

# From Attorney to Channeler: The Story of Catherine Richardson

This article is excerpted from the Preface of Catherine Richardson's latest book, *The Starfleet Messages: A Galactic Guide to Spiritual Expansion*.

I would like to share with you a little of my personal journey, to help you understand how this book came into being. Picture me, a woman in my mid-twenties, in my third and final year of law school, having just accepted an offer of employment with the Washington, D.C. office of a large, corporate law firm. I was ambitious, extremely competitive, athletic and outgoing. I was standing on the cusp of the life I thought I wanted; but I apparently had something very different in store for myself...

At that point in my life, I had no particular belief in anything of a spiritual nature. I had been raised as an Episcopalian, but much of what I was taught stopped making sense to me at a very early age. A dear childhood friend of mine died when I was eight, and much of my faith died with her. I had prayed fervently to God to allow her to survive open heart surgery, and she did not.

For me, then, the scripture “Ask and ye shall receive” became a lie. It seemed to me that religion was something that we as a species made up to make life seem meaningful, much the way parents make up stories of Santa Claus in order to make the holidays feel more magical for their children. I believed that I was only my biological body—determined pretty much by heredity, environment, and the chemicals in my brain—and that my consciousness would be forever snuffed out when I died. I did believe in the possibility of extra-sensory perception, but I still felt that we were inextricably tied to our bodies. This was never a particularly comforting view of life for me; but I could never make myself believe anything else. I always hoped someone or something would prove me wrong.

I had initially entered the legal field with the idea of doing environmental defense work. During law school, I found environmental law courses to be boring and esoteric; it was much easier to get A's in other courses. I began to get caught up not only in competing for top grades, but in competing for top salaries; and the top salaries (and prestige) were found at law firms whose clients were large corporations. My plan became to work at a corporate firm long enough to develop some expertise and pay off my student loans. I would then move into a more fulfilling (and easier) legal job working for the “little guy.”



Catherine Richardson  
during high school graduation

My plan for my personal life remained the same as it had always been; I intended to fall in love with a handsome, intelligent man, get married, and have handsome, intelligent children. Everything was on schedule.



Catherine with her sorority sisters in college

In my last months of law school, I abruptly developed severe, chronic pain in my jaw, face and neck as the result of a routine dental procedure. I went from health care professional to health care professional seeking relief. Many promised relief, but their treatments seemed only to worsen the pain. I even tried acupuncture, massage and hypnotherapy. In the past, I had been able to get just about anything I wanted through tenacity, discipline and sheer force of will; this, however, was something totally new.

By the time I began practicing law, the pain had become excruciating. I felt that life was not worth living while I was in this much pain. I also wanted a “quick fix” because I wanted to keep my legal career on track. While in severe pain, I was working 12–16 hours a day, seven days a week, and had lost a lot of weight. I was exhausted, and my life seemed out of control; but I was enjoying the rush of the competition, and the challenge of practicing law at a very fast pace and at an intellectually sophisticated level.

When I looked at the big picture, I wasn’t particularly proud of the type of legal work I was doing; but I doubted whether I would ever be able to force myself to leave what was feeling to me like a rat race to nowhere. I needed something to knock me off that big, squeaking wheel in the rat cage.

Finally, at my supervisor’s urging, I took a medical leave-of-absence. I then proceeded to travel around the country in search of a cure. I underwent three surgeries. Each procedure only worsened the pain. I spent a month at the pain clinic at Cedars-Sinai in Los Angeles, to no avail. I began to very seriously contemplate suicide. And, although I had initially resisted taking them, the only significant pain relief I obtained was from narcotic pain medications, and benzodiazepines such as Valium. These medications began to affect me in ways I did not realize, and I gradually became gravely addicted to them. I even underwent major abdominal surgery due to their effects. I believed that, without the pain relief the medications provided, I would have no choice but to end my life.

I eventually moved to San Diego, California, for treatment by a specialist who had successfully treated several celebrities for similar pain issues. The treatment, which was extremely expensive and not covered by insurance, did not work out as I



Catherine during her law school graduation

had hoped. Ten years after the pain had begun, I was alone in San Diego and living on Social Security Disability. I had almost no contact with family or friends. I felt a heartbeat away from homelessness.

For pain relief, I was taking morphine, anti-depressants, anti-seizure medications, muscle relaxants and excessive amounts of Valium. Despite the dramatic alterations these medications caused in my personality and my ability to reason, I looked upon them as my only lifeline. And, of course, I was too drugged to recognize most of the changes they caused in me.

I made several half-hearted suicide attempts. The fear of not existing at all kept me here. Never had the universe felt so cold to me. I would wake up every morning in a sort of muted terror. If my life was a competition, I believed I had definitely lost.

Finally, I completely ran out of money—for food, drugs, or anything for that matter. I had recently acquired a part-time job in an effort to make ends meet, but I ran out of gas near my apartment while attempting to drive to work. (Yes, I was operating a motor vehicle while taking all those medications.) I walked home and simply retired to my bedroom, and waited for my next check to come in. That was a long way away.

In the meantime, I was basically starving and undergoing serious drug detoxification. After several weeks, I realized one day that something was suddenly very wrong with my mind. It just seemed to be flying apart. I barely remember telephoning the police and asking them to drive me to the hospital. Looking back, I am surprised that I even had enough will to live to make that call.

I now believe that this was my first conscious encounter with an angel.

I have little memory of what came after. The doctors called it a grand mal seizure brought on by Valium withdrawal. Apparently my heart had to be jump-started with a defibrillator in the emergency room. I wasn't lucid for several days. I felt very confused and, at times, afraid. Nurses would ask me what day it was, then point to a calendar on the wall. When I didn't know the answer, they would point to the correct day on the calendar, and I would read it out loud.

Finally, a nurse named Amelia came into my room, held my hand, and talked to me for a long time. I said some really wild things to her that I imagined to be happening at the time. I talked to her about fears I didn't even know I had. I wept. She never said, "Oh, that isn't real. Oh, you're imagining that." She would say things like, "The same thing happened to me, and I have so many blessings in my life now!" By the time she left, I was rational again, and no longer afraid. I believe she assisted me in returning fully to my physical body after nearly dying.

I later asked several nurses to "please thank Amelia for me," but this request was always met with a confused stare. I eventually realized that Amelia was probably not a formal member of the hospital staff; I now believe that this was my first conscious encounter with an angel.

It was after this, my near death experience, that new and exciting things began showing up in my life. It wasn't that life suddenly became simple and easy. But I was different, and suddenly able to recognize and benefit from all the new people and new energies around me. I felt different.

Even though my life seemed to be an absolute mess, I felt pretty happy. A bird's singing mesmerized me. Art moved me in a way it never had before. And new information—the proof of something more—was suddenly everywhere.

I landed in a drug-and-alcohol recovery home, where I was assigned to work with a therapist. After a couple of traditional therapy sessions, the therapist and I spent an entire session discussing the existence of God. I didn't believe in God yet, but I trusted my therapist when she recounted her own remarkable spiritual experiences to me.

After that, our sessions took a new direction. In her office, under her gentle guidance, I was able to observe a new type of energy in the form of small golden orbs and spirals of light that would appear from time to time. She introduced me to muscle testing, pendulum testing and energetic healing. She also began teaching me techniques for identifying issues and transforming them energetically.



Inspiration came from other sources as well. For example, I began watching the television program *Crossing Over With John Edward*. I tried to figure what the trick was—how the show's producers were pulling off the scam. I realized that they could not possibly have hired entire studio audiences of Oscar-worthy actors and actresses—all who looked like quite ordinary people—on a routine basis. I began to believe that the show was authentic.

I also began reading books of a metaphysical nature. After performing some exercises suggested in one of these books, I began to see auras. I also started meditating on a daily basis, and it was through this practice that I began to “hear” my first messages. At first I would ask a simple question at the beginning of a meditation session. During the meditation I would receive a one or two word answer. These messages gradually expanded.

I eventually began to receive communications from people who had “crossed over.” My grandfather passed away around that time. Because I was unable to attend the funeral, I decided to hold a small ceremony for him with only my therapist and me in attendance. During the ceremony, my grandfather communicated to my therapist that he wanted me to contest the will. I knew nothing about the will, except that I was apparently not mentioned in it.

Grandfather told us both that the name of the attorney who drew up the will began with the letter A. I compiled a list of all the attorneys in my grandfather's hometown whose last names began with A. (There were at least a dozen.) We were able to narrow the list down to one attorney simply by pendulum testing. I telephoned the attorney, and he was indeed the lawyer who had prepared my grandfather's will! So, through an after death communication and one pendulum test, we were able to locate the correct attorney out of the hundreds in Grandfather's hometown. This was proof of an afterlife that I couldn't deny! I never took any action regarding the will; it

just didn't feel right for me. But, in that communication, my grandfather gave me an absolutely wonderful gift!

I was still experiencing severe physical pain. One day my therapist began working in my energy field with her hands. She began sort of pulling out the pain by making motions in the air. By the time she had finished, the pain was gone, and I had only an odd sensation where the pain had been.

Within several hours the pain returned, presumably because my reasons for having it in my life were still present; however, from this experience I learned that pain, like everything, is just energy, and that it is possible to relieve pain simply through working with energy dynamics.

As I have focused on increasing my spiritual awareness and doing what I really want in life, the pain has lessened over time. When I work with very high frequencies, I don't even feel it. I realize that the pain has at times functioned as a signal to me that I was exposing myself to certain energies and situations that were not conducive to my divine evolution. I now have gratitude for my experience with pain, because it has set me upon this unexpected and deeply fulfilling path.

I gradually realized that I no longer wanted to return to practicing law. Just thinking about the possibility of working in the legal field made the pain flare up. I had changed, and my goals had changed. I realized that I wanted to continue to raise my vibration, and to work as a healer. I learned more and more about various healing modalities, and began to develop some of my own tools and techniques to assist with transformation.

I also began to comprehend that, on a certain level, people really heal themselves, and that my role was to offer them tools and guidance for healing and empowerment. I believe that people attract any assistance they may need when they are truly ready to change. I can foster and support this process for them, but they are the ones who actually heal and transform. To lead them to believe otherwise is disempowering to them.

I began to be contacted in the early summer of 2006 by a group of beings who called themselves "the Galactic Frequency Council of Galactic Starfleet Command." Up to that point, I had received messages from various entities. These messages were often in the form of rather beautiful but sometimes cryptic poetry, and I occasionally had difficulty hearing what was being said. The messages from the Council were different—specific, technical, and very easy for me to hear. I didn't consciously understand the meaning of everything I was being told, but I felt the expansive energy of it.



I would wince, however, each time the Council stated their name—because of the Star Trek connection. I even began abbreviating their name in my journal as “GFC of GSC.” The Council had the following chat with me:

*About our name – you seem embarrassed by it, because of your own feelings. We are not embarrassed. “Starfleet” has a code in it that has been shared with many via Gene Roddenberry [the creator of Star Trek]. We thank him for his work, as we thank you. It is an important word. The resonance of this word is not only an actual starfleet, but of the highest, highest goals of the Galactic Frequency Council. No, your embarrassment does not lower the vibration, but we would like you to understand more about the specificity of the words we choose. They contain certain resonances and codes and other energies. We hope that you will completely write them out when you share these messages with others.*

Needless to say, I never abbreviated their name again.

In November of 2006, the Galactic Frequency Council told me that I was going to write a book with them. I was excited. I enjoyed writing, and had hoped to pen a book at some point in my life. I assumed that the book the Council spoke of would be about my own experiences, interspersed perhaps with some of the Council’s messages. I never imagined that they would channel the entire book to me. I had never thought myself to be a gifted enough channel or to have enough stamina for an entire book. Looking back, however, I must say that this is by far the easiest way to produce a book that I can imagine. Aside from some very minor editing, this is pretty much the form in which it was given to me.

I did not “trance channel” this manuscript. Much of it I simply heard and transcribed. Often I would find myself saying the words aloud rather than hearing them in my thoughts; but I never felt myself leave while other entities took complete control of my body. I was always conscious of what was happening. At times, I felt like I was co-creating what I was writing; more often, however, the information was a complete surprise to me. I was familiar with about half of the concepts in the book; the rest was a unique educational experience for me.

### **If you like this**

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*Remember to check out the channeling from Galactic Frequency Council by Catherine Richardson:*

### **[An Introduction to Galactic Frequency Council](#)**

My intention is that this book be at least as powerful a tool for spiritual expansion for you as it has been for me. I lived many of the lessons of the book as I wrote it, particularly with regard to the energies of divine love, non-attachment and releasing the intent to control. Whenever I was in fear or doubt about my own path, this book provided me with wisdom and comfort. It assisted me in accessing higher frequencies, and in seeing the beauty and elegance of whatever was unfolding—both in my life and in the world around me. It gives me great joy to share it with you. Thank you for sharing this experience with me.

Catherine Richardson

## About the Author



**Catherine Richardson** is a former corporate attorney who spiritually awakened following a near death experience in 2000. Shortly thereafter, she began manifesting intuitive abilities, and decided to pursue a career in the healing arts.

Catherine went on to earn a Ph.D. in transpersonal counseling, and now helps others to empower themselves and to expand spiritually. You can reach her through her practice in San Diego, California, or at [www.truthjoylove.com](http://www.truthjoylove.com).

## Book by Catherine Richardson

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