

*Beyond The Veil*  
*Spirit Guides*

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## Introduction

“There’s been a bombing at the World Trade Center!” exclaimed a wide-eyed employee to the man behind the paint counter. He glanced at her and nodded as he put the sticker on the pint of yellow paint that he had just shaken for me. I didn’t think much about her announcement, but sent a prayer to assist any involved as I returned to the counter and handed him the blue paint sample I had selected for the second pint of paint.

The same female employee returned, this time as pale as a ghost. Sobbing, she barely was able to cry out, “A plane just went through the second tower!” Then she walked away in a daze. I stood there, transfixed, as he slid both pints across the counter toward me. I felt dizzy and lightheaded as I made my way to pay the clerk for the paint.

When I stepped outside, I was totally rattled. I didn’t know where I was. Luckily, the parking lot was fairly empty and I was able to find my car. Shaking, I sat in my car for a few minutes. I couldn’t remember what city I was in or where I lived. “Calm down,” I told myself. I thought that the reaction I was having was very strange.

Although I had moved to Sarasota, Florida a year prior, this was my first time at this Home Depot. I had just rented a room in a man’s condo on a month-to-month basis because I already knew I had a “calling” to move to Sedona, Arizona. The paint was to cover some boards the last tenant had been using for shelving.

When I returned to the condo, I turned on the TV. I just HAD to see the plane hit the tower. An eternity passed as I impatiently yelled, “Show me the plane! Show me the plane!” When they did show the footage of the plane crashing into the second tower, my whole body was filled with electricity. I felt like I might implode. The next thing I knew, I was jumping up and down, feeling jubilant! I was screaming, “Yes! Yes! Now they will listen! Now I can do my work!” I was screaming this over and over until I consciously realized I was doing this.

As I “watched” myself doing a jubilation jig, my conscious self was asking, “Are you crazy? There are people dying in front of you and you’re happy about what?” I realized I was having a conversation with myself, which

was even more confusing. “I’m ecstatic because now I can begin the work I came to Earth to do!” I wondered to myself what that meant.

Glued to the TV, obsessively needing to see the plane crash into the tower again, the announcement was made that all planes in the U.S. were grounded. At the same time, I heard a plane flying overhead. As I ran to the door, sure enough, Airforce One was flying overhead with President Bush who had been at a nearby school reading to some children.

Likely in another book I will share my full story of the bizarre events of that infamous day on 9/11/01. As a side note, it was years later that I noticed that the time and date stamp on the yellow pint of paint was the exact time the first plane crashed into the World Trade Center. The time stamp on the blue paint coincided with the moment the plane hit the second tower.

I had just spent three days in retreat with James Twyman, the peace troubadour. Even so, it took quite a bit of effort to calm myself down and get back into that glorious state of inner peace. My mind kept racing to a variety of thoughts, including what is the work I am to do? Why am I reacting so strangely? Meanwhile, there was a whole series of other bizarre events going on with my new landlord. Meditation did not come easy. A few days later, while he was in the hospital, I was finally able to relax my mind enough to tune in for Guidance. But I just wasn’t able to get my questions answered. Frustrated, I cried out, “Help! I need some answers! Where can I get help?”

I took a few deep breaths and immediately in my mind’s eye, I saw this man that had been a speaker at a gnostic conference I was Guided to attend at the Sarasota Unity church several months earlier. At the end of the day retreat, all of the speakers were on the stage and thanking us for attending. This guy mentioned he was holding meetings at his house every Tuesday and anyone that was interested was welcome to attend. I didn’t know what the meetings were about, but I knew I was supposed to go. I went that Tuesday and another prayer was answered when my “star brothers” made themselves known to me, in a way that was undeniable and a bit humbling. That full story will appear in a future book.

Months after the conference, the events of the World Trade Center transpired. Now I was being Guided to have a reading by this man. I didn’t know if this guy did readings. I couldn’t even remember his name. How was I going to find him? I remembered that he and his wife wintered in

Florida. The snowbirds usually begin their migration after Thanksgiving. How was I to find him? Was I going to have to wait over two months? I told my Guides, "I need your help with this one."

A few days later, I was Guided to go to the local dowser's meeting that met every Tuesday at the local library. It was a week to the day after 9/11. Want to guess who the speaker was that night? After the program was completed, I sheepishly asked him if he did readings. He said, "Yes, here's my card. You can call and make an appointment. Ortrun and I just got back for the winter. I hope you join us again for the 'First Contact' meetings at our home."

I made an appointment with Carl "Santa" Franklin soon after. Using dowsing rods, he did some measurements with my aura and amount of indigo and crystal in my energy field. "I suspected you were a forerunner, like Ortrun and myself. You have important work to do this lifetime."

Bingo! Without me telling him my reason for coming to him, he had nailed it spot on. What was my life work?

He then said, "I see 26 angels and guides around you."

"That seems like a lot; is that common?" I enquired.

"Everyone is different," he replied. "Different ones will come and go, depending on what is happening in your life. They are telling me that you are being initiated into your role tonight. They are placing a robe of protection around you."

As Carl spoke, I could "see" and "feel" a robe envelop me. The material was like gossamer, pure white with golden bits of shimmering light. The robe was hooded with long, billowing sleeves covering my arms and flowing down below my ankles. Then I was handed a scepter of wisdom that I was warned to use with great discretion. I was being given authority and sovereignty, although I didn't fully understand what that meant at the time.

Next, Carl and I both giggled as we "saw" small beings who looked like classic green clad Santa elves, placing silver slippers on my feet. They curled up beyond the toes and had golden bells dangling from them. "Don't forget to dance!" they reminded me as they made some silly dance moves.

Carl shared, “You are about to step into your power and begin the work you came here to do.” I leaned forward excitedly, ready to have my life plan shown to me. That was the whole purpose of being led to him. I wanted to know what my work entailed. Being an over-organizer, I wanted all the details. As I began to question Carl for more details, he stated, “Let’s take a trip to the Akashic Records.” Sounded good to me, although I had no idea what he was talking about. But I’m always up for an adventure and my mind was already being blown during this session.

Immediately, we were at the bottom of a flight of stairs facing the front of a huge building that reminded me of ancient Greco-Roman architecture, surrounded by columns. We climbed the stairs and walked down a long corridor, passing rows and rows of voluminous books stacked a mile high. We seated ourselves on barstools. Wordlessly, an ancient man in long white robes laid my records on the countertop in front of me.

Whispering, Carl said, “Open the book and read what it says.”

“There are no words, only the images of wispy clouds floating in the sky.”

“What does this mean to you?” Carl prodded. To make this story shorter, I will say that I was shown that this life was not meant to be a hard one. The sky was the limit on what I could achieve. I was also shown a waterfall that symbolically meant that if I didn’t resist, my life would flow.

Then Carl added, “This life is not meant to be a hard one. This life is the culmination of 462 previous lives. In this lifetime, you will transcend and likely not return as a human incarnation.” That got my attention; someone else had said the same thing to me several years prior. What a reading! My mind was spinning!

Later that night, I decided that I wanted to meet the angels and guides that Carl had seen. So, I “called them in.” Immediately, my tiny room was filled with beings, each trying to give me messages to give to loved ones. It sounded like I was New York City Grand Central Station; the voices were overwhelming. Covering my ears did not stop the din. I understood in that moment why people who hear voices go nuts and end up in institutions. It was very disturbing.

“Stop!” I screamed. Instantly, the room went silent. That amazed me. They listened to me! Enjoying the silence and my newfound power, I told

everyone to leave and not return. However, I invited the ones that Carl had seen during the reading to remain. Instantly, I could sense that my command was honored. The room felt a lot less crowded. The energy in the room was sizzling.

A plan formulated in my mind. “Okay, here’s the deal, I want to meet each one of you individually but not all at the same time. I will call you in one by one during the next few weeks as I have time and energy. Each of you decide the order of who will go first, second and so on. When I call each of you in, I will ask you first what name I can call you by.” I stated it that way because I knew that they don’t have names but recognize each other more from their energy signature, which often is unpronounceable for humans.

Continuing, I stated, “Next I will ask each of you what you are doing around me and thirdly, what can I do for you.” Now I didn’t know if I could actually do this. Although through the years I had sensed I was being protected and guided, what I was asking now was for direct conversational communication.

As you will discover, several of these Light Beings were thrilled when I asked what I could do for them. They shared that most humans don’t realize how much assistance is available when a human consciously works in tandem with the Masters. There is a lot they cannot do, because they will not go against anyone’s Free Will or go against the Law of Interference. We must ask for their assistance.

The rest of this book is my recollection of the main parts of these conversations. What each taught me has been priceless and mind-expanding. They have asked me to share these experiences with you, for they have much to share about the way the universe operates. It is their desire to help you and all other humans to awaken to their full potential.

Once this happens, Earth can be restored to the original intention of the seeding of this planet, that it become a place where many co-creators come together, creating a wide variety of life in many forms. Some have chosen to incarnate into their creations and experience being in a physical form while remembering their spiritual essence. Their words will help you to move closer to that original intent.

Enjoy the adventure! Theresa