

Native American and Indigenous Adventures

Kienda Valbracht

Introduction

This monograph is a collection of journal entries from 2009 to 2016. I have gathered up the entries on specific subjects, with an introduction and biography, for those interested in particular areas. There has been only a bit of editing and additions to clarify, otherwise, the information is as it came. I have left it in this form so that the Gentle Reader may experience the progression of the thoughts, insights, and inspirations. The spiritual world is unfolding, even as life on Earth is changing and evolving. Most of my spiritual research recorded in the journals tracks the changes and the messages from the super-sensible realms on a number of different subjects.

The "" (quotation marks) indicate that the enclosed words are heard spoken directly from spiritual beings in spiritual realms. Whole paragraphs are sometimes included. My own thoughts and elaborations, receive no such marks, unless it is a direct question or verbatim conversation with a spiritual being. Some of the realms are inhabited by a variety of beings, both super-sensible and physical. They go by many names: Angels and the whole hierarchy of creation, Elementals, Extra-Terrestrials, and human beings both living and dead.

I feel the need to explain how I came to have such communications and to research questions in spiritual realms. I had a near-death experience at birth which was recovered when I was in my 40s, which explains my early spiritual experiences and the fact that I did not forget them as I grew older. I have meditated and prayed since my teens, done yoga and tai chi for forty years, studied the esoteric since the 60s, and Anthroposophy, the work of Rudolf Steiner since the 70s. Somewhere in the middle of my life, I became personally creative in my meditative practices – I turned like the Dervishes; did mudras and eurythmy; danced, sang, toned and ohmed; began simple sacred geometric forms in my mind and elaborated on them till one day in 2000, one form became a vehicle for entry into spiritual worlds and landscapes. There are multiple aspects and areas of the spiritual realms. Each specific dimension has specific 'laws' governing the functions therein. (*Refer to Chapter 8: Esoteric Christianity in Lucid Death: Conscious Journeys Beyond the Threshold for the basis of my understanding of spiritual realms. Or read the Monograph: A Conceptual Matrix.)*

Before 2000, the explorations and research in spiritual realms mostly came by grace and circumstance. Since then, I have traveled and sought answers to specific questions and issues. Many monographs and three books are the result. When reading this material, I simply advise an observational, open mind to receive the information. Then I suggest discerning reflection and a modicum of logical, sequential thought to process the information, in order to come to an understanding appropriate for each individual's unique destiny needs. Existence is a puzzle, and we all have a few pieces. I trust that the ones I found will be helpful

for your big picture.

If sharing this monograph, please include the introduction, to give the work a human context and my Bio and information at the end, so folks can contact me, should they so desire. I wish you happy, enlightening reading. Thank you. Kienda (Bettrue) Valbracht

June 17, 2011 – Bellevue, Washington

Ignazio set the question: “What are the karmic consequences of how we, of the white race, treated and exterminated the Native Americans?”

When I closed my eyes and opened them on the other side, I was greeted by an elder Native American wearing a feathered head dress. “Just for effect.” he said, smiling, referring to his bonnet. “I’m glad you asked that question. We are glad because with the answer to that question, you will know what needs to be done and what you can do.” “It is going to be like a story,” I said, as I heard his rich, mellow voice begin.

Story – Chapter 1 – First Meeting with Chief Seattle

“In the ancient of times, the star elders came to my people. They brought gifts – fire, light, love for children and family, and awareness and connection to all our relations. We the people were grateful. We lived in harmony with all our relations. Oh, yes, there were always one or two, here or there, who didn’t see the beauty, and because they didn’t see the beauty, they didn’t feel the joy and peace.”

“In the very beginnings, there were enough of us - the people - who could hold them in love or bind them to right behavior in some way. Such was our life for many, many, many, many cycles/seasons/times – long, l o n g, l o n g. And in this long time, the numbers of the ‘dissatisfied’ grew. Life is not perfect – not now and not then. Some souls could not change with the seasons, or move with the rivers and the wind. And they were unhappy. As their numbers rose, strife between the tribes and clans and families began and continued.”

“Most of us – the people – struggled to continue in the old ways of love and respect: do no harm, take no more than you need, love one another, enjoy the beauty of life. But even that became more and more difficult as dissension arose between husband and wife, children and parents, clans and tribes. Still we persevered. It’s the time – before all that – that we like to think of and remember. But it came to an end. Then, slowly but surely, it was pushed farther and farther west, farther and farther away by the tide of another kind of people. The people who came – most of them had already lost eyes for the beauty, ears for the songs, heart for love, taste for the sweetness of water. Their way rolled across our way, drowning it in a sea of things – hard metal things – or seas of dissatisfaction and greed, or a sea of ideas of domination – values that had nothing to do with our way of life.”

“When we died, our blood entered the earth. For those of us who remained true and loved the earth, and loved our life, and loved creation and all our relations, it was a good thing. And we went up the milky way to the “Happy Hunting Ground” as you call it. And we watched the earth from afar.”

“Those of our people who were unhappy and unsatisfied and could only feel the anger and the hatred, also died and let their blood flow into the earth, and she did not readily receive it. It was painful to our Mother. It was also snatched up by the angry Elementals who were being so hurt by the misuse of their elements to make weapons of destruction. Those souls of our people who were filled with hate joined ranks with all the other hateful ones. There has been so much injustice in this beautiful world – on this continent that I know – that there is now a huge mass of angry, hateful souls that prowl and howl in this earth. And even now, there are many living who know how to direct those energies – those howling masses of angry souls.”

“In our world, if a human has lived a life in touch with the old ways of love and respect, and enjoyment of the earth and all the beauty thereof – then there are star beings who come at death and lead them up the stairway of the stars to the right place. “It’s where your beloved wolves are also,” he said as an aside to me, “and the Grandmother wolf is happy to see you.” So she and I shared a loving little moment. Then the Elder went on. But, if a man has lost that connection to the good, the beautiful and the true, then that souls wanders, goaded and pinched and pulled by all the other angry lost souls who have been here for so long and those many more who are coming even now.”

“There are medicine men and women who know these things. They know how to herd and pinch and prod those souls who are still here close to the earth – stuck by their anger and hatred. And, they do that. I want to say something to those Native Americans who are now working with the dark forces.”

“You, my Brothers, I salute you. (He is raising his right hand and in his left, he is cradling a peace-pipe.) You are powerful but not wise. You, too, will suffer your own ends. Is it better to be a king of darkness or a child of light? You may still choose. The choice and the battle have come sooner than expected. I would ask of you, my Brothers, to cease your activities for a time. Break your old patterns. Take space and time. Return to Mother Earth. Feel everything. Yes, pain and sorrow – yes, fear, anger and hatred. These you know well. Now, also allow yourself joy, love, gratitude and deep peace. And when you have experienced all – only then may you choose in freedom. Otherwise, you are just an old nag with blinders on – treading the traces of your old ways. You are free to choose, but you must know all the options – all potential choices. We, your brothers in the spirit world will help to make a place for you and a time for you to experience these two sides, so that you may choose freely. And I would like to say 'rightly' – but only you know what is right for you.”

“We bless you in your vision quest. And in the end, should you choose to join with the star elders and your people in the spirit world, we offer the peace pipe.”

His story came to an end, and all was silent. When he spoke again, he thanked me, saying, “Please, tell our story – so the right people will know. So that the dark side is approached in a loving and sharing way, by those who will carry this knowledge to their brothers kindly.”

Meditative Information: Journal Entries

June 19, 2011 – Bellevue, Washington

After my preparatory meditations, I met with the Native American Elder again. I asked for more direction. He said, “You may tell the living shamen and that is good. And, you may prepare the Native souls as you did the Warriors of the Rainbow Light in the gray plane – the 'borderland.' You may do it alone, but you will need to know many things then, that you do not know now.”

Ignazio then asked about the relationship of the angry elementals and the negative Native American souls – where they are located and such. I responded: the living shamen are being corrupted by alcohol, primarily, and drugs. There are one or two in each tribe, and they cause problems among the living as well as the dead. Some of them have power over the souls of the dissatisfied, discarnate, Native Americans, the elementals, and especially, the souls of powerful, negative, discarnate shamen from many tribes.

One of the tasks assigned to me at this time then, is to give the living shamen who are dabbling or perhaps even wholeheartedly committed to the dark side, a heads-up so that they know that they have a choice and encourage them to take the time and space to perceive the options for choice and then to make the correct one.

A second task now perceived is that of going into the trapped Native American corral – as happened in the gray plane for the Warriors of the Rainbow Light, and offer an awakening and transformation to the dissatisfied souls caught there.

I then took a moment and looked around to find where the white people of the cavalry, etc. and those who massacred all the families and tribes of the Native Americans, were to be found, and I saw that there are many different kinds of “hells” in many different levels of the spiritual worlds. There is one hell where those who killed off the buffalo just for sport and fun are trapped in a killing spree that has gone on for decades, and they are almost buried in blood and rotting buffalo corpses. It is all that they do, basically, because the blood lust was their primary thrill in life. That grows old after a while, but they cannot stop. Someone else must come to them and offer a way out. I do not think that it is a task for me. There are others who can take on that task. There are many cabal/corrals that will need interventions of a loving kind.

Ignazio asked, “Do the dissatisfied, angry Native American souls cause the natural disasters that are happening all over the American continent?”

I responded from my own spiritual insight, using my own words and concepts not the Native American Elder's, although, Chief Seattle was there beside me, nodding in agreement with everything.

They do not cause the disasters: that happens through the elements of wind and fire and air and water, when the negative forces of the elementals are used to whip up heavy heinous storms. The angry human souls then work to create more human misery in the face of such disasters if they can. They work with the living who are susceptible to their influence. I'm thinking of Hurricane Katrina now. The reason why everything helpful came so slow –

such as the fact that food and clean water wasn't delivered to the people in a timely manner and so much disease and disaster occurred afterward – was because human beings who had hatred in their souls were stimulated by those angry 'dead.' The red, swirling angry souls raged around exciting those negative emotions in everyone who had such feelings already close to the surface in themselves. It's a vibrational sympathetic resonance. If a person is vibrating in fear or hatred or anger, then the souls of the dead of the same nature are attracted. And in America there are many from both sides – the Native Americans and the perpetrators from the white side. Many were mutually vibrating in hate, ignorance, stupidity, and lack of human compassion when they killed each other. Those souls are vibrating in the lower etheric and astral levels. When they come into the presence of some living one who has these feeling within themselves, it amplifies their vibrations of fear, anger and hatred. The negative energies work in all the other disasters, too.

However, the positive side is active as well: there are the angelic beings and the helping human souls – like the Warriors of the Rainbow Light. When they come near and a person has known strength and love and gratitude and the deep peace that profound joy brings, then those qualities and feelings are amplified and resonate sympathetically with the angelic forces.

Unfortunately, there has been an awful lot of not-good death and painful dying, hatred and sorrow throughout history. There have been masses of it as genocide tends to create that. There are massive waves of those forces that criss-cross the country and gather in places where just about anything evil can happen. And these waves follow closely in the wake of natural disasters in order to incite more human ineptitude and inhuman actions one to another. The angels are always working towards the opposite and then humans rise to noble and altruistic actions. Many people become more friendly with their neighbors if they are both under attack, and that sort of thing. It does depend upon the person having those qualities accessible within themselves first. The emotions can't be put there: they can only be exacerbated or augmented by the spiritual beings. Unfortunately, most people are asleep at the wheel of life. They only react rather than respond consciously. Humanity must wake up and choose their responses to external stimuli, and to the different kinds of influences they will allow to affect them. That is how the natural disasters are related to the Native Americans, and all other discarnate beings. But the real causes? We may find those later.

Ignazio asked again as to where the concentration of the angry swirling red/black masses of dissatisfied Native American souls are to be found. So, I looked down on the earth and saw many such places.

1. Denver – There is a huge, absolutely huge massing of the souls and angry elementals. They are massing out farther east in the flat plains because of the large Air Force installation, and other secret army or other military installations that I have been told have been carved out of the mountain.
2. Grand Coolie dam in eastern Washington – A small swirl is centered around the dam and they filter around Spokane and up and down the valleys back in Eastern

Washington.

3. Nevada – In the south eastern corner, something dreadful has happened. The dissatisfied souls or beings there are not red and black and swirling, they are white chalky ghost bones – animated and angry white ghost skeletons. This is the result of the atomic testing. The dusty ghost bones are the damaged etheric bodies of the already discarnate Native American souls that were there peacefully in that geographic location.
4. New Mexico and Arizona – The Four Corners area – it is filled with both kinds of discarnate souls, both red swirls and white ghosts – little pockets here and there. There have been atomic tests in that area.

Now again, I digress to ask Chief Seattle, “What do you and your people know about what happened at the atomic bomb test sites? - to the earth, fire, water and air and the spirit bodies of those discarnate people who were there?”

He replies, “We do not understand. We only know that it disturbed all the spirits – Fire, Air, Earth and Water. There is a hole in the Mother Soul of the lizards and snakes now, because some of her children could never return. The larger mammals all ran away. Those who could sense the danger, those who knew anything of humankind could leave. But, the innocent ones who had no idea did not go. So many different kinds of lizards and insects and mice were still there. The mother group soul of all of these kinds was wounded then.”

“As for the human spirits still there, they had not gone to the happy hunting ground. They were stuck there and now they are released in the wind. They are the wraiths that rose up like white whirlwinds.”

I ask, “Is there anything we can do for the wraiths?”

“Not at this time,” Chief Seattle said. “The times are dire. It is a time of breaking down and chaos and confusion. And when the time comes again to build and we have settled the elements – and the stones lie happily in their places, and the plants reach up through clean air to the beauty of the sun, and the animals walk in a peaceful web upon the earth – then we may call to them. Then we can make a place for them. Only then can they be saved, because only then will we have the loving forces we can share with them in abundance. Now everyone is on strict rations.” We finished our communications and I returned to distant viewing the North American continent.

5. The Plains States in Middle America – There is a sheet of wounded sorrow, like clouds over the whole area. It’s a layer of etheric sorrow and suffering, as though the sad soul of the buffalo is spread all across her former territory and beloved lands.
6. North and East – A pocket or two of red swirling is there and indicated to me that a negative living shaman is working there in those areas. (Ojibway, Aquasasne, Iroquois or Mohawk)
7. South and East – It seems that the evacuation was more peaceful. The Trail of Tears lays a miasma over the whole area, whereas the violent massacres produce the red swirls.

8. Seminole – There is a whole world of souls living above the ground there. They have an alternative world that they go to when they die and it is a natural, joyful life. They are wearing colorful clothes, singing and dancing and pounding something like corn in big mortars and feasting and such. It is just in the atmosphere above the western crook of Florida. They could be allies in the journey, perhaps. This concluded the view of the states.

The next questions were, “How do I get to the corrals to free the souls if they wish to move on? And I felt immediately that I must do that before contacting the living negative shamen. And then how exactly do I contact the dark side of the Native American Medicine power world?” For one thing, the negative shamen will probably notice that they have none or few of the souls they have in the past harvested for energy and used to accomplish their dark medicine. They will notice that their power is diminished and things don't work the same way in the spiritual world. They may be ready for change then, or they may be very angry – probably both.

Ignazio asks: “What shall she be aware of and beware of when contacting the living Native American shamen? I am laughing and say to Ignazio, “He asks me, is that a gnat or mosquito circling around you?” “Oh, that is my gnat friend, Ignazio.” I laughingly reply. “He knew all along. He's just joking. He's got twinkles in his eyes.” Then I say to Chief Seattle, “I laughed that question right out of my mind, but I think it was important.” “It is serious.” he replied. So I settled myself and then asked, “In what way shall I approach a negative shaman? And in what way must I be cautious and vigilantly aware?”

Chief Seattle counsels me so: “When you go, you must be in full armor with a cloak or clothing over that. You must have some Warriors of the Rainbow Light with you to cover your back. Lead horses as gifts – and these horses can be Warriors of the Rainbow Light in horse form. And you must ride on a horse yourself. If the shaman comes out to meet you on a horse, then beware. Be very, very careful because this is a sign of power – if he can ride a horse in the spirit. If the shaman comes walking, then dismount and meet him at that level. But you will have the Warriors at your back.” So I will give horses as a gift. I must have a peace pipe and tobacco. It must be traditional gifts.

I need to bring a parchment, a smooth skin that can be written on. In the presence of the shaman, as we are sitting and after we have shared the peace pipe, it is for me to write the message on the skin and give it to them. Depending on what they do with the skin will be an indication of what they will do – what their choice will be. I must write as they watch. Then hold it up for them to see and read, and then give it to them. Some may roll it up and slip it in their belt. Those who do this probably won't make the best choice. Some may roll it up very small and put it into their medicine pouch. That means they will take the message under deep consideration. And if they actually eat it, at that moment, it means that they have seen and understood and have been waiting for a transformation, and receive the message as a gift to take into their life. Whichever they do, it then is just a matter of gratitude and thanks,

and laughing ruefully, I say, "I must not turn my back as we leave."

Ignazio asked about the Warriors as horses or could Chief Seattle give Kienda some of his horses? I respond, because I know the answer to that. The Warriors of the Rainbow Light could be painted ponies in the etheric worlds as easily as Chief Seattle's horses, some of which are other spiritual beings as well. A strong enough shaman would know if they came from him rather than me. The horses must come from me, because I am neutral, and because it is possible, and because I am the message carrier.

I am a white buffalo calf woman as every woman is, who walks the White Path of Peace.

Story – Chapter 2: Meeting with the Native American Souls

July 3, 2011 – Thursday

The next topic in meditation was the Native American/Elemental issue. Now, I am going to the largest group of souls – on the plains east of Denver. The Native American souls massed there are all very angry. They mostly died in some sort of "blood-lust" battle and took part in massacres, etc. Alcohol played a big part in such behavior in the later years. They are also sad and angry because their tribes, their women and children were all massacred too, by the white army. Their sacred land has been defiled by western culture and army installations and atomic energy plants, etc. They are very angry that they could not save the land and their people.

They are 'camped' there on a desolate piece of etheric space. "No one has come for us!" they cry, "We are left here having to watch the degradation of our beloved land. It is so ugly and shameful what our enemies have done. It is brutal and uncaring, squalid and stupid. The world was such a beautiful place and they have trashed it. The globe as garbage can."

So I came in my white buckskin, walking with four Warriors of the Rainbow Light beside and behind me in full regalia of peace. I reply to their many anguished cries, "I hear and understand. And there is more." It is day, and the spokesman of the angry souls and I sit beside a little fire. The Warriors stand at a short distance. The leader or chief lowers his voice and says, "There are no hills here. We have sent scouts and it is only flat as far as the eyes can see for many days journeying. We are here – where are our women and children? We only see the ugly cities – always at a distance, we cannot get close to them – and flat space. Where are we?" I answer, "To find the answers to your questions, you must turn away from the white's cities. Face the empty flat distances. Then you must remember the traditions of your tribe – the old ways. You are dead. You died long ago. To get to the Happy Hunting Ground and unite with your tribes and families, you must find your way there. The old ways are the paths to the milky way and the star elders and the souls of your people who have peacefully died."

"Lay down the guns and any weapon that has hurt another human being. You can bring nothing harmful back up into the stars. The Happy Hunting Ground is a place of peace, and you must choose peace within yourself if you wish to leave this place and join

your people. Call upon the 'Peace-Makers' of the Native Nations. Look to the sky and the Beings of light and love and brotherhood. Christ our Sun Brother – the true Christ – will also hear you and answer in your heart."

"Here are four brothers – Warriors of the Rainbow Light. They will speak freely with you. Listen to their story. It is your story. Their way can be your way. You have but to choose."

And in that moment, I saw how it will/work/s, time and space becoming multidimensional. The Warriors of the Rainbow Light have rainbow ropes/staffs in their quivers. As each Native soul is ready and chooses to ask for a rainbow, they receive it. The Warrior lengthens it until it reaches from the earth to the sky. About ten or twelve such ropes are set up. When they are ready to climb, the soul has only to ask and they may get in line and ascend when their turn comes. Everything must be left behind – all weapons, and trappings, all clothing and regalia. Only a breech clout is allowed. As they ascend, they release all their negativity through the hard work and sweat of the climb, and the focused attention needed to reach their goal – the hands of friends in the higher spiritual worlds.

Climbing the rainbow rope/pole is like kamaloca for these Native Americans, in 2011, after having been in 'limbo camp' for decades – many, a century or more. In each color, they have particular kinds of memories and pictures from their lives, and come to understand many things. It is a long!! way up, and when the first one reaches the top, he calls to his climbing brothers, "Come! Persevere!! You can make it!!!" They gather at the top to encourage those on their way up. It is so beautiful where they now are – pristine natural beauty, and harmony with all the plants, animals and elements. When a sufficient number of them have reached their people in the sky, they begin the journey up the milky way in small groups. The Grandmother Wolf of Kindermeadow is one of their guides to the Happy Hunting Ground, their tribe and the Star Elders.

When they join their tribes – and they will be coming up the rainbow ropes for a long time yet – the first ones want to be born again immediately to help the Native Americans who are alive now to overcome the alcohol and drugs and abuse. They are told that they will not be incarnating again for a while, but their enthusiastic love for their people can help any Native American alive who is listening with his heart, and needing help, such as energy, insight and inner support. They will be there for their living brothers and sisters.

Before the last ones leave the gray, etheric earth plane – and some of the bravest and best have waited till the end to help their less strong brothers have the courage and stamina to climb the rainbow rope – they send a drum message and smoke signals to all other souls trapped in this way. They say, "Warriors of the Rainbow Light are coming your way in Peace. It is time to move upward. Prepare. Change your hearts. Choose the good way – the path to the stars."

By the time Mariko and I go traveling and meet up with the destined shamen, all the Native American souls will be in a better place. The dark shamen will only have souls who have chosen the dark path consciously and there are not that many of them – thank goodness.

Story – Chapter 3: Native American Souls and Shaman
July 4, 2011 – Cabin-in-the-Woods, Oregon

I returned again to the gray, etheric place where the angry souls had been. The ground was perfectly flat, not a blade of grass or any plant grew. The light was an even light gray with no source. It was just as it had been before. The fires of yesterday are ashes today. I was remembering when the chief had leaned towards me, lowering his voice, asking, “Where are we? What is this place?” He said, “there is nothing to eat here and nothing to do. We sit around our fire and tell stories night after night – reliving our battles – our few victories and our many losses. Sometimes a man or sometimes two men come with whiskey and say that the war is coming and we must prepare. So we drink and paint our faces and dance and sing the powerful war songs. But nothing ever happens. Battles are not fought. In the morning we are tired and empty, nowhere to go, nothing to do.”

I told him, “The man with the whiskey or the two men are a shaman and his apprentice. They lie to you and whip up hatred and anger, which they harvest as energy to use for themselves. War is not a noble deed. It is lies and deception. Your energy and your power have been twisted and used for evil in the world of today. You, the dead, are like the cows he milks for energy.” The chief thought long and hard about what had been said and then replied, “It is as you say. I recognize and understand the truth. I am ready to choose a new way.” The Warriors of the Rainbow Light were talking to the others and word of 'change and choice' spread throughout the large group. In the end, all but one soul chose to climb the rainbow ropes.

The one last Native American soul had hidden behind a tumbleweed that he had created for the purpose. Yesterday, when the last two braves were ready to climb the rope, they had looked around and seen him hiding. They pretended not to notice and called out, “Is there anyone else who wants to go up the rainbow?” He did not reply, so they climbed up and the rainbow rope vanished with them.

As I was reminiscing, a lone man came walking. He was Native American, wearing jeans, cowboy boots, western shirt and a black cowboy hat. “Where is everybody?” he asked without ceremony. “Oh, they have gone on.” I said. The shaman, for this is the man, caught sight of the one sage brush and the last soul. “Get over here,” he cried harshly. “I am going to have to wring it out of only you then.” And visions of Native American torture rose up into the air. The soul hunkered down in terror.

“Before all that,” I said, “let’s talk.” We seat ourselves beside the ashes of the old fire. The four Warriors of the Rainbow Light stand behind me and the last Native American soul is in their midst. I begin. “So, my Friend, change has come. All the others have gone to the Happy Hunting Ground, and to their ancestors. This last soul will go with us. You now have a choice. The world is changing. Will you change with it? Love is moving among the people. Greater understanding is now available. The Star Elders are raining their blessings down on earth and the whole of creation is singing a new song. A song of Brother/Sisterhood among

all things – Earth, stone, plant, animal, humans, ancestors, Sun, moon and stars. Can you hold so vast a vision? Only an open heart and a receptive, calm mind can hold it.”

“Anger, fear, hatred, greed, envy, bitterness – all such feeling cloud the vision. To choose the negative, unhappy way is to fall deeper into darkness and pain. Misery and degradation are a bottomless pit and one sees only a little way in the darkness. Such a choice may be possible for power and control. But,” and I paused for a moment, “in the end it means the death of the soul. And the pain one caused is turned back upon oneself. You are only a small but powerful human being. Can you stand against cosmic evolution? Will you foolishly try? Rejoin your race and the family of man. Become again a wise brother to your people. Rise to the noble within yourself.”

“You, my Friend, still have eyes to see and ears to hear. I beg of you to use them. Open your eyes and ears and heart and mind to the new song of life. You are welcome to sing whenever you choose to do so. Christ, Archangel Michael, the Star Elders, and the hosts of heaven will hear your voice and answer. Seek peace, my dear Friend, and you will find it. Seek joy and love.”

When I left, the shaman was still sitting beside the ashes, deep in thought. I returned to my daily life and the four Warriors of the Rainbow Light and the last Native American soul walked towards the Northwest.

July 22, 2011 – Olympia, Washington

This morning in meditation there was something from Chief Seattle and the Native Americans, here in the Northwest. The souls of many of the dead are gone, and their soul’s shells are hanging in the trees – tied by the hair and the moss. Can the Warriors of the Rainbow Light and the last Native American who used to be named “Slinking Dog” but is now called “Proud Noble Warrior” - can they do anything for them alone? Does a living person have to be there? (And the answer came on Wednesday the 27th.) The 'dead' can help others in the spiritual world. I or any living soul can help also, but once the process is initiated and happening, we are not needed. When the time comes to talk to living shamen, then of course, we the living will be necessary – but even the shamen who can consciously journey in the spiritual worlds can be communicated with by the 'dead' – the Warriors of the Rainbow Light and the Rainbow Native Americans.

Spiritual Connection with Blue Thunder

When I think about contacting Blue Thunder and Krista on the spiritual, psychic plane, I want to dress in Native American finery. So I put on a white buckskin dress with fringe and braid my hair and tie rainbow feathers in the braids. My leggings and dress are decorated with more rainbow feathers. I feel wonderful, but I am not sure this is right. I ask White Buffalo Calf Woman, “Is this OK?” and she answers, “Every woman who walks the white

path of peace is a white buffalo woman. Everything you can do, you should do." So, I am happy in my dress and preparation. And I carry a bundle with the gifts I will give to Blue Thunder. At first I do not know what my gifts are, so as I contemplate this, I put a very soft smoke-tanned hide on the ground and wait. "What I think and what I feel and what I do are the gifts I give to the world." I shall bring these. Then I see myself taking a tiny piece from my heart and putting it on the skin – and then a piece of my mind, and a piece of my muscle as my will. I wrap these all up and will offer them to Blue Thunder when we meet.

I begin to walk and two Warriors of the Rainbow Light are in full rainbow feathered regalia and walk on each side of me, but one small step behind. They too are carrying gifts and a peace pipe. I sing as I walk, "Blue Thunder, Blue Thunder, Blue Thunder. . . Blue Thunder." We approach Blue Thunder's camp and are greeted by him. He says, "I have been expecting you and I have my gifts as well." He is also in beautiful beaded finery and feathers. He too is carrying a bundle. We greet and then go to sit in his tipi beside the fire. Krista is sitting across the fire from us tending it. The Warriors sit beside (which is beside and behind) me. Blue Thunder and I open our gift bundles and he has a piece of his heart and mind and muscle/will in his also. So we exchange. We are not blood/Ego/I brothers, but heart/mind/will/brother/sister. We can think, feel and do together. We are two conscious individuals who know we are ultimately one in the spirit, though in the physical world, we are separate beings.

We agree to work together. I ask about Krista. She is in the mysteries of the hearth and fire, and as a young woman, of the mystery of motherhood and children. It is not appropriate for her to walk in the shadow of death at this time. But for him and me, it is fine. We are close enough already.

I am asking when will be a good time to do the journey. And I say, perhaps the night of the solstice when the darkness is at its very shortest time. And he says perhaps at dawn of the very next day. So, I say to him in the spirit, "I will go now and we will prepare consciously, or in the night. I will become aware as best I can, should we need to be together again in the spirit." And so will he.

Summer Solstice 2011

So, another lesson learned. I went off to Olympia to connect with Blue Thunder and Krista. However, they were not there. They are in South America with some Elders. I didn't pick up on it because I was so intent upon connecting and remembering what it was like on the Equinox. Some nice talk with Lori and Rodrigo and a couple of others, but I don't have a lot of patience for light, silly or stupid talk. Its time to get serious. And really, my job is my job. The answers are there in the spiritual world. I have but to ask the question properly and wait patiently and pursue the answer diligently and I will know what I need to know. I must learn to be happy with myself, not expect, and simply do what I feel called to do. I have so much to be grateful for already and as it is. I don't need recognition. I am learning to be truly

satisfied and at peace with my own experiences and in NO! way need or want recognition. What is – is. And leave it at that.

The impulse may be given to Blue Thunder by Chief Seattle, circumventing me altogether. What we experienced in the spirit is perhaps enough – for each of us individually and according to our ability to be conscious there. So I am fine. All is well. If the task falls to me in clearer awareness, then, of course, I will take it up as concretely as I can. But now I do not need to play '20 questions' with random Native Americans. I will be guided and moved to those with whom I have a connection and task. And they will come towards me also.

June 17, 2012 – Santa Monica, California

Well, it has been a full year since I have entered any Native American stories. In that time, I went to Asheville, North Carolina and worked with Ignazio for a month, and then spent four months in Berlin, Austria, Switzerland and England with Mariko. When I returned in the end of January, after visiting Athena in New York City, I spent another month with my friends in North Carolina, which ended in disaster. I went up to Virginia and joined Mariko and her godmother, Skye. We all spent a month together and then after Mariko bought her camper van, we set off on a two and a half month journey across the United States. When we got to the South West, the Native American story took up again.

May 16, 2012 – Zuni – on the Reservation

Last night when we parked near our friend's home in Zuni, I put a circle of stones and blood water around the camper, singing quietly and praying. As I finished, I saw a dog trot away without looking back. I felt at that moment, that we were being checked out by a local shaman, but the dog could do no harm because of the protected consciousness of Mariko and I, and the Christed blood-water and stones. Mariko moved the van and the spirit of the shaman who sent the dog could not find it when I felt a presence later. He only found the empty circle of song and love.

Later, in my meditation, I journeyed to a small group of negative shadow workers and was careful to be protected and appropriately dressed – not too fancy, but traditional. They talked and I listened. They are unhappy, bitter and angry, and have no hope of a better life. I offered to help, and although they do not trust me, and did not know what I could do, they said “OK. What have you got?” I walked around the circle and kissed the two eyes of everyone there and touched their 3rd eyes with my finger. Because of that, they could see both the noble, higher self and the smaller shadow self of each other. They know that they themselves, have those two sides, as well, and that everyone can see them both. They know that they must choose for themselves which aspect they will act from – which side of themselves they will develop and become.

I helped to clear the chakras of the 'young darklings' and they saw the strength in the knees of service, and then, the powerful "white path of peace" opened before them. They have only to choose to walk it.

The two sides are very dramatically different, and it is clear that a choice must be made to develop one side or the other. The noble, tall and strong side is competent, effective and personally powerful, through inner qualities of kindness and compassionate consciousness. The shadow side is small and weaselly, and unsure of itself. It is not powerful intrinsically, but only through manipulation of external forces and beings - animal and Elemental. These were the younger, drug and alcohol-driven young dark-siders. After I kissed their eyes, they asked, "What just happened?" I said, "Ah, you have just been blessed." And then I disappeared from their sight. I closed the experience, like Russell, the Angel Man from Austin, Texas, suggested, by pulling all my own energies and none other, into myself. I thanked Christ, the angels, the Elementals, helpers from my spiritual family and all others for their assistance, and finally, pronounced a blessing to the group of souls I had just interacted with.

Chief Seattle is happy. They – the young dark ones – whose eyes have been blessed, now have the opportunity to see the beauty in life, which they have not seen before. They can see the beauty and nobility in other human beings and themselves. Now they can see both sides and choose.

There were another two or three older men, remaining in the shadows, who are more consciously working for the dark side. They can see what the others saw, but are not so willing to choose the light. The oldest shaman, who was the most skilled in the Carlos Castenada kind of magic, was cutting the toes off a lizard, and when I came near (to offer the choice) he felt the pain he was inflicting on the little creature. He did not at all appreciate my presence, but it did make him aware of the consequences of his acts. He now knows that he will pay for everything he has done, and knows that he has a choice as to how to atone now, rather than wait till after death. He can either consciously work for the light in the worldly darkness, or he will experience his dark-inspired actions after death, through pain and suffering himself.

It became clear that I must go to the sacred Zuniland mesa and share blood with the stones there. The local Gnome King is there and the residing Elementals influence the whole area. There are some gnomes from the deeper stratas and in the volcanic stones nearby who are from the negative sub-earthly, sub-etheric realms. They need an offering of Christed consciousness. They are in part responsible for the dark energies that cloud this place. The negative elementals take advantage of the young people under the influence of drugs and alcohol, and lure them into foolish behaviors, disrespectful situations and sometimes death. Mariko and I will go to the sacred Mesa. The ceremony and sacrificial gift will change the bedrock of Zuni and bring inner light to the land and the etheric spaces here.

With me today have been four Warriors of the Rainbow Light and also "Noble Warrior." He has learned deeply the spiritual realities and will be able to answer the Native

Shaman's questions when they arise as they communicate in the spiritual worlds.

May 16, 2012 – Zuniland, New Mexico

Mariko and I drove to the foot of the Mesa and walked up, singing, "Earth my body, Water my blood, Air my breath and Fire my spirit." We sat with a beautiful view of the stone brother and sister, and watched the setting sun redden the rocks and then turn violet, gold and purple. I did the ceremony of sharing the rocks and blood water, and Mariko joined and shared her blood from a scratch from the rocks. We left in the graying twilight, singing as we went. "Spirits flying in the sky. Thunder in the ground. Fire of the infinite love is all around. Wisdom of the universe, old ones teaching me. Ancient spirits flying in the sky. Opening. Calling me to you, only you, only you." The Elementals are very happy and grateful, as are Mariko and I.

May 17, 2012 – El Moro – the Inscription Rock in New Mexico

Mariko and I left Zuni this morning and got to El Moro National Park by 11 or so and spent the day. We are camping now – watching the sun set beside the massive rock mesa. We decided to simply take our time which is wonderful.

When we walked around the mesa this afternoon, the inscriptions from the Spanish were usually of a disturbing nature, as they were usually trying to subdue or convert the native people. The dates started in the late 1500s.

When we moved to the north side and the inscription stopped, we felt better. We sat at one place on a bench and looked at the rock wall. There was a round shape indented in the sheer cliff face, and with different water striations than the wall around it. Mariko said it looked like a door or a portal. I agreed and we sat and journeyed through it. I perceived a host of souls inside the mesa, waiting until the fourth earthquake. Zuni and Hopi prophecy says that there will be three earthquakes, and at the time of the fourth, the ground will not stop shaking. Our friends in Zuni say that the first three have already happened. We are all just waiting for the fourth. These souls of the dead will help the living souls remember the old ways of protecting Mother Earth and better ways of surviving after the cataclysm.

Some Kachina kind of figures were there also and said that they will come to the villages and pueblos before the fourth earthquake and the major earth changes begin and invite the people to join them in a safe place – perhaps, St John, Arizona, and the San Francisco Peaks, which is their traditional home. Anyone who is too busy will lose out. Scoffers will not go, the drunk, drugged or hung over will not go. Only those who are ready to move directly and can gather what is necessary (which is not much) will go with the Kachinas and survive in this area.

Mariko entered the story of her journey through the portal on the north face of the rock wall, into her journal, and here it is.

"Today Mom and I were at El Moro. I journeyed into the mesa through a portal in the sheer cliff wall. I stood at the entrance and said, "I come in peace." The portal opened and I was welcomed

in by a medicine man. He had a staff and he was beautiful and gentle. He led me down a long, high, wide corridor. There were other natives there – men, women and children. They were beings who could meld into the stone walls and come back out – kind of like breathing with/into Mother Earth. I was welcomed by all the People.”

“The medicine man led me down, down, down to a high vaulted space in the interior of the stone mesa, where there was a body of water and in the center of the pool of water was a HUGE clear quartz crystal. I was invited to go up to the crystal and commune with it by touching it, if I so desired. I approached the crystal and wrapped my arms around it as best I could. I only managed embracing a very small side of the huge formation. I asked the medicine man, “What are you doing here?” He answered, “We are protecting Mother Earth. We are healing Mother Earth and all people on her.” I was then aware that the crystal was also a contact point for the star ancestors in the sky and that there was a place up on top of the mesa where there was a hole where a shaft of light could go and pass up and down. The medicine man said I would understand when I got up on top of the mesa.”

“I asked, “How can I help?” He said to travel to this place in my imagination and in my dreaming, and by doing so, I am helping. And through going there in my dreams/meditations/imagination, I will learn the ways of the shaman. I was led back to the portal and along the way I experienced the People, again. They were all beautiful natives in leather and hide and beads and beauty.”

“When Mom and I walked up to the top of the mesa at first, I did not immediately notice where the light channel was from the crystal below, but as we continued walking around to the other side, I realized that the large phallic stone standing in the middle of the box canyon was the pillar that the light goes through and up into the sky. It is perfect.”

“I was drawn off the path and came directly to a matate hole in the stone – a hole made by grinding corn, berries, meat, etc. by the women. We walked a bit further and found a semi-circle of the holes all along an area of the rock ridge. It was the women's circle where they would do their grinding work, be together, pray, sing, gossip and be sisters together.”

“Mom realized this was the place of the women's initiations, and marriage and union bonds were sanctified here as well. The standing rock in the middle of the semi-circle (which has fallen over) was where the bride would dance with the women sitting around. The warrior/man/groom would have to climb the phallic standing stone in the center of the canyon up to the top and from there he would see his bride.”

“Later as we walked down and met the two Zuni Indian Rangers, we saw the cave where the young newly betrothed couple would go to spend their honeymoon time. We spoke for a long time with them and I told them the story of my experience. It was quite a magic day.”

“Thank you ancestors for allowing me into your world. I feel blessed. Mariko”

We climbed to the top of the mesa where two villages had existed with a thousand people living there from 1200 to 1400. And then they disappeared or rather, relocated to Zuni, Acoma, Hopi, and other places. Up at the top of the mesa, Mariko and I discovered the “women's sun kiva,” a sacred circle of matates and mortarros where the women gathered. These times were still in the ‘Chalice’ of the matriarchy in these parts of North America, and women made decisions for the tribe and the children. The middle of the mesa is hollowed out as a box canyon and in the center stands a tall, phallic rock – very high and very erect. There

was a rock in the center of the women's circle that used to be a balancing stone, but has now fallen. That is where ceremonies of matchmaking and marriage that took place. The maiden would stand on the balancing rock and dance, and the man had to climb the phallic rock to see his intended and watch her dance. Was there a yucca rope or leather thong rope from the phallic rock to the women's circle? Were there feats of strength and daring necessary to prove ability and responsibility, and bind the couple together with strong endorphins born of risk and challenge?

Both Mariko and I spiritually saw that there was a walkway from the box canyon up a sloping part of the mesa wall, and that they used ropes to help ascend and repel down. It was a powerful vision of all that went on up on the mesa. Mariko and I then sang and shared blood with the stones and for the women and the communities.

When we walked on further and came to the abandoned village site, which is being slowly excavated, it was clear to me that the women with babies and young children stayed there most of the time. Only when their children were older and in the care of the village as a whole, was it right for the mothers to spend time in the sacred women's open kiva of the sun and prepare the corn and pemmican there.

Altogether a powerful day. On the way back to the visitor center, we met two Zuni park rangers who know our Zuni friends. Talking to them led nowhere. Nice but nowhere. Mariko and I walked away, but then turned and went back to them and Mariko told them her experience and I said a few words. It felt right. It needed to be shared. They need to know.

May 18, 2012 – El Moro Mesa, New Mexico

This morning's meditation rambled over many topics.

“When anyone reads from the Akashic records, it changes the story. Holes are left and lighter renderings of past happenings. Whoever does this work of spiritual research must be complete and accurate in gathering information, because threads are lost and clarity is sacrificed. Therefore, calm, precise, clear, comprehensive research is necessary the first time around.”

“What were the incarnational processes of these ancient pre-puebloan people? In older times, many centuries ago, the people after death remained in the etheric world located near the physical geography of their lives - hence, the village within the El Moro mesa that Mariko and I saw.”

“How often did they reincarnate? Whether often or not, life remained much the same for thousands of years. Perhaps different Kiva or medicine people incarnated more often in order to manifest the spirit into life more appropriately, but the normal people may not have incarnated very often.”

“Now, the people in the spirit village are protecting Mother Earth. They are also waiting till the Kachinas call them or assign them into incarnation again. El Moro was the spirit ground for the people who lived there. Now St. John's is the place for the contemporary Zuni's souls.”

“What difference did the deed of Christ make? Not much, because of the connection with the Kachinas. Not much of an influence was allowed. They had their own pattern of the dead remaining close to the living and in the same geographic location. The Northern people had a better chance of experiencing the effects of the deed of Christ, because their tradition included the trip up the milky way and into the stars and to the star Elders; whereas the Southwestern people were involved in star people who had come to earth to create their own etheric world here. Long before first contact with European people and their beliefs, the People of the Southwest had been contacted by ETs who appeared to them as Kachinas and Shalico beings. These higher beings, like the gods of antiquity, had their own agendas and goals, which were not always compatible with the potential evolution of humanity, nor did they evolve and change as the capacities of humanity developed.”

“After all that information that flooded in with the perceptions, I chose to approach the rock portal on the mesa and ask the soul People of El Moro, “Do you want to stay and wait, or do you want to know Christ, now?” The shaman said, “Yes, they want to know what is current.” So I went with four Warriors of the Rainbow Light and Noble Warrior into El Moro through the portal. Kachinas came right away and wanted to stop my talking with the people. However, I asked the people if they wanted to hear the truth that even the Kachinas do not know. Noble Warrior spoke up and said, “Yes, hear her. She speaks truth.” So I explained that there were other levels of the spirit world that they could go to, such as with the star Elders in the astral starry realms. All of the People said, “yes,” that they wanted to go, so the Warriors of the Rainbow Light with the help of the El Moro shaman, opened the crystal star gate in the water, beneath the phallic stone in the box canyon, like “Carolyn's Portal” and some of the South American Warriors of the Rainbow Light came to help beam the soul People up the Milky Way to the Star Elder's encampment.”

June 6, 2011 –The Story of Carolyn's Portal

Yesterday, after church – CSL (the Center for Spiritual Living) I went to the farmer's market and connected with Carolyn. We went to her house and sat in the backyard for a couple of quiet hours and talked. I told her all the stories appropriate for needed background of the questions I am posing to everyone: 1. Earth movement changes? 2. Spiritual news and questions? 3. The effects of radiation on humans, Elementals, angels and the etheric Christ?

Carolyn said there was a dimensional portal right near where we were sitting. It is a portal for the Rainbow People, the Peruvian shaman who visited a few years ago, had said. She, herself, shortly after that, had a 'vision' of a small group of Native Americans traveling through the area, long before the 'white people' came, and a young woman disappearing into the portal. The rest of the tribe camped here and waited, but she never returned. Carolyn suggested we use the portal to place a request for connections to like-minded people and answers to my questions.

So we prayed and meditated. Carolyn 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 wide diameter, big enough for several people to stand in. I could see rainbows inside. Then the cylinder slid open about a third of its perimeter, and I saw three rainbow people – human forms with pulsing rainbow colors that rose higher than their bodies up into the tube like sheets of transparent light. They beckoned us in. Carolyn and I had been sitting at the picnic table very close to the portal so we 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. Carolyn stood to the North, and I to the south. Two Rainbow Warriors together stood in the east and west. The three Rainbow People of brilliant fluorescent shades of Guatemala weaving were in the center. We were all inside the translucent cylindrical tube. The door closed a bit but stayed slightly open.

Carolyn 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 I/we could work with and that they also be guided to me/us, and that I receive/find true answers to my questions. I also asked that we might work together from the different dimensions – The Rainbow People from South America, The Warriors of the Rainbow Light who are multicultural Dead, and living human beings. Then I expressed my deep gratitude and we were all silent for a few more moments.

Then 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 from a spiritual deed like the Warriors of the Rainbow Light had experienced. Viracocha had descended into the world of death to bring Light to the souls who were trapped there at that time. The Rainbow People and the Warriors are evolutionary brothers and sisters. (And just as I was writing this, I saw how these spiritual acts occur in patterns and cycles – like the dragon story, and Christ's, and mine own for that matter.) The Rainbow souls, both People and Warriors communed also. 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 more intense. I had been making certain gestures throughout the time in the tube, and then directed the palm rainbow flames to Carolyn to heal her pancreas and diabetes.

After this active silence, Carolyn suggested that we walk clock-wise to close the portal, expressing thanks, again. So we did. When we sat back down, I told her about the Warriors of the Rainbow Light. Mark and Andrea Pinkham of the old Healing Center have been working with Quetzalcoatl for a while (Mark wrote a book years ago). Now they are re-establishing the Templars in America and connecting with others in the world, especially Eastern Europe. It is time to reconnect.

It was suggested to Carolyn that she check in with the portal every day. I support that strongly. She will be healed and regenerated just by sitting in the space for five minutes minimum each day.

I have used the Rainbow Flames to cut binding black cords between people, that are inappropriately used for control and domination. And weeks later, I have now begun to use

the Rainbow Flames for myself – to heal and nurture my body.

May 18, 2012 – (continued)

“At first, the Kachinas wanted to go too, but then, they thought that they should stay till all the souls they have a connection to, have gone up and moved on to the next best place for their further evolution. The oldest shaman will stay to protect Mother Earth, and the Elementals will work with him. (As I was questioning about who could help him, the earth moved beneath my left foot, telling me the Gnomes will work with him.) When all is done, then he will beam up the crystal also.”

“The Kachinas went to St. John and the San Francisco Peaks. They will be willing to help others from other pueblos and ancient ruins, to ascend up to the Star Elders as necessary, and continue positive incarnational processes.”

“I went back through the portal door to say goodbye to the shaman and as I was sending him so much heart-felt gratitude for his willingness to stay to help our Mother Earth, I realized how the crystal functions as a two-way transmitter of love and consciousness from the Star Elders. All the souls that have ascended will be sending love and encouragement to the Zuni and pueblo people of today, and helping them overcome their fractured lives – damaged by drugs, alcohol and money. When it is time, many of the living People may be able to make the changes necessary to survive the coming events.”

The soul people at St. John will also find release and ascension, and the Kachinas will help. They also see that it is the positive way of change and evolution. The Kachinas are ready to be part of the new spiritual movement.

June 6, 2012 – Chaco Canyon, New Mexico

Yesterday at Chaco Canyon, we watched Venus transit the Sun. Chaco was the perfect place to be. The Ancients there were astronomers and their petroglyphs recorded Haley's comet in 1056? The Venus transit was profound. We saw the start and then at the last minute, I watched through the telescope as the Sun and Venus disappeared behind the trees on the mesa across the valley. It was so beautiful. The time in between, Mariko and I walked up the steep climbing trail behind Pueblo Arroyo and walked on the top of the mesa to look down on Pueblo Bonito. We feel so at home up on the mesas. We think it was where the women did a lot of their work, like in El Moro. There are matates up there and water catchment and wonderful symbolic 'folds and orifices' and yoni-like formations up on the tops of the mesas.

The women had their ceremonial areas up in the heights of the mesa tops – open to the Sun – while the men had their initiations and special places in the kivas – inside the earth. It was a balancing of the masculine and feminine energies. Women, who are the wombs and creators of life in darkness, celebrate in the heights and sun. Men, who have more of the intellectual, mind, sun energy, are initiated in the sacred womb of the dark earth.

In one large area, I spiritually saw the women and children swimming and washing clothes. On the long walk back and down, we took off our shoes and went barefoot. It felt so

good. And climbing down the rubble stairway was easy. Feet are very intelligent and agile.

We sat and meditated in many places all over Chaco and always felt peace and no ancestors still waiting – or still attached to the land or ruins. At Casa Rinconada, sitting in the shade in the alcove above the kiva, I asked the spirit of the ancestors, “Where are you?” and they answered, “We have gone on.” It truly feels that way for most of them.

There are petroglyphs of alien beings, and I got the impression that they were Pleiadians, as they are rather 'frog-like'. I think the ETs were guiding spirits and very benign. They brought culture and co-operation to the indigenous peoples – planning and building the great houses, farming, water catchment and irrigation and all sorts of other practical things such as pottery and jewelry. The ETs assisted in administration – planning and design and in the clarification and delineation of the various tribal traditions. The ancient pre-puebloan people migrated up from the south. Among the ruins were parrot feathers and chocolate, and the culture was communal, agrarian and peaceful. Then the drought brought other tribes of a more warlike, aggressive nature as marauding bands into Chaco Canyon. Were the northern races, like the Navaho and Apache and Ute under the guidance of the more restless and aggressive Sirians? They were hunter/gatherers from the north whose ancestors had come across the Bering Straits.

June 7, 2012 – traveling from Chaco Canyon to Mesa Verde

Yesterday we finished up our time in Chaco and left. We stopped, after fixing the air conditioning and doing laundry, at Aztec Ruins. There are vestiges here of another Great House and a reconstructed Great Kiva.

While meditating in the room where a number of burials were found, I asked the souls, “Where are you now?” They answered, especially one woman, “While our bodies were intact, we stayed here and watched our children and grandchildren live and work and play. When our bodies dried up to dust, except for the bones, we had nothing to keep us attached here and so one day the wind took our souls – just blew them away. Since we were then free, we became a part of the things we loved – the wind and rain, stones, plants, trees and flowers, and sometimes animals. Sometimes we incarnated into people – our descendants. We knew that in the future, there would not be many opportunities to incarnate, and that our people would dwindle, and so only a few of us chose to reincarnate again.”

Then, Mariko and I went into the reconstructed Great Kiva which smelled musty and needs a good cleaning and better ventilation. I meditated on the meaning of the 'vaults,' the two rectangular stone constructions in all the larger, great kivas. I asked, “What is the purpose and meaning of the vaults?” A discarnate shaman stepped out of the shadows and said, “Who asks?” I replied, “A White Buffalo Calf Woman who comes in peace and seeks understanding.” I was dressed in the beautiful native clothing I had worn when I visited Blue Thunder in spirit. The shaman asked, “Who is that and why do you want to know?” Four Warriors of the Rainbow Light, Noble Warrior, and the El Moro shaman all came and spoke for me, telling what we had done together about the Native American souls outside

Denver and those in El Moro.

When he heard all they had to say, the shaman was convinced, stepped forward again and said. "The vaults are many things. The most important from long ago is the 'grave of resurrection.' In the beginnings, they were the initiation chambers for novices and shamen. They were portals to other worlds, and places for vision quests and the final initiation of a shaman. Would you like the experience?" I said, "Yes, thank you." and was laid into the vault before me and the shaman lay in the other. In the real time past, the initiate was covered with a mat and each member of the clan or society, threw a handful of dirt into the vault over the mat. Then a cover of wood or more woven mats were placed over the vault and left in place for three days.

So I lay there under a mat with a little dirt over it in the meditative spirit world, and the shaman came to me in the 'double dream time.' He took me first to Wakantanka– the Great Spirit. Wakantanka said that he was like Jehovah – a very high being from ancient times, and that he has little power now and no real plan for the People. Once he was powerful and important, but he is not any longer. I said to him, "We can all go to Christ, after the Native American initiation and learn what is right and appropriate for the present time."

Then the shaman took me on a short visit to a number of totem animals. This was the way the first clans began: the shaman and chiefs of each clan made contact with their totem animals. We visited Badger, Raven, Deer and a couple of others very briefly. When we got to Wolf, the old grandmother wolf from Kindermeadow was there to greet me. The shaman was actually impressed and happy to see that I have a totem connection in the spirit clans already.

Then we went to Christ and the shaman was shown the present reality and the new patterns in the etheric, astral and spiritual worlds. He is very glad to have been shown the reality of now, and to meet Christ in a good way – the cosmic, evolutionary way. So much damage has been done in Christ's name against the Native Americans that has nothing at all to do with Christ.

When we returned to the 'vaults' and stepped out and faced one another, standing in the kiva, the shaman said, "My name is 'Brother Peace in His Bones' and your name is 'She Who Walks the White Path of Peace.' We are brother and sister in the spiritual world. He will assist any and all souls who want to come to know Christ in the good way, and who want to re-enter the pattern of karma and reincarnation, since so many of the Native American souls have been deeply wounded and have not had many lifetimes recently. The Native American souls are very old in one way and very young in another. They may now each choose what way they will continue.

When the chosen human and earth changes come, the etheric and astral planes will also be cleared and cleaned. We human beings must learn to let go of the past to be more present and future creative. Although the Native American traditions go from the ancestors forward to the 7th generation, there are few of them living that reality at this time. The bad food, alcohol and drugs, and strange, unnatural lifestyle that is so prevalent now is not creating a viable future for even one or two more generations, much less seven. We all must

resolve the past – recognize it, let it go, and release every bit into a cleansed, transformed perfect weaving of the tapestry of past life, so that the present can be as powerful and profound as possible.

June 10, 2012 – Ten-X Campground – Grand Canyon, Arizona

Sitting outside in the beauty and coolth of the morning at Ten-X a BLM campground outside the Grand Canyon, We had a sweet, peaceful and long sleep last night and I feel so very wonderful. I will catch up with our adventures.

Friday, June 8, we woke up in Mesa Verde, tired and a little uneven and the next day we wondered in a sleepy daze, which was OK. Mesa Verde is very high and crowded with people, and yet it is powerful and peaceful. We did the self-guided tours on the main loop and sat in the shade whenever we could, and just enjoyed the beauty and profound peace of the busy place.

When I meditated and communicated with the souls of the pre-puebloans who had lived and died at Mesa Verde, I experienced serenity and the feeling that there was no difficulty with any soul/spirits here. They too, like the 'Aztec Ruins' souls, had gone on to the appropriate places for themselves in the right way and the right time, which is when the body is desiccated to dust. (Which is why the Native Americans want the bones and mummified remains to be returned to the earth – so that the souls can successfully remain in the proper spiritual worlds and in the appropriate geographic location.)

The next day we got up early and went back out to Chapin Mesa and took the guided tour of the Cliff Palace – beautiful, powerful and peaceful. The meditation at the overlook was deep. The souls of the Native Americans from Mesa Verde are all fine. They taught me about the 'Medicine Society' and totem clans.

“All the clans and totems are hereditary, except the Medicine Society/clan. Membership into the Medicine clan was and still is, by invitation. I was invited since I have been initiated in the 'Aztec Ruins Great Kiva' and can interact with the spirit worlds. As in the past, now in the present, particular young people and even children are watched and mentored by members, and then if and when appropriate, are inducted into the Medicine Society. They come from all the clans. The clans are through the matriarchal blood lines: the Medicine Clan is individual and spiritually multi-tribal. Any special allegiance to a particular tribe or geographic location is inappropriate. The Medicine Society is the global, universal contingent of the Native American culture.”

Mariko and I had a poignant, good time viewing the last overlooks and viewpoints in Mesa Verde and then left for Monument Valley. Outside the National Park, the Ute reservation was depressing and dirty, and when we entered 4 Corners - which we did not pay to go in and actually see - and were on Navaho Nation land, we saw a young woman get out of the car that had pulled off the highway just ahead of us, and the black car sped off, leaving her to walk. I was driving and when we went by her, Mariko said that she was Native American, and she was crying. I looked ahead and decided to stop at a little 'turn-around' just

ahead of us. I would have stopped to pick her up, but the black car pulled off into the very turn-around I would have used so I said to Mariko, "It's best not to meddle in these things." and drove on.

We went to Monument Valley, already driving through incredible, varied landscapes of different colored stones and wild fanciful formations. The monument valley itself is truly colossal, although it was one of the windiest places in a vast windy area. We sat on the rock walls at the visitor center and looked out over the massive formations, growing more and more shadow-detailed in the setting sun. When I meditated and looked for the souls who had died here, I was told by an unfriendly voice, "Don't meddle!" I replied, "I am not meddling. I have no agenda. I am simply offering information and friendship." I was with the Native American contingency which was: four Warriors of the Rainbow Light, Noble Warrior who is Apache, Otiah the El Moro shaman, and Brother Peace In His Bones from Aztec Ruins, Grandmother Wolf and myself. The Navaho spirits were neither interested nor impressed. They really are a group unto themselves, and not interested in spiritual inter-tribal communication – at least not this opportunity.

We drove on till after dusk and stopped at the Navaho National Monument which was very eerie, as no one was there and we felt an over-arching 'uneasiness.' I never even stepped out of the van when we got there, I just looked out. The only reason we were there was because the camping was free and we were closer to Page and Antelope Canyon, our early-next-morning destination.

That night both Mariko and I had dreams of death and woke up in distress, which we agreed not to talk about til we had left the area. I was glad that I hadn't stepped out of the van the night before, since I didn't want to touch the ground there until I had poured blood water and stones on it. We spread Christed stones in a number of places. Then we sang "Spirits flying in the Sky" as we walked back to Lilly Bordeaux and away. That has been the theme song for this whole journey – especially in the Southwest and on the Rez. The song is a reminder of the best of the ancient ways and an affirmation that it is still possible.

We shared our dreams of death down off the mesa. Mariko and I each dreamed of the other dying. I meditated a few minutes and asked, "Where does this feeling come from?" and I saw a short, very ugly, pock-mark faced Native American who works at the park there. Lots of unpleasant things happen around him. He is an apprentice dark shaman, and there are many unhappy discarnate souls in the area, who are pressed into willing service, causing living humans lots of grief. I asked to see who or what force was behind him and using him to spread unhappiness, disaster and death; and spiritually returned to the Navaho Monument mesa, went out into the canyon of red rock, and stood at the mouth of a cave. A large red-being stepped out. It was shaped like some of the petroglyphs we had seen at Chaco Canyon – giant, humanoid, but not human. The creature reared up to its full height which was formidable and scowled in my direction, sending unpleasant prickles over my whole body. That was all I saw because Mariko was very concerned about the possible consequences of her dream and besides, we had to go to be on time for the tour in Page,

Arizona.

Antelope Canyon was an exquisite experience, and very crowded and ridiculous. The canyon is beautifully breathtaking, and the amount of people and crying babies jammed in there was obscene. We went on to the Grand Canyon, which is also beautiful and crowded. In both places, the power of Mother Nature overcame most of the human stupidity.

This morning in meditation, I revisited the Navaho Monument. I returned to the cave and stood, calling to the red creature. He stepped out of the cave and faced me, saying, "So, I didn't scare you away." "No, scaring doesn't work. I just have a message. I left new relocated rocks with Christed Elementals. They will speak to your red stones and to the souls of the people still here – those killed in the not-good way. Christ is the way out of the damaged and damaging etheric world in which you and the souls now reside. Things have changed in the spirit worlds and the etheric dimensions are no longer safe for you red-reptilian beings. You must either return to your original home or change now with the times. You should be evolving into the astral worlds, you and the souls in your care. The People must look to the Christ. He can show the way from the etheric to the astral. Look to the Christ, call upon Him."

So I just left my message. The red-being had no appreciation of our visit at first, but he is 'thinking' about it now.

I realized when I was saying all this that the etheric planes must be cleared and cleaned of all the discarnate souls who are still in the etheric realm – either trapped there or just waiting for they know not what. As humanity ascends or as many die in the changes to come, we can enter a reasonably peaceful place, and move through the etheric more easily than if it is filled with confused, damaged souls and strange, evil conflicting etheric forces of destruction. The astral plane is being cleared and purified now by Christ who ascended into the astral worlds when atomic bombs were first exploded, and the etheric worlds became damaged and damaging from the radiation. He is holding the archetypal template for all earth existence in his cosmic love on the astral planes. One of the tasks we humans must agree to take on is to clean and clear the etheric residue of destructive atomic energy and explosions.

June 13, 2012 – Driving through Arizona

Last night we tried to camp in the national forest, but the campers/partiers up the road were shooting off firecrackers and guns, so we left and pulled in late to Dead Horse Ranch State Park and slept well and safe. It is hot here, and so we got up very early and set off. We pulled into Tuzigoot and walked up the little hill to the ruins of a Great House there – different from all the others we have visited. The rooms were larger and there were no kivas. The stonework was different too – bigger rounded rocks and not always 'core and veneer' walls, as in all the other ruins. We climbed up to meditate, sitting in the shade on the stairs in the upper room because it was soo hot so soon in the morning.

We had read that 409 burials had been found here, so I called to them and asked,

“Where have you gone?” “We went away when our bodies disappeared. We are fine. We went with the People when they left. We went away also.” I was wearing my white buckskins in the spiritual world and surrounded by my Indian companions and Grandmother Wolf. I rose up from the ruins and looked out over the area and saw that there was a flock of white butterfly Native American souls fluttering here. I continued to rise up until I could see that the butterflies were in clusters all over America. They were all the innocent souls of the Native Americans from all the centuries up to now. They have been hovering and fluttering in the etheric and lower astral of the earth. They are a bit blighted now because of the radiation since the 40s.

Grandmother Wolf howled and that called all the souls to gather together. When the huge flutter came around us, Otiah addressed them. “My Brothers, my Sisters, all my relations. I am Otiah of El Moro. We have a message. 'She Who Walks the White Path of Peace' has come to tell us it is time. The end is near: that, we know. It is time to move – time to migrate.” Otiah gestured towards me, so I stepped forward with Grandmother Wolf beside me. “Dear People, it is time to join the ancestors and the Star Elders. You can be much more effective from the Happy Hunting Ground in the spirit world. You can inspire and help your descendants from higher up, with more scope and a wider view. By remaining so close to the earth, you do not have the big picture. Rise to the mountain tops of the spiritual world and you will have a new and broader perspective, and the Star Elders have much wisdom they wish to share with you now. Now is the time to ascend.” The white butterfly souls listened intently. Otiah stepped forward and opened a portal to the Happy Hunting Ground. The star gate portal looked like a round mirror placed in the sky. It was a dimensional shift opening to higher spiritual worlds. There was a subtle visual shift in the skyscape – a break in the clouds, an anomalous space, like the portal on the rock wall at El Moro, but here amidst sky and clouds. The white butterflies began to flutter upward. There were millions in the cloud – all the kind, innocent people who had lived good Native American lives over the millennia. They had reincarnated only a few times over the centuries, and are still good and kind, young and innocent souls though the race is ancient.

As the white butterfly souls landed in the spirit world, The Star Elders spoke to them, saying, “Here in this sacred place there are no tribes. Here and now is the time to forget, release and let go of all the traditions and distinctions of your different tribes on earth. The end is near and the new world that you will help create does not need old traditions or the divisive effects of many different tribes and groupings. All dogma of tradition must be released. All thoughts and ideas of 'the perfect and right way' must be let go. Only remember the feelings – the feelings of love, devotion, freedom and respect. The feelings are the same among all the tribes, among all human beings. Remember and keep the good feelings – in those, you can unite. You all have new families now too. Whosoever's wing you touched on the journey here to this sacred place, is your brother or sister. Whoever you have landed near now is your new family. The new world will need universal souls to help create it. All the old must pass away and a truly new, creative, egalitarian, cosmic world must be birthed by all

free-thinking individuals.”

“We have many schools here, and there are many new things to learn. You must prepare for the new world. At first only a small number of souls will be needed, able, and ready to incarnate. The rest will learn, inspire and be inspired in the spiritual worlds. Humanity will work together from both sides of the threshold much more easily and consciously in the times to come. So, settle in with your new relations, and an angel will come to each group with guidance for the next steps – the next adventures. Congratulations for a successful ascension and we wish you strength and perseverance, love and joy in this time of learning and preparation.”

I opened my eyes. The sun was shining, the birds were singing and the whole world felt lighter, clearer and joyfully hopeful.

June 14, 2012 – San Jacinto, California

So this morning in meditation there was great rejoicing with the spiritual family, the Warriors of the Rainbow Light, and all the Native American contingency. It has been accomplished - the undefined task with the Native American shamen and the souls of the People. It happened with the aid of Mariko. She is the 'other person' who traveled to the other side with me sometimes. Mariko is learning and doing all the necessary preparation, and in time, we will be able to work together much more consciously across the threshold in the spiritual worlds, and in the midst of the challenging times to come.

An “Act of Consecration of Humankind” – thus it has been.

December 5, 2012 – San Diego, California

Natural disasters restore the natural environment. The imposed sclerotic, physical, cultural and social forms are destroyed - buried, burned or blown away. People must come into direct contact with the elements of nature and with one another. Old habits and patterns of behavior are changed dramatically and only immediate presence of mind is applicable and effective. Basic human values rise to the surface of consciousness through the torn facade of social norms. The 'lone wolf', and 'rogue bear', and other antisocial individuals may not survive. It is together in our humanity, our basic loving, kind, intelligent humanness that people work together to survive crises.

I am watching the world in turmoil from the donut viewing station (*The donut is a circular double row of pillars in the space between Earth and the moon. I think it is at the La Grange point which is the perfectly balanced point between Earth's and the moon's gravitational pull. I often stop there to look back on Earth to see an overview of what is happening, before I continue up to the moon-sphere proper and the New Jerusalem which is in the kamaloka area of the spiritual worlds.*) after preparing through the usual meditations. The earth is prepping up for a crustal shift. The melting of the ice cover on both poles could be the unbalancing trigger that sets plate shift into motion. Ignazio says there will be a visible comet at the end of 2013. They have always been seen as portents of doom and disaster. This comet may even be seen in the day –

it will be so bright and close. Humanity can see it as the Christ star of the second coming and prepare spiritually to receive ever more fully the Christed energies from the starry astral world. Or if not, then it will be the herald for disastrous earth changes. What we will not choose to do ourselves out of freedom, Christed intelligence, and love of life for ourselves and all the earth, will then be done for us through cataclysm, catastrophe and death. We still have choices and we must make them and work feverishly to manifest our deepest heart's desire for a just, healthy, sustainable, equitable, beautiful, supportive, spiritually aware, correctly technically enhanced, intelligent, compassionate, workable world.

We, here at the donut – myself and the spiritual family, the Warriors of the Rainbow Light and the Native American contingency – were told that the people in the New Jerusalem and all the dead there, were receiving the same information as we were. So I relaxed and we spread out and watched the earth. Each group of us shared a few words about what we must accomplish to help in this freeing from the old and manifesting the new, so that the catastrophe would be less dire.

The Native Americans said, “We must continue to help clear the souls of our people, and to heal the group souls of the animals and plants. Our wise ones must be encouraged to speak out. We must help our people to break the bonds of secrecy and 'specialness' and the reticence to share. We have nothing to lose. Our traditions like everyone's traditions are no longer based on contemporary truth and knowledge. It was fine, right and good for the past. Now is new times and calls for new measures. Complete transparency in everything. Many of our people will awaken, shake off and reject the alcohol, drugs, and lies of the enslaving culture. We are enslaving ourselves now – not them.”

“In this next year, we must walk our land and tell our story. We must be the 'peace pilgrims' and 'the walking rainbows.' We must all walk and talk, sing, chant and pray our world back to beauty. In small groups of three to five, we must walk the backroads of America – singing our story of human hospitality and love of the earth. In larger groups of a dozen we must gather in the small towns and speak at churches, schools and community colleges, and in the agricultural extensions. And in the larger cities and the state capitals, twelve groups of twelve people, 144 in all shall come together to share their experiences and songs and art and visions for a new world. And it may not be only Native Americans, but all races together. The Native Americans can spear-head this movement.”

They could reclaim their land for peace, and the women must be strong and take part. As a matter of fact, the women must lead this. In the end, all will meet in Washington DC or another designated area.

October 31, 2013 – Halloween in the Petrified Forest, Arizona

Last night when I first drove on to the land and off the freeway, a distraught white woman's soul came flying up to me and threw herself into my arms, crying, “I have been waiting so long for you or someone like you.” She was wearing clothes from the turn of the century, and had blond hair up in a loose bun. I soothed her and said, “All is well now and

we can heal what needs healing.” She calmed down and disappeared.

June 30, 2014 – Bellevue, Washington

Today there is more on the redemption of the luciferic imps. (*Refer to the monograph, The Deeds of Christ and the Redemption of Lucifer,*) Today the Native American contingency wants to come and engage in what is happening. The redeemed luciferic beings will become allies and a correct connection to the spiritual worlds. There will be a new grounding in appropriate relationships to the spiritual worlds made possible that was not available before.

The Native Americans who are left on Earth right now can overcome the alcoholism more easily than before. Their former imps can help in the process. They will offer encouragement for positive steps and actions within each individual Native American to stop drinking and smoking and doing drugs. The recovery programs will start working better and more effectively now. A true, reasonable spirituality appropriate for our time will return and arise in the consciousness of many Native Americans. This will help against the wiles of Ahriman and the Azuras.

The separation from the people of other races who resonate with Indian lore and traditions of the best kind, but who have individually adjusted the beliefs and practices, will be graciously included in Native American lives. A new influx of modern, creative synergy will move both the Native Americans and those who are so called to their way of life, to a higher level. I need to return to the Zuni and the Hopi and share and talk and learn their stories and how they relate to what is happening now.

July 17, 2014 – Vashon Island, Washington

The ceremony that Susan Baytree and I did yesterday was very powerful. As Susan spoke well-thought words that carried the emotions of love and gratitude, the water, as the etheric medium of the Earth plane, accepted and imprinted the vibrations into itself. The vibrations were kindly, loving, gently formed and gracefully flowing. Then a bit later, when she spoke of healing and cleansing, I observed that the patterns that impacted the water's formation and inner structure were more orderly and regular and geometric.

When I sang, “Earth my Body,” and did the gestures, it sent the vibrations of love and gratitude that I was choked up with because of the power of Susan's energy, into the air and water with more far-reaching energy. When I threw the blood-blessed stones out into the water, they left an arc of rainbow colors which attracted the geese. Five Canadian geese flew right through the arc and over us.

Using the sacred stone knife to cut the slit between the worlds, we peeled layers of time away and brought back all the love and energy of the Native Americans who had lived and loved on this island and resuscitated the memories and patterns of energetic love from

long ago.

Susan had some inspiration about clearing and cleaning the water with charcoal filters as the answer to her question, “What can clean the water and restore the pH balance?” It was, “something that falls from the sky, but is not rain.” She thought of ash and then charcoal and then something with negative ions, that could be painted on the bottoms of boats. There needs to be gradients of filters and then something energetic to heal the radiation and pollution.

Now, this morning, I am seeing that with our love and the orderly energy of intention, we humans can affect the Elementals in a positive way. They can use the love and gratitude as protection around themselves – like armor. It works like lead in being so dense and integritous that radiation cannot penetrate very far into the cocoon/armor of love around the Elemental. And because it separated them out from the group, to protect each one individually, it is furthering their individualized identities which is one of their next evolutionary steps.

The geometric intentions are shaped like an open cube with a handle. Two Elementals can catch a molecule of radiation or pollution in the cube and by slowing it down and playing a game of 'tennis' with it, they restore rhythmic balance of back and forth to the ray, so that it slows down and can oscillate in a non-harmful vibration. The oscillations set up a vibratory field that can entrain other rays of radiation to change direction and become a positive force.

Love is the raw substance of creation. We modify, form, and pattern it with our intelligent, heart-felt intention which sets ripples of form into the etheric worlds. These are picked-up and manifested in the physical world by the Elementals who are in harmony with the angels and beings of the other hierarchies who resonate with the original intention.

Vashon and the little harbor could become a true experiment and testing ground for the efficacious application of human love, gratitude and intention for positive change in the physical world. And a final thought on that for the moment, “Could crystals and stones be placed in the oceans and harbors to amplify and intensify the human thoughts of cleaning and clearing the radiation and pollution?”

March 7, 2015 – San Juan Ridge, California

Up to the New Jerusalem and the question “What must I initiate and do?” The Native Americans say, “When you are ready and the time is right, the shaman will come to you. It’s not for you to run around or hang out with Native Americans. Finish your spiritual work on the subject, have a monograph complete and ready and soon please, and then he and she will connect with you. DO YOUR WORK.” *(I have always gotten these little pep talks, admonitions, and encouragements. I am doing my best to respond and get to it. Hope you don't mind my including these. Each one of us is receiving this encouragement to fulfill our destinies, and to do it NOW.)*

There has been a year's hiatus. I have spent the year from February 2016 to the present with Edgar Mitchell and the Interstellar Team. In April, Otiah from Morrow Rock joined the team. The following journal entries are his contributions.

April 7, 2016

I, Kienda, asked the team, "So how can we help to change the present chaos? How can we support the awakening of humanity and then support the creation of new ways of being, living, thinking and feeling that will inspire the best in everyone?"

Otiah from Morrow Rock spoke up. "There have been many traditions and celebrations that have furthered joy and productivity among many peoples on earth. We, Native Americans, had so many little daily things we engaged in to affirm the noble, good, beautiful, true, and spiritual in our lives – from greeting the sun every morning, to thanking the plants and animals that offered themselves for food, to ritual cleansing with water. All cultures and societies have had these simple acts of conscious acknowledgment of the unseen forces of beneficence behind physical matter. These have been lost to much of the population now, because of isolation from nature herself, and the arid, lifeless culture of the mass-produced, forced consumership of things, that often end up obscuring true human encounters, and in the end, create heaps of waste and garbage which further clutters our environment."

"Many of the old ways do not address the needs of our present time and situations. I think that if we could find ways to insinuate a consciousness of the Spirit into today's lifestyle, that would be very helpful." "Thank you, Otiah, well spoken and true." said Edgar in appreciation. "We will reflect on that."

I added, "perhaps now it is not so much specific actions or verses etc. that is needed, but permission to freely indulge desires to express in sound and movement, color and other artistic means – singing and dancing throughout the day, or making beautiful by artistic presentations of mundane earthly activities and objects – setting the table, sweeping the floor, gardening, singing to children, pets, and loved ones etc. We must eat. We must sleep. We must clean. We must contribute to the community and society. Those life sustaining activities could be hallowed by applying consciousness in our doing of them – a joyful consciousness." Edgar smiled broadly and said, "That is a lovely idea – each person creating their own sacredness anew and afresh each day. Perhaps the way we, up here, can foster that ideal on Earth, is to be absolutely clear, and power-pack the thoughts as we bless everyone on Earth with new energy for discovering the sacred within, and encouraging its expression in all forms. We here also might take the time whenever anyone here speaks truth – which we all do all the time to the best of our abilities – to send it down to earth in a thoughtful way. It's like setting little candles in paper boats afloat out into the river. In this case, when our clear thoughts and pure energies reach a receptive human heart and mind, it will kindle a flame within them to strive to achieve and manifest such an enjoyable goal within their own lives."

"Only people who have these desires within themselves will resonate and be inspired. If a person does not have any such thoughts, feelings, or aims within themselves, the wishes will just float on by. People are left in perfect freedom. To resonate or not to resonate, that is the deciding factor." Edgar and Otiah smiled around the circle as we concluded our session.

October 27 2016 – Regarding the situation at Standing Rock

Otiah stepped forward, "Oh, yes. The situation at Standing Rock and the protection of the water, land and Tribal Rights is crucial. It is an excellent platform and direly needs to succeed. Protection of the water, air, and soil of our own planet is paramount at this moment if humanity is to have the needed time to achieve the evolution of the majority of the people. The destruction of our planet and vital ecosystems is a threat to human evolution at this precarious time. There are many lessons yet to be learned that are physically based and that are expedited by a deep relationship to nature and our Mother Gaia. We must love the physical world for what it is, and as it is, and work together to elevate her and ourselves. 'We all go together when we go,' as Kienda is so fond of saying. And it's true. We humans are the keepers and caregivers of all below us – animals, plants, and minerals – this whole planet. We, of course, are guided and cared for by those above us."

Otiah continued speaking to the Interstellar Team. "Theoretically, that is the pattern – those above take care of those below. We must take into account, however, the influence of others who are set in opposition to the rightful flow of love, energy, and care. Those come in all levels of existence that we humans can perceive. Only complete immersion in the love of Wakantanka, Christ, Manitou, which is always available (but can only be sustained for limited human amounts of time) is an unfolding of all aspects in love, balance, harmony, and equality."

"So, how do we apply this wisdom to Standing Rock and the protectors of Earth?" And Otiah stood silent for a moment. "There are many layers to this problem both physical and spiritual. It would be valuable for us here to work in each and every area. The legal illegalities must be addressed. There is a native man who is doing that work. Are there are four Warriors of the Rainbow Light who are willing and able to accompany him?" Four Warriors of the Rainbow Light worked their way through the many concentric circles around the main team members. "We will," they said. "We will accompany and protect him and all those working in the legal and political realms." At that, many other Warriors stepped forward. "We will inspire people in the political realm – from presidents and governors to county and city officials." More Warriors stepped out, saying, "We will accompany and inspire the police and military who are involved in this immoral situation."

November 22, 2016 – Marin Valley, California

After my preparatory meditations, I went to Standing Rock. Many people need to protest at the police site, the capital of North Dakota, and the White House.

One young woman has died from hypothermia or been severely damaged and is living between the worlds. Her spirit crossed the lines and went to the police. She told them: "You have been on the front lines of war. This war has now moved into the souls of those involved. When you return home you will never be the same. You have severed your selves from the family of man. You have sold your souls for money and a job. Your children will suffer the effects of your deeds to the seventh generation. Your wives and daughters will fear your touch, since it has caused so much pain and sorrow, and degraded your fellow human beings."

"I will be with you till the end of your lives – touching every living experience you have with the sorrow of my wounds and my death at your hands, your hearts, and your ideals. We have been killed for less than nothing in the past. Now we die for purpose. We die that life may flourish in time, and that peace and harmony be restored to earth. And, that you may learn the lessons of love and return to the family of humankind. Your beliefs bring death and pain – they sow suffering across America. The legacy you leave is barren, and you and your children and your children's children, should there be any, will eat the bitter fruit of your crimes against humanity and the world."

"Turn back while you still can. Lay down your weapons of mass destruction, return home to the heart and love of your family. Forgive yourselves of your deeds by realizing what you have done and experiencing the shame and remorse necessary to expiate your wicked deeds. Cleanse your souls and become human again. I will be with you, I will support you only in that."

"If you continue, you must know that the coals of Hell and the ice of the abyss are being heaped and molded by your own hands. If you refuse the lessons of life, you will reap the lessons of death – alone and in the agony you have meted out to others in the deeds of these sad days."

"While you are alive now in the prime of your abilities and consciousness, you may choose what you do. I would help you to choose wisely. Put down your guns, turn and refuse to harm your fellow humans. It is the only choice worth making. All else is compliance with the evil and erodes your soul, heart, and mind, and will only bring anguish and suffering to you as a result."

"I am a White Buffalo Calf Woman, as all women are, who love and nurture life and who respect death. We walk in both worlds, guiding those who follow the noble human path, and standing as a reminder and goad to those who have slipped into a living hell of their own making. So, choose, my fallen Brothers. Choose wisely. The effects of choices in these dire conditions reach far and wide, and long into the future. Choose life. Choose love."

Biography

Kienda (Betrue) 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 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.

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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