

Paris 2000

by

Kienda (Bettrue) Valbracht

It could only have happened the way it did! No amount of tears could ever change it. I don't even want to change anything. I'm just celebrating in a wet sort of way. Really, it was perfect. I know that. The tears simply running down my funny old face are for the poignant loneliness of now.

To anyone looking at us, we were two mismatched oddities, promenading the Parisian streets like antique gentry, till I broke into a wild Charleston in tempo with the raucous saxophone on the metro stairs. Otherwise, we walked in time, almost always perfectly synchronized, arm in arm, oblivious to all but the beauty around us, and to me, everything was beautiful! Everything!

Everything was divinely choreographed. Mass at Notre Dame sealed the fate of humanity, "I greet the Christ in You." Everyone had halos and shining aureoles for hours: the halt, the blind, the strange and misshapen. Each was divinely beautiful. Each a work of art. And the numinous gorgeousness of the young and lithe was blinding.

So we spent two and a half days on beautiful, glorious holiday trying to communicate, and it never really mattered when we didn't, which was oftener than we acknowledged. But, so what? I enjoyed sooo, your acceptance, and practical, open-eyed wonder; and it was so good and secure beside you, and experiencing your gentle, firm, realistic ways. That is the beauty and tragedy of it. Our time together was fragile and transient, bitter sweet and impossible to sustain. In some regard it was 'only a bit of time spent together,' and in other ways, we created our own eternity, retrofit lifetimes from the past, and collided everything into the NOW – the eternal now.

We are not in love; were not in love. The grace of being together was deeper. We are colleagues in the spirit; soul melded in mutual appreciation, acceptance and respect. And I am amazed at how steadily my tears are falling. I don't feel old, but when I see my reflection in a passing window, I wonder who that little old troll is. It's not really all that bad, I still have a pretty face. But I know that some of these tears are for what might have been – some years ago, or some lifetime ago. I'm an eternal romantic, and a Taurus, so I would like my ideals to materialize. But if language is a barrier and the words don't work, then how can we express ourselves? How can we stand revealed without the verbal? What can we share?

Could we have sat by the Seine and painted the same picture between the two of us? Could we perhaps have lain in one another's arms and hummed or spoken in tongues unknown to either of us? You know, I don't think it's sex, I'm an honorary

virgin after so long and it's fine: that is my present destiny. But intimacy – that is what I desire. I want to share so much and I want to hear, feel, savor and appreciate another.

So Paris has blown open my heart. It is so beautiful – the sacred geometry of design and ornament, public display, and intimate nooks, the past and the future. It is a city of contrasts and I have been stretched to the limits in both directions. Ah life! Ah lives! And so, dear Friend – friend of how many lifetimes – sleep peacefully and deep, and wake refreshed. And now that the well of my tears has brimmed and flooded, and my emotions and the past are washed and cleansed, I too, can sleep and wake content.

Biography

Kienda (Betruë) Valbracht, IMA Thanatology, is a Clinical Hypnotherapist and a SIDS mother. The death of her infant son, Christian Alexander, impelled her into an exploration of Death's domain, culminating in her published book: *Lucid Death: Conscious Journeys Beyond the Threshold*, (available from her web site www.cosmicodyssey.info Barnes & Noble, or Amazon.) Creating structure and form from the seething cauldron of inspiration, she has a number of monographs of the latest adventures in the spiritual worlds available to download from her web-site – as well as her blog: *Conversations with Edgar Mitchell and the Interstellar Team*.

Kienda is a Spiritual Scientist, safely navigating the spiritual worlds, researching karma and reincarnation, the journey of the soul between death and rebirth, and other spiritually oriented issues.

She also facilitates individual Alchemical Hypnotherapy sessions (Facilitated Spiritual Experiences) which are then metamorphosed into practical wisdom for a richer, more effective, conscious life in the present.

For information on talks and workshops blending spiritual concepts with years of practical experience – such as:

- ***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**

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***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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