**Warriors of the Rainbow Light Easter 2009 – February 25, 2011**

**Prologue to the Warriors of the Rainbow Light**

The experiences with the Warriors of the Rainbow Light came to me by grace. It was on Easter Sunday a few years ago that it began, and continued through Sunday services and the next few Easter-­tides. I am very grateful, since it has opened the door to profound interaction in the spiritual worlds. The assistance and companionship of the Warriors of the Rainbow Light is a source of joy, comfort, protection and enthusiastic support through my adventures as a spiritual scientist and researcher.

I have developed a complex meditative practice which grounds me in Christ and locates me in many dimensions of time and space, both physically and spiritually. From that secure footing and with the accompanying presence of Christ, my Angel, the leaders and guides of humanity, my spiritual family, and those Warriors of the Rainbow Light who have an interest in each particular issue or question under scrutiny; I enter the spiritual worlds to read in the Akashic records, converse with spiritual beings, interact with human disincarnate souls and generally be of use as necessary and appropriate.

This chapter tells of my first adventures as I discovered the Gray Plane and the souls trapped there by their own beliefs. I am aware of the fact that the bonds of love, as well as personal involvement on any level, facilitate the opening of the spiritual organs to perception in the higher worlds. Love and compassionate interest are karmic keys for opening the doors to other dimensions. I am grateful for the many diverse and varied friendships, interests and activities which are my personal entries to specific realms and beings in the spiritual worlds.

**The Warriors of the Rainbow Light**

During Holy Week of 2009, only a few years ago, during the act of Consecration of Man, celebrated at the Christian Community in San Francisco, an angel took me up onto a dry barren hill overlooking a vast circular plane. Hundreds of thousands, or even millions of souls were sitting silent and unmoving on rows and rows of chairs that stretched away for miles and miles. They were wrapped in gray cloaks with hoods pulled down over their bowed faces. I asked the angel who they were, and he answered, “These are the souls who believe in nothing – very little meaning to life, no meaning to death, nothing to do and nowhere to go. Some are materialists that only believe in the physical world. Without being alive in a physical body, they do not know that they exist. They have chosen to sit here for eternity. ” Without Christ or consciousness of love in their lives, without the spiritual and moral guidance of cosmic maturation, there is little movement after death. Without the momentum born of ideals, spiritual understanding and compassionate deeds in life, there is only inertia in the after-­death.

“Is there anything that can be done for them?” I asked. As I looked closer, I recognized Peter, the father of my eldest daughter, sitting in the center of the front row. “I know someone here.” “Well, if you know one of these, and can get his attention, see what you can do.” said the angel, pointing down to the valley floor and motioning me along. I went gingerly down the little hill and stood in front of Peter. I thought that if he would look up, he would see his own angel who could then take him away from this place. More than that I did not know, so I began to jump up and down shouting, “Peter, wake up!!! Peter, I love you, wake up, look up!!!” At first he didn't move at all, but I continued with jumping-­jacks and hollering. Finally, he began to stir and look at me in a daze. I came closer to him and said loudly, “Look up, Peter, see, your angel is coming for you. Don't be afraid, your angel will help you. Look up. Look up.” And he did.