

Cosmic Conscious Communication takes you on a journey with Vicki through a body-mind transformation necessary to open a gateway for communication with Celestial Entities. A mentor, medical-intuitive Jim Branch, teaches Vicki to breach the dimensional veil. The Celestial Entities escorts her passage into their ethereal world.

Cosmic Conscious Communication

by Vicki Largen Mauer

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Cosmic Conscious Communication

Reunion with a Celestial Intelligence
A True Story

Vicki Largen Mauer

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friend. Feeling a bit shy, I stood up to shake his hand. As we shook hands, we looked at each other eye to eye. Our eyes locked and the handshake seemed endless. Jim's eyes were a deep sea blue. His hand grip was firm but the skin felt soft and supple. With eyes locked and hands touching, a wave of energy passed between us. My heart pounded as my body felt liquid heat circulate through every cell. I felt myself sweat inside and out.

The moment seemed to last forever and actually became awkward in the presence of Charlie and Anita. Time was suspended for Jim and me. The connection would normally be construed as an attraction between us, but it was so much more. There was a sense of peacefulness, comfort, knowing, understanding, nurturing, and acceptance. It was as if we knew each other through and through, in all spectrums of life emotionally, physically and spiritually.

Finally, comprehending the oddness of the moment, we released hands. My gaze dropped nervously toward the floor and I backed away, finding my chair. Jim, still standing, read the sheet of questions and everyone else silently sat in the appropriate places. None of us spoke another word. The awkward feeling in the room stemming from the obvious connection between Jim and me continued for several moments. I believe Charlie and Anita didn't know how to interpret what had happened. Neither did I. Although, I did know something profoundly auspicious had occurred.

After reading the questions Jim handed them back to Charlie and we were ready to begin. Charlie started by reading a short scripted induction and then continued to recite the Lord's Prayer. Jim lay with his back on the floor, eyes closed, legs straight, and arms and hands by his side. He appeared to

be going into a deep trance. His head slowly and gently rotated to his right side. A stand with an attached microphone sat on the floor by his head. Charlie asked Jim if he was ready for questions, and after a brief pause Jim, in a slow deep solid tone said, "Ready."

I sat quietly as Charlie read each question aloud and Jim responded. While answering, Jim's speech consisted of an uncommon syntax and dialect. Sometimes the wording was fairly normal, but mostly Jim sounded as if he spoke in a tongue that preceded the days of Christ. The answers were long, detailed and difficult to understand at first. I tried to stay attuned to the vibration of the message as well as carefully listen to the words, for there appeared to be a subtle frequency of energy projected amid the tone of each word.

The reading concluded in an hour, although time had felt non-existent. A palpable quiet filled the room while we waited for Jim to reenter normal consciousness. The sweet aroma of the frankincense, the subtle smell of vanilla candles and the tranquil vibration maintained the ambiance of sacredness.

As Jim sat up and opened his eyes, he looked directly into my eyes. For an instant, I recognized the consecrated moment and knew I looked into the eyes of a master. Potent surges of energy streamed through my body like a burning fire. I wanted to cry tears of primal sadness and blissful joy. To contain myself from the swells of emotion was difficult, however, composure was necessary. I pretended to be collected after a few minutes as the energy settled and stabilized. Jim said he felt tremendous heat running through his body during the entire reading. He said this never happened to him while giving a reading. A desire to share my experience with him overwhelmed me, but I couldn't get a word out of my mouth.

reverence and wonderment as more and more material came directed at me in particular. It became obvious the Entities were preparing me for a purpose that brought up uncertainties. At times I felt overwhelmed and unworthy, but mostly I felt privileged and grateful.

In the beginning, when we first began the private readings, I had mystical experiences. Later when I inquired about the experiences in readings, the reading material implied that my clairvoyant, clairaudient, and clairsentient abilities were awakening. The veil between the dimensions disappeared, allowing me to see, hear and sense Entities not of our three-dimensional reality. These unusually dressed benevolent Entities were from higher realms rather than ghosts or spirits that mediums connect with.

My first encounter with an Entity occurred as Jim and I began a reading. Upon completing my induction for Jim to enter into a trance state adequate to do a reading, I turned on the small cassette tape recorder and settled into a passive position on the floor with legs crossed and back resting against the wall. Jim was serenely situated on a slightly worn red oriental rug on his apartment living room floor. Stretched out on his back, arms straight to his side, and head turned to the right; the normal posturing with each reading. He said the word, "ready," as an invitation to ask questions.

I read the first question and patiently awaited the response. Seconds before Jim spoke, I sensed a presence.

In one corner of the room a thickness filled the air similar to a pocket of excessive humidity. This suggested an apparition. A manifestation of light energy materialized. My body sensed a change of energy in the room. My heart rate

increased, my breathing deepened and slightly quickened. A tingly sensation trickled through me as a frequency of energy pierced through my skin. The hair on my arms reacted as if static electricity saturated the air. A perceptible pain arose in the center of my head. My vision softened into a subtle mistiness as if I had stepped into an outdoor, predawn fog.

I closed my eyes and in my inner vision I saw a resplendent Entity standing there in the room before me. Brilliant light radiated all around him. He was stout, with a protruding stomach, a round face and white hair with a gothic bowl cut. He stood adorned in a full-length white robe with a golden braided sash around his waist. The fabric of the robe looked comparable to pumiced linen. Soft loving blue eyes and a gentle kind smile looked back at me.

When Jim spoke, the Entities' thoughts transferred to Jim's thoughts. The Entity observed with a soothing smile of approval as the words flowed from Jim's mouth. I felt caught in an instant of suspension. I didn't hear anything outside of this moment, not even Jim's words. I stayed wedged in a space with no past or future. Only a perception of timelessness and a pure vibration of presence dominated the moment.

This feeling went on for a few minutes, although it seemed like an eternity. Then the Entity gestured with an upward

happened and little was said, yet, after reviewing the transcribed material, I realized valuable comments had been made.

Several days after the session, my curiosity peaked about attempting a session in a light self-induced meditative state without Ellen and Cliff conducting. I pondered if I had the ability to do a conscious reading without the deep trance state. The attempt was successful as I contacted Jim directly rather than calling in the group of Entities.

In the beginning, after using a short pre-recorded induction little happened. I waited in receptivity to be contacted. During this wait period, I envisioned Jim kneeling beside me, in his street clothes with his golf hat, blue jeans and a checked flannel shirt in shades of brown. Soon I saw vague forms manifesting before me.

I heard Jim say, "I am here and I have sent you a message."

I see Jim in full form, cloaked in a flowing white robe, fuller than other times when I had seen him. He carried a staff made of what appeared to be wood. Ishmael...Ishmael...I was hearing the name Ishmael and the pronunciation Ish-ma-el, and he said this is what he is now called. He said this was his name in an earlier incarnation.

I felt he was showing me a book, although the scene was vague. I wanted to be deeper in trance, so I tried to deepen myself by deep breathing and counting down.

Jim said, “This is good practice in learning to communicate through conscious means rather than needing to move into deeper levels of trance. It is more comfortable for you to be deeper because then you don’t carry as much responsibility for the content. But it is time to take the responsibility of giving information to others through conscious means and being connected into the higher energies at all times rather than only during trance and to recognize information as it comes through.”

I heard his words as I saw him in my internal vision.

Jim spoke, “It is not necessary that I be so much a part of your experience, hence, having led you to this point in your journey, although my watching over you will be never ending. It is true, as was given in an earlier reading, that the time has come that you make this movement forward and journey alone now without a crutch, and create your own communicative techniques to establish yourself in ways that will feel more comfortable, as this gift manifests within you as it develops. You will continue to receive more pertinent information that you seek. And we do understand that validation with information that is offered is important to your esteem and confidence but that is not necessary, as has been suggested small steps, moving slowly forward is the key. Building upon building, level by level. As being recognized, an

important step is relaxation and allowing the centers to be open to receive this information.”

I knew immediately that Jim had truly spoken to me. I felt his presence; I heard his voice and recognized the exact dialect and syntax true to his words. Although wishing for his physical presence, to take care of me and to teach me, I knew somehow this had been a message encouraging me to be on my own, without being overly dependent on these encounters, especially when he said, “*create your own communicative techniques to establish yourself.*” “The time had come for me to fly alone, take the ball and run, and get on with the work I had come here to do. Moments of grief and loneliness blanketed my soul. I felt insignificant, alone, and overwhelmed. The reality of the work ahead of me seemed massive even though I knew many others on the planet received and channeled similar information.

After this private reading, I spent several soul-searching days preoccupied with what Jim had said and witnessing my own reaction to it. My mind questioned and speculated my ability. How was I to bring an important message to the world? My writing skills were limited to unpublished script writing, and I was terrified at the thought of public speaking and the task of finding a willing audience to listen to the message. Eventually, after wavering long enough in my insecurities, I picked myself up, accepted what was happening, and did what the benevolent beings had asked. Once I reached this resolution everything started to move forward.

The next reading, my fifth with Cliff and Ellen conducting, initiated a turning point in linking with the Entities in a relaxed and effortless way, bringing forth the knowledge they urgently wanted to teach and share with humanity.

On the day of the reading my anticipated body symptoms were not as pronounced. As I slipped into trance, easiness in my emotional and physical state accompanied a feeling of trust.

Once deeply relaxed and my inner vision open, I entered a doorway into a grayish light tunnel, immediately recognizing it was another way the Entities were teaching me to breach the veil. Enjoying the usual pleasant floating sensation, I slowly drifted through the tunnel while my body adjusted to a higher frequency and acclimated to the energy.

The color of the tunnel went from a pale, grayish hue to a bright, white light. As I took in the intensity of the light and travelled through this brilliant space, the floating sensation continued. My conscious thoughts drifted, wondering if this tunnel mirrored the space we travel through when crossing over in the dying process. How glorious death must be, letting go, being carefree, with nothing material to hold me back. Mesmerized at the process, I felt my body transitioning from solid matter to a light body. In the far distance I heard the most beautiful sounds of angelic chanting that sounded like one note with levels of dimension, as if the voices were harmonizing. The sounds reverberated through my body like oscillations of soft, warm, liquid light.

Vaguely and slowly I sensed an energy I recognized as the Entities. I could not see them; however, I could feel them. Ellen's voice, which

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