Stories
of the light
from the light
to the light:

A journey

towards enlightenment

through

poetry and peace

For those who walk this path with me
- my gratitude

For those who have shown the way with
truth, compassion, and great love
- my heartfelt thanks

For those I have yet to meet
- I look forward to the unfolding
of that perfection

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Pamela McRae

Lulu.com

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Contents

Preface	1
Here is the vision for my life	2
Okay, here is the truth	4
Creative grace	8
A journey towards enlightenment	9
Spring	10
The tree and the light	11
Summer	12
To find each other	13
Alchemy	14
Our first tax	16
Love and our true power	18
The Atmic	20
Our will center	22
Transforming	25
What is this spiritual journey?	26
Perfection	28
Excerpt from: *Under the Moon Between Venus and Mars*	30
About the author	37

Preface

Remarkably, in this wonderful time, we are able to exercise our creativity like never before. We can write, layout our books, have a publisher and distributor that we never meet face to face.

We can build a website, sell our book, express our ideas to a public we might never meet in person.

We are able to communicate with each other on this global scale and I believe that much good will come of all this.

If we use these resources wisely and with respect, we can create an opportunity to spread peace and oneness so that everyone can breathe them in and take comfort knowing that there are those of us who hold others in our hearts with great respect and love.

Many people are blessed with the ability to give, travel and bring new hope to those less fortunate through global volunteer travel and other programs. I write and meditate to spread that peace and oneness as far as I can for now.

May your journey be filled with the light and blessings of the enlightened ones

Here is the vision for my life

The enlightened Pamela is a writer, an artist, the poet. She will do her drawings and poetry books, finish the novels, do readings and book signings, build her website, start the outline for the next book. Pamela will go to the beach with Madison and knit and walk the sand and listen to the ocean and smell the salt air. She will sit with Fleur on her lap and brush her and will listen to her music in the quiet sanctuary of her home.

The enlightened Pamela will dream with hope of the blessing of this moment created over and over in great grace. She is a graceful and beautiful dancer of life and uplifts with her softness and her beauty and light and believing in the good, the wonder, the possibility of God on earth, so apparent in every particle that there is only peace and more than enough to share between all of the family of "man", the beasts, the bugs, the birds, the wind, the air, the soil, the plants, and all of this creation of the planet with whom we participate.

This enlightened woman is happy, so happy.

What is the vision you hold for your life?

"The gardens will be beautiful."

— *Gaida*

Spring gardening

robins listen for worms

spring gardening turns the earth

inside the bird, a worm can fly.

— *Pamela*

Okay, here is the truth

We all pretty much know each other. Some of us are many millions of years old. We were the humans that first stood up and walked, the first ones who made fire and now we are the first ones who are lifting the mental body of our being to merge with the divine spirit, the greatest light and are bringing that light into our beings. We are bringing God onto the earth.

God is the light and the energy that creates all living matter. The planets, the sun, the moon are all manifestations of God. Our planet earth is a manifestation of God.

These manifestations are beings, just as we are beings, but of greater magnitude, power and age. Each has a soul, a planetary soul. Each of these planetary souls are evolving, just as we are evolving.

Every living thing is moving to a higher vibration and the subtle and

apparent changes that occur are manifestations of each new level of this energetic vibration.

As we in turn lift our vibration to a faster and lighter and thinner expression we will eventually live on grasses and herbs. The energy we absorb from the sun, the air we breathe and hopefully the pure water we drink will be enough to sustain us. One can guess that all the allergies our bodies manifest for us are moving us to that state. We don't need all the food we are eating and that is why so many of us are fat now.

Instead of sitting around a big dinner table, we will sit in a circle and breathe and give thanks.

Why can't we recognize each other openly. Why do we pretend we don't know each other from these past millions of years. Why do we pretend that we don't know what to do?

We have about 100 years each lifetime to work on our physical bodies

and to release past hurts, deaths, patterns and difficulties from our cells, our psyches.

Once we acknowledge we are beings of light, then everything in the day is a blessing. Bird song, sunshine, rain, air, people, movement, creating homes, writing to each other, relationships and the immense love that flows freely from our hearts create this heaven of our lives and of our days.

We have about 100 years apiece to make up our days, to experiment with our environment, to bring light to each other and give thanks. We will seemingly continue this in some form or other for eternity...which, according to Joseph Campbell is just this moment we are in right now either writing this or reading this. This that we create is eternal. It would seem though that our spirit is everlasting and will continue to create a being in order to live in the material world. Perhaps to enjoy the myriad manifestations of spirit, as pets,

animals, grasses, plants, sky, wind and so on.

Once this is understood. Once we accept this is the truth then what is the problem? There is nothing else that matters. Life can be lived in so many different ways once we let go of trying to cram it into one particular size or another. But there is anxiety in this realization. There is no one side or other when viewed from this perspective. Only everlasting life and a convenient concept of time and space in which to manifest material comforts and situations.

We shouldn't lose sight of the fact that we are all evolving, not revolving, and we are all pretty much in this together...forever.

Creative grace

I am moving around my studio with great calm. My hands, arms, muscles, mind, heart and spirit are in harmony and the materials I need for the painting have been placed in the room in such an order that it is like playing an instrument as I pick up the brush, squeeze out the paint, look to the canvas and begin.

There is pattern in the painting and the beauty of the moment may only last a short while but this painting will form easily and time will be friendly here. Hearing my heartbeat, I am the observer watching life flow in and through me. All judgment is suspended. I am one with God in this blessed hour. I see the light in me now and around me. It is enfolding all that I touch.

A journey towards enlightenment

We must tell a story that liberates and connects humanity to its source. By telling this story we can create the possibility of such instant and widespread enlightenment that we lift the planet more easily to her next stage.

Simply start by remaining in mergence with the higher nature of your soul and its higher nature. This is more powerful than anything. Go into the world radiating this vertical presence and let your dynamic mental body radiate this result with joy.

Spring

a bit of rain splattered my legs
and i felt cool and refreshed
a bit of mist cooled my face
and i was relieved of all worry
a breeze kept pace with me
and i felt like dancing

the smallest of flowers are
blooming in the park
all purple and yellow and white

my dog is too much alive
with this lovely spring

she is waking up the world with
her effervescent joy

The tree and the light

Once upon a time, there was only light, but it wanted a brick patio to receive it and a tree to soften it and a woman and her dog to notice it. And it came to pass that it did occur in just this moment.

The woman noticed a soft light on the brick patio and saw the shadows of the leaves moving.

When she looked at the tree, it was a different experience — so colorful — and she preferred the soft message of the original intention which relied on the relationship between the light, the bricks, the tree, the woman and the dog.

The music of the cicadas was very loud, and soft water, flowing from the stone-mill fountain, splashing on the river rocks, and the scratching of this pen on the paper, amplified the original intention of the light.

The perception of the woman sent back a connection to the light and the light was happy and content. A bird felt that and sang into the perception, adding joy.

Summer

from cool breeze and tiny flowers
an abundant garden
gives us fragrance so intoxicating

that we hardly notice
the shift to lazy, humid june

now sealed in air-conditioning
we watch

as all the green overgrows
its limits
and we quench our thirst as best we
can until

the crisp fall air brings
blessed relief
to our bodies

To find each other

There is always some waiting for each other…but who is waiting for me? Where is my spiritual family who are clearing the way to the future with me? A core group of us walking forward, dancing in the light. A happy troop of story-tellers and magicians, alchemically changing substance and matter into an uplifted state imbued with the divine.

Here we are, shining with light and appearing where needed with comfortable laughter, guiding with wisdom, carefree and loving. We are bringing new knowledge to heal the spirit and body of mankind, to unite soul and being and to bring God on earth.

Here we are, aspects of the Divine, wondering how to manifest all that in our form, expression, creativity and our lives to make, together, a perfect image of our heaven on earth. We cannot wait for who is waiting for us, we must go out and find each other.

Alchemy

someone is sending the light
into my pen

my hand starts the long glide
the ink
marks the page

alive in a center
that renews creation
spring warmth expands
like a balloon with no
covering so that all

the contents are the
lightness of gold

caught in tiny motes
in the air

Our first tax
they come to the door
a group of men in
tunic, mail, helmet & crossbow

asking for our tax

i offer the table
the extra one given me

i will share that with them

but one pushes me aside
as the others smirk
& he goes in my house
and grabs several
fistfuls of our coins from
our keeping place

they take months of our life
away with them

what will we use now
to buy seeds and socks?

“sell the table” he says
and live on that

off they ride to the next house

i am powerless to stop
their crude greed

Love and our true power

The reason we love and the purpose of our lives comes from a deep, warm, snowy place in our past...perhaps a winter cave – a safe haven. In our sunlit future, we hope for the solution to the mysterious riddle of who we are.

Now, defined by our clothes, jobs, homes and friends, we are concerned with the opinions of others. We have only to be who we are and share what we have without pretending to have more than what is. In this way, the world could be healed. We imagine things and we fear people. We see, so dimly, the confusing world around us that we forget WE are the power to heal everything we touch and see.

The power to heal all we touch and see resides within us. Our way through our lives LOOKS like it is based in the material world but, in truth, our raft is built in the world of spirit and with powerful love at its core.

Is it not our dream of inner comfort, peace and security that challenges us to manifest and build our wealth in the material world? We think that these horizontal connections to people, objects and places that give comfort will ensure our peace and security.

But, if a schedule is upset, a pet dies, the phones go out or the cash flow is disrupted, do we not sit in the same chair as yesterday and wonder how we will get back to our peace and security? We become focused on what we see with our eyes, we cling to routine, we limit our power.

Yet, if we meet the day with our power to heal, if we come across those who need hope and faith, then we encounter those who, by allowing themselves to attune to our higher vibration, can help to transform the world. We become a team to transform the day. We have inner purpose and we create our day with real power.

The Atmic

it is calm in the atmic
calm in that
place of
ultimate peace

there is so
much power in
the atmic

in that place
i see a land space

a place where i
stand in great peace
and in my power

content to be part
of life
and creation

just being in that
landscape

not concerned to
be doing something
correctly

to be judged by others
to be doing what is
appropriate for

that time of day

Our will center

Our will center extends influence throughout our lives. We are able to live and create a place in the world to sustain life as this center brings and sends information. How do we raise the vibration and consciousness at this light point which manifests as our nervous system? Through mental body, in connection with spirit. If mental body can focus in the will center and show spirit where to enter, then alchemy can tranform everything into a new possibility for us.

Now is the time for healing the mental body. This life is a gift of healing and is the transition life. As mental body is able to dance with spirit, with God, with energy and with light, then the mental body is uplifted.

And when that mental body is uplifted and when that body is infused with spirit and full and overflowing and operating at this God vibration, then the mental body gives the gift of this energy, light and vibration into our other bodies.

This Atman feeds us with this gift and then the emotional body of self becomes the compassion of Christ and is the Buddha for all of the people of humanity that we meet.

When our Atmic and Buddhic are completely sealed in this new energy then all this spills into the etheric pattern that regulates our physical being. What happens here now? How is perfection depicted?

In an infant there is immediate perfection. With nourishment, movement, interest, love, smooth skin, perfect shapes the infant grows and builds muscle, form and strength to do in the world. Then sexuality is infused, expressed. Adornment, interaction, swimming, walking, talking and joy from the physical come into being. Exploring and merging, coming apart, dealing with pain of withdrawal into individuality is the way we learn. Aging, different needs from the body, more walking, loving each cell and working in harmony with others.

This beautiful dance of life, with powerful physicality in harmonic dance with the material world, can be the expression of the uplifted mental body sharing spirit with our being.

Respect the body, nourish the body and cleanse the body. Natural beauty and expression are the result, naturally, from this level. This is why you cannot force yourself into this picture from mental decision alone and why it tends to do the opposite.

It knows, every cell knows when it does not come from your own true will, uplifted in vibration. Disengage from that which prevents God from manifesting in all sheaths of your being.

In this way, you will experience oneness. You will understand what being directly guided by your soul and higher nature feels like. You will learn to observe people in their personality expression with great compassion.

You will know we are all growing toward this oneness. When you reach living in oneness, there is no other being that will be able to make themselves more correct than you.

You will know and live and express your true nature. This is your true power.

Transforming

We bring it all with us. As first man/woman, we had to *kill or be killed*. As we evolve, we transform that. It is in the pineal though. It is ever present.

We bring it to transform it. We do not have to manifest it, we can transform it.

The Light we bring and manifest will help us raise the vibration on the planet. With each life/being we create in incarnation, we raise the vibration.

We came in at the body/soul stage with the soul at 75% infused. More than usual. We are from the fifth kingdom. We are at the stage where the body is allowing the soul force to merge totally with the nervous system, blood, bone and cell.

We will continue to transform through subsequent lives. The next level after this…I am not so sure what that will be.

What is this spiritual journey?

Finding joy in the humanity of life, enjoying the ritual of a culture, sharing love and compassion with another, protecting and nurturing someone who needs us…all parts of the journey, are they not?

These are the things I have learned, so does my physical comfort really matter? In becoming a purified being of light, how quickly must we transform our lives? Are we able to enjoy the sense pleasures of the world and still become pure? Apparently we are pure, no matter if we think otherwise, so our efforts to achieve what we already are seem ridiculous.

I am easily pulled to the world but that leaves me gasping for relief when I return home. So much input, more than I am able to process in the moment. Following the spiritual path alone, I lose sight of time while creating my environmental retreat.

It is bliss to live in the oneness. I often forget that as a physical being I have to segment my time and plan ahead so that I may have long stretches in bliss.

My writing is done from this place. Sometimes, I share the space with Bach. He understands.

I go between one and the other – world/bliss – bliss/world, reminding myself not to do more than my being can do.

In this way, I am happy – so happy.

Perfection

time in a protected place
no phone
just canvas, paint &
my dogs

all day messages are left
on the machine
and
it is twilight

we take a walk
throw a frisbee
we sit and watch a sunset
me sipping white wine
they scanning the horizon

cooking soup
listening to the messages

returning the calls
figure out our
business obligations

listen to music and
sip the dinner soup

perfection

Excerpt from: Under the Moon Between Venus and Mars

Jennifer was still grieving over Jeremy's death. How could the cancer have progressed that far in the 6 weeks since the diagnosis? She didn't feel like getting out of bed. The bed they had shared for the last year. It seemed simply too short a time to have known such complete love with any man. He was gone. But the love was still alive in her and that is what hurt so much. Missing the many little moments that had created the love that was so large. She had been blessed to love and be loved by a kind man. Jeremy was 25 years older than Jennifer and had been concerned with their age difference when he first felt his attraction to her. He was used to feeling that attraction to women but what surprised him when he met Jennifer was the fact that he felt that their compatibility was strong, immediate and precious. Jeremy was not afraid to act on that and ask her out.

Jennifer was immediately drawn to Jeremy. She sensed that they shared an ageless wisdom from having lived

life on their own terms. There was a goodness between them that drew her in.

His voice was deep and rich and Jeremy was so very kind. He was a gentleman. He loved her with a passion that surprised her. The physical passion he held for her was frightening in its intensity sometimes. That she was loved completely was a miracle to her. She grew as a woman, she matured, she related to him as an adult and she dreamt of their life together for many years to come. Now he was gone. There would be no marriage, even though what they shared had seemed like a marriage. It was not consecrated in a church, but Jennifer always felt they were married in heaven's eyes.

Jennifer had been told that the heart can give itself so completely only once or twice in a lifetime. She knew that it would be long time before she loved like that again and yet, what she wondered while lying in bed, was not if she would have that kind of love again in life, but how to fill the hours that were now left empty. Their

days had intertwined and much of her activity was shared with Jeremy. Part of her exhaustion was from grief and part was from the mental stress in trying to figure out what activities to choose to fill up those many hours in each day.

Her heart had come alive with Jeremy's love and with her effort at being in an adult relationship, in giving the gift of love to Jeremy, in sometimes not doing or saying what was right there, but sensing that he needed something from her that required she reach a new place inside.

Until this union, Jennifer had not understood that a man is not an object, or someone to pick out to be with like an outfit at a store. Just because Jennifer dreamed of a life that was active and gave her a career while she was living in a wonderful house, and a life that would also provide her with a loving huband, did not mean that she could go out and pick him and say, "okay, let's go."

A wise woman had shared with her early on that a man is at his core a soul in human form, come here to evolve

in his own way and there can be a compatibility in sharing the support for each other, to give space for each other's work and to fulfill their soul purposes while walking side by side through life.

She found that with Jeremy. To know how to adjust and give, to wait for what you need until later and to be surprised when it is given with joy from the man you love is an experience she wished all women could have at least once in their lives. She had been blessed.

Part of the hurt in her heart was the sense of the incredible vastness of the world and the disconnect she was feeling between herself and other people during this time of grief. It was as if a great weight were pulling her into the earth's core and why would she want to pull anyone down in there with her.

She was not sure the planetary soul ever felt this heaviness. This part of grief, the isolation to protect others from the pain, was difficult for Jennifer.

Since she was going to be spending some time to process all of this, Jennifer decided that mediation and energy work would help her heal and become whole enough to re-emerge into the world without pulling others down into her grief.

In her energy work, Jennifer had felt that the soul of the planet was light and loving. There was an energy that felt to Jennifer like the blue energy coming from the earth mother and it came up like a tulip with a thin membrane that protected her body. It seemed to bathe her in love for every cell in her being and she wanted to cry for the tenderness she felt at what might, incredibly, be gratitude and appreciation from this planet for her being here. She felt acknowledged, respected and completely loved. All her fear subsided. This was a love that no human could really express completely in words.

It is probably closest to the energy that a mother feels carrying a child and is the energy that is used to create the tiny being from the single egg impregnated by the sperm and implanted in the soft cushion of

the womb. It is the watery energy that bathes the new being with nourishment and cohesiveness. It is the love that creates us and it is this at times felt as deep blue, or pale blue, or silver blue, but no matter the color, it is life giving energy that lets us know we are loved so completely and are supported in each breath we take.

This light work gave Jennifer a growing sense that she could continue and hers would become a life where she could step into her own power again, in time. It would mean trusting and creating her life with this beautiful energy she had become through risking an enduring, loving, adult relationship. These golden, pale green, bright blue, lovely rose, soft silver and magnificent brilliant diamond white lights that she had merged with in her sphere would be what would guide her to a new purpose in time.

Even now Jennifer could feel the glow from the cells as they thanked her for bringing in this energy and for allowing this earthing into themselves.

This heart of hers is in pain with the sudden loss of Jeremy, but there were also deeper reasons that arose and

resonated and might be fragments of past lives mixed in with this particular pattern of her most human grief. Jennifer would look at some of those reasons and ask the great deva ma to uplift some of that for her.

She heard the voices of those divine beings who were always with her saying, "You might realize we can heal you if you are willing to receive that gift." Jennifer nodded her grateful assent and heard them go on, "As you become more willing to open to new life, we will work with all of this and with your soul in constant consciousness for the methods to bring you back to wholeness."

In time, Jennifer would find her way. Perhaps even leaving this city, Jennifer would find joy again.

It mattered not which city she chose, how she earned a living, which people became her friends. Jennifer knew that from wholeness and from her choices in this life, she would embrace change with courage and keep moving forward to discover life and a place for her in her new world.

About the author

Writing is all about what I want to tell people. I want to tell them who I am. I don't want to tell people how to live their lives or pretend that I can tell them who they are, but I do want to share who I am with you and as many people as I can reach with my words.

I feel kind and gentle when I write. I am in the presence of a caring muse when I write. The words come more easily when I write.

When I speak to people, meanings become garbled and I forget my point. I am so overwhelmed with all the information coming at me when I am speaking. But when I write, there is a silence that is deep and important and allows me to form the words of what I really want to say. This is how I know now that I am meant to be a writer.

I received a degree in Technical Design and Production in the Theatre and worked in New York and Santa Fe, NM as a scenic artist, prop maker, costume painter, mask maker, as well as working with the Muppets and Sesame Street making tiny raincoats for Kermit, little gloves for Miss Piggy and big Tuxedos for the giant characters on Sesame Street. While doing this type of work, I was training as an Opera Director.

I worked at the San Francisco Opera, Houston Opera, Chicago Opera, Washington Opera, Baltimore Opera, Vancouver Opera, the Vienna Staatsoper and the Amsterdam Opera learning all I could and I finally joined the stage directing staff at the Metropolitan Opera in NYC, where I remained for 12 years.

I have received three Emmys for my work with the *Live from the Met* series on Television and was named one of the *Ten Outstanding Young Working Women in America* by Glamour magazine in 1990.

After working 20 years in theater and opera, I took a sabbatical in 1991 and traveled to India where I lived in an Ashram in Ganeshpuri, south of the city of Bombay. My life then shifted to pursuing a more spiritual expression of who I had become. The illusion of theater had taught me that illusion in my life could no longer be supported by the light I was infusing into my being. Nothing I was doing was working.

Returning to the United States, I contemplated my options to get closer to my own creativity. I liked the idea of being an artist and was interested in learning about business. *Desktop Publishing* was emerging and *graphic artist* seemed like a respectable new profession to explore. As a self-taught designer, I seemed to take to computers

like a fish to water and learned the new language rapidly. I worked in Graphic Design and Layout for 11 years, seven of which were as the sole proprietor of my own company, *MCR Design & Communication.*

15 years after this trip to India and living in a new place – Santa Fe, NM, I asked the Drepung Loesling monks to bless this working and living environment. It is from this blessed place that I worked to bring these words to you.

—June 2007, Santa Fe, NM

Monks of the Drepung Loesling Monastery with author Pamela McRae, her dog, Madison, and his beloved rabbit. July 9, 2006. Santa Fe, NM.