

# For My Father

by

Kienda (Betrue) Valbracht

By the time I came, he was already peacefully lying in the shadow of Death's door. The struggle to reach that place, however, had consumed his beautiful old, strong body and now there was not much left even to give back. His life had been amassed in powerful muscle, sinew and bone and he had had a relentless vitality which he squandered to keep his family well and as a very young man, to keep his country safe and the world free. It had only taken a few short hard years of cancer and the medical establishment to melt down and dissolve a lifetime into this fragile dry old bag of bones.

I took my turn sitting beside him for hours; remembering, weeping, singing. I was afraid my touch would cause him pain, so my hands hovered an atoms breadth away as I stroked his brow and caressed his gnarled hands.

I had come at the last possible minute. I couldn't possibly believe that my Father was dying so far away, and my life with my young children was so full and busy. At last, my Mother called and said, plain and clear, "Come now! Your Father is dying!" So I did and yes, as I sat beside him, he never stirred, only breathed softly, and slowly slid away into the inevitable. My sainted Mother was so weary and worn; having nursed her beloved companion through these last sad years. My sisters and I took shifts watching beside him and my mother slept deeply and well.

On the second night, as I kept the vigil, everyone else was exhausted and went to bed early, I sat reciting the litany of my love. My Father was a gentle powerhouse, a large-handed, hard working man with the soul of an artist, who in days past had pulled off the freeway commute through L.A. to write poetry on scraps of napkin and bits of grocery receipts lying in the back seat of the car. He had a rich baritone and sang beautifully, and he played with his children and grandchildren, rolling around on the floor and being the tireless horsy. He was a generous man, always ready to help, and innocent – gullible may be more accurate, and a million other things, most of them good.

And now he was dying. He burned away all the dross in his soul and almost all of the material of his body through pain and suffering, and the slow purge of approaching transcendence. If one is lucky, only the essence is left to step across. Human life is meant to be lived and resolved here on this side – the less baggage drug across the threshold, the better. My Father had done well, there was not much left.

Watching him breathe was an excruciating experience for me. It was his last tenuous lifeline and it was fraying. He took a long, interminable breath, held it and let go. A little eternity stood at the bottom of that breath. And then he took another.

Three times he breathed his last, each time more delicate and attenuated and numinous.

I closed my eyes and rode the last breath out into the living green fields where we stood together, my Father and I, on a wide path meandering through the close cropped grass that spread over the undulating hills in a liquid sheen. He was strong and middle aged again, in his prime and he glowed. We walked hand in hand together, reminiscing about all the lovely times we had so walked: camping trips, just down the block to the post office, along the beach; hand in hand.

Off in the distance, we saw the bridge. It rose up from the path and disappeared into the clouds, steep and high like the moon bridge in the Japanese garden. We slowed our pace thinking that we must part there at the foot of the rainbow and when we reached it, my heart was heavy. Dad and I hugged and cried and said, good-bye, and he began to trudge up the rainbow bridge. I couldn't bear it, it felt all wrong.

And then suddenly it dawned on me, of course! I have been over the bridge lots of times. I can go with him! This was not the time to separate at all, so I called, "Wait, Dad, wait!! I'm coming too." as I scrambled up the bridge. He turned to me with relief and joy. We were ecstatic, and hand in hand, strode together up the rainbow towards whatever lay ahead.

As we crested the top, we saw that the rainbow came to an end on a high plateau. The rocky cliff was held in brilliant clouds and the nascent grass rolled up the gentle hills in a brilliant, shimmering emerald glow. As far as my eyes could see, a white curtain hung, hiding the view beyond the first few feet.

The curtain parted as we approached and a welcoming party spilled out, led by Curt, my brother who had died 10 years before. Father and Son hugged, held each other, laughed and cried. Others thronged around; Grama and Grampa, Aunty Hilda and Uncle Adolf, and lots of people I had only seen in Grama's faded old photo albums. Most everyone looked happily early middle aged, and wore simple beige clothing, dresses, pants and shirts. Their faces were all radiant and everyone was honoring my Father and celebrating his successful transition. The joy was palpable, I could almost taste it and little golden lights were flickering in and out among the whole party.

Time is immaterial here, I was only aware of a sequence of eternities. After all the greetings, Curt pointed over to the right and I saw a luminous Being. It was Christian Alexander, my son who had died of SIDS, six years earlier. Gramps (my Father), Curt and I walked over and joined him in his translucent aura of warm light. I introduced my Father to my Son, his grandchild, who he had never known in life. We four spent another little eternity together. I use the word eternity because in whatever the spiritual timeframe is; total completion and utter satisfaction are achieved, which means that there is no further need for any more time. It is finished.

So when our eternity of communion had been accomplished, it was time for

Gramps to go on. Now I knew and accepted that I must return. One of the party lifted the curtain and as each person left, they hugged me or shook my hand and my Grandmother patted my cheek as she had done so many times in my childhood. Curt hugged me and then stepped back and waited for our Father. Dad embraced me and in complete surrender, I felt the love and rightness of our lives as they had been and promises for the future. Then Curt and Gramps went through and the curtain fell.

All the while the people were going back, I could see beyond the curtain. The living green grass spread all over the meadows and hills and some big beautiful trees dotted the landscape, appearing and disappearing like glistening afterimages. Many brilliantly white robed people were there. Some walking in twos or threes, obviously engaged in fascinating, scintillating conversation. A few were strolling meditatively. Some beings were reading and their foreheads glowed. A number of tables were set up in different places and groups of men, predominantly were gathered around and working on inventions and gadgets that whirled and twirled, sending off rainbow sparks, humming and purring. I marveled in delight at the intricacy of their work, and the concentrated vitality of the whole scene stirred my soul with enthusiasm for life as the curtain fell.

Christian's spirit stayed to comfort me, and with a quick kiss, he gave me the encouragement I needed to jump over the edge and slide back down the rainbow bridge.

Gramps had ceased breathing when I opened my eyes. His face was tranquil and his body in absolute repose. I awoke my mother and sisters and we prayed at his side one last time as peace cradled us all.

\*\*\*\*\*

## Biography

**Kienda (Betruë) Valbracht**, IMA Thanatology, is a Clinical Hypnotherapist and a SIDS mother. The death of her infant son, Christian Alexander, impelled her into an exploration of Death's domain, culminating in her published book: *Lucid Death: Conscious Journeys Beyond the Threshold*, (available from her web site [www.cosmicodyssey.info](http://www.cosmicodyssey.info) Barnes & Noble, or Amazon.) A number of monographs of

the latest adventures in the spiritual worlds are available to download from her website, as well as her blog: *Conversations with Edgar Mitchell and the Interstellar Team*.

Kienda is a Spiritual Scientist, safely navigating the spiritual worlds, researching karma and reincarnation, the journey of the soul between death and rebirth, and other spiritually oriented issues. She also facilitates individual Alchemical Hypnotherapy sessions (Facilitated Spiritual Experiences) which are then metamorphosed into practical wisdom for a richer, more effective, conscious life in the present.

For information on talks and workshops:

- \*The Journey of the Soul Between Death and Rebirth**
- \*Reincarnation and Karma**
- \*A Conceptual Matrix of the Cosmos – Humanity’s Place in Time and Space**
- \*Meditative Practices Leading to Spiritual Investigation**
- \*The Evolution of Consciousness**
- \*The Extra-Terrestrial Issue**
- \*The Deeds of Christ and the Redemption of Lucifer**
- \*Radiation and the Elemental World**
- \*Transformation of the Reptilian Brain-Stem to the Dragon of Higher Consciousness**

and many others, with which to understand the human condition in the greater design of the evolution of consciousness, both individually and universally,

contact **Kienda** at:

[kienda@hotmail.com](mailto:kienda@hotmail.com)

(510) 395-5684

[www.cosmicodyssey.info](http://www.cosmicodyssey.info)

[www.kiendabetrue.com](http://www.kiendabetrue.com)