

POCKET GUIDES TO PRACTICAL SPIRITUALITY

“The violet flame is a light that serves all spiritual heritages, that gives respect and dignity to all things. It gives us a way to connect with each other....It’s what really empowers you.”

— DANNION BRINKLEY, author of
Saved by the Light

Twentieth-century seer Edgar Cayce recognized the healing power of the violet light. Dannon Brinkley saw and experienced the violet flame in his near-death sojourns. Healers and alchemists have used this high-frequency spiritual energy to bring about energetic balance and spiritual transformation.

Now you can apply the practical techniques in this book to create balance, harmony and positive change—in body, mind and soul.

SUMMIT UNIVERSITY  PRESS®



\$6.95

Cover art and design: Roger Gevert



PROPHET

VIOLET FLAME TO HEAL BODY, MIND & SOUL

VIOLET FLAME

TO HEAL
BODY,
MIND
& SOUL



ELIZABETH CLARE PROPHET



VIOLET FLAME
TO HEAL
BODY, MIND
& SOUL



ELIZABETH CLARE PROPHET

SUMMIT UNIVERSITY  PRESS®

VIOLET FLAME TO HEAL BODY, MIND AND SOUL

by Elizabeth Clare Prophet

Copyright © 1997 Summit Publications, Inc.

All rights reserved

No part of this book may be reproduced, translated, or electronically stored, posted or transmitted, or used in any format or medium whatsoever without prior written permission, except by a reviewer who may quote brief passages in a review. For information, contact Summit University Press, 63 Summit Way, Gardiner, MT 59030.


Tel: 1-800-245-5445 or 406-848-9500

E-mail: info@summituniversitypress.com

Web site: www.summituniversitypress.com

Library of Congress Catalog Card Number: 2001099355

ISBN: 0-922729-37-9

SUMMIT UNIVERSITY  PRESS

The Summit Lighthouse, Science of the Spoken Word, and Teachings of the Ascended Masters are trademarks registered in the U.S. Patent and Trademark Office and in other countries. All rights reserved
Printed in the United States of America

Disclaimer: No guarantee whatsoever is made to anyone by Summit University Press or Elizabeth Clare Prophet that the spiritual system of the Science of the Spoken Word, including meditation, visualization, dynamic decrees, and spiritual healing, embodied in this book will yield successful results for anyone at any time. The functioning of Cosmic Law is a direct experience between the individual and his own Higher Consciousness. As in Jesus' time, some were healed and some were not—according to their faith or lack of it. Karma and the Divine Providence must be the final arbiter of each one's application of the sacred fire. We can only witness to our personal healing—body, mind and soul—through the use of the suggested mantras and spiritual disciplines. Each man may prove or disprove the Law for himself. The practice and proof of the Science of Being rests with the individual. No one can do it for another. These spiritual techniques do not replace medical treatment.

10 09 08 07 06

10 9 8 7 6

CONTENTS

Preface	1
The Violet Flame Heals Wounds from Past Lives	5
The Secret of the Violet Flame	17
The Eyes of Children	23
Spiritual Protection from the Violet Flame	27
Saint Germain's Gift of the Violet Flame	29
Experiencing the Violet Flame	33
How Does the Violet Flame Work?	35
The Violet Flame Acts Like a Powerful Detergent	41
Physical Healing with the Violet Flame	45

The Violet Flame—Helping Our Bodies to Heal Themselves	49
Higher-Dimensional Physics Sheds Light on the Miracle of the Violet Flame	53
<i>A Skeptic Experiments with the Violet Flame</i>	56
<i>The Difference between Decrees and Eastern Mantras</i>	59
How Chronic Back Pain Was Healed by Saint Germain and the Violet Flame	61
Nine Steps for Putting the Violet Flame into Action in Your Life	67
<i>The Violet Fire Consumes Battle Records</i>	82
Decrees and Visualizations	89
Notes	99

PREFACE

Once I was on a radio show in Atlanta, where I was interviewed by a clairvoyant. “You have a lot of violet light in your aura,” he said. This has happened to me many times since 1961 when I first began using the violet flame. And it wasn’t only psychics who noticed the violet. Hindu yogis and Buddhist monks also looked at my late husband, Mark, and me and asked where we had gotten “all of that violet” in our auras.

Of course, the violet light comes from the violet flame, which I learned about from Mark. Since he passed on in 1973, I have shared the secrets of the violet flame with thousands of people all over the world. When you learn these secrets, you too will have violet light in your aura.

The violet flame is more than violet light. It is an invisible spiritual energy that appears violet to those who have developed their spiritual vision. In previous centuries, knowledge of the violet flame was given only to a chosen few who had proven themselves worthy. Saints and adepts of East and West have long used the violet flame to accelerate their spiritual development, but this once-secret knowledge was not revealed to the masses until the twentieth century.

The violet flame has many purposes. It revitalizes and invigorates us. It can heal emotional and even physical problems, improve relationships and make life easier. More important, the violet flame changes negative energy into positive energy, which makes it an effective tool for healing. Today we are learning more than ever before about how disease can be rooted in our mental, emotional and spiritual states. By transforming negative thoughts and feelings, the violet flame provides a platform for our healing.

I call it the highest gift of God to the universe. I think you will agree once you try it for yourself.

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Elizabeth Clare Prophet". The signature is written in black ink and is positioned below the preface text.

NOTE: All the stories in this book are real. Some names, however, have been changed at the person's request.

THE VIOLET FLAME HEALS WOUNDS FROM PAST LIVES

The first time I met Cynthia, she told me about her past. When she was sixteen she almost killed her father. The abuse had started when she was little, when she used to sit on his knee while he combed her curly hair into ringlets. But then he wanted to do more than play. And he said he would kill her and her mother if she ever told anyone. So she never did.

But she used to wake up screaming, “No, Daddy!” Her mother never did anything about it. And Cynthia grew up playing strange games by herself out under the oak tree by their white frame home in suburban Illinois. She buried her Barbie dolls in carefully lined shoe boxes, marking their graves with pebble outlines. She would dig them up the next day and repeat the ritual.

One summer evening Cynthia stayed out

late, walking and holding hands with Rick from geometry class. When she got home and opened the screen door, a painted china dog flew past her and crashed on the faded wood porch. “Where’ve you been?” Daddy shouted. Before she could make it up the stairs to her room, Daddy slapped her face hard, tore her white blouse and sent a praying-hands bookend sailing past her ear. “Don’t ever let me catch you with a boy again! I’ll kill him, and I’ll kill you too!”

When Cynthia tiptoed down the steps later that night, powder blue suitcase in hand, she could hear Daddy snoring in the living room. She went into the kitchen and slowly opened the glass-knobbed drawer. Daddy always kept the carving knives sharp. She stared at the knives and then at her shadow, the moonlight throwing the image of her bobbed hair large against the wall in front of her. She sighed, quietly closed the drawer, picked up her suitcase and eased herself out the back door.

Cynthia never saw her father again. She went to Chicago, took her GED, waitressed her way through college and was hired at an investment firm. Although she advanced quickly in her career, she knew she hadn’t gotten beyond her past.

Cynthia spent one day a month “sick,” crying in the closet and thinking about her childhood. A string of relationships ended in failure, and at thirty-five she found herself alone. She was first able to talk about her past to a therapist, looking out of his Wacker Drive office onto Lake Michigan. After a year of therapy in which she told every detail of her past, looking for keys that would help her get beyond the memories, she felt stuck.

Why had all this happened to her? Why did she have an abusive father and a mother who let him abuse her? What did she do to deserve it? Deep down inside, she felt it must be something terrible.

One day as she drifted along the sidewalk lost in thought, someone handed her a

violet handbill. “Learn to use the violet flame to transmute painful memories,” it said. It was an advertisement for one of my lectures. Cynthia attended and listened to me explain the violet flame and “decrees.”

Decrees are rhythmic prayers that call forth a powerful spiritual energy. This light-energy, combined with visualization, has the special quality of erasing and transmuting negative aspects of ourselves.

To *transmute* is to alter in form, appearance or nature, especially to change something into a higher form. The term was used by ancient alchemists who sought to change base metals into gold, separating the “gross” from the “subtle” by means of heat. The most spiritual of the alchemists were in search of a way to change the lead of negative human energy into the gold of divine energy. Some of them accomplished this goal by using the secrets of the violet transmuting flame.

Mystics throughout the ages have known how to use this energy. But it wasn’t taught

publicly until the 1930s, when Guy and Edna Ballard founded the “I AM” Religious Activity. The Ballards wrote of the violet flame as the “means by which any human being can free himself from his own human discord and imperfection.”¹ Mark Prophet, who later founded The Summit Lighthouse, received further revelations on the violet flame that he shared with me when I began working with him in 1961.

During the lecture Cynthia sat toward the back listening to my explanations and reading the decrees carefully. She kept silent as the group repeated them, not sure she wanted to join in.

When Cynthia later decided to use the violet flame for the first time, she was sitting in an olive green armchair in the living room of her Lincoln Park apartment, feet on a stack of *Vogues*, looking at a framed Georgia O’Keeffe lithograph. She held the booklet in front of her and began to repeat:

I AM the violet flame
In action in me now
I AM the violet flame
To Light alone I bow
I AM the violet flame
In mighty cosmic power
I AM the light of God
Shining every hour
I AM the violet flame
Blazing like a sun
I AM God's sacred power
Freeing every one

“Such a simple rhyme,” she thought, “like a nursery rhyme.” Cynthia remembered that each time we repeat “I AM the violet flame” (which means “God in me is the violet flame”), we are transforming ourselves so that we can become more closely united with God.

She repeated the decree nine times and then went to bed. The next night at the same time, she tried it again. After a few repetitions she was able to remember the verse

without reading it, so she closed her eyes. She sensed a shower of light falling around her. When she finished the decree, she felt tingly all over. After two weeks of giving violet-flame decrees, she felt more at peace with herself. But she was still troubled by flashbacks from her childhood.

Then one night Cynthia had a vivid dream. She saw an image of a black, high-laced boot planting itself in a mud puddle. She felt raindrops pelting her back and watched them make the puddles dance. She walked slowly toward a two-story, Tudor-style house up the road. As the rain soaked through her clothes and trickled down her back, she simply pulled forward her black poke bonnet and walked even more slowly. As she lifted the wooden beam of the gate and went in the back door, Mr. Farnsworth was waiting.

Then she flashed on another scene: Her sobbing and him laughing. Her threatening never to come back. Him threatening to turn

her family out of their cottage. Her stabbing him with a kitchen knife as he slept. Her running away to London, later dying in a cold garret.

When she woke up, she could remember the dream, smell the lilacs near the gate and hear the rain splashing in the puddles as she walked toward the house. But she felt lighter and freer, almost as if the rain had washed away the feelings of the past. “Why should I feel so good after such an awful dream?” she asked herself.

It was several months later that Cynthia told me about her childhood and her dream. I explained to her that she had remembered a past life and that it contained karmic seeds of her current life challenges. Mr. Farnsworth had reincarnated as her father. In being born as his daughter, she had balanced, or made up for, the karma she had created by killing him. When she chose not to take the opportunity to kill him again, she had broken the karmic cycle that had tied them together

for many lifetimes.

But recalling the karmic record was just the first step in getting beyond her past. She still had spiritual work to do. The memory of the violence, the pain, the grief and the guilt were keeping her from moving on with her life plan. On a spiritual level, the energy that had gone into those emotions had solidified around her soul like black tar.

“Why was I shown this past life now?” asked Cynthia.

“Your soul is ready to deal with the record,” I answered. “That’s why I recommend using the violet flame rather than hypnotherapy to look into past lives. When you enter a state of hypnotic regression, you may come upon all kinds of memories and thoughts, some not even your own. These could confuse you and lead you off on tangents. When you use the violet flame, you know that God will reveal to you only as much of your past as you are ready to deal with.”

“What am I supposed to do with this dream?”

“The dream was shown to you so that you could dissolve the karmic records with the violet flame.”

“How do I do that?”

“As you give the violet flame, the scenes from the dream will come up on the screen of your mind. Every time you see those scenes, visualize a giant eraser, like a chalkboard eraser, only violet, rubbing away the picture. After you do this enough times, the memory will stop being painful and gradually fade from the forefront of your mind.”

“I’ll try it. I’ll try anything at this point.”

A few weeks later Cynthia called me. She sounded excited. “I had the most amazing experience! It was just after I finished giving my violet-flame decrees. All of these pictures flooded my mind. I could see what happened to me after I died in that London garret. My body felt light, and it floated up into a beam of light. I heard a sound like wind and then

I was in a beautiful place with gardens and flowers. I just stayed there for a while and played with some children.”

“Good! You’re starting to get beyond the record. Now you need to ask God to reveal to you the next record you should work on so you can get on with your life plan.”

“What is my life plan?”

“Your life plan is something that is prepared between one life and the next. Have you heard about the life review that people often go through during near-death experiences?”

“Yes.”

“The beings of light who conduct the review are Ascended Masters. These are saints and sages of East and West who once lived on earth, fulfilled their reason for being and ascended, or reunited with God. There are usually eight at the review but the numbers vary, depending on the needs of the soul.

“After the review, they prepare a plan for your next life based on God’s original plan for you and what you did (positive or

negative) in your preceding lives. They tell you that you will be put into a situation where you will have to meet karmic challenges. If you overcome them, you will go on to the next level of challenges in your spiritual evolution. If you stumble—for instance, if you had killed your father or even killed yourself out of guilt feelings—you will have to come back to face the same obstacle again.”

Cynthia and I had several more conversations. She began to feel better about her past. She was able to visit her mother, talk to her about the abuse and forgive her for not intervening. She no longer gets debilitated by flashbacks, and she is more positive about the future. Although her story isn't neatly wrapped up in a wedding dress, she has developed a relationship with a strong and caring man.

THE SECRET OF THE VIOLET FLAME

Cynthia is one of thousands of people who have transformed their lives with the violet flame. You can recognize them the instant you meet them—young and old, from five- and six-year-olds who have just begun repeating the shortest violet-flame mantras to those who have been giving violet-flame decrees for forty years. There is an extra spring to their step, an extra sparkle in their eyes. They have a secret.

Bill learned this secret from books published by the “I AM” Religious Activity. He was on Maui in 1971 investigating a variety of spiritual paths when someone handed him a copy of Guy Ballard's *Unveiled Mysteries*, written under the pen name Godfré Ray King. Bill began reading the book and was amazed to find that he could actually see violet light coming out of the pages. “This was like a spiritual sign to me that I was on the

NOTES

1. *The Voice of the I AM*, May 1936, p. 15.
2. *The Voice of the I AM*, January 1941, p. 20
3. Candace Pert, “The Chemical Communicators,” in Bill Moyers, *Healing and the Mind* (New York: Doubleday, 1995), p. 189.
4. Andrew Weil, *Spontaneous Healing: How to Discover and Enhance Your Body’s Natural Ability to Maintain and Heal Itself* (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1995), p. 85.
5. Michio Kaku, *Hyperspace: A Scientific Odyssey through Parallel Universes, Time Warps, and the Tenth Dimension* (New York: Anchor Books, Doubleday, 1994), p. 153.
6. Kenneth C. Davis, *Don’t Know Much*