoculars or with a telescope.

I thought about getting a chandelier for our new home, and about how special it would be to inherit one of Mother's. I knew this was unlikely, since Mother was retired and most of her personal belongings had already been sold or given away.

About the same time, our friend Maria Scoble passed away, and another friend Alberta, was helping to manage Maria's affairs. She called me to see if I wanted to purchase some of the items in Maria's home. Above the dining room table was a chandelier that had once belonged to Mother. The chandelier was not part of the estate sale, but Maria's son said we could have it if we replaced it with a more contemporary light.

A few weeks later, Mother's chandelier hung in our living room. Like Sirius, it is blue and white and sheds a gentle blue light. Each time I look at it, I think of Sirius and of God's love, answering even our unspoken prayers.

# *Yogananda*

I wanted to say a few words about Paramahansa Yogananda because I feel a special tie to him. I found out that Mark and Elizabeth Clare Prophet also studied his teachings. They explained that the lineage of the Self Realization Fellowship coming down from the master Babaji through Lahiri Mahasaya, Sri Yukteswar and Paramahansa Yogananda is a legitimate contact with the Eastern branch of the Great White Brotherhood.

I remember first seeing the picture of Paramahansa when I was in Paris, in an underground shopping mall near the Louvre. The book *Autobiography of a Yogi* had just been published in french. Even though I did not pick up the book at that time, I remember Yogananda's face jumping out at me from the poster.

Years later, when I attended Summit University in San Diego, I spent a lot of time in Encinitas at the ashram there. It was a beautiful time and I have returned. I studied Yogananda's lessons and books and gained much insight from them. I also experience a true joy in singing Guruji's songs. When the movie about Yogananda's life came out, I watched it a number of times and I heard him say, on some level, "I will help you."

I have also benefited much from the Bikram Yoga practice that he also engaged in. I consider him and his spiritual uplinks to be true friends of light.

One day, while visiting Yogananda's hermitage in Encinitas, my children took a picture of me standing outside his front door. The picture looked like a cloud of soft and brilliant white fog was all around me, but the air around us that day was clean and crisp with no clouds or fog in sight. I can only relate this to the spiritual light emanating from his retreat that charged our auric field.

# *Come Back, Right Away*

After giving birth to my first son, I became pregnant again. Even though I felt complete with three children, I could tell a new soul was pressing to come in.

Then six weeks into the pregnancy, I miscarried.

In the days that followed, I could feel the presence of the soul still around so I told him, “If you are going to come, come back right away.”

I conceived the same night and the soul had immediately returned.

After a few weeks, my body started to bleed again so I went back for another ultrasound. This time, it was a false alarm. My womb was sealed tight and the baby had a heartbeat.

When I told the technician that I never had a menstrual cycle between both conceptions, he didn't think a child could come back so quickly. “Are you sure you didn't have twins and miscarry one?” he asked. I was sure and the ultrasounds confirmed it. The souls coming in want to be born.

# *Out of Body Experiences*

People can sometimes remember the work that they do outside the body. Oftentimes, my experiences come back as “dreams,” but at least a couple of times, I clearly remember slipping back into my body.

The first time was right after I had my second miscarriage. As I was walking out of the emergency room, I met my friend Georgia crying in the entry way. Her teenage son had just been “jumped” by a couple of thugs outside the main mall and was in critical condition. He was being flown to Billings, Montana by helicopter, where there is a larger medical center.

That evening, I comforted Georgia as best as I could and made intense prayers while driving home. I begged God to spare this boy’s life and all of his faculties.

Early the next morning during sleep, I became aware that I was in the boy’s hospital room. I remember the way the room was laid out and I remember looking at his head all bandaged up. I somehow knew that he would be all right, which was a great relief. Then, my higher self told me to go home to answer the phone.

I slipped back into my body and found myself laying on my pillow, just as the phone started to ring. The whole sequence was amazing to me. Later, I called Georgia to see how her son was doing. I told her I believed he would be all right, and he did fully recover.

On another occasion, in the spring of 2008 when I was pregnant with my fourth child, I became conscious that I was floating around the house while my body was sleeping. There was something in the house that was toxic and had to be removed. I was trying to find it but couldn’t quite focus. Then, all of a sudden, my consciousness zoomed in on a cleaning product that was sitting on the

kitchen island.

When I woke up, I remembered the experience. I really liked this product as it did such a good job cleaning just about everything. It had no bad smell and did not irritate my skin so I figured I had just had a crazy dream. For a few days I continued using the product and each time, I could feel my higher self encouraging me to take the dream seriously.

Finally, I read the label. It listed 2-butoxy ethanol. I looked online and discovered that this colorless, odorless solvent used in cleaning products could cause a host of birth defects, simply through skin absorption. I immediately threw the bottles out.

This experience taught me how much our divine self will guide and protect us, if we will lend an open ear.

# *A Mountain of Garbage*

A couple of months after we had moved to our new home, a bag of mail that needed to be sent out ended up in the garbage. My husband had just taken the garbage to the dumpsters, where it is collected by the county. As soon as he came back, I realized what had happened and drove to the dumpster to get the bag back. When I got to the dumpsters, the garbage attendant told me that a truck had picked up the garbage within the last half hour and was headed to the incinerator in Livingston, about thirty miles down the road.

It was an impossible task, but I knew the mail had to be saved. In it were important documents that could not be lost. I raced down the highway to Livingston and got to the garbage depot. I told the workers what had happened. They said the garbage was already on its way to the incinerator. I begged them for a way to find the items and they agreed to help.

We were dealing with a mountain of garbage from all of the dumpsters in the area and the only way to go through it was one bulldozer shovel at a time. We literally started to sift through tons of garbage. One of the workers gave me a pair of gloves so I could pick up anything that might look like our mail. For the next couple of hours, we continued, bulldozer shovel after bulldozer shovel, until eventually, most of the mail was found.

Wading through this garbage, I knew that I was balancing a karmic record relating to the triage of bodies on the battlefield. I also understood that this was not unlike the process God goes through to preserve souls. God seeks to save the seemingly unsaveable, and every last vestige of good that can be, is redeemed.

I returned to the car, mail in hand. Only then did I notice the smell that lingered on my belongings. What a

grace! The stench had been spiritually subdued the entire time I had to tread this mountain of garbage.

# *The Great Initiator*

Maitreya is a Bodhisattva known for his kindness and for his role as the “great initiator.” There is a prophecy that in centuries to come, he and his students will walk the earth once more.

Maitreya was the initiating master in the Garden of Eden, as well as Jesus’ sponsoring master. His symbol is the “lion” described by the Prophet Ezekiel and by the apostle John in the Book of Revelation.

One night as I lay sleeping, I became aware that I was overlooking a bridge on the west side of the banks of the Seine, the river that flows through the heart of Paris. The sun was shining in a most brilliant way. All of a sudden, a great lion appeared in the sky with a roar and I felt such love in my soul. I believe this was Maitreya and I sense a deeper connection with him since that moment.

Like Aslan in the Chronicles of Narnia, Maitreya’s love initiates our souls, strips us from worldly illusion and impels us forward to learn the deeper mysteries of the great law of sacrifice.

Initiations on the spiritual path are a solemn affair, and not to be taken lightly. I did not realize just how serious they were until I had the following experience.

In my early years of marriage, I was having a heated discussion in my sleep about something that I did not want to let go of. While this was going on, I could tell that my higher self was urging me to rise up in consciousness, to let go and let God, but I did not listen.

At that very moment, a curtain-like divider opened above where I was standing, and I saw a group of ascended masters consorting. They sent a message: “I had just failed my initiation.”

My soul sank with grief and a profound sense of

longing for what might have been. It was a deep disappointment and I had no one to blame but myself, though I knew blame would get me nowhere.

“Why didn’t you tell me this was an initiation?” I prayed. “I would have better behaved.”

I stood there, my mind scrambling for what to do next, when the master Kuthumi, who was part of the group, sent down a message with great kindness. “All you have to do is remember,” he said.

I woke up remembering the moment, the encounter, and the experience of my soul, which was far more real than anything we go through on this side of the veil. My heart was set with a new determination. I did not want to fail again. I made the call for another initiation, for the opportunity to be trained, and for my consciousness to be raised, that my soul might be set free.

# *Ancient Mystic Rites*

In the winter of 2007, I was invited to participate in a five-day training sponsored by The Mystical Order of the Divine Presence. During the event, I suffered from flu-like symptoms and completely lost my hearing, so most of my training happened on the inner. I knew that this training was sponsored by the ascended master Lanello, as his presence was so tangible through the day and through the night.

I had brought with me a book by C. W. Leadbeater called *Ancient Mystic Rites* and read before going to sleep. A section called “The Egyptian Mysteries” describes the rites of initiation passed down from Atlantean times to the ancient Egyptians and, ultimately, to Freemasonry and Theosophy.

Many of these rites were part of the science founded by Hermes, known to the Egyptians as Thoth, a world teacher who, according to Leadbeater, came 40,000 years ago to teach that God is “the light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world.” The rites are based on the four divine archetypes of Father, Son, Mother and Holy Spirit.

Further in the book, Leadbeater describes the sacred path of thirty-three degrees common to the Masons, the Brothers of the Rose Cross and the Ancient Scottish rite. In the first degree, the probationary student, following a bath or baptism, is given a shield and learns to engage in the science of the spoken word through the giving of mantras. In the second degree, the student receives the Mysteries of Serapis for self-controlled thought. In the third degree, the Mysteries of Osiris are disclosed through an experience of spiritual death and rebirth.

The degrees that follow the third degree are earned

by ministering to others, by understanding that we are all one, by realizing that Christ dwells in man, by sublimating our emotions into love, and by working out our negative karma.

At this point in my reading I fell asleep. It was late and on the morrow, we would be receiving a blessing ordaining us for greater service to life. As my body lay sleeping, I noticed that I was in a dressing room outside a corridor leading to a gathering of church ministers.

The minister told me to put on my robe and come to the gathering. When I took my coat off, I was wearing a long dress in the fashion of Arthurian lore.

The dress was deep emerald green velour with gold trim and white satin sleeves. Around my shoulders was a velour cape that was royal electric blue with gold trim.

I noticed someone sitting across the table. I looked closer and recognized my mundane personality with all of its flaws. I observed this “self” as a separate person from the “self” dressed in these new robes, where my consciousness was attached, and felt both compassion and interest for my lesser self.

Wondering what this dream meant, I opened the book where I had left off. I started to read about the thirtieth degree of Masonic initiation, which is a degree of knighthood. The prevailing color of this degree is electric blue edged with gold, the colors of the cape I was wearing.

As the student, or hierophant, approaches the thirty-third degree, his aura contains the masculine presence of Osiris as a brilliant white light shot with gold, and the feminine presence of Isis as the manifestation of truth, which is emerald green. The dress I was wearing in the dream, under the cape, was emerald green and white, lined with gold.

Leadbeater explains that the actual degree is conferred at the level of the Angel of the Presence. Two great white angels flash down from the higher heavenly octaves into the etheric plane to bless the candidate.

I put the book down, so excited about these inner mysteries. It was time to get ready for our outer ceremony, sealing the retreat.

We gathered in a circle around the officiating ministers. When it was my turn to receive the blessing, I felt a tremendous amount of spiritual light descend. All of a sudden, my consciousness flashed up to the level of the Angel of the Presence, which had never happened before, and I saw two angels placing a crown on the Angel of the Presence.

Now I understood the inner significance behind the emblem of the Mystical Order of the Divine Presence: a cape topped with a crown, enfolding a shield on which are etched the images of the Lion, the Man, the Calf and the Flying Eagle. I understood that all outer activities of the Brotherhood of Light follow the same initiatic sequence.

Sincere aspirants on the path to God, from the times of Lemuria, Atlantis, and Ancient Egypt unto today, are initiated in a self-transcending cycle that becomes a spiral staircase leading to heavenly planes of consciousness. The steps and tools for preparation have been passed down through all of the mystery schools, from Atlantis and Lemuria, from the Pharaohs and Pythagoras, from the Rosicrucians and Freemasons, down to modern-day activities like the Keepers of the Flame Fraternity and the Mystical Order of the Divine Presence.

One's involvement in any of these activities serves as an invitation for inner initiation by the ascended masters and heavenly hosts, whereby outer rituals become talismanic tools for this timeless inner process.

The power of the thirty-third degree, Leadbeater explains, flows mightily as glory, strength and sweetness for service to others, and is only intended for a life of constant humility, watchfulness and service. It gives students the opportunity to draw down the sublime glory of the inner initiation, conferred at the level of the Angel of the Presence.

This spiritual mantle, like all mantles bestowed, comes with a caveat. You cannot rest upon your laurels. When service is neglected or when the mantle becomes misused, the spiritual links to that mantle atrophy and the powers contained therein remain dormant. Then, the conferring angels and spiritual sponsors associated with the mantle, Leadbeater warns, turn their glance away to others more worthy.

## *From Russia with Love*

I wasn't sure quite what to expect as I stood waiting in line to board the plane from Atlanta to Moscow for the very first time, with Gareth when he was eleven months old. I had been invited to Russia to speak about the teachings of the ascended masters.

The sun was shining on the beautiful green countryside scattered with small villages and towns as we began our descent into Moscow.

We arrived at the resort where our event was being held. Five hundred and fifty people with beaming faces were singing a song to the heavenly angels.

Gareth, who up to that point was always clinging to me, began throwing himself into the arms of the people around us and reaching his little arms out to them. It was his way of sharing his profound joy in reuniting with these shining lightbearers and friends of old. His demonstration of love touched everyone deeply and put everyone at ease.

That evening, we attended a spiritual service dedicated to the master Saint Germain where everyone was giving decrees, mantras and songs to the violet flame with great gusto. Even though the ten hours of jet lag were taking their toll on us, we felt completely reenergized.

With each new mantra like "Prague is a city of violet fire, Prague is the purity God desires," the people who came from that location stood up and were celebrated. The service concluded with trays of wafers and grape juice for Holy Communion and everyone proceeded single file to serve themselves with great reverence. You could tangibly feel the presence of ministering angels upon the altar serving to each one the body and the blood of Christ at inner levels.

Early the next morning, we couldn't sleep so I

strolled Gareth over to the conference building. A large group was growing in front of both entrances, waiting to be let in. It was about a quarter to seven and these Russian lightbearers were eagerly waiting to begin their day with a rosary, consecrating Russia to Mother Mary as she had requested from the Catholic popes. A large picture of Mother Mary using internet flash technology, with a globe spinning in her hands, was projected on the screen background behind the stage.

These flash image visualizations continued throughout the event to help focus everyone's attention and the level of creativity that had gone into these multimedia tools was quite impressive. I also observed the spirit of teamwork, goodwill and self-effacement among the decree leaders and event organizers. No one was trying to be more important than anyone else, and many rotated in and out of positions of service.

“With these teachings people can make their ascension,” the Russian students told me. “We do not want to compromise this in any way. We know and trust that people will receive their blessings directly from God, as they become the teachings.”

Every night after the main event was over, we met with other students to share in food, conversation, laughter and fellowship unto the wee hours of the morning. This strong sense of camaraderie lays the foundation for the work that is accomplished. It reminded me of what Confucius said, that true community can only be established on the basis of friendship.

Gareth especially liked these get-togethers and insisted on participating. He would go from person to person. He even took his first three steps during one of those get-togethers, and when everyone clapped, he stopped and wondered what it was all about!

The outpouring of community love and support was also very tangible during a fire ritual around a bonfire on one of the nights we were there. Participants had written

their prayers for personal change to God on pieces of paper, and they were now throwing these papers into the fire.

After the last paper had been thrown in, everyone joined together to give violet flame mantras. Some people stood near the center of the circle with great joy as their names were being called, while everyone gave violet flame for them, one by one. Anyone who wanted to contribute in singing or decreeing could step up to the microphone and share their heart flame, fully supported by the larger group.

Following this, we sang Indian bhajans and Western songs like “Onward Christian soldiers” into the middle of the night, and no one wanted to stop until the entire song book had been sung!

It was an extraordinary communion to see the Russian students, once cut off from the rest of the world, now leading the way in building the community of the Holy Spirit. We spoke about how ascended master students in America had, for years, given their prayers to cut free the Russian lightbearers, even back in the days of communism. I impressed upon them the great need for them to also pray for America in her time of tribulation, because we need it so.

Padre Pio gave a prophecy that Russia would be converted, then America and then the rest of the world. During my trip, I saw the beginning of that prophecy unfold! Next, America. Then, the world. So be it, in the name I AM THAT I AM.

# *Fly Fishing*

One spring day, my youngest son Gareth was invited to go fly fishing for the first time with a first-grade school field trip. He was really looking forward to it and had been excited for days.

The morning of the field trip, he was up from the crack of dawn and could hardly contain his eagerness. I dropped him off at school and went about my day. When I picked him up, I questioned him about the day, hoping to share in his enthusiasm.

"How was it?" I asked. I could tell something was off and that he was upset.

"What happened?"

He frowned and said, "It was the worst day of my life!"

"Why?" I asked.

"All we did was fish," he answered, most annoyed.

And then he added a complaint that must have reached the throne of God. "We never got to fly!"

I will never forget his words of sweet innocence, indelibly engraven on my heart. They shared the thoughtform and the thinking of a child, allowing a glimpse into the deepest memories and longings of the soul.

Like Jesus said, "Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me: for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

# Archangel Michael and the Rattlesnake

On a summer day, we took our boys to play at some friends' house a few miles away from home. On the way there, I asked the boys to join me in giving some traveling protection prayers to Archangel Michael and Gareth joined in full voice.

A few hours later, I went to pick the boys up. Gareth told me a snake had bit him. "Mom, I am going to die," he kept saying, over and over again. His big blue eyes were filled with sadness, and I saw a band aid on his neck. "You are not going to die," I told him assuredly, thinking the boys had been playing with a garter snake.

Then, when we got home and pulled the band-aid off, we were all dismayed. There were two very clear fang marks and a scratch on Gareth's neck about two inches below his ear, but no swelling. Gareth complained that it hurt so I put some arnica gel on it.

The boys explained that they had been playing by a tree fort near the creek. Gareth said he leaned over to look inside a hole in the ground and a snake jumped up and bit him so fast.

It was a dry bite from a rattler. I took the boys to our old family doctor, who has worked his whole life out West and on Indian reservations. "That was a rattler," our doctor confirmed. "I didn't know there were still babies this time of year," I said.

"That was not a baby," Doc replied. "The snake was one or two years old. Bull snakes don't bite like that. Your boy sure had his guardian angel. Where that bite was, if the

rattler had injected any venom, the boy would not have had a chance. He would have been dead in minutes.”

Thank you, God for saving Gareth's life. And thank you Archangel Michael. I cannot bear to even think about life without our littlest angel. We will never, ever take saying your prayers for granted again!

# *Forgive and Bless*

One night, I had an inner experience with Mother after Mother had made her transition. I was asleep, having a mundane dream, when all of a sudden I became aware that my consciousness had moved into a higher dimension on the etheric plane. There was a large gathering of people sitting in what looked like an auditorium. I noticed thousands of people, many who had been or were still associated with the Summit Lighthouse organization in the physical plane, and many more.

Mother proceeded to play a movie that she had prepared about my lifestream, drawing from this and from past lives. She spoke about the removal of Gilbert Cleirbaut, who had been appointed by her to lead the organization. She reiterated that his removal was an unfortunate event, and that I had tried to do everything in my power at the time to stop this from happening. She also explained that following his removal, I had remained dedicated to continuing to do outreach for the ascended masters.

The movie also showed clips of past lives where similar circumstances had taken place and where my dharma and my divine mission was sabotaged. Mother explained that as a result of these records and as a result of what had taken place in this life within the community, I had developed some momentums of passive aggression.

I was watching this movie and listening to her teaching most intently and also very impersonally. Even though the movie was about my soul, it was also a lesson for my outer personality to take in.

Then, Mother held out a large picket banner with the

words on it, “Forgive and bless.” She held it out three times for everyone to see. I understood from this that just as she was asking the congregation of souls gathered to forgive my soul for past errors from this life or past lives and to bless my dharma, so I was to forgive others and bless their dharma.

After this, the scene changed and Mother came back to the altar with a most radiant outfit. She was dressed as the eternal bride of Louis the XIV, the Sun King. Her face shone with the eternal youth of God and she was wearing a beautiful white seventeenth-century wig with magnificent plumes. Her outfit was scintillating gorgeous yellows and blues. And sitting in her lap was a child who was beaming with joy. Mother was once again and forevermore shining as the full outpicturing of the Divine Mother incarnate.

# *Saint Germain's*

## *Golden Age*

Some years back, I had a dream with Saint Germain that I remembered vividly, and I woke up my aura filled with light. Saint Germain was telling us that he was building on the etheric plane a mighty, glorious empire for the age of Aquarius.

His words reminded me of the scripture, “But as it is written, eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him.”

Saint Germain told us he needs our help to complete this mighty work of the ages, in helping to anchor the prophesied golden age of Aquarius as the descending New Jerusalem merging with the physical plane. This will be accomplished in a joyous display of hope, liberty, freedom, creativity, inventiveness and brotherhood united through Christ consciousness.

In the room was a wall-hanging of a large heart chakra that looked like it was made of felt—the kind you might find in a Montessori preschool. A smiling little boy was exuberantly thrusting himself against the heart chakra, laughing and cheering., “Hail Saint Germain!” He looked at me as I was sitting in the audience in the front row on the left and said, “Come on, say this with me!” His enthusiasm was contagious and he got us us all to cheer with him again and again. It was beautiful—a heavenly service to God led by a two-year old.

What I got most from this inner remembrance is a confirmation that our efforts here for right action are not in

vain, and that we must not get overly discouraged by what we see in the news because another reality is precipitating through the etheric plane that will not be stopped. Little by little, this etheric reality will merge with the physical plane, anchoring that City Foursquare that we read about in the Book of Revelation.

Every thought, feeling and action anchored in God-good is a rose seed that we plant for Saint Germain, that will flourish at the appointed time. Like the song promises, “Just remember, in the winter, far beneath the winter snows, lies the seed that with the sun’s love, in the spring becomes the rose.”

# *Music of the Spheres*

Back in 2012, I had another significant inner level experience during sleep. Mother Mary was with us. She was holding the balance for the Maha Chohan, the representative of the Holy Spirit, and for a vision we were about to receive through him.

The Maha Chohan showed us a cosmic reality. He showed us that every planet in cosmos spins and orbits to the heavenly Music of the Spheres that cannot be heard with the outer ear. He explained that planets that no longer vibrate in consonance with this celestial song dissolve and are no more. He explained to us that the planet Maldek was destroyed for this reason, when her inhabitants no longer chose to operate in harmony with the music of the spheres. The asteroid belt that now lies between Mars and Jupiter is all that remains of Maldek.

The Maha Chohan showed us a giant whirlpool in which many souls would be lost. He told us that at the beginning of the Age of Aquarius, every person involved in music would be given a choice to follow the music of the spheres or to follow the down the spiral into this vortex, like dirty bath water going down a drain.

I awoke from that experience with a strong sense of just how important celestial music was for the saving of souls, even for the saving of planets.

Not long after that, I began writing Songs of Divine Love.

# *Songs of Divine Love*

I have always loved music—all kinds of music. I remember as a child making up songs while I played on the swing set. Even though I came from a family of musicians, I didn't get much music training in this life.

One day, a piano showed up in my life. For several weeks, the piano sat in our living room, and I kept hearing its elemental saying, “play me.”

I sat down on the bench, and little by little, week after week, the music and chords began to flow. At first, I could only play in the dark. It had to be a right-brain experience so that my left brain, with all of its expectations, wouldn't get in the way. Eventually, I could play hundreds of songs by ear, so long as I could hear the tune inside my head.

A year or so went by, and a strong nudge to learn guitar came upon me. A few weeks before Christmas, I saw an auction for a nice guitar and case at a local thrift store. I made an offer on the guitar and said to myself, “Jesus, if you really want me to play guitar, see to it that I win this auction.” A week later, I received a phone call that the guitar was mine.

I spent my evenings learning guitar chords. Then sitting by the Yellowstone River that summer, guitar in hand, watching the boats go by, I really began to play and sing. I liked it most when I was by myself and only the elementals could hear. It was a beautiful feeling having the music flowing through you!

In a matter of weeks, before the summer was over, more than fifty new songs came into my awareness. I began writing them down. This was after Dorothy Lee had made

her transition into the octaves of light.

I felt the presence of Jesus so close during this cycle, wanting me to write down these Songs of Divine Love that honor all of the teachings of the ascended masters and of the world's major religions. Some of the songs would come while I was driving. Others, while I sat down at my desk. The song Krishna Lord Krishna came to me in my sleep and I woke up to write it down. I had been waiting for a song to Krishna to come forth and was so happy when it did!

# A Daily Prayer

Years ago, I learned a prayer that I try to give daily. It is a prayer that summons the presence of Sanat Kumara and the legions of the thirteen archangels. In this prayer, you can list anything that you want God to look after, both in your personal life and in the world at large. The spiritual action is powerful, effective, right to the point, and can be invoked in very little time. It goes like this:

*“In the name of my Mighty I AM Presence and in the name of Brahman, the one supreme God, I call to the Ancient of Days, Sanat Kumara, and the legions of the thirteen archangels to take command of the youth everywhere, and all attacks upon the youth including drugs, alcohol, tobacco, pornography, and all misuses of music and of the sacred fire of the Divine Mother. Take command of child abuse, the consciousness of abortion, war, terrorism, and all engines of destruction and loss of freedom.*

*Take command of our nation, our government and all nations of the earth. Take command of our economy, our money supply and our energy needs. Take command of the environment and elemental life. Take command of the lightbearers and protect all right action everywhere. Take command of my health, my family and my supply.  
(Here you can make more specific requests.)*

*Let this be done according to God’s Will. Amen.”*

## *Prince Oromasis*

One hot day in the summer of 2017, we looked outside and noticed a major brush fire only a few hundred yards from our house, that was picking up speed. The winds were in the direction of our home and some trees had already caught on fire.

I sent the children out with hoses to dampen the grass, but my big concern was our roof because sparks were flying in our direction. The situation was getting worse by the minute and we had to start thinking about evacuating. I called a number of people and asked them to pray. The firefighters had arrived but could not take control of the blaze.

I decided to make a deep, soul-felt plea to Prince Oromasis, hierarch of the fire element. I asked that by my free will and in the name of Jesus, this fire would be stopped. After I made that prayer, a sense of peace came over me, and I knew that the fire had been spiritually contained.

Ten minutes later, we looked in the sky to see several helicopters flying over the house. They were starting to dump water from the Yellowstone River onto the flames. The fire at that point would also be physically contained. The helicopters continued their work for at least an hour and the firefighters stayed on through the evening until the fire was subdued. None of our property was damaged.

# *Jesus Lights Up Our Easter Pictures*

One Easter eve, I was traveling through Phoenix and took the children to an Easter pageant that was put on by the largest Mormon temple in the area. They were celebrating the resurrection of Christ. I had read about the pageant on the internet and wanted to check it out. My aunt and uncle were with me.

The pageant was extraordinary, with musicians, dancers, live animals and a cast of almost 500 dressed in the costumes of Jesus' time. There were about 10,000 people gathered on the lawn to watch the performance, as had each night previous for about two weeks.

We began to watch the pageant unfold, recalling all of the main events of Jesus' life from a biblical perspective, and I could feel Mother's eyes watching it with me. I had not experienced the beauty of her eyes in so long and it was very moving for me to feel her presence so intimately. Remembering Mother's eyes brought tears to my own.

The Holy Spirit came through so powerfully, especially at the end of the pageant when Christ ascends into the heavens, surrounded with choirs of angels and trumpets. For a moment, it seemed like the Maha Chohan had impressed his face against the stage backdrop. This made me realize that the divine spirit is not attached to the outer form of a religion, and can bypass human errors woven into any creed to bring light and blessing to those who sincerely seek and love.

We took pictures in front of a large statue of Jesus

that stands in the visitor center. We had taken pictures of each one of us in a touristy kind of way, and then left to visit the gardens.

As we were walking outside, I kept getting the prompting to ask my aunt to take another picture with the children and myself in front of Jesus, all five of us together. My aunt said she would so we went back into the center and gathered around Jesus' statue again.

When my aunt started taken the photographs, I felt Jesus' light descend over us. My aunt kept saying she could not take the picture because the lighting was too bright, but the lighting in the room had not changed. I realized something special was happening so I told her to keep taking pictures. She snapped eight pictures with Jesus' light coming through. All you can see are his hands outstretched. Then the pictures went back to normal.

Later that night, I had a dream with Mother where we were talking about Jesus and about how in life, our perception shapes our reality. I don't remember details, but I remember the feeling of closeness.

It was my first dream with Mother in a long time and I was so happy to feel her presence again. Truly an Easter present, and these pictures, at least for me, a physical witness of the presence of Christ watching over us with love.

# Meeting the Vice President

My children and I went to Washington D.C. in 2017 this year during spring break to experience the flame of freedom in our nation's capitol. We had prayed for weeks for cherry blossoms, knowing we would be visiting in March. Our prayers were answered and the cherry blossoms came out at least two weeks earlier than usual!

One afternoon, we visited the capitol building. The paintings inside were amazing, as was the architecture. We were standing in the rotunda, under a magnificent image painted on the ceiling called the Apotheosis of George Washington, where Washington is flanked by Liberty, Victory and the thirteen maidens representing the thirteen colonies.

A lot of school groups and people were gathered with us, taking pictures and looking at the sights, when all of a sudden, the vice president with his security guards and representatives of the media beelined to where Christian was standing with his red freedom shirt, giving a little wave.

“I am Vice President of the United States of America, and what is your name young man?”

“My name is Christian,” (which is pronounced the french way.)

“That's a great name,”

Then he turned to me and shook my hand. I felt so much divine light coming through the encounter—a mutual exchange supercharged from on high. I told the vice president we had just arrived in D.C. that morning and that we had just come from the White House. Then, I introduced him to my other children Penelope, Hope Angelica and Gareth, while all of these photographers were snapping

pictures and recording the event.

“You have a beautiful family,” he said. He insisted on taking a picture with our family, while everyone in the rotunda was looking at us. The rush of energy and light was so tremendous. Everyone was a bit shaky and thrilled at the same time!

We had prayed so much for the highest outcome of the will of God for the elections—even Christian, who has felt a special tie with George Washington since he was a little boy. And now here, all of this was happening on his first day in D.C., right under the smiling face of Washington's apotheosis and the statue of the Goddess of Freedom!

Then he focused on Christian again—who was beaming from head to foot—and said to him very intensely, “Study hard, Christian, and pray even harder!”

When the vice president left, we all felt like we were flying! We realized that the vice president only comes to the Capitol Building when there is a tie in a vote that has to be broken. The fact that he was there that day, and the divine timing of everything—had we not been delayed all day for our appointments, getting lost and having trouble with parking, we would never have crossed paths with the vice president of the United States.

Our tour guide couldn't believe what had just happened. “I've never seen anything like this before,” he told us. “You just shook the hand of the vice president! It doesn't get much better than this.”

Christian was so happy. “I never want to wash my hand again,” he said. “I can't believe it! And he didn't even mind that I had eczema on my wrist.”

Christian told us he was so nervous, but he remembered what his teacher's husband told his class earlier this year—that when you meet someone, you have to stand tall, look them in the eye and give them a strong handshake!” “That's what I did,” said Christian.

And for me, to remember the admonishment: Study

hard, and pray even harder!

## *Total Eclipse*

During the summer of 2017, we had the opportunity to journey to the Grand Teton and watch a solar eclipse on its path of totality. It was perhaps the most astoundingly beautiful natural event I have ever seen, an extraordinary communion with the light of the noon-day sun.

No picture or video, even with special filters, can do justice to the magical presence of that moment. This must be the closest thing we have in the physical to what it must be like to look into the I AM Presence.

As the moment of totality approached, a giant ring of rainbow rays formed around the sun, both before and after the passing of the moon. Ripples of light could be seen over the ground, as if the atmosphere was liquefied. All nature became completely still, which reminds me of what we read in the story of the Legend of the Ancient of Days. When Sanat Kumara came to earth and his feet touched the ground, all of nature became still and there was not a sound.

At the moment of totality, the moon and the sun became one and it truly felt like a physical uniting of Father-Mother God, Spirit and Matter. The moon took on the midnight blue color of the Divine Mother. A golden-pink band of sunset colors framed the horizon and stars appeared. A feeling of great joy and awe, magnificence and solemn beauty came over everyone. Then people began to cheer. It was the most glorious experience!

When a couple of minutes later, the moon left the sun, a diamond light shot off from the sun that was truly dazzling beyond anything I have ever seen with my physical eyes. And in less than a second, even though the eclipse was still almost total, the sun was once again too bright to gaze

upon with the naked eye.

What was most amazing to me was that until the sun and the moon completely merged, the light of the sun was so strong that you could not look at it directly and daylight was still around us, though more opaque. And even while the total eclipse of the sun was happening, the light of the sun was still shining strong enough in, through and round the moon that it did not allow for a photograph or video that was true to life.

Up until about twenty minutes before the total eclipse, the energies had been heavy, and I experienced some rising of astral energies. Then, when we neared totality, everything was lifted up. That was surprising to me because I had expected just the opposite would happen. Even though the physical light of the sun was diminishing, the spiritual light was waxing stronger than ever.

It reminded me of the words of the Ashram Ritual for Soul Purification:

*“Infinite Light! Shine now in the cave of being,  
fill me completely with Light!  
Infinite Light! Let shadows stand out, loom largely  
and fade quickly at the blasts of Light from Thee!  
Infinite Light! I AM one with God and Light. All  
darkness flees before thy Holy Light!”*

After the moment of totality passed, we experienced such a boon of light and joy, like this was truly a blessing of light for America and all who tuned in, from our Father-Mother God.

I spoke to others who were in other places at the time of the eclipse. Even though they were not able to experience the path of totality in the physical, they also felt these spiritual blessings come through.

Like Archangel Uriel described, this was a day of new beginnings, a day of a new heaven and a new earth, where we could come together, put aside our differences—at least

for a day—and commune with our Father-Mother God.

## *Everybody Knows Alpha*

Back in June of 2017, my children and I went for an extraordinarily challenging and rewarding twelve-day camping adventure to the West Coast and back. One of the many experiences we had was that my car brakes, rotors and tires wore out over a high mountain range on a 26-percent grade mountain pass in the Sierra Nevadas.

By the grace of God and with much prayer, we made it to the town 80 miles down yonder—sparks flying and wheels grinding. We received assistance in the nick of time and were able to repair the car before the wheels locked up.

Following this, my faithful car, which has served us so well, began to overheat and have all kinds of transmission issues. I knew that in a matter of weeks—perhaps a few months, we would need a new vehicle.

I wrote about this in my letter to the Karmic Board on the Fourth of July. My little niece was also praying daily to Lanello for us to get a new car.

I decided to drive to a town a couple of hours away to try and find my car. I found it on a small lot with the cross street Longfellow! Longfellow was an embodiment of the master Lanello. The salesperson offered me the price I wanted but I could tell he was acting a bit nervous. Still, he told me the car had been checked and was mechanically sound. So I brushed off any concern, signed all the paperwork and got into the new car, happy, relieved, singing to Jesus and feeling very blessed.

Then, about an hour later, an indicator on the dashboard came on and showed me the car mileage was actually 10,000 miles more than what was on the paperwork. What to do? I decided to call the dealership as

soon as they opened and ask to speak with a manager. They took a message. I said more prayers.

Then, my phone rang. It was the manager. I told him about the mileage discrepancy and asked him to adjust the price by putting a warranty on the car. He said he would get back to me but did not so I decided to drive back to the dealership under a lot of stress. I questioned my discernment. I asked for forgiveness for all instances in this life or in other lifetimes where I was dishonest and hurtful to others.

Finally, the thought crossed my mind to call to Alpha and Omega, our Father-Mother God.

“Beloved Alpha and Omega, I know you are so busy with all of the workings of this galaxy and that this is a very small matter for you. I also know that you are in every heart. Please, if it is at all possible look down upon this situation with this dealership in Butte, Montana, as well as on all situations where there is scamming and scumminess on planet Earth and help us to redress it.

“I need a warranty for our car and I need for our car to be priced at the blue book value. Please help me. I have done all I can in my power. Now I surrender completely. If it is my karma to have this car be sold as is, for the higher price, with no warranty, I accept whatever happens.” ”

I walked into the dealership and the manager was still in a meeting. He came out and shook my hand firmly and took me into his office. He offered to take \$1000 off the price of the car and to sell us a complete 85,000 mile warranty worth \$3000 for only \$1000.

“This warranty covers everything mechanical on the car and will only raise your car payment by \$10 a month,” he told me.

I was elated. “Yes,” I say, “Thank you so much.”

Then, he opened up the brochure that described all the warranty benefits. To my amazement, the front of the brochure said, Alpha Warranty Services. Drive On.

This was a cosmic moment taking place right inside

a car dealership in Butte, Montana.

I asked , “If the car needs repair, can I take it anywhere?”

“Yes,” he replied. “Everybody know Alpha.”

Everybody knows Alpha!

An hour later, I drove away, in complete bliss with a car I love and a warranty from Alpha Himself. I don't know if to that point, I had ever experienced a greater feeling of gratitude or closeness with our Father-Mother God. Yes, Beloved Alpha. we will drive on!

# *Turquoise Waters*

Following my divorce, I became very ill with repeat episodes of bronchial infections. I was praying to God and to the masters for deliverance and saw in my mind's eye, turquoise waters.

I started to look for where those turquoise waters were and was directed to South Florida. I made plans to go for a week. Having made these plans, the prompting came, "Why not move there permanently?"

I started to look online for the place and found what might be a location for us, a new community called Ave Maria. A couple of weeks later, we landed in Florida for the first time. As the plane landed, I heard the masters in my being say, "Welcome to your new life."

We went to a number of locations and when we pulled up in Ave Maria, the light descended upon me. I heard the words from the masters again ring through me, "Welcome home." Even my children said to me, "Mom, it feels like home!"

Seeing the words on the entrance of the community "Ave Maria" in enormous letters brought tears to my eyes. I thought to myself, "Nowhere else in the world are these two words written so large!"

Thus, a long moving journey began, with many testings, trials and graces—perhaps the most difficult initiation of my life to date. The words on my kitchen wall were a constant reminder of what I had to do, and were at times, hard to implement: "Keep calm and trust God." I often thought of the caterpillar going through the painful chrysalis process of death and rebirth to become a nectar-feeding butterfly. That was the metaphor for my life during

this cycle—having to completely, surrender, dissolve and trust in a power and plan bigger than me so that I could emerge transformed. I also had to deeply rely on the prayers and good will of others, who held the vision with me, to help me pull through.

One day that was especially difficult and painful, I went to the Yellowstone Hot Springs—Mother Mary’s Healing Waters. I woman sat next to me. I was very discreetly giving Hail Marys under my breath to try to lift my burden.

She looked at me and said, “Amen! Whatever you are praying for, I say Amen.”

She continued, with light flowing through her, “He sees your heart. He is leading you. He will lift you up. He will carry you through. He is so close to you. Put your head under this water and give all of your burdens to him.”

I did, and the light came forth. Then, this woman said to me, “Have you heard of the baptism of the Spirit? You will speak in tongues. The Holy Spirit will strengthen you and comfort you. You will not forget this day. And I will pray for you when the Lord brings you into my mind. “May God bless your work and your path and your walk and may you do glorious things for him!”

“I have no other desire,” I replied, “than to walk with God and to help my children.”

“Jesus said, this which you do to the least of these my brethren you do unto me,” Frances replied. “Those brethren can be your children. May you experience the joy of the Lord and glorify him. Praise him. He is so close to you.”

I felt the light, the uplift and the anointing. And I thought to myself, “Isn’t it wonderful that a Pentecostal Christian woman perceived the light of God with a student of the ascended masters under the Retreat of the Divine Mother, and gave her agreement to the Hail Mary. Truly, there is only one God. How great is that God, for those who truly seek him.

In the words of Saint Germain,

*“I AM the light of the heart  
shining in the darkness of being  
And changing all into the golden treasury  
of the mind of Christ.*

*I AM projecting my love out into the world  
To erase all errors and to break down all barriers.*

*I AM the power of infinite love  
Amplifying itself until it is victorious,  
Worlds without end!*

# Agni Yoga

I would like to speak of the yoga of fire—agni yoga—the mystical oneness that comes from the practice of the Presence of God. This is the journey Thomas A. Kempis wrote about so long ago and that many mystics throughout the ages have experienced, where we can truly touch the hem of our divinity and commune with the divine still, small voice.

When we begin to awaken to the full potential of God within us, we begin to truly experience what the psalmist witnessed, “Ye are gods, all of you are children of the Most High.” It is the quietude and strength of a knowingness that transcends the intellect. It is a divine flame within the heart that spins with scintillating, opalescent, rainbow rays.

Step by step, little by little, as the years have gone by, I can humbly venture to say that I have become more familiar and intimate with this Presence, that seems to mature through devotion, and through challenges and pain.

Challenges and pain are an integral part of the path. Like Jesus, we must also be crucified. It is an initiation that takes everything from us. We do not know in those moments if we are going to make it and we cling, with everything we have, to the master’s words: “I am with you always,” as a child clings to a tree during a hurricane. We must also receive the attacks from the astral plane coming through individuals and circumstances that Gautama described as the armies of Mara.

Many a time, we do not know whether we will have our victory. Our life and the life of our soul hangs in the balance. These are the times when we drop to our knees, when we cry out as Jesus did, “My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?” These are the times Mother Teresa

described as her dark night when she explained, “I know God does not give us more than we can handle. And sometimes, I wish he didn’t trust me so much.’

It is unrealistic to think that walking the path of the ascension is easy. Like Khalil Gibran says,

*“All these things shall love do unto you that you may know the secrets of your heart, and in that knowledge become a fragment of Life's heart.*

*“But if in your fear you would seek only love's peace and love's pleasure, then it is better for you that you cover your nakedness and pass out of love's threshing-floor, into the seasonless world where you shall laugh, but not all of your laughter, and weep, but not all of your tears.*

*“And think not you can direct the course of love, if it finds you worthy, directs your course.”*

I remember when the Maha Chohan spoke to me through Dorothy Lee back in 2009. Her eyes sparkled as the master’s presence came upon her and she said to me, “the Maha Chohan wants you to know you are going to go through the trial by fire.”

I nodded in agreement. But I had no idea how much trial and how much fire I would have to go through.

This is the path of agni yoga, the yoga of divine fire that Morya wrote of in his communion with Helena Roerich. This is the fire that tries every man’s works of which sort it is by the measure of the ruby ray—surrender, sacrifice, selflessness, and service! It is through this fire that we can truly say with Jesus, “the prince of this world cometh, and hath nothing in me.”

The transformation is profound, life-changing and ongoing. Only by the grace of God can we carry on. Sanat Kumara told us that to truly have oneness with God, we must be willing to let go of all else. With each test passed, the momentum for oneness is strengthened!

What emerges is a deepening sense of humility,

compassion and oneness with all life. “I of mine own self can do nothing,” Jesus said. “It is the Father in me that doeth the works.”

I share this because when such initiations come upon you as you elect to follow the way of Christ, of Buddha, of Saint Germain, of the Divine Mother, know that you are not alone. Jesus said, “If the world hate you, ye know that it hated me before it hated you. “Remember the word that I said unto you, the servant is not greater than his lord. If they have persecuted me, they will also persecute you.”

It is through these trials that we balance personal and planetary karma and become one with our Mighty I AM Presence, your Holy Christ Self. It is in the passing of these trials that we strengthen our bond of friendship to Jesus, to Buddha, to Mother Mary, to Saint Germain, Kuthumi, El Morya and our many friends in heaven. they know what we are going through because they walked a similar path. They also endured such tests and gained their victory, and they root for us.

It was written, “In your patience possess ye your souls. ” In patience, through these challenges of life, you will come to know the Presence of God and you will become the diamond, fashioned from coal through the heat and the pressure that is agni yoga.

# *In the Car*

I drove into the Naples Costco and parked my car in a little corner in the back by some trees, when a nice truck pulled up to me and the driver said, “We noticed the damage on the side of your car. We are a mobile body shop repair and we can fix your car right now while you are in Costco.”

The two men in the truck assured me they could fix my car in a couple of hours, like new, for less than what I would pay at the body shop. And that they would start to prep the car while I am in the store.

My car did need repair after an accident, and I had not gotten around to doing it. I got the sense a while back that the Master wanted me to get it fixed but I had been procrastinating, as it was so much of a hassle to go downtown and get a rental and be without my car.

My inner guidance told me to go ahead, even though it all seemed very odd and my daughter told me this was “so sketchy.” I went shopping and when I came out of the store, my car was drilled through the side door, with what looked like a dozen bullet holes. “Jesus,” I said, this better be for real or I’ll for sure have to take the car into the body shop!” My answer was not to worry.

The two men proceeded to follow me down to the beach to finish the job. There was a perfect parking spot for them to work, and I made calls for their protection, taking my wallet with me. They told me to just go and relax, with an East Indian bow.

I went for a swim and a walk, saw a dolphin and a ray, and came back midpoint to check on my car. It was in a process of rapid transformation.

I start to relax a bit. The repairman bowed again so I asked him, “Are you Hindu or Moslem?”

“No,” he said, “We are born again Christians. We prayed to Jesus this morning because we were getting short on money and needed extra work, and then we saw your car. Can you believe he had so much love for us, he died for our sins! He died, on the cross, for our sins!”

Then we had a wonderful talk about the master. I told them I had not gone to church that morning and that this conversation was my church for the day.

Long story short, as the sun started to set, my car was completely fixed, as well as with any auto body repair shop would do, and for a fraction of the cost.

Driving away, I said to Jesus, “Thank you for sending me an electrician, a mechanic, a chiropractor and now auto-body work people. Thank you for helping get this car fixed so it looks good again, especially in Naples, the land of posh and fancy cars!”

And Jesus said to me, or so I heard, “Well you know, I sit in the car too.”

# Wyatt

No story would be complete without mentioning Wyatt, our intrepid white German shepherd with the personality of Rin Tin Tin and the white fur of a polar bear. Each spring, Wyatt sheds enough to fill three wheelbarrows. Wyatt is the kind of dog who stops people in their tracks, who loves to ride in the back of a pick up, likes to smile, has a heart of gold and the mischievous stubbornness of a four-year-old child. All I have to do is look at him and he knows exactly what I mean, unless he pretends not to understand, because he sat in the flower beds again! “No comprendo,” he says with the most innocent guilty demeanor.

One summer, Wyatt became very sick. He went from a dog who would run twenty-five miles an hour to one who could hardly climb in and out of the truck or walk up the hill. He was limping and could hardly move. I took him to the vet. The vet told me he likely had cancer tumors and that this was not uncommon for his breed, even though he was only seven. We spoke about surgeries and other medical procedures and tests.

I prayed to Kuthumi who was embodied as Saint Francis to spare Wyatt’s life. I told the master, that I was not ready to have Wyatt go yet. Neither were my children. I did some online research and my friend Marius came by to see him. We decided to put him on an extreme health diet with spirulina and lots of prayers. Long story short, Wyatt made a complete recovery. Thank you, Beloved Kuthumi for extending his life again many years before taking him home.

One of the most memorable stories with Wyatt was the day he ran away from our home on a Fourth of July. Wyatt did not like fireworks and that day, he escaped. He ran for miles while we were enjoying a Fourth of July

celebration. He ran clear down the mountain and onto the highway. When I came home, I looked for him everywhere and he was nowhere to be found.

A friend of the masters told me to check with animal control in Livingston, more than thirty miles away. Sure enough, I opened their website to find a fresh mug shot of my beloved Wyatt, with the title, "Fluffy." They told me he happened to be picked up by an officer and brought to safety, as he reached the highway.

I was so thankful. "Did he enjoy himself in doggie jail?" I asked. "I don't think so," they replied. "That's good," I said, "because that way he will not do it again." When he saw me, he was most annoyed. "Get me out of here," he seemed to say.

When Wyatt finally made his transition, I thought my heart would break. But he was so peaceful and let me hold him with the most loving embrace. Then, as his body was being taken away, he seemed to say, "See, it wasn't so bad." And a couple days later I had a dream of a boy with a school backpack. That was my Wyatt on the inner, learning to evolve into higher responsibilities.

# *A Violin from Heaven*

I spent a little more than a year working as a teacher in Naples. During this time, I had two very severe accidents in three months time.

In the first, I was hit in the driver door at sixty miles per hour. All of the airbags went off, the car smoked and I couldn't believe I was still alive. In the second, a semi truck hit me from the back and folded the rear of my car like an accordion. The trooper who arrived at the scene told me it was a miracle I was still alive and it was, thanks to Archangel Michael Jesus, and the masters and angels who oversee my life.

Following these accidents, my body had to go through a long cycle of healing and I had two spinal surgeries, followed by another hernia surgery. Before total anesthesia, I remember regretting that I had not taken Holy Communion.. I kept repeating the prayer that "the earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof" under my breath as I was being whisked into the operating room.

I woke up a few hours later with post-surgery pain and was wheeled into my hospital room. Entering the room, I noticed the most beautiful violin music playing Panis Angelicus. This was followed by an hour of waltz music.

What was most astounding was that this music was not coming from any physical source. The television was not on and no other sound was coming into the room. I asked the nurse not to turn the music off but she did not know where it was coming from.

Sore and groggy, I reached for my phone and recorded the sound as I realized it was playing straight from the etheric plane, and posted that recording on my Facebook page. I give thanks to the masters and angels who graced me with this beautiful violin gift of music. It was

especially touching that Panis Angelicus was the Holy Communion I had longed for, followed by the purifying, healing and comforting waltzes to the violet flame.

Approximately an hour later, the music stopped just as it had started, and the memory of that most tender and loving intercession has never left.

# Most Beautiful Poems

The beauty of Naples, Florida and the surrounding areas became a balm of Gilead for my soul during very challenging years of my life. One of my great joys is photography, capturing the beauty of life through the lens of a camera. The pictures inspired the most beautiful poetry, and in a few months times, one hundred and seventy-six poems were created, many of which share concepts of the higher world.

I could truly feel the presence of the masters and of my Holy Christ Self coming through as I sat down and wrote. These poems became published in a blog, <https://beautifulnaplesflorida.blogspot.com>, on the website [www.mostbeautifulpoems.com](http://www.mostbeautifulpoems.com), and in the book, *New Beginnings*.

*A picture when we first arrived  
Where ocean floor meets yellow fire,  
Translucent glow, eternal flame  
Does not elude, our victory claim!*

*Filled with the wonder of life's care  
That calmed my fears in evening air,  
With words that like a toll bell ring:  
All endings are new beginnings*

*Blue ocean, bearer of God's peace  
Would offer to me some surcease,  
Where hidden in the sand I cried  
Not to disturb the passerbys...*

*Two decades of my life had closed  
For a new chapter God had chose,*

*Though no great details were disclosed  
Simply to trust like winter rose*

*Who must return to seeded form  
A rosehip on a heap of thorns  
Or butterfly in chrysalis  
Can sorrow yield to yonder bliss?*

*"Look to the future, not the past"  
To waves of hope we must hold fast  
V for a victory etched in sand  
A prophecy angels command!*

*Past, present, future blending now  
Eternal star fire is our vow  
That stokes the heart with spinning fire  
That makes of loss a funeral pyre*

*Presence above watches me close  
New steps I take to find repose,  
Bewildered strength is mine to gain  
A search for meaning beyond pain*

*Four years have passed, I don't regret  
The change required, the upward fret,  
Why, does a caterpillar know  
What feathered wings God will bestow?*

*And born again, no more the same  
New strength that comes, sun after rain—  
Hard to believe this can be won  
When trials transmute karma's sum*

*Now in this moment just for me  
Is meaning found as sun sets free,  
Just like the sun, I'll rise again  
Ascending spirals ours to gain!*

*The gift is prized eternity  
For this we traverse raging seas,  
Soul crossing waters God will see  
Beyond the storm a sun shall be!*

# Dolphins

I have always had a deep love for dolphins. A dream I held for most of my life was to have the opportunity to swim with them in the wild. I remember a magnificent trip in Hawaii where dozens of dolphins playfully jumped alongside our boat. It took everything in me not to jump off the fast moving vessel and into the water to join them.

Several years later on a trip to the Florida Keys, I finally had the opportunity to ride a dolphin in a lagoon setting and to hold onto their rubbery fins. But I had not had the opportunity to swim in the wild with them.

That all changed off the coast of Naples where dolphins came to greet me on my paddleboard and swam up to shore several times, allowing me to join in their play. I noticed how they seem to respond to my prayers and to the songs that I would sing across the waters. One time they approached me so closely that I could hear their echolocation clicking sounds. This was most thrilling to my soul and I noticed how in their presence, burdens would lift from me. On another occasion when the seas were rough, I watched as two dolphins surfed a wave close to shore in tandem with playful magnificence.

Dolphins even helped me find a friend of light. I came down to the beach one sunny morning and a lady I had not seen before waved at me. I went up to her and said hello. She introduced herself to me as Maria and spoke to me of the beauty of the sea to the glory of God.

While we were conversing, a dolphin approached, so we both entered the water to be close. As this dolphin swam by, Maria asked me, "Have you heard of Saint Germain?"

"Of course," I said, thrilled to hear the name. She began speaking to me of Saint Germain on alchemy. As she

described the principles of alchemy that she remembered from the master, another dolphin swam by and then leaped with his whole body into the air. Since that day, I have shared many of teachings and dictations of the ascended masters with Maria and made a friend.

A few months later, I was walking on the beach and had not seen dolphins for a number of weeks. It was wintertime. I decided to test how close my Holy Christ Self really was to me and whether that higher divine being could actually hear my thoughts.

So I thought in my mind but said nothing out loud: “If you can hear me, please send the dolphins.” Then I forgot my thought, distracted by the beauty of the ocean.

About ten minutes later, two dolphins showed up. One leaped into the air right next to me by the shoreline, before swimming off into the horizon.

Wow! Most, impressed, I proceeded to test the process a little further. “Thank you for sending the dolphins,” I thought, “And now what would really be nice is if they come back so I could take a picture of them in the sunset.

Almost an hour went by and I could see their blowholes far into the distance. I wondered if they would come back. It seemed to me that my Holy Christ Self reminded me it was not sunset yet and to “wait right here.”

I stopped walking and stood in one spot, watching the sun melt into the water. Sure enough, as the sun went down, the dolphins made a beeline back from the horizon to swim very close, between me and the setting sun. I walked into the water to greet them, clothes and all.

Such are the moments of God's fun way. The teachings of the ascended masters tell us that the word fun is an acronym that stands for “Fohat of Union.” The divine union I experienced that day was proof beyond all human doubt and questioning that our Holy Christ Self hears our every thought and loves us so much as to answer the child prayers of our soul's inner child longing.

# *Buddha and Bikkhu*

A few months after Wyatt moved to happy hunting grounds, I saw the pictures of the cutest puppy standing up on his hind legs and reaching up to be human. I had decided not to have more dogs because I wanted to travel.

Nevertheless, a few days later, I became sick with fever. I was trying to feel better and took a bath, while listening to a dictation by Gautama Buddha. And in the middle of the dictation, I heard in my being, “he's been waiting for you.”

So I jumped out of the tub and told my daughter I had to rush across the state to go pick up this puppy, even though I was still not feeling well. And when I got there and picked him up, I knew he was the one. The cutest, sweetest, fluffiest gift from Buddha, with a childlike intelligence.

I named him Bikkhu, which means “buddhist monk,” and also “beggar.” He fills my life with so much joy and tenderness, and with every meal, lives up to his name. Thank you Gautama Buddha!

And as I write this, I remember another gift from Buddha in the form of a rug. This was a few years into my marriage. We were starting a family and had very little money.

I wanted a rug for the living room, and I would go to WalMart and other stores and look at the rugs. Still, they were out of our budget. This went on for a number of months.

Then one day, a friend showed up at our door with the most beautiful and most valuable rug. It was a large, hand-woven rug made of yak hair that had come straight from the Himalayas. The rug was covered with Buddhist symbols woven in. Our friend said, “God told me to give this to you.” I love it to this day.

Last but not least, I had the opportunity to visit the Hsi Lai buddhist temple in Los Angeles twice. There is a very special room to the side of the main museum. Inside the room is a relic, a pearl of resin that was found on the cremation pyre of Gautama. The light and radiation coming from that resin pearl are astonishingly beautiful and most powerful. Truly, a treasure of the world!

# *Praise God!*

One day, I broke a tooth and the crown fell off as I was eating a probiotic gummy. It had a root canal four years previous.

Because of many health issues, I did not want to keep it in and asked my dentist to extract it. He tried for more than an hour to get all of it out of my mouth, to no avail. He had cut the tooth in a number of pieces and spent more than an hour pounding inside my head with various instruments. Still, it wouldn't come out because the bone was so hard, and he said, "I have to stop and send you to an oral surgeon."

I had been praying during the entire procedure and felt like I was half out of my body. Through my prayers, I heard my Christ self telling me, "you're balancing karma.."

My dentist sent me home with antibiotics and pain medicine, and it was a difficult night. I was concerned the infection would grow if I didn't get the tooth fragment out of my bone right away. The oral surgery office I had been referred to couldn't take me for two weeks, and I was most concerned, because of the infection.

As I was going in and out of sleep, I could hear the Mario Lanza song, "Be my love." from the etheric retreats. Still, I was concerned about this unfinished tooth situation.

First thing the next morning, I started calling oral surgeons to see if anyone could get me in on an emergency basis. One office said, "okay, if you come right away."

I drove myself in and they said, "if you can get panoramic x-rays from your previous dentist that will save you some money."

"How much money?" I asked. Just the x-rays were almost five hundred dollars! After I called my dental office to request x-rays, they told me, "The doctor still wants to do

a panoramic here because he needs to see what your whole jaw looks like after the failed extraction.”

I asked what the extraction would cost in addition and they told me the smaller the extraction, the more expensive it gets because it's harder to get the tooth out. I knew I had to proceed and that this unexpected expense was also for the balancing of karma. Nevertheless, I prayed, “God, I surrender, but please help me somehow because this is another bill.”

When the oral surgeon came into the room, I asked, “Can you please keep my bill down if at all possible?” I explained to him my situation. He didn't answer. He started to numb me and left the room.

A few minutes later he came back and said, “It's all taken care of. We won't charge you for anything. We are happy to help.” All of the office demonstrated extreme kindness and the assistants were like a band of angels. I started to cry tears of joy because I knew it was a direct intercession from God and a mercy from heaven.

Then he proceeded with the surgery. He gave me eight shots, and sawed into the bone and then stitched me up a bunch. He told me I would be sore and sent me home with an ice pack and so much graciousness and care.

I walked out of there with my jaw so numb and sore, but my soul was elated, “Praise God from whom all blessings flow.”

# *When You Wish Upon a Star*

One night, I went down to the ocean and watched Venus set into the ocean for the first time. Like Longfellow writes, “Hesperus out of her casement shines.”

I was thinking of all of the ascended beings who are our loved ones on Venus and live on the etheric plane. The teachings of the ascended masters explain that life on Venus is actually unfolding on the fifth level of the etheric plane.

I was reminiscing about how many years earlier, I went to Atlanta and saw Mother give a dictation from Sanat Kumara and our loved ones on Venus. This was a landmark dictation where Sanat Kumara placed a wall of fire around us. He asked us to call daily to him and to the legions of the thirteen archangels with our petitions, and to take command of the youth of the world, “In the name I AM that I AM, in the name Brahman.”

This was one of my first conferences and I got to the hotel venue very late, having driven from Chicago to Atlanta. The entire place was packed and I walked in at the last minute. Helga the Usher who was often very stern, looked at me and said, “Come with me,” as she ushered me to the first seat in the first row.

I thought that was pretty amazing, because I had expected to sit way in the back, or in an overflow room. There was no other empty seat in the entire room, and I don't know how that one seat had been left available for me.

During the dictation, Sanat Kumara told us that all of our loved ones on Venus were watching us on television screens. I was thrilled and thought, “I'm so happy to be in

the front row because they can all see me for sure!” I was remembering these loved ones, and how much I love them and miss them.

After Venus set, I decided to stay a while longer, laying in the sand, listening to the waves and looking up at Sirius and the stars of Orion's belt. I was contemplating how the ancient Egyptians associated these constellations with Isis and Osiris--their understanding of Alpha and Omega, Father-Mother God. I was feeling very alone, just me and the stars, and thinking of how so often, I don't fit into this world.

Then all of a sudden, the most beautiful shooting star came across the sky. It was the longest and brightest I have ever seen, and must have lasted nearly ten seconds. Spiritual light descended upon me as it went over my head. It was a very special gift and a blessing, as there were no other shooting stars that night.

Following this, the book *G.O.D* was swiftly completed, with new information and fire from on high. And the morning after I finished the chapter on the four archetypes of the Ruby Ray—the lion, the man, the calf and the flying eagle—four beautiful ruby roses magically appeared in my front yard in a full-bloom cluster on a single stem. Ruby is the color associated with Sanat Kumara, and this was a confirmation from elemental life, “The earth is my witness,” and “The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof!”

A few weeks before working on the book, I had a dream of Mother. She was speaking to the chelas who were still with her and who still loved her. It was a small court.

“This is a feast of love,” she said. Her eyes locked into mine and it was very special. And then she told us we were going to be reading the Book of Revelation together. The whole experience was one of the deepest love of the Ruby Ray.

The *G.O.D* book is that ruby ray, and the cover is a star. It teaches the geometry of God and the sacred

mysteries that lead to the ascension. Like the Disney song, this is our wish—to become our real self, to ascend home to God and to integrate with our divinity and with the etheric realms, even while walking the earth plane.

*When you wish upon a star  
Makes no difference who you are  
Anything your heart desires  
Will come to you  
If your heart is in your dream  
No request is too extreme  
When you wish upon a star  
As dreamers do  
Fate is kind  
She brings to those who love  
The sweet fulfillment of  
Their secret longing  
Like a bolt out of the blue  
Fate steps in and sees you through  
When you wish upon a star  
Your dreams come true*

# Alpha's Bet

I was sitting one afternoon in my violet flame hammock, gazing up at the sun. I remembered how, when I was a child growing up, there were a number of years where we had almost no money.

This was the late 70's, and many encyclopedia salespeople would come to our house to market their set, but we did not have the money to purchase an entire set. They would leave in our home the first volume of the set for free, as an incentive to buy the rest of the volumes and complete the alphabet.

Over a short period of time, we had acquired a number of 'A' volumes, and I would go study and read about all of the things that began with an A. Every time I was bored and wanted to learn something, I would sit on the couch and peruse through the letter A: aardvark, antelope, anesthesia, apple, ancestor...I would sometimes wish we had the money to find out what the other letters contained.

So as I was sitting in my hammock meditating on the sun, the experience came back to mind, along with this explanation: A was for Alpha!

The Alpha-bet.

Alpha is betting on us to win!

# Cyst Dissolves

I had a cyst in my neck that had to be removed surgically. It was the second time I had to have my neck open.

Then, I became aware of another growth in my neck that was very tender to the touch and that was making it difficult for me to talk and swallow and stretch my neck up. I was also extremely tired.

I said to God, "If I have to have another surgery to balance karma, that's fine. I am willing to do whatever it takes to balance all of my karma. But please give me strength."

I knew I had to finish the book, *All My Love: Stories of Mark and Mother by their Beloved Students and Staff*, in time for Mother's birthday, and so I was working on it almost round the clock.

On April 4th, Morya's birthday, I went for my ultrasound and told the technician I would probably be back for a biopsy like the year before. I asked, "Did you made sure you got that lump?" And she said, "yes."

I went home after the ultrasound, and kept working on the book, and it felt like this lump was starting to go down. By the time Mother's birthday came around, April 8, I could not feel it anymore at all.

I said to myself, "I wonder if that was a swollen lymph node," but the anatomy diagrams I looked at don't show any lymph nodes where the lump was located.

Then, I got the results of my ultrasound. Two cysts, a 1.3 cm isthmic cyst and a 2.4 cm cyst were straddling my thyroid.

And in three days, they both completely disappeared as i finished the stories of Mark and Mother!

With God all things are possible, and our karmas can dissolve just like this lump, when we are in alignment with God's will.

## *Pack on the Back*

I would like to share another interesting story from my life. A few years ago, I went to the animal shelter and picked up this most fluffy cat, with silky long hair and gorgeous eyes...the most beautiful cat I had ever seen! I took her home and admired how her coloring even matched my furniture. I almost felt like the Queen of Sheba.

On the drive home from the shelter, I was thinking what to name her. I was considering, “fluffy,” but my Christ self said, “Pandora.”

How quaint, I thought. A Greek name. Why not? That's so clever. And of course, her litter box will be Pandora's Box! Pandora lived up to her name. She only hid behind the piano for a few days, and then decided that *mi casa was su casa*. Every time I went out, I did not know what she would destroy next. She even knocked over my statue of Saint Patrick, dashing it into dozens of pieces.

I was not happy. I went to the Catholic bookstore and got another, but this was getting expensive. I made sure she could not reach it, and put up blocks in front of everything I valued, hoping for the best.

Oh, but she was so soft and fluffy, and she would purr so loudly on my lap. I wanted to give her a chance at improving. She even brought me fresh mouse kills from her defiant nightly escapades and laid them at my doorstep. “She loves me,” I thought. “She just needs more training.”

So I went on Amazon and bought a cat backpack, to give her walks around the neighborhood. I also chose to ignore the feline vibration that was growing stronger by the day throughout my home, no matter how much I cleaned.

The morning the backpack came in the mail, I was awakened in my sleep by a dictation from Sanat Kumara. It was playing on an MP3 player in my bedroom closet. And all of a sudden, an angel must have jolted me out of my sleep to hear

these words: “And, blessed hearts, there are many who carry with them packs upon their backs that they have been carrying for thousands upon thousands of years. And it seems to make no difference whether the pack upon the back is a cat or whether it is the entire momentum of the animal consciousness of the planetary body. ....”

“Isn't it amazing,” I thought, “that of all of the thousands of teachings on this stick, I happen to hear Sanat Kumara talk about a backpack with a cat....on the day that I got the backpack for the cat.”

Surely Sanat Kumara isn't telling me to get rid of the cat... This must be simple conjecture. So I decided to ignore what our Guru was saying...

That afternoon, I placed Pandora in the backpack and my son was going to carry her for a fluffy, friendly walk. We rounded the corner of the yard and she saw Wyatt, our white German shepherd.

She freaked out. In a half second time, she became demon possessed, clawing and biting with a force that seemed supernatural. I had to grab her through the razor-sharp teeth and claws, whirling like a blender, and throw her and the backpack to the ground. Both my son and I were scratched and clawed and bit, but I got the worst of it.

My wounds became infected, and I had to go to the emergency room and get antibiotics. “That cat got you pretty good,” the doctor said.

I knew she had to go, and that Sanat Kumara did not want her in our house, but I still had to get on top of my attachment. Even after all that happened, I still felt sympathy for her.

Nevertheless, I decided to be obedient. I called animal control to remove her, and I heard the voice of my Christ self say, “This is the best \$75 you will ever spend.”

She did not go easily. We had to exorcise her with Archangel Michael's Rosary, calling for the protection of our home. She escaped out of the animal control box twice and was literally running up my walls with demonic strength, which was actually terrifying, while the animal control officer was chasing

her with a net on a long pole. It looked like my entire home would be destroyed in a flash.

Finally, calling to all hosts of the Lord with much contrition, she was gone, and with it, my sympathy for her fallen feminine lunar beauty and the animal magnetism she generated.

This was a lesson. Sanat Kumara cared enough about me to send me a message in person through that dictation, and I did not take it seriously. It was clear the Brotherhood did not want her feline vibration in our home, but I did not want to make the sacrifice.

And so I paid for my sympathy and compromise with cat scratch scars on my arm and an armchair to this day. Thankfully, not the eyes or the face, by God's grace. And Saint Patrick returned.

This entire episode taught me an important lesson about obedience, about sympathy and about the standards the Masters hold.

Relating to this, a friend of mine told me recently that Mother shared with her that the masters rebuked Mother for showing too much sympathy for the human personality of a staff member she was fond of, and holding back on the corrective fire that that staff member required.

It's the same for all of us.

May we heed Sanat Kumara's Words. May we surrender our compromises and sympathies and all of the cats upon our backs, be they in a backpack or not.

# Buddha Book

The book, *Crystal Fire Mist* on the Aquarian teachings of Christ and Buddha, came together from start to finish in about a week's time. I wanted to have it ready for Wesak, the full moon in May that commemorates the birth, enlightenment and passing of beloved Gautama Buddha.

The entire project was a miraculous unfolding of faith and love in the mind of God, where I felt suspended in the aura of the Buddhas. The state of heightened awareness that descended upon me was the most sacred alchemy of co-creation with God, that allowed me to work day and night, glued to my computer.

Then the night before Wesak, my computer crashed and I lost a significant part of my work. I felt very discouraged. I knew I had to go to sleep and asked Buddha for the ability to be non-attached to the fruit of my efforts, as it seemed impossible now that the project would complete for Wesak. A hour later, the master woke me up and gave me the strength to continue, so the project could be completed by Wesak, and it was, 30 minutes before the full moon in Nepal!

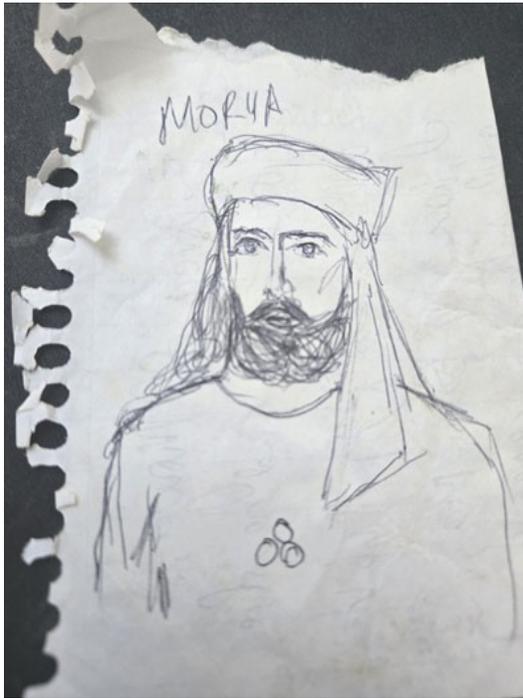
I also felt the master wanting a teaching included on the triangles, but I could not understand Buddha's math. So I prayed and asked for the answer and later, as I was cleaning my house, the answer came. It was the law of the One!

The book includes a mystical journey through the Ten Vows of Kuan Yin, the placement of the Five Dhyanis Buddhas on the secret ray spheres, and the triangles of Perfection. It weaves the teachings of Jesus and Gautama for East and West, Orient and Occident:

# *El Morya's Picture*

The master El Morya asked us to place a wallet card of his picture on our knee with a list underneath of all of the prayers we need answered. He told us he would take our list of personal petitions, if we focus our decrees and prayers on world conditions.

It was a day where Mother asked us to put our wallet card of El Morya on our knee with our prayer list, and I didn't have one. So I found a piece of paper in my purse and sketched him, writing my list on the back, hoping this would work. I reread the list thirty years later, and would you believe it! My list was answered...And what was on my list? To become closer to Mother!



# *Do You Hear the People Sing?*

Back in the eighties, when I was a young teen attending 4-H camp, a girl who had grown up with gypsies offered to read my life line. I lent her my hand and she said, "There is a 'Y' here. In your early twenties, you will be presented with a choice that will change the course of your life if you allow it." At the time, I had no idea what she was talking about. Looking back, I believe she was referring to this teaching. I found the ascended masters when I was twenty years old and never did look back.

There is no greater joy than to experience the presence of God and to become aware of the friendship, the closeness and the intercession of masters, angels and elemental nature spirits in your life. It's a little like watching a black and white movie, and all of a sudden the technicolor comes in. Everything takes on a new joy, a new depth, and a new significance. It reminds me of the passage in the Book of Revelation that says, "Behold, I make all things new."

The masters are like spiritual mentors to us. They want us to balance our karma as quickly as possible, and then move on to greater levels of service and connectivity with them. We may have to endure increasing challenges for a cycle, and learn to exercise patience with our unfolding initiations. A big part of the process is being responsible for the energy of God flowing through us, and using that energy to serve and bless others. With practice, this does become a joy all of its own, and we become freer, happier and more empowered.

The masters understand that life here is a challenge.

Many of them did, after all, walk in “coats of skin” too. They remember the struggles so common to this plane. In the face of adversity, in the heaviness of the moment, they offer us their momentum of joy.

“A twinkle of mirth is needed on earth,” said El Morya in a 1958 dictation given to Mark Prophet. He stressed the need for a happy, confident approach to any situation and told his students to call upon him for assistance.

The masters have a well-founded optimism. They know that with God all things are possible and that the light of God never fails. They seek to infuse that faith in us, because it is through our free will that we make it come true.

I woke up one morning remembering a song they were singing in the retreats. It was the chorus from “Les Miserables,” and was about our spiritual overcoming.

*“Do you hear the people sing  
Lost in the valley of the night?  
It is the music of a people  
Who are climbing to the light.  
For the wretched of the earth  
There is a flame that never dies.  
Even the darkest night will end  
And the sun will rise.  
They will live again in freedom  
In the garden of the Lord.  
They will walk behind the plough-share,  
They will put away the sword.  
The chain will be broken  
And all men will have their reward.  
Will you join in our crusade?  
Who will be strong and stand with me?  
Somewhere beyond the barricade  
Is there a world you long to see?  
Do you hear the people sing?”*

*Say, do you hear the distant drums?  
It is the future that they bring  
When tomorrow comes!"*

This is a crusade. Elizabeth Clare Prophet called it a revolution in higher consciousness. It is not for the faint of heart, but the rewards, as a preacher once said in jest, are "out of this world."

God promised, "Withhold nothing from me and I will withhold nothing from thee." Once you make your determination to internalize and externalize the light, all else becomes added unto you, as Jesus explained. More and more miracles can take place in your life.

Shakespeare wrote, "There is a tide in the affairs of men, which taken at the flood, leads on to fortune; Omitted, all the voyage of their life is bound in shallows and in miseries." Here is our tide, our 'Y' in the road. Will we follow it to our ascension? Or will we stay on a merry-go-round of ups and downs, lifetime after lifetime?

# *Ascended Master Websites*

Sharing the spiritual websites made for lightbearers worldwide, posted at [www.ascendedmasterwebsites.com](http://www.ascendedmasterwebsites.com)

[www.ethericretreats.com](http://www.ethericretreats.com)

Journey to all of the etheric retreats of the heaven-world.

[www.becomingchrist.com](http://www.becomingchrist.com)

Find many of the lost teachings of Christ and ways to further explore your life mission.

[www.sanatkumara.online](http://www.sanatkumara.online)

Discover teachings on Sanat Kumara from spiritual traditions worldwide, read the initiations of the ruby ray, and order *The Legend of the Ancient of Days*.

[www.markandmother.com](http://www.markandmother.com)

True miracle stories about Mark and Elizabeth Clare Prophet, as witnessed by their students.

[www.mothercaspari.com](http://www.mothercaspari.com)

Read about Mother Caspari's spiritual life and legacy and the master foundation of the Montessori method

[www.mydivinepresence.com](http://www.mydivinepresence.com)

Journey through the spheres of your causal body and the sefirah of your tree of life.

[www.mydivineheart.info](http://www.mydivineheart.info)

Meditate on the threefold divinity in your heart.

[www.ascendedmasterindex.net](http://www.ascendedmasterindex.net)

Commune with the many ascended beings in the heaven world.

[www.violetflamemiracles.com](http://www.violetflamemiracles.com)

Discover the many benefits of the violet flame and give a violet flame mantra.

[www.songsfordivinelove.com](http://www.songsfordivinelove.com)

Celebrate the mystical fusion of the world's spiritual traditions with new songs for the Age of Aquarius!

[www.buddhasdoor.com](http://www.buddhasdoor.com)

Presenting the inner family archetypes for the golden age psychology and for soul healing

[www.booksforaquarius.com](http://www.booksforaquarius.com)

Featuring other books that I wrote, inspired by the teachings of the ascended masters

[www.mydivinemother.com](http://www.mydivinemother.com)

Commune with the Divine Mother and her many manifestations!

[www.mostbeautifulpoems.com](http://www.mostbeautifulpoems.com)

177 poems that celebrate nature, beauty, sunshine and happiness

[www.buddhaandthebible.com](http://www.buddhaandthebible.com)

Teachings of Christ and Buddha for the Age of Aquarius

# *Books for Aquarius*

*The Legend of the Ancient of Days*

*The Miracle Violet Flame*

*Songs of Divine Love*

*G.O.D Embracing the Majesty of Your Divine Geometry*

*Journey to the Etheric Retreats of the Heaven World*

*New Beginnings*

*The Promise*

*The Four Faces of God Shine Through Me*

*Paddleboard Prayer*

*Raccoon Rhymes*

*Somewhere Down South*

*Buddha's Hand*

*All My Love*

*Crystal Fire Mist*

*Sanat Kumara and the Initiations of the Ruby Ray*

# *Songs of Divine Love*

Four albums of new songs for the Age of Aquarius:

*Shrine of Love*

*Pearl of Great Price*

*Walking on the Water*

*Archways of Infinity*

# About the Author



Thérèse Rose Emmanuel is an inspirational author, teacher, speaker, songwriter, singer, poet, artist and web designer.

Her work draws people into communion with their own divine presence and helps them to develop a personal, one-on-one relationship with the ascended masters and the angels of the heaven world. Thérèse shares the teachings of the ascended masters and the golden age psychology in books and websites. She also writes divinely-inspired poetry and songs.

Thérèse founded Lightbearers Worldwide, an ecumenical online community that honors the divine flame in each hear. She has traveled to many countries and speaks several languages.

*In the shade of the moon  
comes my Beloved,  
to bear me away  
in his arms of Love.*

# *Some Pictures*



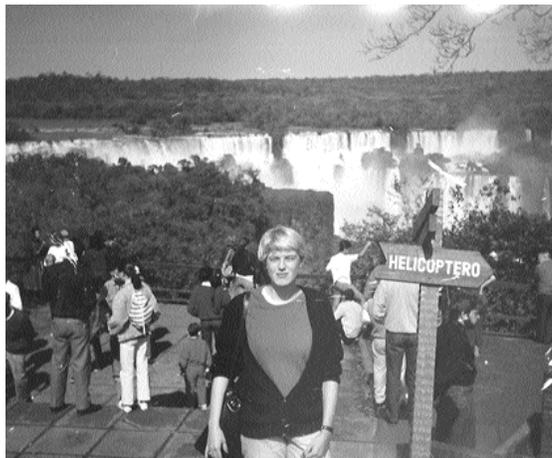
Age 3 on the harmonium



Age 11 in Paris



In Washington DC, getting ready to go out into the world



Finding the teachings in South America, Iguazu Falls



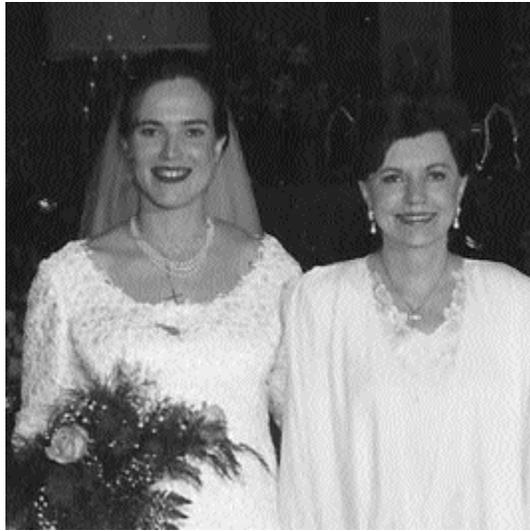
In San Diego, offering Elizabeth Clare  
Prophet a rose with my sister Marie



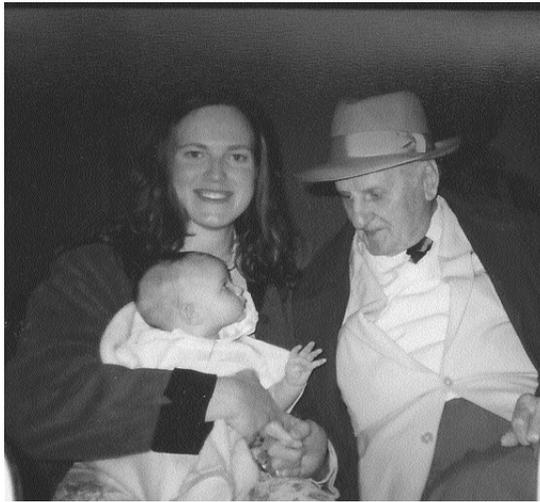
Celebrating my 26th birthday with Mother  
and friends on the beach



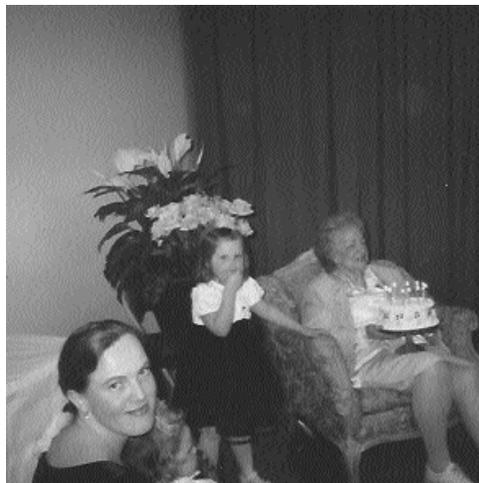
Gilbert Cleirbaut walks me down the aisle while Mother watches



With Mother at my wedding



With Herbert Beigel and my daughter Penelope



Celebrating Dorothy Lee's birthday with HopeAngelica and Penelope



with Mother Caspari



The solar ring on Malibu beach



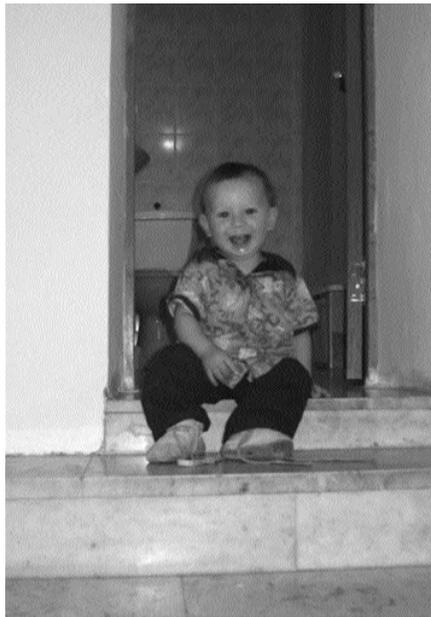
The mandala is here. Bozeman sunset  
with my four children.



Outside Paramahansa Yogananda's door, Encinitas



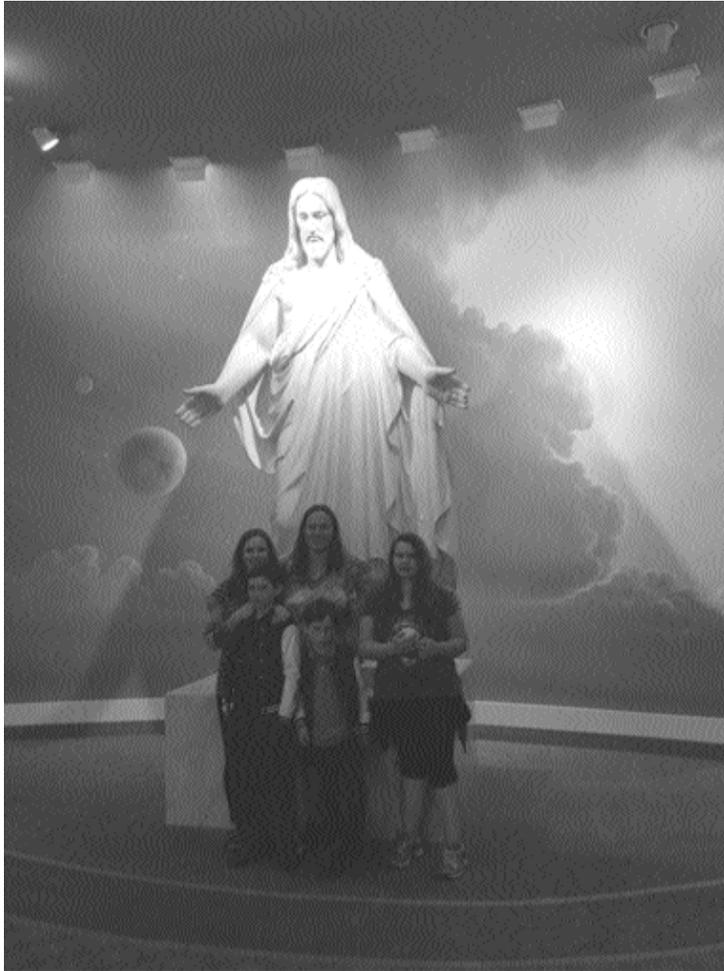
With Ketino in Russia



Baby Gareth on Russian marble steps



In the White House



With Jesus on Easter Sunday



Jesus lights up our Easter picture!



A message from Alpha: "Drive on!"