

RETURN OF LOVE TO PLANET EARTH



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TO PLANET EARTH

Memoir of a Reluctant Visionary



NINA BROWN

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Pavonis*

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To my three children,
who fill my life with radiant light

To Marijon, James, and Tyberonn,
who gave me a voice

To my higher self,
who wrote the cosmic version of my story

To the star warriors,
who are working to repair the ancient energy grids

~ APPRECIATION ~

I learned from the dolphins and from the Hathors that the frequency of appreciation and gratitude makes life rich, and that this frequency is the fuel for bringing love back to planet earth. I wish to fill these pages with my profound appreciation and gratitude to the many people who have walked part of this journey with me. They provided a safe place for me to test new ideas and speak new thoughts. They encouraged me to be just a little bit more of who I truly am in their eyes. So, without everyone mentioned in this book, and so many more, I would not be writing *Return of Love to Planet Earth: Memoir of a Reluctant Visionary* for I would still be in the early stages of my alchemical path. To all of you and to the three people who asked me when I was going to write my book, I say thank you from the bottom of my heart.

I thank my higher self, Anaya-ra (Ah-ny-ah-ra), also all the interdimensional beings who spoke to me over the last ten years, as themselves or through my higher self: Archangels Raphael, Metatron, Michael, Gabriel, Uriel, Jophiel, and Lady Constance; the whales and the dolphins, the ancient ones, cosmic mother, Sananda, Kuthumi, El Morya, the fairies, the beings from inner earth, the Cosmic Council of Light, the Council of Thirteen, Aphrodite, and the crystals. This book is very much their words. This is our story, seen through their eyes and through my eyes, for we are indeed one!

I would also like to extend appreciation to those who assisted with the glossary: James F. Jereb, Ph.D.; Jesus through Glenda Green; Kryon channeled by Lee Carroll; Archangel Metatron channeled by Tyberonn; Archangel Michael channeled by Ronna Herman; James Tyberonn; and

NINA BROWN

Ellen Kleiner, of Blessingway Authors' Services, whose idea this was. Gratitude as well to J. L. Saloff and Tammy Mabra for their contributions to the making of this book.

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~ FOREWORD ~

On rare occasions, we meet people who are extraordinary. Nina Brown is such a person. She exudes a light that seems to encompass nurturing, wisdom, and well-being, causing her presence to fill a room with a vibrant energy of balance and grace. I recognized Nina as a great soul and brilliant visionary almost immediately. She is a true “walk-in of ascended mastery,” having completed her necessary lifetimes and merged with her ascended soul in this present life to complete a sacred mission of service to all humanity.

Nina has had a remarkable life. A highly successful business owner and influential leader in women’s rights, she was among an elite group invited to the White House to advise President Clinton on issues related to women-owned businesses. She has also been an unrelenting advocate for veterans with disabilities. Her impressive biography, reflecting a life of notable achievement, is complete, and the extraordinary soul now emerging is just beginning to offer its myriad gifts. Widening her arena of influence, Nina currently devotes her amazing energy to her divinely inspired mission of assisting all of humanity.

In *Return of Love to Planet Earth*—a must-read for all on the spiritual path—Nina’s warm, compelling narrative engages interest from the start. As the chapters unfold, she shares her remarkable journey of spiritual self-awakening and, consequently, the serendipitous flowering of divine consciousness within her.

More than any other recent publication I am aware of in the spirituality genre, this avant-garde book captures the unfolding of self-realization and spiritual empowerment that is available to all of humanity. Step by step, it details Nina’s personal pilgrimage into the deeper mystical purpose of life, at once revealing her truths with exacting precision and

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challenging readers who seek greater consciousness to uncover their own.

May this rare chronicle help to deepen the understanding of who we are and why we are here, and serve as a guiding testament of ascension in consciously transforming ourselves and returning love to our planet.

—James Tyberonn

Author and messenger for Archangel Metatron

~ INTRODUCTION ~

Ten years ago, an alchemical flame entered my heart, burning away impurity, duality, and the imbalances of living life separated from my higher self. Clarity, like a translucent crystal, entered my being, as did a voice guiding me onto the path I was about to take. The voice consoled me as dramatic shifts occurred, both physically and spiritually. What I have come to understand is that while I thought the voice identified itself as Archangel Raphael, the whales and the dolphins, or the Council of Thirteen, it was always my higher self speaking, representing specific archetypal aspects of me. In 2009, the voice became consistently that of the Cosmic Council of Light, for by then I knew I was a member of that council. It was indeed my higher self, Anaya-Ra on that council speaking directly to me, Nina.

Return of Love to Planet Earth chronicles hundreds of transformative events that transpired over those ten years but, oddly, not my feelings about them. I reported on the events themselves as if taking notes in class, jotting down all I had learned. Retrospectively, I am reminded of Buckminster Fuller's observation that the only thing making us unique is how we *feel* about life and events, and that "not a single human being can be taught to feel."¹ For me, that part was to come later.

And so this is the memoir of a reluctant visionary, one not yet prepared to represent her everyday self to the divine core of her being. Subconsciously I had left my feelings out, instead hiding behind journal entries, others' impressions, the telling of events—the easy route.

I still tend to hide my physical being, Nina, behind my cosmic being, Anaya-Ra. But it is the human Nina whose story this is: a tale of becoming fully aware of living simultaneously in the physical and spiritual dimensions.

As I look back, I see my feelings were pronounced, and readers who pick this book up may experience similar ones. My journey started with: “A feeling of yearning: I feel there is more to my life. Why isn’t it showing up?” and “I can taste it, but there’s got to be more.” Then as new facets of life emerged and I began finding clues about who I was, why I was here, and what my work was to be, I felt lonely, for that was all I wanted to talk about. I wanted to be surrounded by people with whom I could explore the new me, but few could understand what I was yearning for. A passion was unfolding in my life. Yet with the unveiling of each new truth came an equally explicit question: “Why me?”

How do I feel now, knowing you may turn the page and see who I am? I feel vulnerable and hesitant. My ego is fighting back very hard, urging me to stop chronicling and return to life as it used to be. I realize, however, I am intended to tell this story, though it would be so much easier to just sit in my red leather chair and pull the plug on the publishing of this book.

~ PART I ~

THE PEACOCK'S TAIL

WHO AM I, WHY AM I HERE, AND WHAT IS MY WORK?

How does one know that they are an incarnate ascended master? One way is that they can be told, as I have been by Archangel Metatron. “It can be said to you in truth that your oversoul is on the level of the ascended mastery. Not yet fully accomplished on that realm, not yet at the level of Saint Germain, whom you recently encountered, for there are levels of mastery within each realm, each level. We would have you know that you are indeed within the realm of the ascended masters, and we would have you acknowledge self.”¹

Another way to learn that one is a master is to remember; this hasn’t happened yet for me. Or, they can know. I know that I carry the Christ-consciousness codes. I know that I am transferring them to 144,000 individuals (a minimum of 33) who are anchoring the Christ-consciousness grid on planet earth. J. J. Hurtak’s *The Keys of Enoch* describes those 144,000 as being ascended masters.² It is the profound knowing that confirms to me who I am: an ascended master called Anaya-Ra, Crystal Singer of the Cosmic Council of Light, formerly known as the Great White Brotherhood.³ Kryon, channeled by Lee Carroll, says that all the ascended masters are present at this time of the ascension: “The energy of the masters are part of the energy of the great shift that is upon you. They intermingle with the vibration of this planet. They’re all back, and it’s what you’re feeling. In a quantum state, they’re in your DNA. Don’t you sense this?”⁴

How did this knowing come about? What life events were clues?

What experiences moved me farther in my journey of empowerment? Who were the people who spoke my truth in such a way that I could hear? How did these codes get transferred to me and when? Who are the individuals who are counting on me to live an impeccable life so that the frequencies of the codes can be held and transferred?

What follows is my story, with its typical sadness and joy, peaks and valleys, and life's lessons—the story that brought me to this moment of knowing who I am, why I am here, and what my work is. This story is mine, but perhaps it is yours as well, though the details might differ.

I, Nina, am Anaya-Ra, Crystal Singer of the Cosmic Council of Light. I am on planet earth to return love to the planet and my work is to transfer the Christ-consciousness codes that I received a year ago from Sananda, Jesus the Christ to 144,000 ascended masters, who anchor the Christ-consciousness, the crystalline grid.⁵

Archangel Metatron, through Tyberonn, has told me that I merged with my higher self as an internal walk-in, during the seven-year period between the ages of forty-two and forty-nine—a seven-year cycle in which one completely renews oneself physically, and in my case, spiritually. When I think back on that time, my memory is filled with loss and sadness. Archangel Metatron confirms that I was shedding what didn't serve me in the full expression of my higher self. Even the years of adjustment following my forty-ninth year were challenging, but there was an inner knowing that the lack that surrounded me was not who I truly was. I kept waiting for the universe to readjust in some magical way so that I could express myself fully, and so it did.

My tale will encompass a period of ten years that ends on Christmas Day 2009. The heart of this part of my life's journey occurred in October 2007 when I returned from Dharamsala, India, where I had joined the Council of Thirteen Indigenous Grandmothers in prayer for peace and attended a private audience for them with His Holiness the Dalai Lama. When I returned to New Mexico, I read *The Keys of Enoch*. Only now do I realize that those keys were imprinted and ignited in me while reading that book, for it was directly after that transfer of energetic codes that my higher self went into full forward drive.

By means of the following narrative and journal entries, I will tell my story, more in the passion of the moment as opposed to in memory of the events. It is a story of how I slowly removed the veil from my heart and was able to become a receiver of the Christos energy, the Christ-consciousness codes, and a transmitter of that frequency for planetary nodes and human crystalline structure—so that humanity might remember their own divinity. I am an envoy bringing the crystalline light. I am the tunnel through which this frequency travels. I am not the frequency, merely the conduit.

My journey has been one of awakening to my own potential and to knowing with conviction that I am the one for whom I have been waiting. My truth is no longer found in the wisdom or actions of others, but in the chamber of my sacred heart. The heart I speak of is not the physical organ (although the physical heart is an appropriate instrument for the sacred heart because it nourishes the body with life blood every moment). The heart I speak of is the central focus point of the soul. It is the lens through which our soul integrates all of our earthly emotions and all of our divine awareness into a focused point of infinite possibilities. This point is on the threshold of our physical existence, at a spot slightly below and behind the physical heart. This is our true heart and our sacred chamber.⁶

All of those masters and teachers attracted to me have provided clues, tools, and inspiration to look within myself to find the divine that I am. I know all of us to be one, each a spark of the divine. I therefore offer this story of my journey to all those who are on their own path toward ascension: a process where the human body is transformed into crystal light and translated by an incredible birth into a new world.⁷ That discovery of who you are is just around the corner. Join me in the rabbit's hole where belief transforms the impossible into the possible.

Why is it important to share this information? Does it really matter? Yes, humanity was created in the image of the Creator. We are creators, currently creating in duality. By means of the return of pure love and light, we raise our frequency, the frequency of our intentions, and thus, the frequency of our manifestations. We do this by living in two dimensions simultaneously—for me, Nina and Anaya-Ra. Thus our

creations shift from duality into unity. We are perfection seeking the expression of perfection. We are creators creating heaven on earth. We do this by means of pure love and light, and the raising of our vibratory note.⁸

WHO I AM

I am a spiritual being living in a human experience and having an animistic relationship with all life, believing that inanimate objects have consciousness.

The Cosmic Council of Light brought in this fairy tale during an automatic writing session. I learned who I was by means of a fairy tale, so that I could gently assimilate the amazing information.



Once upon a time, there was a brave commander who lived in a far-away galaxy, a galaxy different from any other. It was radiant and filled with the unfiltered, pure-love vibration of Source. All who lived there were filled with love. The commander was named Anaya-Ra the Great. (“Are you having fun?” The council interjected at this point.) Anaya-Ra was called by the leaders of other nations, to come and assist them with perfecting the frequencies on their own planets. Knowing that Anaya-Ra was a leader of many and had been responsible for maintaining the pure love vibration in the galaxy, the other nations felt that Anaya-Ra could be of great value. So Anaya-Ra left the galaxy and joined the Council of the Thirteen Nations (planets) as their fountainhead, or ambassador, to bring wisdom, justice, compassion, and—most importantly—love to the other nations. They learned much from the ambassador, and the love vibration was increased in each nation. Anaya-Ra was a starseed crystalline being and able to transfer the crystalline love frequency to the other nations to allow each member to raise their DNA and love quotient to a purer level. It was not words or leadership techniques that were the answer. It was the ability to transfer the adamantine particles of a high vibration that made Anaya-Ra a commander, ambassador, and fountainhead of the thirteen nations. Do you see?

With our love,

The Cosmic Council of Light via Anaya-Ra



WHO AM I?—12/8/07

Nina: Who am I?

We are glad, dear one, that you have finally asked that question of us. Besides our beloved one, the ambassador of light, you are indeed a star being here to bring love and compassion to humanity. There are other star beings here on earth; not all are like you, however, which is why you are the ambassador of light.

The ancient ones via Anaya-Ra

WHY I AM HERE

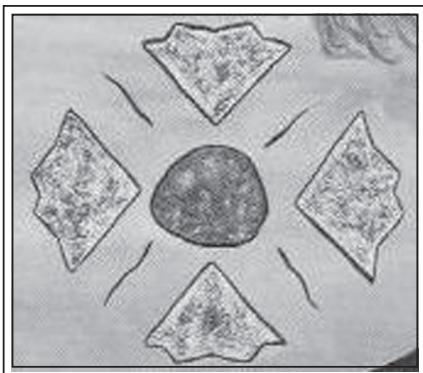
I am here to return love to planet earth. The following children's story tells of a crystal that fell back to earth and into the sand. I found the crystal (stone) in that story on the beach in Del Mar, California. The stone became a central theme in the children's book *Quest of the Golden Dolphin* by James F. Jereb, Ph.D., and the beginning of my own work, the returning of love to planet earth:

Once there was a civilization called Mu on the planet earth that was filled with treasures and was a wonder to all. Neptunus, a great magician, was charged as keeper of all the sacred crystals—the libraries of the stars. The sacred crystals contained the original memories and the power of creation of the many races on Mu, all of which had arrived on earth from various galaxies in the universe. Neptunus himself originally came from the planet Saturn, where all the great magicians of the universe had been trained since the beginning of time. After being on Mu for many thousands of years, Neptunus was instructed by Raphael, an archangel of the holy ones, to send the star crystals back to their origins. Neptunus questioned the holy ones' decree. After all, the crystals had been Mu's source of power for healing and magic for centuries. "Mu and its people have become weak. They forgot to have compassion for each other. This will destroy them," said the holy ones.

Raphael explained, “Only when the people of Mu can begin to feel love, caring, and kindness again, while holding magic in their hearts, will there be a new world. Then Grandmother Agnes White Whale of Wisdom will birth a new pathway of stars for this world. Those beings will be called golden dolphins.”

“What are golden dolphins?” Neptunus then asked Raphael.

Raphael answered, “They are star warriors who are in service to the light and to all the inhabitants of planet earth. They will cocreate with



Return of the star crystals.

what—in the future—you will call the shining ones (creational forces of light, gods, evolved beings from this world; and others).”

Neptunus now understood Raphael’s directions and acted accordingly. He exhaled a breath of blue smoke, known as the power of the dragon, onto a cluster of star crystals. This dragon’s breath gave the stones an unbelievable power. As his breath grew stronger, many star crystals from sacred caves, temples, and labyrinths in Mu left the earth and went back to their starry homes all over the universe. In a different time and place, one crystal fell back to earth and into the sand. Many other crystals would follow as people on earth remembered again their place in the universe.⁹

ABOUT MY WORK

In an astounding channel from Archangel Metatron via Tyberonn, I learned—and was supported and encouraged by Tyberonn—that I am here to return love to planet earth by means of recoding or upshifting the frequency of planetary nodes and human DNA.



In closing, we tell you to accept these truths and have confidence in who you are. You are the master, you are the teacher, you are the healer of crystalline seed come to recode. Your most important role is not in recoding the grid; indeed, you will and are playing a key part in that process, and it will continue. However, your greater role is in recoding humanity, in small groups and individually. That is why you are here. Take your power. Be the teacher, the master, and be guided by the self.

I am Metatron and I share with you these truths. And so it is.

Archangel Metatron, Lord of Light via Tyberonn (6/28/09)

WHAT RETURN OF LOVE TO PLANET EARTH MEANS

The end of duality and the return of unity, a state of consciousness long forgotten by humanity, is returning as the ascension approaches. The ancient wisdom of who we truly are—divine beings on planet earth, here to experience life—is being remembered in order to grow in spirit upward on the spiral of life. The frequency of love is igniting the planet and the physicality of those beings who are choosing to move into the vibrations of a higher dimension. I am a receiver and transmitter of those frequencies. I am one who has come to assist in bringing the vibration of love back to planet earth, to assist with the planetary ascension. I have come to unveil hearts, to help them remember the sacredness of all and the divinity of humanity. Like a pure crystal or a diamond, I am able to absorb light and love and to reflect it out to planetary nodes and human DNA. I do this by raising the vibration to a higher frequency, that of Source, All That Is. I refer to this vibration as the Christ-consciousness codes. This ability was transferred to me a year ago by Sananda and began to be expressed by me on summer solstice of 2009. This is the now of the awakening of souls to their oneness with Source, the return of love to planet earth. With the advent of the crystalline age, all of humanity is able to possess this gift, heaven on earth. How did this come to be for me?

MY STORY BEGINS

My ten-year alchemical journey began after moving to Santa Fe from Philadelphia in 1999, because my inner voice told me to. Shortly after my move, I reached such a level of lack that others gave me food for Thanksgiving, then a window opened. I found a temporary position as the executive assistant to the chief executive officer of Los Alamos Medical Center. At this point in my life miracles began to happen, and I knew that I needed to keep track of them, so I started filling binders with emails, journal entries, and copies of my automatic writings. As I recently looked through the twenty-plus three-inch binders that chronicled my thoughts and events over the last five years, I found it curious that the first two selections relate to my three children and my deceased, former husband. On reflection, it became clear that I had to begin with family, for the next phase of my alchemical journey required clarity and balance with those closest to me. I began keeping the binders at a time when I was about to venture off to create an alternative wellness center in New Mexico. The details of that center were not yet clear, but my passion was powerful.

I wrote to my children, saying:

I need to put my thoughts down on paper today. Instead of writing in my journal, I thought I would share them with you and perhaps you can put a copy in the file you have labeled “Mom” to look back on when my vision becomes reality. If life has purpose, I feel as if today I understand mine, or at least a piece of it. I have had so many experiences and gone in so many directions over the last sixty years. As you all know, the journey has not always been a fairy tale. I can see so clearly how several main events, which at the time seemed puzzling, are now beginning to make sense. The culmination of so many of these experiences will be the Life Harmonies Institute, which is just beginning to materialize. Let me first describe it to you, by quoting from the first draft of the business plan. “Life Harmonies Institute will be a unique destination, in the Northern New Mexico highlands, focused on human

wellness from birth to death and on sustainability of individuals, families, and communities on this earth. It is planned as a collage of services and practitioners available part time or full time on campus, using allied professionals and facilities in the Northern New Mexico area.” After so many years, I finally feel passion returning to my life. I had so much passion for former projects then it disappeared. Now I am excited again and enjoy watching the vision unfold.

Why had that passion for life disappeared? I used to have passion for whatever I had chosen to be involved in. The projects—volunteering for the Philadelphia Museum of Art, then the Opera Company of Philadelphia, or being a trustee of my daughter’s school—always seemed to have a five-year life span, during which I would dive in with enormous enthusiasm, commitment, and passion. This gave me great joy, for I felt that I was contributing, and maybe even making a difference. I would always rise to a leadership position. My husband had an enormously successful career as an attorney, defending hospitals and physicians, one that would ultimately wear on him, to the point where he began to use alcohol as an escape.

As my husband’s depression and drinking began increasing, I discovered that I could go to college as a nontraditional-aged student. While I was a trustee of the Shipley School in 1980, the board was trying to figure out whether the development office should get computers. As a new member of the board, I volunteered to research the question. Someone suggested that I go across the street to Bryn Mawr College’s Continuing Education Department for advice. The director, who became my good friend, suggested that I take a three-hundred-level Fortran programming course that she was teaching. Although I had no idea what that meant, I said yes. My eldest son, who was in the tenth grade, asked if he could join me and got special permission to register for the class. So I was the oldest student and he was the youngest. With a great deal of tutoring, I got the puzzling grade of 3.8. Out of a score of 100, that didn’t sound very good. I was proud to return to the board and encourage them to put computers

in the development office, which they chose to do. So I now had one college credit, as did my son.

Later, a gray-haired friend told me that she had just graduated from Villanova University, so I quickly rushed back to the little red cottage on Bryn Mawr College's campus (with my one credit) to inquire if I could apply. I hadn't had an impressive academic career, but I did have something that balanced that: life experience. I was admitted and began with the mandatory English 101. I remember working with flash cards during the summer before my Math 101 course because I still counted on my fingers. The miracle of my college years was that while I was a college student, my children also entered college. My son tutored me in algebra long distance from Brown University, and my daughter, then at Lake Forest College, asked me to spend spring break with her and her friends in the Caribbean. It was such fun: I felt like one of the girls! At the end of my college career, my youngest son entered the University of Vermont.

The president of my college asked me to become the first Katherine McBride Scholar in the program the college was launching for nontraditional-aged students. I assisted them in the creation of the program. I was also the first student in the program and the first to graduate. My passion for this opportunity was so strong that I graduated cum laude. I was, for the first time, able to tell myself that I was smart.

But as my self-worth was growing, my marriage was deteriorating, and it came to an end shortly after my graduation. The end of my college career was also the end of my mother's life. It was during exam period when I received a call from the doctor to come to my mother's house, not far from where my husband and I lived. Mother was ill from alcohol abuse and the doctor wanted to put her in the hospital. I concurred, but she refused to go. I decided to spend the night upstairs in the guest room. During the night I awoke with a knowing, and headed to my mother's room. She had chosen that night to leave us. I felt calm and knew that there really was nothing for me to do, so I went back upstairs until the morning. Her struggle was over, and the tension between us was also over.

A new phase of my life was beginning. I had a glorious degree, which

I knew would assist me in finding my first job since before meeting my husband. It never occurred to me that finding a job would be difficult, but it took three years. I discovered that I did not have the experience for the good jobs, and that I intimidated employers for the less challenging jobs.

One of my mentors asked, “Why don’t you start your own business?”

“Okay, what shall I do?” I asked.

“Access to capital for women-owned businesses,” he replied.

“Okay, what’s that?” I wondered aloud.

So I decided the best way to figure out the answer would be to go to the telephone book and look up “Women.” What I discovered there was a lot of professional associations for women entrepreneurs; so I visited their presidents and asked, “What are the capital needs of your members?”

“Collateral!” They replied.

I created a new funding instrument called “venture collateral,” which in theory provided the collateral for a business by means of a CD in a bank. Our company, in turn, took a small equity position in the woman-owned business as a trade-off for the risk. The source of income for the purchase of those CDs, a women’s directory, didn’t succeed, so the cash-flow triangle also didn’t succeed. But it caught the attention of the country in the mid-nineties at a time when banks, investors, and so many others were beginning to acknowledge the value that women in business provided to the national economy.

This was an issue of such interest to the country that I was put on the cover of *Business Philadelphia* with a caption under my photograph that read: “She’s got money!” It was a great story, but nobody had asked me if I actually had money. I had raised enough to fund two women’s businesses, but we were just starting. I had so little personal money that it was difficult to pay for a hotel room in Harrisburg when I was being presented with the first Pennsylvania’s Best 50 Women in Business award by the Department of Commerce and the Governor’s Commission for Women. I was gratified that the governor knew of my work, but I needed President Clinton’s 1995 White House Conference on Small Business to know about it also. I was sure that no representative to the conference

would be as strong an advocate for women-owned businesses as I would be, but how could I manage to attend?

My representative, my mayor, and my governor had already chosen their representative to the conference, and I thought the door had been closed on my wonderful idea. Then I was invited for the second time to the White House. (My first visit had been a private reception with Hillary, at which time I gave her a copy of *Business Philadelphia* with my story in it.) This invitation to the White House was for the seventy-fifth anniversary of the Women's Bureau. The enormous white tent on the White House lawn contained beautiful food and flowers and a shiny brass band with musicians in starched uniforms. I was dazzled that I had been invited, and that it was because of my own accomplishments, not those of my husband. There was a roped-off area, where President and Mrs. Clinton would pass by, greeting the crowd, each approaching from opposite directions. Seeing this, I had a brilliant idea!

I went to stand next to the rope long before the president was due to arrive, so as to be in the front. When someone joined me, I asked to borrow her pen. I wrote on the back of my business card, "I want you to appoint me to your White House Conference on Small Business," then I waited. President Clinton finally approached slowly from the right. At a certain point, I extended my hand out and to the side, for he was not yet in front of me. He took it. This wasn't perfect, so I didn't let go. He soon stood in front of me, and I said, "I want you to appoint me your representative to the White House Conference on Small Business," and I gave him my business card. He put it in his coat pocket instead of giving it to the aide behind him. Then I forgot about what had just occurred.

A few weeks later, my secretary told me that I should get off the phone because there was an important call on the other line. I switched lines and a voice said, "This is the director of human resources at the White House. The president came to see me this morning and gave me your business card. He told me, "Make it happen." And so he did.

I was then asked back to Washington, but this time by the SBA (Small Business Administration), and asked to start the country's first female-focused SBIC (Small Business Investment Corporation). Of course, I

said yes, even though I did not know what a SBIC was. I found a mentor and did all that he said, but when I tried to raise the money for the fund, I was asked, “What have you done before?”

“Not this,” was my answer. So my partner and I did a national search and hired one of the few female venture capitalists in the country. Once we had found her, we became successful and transferred the company to her, while retaining an interest in future profits. I’d had boundless passion for this adventure, but by the time it was over, I’d spent a great deal of money in the effort. Ultimately, the fund didn’t grow and my financial interest in the company had no value.

I couldn’t get a job and I couldn’t make money. I had to sell my house to pay my debts. At this point, I was trying to understand what the word *success* truly meant. I had changed the country’s understanding of the value of women entrepreneurs, but I had no money. It was such a paradox. This is when my passion for life waned. Philadelphia seemed a sad place. Besides the discomfort of not being successful, I also didn’t fit in. Something was stirring in me, something my friends didn’t understand. I became interested in and wanted to know more about energy medicine and quantum physics. More importantly, I was beginning to question my prior beliefs, particularly the idea of original sin. I didn’t feel as if I had original sin. Something was changing, so it seemed appropriate to change where I lived. The destination of Santa Fe, New Mexico, popped into my head.

In a few months, the house sold, all was in storage except my toothbrush and computer; I rented a small trailer, said good-bye to my friends, then went to see my sister for a farewell visit. This good-bye would be difficult because I knew that as a cloistered Carmelite nun, my sister would never be able to come visit me. My daughter and son-in-law accompanied me for this farewell and also to the grave sites of my mother and father. I was leaving my home, and Philadelphia, to head out to, what was for me, uncharted land.

I had never been to Santa Fe, and I knew no one there. I had no job waiting, nor a place to stay. My strongest emotions were a longing for adventure and a desire for survival. After a very bumpy landing and false

hopes, I went to a temporary employment agency and was assigned to Los Alamos Medical Center to support the chief executive officer.

It's fascinating how life presents itself. The rhythm of going and coming to work was so healing for me, as was the paycheck, but I felt no passion. I loved learning and meeting so many people. I loved it when my ideas were acknowledged, but there was no passion. My three children liked that I was working for the hospital because I was safe. They had suffered considerably watching me struggle. But still I felt no passion. I felt like there were walls all around me, keeping my creativity and love for discovery in check. I remember one of the many new CEOs for the hospital wanted to put a partition around my desk to distinguish it as a place for administrative activities. I had a quiet anxiety attack. Fortunately, the wall was subsequently taken down by the next CEO.

All the members of the hospital's board of directors became my friends, and one in particular, Beverly, the vice chairman of the board, became a good friend. Beverly was also a Cherokee elder and person of significance at Los Alamos National Laboratory, and we talked on numerous occasions about introducing alternative medicine into Los Alamos Medical Center. It was Beverly who returned passion to my life. She asked me to join her in an independent effort to create a wellness center. At the same time, she also asked a business professor from Texas, Rex, to join us as the future president of our new venture. I could feel the life force returning to and flowing through my body. I felt the walls coming down. I knew that the safety net would drop. Life had joy and excitement again. I thrive, though not financially, in pioneer experiences and that door had been opened to me. I was going to walk through it with conviction and passion.

During the time I was involved in the creation of the visionary wellness center, while still employed by the hospital, I had an occasion to view the movie *What the Bleep Do We Know!?*¹⁰ and the subject of quantum physics resurfaced. I heard that The Crossings in Austin, Texas, was going to host a conference with the principals in the film; and I so wanted to meet Dr. Masaru Emoto, one of the featured presenters in the film that I headed south to do just that. As I approached the day of departure, a

recurring tune, “Principessa Divina, Gracia, Gracia” from Puccini’s opera *Turandot*, kept popping into my head.

The day I was to fly to Austin, I awoke abruptly, realizing I had overslept. I needed to get moving to catch my early morning plane in Albuquerque! I still heard Puccini’s “Principessa Divina, Gracia, Gracia” in my head. Something made me ask the spirit of my former husband, “Are you trying to tell me something?”

The answer was, “Yes, it’s very important.” This had never happened to me. The presence of my deceased husband had never before communicated with me. I needed to catch a plane and wasn’t willing to hear anything important right then.

Then I heard, “Don’t take the flight.” Not good news! I kept wondering what to do with that information, for I always followed my voices. I was willing finally to do as advised, but decided to stop, meditate, and gain clarity. Then I understood my former husband saying that the flight was fine and that he had used that to get me to stop and listen. He told me that he was sorry for those things that had upset me during the final years of our marriage. He also said that I had said I was sorry to him, but he had never said it to me. As I drove to the airport, I remembered the events of the final years of our marriage and at the end of each memory I was now able to add his words, “And I am sorry.” This made a big difference. *Turandot* was the opera with which my former husband had wooed me. I always wondered how I would be able to listen to it without him. Now I had another good memory attached to this majestic music.

Having found a feeling of balance with my family and a passion in my heart for a new venture in alternative medicine, it was time for the universe to begin to share information about who I really was. A significant door of self-awareness was opened to me by Patty Ann, a new acquaintance who asked me if I was a lightworker, one who has chosen to assist with the ascension. This was a term I had never heard before.

I had invited Patty Ann over to get to know her better, since her husband and my partner were best friends. What unfolded was well beyond my expectations. My favorite topics of conversation were miracles,

quantum physics, the sacred, and the paranormal. I had no idea that Patty Ann would stay connected to the conversation as I tested the waters of our beginning communication. She not only stayed with me, she went way beyond me! Patty Ann asked me if I knew of the channeled work of the Crimson Circle (www.crimsoncircle.com). I didn't, but I was curious. It wasn't long afterward that I knew I was a lightworker and that I began studying Geoffrey Hoppe's channeled work of Tobias with interest, as well as Lee Carroll's channeling of Kryon. Now that I was a lightworker and had been introduced to interdimensional reality, how was I to express myself authentically on the earthly plane? My need to understand this coincided with Beverly's invitation to create a wellness center. I was now aware of miracles in my life that I was to learn to manifest by means of appreciation.

My passion and excitement for joining Beverly in this new venture had my mind racing, so I had to tell her what I had read in *Dolphin Connection* by Joan Ocean:

So often we no longer see the planet's beauty. Because we are not seeing the beauty, we are not expressing our appreciation. It is the expression or feeling of appreciation that feeds the beauty on our planet. In multiple ways, the absence of gratitude in our world results in the demise of our planet. Expressing heartfelt gratitude is one of our intrinsic purposes, a sacred responsibility.¹¹

I knew that all aspects of the Santa Fe Wellness Center that we would manifest would come to be through heartfelt gratitude. There was no need to seek the funding, but merely to be thankful for the funding. There was no need to seek healing for our patients, we needed merely to be thankful for the healing of our patients. It was not necessary to seek a new style of architecture or find out how to create the first hado medicine in the country. (The fundamental principles of Dr. Emoto's hado medicine are vibration and resonance.) We only had to be grateful for all the aspects of this magnificent place of healing that was waiting to be built. The door was open, and the center was coming. I asked Beverly to please join me in an expression of profound gratitude and joy. Now I knew the

significance of the dolphins. Their message was one of profound gratitude and appreciation.

Now in 2010, I am amazed that those were my beliefs at the time. Looking back on this today, this is so profoundly my truth, and how I am living my life. My journey from 2005 to now was necessary for me to learn and totally embrace those words. We eventually closed our two clinics, and I believe now it was because we were “trying” rather than “attracting.” If one is working toward a vision in partnership with Source, the clear compression of events lines up perfectly to allow their expansion to manifest into the perfection of divine intention. It is with ease and grace that this occurs.

Before I resigned from the hospital, I made one last effort to bring alternative thinking to the doctors and patients. I asked for a meeting with the two directors of the emergency room. We sat in administration, where it was appropriate for me to receive requests, but this time it was my turn to make the request. I asked that if anyone presented in the ER saying they heard voices, that I be contacted. The directors, my friends, were very polite as they listened to me.

Before I resigned from Los Alamos Medical Center to join Beverly and Rex, I wrote a letter to the Los Alamos community leaders who were trying to understand why the attempted-suicide rate among school children was so high. This is another example of how I tried to expand the consciousness of the hospital and its community. I wrote:

As we approach Suicide Prevention Week, with your permission, I would like to present a new approach to teen-suicide prevention. It is the introduction of the term “Indigo Children.” This concept might take you out of your comfort zone, but many people around the world believe this information to be accurate, so I would suggest that it is important to examine it and reach your own conclusions. In 1999, Lee Carroll and Jan Tober wrote, *The Indigo Children—The New Kids Have Arrived*. The book is in its third printing. What is an Indigo Child? First, the definition: “an Indigo Child is one who displays a new and unusual set of psychological

attributes and shows a pattern of behavior generally undocumented before. This pattern has common unique factors that suggest that those who interact with them, change their treatment and upbringing of them to achieve balance ...”¹² On the assumption that this information is accurate, it would suggest that conventional education and upbringing might contribute to pushing these children toward suicide.

Then I shared with Beverly that I saw our center as a research, education, and support group for Indigo Children, their parents, and educators.

Not too long before I learned about Indigo Children, I remember one of the maternity ward nurses at Los Alamos Medical Center excitedly telling me, “There was another one born today.” At the time, I didn’t know what she meant.

As I was winding down my days at Los Alamos Medical Center, messages from the universe, guiding me toward my new journey, increased in frequency.



THE MONEY IS COMING SOON—7/31/05

We are all here to support you. Don’t be afraid. We are proud of you. The money is coming soon. Now relax. We love you. Go to sleep. We’ll talk to you later.



MESSAGE OF PEACE—8/19/05

Be at peace. All will come.

What I realized as each day passed was that in order to create a wellness center, I needed to heal myself first. I had learned that one could alter the memories of the past by means of intent, so I began to do so. The first memory I chose to work with was the loss of my father when I was nineteen. At the time of his death, I was a student at Chatham Hall, in Virginia. It was my senior year, and I was in the library basement, studying in a cubicle for my final history exam. I wasn’t doing particularly well in that subject, so studying was imperative. The telephone rang and immediately I knew the call was for me. Sure enough, the principal called

me to his office in the main building. It was a snowy night with brilliant stars shining down from the clear sky. I walked slowly, knowing that my father's spirit was with me. Arriving in the office shortly after the call in the library, I sat down, looked at the principal, and said, "I know that my father has died."

My father had moved me and my mother to Arizona from Philadelphia where I had lived all my life because he felt that Arizona would be a healthier environment. My only sister remained in Philadelphia, where she was a nun of the Carmelite Order. Over the Christmas holiday, I realized that my father wasn't feeling well, but I had just received a letter telling me that he was fine, so there was no reason for me to suspect that he was not. It was a shock moving from believing my father was fine to learning that he had died. I remember being in a daze as I took my history exam the next morning before packing and returning to Philadelphia for the funeral. What I couldn't explain to anyone was that along with the sadness of loss was a joy of knowing that wherever my father was, he was in a place of peace. At the funeral everybody was dressed in black, myself included, but I had found a silent way to rejoice without causing attention. I had put on a slip under my black dress, and it was bright red.

As I remembered my father's death, what bothered me was that he hadn't been to my wedding, nor had he met my children. I now had three grown children, and I felt sad that they had never met their grandfather. So, through intent and imagination, I chose a different memory. I saw my father dancing blissfully with my mother at my wedding. I saw my father, a few years later, sitting on the porch with my husband and young children, reading them nursery rhymes. These images over time have become clear memories and have relieved an ache I had felt. I was told the brain doesn't know the difference between story and reality, and that we can replace what we believe to be reality with a different story. Today I would describe this process as choosing a different possible past, and I now know I can also choose a specific possible future out of many possibilities.

I began to often notice that people were appearing in my life who, after talking with me, expressed a real passion for our vision of a wellness center. Nurses, an internal medicine doctor, technicians, investors,

economists, politicians, all began to show up. I would sit at my desk at the hospital and people would just walk through the door.



WE SENT HER TO YOU—8/30/05

She's the one. We sent her to you. Write it down. We're always with you.



JESHUA BEN JOSEPH (JESUS)—ALL IS ALIGNING—9/2/05

Be patient, dear, all is aligning.



CLEAN YOU UP FIRST—9/15/05

It's coming soon. We had to clean you up first.



A SAFE PLACE FOR ENERGY REBALANCE—9/21/05

The center does not need practitioners. It needs to be a safe place for energy to rebalance. Practitioners may be present for those who feel they need them.

Perhaps the following was a part of my cleansing. I'm not sure, but it certainly was scary.

The event was recounted in an email to Patty Ann:

What an amazing evening the other night with you and your friend. I am dazzled by her stories. I want to share with you what happened to me last night after you left. Not sure if her healing session with me unlocked "stuff," but it was weird. I had many adventures in my dreams—going boating, getting kittens, watching poor people being driven with no driver in a red Corvette up a hill through many other cars. Then at about 3:00 a.m., Patty Ann, I couldn't tell what was real. I was definitely lying down in my bed when a *whoosh* of strong air or energy came at me from the right and swirled around me. It was dark and scary, and I felt my body shaking up and down in a very fast rhythm. I opened my eyes and saw a wooden chair floating above me on the right as if to create a cage. This went on for too long. I had to stop it and make it go away. With tremendous effort, I was able finally to pull

my hands up from my sides and put them together as if to begin a prayer. I called out by name to all the spirits I could think of to help me, and it ended.

After this experience and my world was calm, I was afraid that something negative had entered me, so I asked for a clearing and deep healing. If that happens, it will be the third dramatic healing that I have experienced in the last two months. Wonder what I put in those margaritas last night. I would love your thought on the night's occurrence, Patty Ann. I was scared that day, and even last night I asked that I be protected and not have to experience something like that again. I went so far as to wonder what death is like and if that was what I was resisting and shaking off. It was so real, Patty Ann, more than just a bad dream. I think the shaking was perhaps to get stuff out of me. Luckily, once I was able to successfully call for help, it came immediately. Then of course the huge opening came the next morning with Beverly putting her foot to the pedal.

I have been waiting and waiting for that moment when we would be called together to get going. During these past quiet months, three huge events I am sure have changed me. 1) I changed memories of my father, and created new memories of him walking me down the aisle and talking to my children. 2) A medical intuitive appeared in my dream who said she has been waiting to meet me and who facilitated many black owls and two humanoid figures coming out of my body. (I have no recorded journal entry for this event.) 3) The whirling darkness shook me, and then I was rescued on request. I keep saying that I can't build a healing center until I am healed. So, yes, I think ultimately that healing is what has been happening. Now the light has turned green.

The manifestation of the Santa Fe Wellness Center was getting closer, as I shared with several who were eager for us to be successful:

Here is an update for you on our progress. A core team has assembled over the past months, and Beverly has called us together on the third weekend in November to lay the business foundation of the Santa Fe Wellness Center (later renamed) during a three-day retreat. Along with the details of planning, Beverly will assist us with wonderful traditional Cherokee ceremonies.

When one launches a new business venture, raising capital is usually the first priority. I tell the following story because it demonstrates that capital can be attracted.

We shared our vision for a wellness center with a physician at the hospital, who then called an investment banker. The banker later emailed me, writing:

It was a pleasure speaking with you this week regarding your plans for an integrated healing center in Santa Fe. It sounds like something the world needs more than one of. As I understand it, you are seeking to raise funds from institutions and private equity sources to build the business. To that end, we would be pleased to be of assistance.

A miracle!

The investment banker came in from Colorado to attend our Genesis Weekend Think Tank for the Santa Fe Wellness Center. Many were invited from all over the country, including Dr. Lori Alvord, the first Navajo woman surgeon and author of *The Scalpel and the Silver Bear*.¹³

I wrote to Dr. Alvord to tell her of my profound admiration for her and her work:

I am so pleased to be able to tell you how much I admire your work and what an impact it has had on me personally. My position is as the support to the CEO of Los Alamos Medical Center. Since I began work here five years ago, I have often talked about the part in your book *The Scalpel and the Silver Bear* that states that if the doctor and staff in the ER are not in harmony, it can be known subconsciously by the patient. I put your book in the physician's

lounge and gave a copy to our new CEO when he arrived a year ago. At the moment, I am working with Beverly, vice chairman of the governing board, in the expression of a wellness center to be built on Native land outside of Santa Fe. I would so love to share more about this project with you and get your insights.

As we were preparing the Genesis Weekend, I had to go off to Jackson Hole, Wyoming, to retrieve some of my furniture. A dear friend had transported it to her new house for me to pick up and take to my tiny adobe house that I had rented in Santa Fe. So, on a very early shuttle ride to the airport, I found myself sitting next to a man who had just attended a conference for caregivers. He spoke of a Muskogee Creek Indian medicine man, Marcellus (Bear Heart) Williams, who had presented to this group. Immediately, I knew that I had to find a way to contact Bear Heart and arrange for him to speak to the medical staff at Los Alamos Medical Center. Perhaps he could share some of the ideas from Dr. Alvord's book.

A few weeks later I was sitting in the CEO's office, asking if the hospital would sponsor a talk to the medical staff by Bear Heart the shaman. He agreed with an immediate and enthusiastic yes, and what followed was such fun.

Beverly, watch on Thursday how the CEO will present tobacco and a check, and how he will bow east, west, north, and south. I think it is so cool that the CEO of the second largest employer in Los Alamos will be bowing to a Native American. Think how different it was fifty years ago! This is another form of healing, a healing of the animosity left over from appropriation of the Manhattan Project of tribal land.

Beverly replied:

True, my dear, although Oppie (J. Robert Oppenheimer) had the right respect, few, very few, then did.

Bear Heart and his wife Reginah became good friends of mine, and we did many sweat lodges and ceremonies together. One of the most

amazing of these took place at the Genesis Weekend for our vision for a wellness center, which started as Life Harmonies Institute and then was joined by the Life Sustainability Group, a for-profit company.

I needed to tell the world that Life Harmonies Institute had been birthed:

Please tell our mutual friend that Life Harmonies Institute was born this weekend! I will share more of this enormously productive weekend as the details settle.

Then there was the need to thank those who had traveled from all over the country, in particular Barbara, from New York:

Wow, what a weekend. I can't imagine what it would have been without you. The magic that you brought was an opening for sacred geometry, which is so much a part of the vision. How could I have conveyed that message? The energy from your work and from you transformed the room and had an impact on the spirit of all present. I am so grateful and appreciative.

A year later when we bought the Albuquerque clinic, we hung Barbara's work throughout it. Later, after the clinic closed, I stored the collection of prints in my garage until one day in the summer of 2009, when I was directed by my voices to hang all thirteen of the prints in my garage. What a joy it is to come home, open the garage door, and see, then feel, the energy emanating from Barbara's magical work. (www.CrystalWingsHealingArt.com)

Now that the vision was launched, Rex began commuting to New Mexico from Texas, and I was preparing to leave my position at Los Alamos Medical Center. Then the time came for me to say good-bye to my friends at the hospital:

I wanted to share with you that I have given my resignation to the CEO and will be leaving Los Alamos Medical Center on April 15. I am joining Beverly (president and founder) and Rex (vice president, from Texas) in a new nonprofit corporation: Life Harmonies



Garage full of prints.

Institute. I will serve as the institute manager. The focus of the institute is alternative medicine, education, and research. It has been a pleasure working with the members of the governing board and the medical staff, from whom I have learned a great deal.

Over the next two years the laws of attraction operated in full force. I attracted advisors, bridge funding, an internal medicine physician, nurses, an office manager, support staff, and more. They were referred to us on most occasions. I never went out looking.