

# Warriors of the Rainbow Light

## Prologue to the Warriors of the Rainbow Light

The experiences with the Warriors of the Rainbow Light came to me by grace. It was on Easter Sunday a few years ago that it began, and continued through Sunday services and the next few Easter-tides. I am very grateful, since it has opened the door to profound interaction in the spiritual worlds. The assistance and companionship of the Warriors of the Rainbow Light is a source of joy, comfort, protection and enthusiastic support through my adventures as a spiritual scientist and researcher.

I have developed a complex meditative practice which grounds me in Christ and locates me in many dimensions of time and space, both physically and spiritually. From that secure footing and with the accompanying presence of Christ, my Angel, the leaders and guides of humanity, my spiritual family, and those Warriors of the Rainbow Light who have an interest in each particular issue or question under scrutiny; I enter the spiritual worlds to read in the Akashic Records, converse with spiritual beings, interact with human disincarnate souls and generally be of use as necessary.

This chapter tells of my first adventures as I discovered the Gray Plane and the souls trapped there by their own beliefs. I am aware of the fact that the bonds of love, as well as personal involvement on any level, facilitate the opening of the spiritual organs to perception in the higher worlds. Love and compassionate interest are karmic keys for opening the doors to other dimensions. I am grateful for the many diverse and varied friendships, interests and activities which are my personal entries to specific realms and beings in the spiritual worlds.

## The Warriors of the Rainbow Light

During Holy Week of 2009, only a few years ago, during the act of Consecration of Man, celebrated at the Christian Community in San Francisco, an angel took me up onto a dry barren hill overlooking a vast circular plane. Hundreds of thousands, or even millions of souls were sitting silent and unmoving on rows and rows of chairs that stretched away for miles and miles. They were wrapped in gray cloaks with hoods pulled down over their bowed faces. I asked the angel who they were, and he answered, "These are the souls who believe in nothing – very little meaning to life, no meaning to death, nothing to do and nowhere to go. Some are materialists that only believe in the physical world. Without being alive in a physical body, they do not know that they exist. They have chosen to sit here for eternity." Without Christ or consciousness of love in their lives, without the spiritual and moral guidance of cosmic maturation, there is little movement after death. Without the momentum born of ideals, spiritual understanding and compassionate deeds in life, there is only inertia in the after-death.

“Is there anything that can be done for them?” I asked. As I looked closer, I recognized Peter, the father of my eldest daughter, sitting in the center of the front row. “I know someone here.” “Well, if you know one of these, and can get his attention, see what you can do.” said the angel, pointing down to the valley floor and motioning me along. I went gingerly down the little hill and stood in front of Peter. I thought that if he would look up, he would see his own angel who could then take him away from this place. More than that I did not know, so I began to jump up and down shouting, “Peter, wake up!!! Peter, I love you, wake up, look up !!!” At first he didn't move at all, but I continued with jumping-jacks and hollering. Finally, he began to stir and look at me in a daze. I came closer to him and said loudly, “Look up, Peter, see, your angel is coming for you. Don't be afraid, your angel will help you. Look up. Look up.” And he did.

His bright angel came soaring down, enveloped Peter in golden light, and flew upward, bearing him aloft. I was delighted. A few of the souls who sat beside Peter, were aroused by all the noise and jumping and angel flutter, and opened their eyes too. I shouted to everyone who could hear, “Look up, See your angels. Go in love and peace. Look up.” More souls were looking up. More angels were soaring down and carrying their awakened souls away. Soon there was a massive flutter of angel's wings, the sky was blazing gold, and when it cleared, all but a handful of souls were gone. Scattered over the many miles-wide plane, where millions of souls had once been, were 50 or 60 souls – still sitting motionless. (They were not going to be fooled.)

I was happy, and glad to be of service, relieved that Peter and all the others were now on their way up into the spiritual worlds.

### **Easter in San Francisco – 2009**

The Easter Sunday service began, “Let us worthily fulfill the Act of Consecration of Man,” and in that moment it was clear – every act is a consecration of man, every gesture, every movement, everything is an act of consecration. We need only be aware. Gratitude and dedication poured through me. My heart sang, “Let me do thy will, oh, Lord,” as I turned my palms up to receive and closed my eyes. There before me stood the radiant Risen One. “Follow me, “ He said, and I did. We were on a low hill, one of many which ringed the grey plain wherein the many grey souls used to be.

At the crest of the hill was an altar and the priest was celebrating the Act of Consecration of Man. Christ moved to stand behind the altar. I stood in front. When the dead are formally invited in the liturgy of the service, all the grey souls who had been imprisoned for so long, but were now free and moving in the spiritual worlds, came thronging close. The dead stood rapt and silent listening with my ears. Every word the priest said rolled over the ranks of the dead and laved them with ‘healing balm.’ Each word took on deeper meaning for me in their presence, as they needed to understand from many diverse points of view. I also became aware of a host of Elemental beings who were included in this experience.

In life, we humans free the Elementals and raise them to their next level of evolution by our appreciation of their deeds and manifestations – by the work of Fire, Water, Air and Earth – by the beauty and self-less sacrificial existence of nature and the manifest world. Human love and appreciation give heart warmth to the Elementals helping them attain wholeness. Without this love, the Elementals remain coldly intelligent, calculating and almost mechanical. As Christ perfects love in human hearts, we in turn can/could/must share our love with the other beings on Earth – animals, plants, stones and the Elementals. If we do not give them love and gratitude, they fasten themselves to humans and can't let go, longing for love and to be seen and respected. They cling into the worlds after death and beset the soul with regret and confusion. In the after-death worlds, they must be released in love if they were trapped by uncaring, disrespect in life. But the dead, themselves, cannot do it. The dead have no ability for new action or new initiatives. They can only experience the results of deeds done in life. We the living alone can help, once they are in the spiritual worlds.

So the gray souls and their clinging Elementals stood near the altar listening through my ears. The flames of the candles, the scent of incense and flowers, the colors of the vestments, all were nourishment for the Elementals. When the lyre was played and the choir sang, the cosmic order of the music created a pattern of harmonics that rippled through them all – straightening, strengthening and brightening. Awakening wonder and joy spread through the crowd of both human souls and Elementals. New impulses for the next incarnation began to stir as the meaning of the service penetrated deep into the souls. They felt the delicate tremors of hope after so profound a depression.

When the time for communion arrived, I dedicated my participation to every being gathered on the hill. This bread is the body of Christ in me and in all of these. This bread is eaten, that in their future lives, these may awaken to the Christ in themselves. This wine is drunk for me now and for the future lives of all assembled, that when they once again incarnate in human bodies on Earth, that they will find their way to Christ and the Eucharist and the cosmic plan of evolution, and that they may live their new hope. "The Peace be with you," is a blessing and a promise.

After the service, I remained seated as everyone else left. There was a party going on in heaven – no more gray, no more clinging – just cosmic jubilation, freedom and moving forward.

### **Three Months Later - Sunday at the Christian Community in San Francisco**

Today in the service, when the priest invites, "with me bring it all who are here present, with me bring it all true Christians everywhere, with me bring it all who have died, that they bury not the spiritual for the sake of the temporal," the souls from the Gray Plane joined us. Always the dead come. Always Christian Alexander, my infant son who had died of SIDS (Sudden Infant Death Syndrome or Crib Death) almost 30

years before; and Dorje, my Buddhist spiritual son who I had carried for a 5 month pregnancy before there was a fetal demise; and all my spiritual family come to the service at that time, and today, all the many souls from the Gray Plane have joined us at an altar which was set up on the hill above the empty Gray Plane. The souls had been on individual adventures with their angels and now were coming back together as a group. I welcomed them and said that Christ is the being who has made all things possible. I offered my reading and writing for them to learn more also. Then we settled into the Act of Consecration of Man on both sides of the threshold. The Act of Consecration of Man is the name of the communion service in the Christian Community church which came from Rudolf Steiner's work with Christian ministers.

Now, every time I attend the service, they all come. And even if I, personally, am not there, they are always invited and always come.

### **A Few Months Later – The Bay Area**

I have been wanting to paint and draw colors, especially rainbows, and cut them into strips and weave them together. My meditations have taken on a brilliantly colored aspect. The chakras have poppy flower petals of exquisite hues. Then one day the central channel of white light that comes in through the crown chakra and goes down into the earth through the soles of my feet, became rainbow colored as it moved through the various chakras. That blissful experience continued for a few weeks and then one day as I changed the pattern of flow and movement, I realized that the central rainbow channel was being 'cut' into ribbons of colored light. Like rainbow colored spaghetti, I held a bunch in my fist. The next day there was more and the next day even more.

I had to do something with all the rainbows, so I gave one to each of my spiritual family, next morning in meditation. My father made one of bow-tie of his. My brother Curt who had died in the early 70s tied a rainbow headband. My three daughters who are alive and well are always included in my spiritual family, as is My Friend. The others have all died and gone to heaven, which is where we meet. My eldest daughter tied a big bow around her head. My middle daughter, who was going through separation and divorce, bandaged up her heart with her rainbow. My youngest daughter used hers as a scarf. Gramps wrapped it around his chest at heart level. Christian made a rainbow halo and wore it, laughing. Carl Stegman uses his as a staff. Albert Steffen, wields his as a conductor's baton. Christianna tied up her long skirt, as she had done in life. My Friend cut his in half and tied two bands around his biceps. Everyone was happy and looked beautiful.

The making of rainbow spaghetti continued and I filled bowls and baskets with rainbows. The next day's morning meditation led to eating a big bowl of rainbow spaghetti. It was delicious and the colors went into my chakras and revitalized them all. It is a new healing force.

Finally, I realized that I had to do something more with them, and turned to the souls from the Gray Plane, who were still drab and colorless, though awake now and smiling. I started passing them out and they passed them back until everyone had a rainbow. Then they held them up to the light and they became rainbow banners. The next few days I passed out more and when held to the light, they became rainbow swords. The souls were now transformed, and wore many different kinds of clothing, as appropriate for each soul.

I asked Christ to come and bless them and their new way of being, and He did. As Christ approached from the left, all the souls knelt on one knee. Christ blessed them and named them the Warriors of the Rainbow Light, at which, the Warriors arose, and waving their banners, pledged their love, gratitude, and allegiance to Christ and his archangelic general, St. Michael.

Now, the Warriors of the Rainbow Light are my constant spiritual companions along with the others in my Spiritual Family. There is a different spokesperson for each issue, and usually four of them, and different ones for different occasions, accompany me on my spiritual journeys. They are learning to do many helpful things in the spiritual world. They are becoming aware of the motives behind a person's actions and then can really help them change as necessary.

#### **Easter Sunday, April 4, 2010 - The Christian Community, Vancouver, Canada**

I am in Vancouver, British Columbia, in the park on the hill, watching the sunrise. It is so beautiful, looking across the river to the snow covered mountains in the crisp morning light.

I went to the Gray Plane and only a handful of cloaked souls were scattered around this vast area. I sat down cross-legged before one, and started to talk to him. I was low before him, in the direction of his gaze, so he had only to open his eyes, not even move at all to perceive me. I asked him what he was doing. He said, "I'm here so I won't have to go to Hell." I assured him there was no place of punishment, judgment or retribution – no classic Hell. There would only be an opportunity to experience the other side of his own life. I assured him, that he would not have to experience the anguish and pain that he had felt in his own life, but rather he would experience what he did to others. "You did human things to other human beings. That is what you will experience – not punishment for whatever you did – but just simply what the other person experienced from what you did." "And," I said, "you just did normal human things. Do not be afraid. It's not to Hell that we human souls go, but to a new 'other' experience of our own life."

By that time, almost all the other gray souls had clustered around us, bringing their chairs with them and sitting in a circle. I encouraged them all to get ready for the new experience – the possible movement coming for them. A group of the Warriors of the Rainbow Light came over the hill and down into the valley. They used to be sitting

here too, and came back to help their fellows out of this stale, inactive place. All but one of the gray souls left gladly when they heard the Warrior's tales.

I went over to the one remaining gray form in the far corner. It did not move as I addressed it. Finally, I reached over and gently pulled the gray hood back. It was only a dusty skeleton sitting there. Even the soul was desiccated dry into dust. I called the angels to help. "I honestly don't know what to do." I said. "Can you help?" They said that they would try. I was satisfied, and that was the conclusion of the early morning meditation. I went off to the Christian Community for the Easter service and during the Act of Consecration of Man, journeyed out into the spiritual worlds again.

When I went into the mountain . . . (for many years, my meditations have taken me into the spiritual center of Mount Shasta). . . The following passage is an explanation as to how that occurred, and the sentence will be continued afterward. There is a Zen saying, "Enlightenment is an accident. Meditation makes one accident prone." and that is how it was.

### **The White Brotherhood at Mount Shasta – June, 2000**

Barreling down the freeway from Washington to California, I pulled off at the Gazelle rest stop, a desolate little piece of frontage real estate with a magnificent view of the north side of Mount Shasta. A little road ambled away from the freeway corridor and its attendant noise, so I follow it and came to a quiet spot near a smoothly rushing river, pulled over, and got out. God, it's good to stretch the legs and jump around and breath cool fresh air. I had gotten up early and drove on before breakfast or meditation, so I settled myself for both. A little fruit sufficed for one and I was on to the other.

This trip was in 2000, and I had been developing meditative practices for more than twenty years by that time. The culmination was the "caddy," though I did not know its name in that innocent moment beneath the shining presence of Mt. Shasta. I had worked with the three dimensional star of David – two interlacing (my new favorite word) three-sided pyramids, also known as the Merkaba. It had undergone a number of transformations over time, such as spinning the pyramids in opposite directions, changing the bottom one for a cube, or in Hawaii – a sea shell, painting the triangular faces with different colors, etc. During one particular meditation, the faces of the pyramids had been gilded with golden circuit boards. - they appeared complete before my eyes, and snapped on to the sides with a tiny musical 'click.' After a couple of years of this sort of sacred geometric play, I thought I would like to create something new and more complex. So I did, over years.

There is a short meditation I had done religiously for almost forty years or so by that time. It was small enough to do no matter how busy or where I was. This became the basis. "The sun star, my soul star and the earth star, are one." That's it. At first I just visualized the sun shining down on me and the earth – simple. Then one day I saw 12 rays of sun come down in a circle around me when I said, "the sun star." "My soul

star," created two spirals around each sun ray moving in opposite directions. "The earth star," was the impetus for this twelve-sided structure to reverse itself with the former sun point in the center of the earth. That double stellated, twelve-sided figure became the basic building block. Eventually it was composed of seven such figures, moving in many possible ways in many possible combinations and in many colors.

That morning beneath the full glory of the snowy mountain, I created this sacred geometric form and was sitting in the center in meditative peace as I had done for years, when suddenly, it took off straight toward the mountain. As we (myself and the now functioning vehicle) came close to the mountain, I could see a large cave. As we approached, I saw there was a wall at the mouth of the cave and to my astonishment, it opened like a camera aperture, and we flew inside.

The inside of the mountain was lit by the radiant walls, and I could see vast halls and chambers receding deep inside the stone core of Shasta. A group of spirit beings came forward to welcome me - Rudolf Steiner (my main man and spiritual guide through Anthroposophy) at the front. I hopped out of my vehicle in amazement. I was welcomed in and ushered into a large room with high vaulted stone ceilings. Even though it was incredibly spacious, there was an intimacy when talking with others, the voices did not disappear into the magnitude of the space but remained close to my ears. I was given a tour and had an interview in a 'board room' with a large table and a few interesting-looking 'people.' Awe and amazement were my primary emotions throughout the whole experience.

There were many hallways leaving the main space in different directions and many rooms off the hallways. One especially huge working area had a hologram of the earth suspended over a large table with a bas relief of the world's geography which would change to the area under scrutiny with a smooth gliding motion. The ambiance in each large room was warm, concentrated and amiable, though there were often many beings (human and different) in each space. Work was being done and everyone was deeply engaged in their conversations and activities. There were papers and drawings on tables and suspended above them. The people and light beings were happily engaged – eyes shone, and laughter occasionally punctuated the pleasant busy murmur of many activities going on at once.

When it was time to leave, the greeting party escorted me to the landing platform. As I prepared to hop back into my vehicle, Rudolf Steiner patted her and said, "You have the Cadillac of astral projection machines, here. She is a marvel. The Merkaba is the model T Ford. This baby is the "Caddy." We all laughed uproariously. I had no idea. I was simply 'working' my meditations and enjoying the sacred geometry.

A moment later, I opened my eyes to the bright sunshine and dappled shade along the side of the road. The mountain gleamed in the sun. My heart and mind overflowed with gratitude and wonder. I would need a little time to process everything.

I got back on the road and continued south to attend the Summer Lucid Dream

Camp at Stanford University and then fly to Europe for the conference on “Esoteric Streams in the World’s Religions” in Dornach, Switzerland. I was so busy for a few months that I rarely even thought about Shasta and my experiences therein.

However, when I returned and traveled back north, I stopped and meditated and entered the mountain again. I was greeted by Rudolf Steiner and a smaller group this time. Again I was taken in and again, I cannot recall the content of our interactions, only the peacefully focused, uplifting vibes and feelings. I was shown classrooms with tables, and lecture halls like little amphitheatres where many people were sitting and members of the White Brotherhood and other highly evolved beings were talking, drawing or explaining holograms. I was invited to come to afternoon classes from 2 to 2:30, when I could.

Those classes proved to be very strong experiences, but I had a real challenge with time and discipline, which gave me ample opportunity to address those issues. I did so with varying degrees of success over the next decade.

### **Easter Sunday, Continued**

So, as I was saying a few paragraphs back, “When I went into the mountain, during the Easter service in 2010,” I was marveling that there was only one soul left in the Gray Plane. Rudolf Steiner greeted me and said, “It is in part because of you, and your inner work and besides, the times are changing. Now,” he said, “the dead can also help the dead.” In the past it was mostly special souls – especially loving relatives and friends, and religious people of similar belief and conviction – who would greet people when they died. But if a soul was not prepared and did not believe in the after-life, or had been very anti-religious, then they either didn’t see – could not perceive their loved one – or were repulsed by them, thinking, “Oh shit, there’s that religious family/friend and if they are here, this must be heaven because they were sooo good and religious. Then I can’t stay here because they always said that I’m going to Hell. Maybe they want to escort me there.” So they hid themselves unmoving in the Gray Plane

Now the dead materialists and atheists, who have seen the light and become Warriors thereof, can greet the arriving ones and tell them the program and the options after death. Nobody is choosing the Gray Plane anymore. Humanity can help one another from both sides of the threshold, now. Almost everyone can get to kamaloka which is also called purgatory in the Roman Catholic Church, and resolve their astral bodies and move on. (The spiritual world is transforming and working the kinks out too.)

So today, the Gray Plane is empty. The last dusty skeleton has gone on to its next step too. It is spring and this little pocket of desolation, the Gray Plane, has served its purpose. Today, Easter Sunday, grass is beginning to grow here, little verbena and palms are sprouting, and little streams are starting to flow. The once hard-packed earth is soft like butter, a result of spiritual biodynamics. Peter has been working here. In life,



he loved gardening and made everything grow and bloom beautifully. It was because of our love – Peter's and mine – that the changes first happened in the Gray Plane. It was because I saw him sitting in the front row, years after he had died, that it all began. And now he is working to transform the Gray Plane into a new Garden of Eden.

### **Sunday, June 6, 2010 - the Christian Community in Sacramento**

The Warriors of the Rainbow Light are jubilating again. The Act of Consecration of Man is such a joy and affirmation for them, and a connection between themselves and the living, and between themselves and the spiritual worlds, and between themselves and other dead. They said, "Like the priest said, it's through our humanity that we meet and know Christ, living or dead." And what is truly human in all of us, living and dead, is joy, love, compassion, fascination, and curiosity. In short, a joyful and enthusiastic engagement with life, physical, etheric, astral, mental and spiritual – going the whole nine yards. Our beholding be drenched with spirit light - spirit knowing - spirit being. Experiences other than those of "compassionate everything," are not human, but influenced by the dark and shadow side.

### **Tuesday, Morning Meditation, June 15, 2010 – San Francisco**

A living human cannot breach the borders of the spirit world through emotion or egotistical desire. Compassion, the desire to serve, and a commitment to Christ's work is the appropriate way. Unpurified, normal human emotions cloud and obscure the spirit world. They are like fog and darken the clear astral light which is delicate. It is a self-correcting system. We human beings must bring the battle of light and dark, good and evil, back up into the etheric and astral worlds. Or better said, we must rise upward ourselves through compassion, meditative practices, etc and join the battle at its source in the spirit worlds.

The Warriors of the Rainbow Light and I gathered in an amphitheater before the Christ. All were seated with their Rainbow Standards. A spokesman for the Warriors said, "We would serve the Light. We would serve the Christ." All repeated those words and waved their Rainbow banners. "In spite of garbage trucks (referring to the noise outside the window) and human frailties, we dedicate and commit ourselves to Christ. We have boundless gratitude. We have been helped and we would help others."

Christ then said, "Your enthusiasm is so beautiful and your intention so pure and noble. Each must now weave a shield of rainbow light, thus learning patience and concentration and fine tuning spiritual capacities. Each soul is precious. Not one must be lost. It is time for you to prepare now, refine and mature, and then when ready and correct, you may act in harmony with the rainbow light and living humans and the loving spiritual hierarchies. Now is the time to scout and learn and plan and prepare. St. Michael will lead you when the time has come. Until then, watch and prepare. You were the lost sheep that have been found. Remain close to the Shepherd of Light."

Turning to me who has been standing near Christ and listening and watching, the warriors all say, "We are your adult children of the spirit. We love you as our Mother. The reason we can trust you so completely, Mother, dear, is because you have had the Dragon Initiation and have completed the cellular transformation from the 'reptilian brain stem' to the higher octave of the 'Dragon brain stem.' (This story is told in *The Dragon Quintet: A History of Dragons in the Universe from the Black League of Aldebaran, to the White Dragon of Sirius B, to the Red Dragon in the White Garden of Eden, to How to Incubate your Dragon Using Quantum Biology, to the Redemption of Lucifer.*) You are trustworthy. We will protect you as you have need." And they all knelt on one knee, and I blessed them with the "Mother's Blessing of Love" – upon their 'lives', souls and journeys. They rose up and cheered, "In gratitude to our Mum." I bowed my thanks to them, Christ, and St. Michael, and left the spirit world for my day's work on Earth.

### **Friday Morning Meditation, July 30, 2010 – San Francisco**

The Akashic Record in the Sound or Recording Ether is a woven blanket or shawl draped around Mother Earth. Where things have happened geographically is where the specific image is woven. As each 'age' comes to a close, we have a new fresh start. A whole new warp is set upon the loom of time as the new age begins. The Warriors of the Rainbow Light are 'reweaving' history with rainbow threads, embroidering and fixing the mistaken stitches of their past.

Today, I created rainbow logs in my meditation. Rainbows the size of telephone poles and erected them like 'standing stones' along the sand and around the lake in Olympia, and San Francisco in the Marina and in Berlin in the Kreutzberg Park and Delhi at the capital and at the Karmapa's in Kalimpong and at the Dalai Lama's in Dharamsala. They became fountains of rainbow colored light, blessing the places. Rainbows are proving to be very useful.

### **October, 2010 – North Carolina**

My Friend and I went to visit a clairvoyant teacher in North Carolina, who we shall call 'Mike,' which is not his real name. His first book was a true story of his first intense clairvoyant and clairaudient experiences in the spiritual worlds. We wanted to connect and see if co-operative work was possible. The meeting was fine and interesting, he is knowledgeable, however, no mention of Christ. So we went on our way. He wanted us to join his classes and become part of his benign little spiritual fiefdom. No thanks.

A few days later, while raking leaves, I was called to the spiritual worlds to see what was going on. Mike had arrived and wanted to stage a coup. He approached the Warriors of the Rainbow Light, saying, "Why don't you leave this drab place you're hanging out in, and come over to my group. We do lots of exciting things like levitation and all kinds of great stuff. He looked over with a nod to me saying, "You don't owe

her any allegiance. Let's go. " One Warrior stepped forward and replied, "Of course, we owe her no allegiance. We give allegiance only to Christ and of our own free will." Mike looked a bit surprised and crestfallen. He had hoped to increase his own 'army' of light workers in one easy fell swoop – but no. They do not owe allegiance to me ever or at all, just to Christ because they choose to do so. They call me 'Mom' as an honorary title of affection. Then one warrior said to me, "We owe you no allegiance, Mom, nor did you ever ask, or even think of such a thing – but we feel towards you the deepest gratitude and profoundest appreciation for what you did, which speaks of who and what you are."

The bonds of love are the only correct ties in the spiritual world. As the love goes on and is experienced each day, each year and each lifetime, the bonds of love and allegiance continue on. However, if the karma between people is finished and destiny has been fulfilled, it is sometimes appropriate that love changes and does not continue on in the same way as previously. It is love for Christ and gratitude that are the true spiritual allegiance The Warriors of the Rainbow Light (the boys, as I fondly call them) have pledged themselves to Christ and human evolution and been received and blessed by Him at the altar of the Act of Consecration of Man. They act for Christ and St. Michael, and should they be needed by a living earthly being, they may choose to do so individually. They need not join any living person's camp, or follow any living person or any other dead, either. They have their own process and work to do. When the 'battle lines' are drawn and St. Michael calls for companions, they will go to him and serve in Christ's Army of Light.

### **Saturday, March 7, 2015 – San Juan Ridge, California**

The Warriors of the Rainbow Light are ready to help in any and every way they can. Something about the little glitch with Mitch came up. As the external world gets tighter, he may be under financial stress and slip a bit more ethically. That is not, however, of my concern. Those that are drawn to him will have to discern and decide for themselves.

### **November 3, 2010**

The Warriors of the Rainbow Light are with me and in the mountain with St. Michael. The Warriors will not incarnate again until after the 2012 transition. The dead remain in the spiritual worlds when the ego has moved into a new incarnation. They are always there and ready to interact and heal whenever a living consciousness or another dead human has learned to interact through time.

### **November, 2010 – Asheville, North Carolina**

I was in a therapeutic session with Nancy, and I focused on Peter and how he was doing, now that he was in the spiritual worlds.

“Peter has been estranged from his guardian angel. It might be that Peter's angel is a little retarded. Some are held back in different ways, you know. Peter has been Jewish for many – or at least a number – of incarnations and the Jewish angels are still under the influence of Jehovah. Jehovah rightfully ruled a long time ago, but it is not appropriate for him to continue to influence the Jewish race. Kienda laughing, so I want to see if I can make a deal and get him a new angel.” There was a pause, and then, “Oh, yes, another angel has just come for Peter – a very beautiful, tall, stately, very genteel and gentlemanly angel. I asked my spiritual family if such a thing was OK, and I also asked Christ. They all said, 'yes.' My father who works at the threshold was awed and said that this is a very special thing, and that this is a very fine being who is guiding Peter now.”

### **Morning Meditation, April 11, 2011**

At the coming lectures and workshops and book signings for *Lucid Death: Conscious Journeys Beyond the Threshold*, the Warriors of the Rainbow Light will help create a sacred space and a protective sphere around it so that “possessing entities” will be stripped from the people that come. That way, both the people and the spirit entities each can hear the information in their own way and not be influenced by one another. They will be returned together at the end, if they both desire it. Or they can choose to go on alone, individually (the spirit entity into the spiritual world, and the human being freed from the possessing entity, remaining on earth) which would be so much better for both of them. Their transformation and growth will be faster and better alone because hanging on entities, whether human or other, have different spiritual needs and tasks and paths than incarnated humans, who can go on and evolve and transform better and faster when clear, and only themselves. The Warriors will function like the first Goetheanum (the physical building of the International Anthroposophical Society in Switzerland, built by an international community during WWI) which because of all the altruistic and creative human work and community, was a sacred space in which only the best of humanity could inhabit for a while at least, until the dark side penetrated it through the souls of Anthroposophists who were out of balance, and it was destroyed by arson. The Warriors will help create a mobile sacred space for the occasions.

My spiritual task now is to learn to create a living hologram of knowledge and spiritual reality through my words and through my voice, so that both the living humans who come and their 'entities' and spiritual friends and family can 'understand' too. The lecture rooms or halls will have to be prepared before each talk, and in the opening, the dead and dis-incarnate will be invited. The Warriors will be in place before the first person arrives – to clear and assist all dis-incarnate beings, so that they can gain the most benefit from the experience also. God bless us every one and every kind.

Christ in the astral world is working in the human aura and through the chakras, hence the Warriors of the Rainbow Light are connected to the ascended Astral Christ.

Each color is a purified emotion. The colors of the rainbow, fourteen in all so far, are also the tones of the etheric world, and are related to the spectrum of the table of the elements that humankind can perceive – and that our technology can observe and record. Perhaps with the rainbow threads, we can bandage up and heal the incomplete rays and particles of radiation caused by the disasters at atomic energy plants, as well as repair the tapestry of life.

### **Morning Meditation, June 6, 2011 – Olympia, Washington**

There are other Rainbow spiritual beings. Many Native Americans on both continents have legends and prophecies of Rainbow beings assisting humanity. Years ago, a dear friend, Carol (not her real name), in Olympia, had been visited by a Peruvian shaman who experienced a spiritual, geographic power point in her backyard. It's a portal for the Rainbow People, the Peruvian shaman had said, which meant little to me then, since I had not encountered the Warriors of the Rainbow Light, yet. The following is our latest adventure through this portal.

#### **Carol's Portal**

As we sat sipping afternoon tea, she reminded me that there was a dimensional portal right near where we were sitting. Years ago, she, herself, had a 'vision' of the Native Americans migrating in the area and a young woman disappeared into the portal. The rest of the tribe camped here and waited, but she never returned. My friend suggested we use the portal to place a request for connections to like-minded people and to find answers to the questions that had arisen in our conversation.

So we prayed and meditated and Carol focused our consciousness and opened the portal. It looked like a translucent shaft of light – a cylinder which grew larger, from a single ray to a diameter large enough for several people to stand in. I could see rainbows inside. Then a portion of the cylinder slid open and I saw three rainbow people – human forms but of pulsing rainbow colors that rose above them up into the tube like sheets of radiant light. They beckoned us in. Carol and I had been sitting at the picnic table very close to the portal. We looked at one another, stood up and walked in. I had asked the Warriors of the Rainbow Light if any of them would like to come too, and four came along inside. Carol stood to the North, and I to the south. Two Rainbow Warriors together stood in both the east and west. The three Rainbow People of brilliant fluorescent shades of Guatemalan weaving, were in the center. We were all inside the translucent cylindrical tube. The door closed a bit but stayed slightly open so that we would remain present and geographically located in Olympia, and not be transported to another time or space.

Carol said a few words of gratitude and then said I could speak as moved to do so. After a few moments, I asked to be guided to like-minded people to work with, and that they also be guided to me, and that I find true answers to my questions which

centered around finishing my books and moving forward. I also asked that we might work together from the different dimensions. Then I expressed my deep gratitude and we were all silent for a few more moments.

When I asked silently where they had received their brilliant colors, I saw that they had had an astral initiation from Viracocha whose symbol is the Rainbow Feathered Serpent. It happened just after Atlantean times. It was a spiritual dedication like the Warriors of the Rainbow Light had experienced after they were freed from their own difficulties in the afterlife. The Rainbow People and the Warriors of the Rainbow Light are evolutionary brothers and sisters.

The Rainbow People in the center gave me neon rainbow flames from my hand chakras. The whole experience in the portal was very tingly and the hand reception was incredibly intense. I had been making certain gestures throughout the time in the tube, and when the rainbows flared from my palms, I directed them to Carol to help heal her.

After this incredibly active silence, Carol suggested that we walk counter-clockwise to close the portal, expressing thanks again. So we did, returning to her sun-dappled back yard and our tepid tea.

### **Epilogue for the Warriors of the Rainbow Light**

#### **Friday, February 25, 2011 – The Dream of Peter**

Good things are continuing to happen with the Warriors of the Rainbow Light. My relationship with Peter, the father of my eldest daughter, Mariko, was the original impulse that culminated in the transformation of the Grey Plane and the Warriors of the Rainbow Light. Peter, individually is a part of my spiritual family now, though he continues to be a little dreamy and not totally clear. I rarely remember my dreams, but this one of Peter has remained vivid.

I dreamed this morning: "I was still a mother and my daughters were younger adolescent and teenagers. We were staying somewhere and we needed to be quiet and unobtrusive while Peter was away for the day, working or doing something and I was with the girls."

"When Peter came back it was clear that we needed to move. I said, 'Well, perhaps we should just go back to where we were before.' Peter said, 'No, that would never do. It was too hot and we left because it really didn't work for us.'"

"I turned Peter towards me and wrapped my arms around his chest and looked straight into his eyes and asked him, "What would make you happy? What do you really want to do that will fulfill you?" He looked deeply into my eyes and said, 'I want to love you. I want to love you for my whole life and forever.' So I smiled and said, 'Oh, yes, do. Lets to that. I love you too.'"

I awoke deeply joyful at having connected heart-to-heart and eye-to-eye with Peter. It is rare and wonderful to look into another's eyes in those other realms.

The positive adventures of the Warriors of the Rainbow Light continue to this day. Four of them always join the traveling party as I journey to the New Jerusalem or embark upon a specific research project in the spiritual worlds. As will be clear in the next chapters, they have an important part to play in the release of souls who are trapped as they once were.

#### **Thursday, December 6, 2012 – San Diego, California**

The Gray Plane is transformed into a lush garden – totally opposite from what it once was. Now adamant atheists, materialist, and people who believe in nothing, are being placed into 'clock-work orange' and mechanical universe scenarios – square cubicles stacked up on top of each other that rotate and whirl and click into different places and formations. The souls are lying in rectangular coffins that are stacked and moving. They are caught in the machinery of the mind.

For many years now, the Warriors of the Rainbow Light have been my constant companions. They have supported me and accompanied me on all my adventures and research projects. We have an excellent working relationship after all this time. Usually it is four Warriors who join the posse'. Different ones join different adventures, depending upon their experiences and interests from their lives in the past. Their work and contributions are apparent in every story, monograph and journal entry. Since February, 2016, we have joined Edgar Mitchell and the Interstellar Team. As usual, the Warriors of the Rainbow Light have played many valuable and indispensable parts in the adventures and projects. I include these final two entries as an example of the latest phase of our working together. For a full picture of the doings of Edgar Mitchell and the Interstellar Team, which includes Rudolf Steiner and the Warriors of the Rainbow light, go to [www.cosmicodyssey.info](http://www.cosmicodyssey.info)

#### **Thursday, July 28, 2106 – San Francisco, California**

This morning I went up to the team in the New Jerusalem. The Warriors of the Rainbow Light choose different ones at them to join the circle. The game of “telephone” is actually accurate in the higher planes. The original message is faithfully reproduced to the end. The whole million of the Warriors of the Rainbow Light can all tune in and receive an accurate debriefing from those who have chosen to participate each time. They are bonding in a beautiful way.

#### **Thursday, October 13, 2016 – Marin Valley, California**

The four Warriors of the Rainbow Light, who are Wanrrra's (*a White Royal Draco Reptilian*) companions, have gone to protect his physical body and make sure all his etheric force is allowed to withdraw from the physical in the correct way, as happens

for humans on Earth. His memories are important to his new learning and potential further evolution. They protected his dead body with the force of their rainbow shields. Some of the other, negative Royals were wanting to desecrate the body and harm the etheric and astral, but four more Warriors arrived and they are in back-to-back pairs. Then eight more came and they created an egg shaped cocoon for Wanrrra's etheric and astral forces. They gathered all of his ether body and all the bits of his astral sheath, to bring them up to where we are in the astral world – in the New Jerusalem.

The woman Warrior, Susanna, then spoke to the Royals, "You are now on Earth. This is how things are done here. You would be wise to submit sooner to Christ and his ways, rather than later. We humans are conscious now, in spite of everything, and so we, in the name and power of Christ, can assist as we choose. Since you are here with us, in time you may also choose to move on, forward, and upward – Wanrrra has. We go in peace and we bless you. Receive it, please." Then the rainbow egg holding Wanrrra's etheric and astral forces rose up and disappeared with the host of the Warriors of the Rainbow Light.

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## 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 web-site, 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,

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