

Blue Fire Forming

Laverne E. Denyer

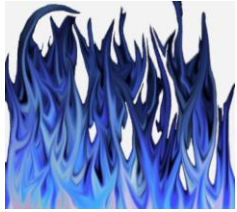


**The real story
(with names
changed) of my
awakening of
spiritual
consciousness.**

At five, she has already established her place in the world. When not climbing trees and roofs, she is making friends with other people's pets and livestock. Her parents attempt to guide her, but this free spirit is already listening to a different drummer. Where did she come from? What makes her different?

She is a child of the blue flame. Her life begins with the flame; with blue fire swirling, flowing. The God-force gathers itself to animate a small lump of clay, a girl-child. God sends forth a beacon of power burning bright. The newly created personality survives and grows.

The girl-child is active and adventurous. She is mischief incarnate. The remembered knowledge of other earthly visits is reflected in her eyes. Strange expressions cross her face, expressions of wisdom unusual for a child. The wisdom... the awareness... is disconcerting. They watch her with a



discerning eye.

The adults in her life are mystified. Just what is it about this effervescent bundle of energy that captivates and frightens? Is it the fact that she seems to know so much more than a child of five? Or is it that she is always there when something unusual happens? What is it?

Rarely stationary, generally noisy, always inquisitive and downright stubborn; she is already an enigma. What does the future hold for her? What about the people around her?

Already, she is a neighborhood leader. Other children are attracted to her like metal filings to the magnet. She settles disputes and plans new adventures. Like the time they went on an early morning raid of the prune orchard and Mr. Wellerman fired a load of rock salt at Timmy. But since she had heard in her mind when it was time to go, they escaped his anger and his recognition. The adults are perplexed. How can a child of five command such authority over eight and twelve-year-olds? The mystery continues.

At eight, she explains psychic experiences to friends and relatives. They think she is strange and try to ignore her stories. She keeps on sharing and

they shake their heads in concern.

She tells of conversations with spirits. The adults don't know that she truly does talk to spirits, regularly. They don't believe. She tells of her invisible friend Laurelei. They ignore her. What a shame.

She talks about pretty colors around their bodies; and they don't understand. They don't know about an aura, and she doesn't know the name yet.

She talks about flying through the sky and watching her friends crawl upon the ground. Little do they know that astral travel is common to her, as well as levitation. Her spirit freely leaves her body to soar through the sky. They laugh. But they wonder.

She seems to just "know" what will happen next... taking changes in stride. They worry.

She talks of spirit battles and of good and evil in another world. They cross themselves.

Such tales are unnerving. To reduce their anxiety, the adults begin to tell her



she has an over-active imagination, and needs to stop "making things up." After all, stories about travel through Heaven and Hell **MUST** be fabrications. Talking to *Great-Great Grandmother*? Absurd! Where does she get such ideas?

Sadly, she finally believes her elders. Her direct link with God and the Angels shuts down. She loses touch with the blue flame. She becomes earthbound and "normal."

Life as a normal child isn't as exciting or wonderful as it was before. At least it brings acceptance, even friendship. When you are nine, being "just like everyone else" is important and necessary. She lives her life their way, and feels empty inside. She isolates herself from the unknown. She buries the flame, and her true spirit rests.

The inner dark times begin. The blue light of awareness is dimmed. There is no contact with the higher realms. There are no exciting astral adventures. There are no invisible visitors. She is alone and lonely. It is lonely in the "real" world when you know about God's place. She shuts down for the sake of other people and their friendship. Yet she feels alone. Earthly friendships

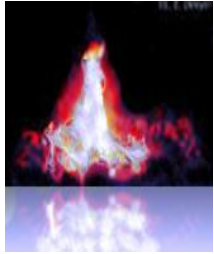
are not enough. She stays alone in the dark for two years. She cries inside.

Then, at eleven, she knows something is missing. She feels so empty. She simply cannot be content. Her buried heart stirs to awaken. She knows there is more to life. She rethinks her decision to accept other people's opinions. Maybe there is something they are missing. She decides to release the bonds she placed on the blue flame and renews her link with the unknown.

The decision is made. She opens her mind to secret thoughts carefully ignored for so long. She lets her senses wander in uncharted realms as she reawakens her spiritual being. She turns up the light and again rides the power of the magic flame. Her spirit breaks free of earthly limits.

Once again, she practices astral travel. She rides the blue flame; her spirit is free. Trips to adjoining cities are not enough. Every night, she sets her inner mind to travel to new locations in other countries. She travels the globe from New Guinea to New Zealand, learning more and more about geography and new societies.

As verification, she visits the library each following day to research the locations just visited. It is amazing how much she learns each night. Her



accuracy astounds and encourages her. She is filled with wonder and excitement. It helps her geography grades in school, too.

The next step is taking along a witness or two. Of course she doesn't discuss the adventure while the witnesses are awake. But when they are sleeping, she drops by, offering an invitation to visit London, Matzatlan, Sudan or Istanbul. The travelers explore and learn. Then she takes her friend or friends home, and rejoins her own body.

The test comes the next day. Waiting, she anxiously anticipates mention of the adventure. Usually, the latest traveler mentions the strange dream just experienced. It seems Michael dreamt of flying to England; and our girl-child was there as well. It felt so real! How could that be? The girl just smiles and says "Oh? How odd." She smiles inside. She knows that her memory is true.

By twelve, she has rediscovered the beauty of the spiritual realm. She learns that the study of sciences other than physical is called *Metaphysics*. Since she has no physical mentors, she must rely on books, experiences and her inner guidance. Her curiosity and tenacity are astounding. Her personal storehouse of information and experiences is always growing.

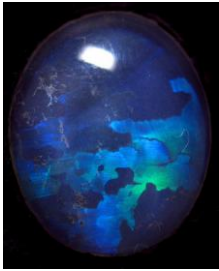
At fifteen, she begins to share her knowledge with other individuals. Some laugh and deride her illusions. Some say she will be damned for her sacrilege. Some are simply mystified... again.

However, there are those who listen attentively, who begin to understand. Some can even share new information with her. She recounts her personal experience with the blue flame. They talk of conversations with spirits and unexplained knowledge. She finds fellow travelers, also questing for knowledge. They learn and play together.

By seventeen she shares her knowledge freely, and ignores those who laugh or call her devil. She understands. She forgives.

By eighteen she understands her quest. Her path will not take her over well-trod highways. The drummer she hears beats a different rhythm than most. She recognizes the beacon of love and knowledge lighting her path. She is content.

At twenty she is introduced to her first spiritual guide. It is her father. Although he died a year and a half prior, he decided to accept the task of helping her understand higher truths. He speaks words in her mind. He is a



comfort. She will have many other guides later, spirits like Enoch, Maurice and Pteledia. How wonderful that her first tutor is a loved one she knew so well. His sense of humor helps her learn perspective. It is fun, but he makes certain she learns much.

As she travels her adult years, this woman-child of the universe tightens her bond with the alternate reality, which is the spiritual realm. She begins to share her intuitive ability freely with others. She allows the world to see her for what she is, a psychic explorer, priest and warrior. When they laugh, she smiles. When they condemn, she forgives.

Her natural healing abilities develop. She learns how to help others create healthy bodies, minds and spirits. The power flows through her body. The fire burns through her hands, gently touching others. The more she does, the more she learns.

She seeks further knowledge. She becomes strong.

There comes a time when she is grateful for her knowledge.

While helping a client, she encounters the face of a demonic force. She meets

Bast, goddess of the underworld. She **MUST** help the soul that is crying out to her. The help is not physical. The help is psychic. And it is dangerous.

Yet the strength of love is stronger! The God force stands as a pillar amidst the foul stench of Hell. She gathers the force of the blue flame. She shields herself with white light and the battle begins...


As the battle ends, the woman is untouched, her protection is strong. The Demon is banished! Divine order is restored.

The woman-priest is content. She has faced the challenge, and done well. She knows it is not her last battle, but it was important. It was a major turning point from seeker to teacher. It taught her much.

Now she makes daily contact with the source of love, God. She continues her quest. She is a worker and traveler and minister in his light. The power is not of her, but channeled through her. She is one with it.

The Blue Fire is still forming...

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A portrait of Laverne E. Denyer, a woman with short dark hair, wearing a dark blue jacket, smiling. The portrait is set within a dark rectangular frame that is part of a larger banner.