

# **Christian Alexander Valbracht**

**January 25, 1980 – February 22, 1981**

## **Introduction:**

Christian Alexander was my infant son who died of SIDS (Sudden Infant Death Syndrome) on the first year anniversary of his Christening in the Christian Community Church.

## **Christian's Death and Christening Day Anniversary 29 Years Later**

**February 22, 2010**

Sunday, February 20, 2011 was Rudolph Steiner's 150<sup>th</sup> birthday. I declared myself, before God, the Hierarchys, and 100 Anthroposophists, as a Karmic Researcher with clairvoyance, clairaudience and clairsentience. This was almost 29 years to the day (only 2 days earlier) since Christian Alexander, my infant son' death day which was the first time I ever told one of my spiritual experiences to a gathering of Anthroposophical friends.

## **The Fateful Day – February 22, 1981**

It was 1981, and we (Rosie, Christian and I) were part of the “Conception, Birth and Early Childhood” study group of mothers from the Lexington Waldorf School. I had offered to tell the story of the conception and miscarriage I had had years before ,and on that day I had brought the small veil painting I had made at the time of the experience.

Usually the children all played downstairs in the beautiful children's room very happily. Rosie, three years old, and Christian, one year and one month old, and on the first anniversary of his christening in the Christian Community, loved to play with the other children there. Oh, and Athena was already two months in utero. Well, this day, however, Christian cried and cried, which he very rarely did, until Joanne brought him up and set him in my lap. He was so sweet and peaceful then, and sat so still in my embrace. As I told my spiritual story, a few tears slipped from my eyes and slid down my cheeks. With his chubby little hands, he wiped them away. This was where he wanted to be, this was what he needed; to be close when the spiritual worlds opened up and poured through into “normal” life. And I appreciated his presence, too. So we held each other close all morning.

When the gathering was over, I bundled Rosie and Christian into their car seats and off we went. As I was pulling away from the house, Rosie asked, “Where's Christian?” I looked around and saw him asleep in his little car seat. “He's right there, asleep.” I replied. Since he was so soundly asleep when we got to the grocery store, I laid him down in his basket and

covered him up, while Rosie and I went shopping for a couple of quick groceries.

The line at the register was long and very slow, and at one point Rosie began to howl and fidget, and I almost bolted out the door, leaving everything behind. An incredibly strong urge overtook us both. But then we arrived and the checkout was happening. So we rushed back to the car as soon as we were finished. Christian was still sleeping when we quietly got back into the car, so I left him in his basket as we drove the last 3 blocks home.

It was a warm February day in Concord, Massachusetts, so I left Christian sleeping in the basket in the car (windows open a bit, he was not in the direct sun, the temperature was delicious) for a pleasant early afternoon nap, while I took Rosie and the groceries into the house, and put her down for her nap.

Then I went outside to get Christian: surely it was time for him to wake up. He was just as I had left him, and as I picked him up, I knew something was terribly wrong. His face was mottled and he was not breathing. I ran with him into the house and looked more closely and tried to resuscitate him for only a moment. His body was growing cold. He had been gone from it for a while. There was no hope of recovery.

After sitting in shock, weeping and shuddering, my child on my lap like the pieta, I called his father, David, at Harvard where he was working on his Master's degree. "Come home," I said, "Christian has died and is growing cold in my arms." I sang to Christian for the long hour before David got home. And then we cried and cried. Rosie woke up and I explained, "the Angels called Christian back to heaven where we all came from. Usually, they call us when we are old, but sometimes, for some reason, which we human beings don't know they call babies, too."

David and I realized that we had to do something – something official about this death, and not knowing or wanting to involve ourselves and our children with authorities, we called Mara, the midwife who helped at Christian's birth. Death and birth are both doorways between the spiritual and physical worlds and Mara knew both sides. Fortunately, there was a doctor among the parents of the Lexington Waldorf School who came immediately and examined the body. She had been a coroner in New York City and was well acquainted with death. She did not need to do an autopsy: the child had died a peaceful SID's death. For whatever physiological reasons, Christian had simply stopped breathing and his heart had stopped beating. There was no trauma, no struggle, no strain. The angels had indeed simply called him back to heaven from whence he had come 13 months before.

Friends began to arrive and weep and sing with us. Mariko came home from the first grade at the Lexington Waldorf School. His godmothers, Judith and Miriam washed Christian's body, dressed him, and laid him in state in the library of our home. We kept watch all night and I sang and played all his favorite songs and lullabys. (I wanted to iron the lace on his bonnet, but did not manage to do it. And that is, after 29 years, the only real regret I

have, which when sharing with D'aria Rose, when she was in her 20's, being my daughter, his sister and constant companion for his 13 months of life, I was able to forgive myself and let go.)

The next day was the last day I held his body in my arms as we drove to the Christian Community Church and laid the body in the little wooden coffin, covering it over with a sheer veil. The church was filled to capacity for the funeral. The children laid flowers on the veil over the casket. Rosie threw hers. I tried to be a comfort to my daughters but as shocked and bereft as I was, perhaps I wasn't able to be. Thinking back now after 29 years, I beg forgiveness. I did the best I could, but sometimes, it's not good enough. Forgive me, darling daughters, if this is so.

In the wake of Christian's death, a trail of mothers came to me and shared about their own children's deaths or near-death experiences. For one of them, Christian's funeral satisfied a yearning sadness carried for over 40 years from the death at birth of her son. She was not allowed to see the body and his birth and passing were never honored. The children's funeral service in the Christian Community is profound, and she felt release in dedicating her experience of it, to her own son's passing.

Among the mothers of the "Zur Linden, Conception, Birth and Early Childhood" study group, who had spent his last hours with Christian, there was an ensuing year of miracle births – mostly big healthy baby boys. Two women who had been told that they would never have children, did so, bearing strong beautiful boys.

Now, it has been 29 years since that fateful day. We have worked together, Christian and I, across the threshold, for decades. The book we worked on together is soon to be published. Together we have accomplished a great deal, and I am so very grateful to him and the spiritual world, and to my destiny which brought the most painful gift to me – the death of my child – which became my deepest joy and blessing.

### **The Spiritual Gifts of Christian's Death**

The baby had died – peacefully, irrevocable, though in the first shock, the intense prayer sprang from the mother's heart, "Oh, please! A miracle! If there is anything, even up to my own dying that could make him breathe again, oh, please, Lord, I'll do it." But as soon as that human cry was wrenched from her, she saw the grin of the Tempter, and knew that in its awesome reality, this death was divine destiny. After searching for her mistake, her failing, and finding none worthy of such punishment, though there were moments of deepest anguish and remorse at flaws perceived; her little ego relinquished responsibility, and she was flooded with grace – golden and perfect, and eternal in its embrace; only to be shattered again and again by the memory of the other moments, the pain of loss, the ache of a mother's loneliness. When the burden of consciousness could no longer be borne, sleep brought

jeweled memories of Christian's husky little laugh, his sparkling eyes, his rosy adorable ways; and awakening was peaceful. But reality intruded, and sitting by the side of the small, still, white body, longing and sadness reasserted itself. "My baby, my baby," she cried.

And then she saw: his being, recognized in the familiar gentle aura of his bearing, but housed now in his spiritual essence, strength and beauty flowing from him; kneeling on one knee, a noble knight before the Christ, who raised him up and embraced him a brother in the spirit. In an eternal moment her son turned, and drawing a chalice from the heart-fold of his robe, gave her wondering soul a drink. Then turning to his father, whose head was still bowed in sorrow, the child spirit anointed him with oil and grace poured into the father's waiting soul.

The child-spirit gazed at his parents with love and gratitude, and when his mother asked, "why did you come to us?" he answered, "to bring you love." "Then why did you go?" "So you would not forget love." and there was sorrow in him too, not to be cuddled and rocked and sung to in his mother's arms. But imperceptibly shaking his head, he said, "I have much to do here, many tasks to fulfill, and we shall work together when you are ready."

Gently, what she saw faded. Lifetimes of joy and agony were lived overnight. The next day they brought his little body and laid it on the altar of the little chapel of the Christian Community. Time now for the circle of giving to widen, and many came and were blessed. In the purity and absoluteness of the baby's sacrifice, doors of perception were opened to spiritual truth. The very air was snowy with angel's wings, caressing those who cleaned themselves in tears of compassion, and flames of concern, and open wonder at the frozen grace of the moving hand of God, written in the tiny flower bedecked form.

In compassion for the human sorrow, Christ came to the service from the cross. His sides were still faintly bleeding and the hands that touched the bread and tenderly cradled the cup were strained and suffering. In sympathetic understanding – for Christ died also, His mother and family mourned also, before they knew – His sharing in grief and giving of Himself for its alleviation, was a deeply felt precious gift. And the child-spirit drew all assembled close with his new wings of love.

The final funeral service came, and the child-spirit flew a little farther on. Oh, but the music! The young man who had played for the rosy baby for many months, played his last gift with his whole soul. So delicate, stately and intricate, gliding in circles and spirals, danced the music. The mother and her spirit-son danced also with the baby between them: ring-around-the-rosy, each holding one of the baby's chubby hands, weeping together over their mutual loss, yet knowing in the spirit, that one day they would dance again like this: ring-around-the-rosy-shared-treasure-of-one-year-of-life, and laugh.

### **The New Jerusalem, Sitting on the Rock Wall in Massachusetts.**

I perched on the stone wall at the high end of the meadow and wept and wailed. My baby was dead. Only a few months before, we had buried his ashes here and placed a natural stone over the spot. His sisters nestled crystals and little toys and gifts here too, which were now weathering and blending into the grasses and rock wall. Life was changing and adjusting, but the ache in my heart only seemed to deepen. I did not doubt that his death was divine destiny, but my mother's arms longed to hold him and I wanted so, to laugh with him again.

Today, only his father and I came up the hill: the girls stayed at our friend's house to play with the children there. We sat in the sunlight and I wept. I was pregnant, almost to term. This child I carried was in my womb only three months, when her brother died. Now I was huge and sooo full of emotion. I sang Christian, my son's favorite songs to quiet my mind and to call him near and tell him I loved him. I felt peace descending over me and closed my eyes and opened them on the other side.

I was in a large and beautiful street, all of gold and lined with radiant, glowing jewels. I was carrying a large pearl. It was huge, and although not heavy, it was awkward to hold. I put it down and began to roll it through the street. It was three or four feet in diameter, and a lustrous, iridescent blue-gray with white and pink, delicately cool to the touch, and it seemed almost to pulse. I asked, "What is this beautiful pearl? What does it signify?" And I heard a loving voice answer, "This is a mother's pure love and sorrow. It is to make beautiful the New Jerusalem." Satisfied in my soul that all was well, I continued rolling the pearl and singing Christian's song, till I came to an archway opening onto a crossing avenue. There at the corner of the arch was the perfect place for it. I rolled it over and it tucked into the corner of the arch like a resplendent seat. I was happy, and glad my sorrow could offer beauty and a place to sit and meditate in the New Jerusalem. I felt Christian's joy also and then – a deep release and peace.

When I opened my eyes again to this world, it was brighter and I felt a new zest for life. This happened 32 years ago. It was my first visit to the New Jerusalem, but surprisingly, not my last.

### **Christian and I in India**

In 1989, I went to India to accomplish a spiritual mission, I had accepted. Christian was my constant spiritual companion, along with Christ, my Angels and guides, and spiritual family. We had a wonderful experience on his birthday, which is also India's Independence Day. Madras was festooned in light and sparkling tinsel. The mood everywhere – festive.

I went to the ashram to spend a quiet day in meditation and reading. While in the library, the book I was reading suddenly blurred before my gaze, and as I closed my eyes and opened them on the other side, I saw myself weeping beside a pool of tears, overflowing

through a break in the wall. The salty water was splashing away through the palm trees. A funny little wizened old man with wild hair, wearing only an old white dhoti wrapped around his loins, came to me cackling with laughter. "Here," he said, "no problem," and taking a handful of mud he mended the wall and staunched the flow of water. I stopped weeping. Now the little stream flowed through a viaduct and placidly along the stream-bed winding away through the trees. I made a garden in my heart with roses over the pool and lilies all around. The waters flow for healing now, and I, too, can flow freely, the Mater Doloroso behind me.

I thanked the old man. Giving me a toothless grin, he pointed a bony finger to a grove of palms. I followed the little stream as it meandered and came upon a circle of people having a party. I was Christian's birthday party. After the festivities, cake and song, Christian, Rudolf Steiner, Sri Aurobindo, and I, with the whole party of dignified gurus and ascended masters, played ring-around-the-rosy; and laughed and laughed. Buddha and Zoroaster, Lao Tsu and Rumi, Mohammed and Christ were all in stitches. It was a fulfillment of the prophecy in the story I had written shortly after Christian's death so many years before.

## **DISCERNMENT AND JUDGMENT !!**

### **(With Christian's Life and Death as Examples)**

Discernment is the observation and recognition of differences and degrees of duality. There is white/light and black/dark, and varying shades of gray inbetween. There is hot and cold, with luke-warm in the middle (human scale). There is life and death and reincarnation, and a journey from one to the other, to the other. This way of looking at life and death is simply through objective observation and clear recognition of degrees of difference.

Judgment often comes up somewhere along the discerning line when we humans are triggered emotionally. We detach from discerning and jump into judgment, which is the result of emotional reaction to perceived facts. "I like this." "I hate that." "This is good." "That is evil." Judgment brings discernment and observation to a screeching halt. Within the activity of discernment, emotion is just one avenue for gathering and observing information. As soon as emotion triggers judgment, it stops the process of dispassionate, conscious observation and scientific clarity. An emotionally charged position is taken which must be defended, and facts are used to bolster that agenda. Conversation and dialogue grind to a halt. Positions are taken and defended; ensuing actions are based on those positions and are not easily open to change or new information.

So in the case of our topic, death, we may have to work a bit to keep our minds and emotions open. I know that I did in the beginning. When my infant son died of SIDS, a part of me said, "NO, I hate this. This is wicked and evil. Life is good. Death is bad. This is not right. It is no good." But where did that leave me? Or my son? Was his death just a terrible mistake?

Could I live with that? No. After those immediate emotions passed and I could breathe again, my heart was broken, but my mind was opened. In time I could see so many reasons for his death that the duality and judgment between life and death became a moot point. Without my personal judgments, my petty likes and dislikes, desires and aversions (expectations all) our relationship continued to develop.

Anyway, the point here is to take death as a simple fact of life. What can we know about it? What can we do about it? With such an attitude, our actions and concepts come from a dispassionately observed, clear thinking place. To understand death, we must understand life. As death is the shadow of bright life, we might well begin by discerning the cosmic laws and the patterns that are the modus operandi of life. Death is a fractal of life and many of the same laws hold sway. Life and death are just different forms of EXISTENCE.

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## Biography

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

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

For information on talks and workshops:

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- \*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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