

# Spiritual Encounters with Red Cloud : Makhpfya-Luta True Stories A Passage into Another Dimension

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**Spiritual Encounters with**

**Red Cloud**

*Makhpfya-Luta*

*True Stories*

*A passage into another dimension*

***Jean C Prugh***

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*Dedicated*

*with love and gratitude to*

*Chief Red Cloud and my spirit family*





The Native American Indians do not have so much a religion, it is more a way of life. Their church is the whole outdoors. They acknowledge the presence of the Creator in every living thing, from waking to sleeping. Every animal, bird, plant, tree, everything that is physically visible and spiritually felt on mother earth and in father sky, the Creator gives life to all.

Red Cloud asks how can one not believe there is a Great Spirit or Creator, when we watch the changing colors of the sunset as it sinks behind the mountains, or wake in the morning to the sweet song of a bird. Then, in the autumn to see the blaze of changing colors of the trees and in the spring the perfection of flowers as they bloom. So many things we take for granted. When the sun shines or the rains fall they don't single out people from the rest of nature they fall on everything the same, for we are all related, '*Mitakuye Oyasin*'.

I hope as you read through these adventures with Red Cloud and others, you will learn that we are never alone. We have only to listen, to know there is always a loving spirit close, to help and guide us. Although we have outward bodies with an apparent life span on this earth, our souls are indestructible and timeless. You will learn from Red Cloud's own experiences that there is a fulfilling life after death.

In a way a love story, there is a reason why Red Cloud is so close to me, but he didn't tell me until later.

## chapter 1

### Mitakuye Oyasin, we are all related

RED CLOUD SPEAKS of God and Great Spirit as one, an omnipresence encompassing everything. He says that a part of the Great Spirit is in all people, so we should learn to honor each other. He speaks often about love, saying it is the complete denial of our own wants and only service to others. Service doesn't have to be a big thing it could be something small, just caring for another.

He always speaks of the peace and love felt in the Spirit world. Sadly, he sees it so different on earth, where one religion contradicts a part of another. In his world all are blessed the same, all are loved the same.

He wishes people could love and not fight. If you love, love will come in return. If you hate, hate will come in return. If you could only trust, then trust will come in return. Your people say this is the war to end all wars . . . but it never is. You cannot solve problems by shedding blood, always fighting.

Someday, as what we teach from our world becomes clearer and better known to you, you will have peace. Great Spirit gave you reason, you must learn to use it, but you have to work together to make this happen. Red Cloud said many of the Indians have reincarnated back onto the earth plane so they can help people understand the importance of a balance between nature and man, how important it is to look after mother earth and not defile her.

He comes to me often in meditation or channeling, telling about the Indians. How they know the rhythm of the seasons and live in harmony with nature. He said when he lived on this earth he could drink the waters and breath the air without sickness. It saddens him to see so many of the animals and birds God put on this earth for a reason, being destroyed and returned to the spirit

world, never to be seen again.

Always, when I speak with him, I hear the answer to my questions, we have become very close, I rely on his advice for so many things. Now, whenever I go out amongst nature I realize what a spiritual place it is and how blessed we are. Every day we should give thanks that we can experience all the beauty around us.

Being brought up in England I knew little about the Indians from American. How could I have guessed what this great man Red Cloud, was about to lead me to do in my life.

## chapter 2

### First contact with Red Cloud

FROM THE 1930'S to the 1950's my parents had been very prominent in the Spiritualist movement in London. Mother and I had been very close and I was taken to meetings with her when I was very young, though now I realize how little I knew about the work she did. So after she had passed, I wanted very much to get in touch to find out more, but didn't know how. Many times I asked for guidance in my prayers.

One weekend I went to a party and met a man who said he could help me. He suggested some books from England that I might enjoy. Later as I read them, I recognized the names of several of my parents' coworkers, people I had met as a child. This was the kind of help I was looking for. One book was by Silver Birch, a Native American spirit guide whose philosophy was that "Our allegiance was not to a creed, not to a book, not to a church, but to the Great Spirit of life, and to His eternal law."

It struck a chord with me that sounded beautiful and what I wanted.

My mother had been a very well known clairvoyant and psychic medium, giving meetings with my father in Spiritualist churches or large meeting halls in London. Her spirit guide was an Indian named Big Wolf, he helped her describe spirit forms she saw around people in the audience, giving names and descriptions so they would know from whom they came. He used my mother to give them messages from sons and daughters killed during the war. Singling out people in the audience, it gave parents peace knowing their boys were happy, free of any pain and they would see them again. It was a blessing in the terrible war time in England. Mother was missed greatly when she passed in 1980.

I had an Interior Design business and a new client called me for an appointment, her name was Joie. About in her forties medium build, salt and pepper hair and a friendly smile, we became good friends. I found she wasn't ready for design help yet as she didn't have the house she hoped to move into, but as I came to know her, she told me her mother had recently died and she missed her a lot. I told her my mother had just passed too. Somehow we started talking about reincarnation. We both thought it a possibility but weren't sure. I suggested we try something mother and I had often done together to be able to talk with those we loved who had passed on.

We placed blank cards in a circle next to each other on a small round table, inscribing each with a letter of the alphabet, plus a 'yes' a 'no' and a 'maybe'. Sitting facing each other Joie and I put our

fingers very lightly on a small upturned glass in the center. Mother had told me the vibrations transferred through our fingers enabled the spirits to move the glass and stop at letters, to spell words.

I said a short prayer asking mother to be our gatekeeper, so no unwanted spirits would get through. We were thrilled when the glass started to move, circling then stopping at letters that as we wrote them down, spelled out words. My mother and grandmother came through right away, I am sure they had been waiting for us to do this. They brought Joie's mother as well as her father and other relatives, people only Joie knew, always answering questions and giving love. They were thrilled at the opportunity to speak with us. It was a wonderful feeling knowing they were so close to us right there in the room. It was like a door had been opened, we stared at the table like two kids, excited, wondering what was going to happen next. I drove to Joie's home frequently so we could talk with them, always they came with love.

One time we asked some questions about the upcoming marriage of Joie's daughter. Would they be happy together, her mother said to wait and see, but she would be there at the ceremony. We had to be patient.

Several weeks later came the day of the wedding, Joie was seated in the front row at the church, myself, in the fifth row. Her daughter and fiance were standing in front of the altar saying their vows. Suddenly there was a tinkling sound of glass. They looked up at the crystal chandelier above where they were standing, then down at the floor. Completely confounding the minister and all of us there was a perfect circle of glass, a wax catcher right between their feet. It would have been physically impossible for it to lift itself up over the candle, then not broken when it hit the floor. Everything was on videotape. Later, on the letters, Joie's mother came to us. She said she had caused the catcher to fall unbroken at their feet, to signify a circle of everlasting love for them both.

We had several contacts from spirits, always happy that they could use us to pass on messages to loved ones. One day while doing this, my mother said there was someone who wanted to speak to me. She spelled, "Someone here loves you." I was curious. We kept our fingers lightly on the glass as it moved easily. Joie turned on the tape recorder.

"Who is here?" I asked.

"Red Cloud," was spelled. We had no idea who this was, but by the name it sounded Indian.

"Can you tell us more?" I asked.

"Sioux Chief," he spelled, "read books, cut pictures."

"What pictures?" I asked.

"Of me," he said.

"Where will we find them?"

"In a reading book. Cut out, put in your bedroom."

Curious and excited, I was impatient to find out more. When Red Cloud came again, I asked why he was so much stronger than other spirits, causing the glass to whip around so fast on the table when he was spelling.

"You will know later." he answered. "I give you wisdom, love too, have faith Jean, believe what I say."

## chapter 3

### Research

THIS WAS THE beginning of my inquiries into the Sioux Indians and Red Cloud in particular. Why would Red Cloud come to me? I wanted to know so much more and hoped the library would be my answer.

I spent the next day and many after, at local libraries specifically looking for anything about Red Cloud. Strange, but books would almost fall off the shelves to me, often about Plains or Pueblo Indians, but nothing specifically about him. One day disappointed, I started to leave when a distinct voice in my head told me to look behind the last book on the bottom right shelf.

Removing several books, I found 'Red Cloud's Folk', 'A Sioux Chronicle' and 'The Sioux Problem'. This must be what he wanted me to see! It was a thrilling thought that this Indian who had come to us was written about in books, even more, that he knew where these books were and could show them to me. I took them home and read avidly about what a great statesman and famous chief he had been and what a hard life he had. I also found several post cards of him and some pictures in magazines I could cut out, I framed them and have several in my home. Always one in my bedroom. Friends kept sending me pictures and articles about him. I have quite a collection.

On another occasion at the library, Joie and I were browsing through books and records looking for anything about American Indians. As we were checking out, we saw a stack of records. Right on top was "Sioux and Navajo music." The librarian said she did not know why it was there as it had not been checked out in over a year!

One time using the letters, Red Cloud said for me to go west with his people. I wasn't sure at that time what he meant but was to find out later. There was a lot to learn about him, which I did by reading. It was a strange feeling, almost as though I knew the places where he had been and lived. As I got to know him better he came to us often, either channeling or on the letters to tell what life was like after his passing over into spirit.

"Death as you call it," he said, "should never be feared, it is simply a passage into another life. We in spirit, can always help those that are left behind. The disappointment to us is when those on earth don't believe there is another life, then we cannot reach them. It bothers us to see them grieving. If we can only communicate, we can tell them we are never far away, but they have to learn to listen.

"Life is like sailing on a great river with many choices. Which is the main stream, or which tributary should you take? The left, the right, or stay in the center. They all come together in the end, but if you had been able to hear our advice, we could have directed you to the most beneficial, for only we can see the whole picture." \*

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When the Sioux Chief Red Cloud died in 1909 he was known as a great warrior.

Now, with his knowledge and wisdom he takes you from the pages of this book into the world of the Great Spirit. Through many true stories and miracles, you will understand it is incredibly beautiful and never to be feared.

Because you cannot see your loved ones who have passed on, it doesn't mean that they are gone from your life. By learning how to meditate or channel it is easy to stay in touch. You can always know their love and ask their help, for they are always with you.

There are chapters in 'Spiritual Encounters' on how to meditate, channel and regress to a past life. All of it fascinating and easily attainable.

Red Cloud has been the author's Spirit Guide for many years. Why do they communicate so easily? You will find out when you read this book. It is a must, keep it close.

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