

## WARRIORS OF LIGHT

© Colleen Rae, 2007

At the end of one of our sessions, a happy client says to me, “Colleen, I have a friend, an amazing healer who was part of that famous prayer healing study in California with AIDS patients.”

I knew the study. I’d written about it in my book *Tales of a Reluctant Psychic*.

“She’s been sick for a long time. I wonder if you could help her?”

My client starts to fill me in on details. I stop her. Like most psychics, I work best when my logical brain isn’t engaged.

Instead, I tune in and instantly see-feel a dark substance tight around an older woman. And I feel such sadness spring up in me – a sense of hopelessness, that there’s nothing that can be done. Her feelings, alive and strong in me.

Was she dying?

I work with a group of therapists and psychiatrists on the Other Side who (as they say) “want to get it right this time.” I’ll call them “the Group” for the purpose of this book.

“No,” they tell me. “Not dying.”

How odd. Why then this black so tight around her?

I turn to the Group as I always do and ask my two most important pre-session questions: “Can I help her? Am I the right person for the job?”

Sometimes I’m told no, and no matter the urging of the would-be client (or the state of my bank account) I refuse the job.

But this time I feel assent glow through my body. I know I can help her.

I nod at my client. “Tell your friend to call me, and we’ll see what we can do.”

The day of our appointment, I uncharacteristically arrive at my new client’s house with printouts from the Internet. Before my session with “Stella,” I’d been guided by the Group to do two things: 1) find the mention of Dr. Elisabeth Targ’s study in my book, *Tales of a Reluctant Psychic* and 2) do an Internet search for my client’s name.

I wasn’t quite sure why they wanted me to do this because usually less knowledge is more before sessions; information can actually get in the way. But I’ve learned not to argue with the Group – at least not too much.

As I read the passage in *Tales of a Reluctant Psychic*, I felt mystified. Basically I’d written little on the study itself and a lot about the study’s implications. Like this record of a conversation I’d had with Dr. Larry Dossey about what happened after his first book on the healing power of prayer came out:

All these “good Christians” started praying for him that he would stop “playing God.” At first he took it with great good humor, deciding any prayer was a good prayer. But he found out the hard way. All those prayers of “good people” started to take their toll on his life. That led to his writing *Be Careful What you Pray For*, a book in which he explores the negative power of all sorts of prayer and the possible science behind that power.

I turned to the Internet. When I starting reading the sources that came up with my search of my client’s name, I got the chills.

She had actually been labeled a “Luciferian”!

Stella, like Larry Dossey, was under attack by those who considered themselves good Christians. That explained the darkness around her that I’d seen when my happy client had wondered if I could help her friend. It also explained why my medical intuition scan had not turned up any problems except those related to aging.

Her problem basically wasn’t physical, which didn’t reassure me in the least. As Larry Dossey had said to me, all those prayers had almost destroyed him.

Every session I do is different; I’m guided to what each individual needs in that moment. In my work with Stella, we sat on either side of the massage table she used for her healing work. The Group directed me to have her lay her palms atop mine so that the centers of our palms were open to each other’s – something I’d never done before.

We sat that way throughout the whole session – for 50 minutes or more.

I first addressed the state of her aura.

I think of an aura like a balloon, the flatter, the less air in it. Air in this case would be Life Force by any of its many names such as prana, chi, subtle energy. The bigger the aura, the more Life Force flowing through the person, the more Life Force, the more we are “surrounded” by the Light because it is in us and through us. Often when people aren’t well, their auras sit close to their body.

But polite people collapse their auras too.

This had been brought home for me at one of the Kundalini yoga classes that the Group had sent me to for training.

The teacher, Keval Kaur Khalsa, gave me a huge gift that night when she said, “Our aura is usually eight feet, but Sikh’s go for expanding their auras to sixteen feet. And when an aura

is huge like this, it makes everyone within that aura feel at peace.”

I realized in that moment that I’d often (maybe always) unconsciously held my aura in to keep from intruding on others as I have felt so energetically intruded upon. That’s why I liked living alone; I could be comfortable about letting my energetic body expand fully. Working with Keval Kaur helped me see how “being polite” had paradoxically made me much more vulnerable to the energetic intrusion of others.

I started sharing this with my clients with amazing results, ultimately building it into the technique below.

When Stella had answered the door the day of our session, her aura sat as tight to her body as an aura can get without having none at all. Whatever the reason for Stella’s collapsed aura, she needed to expand it before we did anything else.

I said to Stella, “I’d like you to imagine that with each exhalation your aura is getting bigger and bigger and bigger.”

She needed little coaxing.

“And now imagine that your aura is as big as this room. . . . Good. And with each inhalation, I’d like you to imagine that you’re pulling in more and more Life Force. Pull that prana in . . . Good.”

Having been a creative writing teacher for many years before I began doing psychospiritual counseling fulltime, I’d learned the awesome power of our imagination. If I say *imagine* before any suggestion, the action immediately follows. But if I say, “Expand your aura,” thoughts, worries and fears instantly get in the way.

“Now Stella, imagine that with your next exhalation you’re expanding your aura out past the walls of this room, out into the rest of your house. . . . And with your inhalation, I want

you to imagine all that Life Force just flowing into your body, into your auric field.”

I am an empath, which means that in the most physical sense of it, I *am* my clients; their bodies’ reactions become my own.

As Stella’s aura got bigger and bigger, I could feel her strength building. But it wasn’t building enough. That seemed odd because I could feel she was breathing through her left nostril because I was breathing through mine. Usually that alone will expand an aura.

I’d been guided early on in my psychospiritual counseling practice to notice that every time my clients were caught up in what I called their “personality-trance state” (a defensive, survival mode sort of place), their auras would contract and they’d be breathing through their right nostril. (Or as one client said, “You mean my *‘I’m right’* nostril.”). Simply by having my clients hold their right nostril closed and breathe through their left, they could instantly quiet the personality’s defense mechanisms. And as they’d do this, I’d notice their auras would grow. Not only that, it would plunk them right into the calm blissfulness that I call Joyflow.

Why wasn’t this working with Stella?

All of a sudden, I remembered my experience of the last weeks. The Group had given me the assignment to breathe through my left nostril all day long for one whole week. In the first days, I’d felt immeasurable joy. I’d become a true bliss bunny.

But oddly, after a few days, this left nostril breathing had the curious effect of leaving me ultimately marshmallow weak and with a sense that I could do nothing to make my life work.

If the Group hadn’t prepared me with that assignment, I wouldn’t have known this potential problem could exist. I

knew in that instant that what Stella needed was RIGHT nostril breathing to build up the fighting strength in her.

She had to become a Warrior of the Light.

And as we worked on expanding and keeping her aura expanded, I actually felt something I can only call demonic energy. It was all I could do to stay there and NOT pull my hands back and go running out of the room.

Was that why I had uncharacteristically pulled a movie called “Possessed” off the library shelf a couple weeks back? Not the kind of movie I normally watch, but one that seemed almost a training for this moment.

Instead of falling into the fear, I just kept my own aura expanded and kept breathing along with Stella through either my right or both nostrils.

This attack, which is all I can really call it, just passed. It did leave me feeling a bit depleted, though, and a tiny bit fearful at whether I was being “infected” by our contact.

But I just released all that as I expanded fully, feeling the bliss of God’s ineffable Joy! And that’s what I needed to remind Stella of – there was nothing to fear but fear itself. I could show her how her very legitimate concerns about her health led to a worry energy that would collapse her aura instantly, making her incredibly vulnerable.

I had her watch me, not telling her why I wanted her to watch: “Just look at me.”

I’d known from the moment Stella opened her door to me that she watched my aura, seeing there the truth of what I was saying. So I closed my eyes and expanded my aura out in stages, as I have my clients do – as big as the room, the house, the city, the state, the country, the world, the universe, the universes! I felt myself getting brighter and brighter and what I call a little Buddha smile kept curling my lips.

And then without altering my body language or facial expression, I collapsed my aura with a “worry thought” of my own (one of those personal bones I chew).

When I opened my eyes, she was radiant: she said, “You just shone.” I drew her attention to the collapse. She’d seen it, but the light was what had fascinated her more – how bright.

“And that’s what you need to focus on Stella – making your own aura huge like that so that it’s completely filled with light. It’s the best protection any of us has and it’s especially important for you.”

I shared with her what I’d learned from the Internet.

“You are being bombarded,” was the message to Stella; and it was as she’d suspected. She told me how her son had actually found her photo on the Internet with a curse written beneath it.

But, of course, being a logical sort – a scientist by training – Stella hadn’t been able to wrap her mind fully around that without feeling sort of loony. That’s where my being an equally rational being helped: I could say, “You’re not nuts! This *is* happening.”

It’s funny how those of us who use prayer to heal want to ignore the negative affect it can equally have on us: What happens when thousands of people pray that you’re cured of your attempts to “play God”?

As with most of my sessions, I was helping my client to see something she already realized, which she herself later commented on. “How could I have forgotten what I know so well?”

I said we all need reminders – and especially when we’re under attack and hideously depleted. As I wrote in my notes after the session:

*Good God! This poor woman. As she’d said herself: she knew that whatever the doctors found and fixed would be replaced by another malady. That had been the situation, and she had basically given up.*

But here again the power of the imagination could be put to work.

I had her just *imagine* raising her lower legs one at a time, hinging up and down from the knee, something she felt physically incapable of doing. And as she imagined this with each leg, I psychically noticed a weakness in the buttock muscles, especially on the right side. I could also feel that her muscles running from her pelvic area to the sides of her thighs were being shortened, which would also throw her balance off. This is a woman in her 70s at least. Lack of physical exercise quickly takes it toll – in lack of lubrication of the joints if nothing else. I was able to help her see that some of her physical problems – like lack of balance – came from the snowball effect of having not used her body.

As I worked with Stella, I couldn’t help but think that if we lived in a culture where we believed in voodoo

, we would have no doubt that someone was sticking pins in her effigy! And look at the physical toll it was taking. Not least of all because “out of the blue” lead showed up in her system; chelation therapy had been started and I learned that her practitioner was NOT replacing the gold and silver that chelation removes! So the “cure” would have further debilitated her!

“It’s amazing how powerful prayers are, isn’t it?” I said to her. She agreed.

We had tea after the session, and by the time I left two hours after I came, she was still much stronger.

I felt good too; just being in her presence was healing – our palms together had “spritzled” with healing energy. The next day, I noticed that my left elbow wasn’t hurting for the first time in two weeks (a yoga injury that rest, magnetic therapy and a Jin Shin Jitsu healing session hadn’t improved).

Stella left me a voicemail a couple days later:

*I just wanted to let you know how well I was feeling yesterday. I felt like my old self again so I don’t know what magic you worked on me, but I felt very, very well. So I just wanted to let you know that I’m very grateful and very happy that you came into my life and I hope I’ll see you again. And until then, God bless you and all the best.*

Yes, Stella felt good now, but I knew she needed a group to support her. Divide and conquer is an old tactic. With such onslaughts, the healer often withdraws, becomes isolated, and forgets these basic truths. Stella needed to be surrounded by other powerful healers who could help her keep her aura big and light-filled. To that end, I conceived a weekly “Warriors of the Light” healing circle.

The goal was two-fold:

One: to use the power of the group to do distant healing of mind/body/soul for those in need; to allow healing energy to flow within the circle to anyone who might need a healing; and to bring the energy in to heal oneself.

The second and, perhaps, most important aspect was to be a united front, *deflecting* what I called “the prayerful onslaught” of those who truly believed healers to be the “Luciferians” they called us. This couldn’t be done through fear, however. We make ourselves small when we fear, collapsing our auras and inviting in the very dark that assails us. So the most important aspect of a Warriors of the Light group was just this coming

together, not least of all to remind each other of these simple (but counter-intuitive) truths: a big aura and breathwork are our best protection because they keep us in the Light – the source of all our being.

*Thanks for a wonderful workshop. I’ve been much more open after learning to be safe with an extended aura.*

Toni A.