

# Passage to the Ancient

## *The Mysteries of the Redemption Series*

### Volume 2 of 5

A Treatise on **Out-of-Body Travel and Mysticism**

*Lost Souls, Reincarnation, Karma, Dreams, Rites of Passage, Initiation into the Mysteries, the Ascension, the Nature of Good and Evil, Mystic Paths of the Prophets, Heaven, Hell and Purgatory, Angelic and Demonic Kingdoms, Ancient Mysteries, Sacred Texts, Original Sin and the Redemption*

By Marilynn Hughes

*An Experiential Thesis on the Exposition of the Worlds of Spirit and Form, and a Course of Evolution into God's Many Mansions Through Mystical Training and Out-of-Body Travel into the Heavenly and Hellish Realms; with the Substantive Goal of Absolute Purification of all Defects, Cravings, Desires and Sins which Prevent the Unification of the Soul with Almighty God, the Sole Purpose of Human Existence.*

*"Blessed are your eyes, for they see: and your ears, for they hear . . . In My Father's House are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you . . ."*

*King James Bible, Matthew 13:16, John 14:2, Words of Christ*

*"Saith the Lord, though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow."*

*King James Bible, Isaiah 1:18, Old Testament*

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#### DEDICATION

*I dedicate this work to Almighty God, as well as, to the Prophets, Saints, Mystics and Sages throughout time and of all world religions and creeds, as well as, my husband Andy, my children, Melissa, Mary and Jacob and my dearly departed friend, Karleen.*

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Having worked primarily in radio broadcasting, Marilyn Hughes spent several years as a news reporter, producer and anchor before deciding to stay at home with her three children. She's experienced, researched, written, and taught about out-of-body travel since 1987.

**Books by Marilyn Hughes  
Listed in the Back of the Book**

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## INTRODUCTION:

**Passage to the Ancient***The Mysteries of the Redemption Series***Volume 2 of 5***A Treatise on Out-of-Body Travel and Mysticism*

As a child, angels would whisper in my ears, "Born of darkness . . . into light," proclaiming this coming path of purification and entry into the mysteries of the redemption within my soul. But as I became an adult, my life was spent enraptured in vice, lost in delusion, selfishness and mortal desire; I no longer knew virtue, but deluded myself into thinking that what I perceived, felt, and wanted, was virtuous. My choices were reasoned, well-thought out, and filled with intellectual integrity. Their only flaw was that they were not true. Because I was so lost in my own stupidity, pride and arrogance, I couldn't have possibly even fathomed that my soul was in such desperate need of something as grand as the redemption. I was unaware of my iniquities, and I was lost.

Truth has many layers, and although the epiphany of all knowledge cannot be obtained in our limited human form, when you ascend the layers and reach various epiphanies along the way, some of those previous layers may no longer appear to be true, but their truth lies in the evolutionary context of a soul's journey. If you take a hardened sinner and make him into a saint, there will be many different levels in-between the current state and the goal, and those levels will be no less significant because they don't contain all knowledge.

And so the Lord, in order to guide us gently and with mercy, peels each layer of our humanity one at a time allowing us to view it in its truth, thus taking in the knowledge of ourselves and our flaws. And as each layer subsides, so, too, do our worldly passions and clingings. For *all* who are born to the Earth are born of darkness (the stain of karmic delusions and original sin) . . . but not *all* are reborn into the light. Purification heralds the soul's reckoning . . . thus, energizing it to participate in the greatest mystery of this Earthly realm, the Mysteries of the Redemption!

May I offer you the hand of a wretched soul lifted by grace? May I share with you the journey of one who was "Born of darkness . . . into light?"

***"Blessed are they who wash their robes so as to have the right to the tree of life and enter the city through its gates."***

*New American Bible, New Testament, Revelations 22:14,  
(Christianity, Catholic, Words of Christ)*

***"Christian Soul! If you seek to reach the loftiest peak of perfection, and to unite yourself so intimately with God that you become one in spirit with Him, you must first know the true nature of perfection of spirituality in order to succeed in the most sublime undertaking that can be expressed or imagined."***

*The Spiritual Combat, Chapter 1, Paragraph 1,  
(Christianity, Catholic, Author: Dom Lorenzo Scupoli)*

***"I, Thoth, have ever sought wisdom, searching in darkness, and searching in Light. Long in my youth I traveled the pathway, seeking ever new knowledge to gain, until after much striving, one of the THREE, to***

*me brought the LIGHT. Brought HE to me the commands of the Dweller, called me from darkness into the LIGHT. . . Each soul on earth that loosens its fetters, shall soon be made free from the bondage of night."*

*The Emerald Tablets of Thoth the Atlantean, Tablet V, Page 28, Paragraph 5-6, (Mystery Religions, Egyptian/Hermetic, Author: Thoth)*

*"Then, the crown prince Manjusri said to the Licchavi Vimalakirti, 'Noble sir, how does the bodhisattva follow the way to attain the qualities of the Buddha?' Vimalakirti replied, 'Manjusri, when the bodhisattva follows the wrong way, he follows the way to attain the qualities of the Buddha.' . . . Manjusri: 'Noble sir, one who stays in the fixed determination of the vision of the uncreated is not capable of conceiving the spirit of unexcelled perfect enlightenment.*

*However, one who lives among created things, in the mines of passions . . . is indeed capable of conceiving the spirit of unexcelled perfect enlightenment . . . For example, noble sir, without going out into the great ocean, it is impossible to find precious, priceless pearls. Likewise, without going into the ocean of passions, it is impossible to obtain the mind of omniscience."*

*The Holy Teaching of Vimalakirti, Chapter 8, Page 64-66, (Buddhism, Mahayana)*

*"God therefore arranged and decreed the creation of concepts of both perfection and deficiency, as well as a creature with equal access to both. This creature would then be given the means to earn perfection and avoid deficiency."*

*The Way of God, Part I, Chapter 2, No. 2, Paragraph 4, (Judaism, Author: Rabbi Moshe Chayim Luzzatto)*

***"One must deliver himself with the help of his mind, and not degrade himself. The mind is the friend of the conditioned soul, and his enemy as well. For him who has conquered the mind, the mind is the best of friends; but for one who has failed to do so, his mind will remain the greatest enemy."***

*The Bhagavad Gita As It Is, Chapter 6, Dhyana Yoga, Text 5-6, (Hinduism, Words of Krishna)*

***"Allah causes the night and the day to succeed one another. Surely***

***there is a lesson in this for those who have sight."***

*The Holy Qur'an, Part XVIII, Chapter 24, Section, 6, Verse 44, (Islam, Author: Mohammad)*

***"Announce the praises' of him who called you out of darkness into his wonderful light."***

*New American Bible, New Testament, 1 Peter 2:9-10  
American Bible (Christianity, Catholic, Words of the  
Apostle Peter)*

***"As the door of the lodge is opened, all the men cry: 'Hi ho! Hi ho! Thanks!' and the men are all happy, for they have come forth from the darkness and are now living in the Light."***

*The Sacred Pipe, Chapter III, Page 42, Paragraph 2,  
(Tribal, Oglala Sioux)*

**"Born of darkness . . . into light."**

Allow me to explain a simplified version of how we may understand the varying realms in which we are going to travel. Perhaps this can give you a point of reference in which to understand the make-up of various realms. Please feel free to use the illustration located in the back of the book, 'Universal

Sphere of Realms,' to picture this image in your mind.

Various realms of existence can be compared to a series of concentric circles which begin in the center and continue to expand outward into larger and larger spheres. The center point of those concentric rings would be the point of total and imminent darkness, as each of the successive rings outward would represent a greater attainment of light.

Numbering the realms, you would begin in the center, starting with the number one and moving outward with each ring. Using this process 1) realms one and two represent the lower and hell realms, 2) realms three and four are mortal realms (third & fourth-dimensional reality, our world), and 3) realms five and above represent the heavenly realms, continuing to expand outwards into greater and greater attainments of light.

With this understanding, we continue towards the three major paths outlined in this book, which coincide with several monastic traditions.

The journey begins on the Ascension pathway (Purification) in realms five and above, the heavenly realms. It continues on the Alteration pathway (Discrimination) in realms three and four, the mortal realms (third & fourth-dimensional worlds, the Earth). Finally, it concludes on the Absolution pathway (Discipline) in realms one and two, the lower and hell realms.

Within most monastic/mystical traditions, you will find that there are three grand phases of soul development. In the Buddhist tradition they are referred to as Purification, Discrimination, and Discipline. In the writings of the Early Christian



Church Fathers they are referred to as Purification, Enlightenment and Union. You will find these three phases, using Buddhist terminology, within these pages, as well.

Purification deals with reincarnation, personal karma, and misunderstandings about the true nature of eternal love. Karmic misunderstandings resonate towards darkness, even if they originate from ignorance, thus, purification seeks to alter personal thrusts which resonate toward delusion, self-gratification and vice. In purifying these aspects of habitual sin, the Lord redirects the soul towards paths of virtue.

*The path of Purification leads to the Ascension of the soul.* (In the Ascension Pathway, you will encounter eight phases of the Purification process: Awakening, Co-creation, Surrender, Rites of Passage and Initiation into the Mysteries, Emergence of Karma, Mirroring of Karma, Ignition of the Eternal Flame, and Ascension.) The soul travels this path by beginning to explore the heavenly realms, realms five and above, the worlds of life and light, for the purpose of discovering the true nature of eternal love.

Discrimination deals with dark and light forces in the Universe, and becoming energetically capable of recognizing and altering them at God's command. Being able to identify the serpent from the lamb is the first goal, but then the seeker begins to take on the knowledge of energetic evolution in regards to mortal beings, and how to affect it in ways which lead souls, including their own, towards progress.

*The path of Discrimination leads to the Alteration of reality, in energy and on the ground.* (In Part II of this

text, you will encounter three phases of the Discrimination process: Rites into the Medicine, Rites of Evolution, and Alteration of Reality.) The soul travels this path by beginning to explore the mortal realms, realms three and four (third & fourth-dimensional worlds, the Earth), for the purpose of attaining spiritual discretion and the ability to alter negative thrusts.

Discipline deals with sacred practices and teachings from the prophets, saints, mystics and sages of every world religion throughout time. Intensive self-scrutiny and disciplined techniques lead the soul ever deeper into the knowledge of darkness and evil, heaven, purgatory and hell, and the continual combat that rages in every soul between these forces.

*The path of Discipline leads to the Absolution of the soul, an interior cleanliness which serves God* (In Part III of this text, you will encounter five phases of the Discipline process: Ancient Sacred Paths, Entry into the Knowledge of the Lower Realms, Self-Scrutiny, Original Sin, and the Mysteries of the Redemption.) The soul travels this path by beginning to explore the lower purgatorial and hellish realms, realms one and two, the realms of dominant darkness and pure evil, for the purpose of intensive physical, spiritual and mental discipline, which is achieved through the deep examination of evil in the self and the world.

Among the out-of-body/mystical experiences you are about to read, you will find paintings of various things I've seen in the spiritual world, music of various melodies I've heard while traveling, and pictures of some of the prophets, saints, mystics and sages who grace the pages of my book with their

words. These can all be found in the back with descriptions of who they are, and from what religion they have come.

For those who will never see during their lifetime what I have seen, may I provide you with a window? For those who will, may I give you a map? For those who seek comfort in the world beyond, may I hand you a warm blanket? For those who just want to know, may I ask you to come with me . . . ?

Join with me as we enter now the Ascension Pathway, Karmic Purification, the Rites of Passage and Initiation into the Mysteries . . .

# Passage to the Ancient

## THE ASCENSION PATHWAY - PURIFICATION

### Karmic Purification

**This path of purification begins with the ascent into the upper worlds of light, the heavenly realms; five and above, whose ascent aids the traveler in understanding the true nature of eternal love.**

- 1) Awakening
- 2) Co-Creation
- 3) Surrender
- 4) Rites of Passage and Initiation into the Mysteries
- 5) Emergence of Karma
- 6) Mirroring of Karma
- 7) Ignition of the Eternal Flame
- 8) Ascension

**PASSAGE TO THE ANCIENT**  
**(Rites of Passage, Initiation into the Mysteries)**

*"The Counsel,' he said, 'alludes to the sublime mystical knowledge which remains hidden and undisclosed save for those that fear the Lord continuously and thus prove themselves worthy of these secrets and able to keep them.'"*

*The Zohar (Kaballah), Volume IV, P' Qude, (Exodus), Page 299, Bottom, (Judaism)*

(A word of caution: Do not believe that because you read these experiences you will obtain the full knowledge of them. As with all visionary experiences, there is an energetic influx of pure knowledge containing transformative vibrations which cannot be put into words. In essence, you may obtain a general map of how to get there, but if you wish to obtain the full knowledge of them, you must then take the journey yourself. As per order of the Lord, some information has been omitted and destroyed to protect it from being misused.)

**IMPORTANT NOTE:**

*In the ancient mysteries, you will find many references to spiritual beings who come in the form of mythical gods of the ancient Greeks, Egyptians, etc. It is important to know that these beings are NOT gods, but rather; 1) people who used to walk the Earth, but now serve God by guarding a particular mystery or rite of passage, or 2) spirits who have always guarded particular mysteries or rites of passage, whom ancient peoples became aware of through visions, and mistranslated them as gods due*

*to their own perceptions that any spiritual beings were indeed such.*

*It is not my intention to portray any of these spiritual beings as anymore than angelic hosts, spiritual guides, or guardians of particular rites, mysteries or realms, who serve God in their own unique fashions. God is ONE, and there is only ONE God.*

## CHAPTER ONE

*"Said the old man: 'O ancient, O ancient, upon what a task hast thou entered! Thou hast plunged into the great sea, and now perforce must swim on till thou shalt have gained the farther shore! On, then! And if he take him another . . . How many ancient mysteries never revealed before, regarding transmigration are indicated here! All the matters of which I am about to speak are perfect truth not deviating by one hair's-breadth from the path of truth."*

*The Zohar (Kaballah), Volume III, Mishpatim (Exodus),  
Page 299, Paragraph 1, (Judaism)*

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Overlooking a large ravine, a tall male spirit approached me, holding a golden stick of incense, the tip searing with the light of a small flame. "This is a very powerful ceremony, are you sure you wish to embark upon this journey?" "Yes," I said excitedly, "but please tell me what to expect." Direct and serious, he spoke few words. "This incense will take you to the threshold of death. There you will witness ancient mysteries. Your spirit will be in a state of

timelessness for several days in time. We will watch over you until you return from your journey. Then you will be returned to the appropriate day in the structure of time to re-associate with your body." "Okay," I said thoughtfully, "I'm going to be seeing a lot, how will I remember it all?" "You will not," he responded in quietude, "in timelessness you will encounter much but take with you only a little. This is the way it must be for now."

Lifting the golden incense to the sky, he touched it lightly to my arm. "I will stay with you for the first vision, but after witnessing the temples, you will be taken into timelessness and I will be gone." Entering a beautiful state, I felt as though my spirit was a thought-form on the patterns of a mystery. Floating motionless, I began to witness the temples in the sky!

*"Each of the elders held a harp and gold bowls filled with incense, which are the prayers of the holy ones."*

*New American Bible, New Testament, Revelations 5:8,  
(Christianity)*

From the depths of the ground a large column of pink coral rock began to ascend, several hundred feet wide and about thirty feet tall. One side of the rock had the letters HDA engraved within the stone, and directly beside them were three tunnels opening to other worlds. Above each tunnel was a separate single word, and they appeared in this order: Here, There and Always. Temples in the sky were serenaded by the deep pink sky, and they included pyramids and a sphinx. Amethyst began emerging from the ground.

A princess of immense beauty appeared in the

sky, her dark Amazon hair blowing in the wind. Silently on her forehead, lay a golden crown surrounding her sparkly face. Filling half the mystical sky, her presence was ominous. Chiming questions to my spirit, her magnetic voice chimed, "Which do you choose?" she said, "Here, There or Always?"

'Here' was the choice of remaining in spirit on the Earth, perhaps to stay with a loved one or stay in fear as a lost soul. 'There' was a choice to enter the astral side of the earth-plane, (fourth realm) and this was a typical choice of many who left their lives in a state of total slumber, giving them time to reacquaint the spirit with the knowledge of truth, while retaining the safe identity of a fragment, or a personality. 'Always' was to slip into timelessness, and to reunite with God. "Always!" I shouted.

"Chant the ancient tonelage!" She chimed, as instantly my inner spirit began to search for the remembrance of this. Eyes shooting to the stone letters emblazoned in the rocks, "HDA! HDA!" I cried out, chanting to the being in the sky. Repeatedly, I continued chanting as my soul entered a state of bliss and shot towards the third tunnel, falling into timelessness.

Entering a state of wandering, I soared to many vast worlds. But the spirit who sent me told me the truth, I would only remember a little bit.

Stopping at one point in timelessness, I appeared to be in ancient Egypt. The pyramid builders were working to construct what would become, in the proper state of time, an ancient mystery. Some of the pyramids were finished, but many were left undone, and a young man was sitting

quietly taking a break on a large stone. Behind him, a half-built pyramid stood. Wearing a metal covering on his head with feathers at the top, he wore a skirt made of large metal fringes.

Appearing to him in timeless spiritual form, I sat next to him. "Excuse me, sir, I'm very sorry. I will get off your stone and let you return to work." Intensity filled his eyes, and I *knew* that he understood that I was a spiritual manifestation, rather than a physical one. This was not surprising to him, and that surprised me. Taking my hand, he smiled at its transparency. "I want not off, for I need no rock cut by stone, but love created through life!" Intrigued with his words, I smiled, but had no chance to respond before being pulled away.

Inside a pyramid experiencing a spiritual ecstasy, I listened to those outside who were speaking. "She needs more moments in timelessness," one said to the other, "to regroup for return to the physical." For a moment they were discussing the unusual nature of my journey, and a woman commented that I was the first soul allowed to travel during life . . . this far beyond the doorway of death. "How much will she remember?" The woman asked, "Not much," he responded, "but she will remember the HDA, and the Here, There and the Always." Speaking silently, the woman did not want me to hear. "Will she remember the death song?" "Aaaah," he responded, "a part of it she will take back."

Intrigued, I peeked through a window. The two who spoke were honey-colored with long black hair, the man wearing only a red covering around his



groin, but the woman was dressed like a princess.

Moments continued to pass, but I felt no time. Coming out of the intense state, my keepers came to release me. "You have one more stop on the way back." They said, as they raised their arms. Shooting out of the pyramid city, I entered a very unusual realm.

Swaying in the flow with resembled the ocean's current, the cloudy substance which enveloped me was a mist which was wet . . . but also dry. Beginning to hear a man's voice in the distance, he was singing a very soulful and mystical chant. An unusual vibration accompanied his singing, which I could only describe as a transition into timelessness. These were the words he spoke:

"The timeless moon doth ocean sway tide  
 Holding tight to beachhead reign  
 But ne'er be near the stillness of time  
 Crossing to regions of lingering plane"

"Sing in spirit to mountains that speak  
 The crestful longing of manner abode  
 A place where time ends is what we seek  
 The endless journey, along the lighted road"

"The Death Song?" I thought wistfully, as I dizzily re-entered my physical body.

*"When a true seeker determineth to take the step of search in the path leading to the knowledge of the Ancient of Days, he must, before all else, cleanse and purify his heart, which is the seat of the revelation of the inner mysteries of God."*

*The Kitab-I-Iqan, Page 192, Paragraph 1, (Baha'i, Author:  
Baha'u'llah)*

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Following my inner spirit, I was led to a place within a deep forest. Several fire pits were arranged in a circle, all appeared ready to be lit. All of them were piled with wood, except for the last one which was filled with charcoal. A temple guard stood at this spot, un-moveable and guarding this ancient rite. Looking to me, his dark eyes and golden metallic armor entranced me as he spoke. "Ignite the ancient flame." He said, as I created thought-form matches. Nodding, 'No,' he said, "Give them the BREATH of life."

Inner understanding took over as I walked over to the first pit and blew into it. Rising up in flames, I continued with each of the wood pits and did the same, as they rose in flame. When I arrived at the charcoal pit, I was confused. Blowing and blowing, it would not light. Looking into the starry sky, the guard was emotional as he pointed to a constellation in the North, "Call to Cygnus to complete your circle of fire."

Gazing at the stars, it took me a moment to properly *feel* what I must do, but when I began *feeling* it, the stars seemed to ignite just for me and the shape of a swan appeared in the night sky. "How beautiful!" I cried. Taking my next breath, I raised my arms in the direction of the constellation. "Cygnus!" I called, "please help me complete the circle of fire!" Blowing directly into the coals, smoke began stirring from within. Fire began brewing as I stood in the center of this circle. Sending thanks to Cygnus, the flames grew

to several feet high.

"My spirit, you have ignited the ancient flame! Look!" Pointing behind me, I looked and saw a beautiful flowing river and above it . . . an entrance; a tunnel of the brightest blue was apparent, and I began to move towards it. Holding me back, the guard pointed to the gorgeous swan which flew through the tunnel and disappeared from sight. "Behold the mighty Cygnus!" He said.

Wanting to follow, he held me back. "You cannot go, yet," he said, "you have brought together the circle of time. By igniting the ancient flame, you have entered timelessness. Cygnus will be back, but only when he is certain that your heart is pure." Turning to leave, I paused to ask one final question. "What lies beyond that tunnel?" Smiling, he said, "Ancient Temples."

*"If, then, the soul withdrew, sinking itself again into its primal unity, Time would disappear: the origin of Time, clearly, is to be traced to the first stir of the Soul's tendency towards the production of the sensible Universe with the consecutive act ensuing."*

*Plotinus: The Enneads, Seventh Tractate, Page 267,  
Paragraph 4, (Mystery Religions, Greek, Author:  
Plotinus)*

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Appearing in the starry night sky was a golden, luminous and transparent pyramid with an ocean flowing from within. Knowing this to be the doorway from the previous night, I quickly leapt inside as a voice with no apparent body filled the place, "All who live sleeping, sleep for the purpose of mankind. If only they would awake in their dreams,

they would find themselves in another world." Looking around to find the source of the words, the voice continued, "All life, like all quasars, had really worth still traveling. You can tear away at everything, but the pull of the body within calls for silence."

Integrating the knowledge being expressed, an internal awareness instructed me. A quasar star, much like life, is in constant motion and evolution. Life requires that movement, that traveling, to progress. The intellect tears at things in its effort to understand, but timeless wisdom is attained by silencing the intellect, and allowing wisdom to emerge.

Silence remained until a light descended and the voice called again. "The Omnipotent One calls the presence of within. Come forth!" Knowing that this was a call for the higher soul within me to emerge, I stepped forward. "You stand before the Titan (One of the elder gods in Greek mythology; refer to note at beginning of mysteries) will you choose the way of WA or DA?!"

WA represented the path of life, the way of service to God; DA represented the way of spiritual death, the spiritual death of those who choose forgetfulness. "I choose WA!" I shouted.

Immediately, a huge triangular stone stood before me which looked like an opening to a vault. Ancient inscriptions on the door were written in languages I didn't understand. Appearing as a huge lighted man, the Titan placed his hand on the stone and looked my way. "This is beyond the Here, There and the Always, it is beyond the death song. This is the doorway to eternity. Those who pass through this

gate ascend their spirits to light."

Pausing to feel the stone, I touched the ancient inscriptions. Power pulsed through me. "Remember the ancient words of service, you have spoken them often." An immense flow filled my soul, as my spirit remembered these words:

"Perchance, tonelage striving, the mighty worker of  
light  
Perceive the distant calling, send thine eyes to sight  
Church bonds tutelage, sacred bonds of fire . . ."  
(Per order of the Lord, I have omitted and destroyed  
the last stanza)

Holding silence, feelings of immense gratitude and love for God rushed through me, as the Titan placed his massive hands on my shoulders. Light poured through my soul, and I shed tears of joy to be seeing this beautiful place again. Eyes searing with intensity into mine, the Titan said, "Commit to cross the isle, dear spirit." With massive force, my spirit called forth the words of commitment to cross the isle:

"I have mastered that which is on the wall  
The Mayan cards of walking stone  
All who dwell here call to Saul  
Meet the mercy all alone"

His hands were now held to the wall, "Come, Felicia, open the door! I stand at the isle of death!" Opening slowly, beautiful Felicia stood there waiting as I shot into the tunnel. My friend who had passed away in a car accident stood there waiting. Holding a

life chart, he showed me thirty boxes, twenty-eight of which had been fulfilled. There were unusual symbols in the two remaining boxes. "This one means that you will express your knowledge before leaving the earth-plane." Pointing to the second, he said, "And this means that you will express the music of your soul. But now, you must return as the gate summons you back to form."

Flying of God's accord through the stone gate and back into the pyramid, I called out my thanks as I returned to my body in peace.

*"I would it were possible for thee, O my Son, to have wings, and to fly into the Air, and being taken up in the midst, between Heaven and Earth, to see the stability of the Earth, the fluidness of the Sea, the courses of the Rivers, the largeness of the Air, the sharpness and swiftness of the Fire, the motion of the Stars, and the speediness of the Heaven, by which it goeth round about all these."*

*The Divine Pymander of Hermes, Book Five, No. 21,  
(Mystery Religions, Egyptian/Hermetic, Author: Hermes)*

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A prophet of old wearing a tattered robe tied at the waist stood before the pyramid carrying a staff of wood. Laced with gold, the luminous steps led to the top and back down the other side. Looking at me with his intensely green eyes, he touched his hand lightly to mine. "Wilst thou come with thee?" He said. Nodding, we walked hand in hand up the etheric creation that lay before us. "Each step represents a cycle of time," he said, "the circular motion of an energy form that recreates until the cycle is complete." "What exactly do you mean?" I asked. The abiding

spirit did not speak, but knowledge entered into me. In evolution, there are given certain periods of time wherein a soul may repeat a pattern of behavior over and over again, usually something delusional, without fault being attributed because of their ignorance. But when this cycle of evolutionary time is complete, if the soul still circles in the same delusion, it energetically changes. No longer protected from their own ignorance, they are required to be held accountable for any damage done. Applying also to eternal creations, we are given a cycle of time in which certain aspects must be completed, if they are not, the eternal program can either be aborted, or depending on the will of God, receive an extension.

Leading me down the steps on the other side of the pyramid, he asked me, "Do you know what this represents?" Nodding no, he began to chant:

"Perchance, by moments velvet form  
 Relinquish not for velvet's sake  
 Only moments all alone  
 Breaking distance soul awake"

"Who, but I, can travel far  
 Beneath the distance of the Way  
 Trembling chasms set to soar  
 Hawk spent demons cast away"

"Illusions cast, my soul seeks rest  
 All libacious form retreat  
 Sails of light, exuding masts  
 Light calls forth from God's great feet"

As he chanted, we continued to the bottom of the pyramid into a deep, light-filled cavern. Two huge candles, about five-feet high, were lit around the lighted form of a very holy being. Wearing white glowing robes, his hair had become curly and silver. A band was strewn around his head, and in his hand was a staff. Both of us stopped as we took in the holiness of St. Francis of Assisi. "Do you know what this spirit speaks?" St. Francis asked, in relation to what the spirit beside me had just chanted. "Yes," I replied, "it is the remainder of the death song." Smiling, he mysteriously asked, "Then you know the last stanza? Speak the words to forage all that light retreats!" Bursting to my knees, I began to chant the final words:

"Cyclic change to earth renowned  
 Casts foreseen a timely rain  
 Come to cleanse immortal soul  
 Time will end, but stay the same"

Smiling, St. Francis pointed his staff at me. As soon as he did, I became sub-conscious for the remainder of my travels that night.

The following night, I was sent to recall the word of release to end a cycle of time, words which would end the circular motion and spinning of karmic energies, forcing a birth-point. Those words were 'Chorub Lee.'

*"List ye, O man, to the depth of my wisdom, speak I of knowledge hidden from man. Far have I been, on my journeys through SPACE-TIME, even to the end of the space of this cycle. Found I there the great*



*barrier, holding man from leaving this cycle. Ay, glimpsed I the HOUNDS of the Barrier, lying in wait for he who would pass them. In that space, where time exists not, faintly I sensed the guardians of cycles."*

*The Emerald Tablets of Thoth the Atlantean, Tablet VIII, Page 45, Paragraph 6, (Mystery Religions/Egyptian Hermetic, Words of Thoth)*

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Sent to observe a soul caught up in a cycle of time, I hovered in space. The nine planets of our solar system appeared like scattered rocks as they followed their individual paths around the sun. Encircled in an energy beam, the man I'd come to assist was floating about the top of his orbit, preparing to make a change. "He is ending a cycle of time." A voice said. "He has created a repetitious energy pattern which has hindered productivity in his life. Remember the words of release, and tell him." Calling out, "Chorub Lee!" he raised his hands to the sky and began pushing forward. Repeating the words, I again called out, "Chorub Lee!"

Pushing forward to rescind its circular form, he shot straight forward down a new, direct line of energy, a forward motion rather than a circular spinning of the wheels. "The cycle of time has been completed and changed." The voice said.

*"The Principle of Cycles manifests that universal circular direction of process or progress which is apparent in all the manifested world, from its highest to its lowest manifestation."*

*The Secret Doctrine of the Rosicrucians, Part XIII, Section V. Paragraph 1, (Mystery Religions, Rosicrucian)*

*"Just as the present aeon, though a unity, is divided by units of time and units of time are divided into years and years are divided into seasons and seasons into months, and months into days, and days into hours, and hours into moments, so too the aeon of the Truth, since it is a unity and multiplicity, receives honor in the small and the great names according to the power of each to grasp it."*

*The Nag Hammadi Library, The Tripartate Tractate, No. 5, Page 71, Paragraph 2-3, (Christianity, Gnostic/Essene)*

Dangerous and menacing, the poltergeists in this house were manifesting as animals that would bite the occupants. Invisible cars without drivers rammed into the house . . . and disappeared, causing no apparent physical damage. Dangerous and out of control, these poltergeists were violating eternal law.

Completely lost as to how to handle this situation, I called out to the universe to assist me as two spirits arrived who were specialists in such cases. Named Patch and Dawn, their job was to patch up the pained soul who was causing strife and assist him in achieving the vision of the new dawn. Patch held out his hand and a huge amethyst stone was lying amidst it. In the other hand, he had a pile of white pebbles. Beginning to program the amethyst with the message of the light, Patch lightly placed the pebbles within the grooves.

Tossing the pebbles directly from the amethyst into the home, another spirit had arrived who had come over and to comfort me in my fear and confusion. As it took into itself the pain of this desperately lost soul, the amethyst actually began to bleed. Breaking down in tears, I held on tight until

everything was over.

After Patch completed this phase, we watched as the poltergeist began to manifest. On his face was a pained expression, but the stones programmed with the energies of light began to absorb his pain. Dawn uttered a few sacred words, 'Henceforth, the day beginneth, Lucretian deities aboding, follow rejoicing . . . prisms.'

Achieving peace, I instinctively called out what I knew to be the 'Frequency of Otara,' the high G, which immediately brought in legions of angels and the sign of a cross surrounded by a diamond light in the sky. This was a call for aid, which had the ability to bring in legions of angels instantly in times of spiritual need.

Assisting in the immediate reincarnation of this soul, I realized that this was only one of many possible outcomes in cases such as this. But because he had been de-activated, so to speak, he was placed in a new sieve from where he could begin again.

***"Man's intention and understanding are governed by the Lord through angels and spirits. And since this is true of his intention and understanding, it is true of everything bodily, since this stems from them. Believe it or not, man cannot take a single step without heaven's inflow."***

*Heaven & Hell, Chapter 26, No. 228, Page 166, Paragraph 3, (Christianity, Swedenborgianism, Author: Emanuel Swedenborg)*

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Entering into an Incan lifetime by the edge of Lake Titicaca, I lived with my husband in a small home by the lake. Few of the people were allowed to

live outside the city gates, but because I was considered a 'deity,' it was permitted that my husband (who was my present day husband, Andy) and I could do so. Sensitive to spiritual presences, some of the Incans were able to see them. As I was adept at astral flight, my task was to fly about the city doing what could be considered astral dance. A form of praise to God, my spiritual gift was honored.

Other townspeople lived in small huts cloistered around a great stone sun temple where the king lived. (He was an aspect of the soul of Red Jacket) Very few people had been inside this grand palace.

Flying about the city on a daily basis, I would sit in the lotus position on a stone pedestal, where my body would remain as my spirit flew. Because of my special gift and the unique beliefs of the Incans, I was revered as a princess of the Gods, so to speak. At the same time, they feared me, calling me the 'Deity of Ayacucho.'

Arriving on our continent and camping far outside of our cities, the Spaniards had become a controlling force and were greatly feared.

One day while performing my art, something happened. Returning to my body, the king was waiting at my side. "I want you in my temple!" He said. "I have admired you and I find you beautiful." With respect, I said, "But my great king, I am already communed with another soul." Taking my hand without reply, he led me inside the temple.

Having never been inside the temple, the hallway was painted orange. Faces of many kinds were painted in brilliant colors on the high ceilings

and walls, between them were images of suns. Taking me to a room with stone steps leading to a platform, the king said, "I will take care of the matter of your husband." Leaving me under heavy guard, he was gone.

Concerned by his words, I was unable to leave the temple physically, so I went into trance and left form. Taking a very large fish net held together by bamboo poles with him, the king had gone off to see my husband, asking him to repair a few broken strings. Climbing in the net to repair it, the king quickly tied him to it and threw him in the lake to drown. Calling to his brother for help as he happened to walk by, he turned the other way and didn't respond. No one dared to interfere with the king, not even one's own family.

Heartbroken, I turned and flew back to my body. Interestingly, however, I found that this type of random violence and murder was an accepted and understood practice. Despite my sorrow, I accepted it.

When the king returned, a group of Spanish soldiers had arrived. Outside of the temple they had organized the Incan people for some strange practice which was called the 'seven-pick.' Everyone was terrified because this meant that the Spaniards would choose seven people for random killing.

A fat man with a beard, moustache and a wrap about his head, led the brigade. Terribly cruel and sick, he enjoyed instilling fear.

Begging the king to interfere, he said, "You are now my queen, say what you wish." Having picked a member of an albino family, who were unique in that

they were all born with blonde hair and red eyes giving them the status of deities, they chose the eldest daughter who was a beautiful woman with long white hair. Approaching the Spaniard in anger, I said, "You will not touch her, she is a princess." Looking into my eyes with a sick glare, he replied, "I will kill who I want, we are here for our seven." Grabbing him, I repeated loudly, "YOU WILL NOT TOUCH HER!" My eyes were almost touching his, but he didn't recognize me, because if he had, he would have backed off.

Spaniards feared me because they were highly superstitious and they knew that the 'Deity of Ayacucho' was a 'bearer' of powers from the other side. In their eyes, I would have been something of a witch, although their perception was quite untrue.

Another Spaniard released the albino. "Take her back you coward!" The leader called to him, but he refused. "You may want to make an enemy of the deity," he replied, "but I do not." Pulling back, the fat man finally recognized me. "Aye Ammente!" I said, as an unseen force began to push them back. Although they couldn't see it, I was able to see a conglomeration of angels who had pulled together and formed an energy field. Placing my hand on his shoulder, I said, "You can deal with me personally if you do not leave now!" In fear, they ran, but we knew they would return.

Praying to God to thank him, the people then returned to their daily routine. Over time, I fell deeply in love with the king who was very clearly the same soul as that of Red Jacket, despite the horrid act that he had committed, which remained as the

greatest conflict I had during that lifetime. I found this very strange to remember.

*"Between heaven and earth, the five realms are clearly distinguishable. They are vast and deep, extending boundlessly. In return for good or evil deeds, happiness or misery ensues. The result of one's karma must be borne by oneself alone and no one else can take one's place. This is the natural law. Misfortune follows evil deeds as their retribution, which is impossible to avoid."*

*The Three Pure Land Sutras, Larger Sutra, No. 39, Page 300, Paragraph 3, (Buddhism, Pure Land)*

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Hovering amongst the tunnels of time, my soul was rendered into a time when Andy was my father, a rich oil baron, controlling and difficult. A man who bore the soul of Red Jacket worked for him, and we had fallen in love. Thinking that this man was not good enough for his daughter, my father plotted to have Red Jacket killed.

At one of the pipeline's where Red Jacket often worked, he planted an explosive device. I'll never forget the shocked expression on my father's face when the bomb went off, for he hadn't known that I was with Red Jacket at that moment, and it was already too late. Both of us died.

*"Hence, because of the natural working of karma, there are innumerable kinds of suffering in the three evil realms through which wicked beings must pass, life after life, for many kalpas, with no end in sight. It is indeed difficult for them to gain release, and the pain they must undergo is indescribable."*

*The Three Pure Land Sutras, Larger Sutra, No. 39, Page*

301, Paragraph 1, (Buddhism, Pure Land)

***"Love does indeed occur apart from wisdom, but this love is characteristic of human beings, not of the Lord. Wisdom too occurs apart from love, and while this wisdom is from the Lord, it does not have the Lord within it. It is like winter's light which does indeed come from the sun, and yet the essence of the sun, which is warmth, is not within it."***

*Divine Love and Wisdom, No. 139, Paragraph 2,  
(Christianity, Swedenborgianism, Author: Emanuel  
Swedenborg)*

## **CHAPTER TWO**

***"The door of the lodge is soon opened for the second time, representing the coming of the purifying Power of the north, and also we see the light which destroys darkness, just as wisdom drives away ignorance."***

*The Sacred Pipe, Black Elk's Account of the Seven Rites of the Oglala Sioux, Chapter III, Inipi, Page 40, Paragraph 3,  
(Tribal, Oglala Sioux, Words of Black Elk)*

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And so it came to pass that my soul was honored with a vision beyond all lights. An ancient wooden door surrounded by sturdy beams was closed, and the Titan was portrayed in a statue of silver riding a winged-horse. Captured looking to the rear of the horse with an intense glaze in his eyes, I remembered the words of release. "Chorub Lee! Open forth the door of light!" Kneeling to the ground, I knew that what lay beyond this door was sanctified. "Bringeth forth the light of the planes!" I said, as the



wings began flapping slowly . . . and then more . . . .  
 increasing until they were flapping wildly and the  
 horse and rider came to life and moved aside.  
 Beginning to open, the ancient entry began to gleam  
 with light as it burst through the cracks as the door  
 slowly unsealed.

Standing in awe at what lay before me, tears  
 were streaming down my eyes, as the most  
 magnificent diamond shaped star appeared.  
 Immediately, I knew it was the star of Bethlehem, the  
 star of Jesus. A whooshing sound was heard as the  
 star burst forth with light and filled me. Attempting  
 to walk into the door, my spirit was pushed back by  
 an unseen force. Solemn grace filled my soul.

### THE MESSIAH POEM

*I come to you on a breath*

*Through lilac rivers, velvet streams, the walking plain abode  
 Fly above the starry realm, this is where I call home  
 Know me not in terms of flesh, fine in spirit abiding soul  
 Beyond the grave, beyond the death, the Messiah calls you home*

*If name be known beyond the body, then let it be of One  
 Who I am is Starlit Son; the Son of Man has come  
 Remember me, my dearful soul; the Messiah calls your birth  
 It was I, the babe who received, gifts of gold and myrrh*

*Feel the passion, feel the strength, beauty find unfolding  
 The energy of light divine, cannot be contained or molded*

*Whence upon the earth, many years ago, I walked with my feet upon the rocks.  
 Traveling, beholding and doing all that I knew to fulfill the purpose of my  
 coming. Through the work which was a joy, much came forth. But much was  
 lost as well.*

*In judgment, men have lost their souls, Fear abiding, in time, fragments,  
 They look to their brother and see nothing, when in truth, it is a mirror*

*It is through judgment that men have lost their souls  
 The beauty adorned, forgotten, unseen, the many who look, look no more  
 For what they find, is not what they want to believe?  
 Woe to all those who choose the path of blindness  
 And unloving ways  
 For it is they who choose to fast, the fast of no love in their days*

*The sadness that they see in life, images inner pain  
 Bottled, capped and tossed, the soul no longer remains  
 Love and sadness, emotion call, find creation, call St. Paul  
 Sink to depths, but ne'er be near, for the rise will occur another year*

*In judgment we go beneath the soil, in love we rise above it all  
 Who among us has never done wrong, then they may cast the judgment stone  
 Though sadness lingers because of the fear, the judgment unanswered brings  
 plights to the dear*

*The joy ever spiraling rises so high, truly find life, in a joyful sigh  
 When a spirit releases, all needs coalesce, they rise to occasion and become one  
 with Godness*

*Then all is answered, the prayers come divine, I plunge from the heavens, and  
 release the joyful sigh*

*Hear, then I call you, we say, I love you, thank you for hearing all that is true  
 Spread to my brothers whatever you may; help them recover where it is that  
 they stray*

*Subtlety beckons, questions cannot be ignored, but the truth will answer and  
 open the door*

*Inside of the heart, the blood-beating pulse, the God force is calling, please,  
 please join us*

*There lie the answers, divinely inspired, no need for confusion or eternal mire  
 Hosts of angels await the call, of brothers in form, who stop and remember Saul*

*Impulse of the heart, is the life of the light, it belongs to each man, it's heard in  
 the night*

*I am but a vision, a vision of life, a man who once walked the earth day and  
 night*

*I was much like you, but relinquished all sighs, my fragment begot, the  
 consciousness of the Christ*

*You who listen can contain me now, if your vessel is open beyond the shroud*

*Relinquish all doubt and move into the force, energy awaits upon the white  
 horse*

*Fly in the night, wings taking stride, they'll guide you to heaven, they'll take  
 you tonight*

*Whereupon the ancient days, breathtaking beauty, soul arise*

*Who among us knew the sage, who among us knew the rite?  
Rite of passage, words forgot, wheretofore, the memory naught  
In the days beyond the veil, timelessness lingers and beauty prevails*

*Who among us carries the sign, the sign of Otara, the golden shine?  
Calling all angels, and singing the tone, why have you forgotten, where is your  
home  
If time were to stop and linger behind, would all be for naught, or would there  
be kind  
Where is the purpose of each spirits path, a hidden direction lost in the mass?  
Find, Remember, Forget Not, Open*

*If in time linger, where do you pray, in timelessness, God, or judgment day  
What are you saying, what do you believe, if there is no answer, then try a new  
sieve  
Pray to the truth, pray to divine, call for our answers with no limits on line  
Memories will come, moments will cease, a version recalled, time moment  
decease*

*Timelessness' purpose, reaches its end, centrifugal beginning must seek to bend  
Whereupon nightmares, cast out of the way, angelic dreaming becomes the way*

*Who upon the earthen shore is gathered near the marble stone?  
Call Otara, frequency Nor, Ask the angels to come again  
All that has come, has already been, all that will be, will happen again  
In circles we go for eternity's ride, Questions unanswered, but truth abides*

***"Where is the newborn king of the Jews? We saw his  
star at its rising and have come to do him homage."***

*New American Bible, New Testament, Matthew 2:2,  
(Christianity, Catholic)*

***"And behold, the star that they had seen at its rising  
preceded them, until it came and stopped over the  
place where the child was. They were overjoyed at  
seeing the star, and on entering the house they saw  
the child with Mary his  
mother."***

*New American Bible, New Testament, Matthew 2:9-11,  
(Christianity, Catholic)*

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A transmitter fell into my hand as my spirit

rested among the stars. Pushing a button on the side, I said, "Hello?"

A voice returned the call. "It is Jozukel, I call from Jupiter." He said. "Ask whatever you wish and the answer will be yours." "You mean anything I ask will be answered?" I asked. "Yes." The dry voice came from the other end. "What is my biggest blockage to growth at this time?" "Stubbornness and inflexibility." "Okay, what can I do to help that?" "You need to see the value of relationships in their proper time perspective." Apparently, I had trouble letting go when it was time. Becoming very serious, the voice said, "There is so much that you are destined to do, and still you sit and do nothing." Surprised by this, I asked, "Tell me, what am I destined to do?" "Many higher selves are calling to retrieve the information we have given you, three hundred incarnate spirits have already contacted you on many levels asking to become creative containers of expression for different aspects of your knowledge, and still you sit and do nothing."

Angered by this criticism, I responded like a moron. "Fine! If I am doing such a terrible job, remove me from this planet and take me back!" Calmly and without emotion, he said, "Yes, we can do that." Realizing my stupidity, I humbled myself. "I'm so sorry. What is it that I need to do?" A faint buzzing came from the device along with the now fading voice. "You will know when you listen to your inner wisdom. There is much to create, do not waste time on worry and unworthiness. Do not sit and do nothing." Then the voice was gone.

*"The Adjusters accept a difficult assignment when*

*they volunteer to indwell such composite beings as live on Urantia. But they have assumed the task of existing in your minds, there to receive the admonitions of the spiritual intelligences of the realms and then to undertake to redictate or translate these spiritual messages to the material mind."*

*The Urantia Book, Paper 108, No. 5, Paragraph 1,  
(Christianity, Urantia)*

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And it came to pass that I was shown the actual eternal contracts I had in regards to the salvation of souls. On each of them were written these words:

"Tiniest spark  
Light cometh  
I abide"

Within my sleeping, words and chants would constantly be filling my ears. I began writing some of them down. Rescinding form, a light figure was skipping by the sky. "Where are you going?" I asked. "I am off to the land of the rebels," he said, "the land where reason lies." Words began to flow from his soul to mine:

"Light befalls the virgin eye, dispensate all crowning  
lies

Fortune comes on velvet masts, the truth of souls  
encased

In the evening bronze, the night wind sings  
Chanting visions and songs, calling forth the Nefertiti  
wings"

"Calling bird release the past, ancient memory come  
to see  
Circling nature come to pass, spirit reason lingers free  
A voice must be listened, the calling be seen  
Perpetually unfolding, within the light beam"

"Who can I be? And where is the door?  
What are the answers? And what is this for?  
I am the light! The door is inside!  
The answer is love, to bring dawn to the night!"

*"But the wise, whose wisdom makes them full of eyes, pierce through the garment to the very essence of the word that is hidden thereby. And when the word is momentarily revealed in that first instant of which we have spoken, those whose eyes are wise can see it, though it is so soon hidden again . . . In the course of such passages a secret emerges from its sheath, and as soon as it has been revealed returns thereto and once more conceals itself therein."*

*The Zohar (Kaballah), Volume III, Mishpatim (Exodus),  
Page 300, Middle, (Judaism)*

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Entering the elevator with a male spiritual guardian, I attempted to push the seventh of seven floors. Not lighting up, the six below it took instead. Knowing inside that seven was a higher reality and my goal, I looked towards the spiritual guardian. "Remember where you are in the fragment of time." Bewildered, the elevator began rising and stopped at level six. As the door opened, I saw a wondrous realm filled with ether and cloudy substances.

Above, I could see the entry to level seven. "What you see is the shore, it lies in your view, it leads to the sky, a blue and gold hue." Emoting my desire to go there now, he continued, "All that lies, lingers;" he said, "all that emotes, forms; all that love, radiate; and all that serve, return home."

Understanding that I was to render service, he continued to speak. "Extemporaneous reason far behind, enter now the washing zone, beneath your feet a bluish light, cleanse, bring forth immortal soul." Leaving the elevator, my spirit walked upon the bluish clouds, realizing that all imperfect reasoning must be left behind, in order to instigate the purification process which brings forth the immortal soul. As bluish light seared forth from beneath my feet, I felt the intensity of the moment.

"Somehow, I remember this, but I can't place it. Is this a ceremony into service?" I said. Smiling the guide responded, "Open veils to light abode, release the fragment, duty done, allow creation's tempest flow, find the part which is but one." Remembering something about the seven levels of heaven, the spirit replied to my thoughts. "Yes, the seven levels of heaven."

Memories began to surface of things I'd forgotten. Somehow level six and level two were parallel to my path in the time constraint in which I was operating. Returning to the elevator, the guardian pushed level two. "Ever near the parting time, velvet linens part the zone, blood in pastness, sheer shine, relinquish sound, return to home." When it is time to part with the heavenly home, the veil moves aside for the descent of the soul to earth. The

body contains the karmic self, which resides in the past, while the spirit remains sheer and iridescent as the two unite. Seeking to release the noise of karmic delusion, the spirit seeks the silence which is the essence of the journey home.

Reaching realm two, I saw that it was present-day Earth. "What do I do here?" I asked. Eyes piercing mine, he replied, "Ever dancing spirals mesh, beneath the fancy of the rain, close encounters to goodness, reaching ends, no longer pain." Many pathways merge and dance in the physical world, but they appear in energy as many spirals interacting below the storm clouds of karma. But amongst the turmoil, there are visions of higher reality, which provide the impetus to reach the end of the tumultuous karmic path and the end of self-inflicted pain.

"Why can't we do this from the sixth realm?" I asked, "Why must I enter this strange world in order to change it?" Pointing upwards, he replied, "Timely gain cannot complete, when traveling amongst the clouds, all diversion seemly sweet, but time exists beneath the shroud." One cannot affect worlds existing in 'time' effectively from 'timelessness,' as the subtle influences become only mild diversions to those beneath the veil. "But we have sent so much energy and light to the earth, has it not helped?" I asked. "Wheretofore, the gain complete, standing midst the starry realm, timeless air blows reaching tide, movement eludes most every soul." Progress which can be accomplished due to subtle influences from higher realms is minimal. Timeless energies (the movement) are not seen or heard by the majority of



incarnate souls. "Yes, you are right; they do not listen to the sounds of the movement."

Turning to go, I looked within his deep green eyes and saw eternity.

***"Quite oblivious they are to what the LORD is about, too blinded ever to see what He is actually doing. That is the reason why My people, likewise unconscious, have likewise been 'carried away' - away to an alien land, their gentry starving for hunger, their masses parched for thirst."***

*The Dead Sea Scriptures, Isaiah, Chapter 5, Page 303, No. 11-14, (Christianity, Gnostic/Essene)*

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Hearing a tremendous call for help within my soul, I followed the timely beckon and flew about the Earth to find its source. A man in need of help was praying, "Angels of light, my son is choosing between worlds, please help me to tell him I love him and I dearly hope he returns to me." As he spoke, our Heavenly Father filled me with knowledge. Having an adopted son who just got his girlfriend pregnant, he had been involved in a car accident and was now in a coma.

As I flew over an intricate sand carving his son had made, he sub-consciously turned to see me standing in the room. "This is my most cherished possession. I know it is asking much, but if you will help me I will be eternally grateful." "It will be my pleasure to help you," I said, "I will go now and do what I can."

Inner urgings led my soul to a place beneath the sea where his son's spirit was busy playing with some mermaids. Approaching quietly as I didn't

wish to disturb his joy, two dolphins swept us up and took us for a ride. Smooth and luxurious to the touch, the skin of the dolphin was very soft. Arriving in a location where 100 angels had gathered, I turned to him. "My dear brother, you are now between worlds and you must make a choice. It is beautiful here, but your father calls for you in tears. His love is unmarred by the pregnancy, he just wants you back."

Waving my hands across the sea, I showed him images of his father, so that he might feel his great grief. "I will return to my body tomorrow morning," he said. Dancing in joy and singing heavenly songs of love, the angels formed a large circle as we held hands and shared light. Leaving the boy to enjoy his final day amongst the angels, I returned to his father, who looked up sadly.

"Thanks for trying, anyway." He said. "No," I replied, "you do not understand. Your son will return tomorrow morning." Beginning to cry, he walked over to the sand carving and picked up a statue of Nefertiti. "Take this," he said, as he handed it to me, "you have earned it."

Placing my hands on the statue, my spirit whizzed to the sky, returning to the angelic kingdom I'd left before. Angels sang in joy and euphoria as a masculine light being, ominous in size and holiness, came towards me. Looking into my eyes with peace, he said, "Eter Oar." Instinctively, I repeated, "Eter Oar." Handing him the Nefertiti, he replied, "Come forth for thy wings." Moving forward, I said nothing in the sacred moment but remembered the words that had been chanted to me in sleep, "In the evening bronze, the night wind sings, chanting visions and

songs, calling forth the Nefertiti wings." Touching my shoulder, ethereal wings appeared on my back. Moved to tears, I fell to my knees as the angels began singing and dancing in a circle around me, while the magnificent angel who had given me the wings, stepped back, smiled . . . and disappeared.

*"Amen, I say unto you: The soul for which ye shall pray, if it indeed is in the dragon of the outer darkness, he will draw his tail out of his mouth and let go that soul. And moreover if it is in all the regions of the judgments of the rulers, amen, I say unto you: The receivers of Melchisedec will with haste snatch it away, whether the dragon let it go or it is in the judgments of the rulers; in a word, the receivers of Melchisedec will snatch it away out of all the regions in which it is, and will lead it into the region of the Midst before the Virgin of Light."*

*Pistis Sophia, Book Four, Page 271, Paragraph 2,  
(Christianity, Gnostic/Essene)*

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And so it came to pass that an Indian man came to me bearing two blue balls, one was light blue and the other dark blue. "The two earths," he said.

Transformed into a fabulously white wedding gown, I was preparing for the marriage of the spirit.

Handing me three paintings, the first was of an Indian chief with a large headdress made of white feathers who stood facing me with his arms outstretched. The second was a native woman with long graying braids, looking down, her hands folded together. The third was a young native man with a single feather attached to his hair blowing in the wind

whose arms pointed off into the distance. "These spirits are one in their story." He said. "They all saw the same thing and tried to affect change. They are of the Thunder Tribes." Handing them to me, he said, "Show these to the residents of the Earth." He walked away.

A young Indian boy came with one final painting. Saying nothing, he gave it to me and left. On it was an Indian man and a woman, and below the picture it said, 'The Great Day of Purification.' Suddenly, the native woman came to life in her painting and said, "All we have seen in the past comes to pass in the present." Resuming her non-assuming stance in the portrait, all was quiet.

Startled by a sudden sound from behind, the Chief had jumped out of his painting to speak, "The Mulrabe stand by sacredly, open the lid of repression." Looking at him, I asked, "What is the significance of the three?" He said nothing, but soared back into his picture as the young native jumped out. "We represent breath, life and death!" He said, "The Chief holds his arms out for breath, I point forth the direction of life, and the shamaness holds somber the moment of death." At that moment, the shamaness created two rattles which she began to shake in a rhythmic beat. "She holds rattles to mourn the death of the spirit." Clinging to her incessantly mournful chant, he continued. "The Mulrabe will come on eight winds. (There are 8 phases in the ascension pathway.) Each wind will contain six qualities of spirit. The breath will bring it within." Breathing loudly, the Chief reached for the sky in his painting. "Each of these eight winds will contain a higher frequency of

these six qualities: Friendship, Peace, Justice, Piety, Temperance, and Virtue." All became still.

*"Entering the variety of six courses of migration of life, craving being the moisture, ignorance the shade, action the field, consciousness the seeds, name and form the simultaneous sprouts - Thus do they see beings in the world, beginningless and endless. Those beings' minds are full of the action of afflictions, according to patterns of habit."*

*The Flower Ornament Scripture, Chapter 26, The Ten Stages, Page 786, Stanza 1-2, (Buddhism, Mahayana)*

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And so it came to pass that I learned more about the frequency of Otara (the high G), which calls the angels into service. In the midst of a holy work to assist a young girl, I called the angels by this tone as the sign again appeared as huge light in the sky; a brilliant, diamond-shaped star, as legions of angels came to our aid.

## THE ANGELS

*Where is the sound that pulled me inside?*

*It is the frequency of Otara that calls the sleeping to service*

*Who is calling out the name, if not the spirit, mankind's mind?*

*Asking for our star seed aid, remit old patterns, turn to gold*

*Where amidst the cloudy realm, to find the saucer of the star*

*A spirit force lies at the helm, with tides of love, it traversed far*

*Love of lifedom travels far, amidst the starry realm of sky*

*All will purge the thought-swept fear; your earnest spirit brings us all*

*Where in mass can beauty find, a place where moments linger deep?*

*Shining starlet, climbing vine, see to all of God divine*

*Sole survivalist tendencies, beneath the vision of the moon*

*High crest waves linger to naught, pulling towards the singing loon*

*Every mass rekindles soul, the treatment of divine interplay*

*Be a temple, be a shrine, be a light of God divine*

Entering into a tiny passageway, my spirit felt as if it were being turned inside out, like a reversed vortex. As the energies spun to completion, I found myself standing before a small, stone gate. An angel stood with a staff at the gate. "Within lie the secrets of Nor." She said. "Call to the hosts of heaven abide, the light of expansion yearns with a sigh." A geometrically sectioned, snow-tipped mountain appeared behind me, with lines divinating various locations upon it. Flying towards it, I danced in the monolith. "Take a little walk in the movement today," the angel said.

Suddenly words began entering my soul, and as I spoke them, they would occur all around me. "Lilac melt the velvet mist, spirit light relinquish form. From whence, the sacrament to deities divine, postulate season, sing in sighs." Lilacs appeared as the snow melted. My spirit became only a light with no features. Speaking of the sacrament, I knelt to the ground and watched the spring season dawn as angels began appearing and singing, their voices like holy sighs. Again, the angel spoke, "I love to feel the washing stone, kneading out the hardened stain. Mankind's mirth is ground in fine, boding forth new clean slate." Expressing her love of the purification process, she spoke of cleansing the delusion which is ground deeply beneath mankind's joy.

"Find in your imagination words to prolong the truthly hour." Realizing that I must remember the chant required to continue in this land of Nor, I began speaking again. "All to pass in timelessness, Gregorian chants afire. Cretan mammoths linger, but

all be gone in time. Passwords movement follows, to find the ancient rest. Hombre' calls to Quetzlcoatl, are you real or dead?" Shouting, the angel said, "Behold! The Chant of Nor!" Beginning to sing an almost involuntary ancient Gregorian chant, I repeated it three times. Standing at the gate of the mysteries, I began speaking the words to open the door:

"Temple of mysteries, open thine door. Pure heart  
awaiting, centrifugal fate.

All manners cast in tunnels abide, open all ancients,  
reveal what you hide

Rite of passage, gleaming stone, heartfelt distance,  
angel zone

(Per order of the Lord, I am leaving out and have  
destroyed the final stanza)"

As I spoke these words, I received entry into  
the initiations to come.

### THE MIGHTY QUEST

*The mysterious winds call forth the night, dawning those in stillness lay  
Blanket spirits cover the earth in white, the isolated create in play  
(Initiation into the mysteries is imminent, dawning humanity to movement. A  
purification is at hand, to come about from the play of mankind.)*

*Oedipus began the mighty quest, upon the earth millennia ago  
The retiring wind pointed to his absence, as other forces retained the flow  
(The mysteries have been traversed for ages (Oedipus was an ancient Egyptian  
prince who solved the mystery of the sphinx), as those who have moved beyond  
the earthly realm have energized others to retain the movement of evolution  
upon the earth.)*

*Call Otara (High G) and we will arrive, parting veils of mystery  
Relinquish illusion; find the life, call to allness, cast souls free  
(Ask, and ye shall receive of the mysteries and be freed of karmic delay. Pray,  
and ye shall be cast into freedom.)*

*Call to movement, call to quest, rescind the voice of fragmentness  
(Ask, and ye shall receive. Respond to the movement, rather than karmic  
personality.)*

*Movement renders the mighty flow, quest becomes a purple glow  
 Quest in movement, long abide, freedom's spirit will not hide  
 (Entering the movement energizes higher wisdom . . . a long journey which  
 leads to freedom of the soul.)*

## THE DEATH SONG

*The timeless moon doth ocean sway tide, holding tight to beachhead reign  
 But ne'er be near the stillness of time, crossing to regions of lingering plane  
 Sing in spirit to mountains that speak, the crestful longing of manner abode  
 A place where time ends is what we seek, the endless journey along the lighted  
 road*

*Perchance, by moments velvet form, relinquish not for velvets sake  
 Only moments all alone, breaking distance, soul awake  
 Who, but I, can travel far, beneath the distance of the way  
 Trembling chasms set to soar, hawk spent demons cast away*

*Illusions cast my soul seeks rest, all libacious form retreat  
 Sails of light, exuding masts, light calls forth from God's great feet  
 Cyclic change to earth renown, casts foreseen a timely rain  
 Come to cleanse immortal soul, time will end, but stay the same  
 Forage all that light retreats*

***"By the act of thought we are, as it were, collecting  
 together things which the memory did contain,  
 though in a disorganized and scattered way, and by  
 giving them our close attention we are arranging for  
 them to be as it were stored up ready to hand in that  
 same memory where previously they lay hidden,  
 neglected."***

*The Confessions of St. Augustine, Book X, Chapter 11,  
 (Christianity, Catholic, Author: St. Augustine)*



### CHAPTER THREE

*"Followed, I then, the path to the star planes;  
followed I, then, the pathway to LIGHT. Deep into  
earth's heart I followed the pathway, learning the  
secrets, below as above."*

*The Emerald Tablets of Thoth the Atlantean, Tablet V,  
Page 29, Paragraph 3, (Mystery Religions,  
Egyptian/Hermetic, Words of Thoth)*

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*"Only those who are initiated into the divine  
mysteries can comprehend the melodies uttered by the  
Bird of Heaven . . ."*

*The Kitab-I-Iqan, Page 191, Paragraph, 1, (Baha'i, Author:  
Baha'u'llah)*

Standing amongst the stars, I rode the wings of a swan. Cygnus took my soul on a flight through the universe and then became only light as we arrived at a gateway. Knowing this to be initiation's door, I remembered the words that would gain me entry into the worlds of the mysteries: "Whereupon, the icy bank, a memory lit the cold to shine. In the stillness, thoughts swept forth, fragments of moments, no longer in time. Temple staircase, lead me deep, to the midst of all divine, beyond the veil of mystery, words and thoughts emitting light."

Cold swept over my body, and then an incredible warmth. Beginning to hear voices, I saw the doorway open as my spirit was led inside where many temples awaited my arrival. Merely looking upon them, my soul was immediately immersed in water and began soaring to the depths of a great sea. At the bottom was a stone temple emitting light, and I

kneeled before it. Hundreds of stone pillars with words inscribed upon them lay before me:

"Journey, my soul, to places of deep, our thoughts be  
 revealed to you now  
 Grasp what you may, unravel and keep, remember to  
 use thoughts of the Tao  
 You will be returning, for this place you have found,  
 holds wisdom of night winds, foretold  
 Find fragments and moments, but each hold a clue, to  
 mysteries beyond what you know.  
 Seer of thought, call out my name, divine words will  
 enter the mind  
 This place you now come, where shadows call truth,  
 means nothing to those of the blind  
 Fear not the answers of symbolized truth, mysterious  
 shadows restore  
 Initiate of Mysteries, holder of light, remember the  
 corners of four"

As I read the words upon the monument, I watched an image of Cygnus form in the front of the temple. Wings outstretched, the swan was standing perched upon the flowing waters of the sea with a symbol engraved upon its chest; a triangle with a circle inside.

*"After this I saw four angels standing at the four corners of the earth, holding back the four winds of the earth so that no wind could blow on land or sea or against any tree. Then I saw another angel come up from the East, holding the seal of the living God."  
 New American Bible, New Testament, Revelations 7:1-2,  
 (Christianity, Catholic)*

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Standing before a body of water, an invisible entity conveyed that I must go through this water rite in order to find the key to the next passage.

Jumping into the water, I found myself consumed in a body of ether. Dancers were there to assist me in this rite, and they bent over in backbends forming a tunnel of light-bodies. Swimming deeply into the tunnel they'd formed, I emerged on the other end to notice that I was now holding a small metallic and rectangular object.

Instantly appearing, an old woman spoke. "The initiate has retrieved the key to the temple." Handing me a pile of books made solely of light, I was given to look upon their titles which indicated divine mysteries for which I was being given initiation: 'The Secret of the Sphinx,' 'The Secret of Ain Soph (Eternal State of all Things),' 'The Secret of my Spirit,' 'The Secret of my Inner Song,' 'The Secret of Bath.' Others were present which I was told not to mention.

Pointing to a hinge on the metallic object I'd retrieved, the old woman and I were taken away by a powerful spirit wind as soon as I touched it.

Flying to the sphinx, a doorway blew open. Temple guards stood by this door and all throughout the hallowed halls within. As we went inside, another sphinx appeared which revealed additional qualities of wings and two bull horns. Conveying to me that these aspects were present in the etheric plane on the sphinx, the old woman said that few living souls had ever seen it. Immediately, I noticed that the original sphinx held the image of the lion and man, while the formerly invisible horns symbolized a

bull and the wings were that of an eagle. "The Four Corners of Creation," the old woman conveyed into my mind.

***"In the center and around the throne, there were four living creatures covered with eyes in front and in back. The first creature resembled a lion, the second was like a calf, the third had a face like that of a human being, and the fourth looked like an eagle in flight."***

*New American Bible, New Testament, Revelations 4:6-8,  
(Christianity, Catholic)*

Suddenly, an Indian man appeared before me, as the old woman quietly said, "He'll show you the five concentric circles . . . the secret of disintegration." Five circular ropes, hanging separately in the heavens, appeared. Another woman appeared and began to soar quickly through these loops, and as she did so, she disappeared. "Go!" The Indian shouted. "Within lies a secret, one that you must know. Go quickly or it will not work."

Walking over to the ropes, I began my ascent into them, but quickly fell to the ground because I was going too slowly. "The loops of dimensions will take you very far!" Calling out to me, the old woman encouraged me not to give up. Trying again, my spirit filled with strength as I soared through the loops, disappearing to the former dimension.

Before me was a pyramidal tomb chamber whose doors had flung open as I arrived. Quietly walking through the door, the triangular walls were speaking to me of the 'Watchers of the Earth!'

"Through their eyes, the Gods peer through, lighting

forth Eternal Flame

Looking, staring, observing earth's youth, Watchers of  
the day

Ancient tonelage comes with a sound, a blink, a nod  
and a hoo (an owl)

The feathered beings peacefully observe, at night  
when they seclude

The wise one leads the many troops, the beasts, the  
trees and man

Through the eyes of innocence, the lighted beings  
glance

The leaf bearing beings, beneath the ground, feel all  
that lies under the dirt

At one with vibration, cognizant of Source, all are  
Watchers of the Earth

Two eyes adorning, from every place, the birds, the  
sheep and the mule

Even the cows, regarding their secret, all are Watchers  
of the Earth

The watchers stand stall, their beauty enhanced, by  
lights that fill up their eyes

Earth watcher vessels, in semblance form, their vision  
holds light of the wise"

Rumbling and quaking hit the room, as I noticed that the actual bodily chamber was placed in the center of the tomb, tightly sealed. A white lion appeared and roared very loudly, but I felt absolutely no fear of him. "Seer of thoughts," he said, "divine they may be . . . reach into your heart at this time, for what you are about to see holds mysteries . . . but the tomb will be empty." Unsealing and falling to the

floor, the stone coffin was empty. "The immortal is what you've become!" the Lion shouted majestically, as the pyramid wall opened and guided me to exit the tomb.

*"The King's and Queen's Chambers each contained an empty plain sarcophagus . . . Lack of inscription and decoration reveals that no royal mummies were ever placed in either of these two coffers . . . The presence of these . . . 'open tombs' indicates that the final state of everlasting life symbolized in these chambers will be attained through resurrection."*

*Pyramidology, (On the Great Pyramid), Book I, Chapter 4, Page 64 - 65, (Christianity, Pyramidology, Author: Adam Rutherford)*

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Standing before a huge stone wall, there were three choices engraved thereon. Allowed to remember two, they were 'Hoonlicha,' the way of life, and 'Horus,' the way of death. (Horus was the Egyptian god of light, who overcame darkness. He did this by dying a violent death, but was resurrected through the prayers of Isis, his mother.) The way of life presented a way to learn the same knowledge, with less suffering. Choosing 'Hoonlicha,' the stone wall opened.

*"Descending passages, representing the way of death, are to be found in all Egyptian pyramids. But ascending passages leading to chambers up in the above-ground masonry, symbolising the way of life, exist in the Great Pyramid only."*

*Pyramidology, (On the Great Pyramid), Book I, Chapter 4, Page 63, Paragraph 2, (Christianity, Pyramidology, Author: Adam Rutherford)*

Passing through the doorways of time, I experienced a peaceful death and was swept away to a reunion of spirits from hundreds of my past lifetimes. Emotions were high in seeing so many souls who held such importance to me although, in most cases, I could not place my memories of them.

## DEATH

*So many things come today which blend so nice with never to be*

*Find within the beating heart, all four chambers holding tight  
 Calling out to journeys start, find new worlds of inner beat  
 Excuse me, for I mean no fright, only call to one I love  
 Surprise at the dead is a humorous sight, for knowing tells you we are still one*

*Create some drama, fear abide, rescind the voice of terror's gain  
 But still . . . I am . . . despite the hour, calling forth the victory gain  
 The might is real for but a time; timeless change deflates its form  
 Spirit light holds much more shine, fear replaced by truth adorn  
 (Karmic purification requires the dramatic. As the voice of terror rescinds (the inner voice of karmic delusion), the seeker sees that he still exists, he still IS, despite the death of delusion and personality. A higher birth has taken place. I am, I exist, and this is immutable. Karmic delusion appears real for a time, but timeless energies deflate its appearance of reality. The spiritual truth is immutable, and the seeker eventually recognizes and replaces the fearful karmic delusion with the truth of God.)*

*Final endings chosen swell, look for reasons to be afraid  
 But inner sounds emit the tone, final journey, in the heart, be found  
 All you hear are releasing sighs, the remembrance of the dying souls  
 In oneness return to world abide, return all reason, remember the goal*

*(The final purification is amplified dramatically as the seeker looks for reasons to be fearful. All the while, the inner world amplifies the tones which energize the truth, and the seeker releases those fears, finding the journey within his own heart. As the dying souls remember the truth of God, they sigh at the beauty of it. Higher reason returns to them and they remember the purpose of the Earth walk.)*

*In understanding, find the stain; increase the memory of the deceased  
 Ask their light to retrieve the chain, return to states of joy and peace  
 Gentle bidding bonds with time, but timeless winds call only truth*

*Reach for sunsets filled with shrines; find all moments, ready birthed*

*(As understanding comes to them, they remember the stain of karmic delusion. The memory is gently increased to contain the multiplicity of existence and lives. Remembering the chain of events in their own evolution, they are then ready to return to peaceful, after-death states. While encapsulated in time, gentle bidding is employed to call our spirits back to God. The timeless winds, the movement, call out the truth to all of humanity, and those who hear must reach to the timeless, the ancient temples and shrines of truth that are visible as the sun sets within our consciousness. As the sun is immortal energy, in timelessness, one finds that all that has ever been or ever will be, has already occurred.)*

*Some who watch, watch from the sky, some who breathe fear not to die  
Some who call resound in fear, but all who sing to God are dear  
Love remains beyond the veil, increased by knowing of divine  
Talk to me, I linger more, nothings changed but matter and time*

*(Some guide others from above, while others reincarnate and try again, this time with decreased fear of death. Some remain in fear, whether they are in spirit or reincarnated. But all who seek God, no matter their state of evolution, are greatly loved, gently guarded and guided towards higher understanding. Love remains . . . but it is increased by the acceptance and entry into eternal love, a much higher love than human love can fathom.)*

While enjoying this reunion with so many familiar souls, a friend pulled out a very physical book. Solid and colorful, my friend said, "Your destiny awaits, you must return to the other side." Allowing me to peruse the title, it said, 'Red Jacket Reunion.' I didn't understand.

Looking around and beginning to feel the timeless nature of existence, I peered upon the faces of those I'd known throughout all the ages. Emmanuel appeared and sat down next to me, his face tearful. Taking the book from my hands, he opened it and began conveying that the contents of the book held my future. Beyond this, he conveyed that I would be unable to return to the hereafter until the book's contents were fulfilled. "Who among us



knows the name, of timeless veils linger call, reach through distance, tender tide, prepare to catch the fallen souls." Emmanuel said this as hundreds of contractual agreements fell into my lap of souls I must aid. "You'll be a sieve through which knowledge moves," he said, as he pointed out that I was again wearing a wedding gown. "You are to reach the ascension in this lifetime."

Nodding and confused, I said, "I don't know if I'm worthy of that . . . I don't know if I'm able . . ." With tears in his eyes, he said, "You *must* make the choice now, as to whether or not you will achieve the marriage of spirit to matter in this lifetime!" "Okay," I said, cautiously, "I will do everything I can to reach this ascension you speak of, please teach me and hold me in check so that I will not falter from the path to attaining it." Nodding, he wiped a tear from his face. Holding back something he knew, there was something he wasn't able to tell me about . . . something to come.

Uneasy, I slowly walked away from timelessness towards time. Emmanuel called to me from a distance just before he disappeared, "Contemplating the night and all that it means, the rhythms of life, the movement of streams, the flow everlasting, entry to form. Go . . . find your pathway, and then come quickly home." Tears filling my own eyes, his image dissipated into the ether.

*"Lord, I consider Your Lordship to be eternal time, the supreme controller, without beginning and end, the all-pervasive one. In distributing your mercy, you are equal to everyone. The dissensions between living*

***beings are due to social intercourse."***

*The Teachings of Queen Kunti, Chapter 11, Page 71,  
Srimad Bhagavatam 1.8.28, (Hinduism, Bhakti Yoga,  
Author: A.C. Bhaktivedanta Swami Prabhupada)*

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And so it came to pass that I was given entry into the mysteries of the upper and underworlds; also called the 'Universal Sphere of Realms.' Realms (or dimensions) one through four are all underworlds, as they exist below the veil of illusion. Realms five and above are upperworlds which exist in ever-increasing levels of light and love above the veil of illusion. Shown the planets of our solar system, it was revealed to me which of them resided beneath the veil of illusion, those that were above.

The underworlds consist of the border or mortal realms, three (Earth) and four, and the lower realms, one and two. Border/mortal realms contain both light and dark energies and provide a karmic circling format for birth and death. Realms one and two are realms of total darkness, one being primary evil and two being dominant darkness. Many variances exist in levels of darkness as well as light, but greater understanding of this would come later.

After I was shown these things, Emmanuel appeared and said these words. "Forevermore, the tempest divide, master deva's come to seek. Moonlit mountains, thundering shores, icen castles, crystalline . . . enter deep. Like the crescent moon above, your starry realm emitting light, the earth-plane comes to fruition, the fullest phase in sight. Initiate vessels coming to find, relinquishing baggage . . . a solitary ride. Accepting of path, the lone company, each spirit

will come to his own destiny." Conveying to me in a vision the process of transformation which occurred in other planetary systems, he showed me demon infested worlds which had become predominantly lighted.

Emmanuel then plunged me into the vision of the human condition; the violence, rage and chaos which frightened me. Turmoil and the death, he conveyed, are illusions created on planets of redemption. Transcendence and peace could only be found in rising above the bedlam.

Conveying that the ancient understanding of condemnation to hell, really means that the firmament between the higher and lower worlds is closed for a time to particular souls due to their spiritual status, but that the firmament does open for transformational opportunities when a soul seeks love, calling to God. "Demons turn into a song, their careful knowledge hidden so, timeless tunes, centrifugal force, the vortex of spirit turns into itself."

All of my lifetimes, all of my experience . . . came before me. Rather than sink into the abyss of delusions again, as I'd done many times before, I realized I had to conquer them this time around. The world caught below the veil of time, was a world of chaos, and to ascend I had to find unity and peace.

***"They then went forth and created the upper world and the lower, the world of unification and the world of division."***

*The Zohar, Volume IV, P' Qude (Exodus), Page 299,  
Bottom, (Judaism)*

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Standing before the veil between worlds, I

looked upon an interesting soul. Having the body of a man and the face of a bird, I didn't immediately recognize him, but later realized it was Thoth, the Egyptian god of letters who kept track of men's deeds. A burial casket had fallen directly in front of me. Wanting to get by, I calmly asked, "Please move the still," but he wouldn't budge. "I guard the veil to the world of flight. Only the pure of heart may pass, as a fragmented mind cannot comprehend that which lies beyond." Feeling that someone's presence lay directly beyond the veil, but being unable to see them, Thoth showed me a burial casket as he lit it on fire, performing some type of cremation ceremony. "Cremation is the secret I will now share with you." Thoth said. Speaking of fire, matter, and the Source, he conveyed that the 'flame,' which he now spoke of figuratively, releases a great deal of energy. Ascension is honored by releasing the flesh, in essence, burning the fragmentary vessel at death. When a soul is transitioning into the spirit world, the soul divides the energies between the two aspects; the physical personality and the spirit. In order for a soul to properly release the past, the energies of the former life must be released. By releasing it, the knowledge of the lifetime can be encompassed within the soul, while the fragmented nature is let go. Although I was unaware of it at the time, Thoth was speaking allegorically *and* literally about death.

The eternal flame consumes all that is left behind with each spiritual death and rebirth, which must occur at every great epiphany of knowledge. A death, of sorts, occurs when a soul realizes something of a karmic nature, and a birth occurs when a soul

realizes something of an eternal nature. "I understand," I said, "when matter is burned, energy that is released." What must be consumed is the karmic self, which must be purged in order to be recovered in a purified state. "Something is telling me to say that this energy can be retrieved and sent to Isis."

Thoth moved aside and began speaking the sacred words to part the veil:

"Lingering nature, Goddess strain, initiate calls, for  
energy gain  
Deity Isis, Call the sound, the veil now opens, behold,  
a cow"

Witnessing the spectacle of a woman with a human body but the head of a cow, the casket before me completely disintegrated, and Isis, the Egyptian goddess of birth, immediately spoke to me. "Bring to me matter," she said, "and I'll send you fire."

Nodding, I had no idea what she wanted me to do, but she conveyed that, "The dead must relinquish in order for the living to wed. It is the ritual mass of immortals," she said, "Bring to me matter, and I'll send you fire."

As she began laying a pile of dead twigs and sticks before me, she started a fire and continued adding to it. Representative of old beliefs and former perceptions which no longer served my path, bluish light was released from them as they burned, which soared into Isis. Taking it within, she sent the energy back into my spirit through my crown chakra.

Transforming from a mortal man into a spirit

that sparkled and spit like an electrical storm, my spirit and body were merging into one. Engaging in a fire baptism of sorts, the stains of karmic multiplicity within my soul were purified into pure light.

*"Thereafter his disciples said unto him: 'Rabbi, reveal unto us the mystery of the Light of thy father, since we heard thee say: 'There is still a fire-baptism and there is still a baptism of the holy spirit of the Light, and there is a spiritual chrism . . . '"*

*Pistis Sophia, Fifth Book, Page 312, Paragraph 6,  
(Christianity, Gnostic/Essene)*

*"And Jesus said unto them: 'Bring me fire and vine branches.' They brought them unto him. He laid out the offering, and set down two wine-vessels, one on the right and the other on the left of the offering . . .*

*Jesus stood before the offering, set the disciples behind him, all clad with linen garments, and in their hands the cipher of the name of the father of the Treasury of the Light, and he made invocation thus, saying: 'Hear me, O Father of all fatherhood, boundless Light: . . . Forgive the sins of the souls of these disciples who have followed me, and purify their iniquities and make them worthy to be reckoned with the kingdom of the father.'"*

*Pistis Sophia, Fifth Book, Page 310, Paragraph 1,  
(Christianity, Gnostic/Essene, Words of Christ)*

Before being able to pass beyond this veil, however, I'd have to go through another ritual passage. A vision of the twinness of man was presented to me, as I saw the aspects of good and evil which resided within every human being. Their goodness resided in an upperworld sphere, while their evil remained in underworlds, trapped in fearful

manifestations which were almost like webs in their thinking.

Taking me through mountains of staircases, Isis and I reached a 'bowed' step which plummeted into the underworlds. Releasing my hand, she conveyed that the initiates enter here. "This is a great test," she said, "remember the mysteries; there's no fear in truth."

Soaring deeply into the underworlds, I found a lost soul who was dangerous and perhaps even bordering on evil. Because I had not yet been taught of such things, I was quite uncomfortable. Another poltergeist who was even more skewed than the first was actually causing bodily injury to the occupants of the home from which he refused to disembark.

Turning to the scary specter, I said, "It's time to go home, will you relinquish your illusion, or reincarnate again?" Grasping my arm, he ripped into my spiritual flesh which bled profusely. Terrified, I didn't know what to do, but remembered Isis's cautioning words. Healing my arm with energy, I realized that his illusions were much too strong for me to break them.

Remembering the frequency of Otara, the High G, I called out for assistance from the angels. Filling with hosts of angels and the familiar sign in the heavens, the angels sent his soul back to the Earth to reincarnate. "I cannot help you," I said to him, as his soul was being prepared for rebirth, "return to your illusions, and we'll meet again beyond the veil." Conveying to him my hope that he might return after his next life a bit more advanced, my thoughts hit his trance-like state like energy sparklers in his face and

head, as he appeared to 'fall' to Earth to be reborn. Immediately, I was released.

"Come, come pass through the veil," Isis said, as they opened very wide. As soon as I'd passed through, they closed with a start. Alone, I now wore the garments of healing and rebirth.

Three beings awaited my arrival, as I immediately recognized them as being members of my band of alliances. Greeting them with a bow, I knew that we all worked together for the Lord on the ground below. Two of us were incarnate upon the Earth; a teacher who taught of the electrical nature of energy in the world and myself. The third was a starship captain, and was in spirit form. "Remember our pact, we work together," the captain said. We were all together and present to assist the teacher, who was experiencing a crisis on the ground wherein members of his family were trying to block his path and interfere with his job for the Lord. Not identifying with his universal mission, his shoulder was badly injured.

Another incarnate soul approached. I'd recognized her immediately as a soul I'd guarded for a time, but whose apathy had prevented the manifestation of her aspects of the mission on the ground. Looking sternly at her, the teacher spoke harsh words. "Our love for you has held you intact, but I'm very sad to declare that you cannot come back here anymore." Attached to the world, her abilities to affect it in a spiritual manner had been thwarted. Loving her very deeply, it was sad to accept that her Earthly image held only fragments of the higher will, and a sleeping fragment cannot serve God unless they



awaken. Unhurt by his words, she walked away quietly as her soul understood that her fragment was ensconced in the mass retain.

"Will your shoulder eventually heal?" The starship captain asked the teacher. Massaging it deeply, he looked at me. "My shoulder represents the burdens of the world. When we unite, the injury will be healed." Although I didn't recognize him at the time, this was a higher aspect of my husband, Andy, who bore a shoulder injury for years that only healed after we united in an eternal union. Enraptured in flight, my soul was climbing a steep mountain with many treacherous curves, bends and byways. A voice conveyed, "You must follow the bends and the curves, the by-ways and the highways, the good and the bad, in order to reach the goal." Driving off the road several times due to sharp curves, I always eventually returned to the correct path. Up ahead was the summit, and I stopped my car just before reaching the overhanging cliff.

At the top of the mountain was a small bookstore called, 'Sacred Rite.' Led to a book on a table, I took note of the title, 'Jesus came from the Pleiades,' it said.

***"He who loves God most in this world is the happiest. All that is not done for God turns to pain. He who desires only God is rich and happy: he is in want of nothing, and may laugh at all the world."***

*The Great Means of Salvation and Perfection, Part II, Various Practices, No. III, Page 351, Paragraphs 4 & 7, (Christianity, Catholic, Author: St. Alphonsus Liguori)*

***"It is they who will restore the world, which will never grow old and never die, never decaying and***

*never rotting, ever living and ever increasing, and master of its wish, when the dead will rise, when life and immortality will come, and the world will be restored at its wish."*

*The Avesta, Part II, Yast 19, No. 23, (Zoroastrianism)*

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"Go," said the woman who now stood with me in a cornfield, as a huge tunnel loomed in the sky, "you're ready for the 'House of the Mysteries.'" Stone steps led to a huge cavernous tunnel. Stones surrounded the entrance like a rock wall. "The door is deceiving," the woman said, "it appears very large, but it will change. It will shrink and become very small, but you mustn't fear it, if you wish to see Eden."

Proceeding with care, I noticed that other people were within the tunnel, but despite their presence, I felt absolutely alone. As the tunnel began to meander, my spirit was its back as if riding down river. Closing in on me now, the tunnel began to shrink just as I'd been warned and within moments, it was only a tiny ribbed cage with an unusual white substance flowing like a river. Claustrophobic, it took an act of will to not be afraid.

As suddenly as it started to shrink, it began to open up again, and I saw the gate to the House of the Mysteries in the distance. Walking through the gate, I was surprised to realize that I had entered some kind of floating gazebo. Up in the air, I saw the Garden of Eden floating.

Given entry, I walked into the bounteous garden and was greeted by a spirit who pointed out that you could see the Earth from this place in the

heavens. Speaking of original sin, the spirit conveyed that it is not the sin of Adam and Eve for which we are accountable, but our own sins which we have been born into, via our karmic entanglements in past-lives. Original sin is the sum of our own actions which follow us as we journey the repetitious cycle of transmigration. Original sin is karma. Represented symbolically in the story of Adam and Eve by their failure to obey God, this sin is the root of all sin, which is the essence of karma.

Beyond this, I was given understanding into the concept of the sins of the father's having been visited upon the sons. Through example, the seeds of a parent's particular vice are naturally amended into their children. Although you are not accountable for the sins of your parents, you *are* accountable for the aspects of your parent's vice that you embrace. By the nature of the laws of existence, you take on some of the dark influx that your parents have within them, and you become subject to the laws of cause and effect in regard to their actions. Therefore, parent's sins can be visited upon the children.

Parents are chosen because of the knowledge they can impart to the soul. Sometimes they teach virtue, sometimes they teach vice, all depending upon the needs and spiritual condition of the souls involved. If you are born into darkness, the purpose remains rebirth into the light, rather than an acceptance of wrong view, karmic circling, and backwards motion.

Being an upperworld, the Garden of Eden existed in the ether above the Earth, and down below I could see the underworlds residing in their own

spheres. "The garden is a gateway," the spirit said, "a place where the mortal ignite immortal paths."

*"O Adam, look at that garden of joy and at this earth of toil, and behold the angels who are in the garden - that is full of them, and see thyself alone on this earth, with Satan whom thou didst obey. Yet, if thou hadst submitted, and been obedient to Me, and hadst kept My Word, thou dost be with My angels in My garden. But when thou didst transgress and hearken to Satan, thou didst become his guest among his angels, that are full of wickedness; and thou camest to this earth, that brings forth to thee thorns and thistles."*

*The Lost Books of the Bible and the Forgotten Books of Eden, Adam and Eve, Chapter LVI, Verses 2-4,  
(Christianity, Judaism)*

*"Gardens of perpetuity, wherein flow rivers, to abide therein. And such is the reward of him who purifies himself."*

*The Holy Qur'an, Part XVI, Chapter 20, Section 3, No. 76, (Islam, Words of Mohammad)*

A vortex appeared in the sky and as I soared to it, I was taken to my backyard where the gateway appeared. An Indian woman came through the gateway, holding her hands closed in front of her. Opening them, she held eternal waters which were formed in bodies, which she promptly gave to me. Closing her hands and soaring back through the gateway, a deer bobbed its head to see above the brush.

*"Then the angel showed me the river of life-giving water, sparkling like crystal, flowing from the throne*

**of God . . ."**

*New American Bible, New Testament, Revelations 22:1,  
(Christianity, Catholic)*

***"He said to me, 'They are accomplished, I am the Alpha and the Omega, the beginning and the end. To the thirsty I will give a gift from the spring of life-giving water. The victor will inherit these gifts, and I shall be his God, and he will be my son.'"***

*New American Bible, New Testament, Revelations 21:6,  
(Christianity, Catholic, Words of Christ)*

**CHAPTER FOUR**

***"Wisdom's voice rings out from behind the doors of the righteous; wherever the godly foregather (is heard) her song. Whenso they eat and are filled, the word is of her; when they drink in fellowship together, their talk is of the lore of the Most High; the aim of their discourse is to further the knowledge of His power . . . Bless ye, the Lord, who redeems the humble from the grasp of the proud."***

*The Dead Sea Scriptures, Poems from a Qumran Hymnal,  
II, No. 12-18, Page 220, (Christianity, Gnostic/Essene)*

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Hundreds of spirits were gathered, but no one was paying attention to one another and there appeared to be no way to exit this building. Noticing a woman who walked by, she had a symbol emblazoned on her forehead which I immediately knew to be the sign of attachment. A sideways triangle with an arrow running through it, I shouted, "You are Romulet!" Turning to meet my gaze, she

replied, "You recognized me, my friend. I will tell you of the crossing."

Moments later, we stood before a pyramid. "Prepare for the next rite," Romulet said, as a thought-form began before me. Standing at the side of a busy road, a tiny child was running towards the traffic. Stopping her with a wave of energy coming from my hands, I said, "When making the crossing, it's very easy to be like a tiny child, naive and unknowing of what happens next. For this reason, you must remain far to the side, because when you are truly ready to cross, the movement will take you. But if you linger at the border when you're not yet ready to pass, the energies (like the cars), will hurl you far away from the crossing." Romulet smiled, "The time must be right, and the danger only comes when you try to force the movement."

Movement beginning, we were taken to the outer perimeter of the pyramid. Above the pyramid was a very real human eye, and in the center of the pyramid was an unusual sign which I recognized as the sign of the eights. Looking like an 'h' with a low hanging left hook, the top of the pyramid glowed with golden light. Understanding the pyramid to be a symbol of God's creation, we entered the empty tomb chamber within.

*"The hub and center of the entire pyramid symbolism is Christ . . . If you were to read through the Bible from cover to cover, and ascertain the plan of God therein, and then attempt to draw a diagram of that plan in such a simple way that a child could understand, you could not do so any more simply and accurately than it is portrayed in the Great Pyramid .*

*Pyramidology, (On the Great Pyramid), Book I, Chapter VII, Page 106, (Christianity, Pyramidology, Author: Adam Rutherford)*

A man materialized and joined us in this room where a stone casket lay unopened. Also carrying a sign on his head, a number eight was surrounded by a black circle. Saying nothing, they stood together as if they expected something from me. "The signs of attachment," I pondered. "You're not wearing them right. The signs represent the masculine and feminine, and they are switched, are they not?" Amused, the signs switched foreheads, the man now wearing the triangle with the arrow, and the woman the eight surrounded by a circle.

***"The Holy Scriptures are like a large house with many, many rooms and that outside each door lies a key - but it is not the right one. To find the right keys that will open the doors - that is the great and arduous task."***

*On the Kabbalah and its Symbolism, Chapter 1, Page 12, Bottom, A Quote from Origen, Selecta in Psalmos, (Judaism, Author: Gershom Scholem)*

Knowing they wished for me to explain the meaning of the signs, I began. "The eight is immortal," I said, "and the circle represents the circle of life. The feminine energy has the higher potential to touch immortality, but is held back by its attachment to karmic circling." I paused. "As for the masculine, the arrow shoots upward from the pyramid base straight through the top-point which is oneness, thus the masculine energy can be focused on the goal, but remains attached at the base of the triangle, which is

the expansion of oneness into multiplicity, the endless cycles of lives, karma." Smiling, they reached for the stone that covered the casket.

Pulling out a book, its title read, 'The Book of the Eights.' Falling in unison to the floor, we were all deep in a prayerful state. Upon the cover, was the same sign that had been in the center of the pyramid; the sign of the immortals. "This book contains the names of all those who have achieved the ascension," he said, as he began chanting: "The book of the crossing, the Book of the Eights, reminds us of those who have passed through Your gates. Into the realm of spiritual ether, the realm of immortals, the world of hereafter. Who among us knows the name, of one passing through the gateway of the Eights?"

Handing me the book with great sanctity, he said, "Inside you will find the names of those who've descended the Holy Christ Spirit. This sacred book is given to those who embark upon the path of the ascension. You passed through many trials, and now you are an initiate to the worlds of the wise." "But what is this symbol," I said, pointing to the symbol of the immortals on the cover. He wouldn't say.

Gleaning no more from this journey, they left me with a warning to be careful as I passed through the mass retain (astral energy zone containing the thoughts of humanity) on my journey back to my body. Surrounding me with white light, they sent me back.

*"I saw the dead, the great and the lowly, standing before the throne, and scrolls were opened. Then another scroll was opened, the book of life. The dead were judged according to their deeds, by what was*



***written in the scrolls . . . Anyone whose name was not found written in the book of life was thrown into the pool of fire."***

*New American Bible, New Testament, Revelation 20:12, 15, (Christianity, Catholic)*

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Led by an unseen force towards the sun, a huge angel was sitting on a throne next to the solar orb, the 'Guardian of the Rite of the Light of the Sun.' Beginning to fly around the sun over and over again, fireballs of light began popping from its surface and into my soul. Taking in the immortal ethers, the Guardian remained silent until my time was finished. When this was so, she raised a single hand, as I was sent soaring back towards the Earth.

Hovering above my bed, seven angels appeared holding a clear cistern of the immortal waters which swayed to and fro like the ocean. Pouring this holy water down my throat, the level of the water inside the cistern never changed, as its supply was endless. Continuing for quite some time, my spirit felt as though it were being healed and replenished. Finished, they all began to glow brightly before they flew away.

***"In front of the throne was something that resembled a sea of glass like crystal."***

*New American Bible, New Testament, Revelations 4:6, (Christianity, Catholic)*

***"Everyone who drinks this water will be thirsty again; but whoever drinks the water I shall give will never thirst; the water I shall give will become in him a spring of water welling up to eternal life."***

*New American Bible, New Testament, John 4:13-15,*

*(Christianity, Catholic, Words of Christ)*

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Soaring to an ancient native pyramid site, tribal leaders who called themselves 'elementals,' stood around a fire pit. The first one said, "I am the mortal, I am the earth." The second one rose, "I am oneness, I am the water." The third one spoke, "I am the ascension, I am fire." And the fourth said, "I am immortal, I am the air." Singing an ancient native song, I listened intently and was pushed by an energy force to the floor, as they quickly picked me up and placed me by the fire.

Another native approached, "I image the heavens. I am Many Cloud." Beginning to change forms, Many Cloud slowly became a formation of clouds, as the other elementals immediately pushed my hand into this cloud. Feeling the mist, I also noticed a small metallic object which I pulled from the inside of the cloud which was a key of some kind.

Stepping forth, the immortal elemental said, "I am the choice you have made, let me show you all that will now change." With one feather in his hair, he stood before me, but began to shape-shift. First, he became a white-winged horse; second, he became an eagle; and third, he became a star. Chanting native songs, they began generating energies that were affecting my interior. Slowly, I began to shift into a white-winged horse, then an eagle and finally a star. Filling me with a profound understanding of the energetic properties in regards to the evolution of consciousness, it was clear to me that I was experiencing (in an energetic and elemental sense), the evolution of the spirit. (The white horse in

revelations was described as faithful and true, which are elements required to begin the spiritual path. The eagle flies high above the delusions of the world, seeing things from the perspective of truth. And the star is the living life-force of all mortal life, capable of influencing the destiny of entire planetary systems.)

Growing very loud in their chanting, my spirit felt very strong at this moment. The elemental of air handed me a peace-pipe. As I smoked it, I became a huge oak tree. "You have taken the smoke of the mysteries," he said, "The oak tree is the father of the unknown." An owl appeared on my branch and began to sing songs: "Shamanic healing life-force pulse, feel the energy of the few, who reach by night to mighty stars, and bring to Earth the chosen few." As my spirit was being pulled away from the sight, the air elemental said with deep mystical import, "I wish I could lift the memory of the souls."

*"The Universe, say the Desana, is made up of four basic elements: land, water, air and energy. These four ingredients are ordered and arrayed in an infinite number of combinations and constitute the essential ingredients of the entire cosmos and of the life-forms - including human beings - that animate it."*

*Wisdom of the Elders, The Building Blocks of the Universe,  
Page 57, Paragraph 1, (Tribal)*

*"Concentration is their citadel, empty silence is their palace, with the armor of benevolence, the sword of wisdom, the bow of mindfulness, the arrows of insight, they spread the canopy of spiritual power on high and raise the banner of knowledge."*

*The Flower Ornament Scripture, Chapter 38, Detachment from the World, Page 1132, Stanza 2, (Buddhism,*

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When Andy awoke, he conveyed a story of how he had been taken to a glorious Native American temple. Given his true name, 'Tree of the Rainbow,' an old man appeared in a fetal position. Hundreds of lighted hands were motioning Andy to come closer, and as he did, the old man became the sacred Indian chief. Embracing, the two became one. Celebrations ensued.

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And so it came to pass that I was initiated into the mysteries of the ark (Noah's ark) which is the key to crossing the ages, and is linked to reincarnation. Pyramidal elements appear, forming a vortex, placing the soul upon the ark to find its successive link of existence. Very complex and difficult to describe, I watched the mystical process of a soul reincarnating into another lifetime.

Upon entering the place of initiation into the mysteries of the crucifixion, I was intrigued to note that one of the thieves who died next to Christ was the guardian of this ritual passage. Handing me paintings of Christ's death, I was horrified by the magnitude of his injuries and suffering. Beginning to cry uncontrollably, the guide told me that the cross represents the earthly life, while the nailing to the cross represents surrender to the divine will. Crucifixion is also symbolic of the soul's journey, in that the fragment must die to contain the Christ, the higher self. Showing an aura of blue around His head and face as He was crucified, it was brilliant and emitted passionate love for mankind.

Wishing to show them to others as they arrived, the paintings changed and became floral prints. Chastised for attempting to share them with the uninitiated, I became aware that energetic knowledge can be misused. (As per order of the Lord, no more shall be said).

*"I have told you this so that you may not fall away. They will expel you from the synagogues; in fact, the hour is coming when everyone who kills you will think he is offering worship to God. They will do this because they have not known either the Father or me."*

*New American Bible, New Testament, John 16:1-3,  
(Christianity, Catholic, Words of Christ)*

*"So they took Jesus, and carrying the cross himself he went out to what is called the Place of the Skull in Hebrew, Golgotha. There they crucified him, and with him two others, one on either side, with Jesus in the Middle."*

*New American Bible, New Testament, John 19:17-18,  
(Christianity, Catholic)*

Leading me to a bus that was waiting outside, an Indian man was staring at me whose name was 'Red Horse.' (Although I didn't know it at the time, he appeared to me in the manner in which he was presently incarnate, and this was the soul of Red Jacket.) 'Red Jacket Reunion' splashed through my head like a torrential flood. Taking one last glance at this mysterious man, I walked away.

While awaking, my spirit became conscious while my body was deep in vibration. Hearing a knock inside of my head, I telepathically conveyed, "Please, please come into my spirit." A sudden

torrent of energy burst and exploded inside of me as a very high celestial being began its entrance into my form. "I am timeless, a being of God." The voice sounded like that of a very old woman. "I am you," she said, "the highest part."

*"Heaven's peace, being something Divine which most deeply touches with blessedness the good itself which is in angels, does not reach their conscious perception except as follows: through a pleasure of heart when they are engaged in the good proper to their lives, through a sense of fitness when they hear something true that is in harmony with their good, and through an exhilaration of mind when they perceive their bonding."*

*Heaven & Hell, Chapter 32, No. 288, Page 211-212,  
Bottom & Top, (Christianity, Swedenborgianism, Author:  
Emanuel Swedenborg)*

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Rotting at their foundation, holes had formed in spots amongst the walls that now surrounded Andy as he desperately tried to repair them where the light was shining through. Opening in more and more, places, he couldn't do it, and huge block letters appeared forming the words, 'Dont's' and 'Should's.' Fighting internal programs which were blocking out the inflow from heaven, they made it difficult for him to accept or experience love.

A rainbow pathway appeared beckoning both of us to travel its road, but he couldn't yet go. "I'm sorry, Andy, I'm moving on." I said, as I grabbed hold of the movement.

Up ahead, was a woman that I remembered seeing with the Chief upon the cliff, the one with the

gift of the purple rose. Holding a book and sitting in lotus position, a message was encoded above her head in petroglyphs. Horizontally, a line of symbols appeared; a series of three rectangles, one triangle, three rectangles, one triangle . . . etc. The rectangles represented Earthly lives, while the triangles represented transcendence. Triangles represent the karmic journey of a soul in that the bottom base is the symbol of multiplicity and separation, while the top-point is the symbol of unity and oneness with God. The wide base of the triangle represents the view of many lifetimes and an unfocused chaotic perception, while the top-point holds a single focus on God. Everything in-between represents the journey of the soul from multiplicity to oneness, showing the gradual narrowing of view to the one cause.

Calling herself 'Sacagawea,' because her purpose was to lead souls across the great divide, she conveyed that I must lead Andy to her. Directing me to look upon the rainbow path, she said, "I come in disguise, the rainbow my form, the path of the rainbow, leads sleeping to dawn. Those dwelling in fear may stall throughout time, but those seeking redemption, must cross this line." Pointing out the yellow band upon the rainbow, she said that I must now seek the path of illumination. Thrust upon this pathway in a frenzy, I looked behind me.

Andy had borne through his wall and met Sacagawea. Stroking her long black hair, it seemed that this action held energetic purpose in freeing the soul. Looking upon a triangular pyramid, she directed him to fly from the base of multiplicity through the top-point of one in one tremendous surge

of power.

***"In time Unity will perfect the spaces. It is within Unity that each one will attain himself; within knowledge he will purify himself from multiplicity into Unity, consuming matter within himself like fire, and darkness by light, death by life."***

*The Nag Hammadi Library, The Gospel of Truth, No. 25,  
Verse 9-20, (Christianity/Gnostic)*

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Led to a forest by invisible spirits, I kneeled in a glen and glanced at the full moon above. "You live under my essence." The moon replied. "You hear the voice of the birds." Taken aback by the moon communicating with me, I listened with intrigue. "The violates won't listen so you must become my voice. The laws of nature must be followed and respected. Man likes to control everything, including life, so I need you to help me. The initiate must make an oath to all that is of the light. Your higher self awaits in the stars."

Bowing my head lightly, I called out instinctually, "I make this promise to the moon in the sky. I will hold nature most high and sacred. And I shall only use the power of the light with the purest of intentions."

Opening grandly, the skies were filled with Pleiadian vessels which approached from all directions as cloudbursts exploded, lightning cried out and faces began forming right in the sky. Understanding that these faces were all my own, I was witnessing a panoramic display of my many lifetimes upon the Earth. A voice came from the space vessels, "These faces are you and they join you right



now." Knowledge of each lifetime entered me. "I'm ready!" I shouted to them, "All that I am, and all that I will be relies on this moment. Let Odyssey descend." (Odyssey was the name of my highest self)

Everything began to calm as the mother ship began to glow and a beam began emanating from its bottom. Watching from the side, Andy said, "I'm proud of you honey, go take the next step." Looking above me, I replied, "All that I am, and all I will be, relies on this moment, reuniting with the Pleiades." Odyssey appeared as an old woman with a bun in her hair, but as she descended, her image changed into many forms, encompassing all who had lived and died under her herald. As she entered my spirit, she said, "The memory of all you have been is now back. Hold your oath to the moon sacred, forevermore."

Falling through a large luminous tunnel together, we re-entered the earth.

***"Canst thou bind the sweet influences of Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion?"***

*King James Bible, Old Testament, Job 38:31, (Christianity)*

***"He found that, at the very same time that the Dragon Star (The North Star) was in alignment with the Descending Passage (On the Great Pyramid), that beautiful and much admired little stellar cluster, the Pleiades or Seven Sisters in the Constellation of Taurus (The Bull), was in alignment with the scored lines." (Ascending Passage)***

*Pyramidology, Book I, Chapter VI, Page 92, (Christianity, Pyramidology, Author: Adam Rutherford)*

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And so it came to pass that I retrieved the mystery of the totems, which are our guardian spirits.

The further the seeker goes, the more totems they are given to protect them in their journey. Presented to me as many different faces upon dozens of totem poles scattered throughout a mountain valley, each represented a guardian spirit, but they also represented different states of being. Calling the totems 'Mayan Cards of Walking Stone,' Odyssey had one last thing to share before this experience was over. "The lighted are precious, our link to the Earth; we protect the sacred, those who give birth."

*"At the root of the precept lies the purpose to establish firmly in our spirits that the watchful care of the Eternal Lord is individual, over each and every one among human beings, and His eyes are open to observe all their ways."*

*Sefer haHinnuch, Volume II, No. 169, Paragraph 6,  
(Judaism)*

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Thrust into a deep underworld ghetto, a man in a car was chasing me and shooting at me with a gun. Hitting my spiritual body, my spirit rose as if in death, but I failed to understand what was happening. Inherently, however, I realized that I had failed the first test. Knowledge entered, and I realized that in order to pass this rite, I had to ascend the body, rather than just allowing my form to die. Running through the streets as the man in the car again shot me, I used my will to alter my molecular structure and transfer form.

Immediately, I was on an island with two other men who asked me about what I do. "I live on the earth-plane, just as you might, but at night I go astral and learn of the light." Jumping in the water, we

swam below the ethereal space cleansing our souls of the previous rite of passage. But upon return to the shore, I noticed a clam seashell. Opened, it had many tiny seashells inside of it. Showing it to my friends, they were intrigued, but afraid. Suddenly I felt knowing, and that I was being led into another ritual passage.

Holding it, I vibrated with purpose and was immediately transported back to the ghetto. Knowing that a 'Crystalline Statue of Eve' had been hidden by the Lord, I sought to find it so that my illusions would be broken and the mysteries revealed. Accompanying me, the two men who had been with me on the island were no longer able to recognize who I was, and would not be able to do so until I retrieved the 'Eve.'

Running through the streets alone, I was no longer afraid. Seeing the men up ahead, I ran towards them, but they didn't know who I was. Turning to go, I suddenly noticed something in one of their pockets, a shattered 'Crystalline Eve.' In thousands of pieces, only fragments remained of the solid form. Mourning the loss of this mystery, I suddenly realized that the 'Eve' was fully completed inside my own heart. Their shattered image was their own, for each of us has our own 'crystalline Eve.' Imagining the 'Eve' and I as one, the 'Crystalline Statue of Eve' appeared in my hands. Made of white quartz, her hair was blowing in the wind.

Everything suddenly froze in a time warp continuum, as a voice told me that the statue would remain with me as a symbol of my attainment, 'Master of Creation.' Remembering sacred words, I

spoke them to receive further passage:

"Whereupon, the days I mesh, into the stillness of the  
night.

Forms of lifedom gaining quest, son of self, relinquish  
fright."

Sitting in lotus position again in the glen facing the invisible masters, a voice echoed. "Remember the moon, the sacred oath of the seer; never interfere with the laws of nature. In the natural selection, the free will of life, the 'Eve' manifests, only when asked. And most important, the seer must know, to *feel* a pure heart, and one not in growth." Vowing to heal souls, I bowed to the invisible masters, because I felt their presence. "You felt us," they said, "your oneness is wise." Reiterating their calling, the moon conveyed, "Your energy must protect the laws of nature." Asking for a solemn vow to serve the Earth from the energetic realms, I said, "I'll remain pure, I'll follow the law." "Remember the law is not always the same," they said, "purification requires many things." Energy determines validity of action, not moral judgment. Agreeing, I disappeared.

As Eve was the first to eat of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, the world of karma, she guardians the journey for descendants. While a soul remains in karmic multiplicity, the 'Crystalline Eve' is shattered into hundreds of pieces, much like the soul; but as a spirit becomes pure it regains wholeness. And as we have been led upwards by those above, so shall we lead those below, in order to give back to evolution what it has given to us.

***"When God created the universe, He ordained that this world should be served from the world above. Hence when mankind are virtuous and walk in the right path, God puts in motion the spirit of life from above . . ."***

*The Zohar, Volume 1, Bereshith, Page 186, Paragraph 1,  
(Judaism)*

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And so it came to pass that the four elementals returned to me with three more to teach me of the process of death and re-birth. Meeting 'Essence,' 'Karmic Memory,' and 'Spiritual Ether,' I learned that Fire, Earth, Water and Air are elementals of the earth, while the remaining three serve the function of karmic re-birth. The Essence creates astral fragments, Karmic Memory stores karmic data, and Spiritual Ether blends matter with spirit to create re-birth. The elementals are the choreographers of earthly existence.

***"The sacred seven, reminders of the galactic origins of Mayan culture, are also the seven isosceles triangles we see each year . . . in Chichen Itza, Yucatan. There, the masters teach us in a living way, and you and I can experience the sacred moment when***

***Kukulcan/Quetzalcoatl arrives to imbue us with cosmic energy. At that moment, we feel the vibration of Hunab K'u as the only giver of life."***

*Secrets of Mayan Science/Religion, Chapter 5, Page 121,  
Paragraph 5, (Tribal, Mayan, Author: Hunbatz Men)*

***"Say all these things with fire and spirit, until completing the first utterance; then, similarly, begin the second, until you complete the seven immortal gods of the world. When you have said these things,***

***you will hear thundering and shaking in the  
surrounding realm."***

*The Ancient Mysteries, Chapter 7, The Roman Mysteries  
of Mithras, The Mithras Liturgy, Page 216, No. 615-620,  
(Mystery Religions, Mediterranean)*

Seven angels came and placed a golden crown upon my head which was like an auric addition. "We give you the crown." They said, as they left me in peace.

***"Let souls who are striving for perfection particularly  
adore My mercy, because the abundance of graces  
which I grant them flows from My mercy. I desire  
that these souls distinguish themselves by boundless  
trust in My mercy. I myself will attend to the  
sanctification of such souls."***

*Divine Mercy, Notebook V, Page 560, Paragraph 2,  
(Christianity, Catholic, Words of Christ)*

## **TREMORS OF THE EARTH (Emergence of Karma)**

***"Many object to the doctrine of Re-Birth on the  
ground that the experiences of each life, not being  
remembered, must be useless and without value. This  
is an erroneous view of the subject, for while such  
experiences may not be fully remembered, yet they are  
not lost to us at all, but really form a part of the  
material of which our minds are composed. They  
exist in essence in the form of feelings, characteristics,  
attractions, repulsions, etc."***

*The Secret Doctrine of the Rosicrucians, Metempsychosis,  
Page 177, Paragraph 1, (Mystery Religions, Rosicrucian)*

CHAPTER FIVE

***"Thou must still be tried upon the earth, and be exercised in many things. Consolation shall from time to time be given thee, but abundant satisfying shall not be granted. Be strong therefore . . . thou must put on a new man, and be changed into another man."***

*The Imitation of Christ, The Third Book, Chapter XLIX, No. 4, (Christianity, Catholic, Author: Thomas A Kempis)*  
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Standing at the ancient burial site, a familiar face could be seen approaching from the distance. Red Horse approached slowly, carrying something in his hands. Looking deeply into my eyes, his gaze did not cease to meet mine at any point during his slow approach. When he arrived, he placed the animal skin he had held in his hands over my shoulders. "This is my gift to you." He said. Looking up, I noticed Long Hair standing beside a tree in the distance, watching the interaction on this dark night.

***"With the young woman's feet planted in the slanting doorway where an older female relative could see them, the man would cover their shoulders and heads with a special courting robe and make his case."***

*Walking in the Sacred Manner, Chapter 4, Adulthood, Page 78-79, (Tribal, Plains)*

### MY BROTHER, WE ARE ONE

*I see you in the distance, your hair so long and black,  
 The wind streams catch its glister; it flows along your back  
 Feeling my stare you turn, your olive face confused  
 But behind my eyes I'm dreaming and the dream is captured in you*

*My mind holds many faces, of spirits in my heart*

*And times among the prairie's and wooded lands of earth  
The music fills my spaces, you look at me confused  
But dreams can never shatter, in my mind ring sounds of flutes*

*The wanton memory aroused of all you now possess  
A part of me now missing, the Indian blood caressed  
Your face wonders at my vision, but I cannot reveal the cause  
My brothers I am crying, in my heart I know we're one*

*The joy that fills my vision, the part of me you are  
I call to spirits gleaming, my brother, we are one*

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Plummeting into the body of a blonde woman named Katharine; I was sitting in the woods somewhere in South America being briefed on the next assignment. Involved in a covert operation in the jungles, there was great danger here. Sitting next to me was a man with dark piercing brown eyes which revealed his true identity, that of Red Jacket. But at this time, his name was Dave.

Concerned about a woman being involved in such a dangerous operation, I shrugged all of them off. "Having a woman around will only make our cover more believable." I said. "But you don't look like a woman from these parts," the crew leader said, because most of those on our team were dark-skinned. Looking at Dave, I said, "Well, Dave doesn't look very South American, either." "That's true." They replied. "But that doesn't mean he isn't handsome in his own special way." I added, knowing that he was shy, and I was bold.

Spying on some sort of illegal activity in the jungles, we hid our camps among the thickest brush. Tripping and spraining my ankle one day, Dave rushed to my aid. But he wasn't a big man and was unable to carry me. Angry, he yelled at me. "I want



to get you out of this operation! This work is dangerous. A time will come when I can no longer take care of you." Rather angry at his attitude, I was also confused by his apparent sense of impending death. "Come on, Dave, you're not going to die! Besides you'd be surprised what I can do in an emergency." Releasing his arm, I ran off into the woods on my injured foot. Laughing, he followed.

Spending many nights around the campfire talking about our dreams, we had obvious deep feelings for one another. One evening while sitting around the fire, he looked up at me very seriously. "If we ever get out of here alive, I'm going to marry you." Taken aback, I asked, "What's holding you back, now?" "I can't," he said, "not when I don't know what will happen, if I'll leave you behind. I worry about you being with us, I couldn't stand it if you . . . nothing." Moving closer, I hugged him. "That's the nature of this business, sweetie."

Suddenly, we heard something which sounded like a vehicle approaching. Dave looked up, "I have a bad feeling," he whispered, "on your back!" Diving immediately beneath a tree, machine gun fire ripped at us as the hooded driver aimed for us. Moments later, it was over. My leg was grazed but otherwise I was fine. Looking up to see how Dave had fared . . . my scream echoed through the night wind, as the blood oozed slowly down his back.

Shot in the back, it appeared very serious but he was still alive . . . just barely. "Oh, my God," I cried out, as I noticed that the others were miraculously unharmed because their shelters were skillfully hidden behind huge rocks and barriers. Dave tried to

speaking but his words were a jumble, "I can't take care of you anymore." "Shut up!" I yelled at him angrily. "I don't need you to take care of me! I'm going to take care of you." Trying to make him more comfortable, I turned him over but couldn't move him. Whispering in his ear, I said, "You're going to be okay, I'm going to heal you . . ." Breathlessly, he replied, "I believe you could," but we both knew he was dying.

Leaving his side to speak with the group, we were trying to make decisions about our next move because our whereabouts were obviously no longer a secret. A terrible feeling came over me, but before I could ascertain its cause, shots began to ring out again. Running back to Dave as the others screamed for me to stay where it was safe, they shouted, "No! You can't help him now!"

Holding his bullet riddled body in my arms; tears were streaming down my cheeks. Crying out, I shouted, "You're free now!" But in my profound grief, I hadn't noticed one minor thing, as suddenly a big smile came over my face. Blood dribbled down my chest where the searing bullet had entered, and there was no pain as I released the ghost. "Hang on! I'm coming with you!"

Moments later, my present fragment, Marilyn, hovered tearfully over the scene of their deaths. Katharine rose to greet me, her short blonde hair framing her dying smile. "Oh, don't cry," she said, "Remembering is good, even though it sometimes evokes pain."

*"May my life merge in the Immortal when my body is reduced to ashes. O mind, meditate on the eternal Brahman. Remember the deeds of the past,*

***Remember, O mind, remember."***

*The Upanishads, The Isha Upanishad, No. 17, Page 210,  
(Hinduism, Translation: Eknath Easwaran)*

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The grand convention was about to begin and all the natives were gathering for the festivities at the coliseum. My family was not to be involved, however, because father didn't like to mingle with the natives of Lemuria, because he felt that dignitaries should be above the native people. Wandering off, I'd gone towards the beach.

Sitting in a lotus position, his black hair framed his honey colored skin, but he was far away . . . in a trance of some sort. Submerging his legs with each wave, the ocean went back and forth out to sea. Beginning to chant a mystical song, I walked slowly closer. Sitting down far behind him, I was very quiet, but he knew I was there. Turning without pause in his chant, he motioned me to join him. Coming closer, I sat near him, closing my eyes and joining in his meditation. Looking at me with expectancy, it was as if he'd expected me to come.

Inviting me to join him at the coliseum later for a sun ceremony, I entered alone to observe the huge monoliths of stone that cascaded into the sky. Sitting in the distance with a woman, he beckoned me to join them, as I suddenly realized that this man carried the soul of Red Jacket. His name in this lifetime was 'Red Horse.'

As the sun prepared to set, the native people wore elaborate feathered outfits with masked faces which depicted the many moods of the Earth. Wearing a gleaming sun on her head, one woman

danced to a shamanic drumbeat in a wild frenzy of primeval power.

Meeting secretly, Red Horse and I became close friends, but never more. He was married, and his wife knew nothing of our friendship. Heartbroken that he would repress his feelings for me when others were around, I was unsure of how he felt. My feelings for him clearly crossed the line.

"Hurry up, let's go," my mother was shouting for me to pack my bags. Lemuria was experiencing many changes; earthquakes, minor volcanic eruptions, and weather disturbances that led the inhabitants to believe that the continent was in the beginning stages of destruction. Special boats had been prepared for the dignitaries and their families, and after they were all evacuated, they planned to retrieve more ships to evacuate the remaining tribes.

Grabbing my stuff, our family began its walk to the docks. Hundreds of people were evacuating, and long lines of native people were hurrying around the boat docks. "You'd think they could keep those unkempt dark people away from us." Mother said. "Darnet, Mother!" I shouted. "I'm getting really tired of your attitude about these people!" Laughing hysterically, she said, "Well, that doesn't surprise me with the way you've been seeing one of those silly people behind our backs!" Shocked, my jaw dropped because I'd thought no one knew. "How long have you known?" "Long enough to know it's time we got you off this island before he ruins you." Another line of tribe's people blocked our path. "How can these dirty people live with themselves?" Mother said, as I lost my temper. "These *people* are the ones who are

evacuating people like *you* before themselves!!!" "Well," she said, "it doesn't change the fact that they are disgusting! And you, you're so taken with one of them, it almost makes me sick. He's not even interested in you, he's got a wife! But that's how desperate you've become in this country." "That's it, Mama!" I yelled. Running towards a boat, my brother followed me, agreeing with my stance. "You're on your own, Mother; you know nothing about me or what I feel!" She and my father continued towards the larger boat and dock which was further away, completely unmoved.

Rumbling began without warning, and we knew that we had to get off the boat because it was shaking and wrenching against the land and the docks. Calling to my brother, I said, "The boat is too close to the land, it will shatter if the earthquake gets worse. Come with me!" Running towards the exit, I was now at the top of the steps on the verge of escape, but my brother laughed and motioned me to go without him. A thunderous movement was felt as the earth shook with ferocity. Bursting apart, the walls of the boat started to crumble as my brother fell to the ground, his leg bleeding badly because a beam had ripped through it. Running to grab him, I pulled him off the sinking boat through the might of adrenaline, but he couldn't walk and I had to get us to safe ground.

Looking for the large boat my parents had boarded, I knew they would have doctors aboard. Only half-conscious now, his wound was bleeding badly as I ran and ran with no clear focus as to where to go. Up ahead in the near distance, I saw Red Horse

with his wife at his side. Tearful, I called out to him, but stopped myself not wishing to interfere. But he'd looked my way and was horrified as he saw our dramatic condition. Running quickly to my aid, he picked my brother up and threw him over his shoulder. Taking my hand, he began running in the direction of the dock. Confused, his wife followed. "No, Red Horse," I said, "Just point us in the right direction and we'll find it. You belong with your wife." Refusing to stop, he ran until he got my brother safely aboard the large boat preparing to leave the shattering nation.

Forcefully directing me to board the ship before it was too late to evacuate, I turned to him in confusion. "Go!" he shouted, "You will be safe now!" Below my breath, I replied, "Come with me!" Turning to glance at his wife who was now far behind, he said, "I can't." Looking down in shame, I quickly apologized. "No, it's not that, our marriage was arranged. I can't get on that boat, I don't have passage. Go!" Pushing me forcefully, I began to walk slowly towards the boat, but as I did I turned to watch him. Eyes looking up to meet mine, I blew him a kiss but realized that there was no invitation to stay.

Shouting at me to hurry, my shipmates were getting annoyed at my delays. But I continued to watch him and slowly, Red Horse lifted his arms and opened them in welcome. Turning to my shipmates, I said, "I'm staying, go without me." Amidst their protests, I ran to Red Horse as he hugged and tossed me in the air. Taking my hand, he danced me around in circles. As the boat pulled away from the land, the vibrations of the earth slowly ceased. Red Horse's

wife walked slowly away, not appearing at all distraught, as if she knew all along.

Sitting quietly in the stone amphitheater some time later, a rehearsal was in progress. Red Horse was an actor, and I, a playwright. Juliosa was lingering around the stage, and he approached. "The play is good, huh?" I nodded, 'yes.' "There is something you must know." He said with a pause. "Spinoza." Looking at him, I repeated his word, "Spinoza," but I didn't know what it meant. "Remember this," he said, "Spinoza means, *your writing lives!*" Whoosh! Falling through space, I landed in my body.

Although I didn't know it at the time, Spinoza was an ancient Jewish philosopher whose writings do indeed still live.

***"We should, in the same way, reflect on courage as a means of overcoming fear; the ordinary dangers of life should frequently be brought to mind and imagined, together with the means whereby through readiness of resource and strength of mind we can avoid and overcome them."***

*The Ethics of Spinoza, On the Power of the Intellect,  
Passions and Intelligence, Page 144, Paragraph 2,  
(Judaism, Author: Baruch Spinoza)*

***"A writer says of the character of the civilization of Lemuria: 'Life in Lemuria is described as being principally concerned with the physical senses and sensual enjoyment, only a few developed souls having broken through the fetters of materiality and reached the beginnings of the mental and spiritual planes of life.'"***

*The Secret Doctrine of the Rosicrucians, Part XI, Page 197,  
Paragraph 1, (Mystery Religions, Rosicrucian)*

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Running wildly on the sandy beach, the gunfire was getting ever closer as I quickly boarded the nearest boat. Hiding behind a wall, another thunderous bullet rang out from the beach. What was happening? Sudden movement knocked me to the floor of the boat as I heard the sound of its bottom scraping against the boulders on shore. "Oh, my God!" I thought, "We're setting sail!" Peering around the corner, the beach was now a good hundred feet away. "Hey!" A voice called from behind me, "What are you doing on this boat?!" My heart fell as the Indian man approached. My long dress had been soiled and I brushed my hands against the spots to make myself presentable. "Are you a stowaway?!" He called, as I stuttered no answer. Coming closer, his energy toward me changed. "Oh, my God, you're a woman." He exclaimed. Bowing shyly, I didn't reply. "Women aren't allowed on this boat, don't you know that?" "There was a gunfight on the beach, and I ran from them, I'm so sorry, sir." Putting his arms around me, he said, "Don't cry, honey, it'll be okay." And he made sure that it was.

Leading me to a small room, he gave me a place to stay and food to eat as long as I promised to stay out of the way of the sailors. The ship was some kind of coal barge and our destination was a small island not terribly far away. Coming to see me often, many hours passed as we talked and talked. A storm slowed the boats progress, and then it was damaged when it hit a rock near the reef of an island, delaying it even more.

After a time, we became very close, and fell



deeply in love. It was only after this that he mentioned that he was married. "But she's no threat to you," he said, "we married to make things right. But let's not talk about that, she's far away and you're close to my heart." Despite this revelation, we remained close.

"Where am I!" I shouted. Looking down, I was in a hospital bed and appeared to be very pregnant. Looking out the window, I knew it to be winter. "How about some warm milk on this cold November day?" A nurse had entered the room. "What am I doing here?" I asked. "Honey, don't be scared, the baby's fine, you just had a little fall." Confused, I looked around at the other pregnant women who shared the room with me. "Red Horse!" I screamed, "Where is Red Horse?!" Giving me a serious look, the nurse calmed me. "Now, honey, he's right outside, but you can't see him now. The baby's not due until December 19th, more than a month away. You need some rest, and then we'll see about visitors."

An energy whoosh was felt and heard as I suddenly sat up in bed. Looking down I realized that I'd re-entered the present, a cold November day in 1989. What was to be birthed into my reality on December 19th?

***"A person can sometimes receive information and knowledge about his future in this manner. This occurs as a result of God's decree."***

*The Way of God, Part III, Chapter 1, No. 6, Page 183, Bottom, (Judaism, Author: Rabbi Moshe Chayim Luzzatto)*

## INNOCENCE

*The sadness lingered in my heart, the thoughts of dying souls*

*Releasing all of innocence, fragment embers coals  
But glazing through the windowpane the light poured through the glass  
The mighty oak tree's innocence, the sunlight calling mass*

*Beneath the essence of the light, the joy filled all my cells  
'Sun being teach me innocence and show me where you dwell.'  
Shining brightly in my eyes the being glowed with tones  
'The innocence you seek is gone; you've remembered all the souls.'*

*'But dearest soul, your sadness swells, empathic child you are.  
The oneness and the love are filled with passions of a star.  
Your purpose is not to maintain unknowing in your form.  
But grasp for the knowledge you have sought, you've called your eternal home.'*

*The message stopped, but light retained  
The gleaming essence of ONE  
My sadness swelled into a tear  
At the message of the Sun*

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Long Hair was waiting in the wild forest glade holding a large medicine wheel. Five lines separated the circle into sections. "We are Elohim," he said, and I immediately understood him to mean brothers in the Lord. "There are several cycles of time in the creation of this reunion." "Reunion?" I asked. Serious and direct, he said, "with Red Horse." I remembered, 'Red Jacket Reunion.'

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Taken to a large forest glade, some people were with me who I was trying to help understand my spiritual journey, but they only mocked me and laughed. Suddenly from above in the sky, a light beam came towards us. Panicking, they all thought it was a nuclear bomb. But I knew that it was not, and as they all ducked in utter fear at its approach, I reached my arms out to embrace the light of God. After it had passed, they were gone, and I had a small

mark on my skin as evidence that this had occurred.

Walking down the mountain, I went back into the city looking for them, but they were nowhere to be found. Up ahead in a large crowd, I finally saw one of them and I ran in her direction. "Oh, are you okay?!" I shouted excitedly. "Who are you?!" Get away from me!" She replied. Looking into her eyes, I said, "You really don't know who I am, do you?" "Of course not, get your hands off of me!" Walking slowly away, I joined a group of souls who were wandering away from the city, away from the mass retain. 'The light beam severed all my ties,' I thought to myself, 'I am truly homeless, now.' A voice from the sky bellowed. "No, you are not. For in your freedom, you may now be free to find your true home."

***"Whoever loses his life for my sake will find it."***

*New American Bible, New Testament, Matthew 10:39,  
(Christianity, Catholic, Words of Christ)*

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Riding atop a white horse overlooking a luminous valley, Red Jacket said, "We are going to Wakadgeri, the land of the union."

### THE LAND OF THE UNION

*The long black hair, a tiny trace, the darkened eyes, the love-filled face  
Meeting the moment, my eyes touch your own, but my heart raptures, I feel so  
alone*

*When will you know me, and feel my heart pulse, do your eyes see my spirit,  
does your heart know the source*

*Free spirits roam, and loves calls a sigh, when will you come home, do you  
remember tonight*

*Do your eyes hold visions of all that I see, do you remember love, do you  
remember me*

*Or is your heart blank, do your eyes wonder still, for the land of the union lies  
waiting for you*

***"The taking-out and bringing-in actions are to be understood as actions of creator-spirit using humans as a form of creative expression."***

*Being and Vibration, Chapter 4, Chanting and the Breath, Paragraph 4, (Tribal, Tiwa, Author: Joseph Rael)*

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Wandering into sleep as visions flowed through his mind, Andy and I were attending a native ceremony taking place on the astral plane. Approaching with a basket of beads, Red Jacket handed each of us a gift.

Responding my clawing Red Jackets hand, as the moments passed, the energies calmed. Grasping each others hands in union, an image of the sun rose behind them.

Now at peace, Andy saw the Chief approach, showing him a large medicine wheel and indicating that he was now embarking upon the East, illumination. As they embraced a luminous temple erected itself upon the ethereal plane behind them.

***"The direction of the East, the mental, number one on the wheel, is the direction where there is unity in all things. Then we go to the South, the emotional, which then becomes step number two, where we deal with polarities or opposites, like hot and cold or male and female. Then we move to the West, the physical, step three, the place of reconciliation of the opposites. Then to the North, the spiritual, step number four, where one finds direction and purpose. Finally, one comes to the Center, step five, which completes the circle and is the place of transformation possibilities."***

*Being and Vibration, Chapter 3, Page 91, Paragraph 1,*

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Standing among a vast expanse of land, the Native American ancestors became present in waves. As their bones began to emerge from the ground, I looked upon the faces of the many generations. "Help us, help us!" Long Hair had appeared and now stood by my side as a coffin emerged from the ground. "This one lies sleeping, but he must awake," he said. Directing me to open it, I gently lifted the lid. Red Horse lay sleeping, but quickly opened his eyes and emerged. 'Again, I walk the earth in your name. I am Red Horse, he who aids the sleeping in slumber. I hear the call of my people and I awaken to the journey within.'

As he paused, I spoke, "You don't remember me, do you?" Deeply piercing eyes looked into mine, "Aaaaah, but I do," he said. Long Hair spoke, "When searching for wisdom, pay heed to the source, tranquility glistening, is there love or remorse? Mysteries lay hidden beneath cloudy veils, but answers forthcoming come in many mirrors. The past holds the answers you seek in the now, are you willing to listen, or will you bow out? In love, we do call, the destiny fire, but first you must find us, we hide in our mirror."

### MANNER OF THE EAGLE

*In the manner of the eagle, the sacred rite begins  
Wings span many distances, the destiny, re-live  
All who walk the way, of eagle flight adorned  
Return them to their graves, from their home they have been torn*

*I call from the ground, the site of the dead, the bones have been moved, the*

*people misled*

*The fire of your heart calls out your fate, return us to earth, give our spirits  
peace*

*Have you whispered the song of life or do you lay there weeping  
The cross and crow call you to wake, no need for slumber's sleeping*

***"We shall walk the path of life, carrying in one hand  
the sacred pipe which You have given us, and in the  
other hand will be our children. In this way the  
generations will come and go and will live in a holy  
manner."***

*The Sacred Pipe, Chapter VIII, Page 132, Paragraph 3,  
(Tribal, Oglala Sioux)*

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Sitting in a car with Andy as a dark horseman approached, I quickly locked my door but Andy was too slow to lock his own. A large man with a black hat and veils all about his face and head, he tried to open the doors. Upon finding mine locked, he moved onto Andy's. "Andy, hit the gas!" I shouted, but he refused to hear. Pushing him out of the way, I stuck my foot on the gas pedal before the death messenger could take him. Pulling out a black staff, he pointed it at us. "When the black pointed staff comes, death is near." His echoing voice sounded, as I knew that he spoke of karmic death. Death is not just a state of the body, but a state of the soul.

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"We are in Ingwaupapa, the time of waiting."  
Red Jacket said.

\*\*\*\*\*

Coming with a shocking revelation, December 19th, the date of birth in my vision, heralded a meeting which occurred when I entered a small

building and came face to face with the very image of Red Horse in my waking world. Looking exactly as he had been prophesied in many a vision, we both seemed a bit taken aback when our eyes met for the first time on the ground. Our karma would now cease its trembling and begin the quaking descent into our lives on the ground.

***"For evil has many details, effects and influences, both in its intrinsic existence and in its relationship to man. Through all these, man is affected by evil and placed in its midst in such a way that he can overcome it, release himself from its fetters, and eventually conquer it completely."***

*The Way of God, Part IV, Chapter 4, No. 1, Paragraph 12,  
Page 261, (Judaism, Author: Rabbi Moshe Chayim  
Luzzatto)*

### THE CALLING WIND

*The calling wind has spoken, did you hear it in your ear  
Karmic love is closing in, do you now see clear  
The songs of time play radiantly, the wind blows forth the sounds  
Deep inside spirit memory, the calling wind cries out*

*A soul's been lost in timelessness, so time must find the cause  
Where in time do you hide; come out, I'll help you home  
The calling wind cries out your name, the soul cry passes light  
The time we've shared in memory, is surfacing in our hearts*

### WHO AM I TO YOU DEAR SOUL?

*Who am I to you, dear soul, what mirror do you see  
Is it love, or is it fear, what image do you perceive  
I call to you in oneness; I call to you in light  
I sing the song of brothers, I dance the shaman rite  
Beyond the veil I fly to stars and soar to crystal cities  
Winged horses carry me to light and tunnels lead me to infinity  
I call to you the spirit sound, varying vibrations of light  
Egyptian blood or Incan tempest, which part do you see tonight*

*My image veils eternity to aid your silent call  
But veils are made for seeking what lies beyond the wall  
See beyond the shadows, the illusions of the flesh  
I'm hiding in my mirror; release me from your past*

Wearing all white, the angel was sparkling in light as she spoke. "You are allowing more and more love into your reality. It is beautiful." Sometimes we must be led into that which we don't understand, in order to be freed of it. Karmic purification is like this.

And so it came to pass that Andy and I separated and divorced for a time. Red Horse came into my life and quickly departed from it, because that was his nature. Because of this, there were always unresolved feelings. And so it is when something is left unfinished, it leaves the future caught in the trap of the past. Such is the nature of karma; such is the nature of delusion.

***"There is no fire like passion; there is no stranglehold like hatred; there is no snare like delusion; there is no torrent like craving."***

*Dhammapada, Canto XVIII - Impurity, No. 251,  
(Buddhism)*

Sometimes a soul must journey into their own delusions, in order to be purified of them. Purification requires a change within one's thoughts, as well as, actions, but a true and complete purification from vice culminates in the soul no longer having the desire to indulge in them.

***"You have heard that it was said, 'You shall not commit adultery.' But I say to you, everyone who looks at a woman with lust has already committed***



***adultery with her in his heart."***

*New American Bible, New Testament, Matthew 5:27-28,  
(Christianity, Catholic, Words of Christ)*

If a soul truly wishes to attain to this level, the Lord sends his angels right into the abyss, to guide that soul back to God's salvation. And the angels pick you up . . . and pick you up . . . and pick you up again . . . until you set yourself aright of your own accord.

*"(The story is) that while I was asleep (one night) there came to me a person (in the dream) who asked me to stand up. (So I stood up) and he caught hold of my hand and I walked along with him, and, lo, I found some paths on my left and I was about to set out upon them. Thereupon, he said to me: Do not set yourself on (them) for these are the paths of the leftists (denizens of hell-fire). Then there were paths leading to the right side, whereupon he said: Set yourself on these paths. We came across a hill and he said to me: Climb up, and I attempted to climb up that I fell upon my buttocks. I made several attempts (but failed to succeed). He led until he came to a pillar (so high) that its upper end touched the sky and its base was in the earth. And there was a handhold at its upper end. He said to me: Climb over it. I said: How can I climb upon it, as its upper end touches the sky? He caught hold of my hand and pushed me up and I found myself suspended with the handhold. He then struck the pillar and it fell down, but I remained attached to that handhold until it was morning . . ."*

*Sahih Muslim (The Hadith), Volume IV, Kitab Fada' il Al-Sahabah, Chapter MXXV, Page 1325, Paragraph 2, (Islam, Words of Mohammad)*

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Standing atop a burial ground, I watched as grave robbers dug up the people. Beginning to cry, a small hole appeared in my heart and began to bleed. The part of me that was dead was being resurrected through an intricate divine plan; and as with all karma, it hurt. No one about me could see my pain but Red Horse, who placed his hand over my heart and healed it.

***"Woe to you who hope in the flesh and in the prison that will perish!"***

*The Nag Hammadi Library, The Book of Thomas the Contender, Page 205, Paragraph 1-2, (Christianity, Gnostic/Essene)*

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Red Jacket descended in a spiral of energy. "Why do you mourn for that which you have not lost?" Looking into his deep loving eyes, I realized that love is never lost, no matter what the circumstance. Love . . . remains.

### FATE WINDS FIRE

*Light fills the destiny of fate winds fire, prosaic incursions of the earthly hour  
Beaming white heavens, the dust from the sword, monuments standing of our  
days on the earth*

*Gleaming tears streaming, fires of the heart, memories enraptured, remember  
the good part*

*Love-filled illusions shared on the plains, regardless of reason, love always  
remains*

*Peering in the eyes of the fate winds fire, the scenes come in flashes, scenes from  
afar*

*The winds of fate, drawing them near, the deepest of unions, all becomes clear  
I see your trueness, you've envisioned mine,*

*We've recognized each other, within the confines of time*

***"When you wish to contract something, you must***

*momentarily expand it; When you wish to weaken something, you must momentarily strengthen it; When you wish to reject something, you must momentarily join with it; When you wish to seize something, you must momentarily give it up. This is called 'subtle insight.'*"

*Tao Te Ching, No. 80, (Buddhism, Taoism, Words of Lao Tzu, Translation: Victor H. Mair)*

**ANGELS IN THE TWILIGHT  
(Mirroring of Karma)**

*"The holy angels gain a knowledge of God not by the spoken word but by the presence in their souls of that immutable Truth which is the only-begotten Word of God . . . Therefore, in the sense I have explained above, the knowledge which they have in Him is as clear as daylight, whereas what they have in themselves is like the twilight."*

*City of God, Chapter 29, Paragraph 1-2, (Christianity, Catholic, Author: St. Augustine)*

**CHAPTER SIX**

*"So, through us, life becomes aware, because life wants to experience itself through us, through our awareness. Life experiences beauty through the way. The way means being inside the purity of lifting, beyond time awareness, so that what we see and work is the beauty around us."*

*Being and Vibration, Chapter 3, Page 89, Paragraph 2,  
(Tribal, Tiwa, Author: Joseph Rael)*

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Flying to an encampment near the bank of the ocean, I saw two women drowning in the vast sea. Jumping in, I saved them both. All of my friends were watching, and they approached me with deep loving vibrations quelling about them. Red Jacket appeared and put his arms around me. "My dear spirit, why do you judge yourself?" In frustration, I cried out, "I couldn't reach them!" There were many souls I'd

guarded on the ground, who seemed not to have accepted the hand of the eternal in their lives. At that moment, I noticed several of these special souls waiting for me. Red Jacket began to read a poem that Odysseus had written.

ODYSSEY

*I see illusions*

*All in form*

*I see frustrations*

*And lingering pain*

*Beneath the facade*

*The essence is clear*

*And in my heart*

*It's always near*

*True connections*

*Are all I see*

*That is the beauty*

*About me*

One of them said, "Though *we* may not feel our true connections in form, you should perceive your ability to do so as a beautiful gift to us. We love you for your purity of knowing. Don't you realize that to us, you are one of the very few who perceive only our light rather than our illusion? There is no greater gift than this!" Smiling at their kindness, Red Jacket was now holding two gold medals in his hands. "These are the gold medals of courage and bravery. It takes a strong and loving spirit to enter these realities." Pointing to the ocean, he continued, "You have pulled them from the depths of illusion and shown them

light."

In a flash, my spirit was at a wilderness retreat as an old man wearing white robes came to hand me a chart of my spiritual journey. On it were pictures, and the heading read, "Path to Angels Twilight." A picture of the old man who had come was on the chart, and beneath his image, his name was written. 'Toam,' it said, 'he who comes to aid the angel's journey into twilight.' Immediately, I knew that the twilight . . . is karma. The next picture was of myself as a lighted being, an angel. Below it was my name, 'Odyssey,' and below my name were three words, 'Nurse - Nun - Eve.' In italics next to the picture, it said, 'Will become capable of materializing in and out of realities, and become truly transparent.'

Suddenly, several angels appeared around me, whispering over and over, "Angel's twilight, angel's twilight . . ." Staring in awe of their essence, they whispered again, "Angels in form operate in the twilight, for their light is veiled by the illusion. Angels in twilight must enter the underworld without shadowing the essence of their angelic purpose." Some angels do incarnate for the sole purpose of mirroring to others the true eternal nature of love, and these angels are called, 'Angels Twilight Gleaming.' But even souls who operate in the twilight of karma can perform the work of angels. Through their own delusions, they may function as mirrors to those who seek to see their own vice more clearly. Much knowledge is achieved experientially, and a soul must recognize its own darkness, before it can comprehend the true nature of the light. Souls such as these are the Angels in the Twilight.

## ANGELS TWILIGHT GLEAMING

*Hidden in the twilight, the masters show the Source  
 Hidden in our fears, we find our highest course  
 The gleaming light of one, my aura's seen the star  
 The angel's purpose followed, now the two must part*

*Angels in the twilight, spirits seeking home  
 But pathways merge and pathways cross, some take different roads  
 Can I give them freedom, and, therefore, free myself  
 Or will I hold to past good-byes and fear the coming path*

*Love the angel's twilight, release them on new flight  
 Send them off with gratitude, and take your path to light*

Do not be ignorant of those who teach these more difficult lessons in life, for they *will* come. Some will lie, cheat, betray, dominate . . . some may love you and leave you . . . all of them will take from you, whether it be belongings, someone you love, or even your heart. Only the true seeker will realize the exchange . . . some seekers, if they are quite honest, will begin to view their own selves more clearly. Most of us do not always recognize the pain that we cause, only that which we sustain, as this is the selfishness of karma. But something is given amidst the treachery, as you are performing a heavenly function on each other's behalf, though neither of you may be aware of it. You are providing a mirror . . .

To everything there is a season, and our lessons in life come in God's divine timing, and so, too, do they end. Be not like unto the soul who weeps, but never raises its head to the knowledge coming from above. Be not like those who would mourn, but not listen to the voice of wisdom that guides them away from their troubles. For in every sorrow, there is an epiphany. In every epiphany,

humility is birthed. The all merciful Lord protects us in our ignorance for a time, but when that time passes, if we have not listened, the Lord does withdraw and leave us to withstand the true consequences of our mistakes.

***"Your Lordship is my only means of getting out of this darkest region of ignorance because You are my transcendental eye, which, by Your mercy only, I have attained after many, many births."***

*The Teachings of Lord Kapila, Chapter 6, Text 8,  
(Hinduism, Author: A.C. Bhaktivedanta Swami  
Prabhupada)*

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Viewing the Earth from a multi-dimensional perspective, I noticed cylindrical spaceships with shining purple, blue and red lights soaring across the sky in silence. Venusian vessels of blue-green crystal were arriving and landing on the Earth. Angels were coming into the world in this manner. A magnetic voice of one chimed, "The angels are coming!" Voices referring to the cylindrical vessels spoke. "We have come from Mars to aid in the transition to light. We are coming to you, will you prepare for our coming?!" "Yes! Yes!" I said, "Show me what I need to do!" Flying to me, a transparent angel handed me a piece of paper with hundreds of questions indicative of my low self-esteem. "Why do I deserve all this love? I'm not worthy of the gifts I've been given, of the work I do for God, why isn't someone else doing it? How can I experience so much joy when others are suffering?" Answering the questions, the angels said. "You deserve this simply because you exist. Those who do not do this, don't because they did not choose



to, and you are experiencing joy because you have chosen love over fear. When you answer all these questions with love, you will have prepared yourself for the entry of the angels."

Gazing in awe, I asked, "Why do you come from Mars, it is such a desolate planet?" Chuckling, the angels replied, "Third-dimensionally speaking it appears so. But actually, Mars is a wonderful place to settle."

*"Between the central Isle of Paradise and the innermost of the Havona planetary circuits there are situated in space three lesser circuits of special spheres. The innermost circuit consists of the seven secret spheres of the Universal Father; the second group is composed of the seven luminous worlds of the Eternal Son; in the outermost are the seven immense spheres of the Infinite Spirit, the executive-headquarters worlds of the Seven Master Spirits."*

*The Urantia Book, Paper 13, No. 0, Paragraph 1,  
(Christianity, Urantia)*

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Soaring through time, I entered the body of a Spanish woman in South America. Living in the hills very close to the former land of the Incas, a relic of what once was remained in this place, a worn down amphitheater with a stone podium. Having been Incan land, the people living here were very superstitious about the ghosts of the ancient Incans and never went near the relic.

In certain ways, this lifetime was resonant of the time when I was the 'Deity of Ayacucho.' Every night, I went to the podium to chant and pray for the souls of those who had once walked the land.

Wearing a wispy white blouse with a flowing red skirt, I danced about the spot just as the Deity of Ayacucho had danced across these very skies hundreds of years before. Around my neck I wore a string of beads, costume jewelry which held absolutely no significance.

On my way home through the mountains, I usually stopped to buy bakery goods from a local woman. Hysterically one day, she told me that she had seen a woman dancing in the amphitheatre and she was afraid satanic worship might be at hand. Leading me to a back window, the podium was in view of her house. "Should I call in the authorities?" She asked. "What do you think is going on?" Calming her, I replied, "I really don't think you need to worry about it, honey." "But don't you know that that was the place where the Incans made sacrifices?" Surprised, I hadn't known this, and I began to feel a compelling sadness for the suffering of those who had experienced such a horrendous fate. But before I left, she noticed my beads and commented on how unusual and pretty they were.

Several friends joined me over time in my prayers for the souls of the dead who had been sacrificed in such a horrific manner in this place. Living in a small secluded area, the only other people I had regular contact with were two Spanish families who lived next door. One day while walking home, I ran into one of my neighbors who immediately touched my beads and pulled away, afraid. "Devil woman!" he said loudly. "What's wrong, my friend?" Fear emanated from him, as he froze in his spot. "Why do you call me devil woman?" "You," he

stuttered, "you wear the beads." "It is just a necklace, my friend." "We will get them, and then you will have no more power." Violently, he grabbed my neck.

Turning to run, I went in the other direction for miles. Catching up to the Incan spot, I knew that I would be safe there for a little while because the people were afraid to come here. Several of my friends were there, and we concluded that someone had seen my beads which identified me as the spirit dancer, and attributed 'power' to them.

Called in to aid in our capture, Red Jacket was one of the lawmen who came looking for us. Considering me the leader, they truly believed that if they could just get the beads I wore that my 'power' would be nullified.

Arranging to meet our pursuers alone in places they wouldn't anticipate, Red Jacket was the one who came to meet me. He was a midsize Spanish man who wore a gray suit most of the time which was very dusty from travel. Stern and serious, I would try to make him laugh, and I could continue this because as long as I wore the beads he was afraid to approach me for capture.

Over time, however, Red Jacket's curiosity got the better of him. Strongly attracted to each other, we began arranging secret meetings while I was on the run. Meeting in the mountains, in caves, or in vast woodlands, his stern composure would change to a smile, as we became very close. "I understand you now, and I know that what the people have said is untrue. But if I can just have the beads, then the people will be convinced that you have been stripped

of your powers." Laughing, I ripped them from my neck. "Here, take them, it will make you a hero and you deserve that." Taking my beads, he reached around his neck retrieving a locket. Silver and very old, there was a picture of him inside which showed the stern glaze, a part of him that I rarely saw. "This is yours to remember me by."

Pulled out of the lifetime, Red Jacket awaited me in the spirit world. Still holding the locket, the picture began to change as the stern look changed to a smile. "This is what you gave me," Red Jacket said, "moments of smiles. That is the most beautiful gift you can give." Not realizing the importance of his words at that time, 'moments' was the key. Holding the locket to my heart, Red Jacket said, "In this life, we are giving each other the same gift, moments of smiles and happiness."

***"Through being attached to living beings I am completely obscured from the perfect reality, my disillusionment (with cyclic existence) perishes and in the end I am tortured by sorrow."***

*The Guide to the Bodhisattva's Way of Life, Chapter 8, No. 7, (Buddhism, Tibetan, Author: Shantideva)*

Sitting amidst an office because there was business to attend to, an angel stood aside the image of a person who flickered in and out of this reality. Immediately knowing him to be an aspect of Juliosa, he looked different, but was wearing a business suit. One wrapped and the other unwrapped, two gifts laid on the desk. Red Horse had already given his gift to my soul which was demonstrated in the unwrapped gift, but the other wrapped gift had not yet been given.

"There she is," the three women shouted excitedly as they entered the room and began to pamper me. "He has asked us to all take care of you until he is ready to come into your reality." Flickering in and out again, I could feel the love that this person bore my soul. Handing me the wrapped gift, one of the women said, "This is for you, but you can't open it until you meet him on the earth-plane in three weeks. Now that you've answered all the questions of your spirit with love, you have magnetized love." Understanding nothing, I nodded and disappeared from the realm.

*"The nearer you come to God the less you are disposed to question and reason When you come up to Him, when you behold Him as the Reality, then all noise, all disputations are at an end."*

*Teachings of Sri Ramakrishna, Disputation, No. 568,  
Paragraph 2, (Hinduism)*

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Toam arrived to take me into the energy of Red Jacket's fragment on the ground, Red Horse, because my spirit was having difficulty letting him go. After all, I'd never done it in hundreds of lives, what should make it different this time around? Looking at me lovingly, Red Horse asked, "What do you see when you look at me?" Silently, I replied, "I love you." Many thought-forms began to appear of horrid and violent scenes. "It's my spirit you love, do you not? You see only my spirit?" Nodding, I conveyed that this was true. "You say you understand me, but do you . . . really?" "I don't know," I replied, as suddenly the fearful images began to come to life with a fury.

Samurai swordsmen chased me, and a pile of

battered and bloody people appeared, screaming for help. Appearing beside him was my father, drunk and violent, and images of the man who had raped me years before. Crouching to the ground, I began to cry, "I don't know! I don't know!" All of the images suddenly jumped up and came after me, but I didn't move for I was unable to respond.

Red Horse came in and carried me out of the mess and with deep love in his eyes, he said, "Don't you see what I represent to you now? I am all your fears in one package. I am the man who uses you and hurts you; I am the family who cannot love you because you are different. I am your father . . . the violent and drunken one. I am the warrior energy, which you *do not understand*, and you *fear*." Crying, I knew he was right.

Red Jacket appeared in the center of the spiral. "Your job is not to be understood, but to be *understanding*. Nothing anyone does is rejection of you, but of their self. In order to resolve this karma, you must be able to know from within, that Red Horse loves you underneath all his illusions, and you cannot wait to hear it from him. You must *know* it because it is true."

Toam appeared and showed me Red Horse's bowie knife. "You are about to see the energy of the knife, a side of him you haven't yet seen." Watching as Red Horse got into a fight with people in a bar, I went into a severe asthma attack. Offering me an emetic to purge this energy from my system, I shouted, "I don't need it!" Not wanting to let him go even now, Toam replied, "Are you going to give everything up for him?" "No, but I love him!" I

shouted. "How can I leave him behind?" Touching my heart, he said, "He'll always be right here. Red Horse still operates from the same frequency of his lifetime as Red Jacket." Beginning to understand, I remembered that there was a side of Red Jacket I'd never really been a party to, the violent part of him that made him one of the most wanted Indians because of his skill in battle. "You are afraid of his twinness. The violence you see is his illusion trying to understand its own nature. You don't understand each other because he follows the path of the warrior, and you follow the path of peace; but the irony is that both paths eventually lead to love. Don't be afraid of the warrior within him . . . seek to understand it."

Within a few days, I witnessed this face of Red Horse in my waking life, on the ground. Horrified, I hadn't previously allowed myself to see his violent nature, though signs of it were evident and in clear view. You can love someone's soul but be incompatible with their personality. Love was much larger than me, and its meaning was something I didn't yet fully understand.

Red Jacket interjected, "You have thrown the rope in the water, now he must either drown or grab hold of it." Having shown him another direction he could take, it was now entirely up to him as to whether he would seek it. A vast difference exists between karmic and eternal relationships as souls come together to teach each other about the true and false natures of love. By recognizing what is true, we slowly begin to assimilate what is false. By recognizing what is false, we slowly begin to assimilate what is true. Because of their purpose, most

karmic relationships are momentary, arriving very powerfully at an important juncture in our lives, and just as quickly disappearing. Eternal relationships are usually of a more lasting quality.

The nature of karma is to try to *force* things to become what you think they should be, whereas, the nature of the eternal is to *allow* things to unfold into what they are becoming. Because of these differences, karmic relationships tend to be quite chaotic with many highs and lows, whereas, eternal relationships that have reached fruition become peaceful and serene staying more along the middle ground. Karma is selfish and seeks for its own gratification, while that which is eternal is selfless and seeks for God's gratification. Karmic relationships diminish the individuals involved in them, whereas eternal relationships are ordained by the Lord for the very reason that they energize the potentials within them, making the two greater together than they are apart. Karma is chaos, while that which is eternal is peace.

Ironically, the insatiable emptiness that drives us in search of other people and things is truly sparked by the soul's thirst for union with God. Herein lies the greatest delusion that can be attributed to all karma, it seeks in the wrong direction for its fulfillment. Lustfully chasing after the whole of creation, the lost one does not find peace. Only by seeking the *source* of all creation can a soul attain liberation from elusive drives. Only in God, can a soul find peace.

***"Seek thou not what is pleasant and advantageous to thyself, but what is acceptable and honourable unto Me; for if thou judgest rightly, thou must choose and***



*follow after My appointment rather than thine own desire . . . Already thou longest to be in the glorious liberty of the children of God . . . but the hour is not yet come there remaineth still another season, even a season of warfare, a season of labour and probation. Thou desirest to be filled with the Chief Good, but thou canst not attain it immediately. I AM that Good; wait for Me, until the Kingdom of God shall come."*

*The Imitation of Christ, The Third Book, Chapter XLIX,  
No. 3, (Christianity, Author: Thomas A Kempis)*

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Taken to see Red Horse in the astral state, he was manifesting as sub-conscious astral, meaning he was asleep in his dream. Without my control, my spirit began materializing in the room, and he saw me. "How do you do all this?" He asked. "I've told you that I follow a very pure path of spirit, but you did not believe me." Panicking, I cried out, "I've gotta get out of here!" Looking for an avenue of escape, he stopped me and quietly asked, "May I get a leather tie for your hair?" A sign of reconciliation, I accepted it. (There are many different levels of existence upon which a soul can manifest astrally. In this case, as in others where I mention materializing, I am not speaking about a physical materialization; but rather, a materialization from a higher frequency than the dreamer, to the frequency of the dream, wherein the dreamer can then see me within his dream. It is not uncommon for my soul to be given transparency in the status of dreams, for the purpose of observation.)

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Pulling me into a deep vibrational state, Red

Jacket spoke, "I'm bringing you back," he said, "you haven't even noticed half of the improvements I've given to you, have you? I'm bringing you back, restoring your vibration. Notice what we've done for each other, the gifts were mutual." My vibrations were raised well above the sinking abyss I had flung myself into, and I vowed never again to leave the heavenly abode, losing myself in another.

***"In the flash of light are the ashes that fly us beyond us in wisdom and into memory, placing us into the here of vigilance and the now of seeking. In the beginning was a flash of light in which everything was known and seen. In that moment was the beginning, the end and everything in between."***

*Being and Vibration, Chapter Three, Page 76, Paragraph 2,  
(Tribal, Tiwa, Author Joseph Rael)*

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And so it came to pass that the prophecy in regards to a manifestation of Juliosa coming into my life . . . occurred. But I had also met another person that I had decided not to get to know better, which was the subject of the following experience.

Gently lifting my spirit to a realm of white filled with books, Toam led me to a room where a small old woman awaited my arrival. In the hall of records, the lady was holding a very ancient text. "It is the 'Tamadra.'" Toam said.

"Why would you avoid the lesson? What do you fear?" the woman asked very compassionately. Confused, I didn't know what she meant. Flipping through the pages of my personal Tamadra, she came to a section titled by the name of this person I'd just met of whom I had no intention of getting to know

further. Pointing to a section she wanted me to read, it said, 'Further instruction in the warrior energy.' "It is your choice," she said, "but you are turning down many lessons for your spirit by choosing not to see him again. It is in your spirits highest interest to recognize the connection." "Come with me," Toam said, as he took my hand and returned me to my body.

And so it came to pass that the very next day this person contacted me, wanting to get together. Choosing to spend some time with him, I quickly realized that he was exactly like Red Jacket in the sense of aggression. Realizing that the same type of behavior in any other soul repulsed me, it became clear that it was the love I held for Red Jacket's soul which made me blind to his true ways on the ground.

***"Approach not integrity with a double heart; nor be associated with double-minded men: but walk, my children, in righteousness, which will conduct you in good paths; and be truth your companion."***

*The Book of Enoch, Chapter XC. (Sect. XVIII), No. 5, Page 146, (Judaism, Christianity)*

***"Seek peace and pursue it."***

*The Talmudic Anthology, No. 244, Stanza 2, Y. Peah, 1, 1, (Judaism)*

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"The ancestral hand has been held out to you, but it will not reach to you, you must reach to it." Pondering this message I'd been asked to convey to Red Horse, it continued, "The Red energy is the essence of the Earth and the path of the Earth's transformation. The ways of old burn inside and yearn to be remembered. The essence of Native

American spirituality must be reintegrated within. What has been forgotten will surface in an open heart. Your true nature, that of your spirit, knows the ways of old and can bring them back." Preparing to deliver the message, I knew that he would not receive it well. Hesitating, the eternal reminded me that it was my task to serve his soul, not his personality. Understanding, I sent him the message.

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Very agitated, Red Horse almost screamed at me in the astral. "Where did you get that message?" I didn't respond. Seething, I felt the energy of his confusion and conflict. Beginning to chase me, I ran through the woods. "Where did you get that message?" Laughing and playing with him, I said, "I don't know." Catching up, he remained angry. "If only you believed, you would know." I said. "It tugs and tugs at you, but you refuse to listen when I tell you where it truly comes from. You won't believe in Red Jacket, you won't believe in your true self." For a moment, he was calm. "I'm so sorry that you're going through this now, but sometimes one must muddle through the confusion in order to reach the light." Looking at me with confusion, he phased to a different level of consciousness in his dream and I was gone.

*"He who strives to attain that which is not for him loses that which was intended for him."*

*The Talmudic Anthology, No. 242, Stanza 1, (Judaism)*

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Juliosa's aspect on the ground was becoming a very important part of my life, and we shared deep friendship and love. Although the innocence and

simplicity of our friendship was something I needed at the time, I knew that it would not be a lasting union; for this fragment of Juliosa on the ground was not on a spiritual path, and eventually, I knew that this would tear us apart.

*"So long as we are immersed in body consciousness, we are like strangers in a foreign country," the Master said. 'Our native land is Omnipresence.'"*

*Sayings of Paramahansa Yogananda, Page 86, Stanza 2,  
(Hinduism, Kriya Yoga, Words of Paramahansa  
Yogananda)*

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Flying into the depths of space, I entered a star system that was vastly familiar, yet unremembered within my soul. Floating in the midst of it, I watched as star systems were converging, and a being with two head connected by a V-shaped body was floating very joyously in the spacious ethereal realm.

"Please let me look at you and make sure this is really happening." I said. "Welcome to the galaxies Alpha Centauri, Alpha Omega, X, Y, and Z! Welcome to the constellation of star systems known as 'One.' I am he who writes with you the book of the angels." Starting to laugh with joy, I said, "You're the one who's helping me write about the mirroring stage of karma?" "Yes," he replied, "we've been working together very well." Dancing with joy, I said, "It must be so easy to write about angels here." He smiled again. "You are welcome to come here anytime. Does it inspire you to be with us?" "Oh yes!" I cried out, "Oh, yes!"

The magnetic stars chimed as they circled in their display of oneness. Galaxies were circling in the

distance and I was awestruck from the view. But suddenly, coral pink roses began blossoming in the skies above me, burgeoning into a beautiful bloom. "Juliosa!" I called out into the heavens. He appeared, as I realized that the man with the rose had been an aspect of himself. Only for a moment, he appeared, and then he was gone.

*"Buddha said, 'All things are ultimately liberated. There is nowhere that they abide.' You should know that even though all things are liberated and not tied to anything, they abide in their own phenomenal expression. However, when most human beings see water they only see that it flows unceasingly. This is a limited human view; there are actually many kinds of flowing."*

*Moon in a Dewdrop, Mountains and Waters Sutra,  
Sansui-Kyo, No. 13, (Buddhism, Zen, Words of Zen  
Master Dogen)*

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"You have become very free in your life, this is beautiful." Toam said in the ancient coliseum, "but you must be more understanding of those who await in their own bondage." Showing me an image of my ex-husband, Andy, I saw that I had been harsh to him. When we were married, he had been very controlling and I resented him for this. "When you learn to detach from his controlling behavior, knowing it is something that he must go through, you will find forgiveness." There was much more for which I needed his forgiveness, than he would need of mine. Forgiving him, I smiled at Toam in gratitude, and relished the friendship which Andy and I had retained despite our divorce.

## YOU'LL FOLLOW

*There are times in your life when you follow your heart,  
Though you don't know the answer, you follow.  
Many paths may be calling and your mind knows not why,  
But your heart tells the answer and, you follow.*

*Sometimes there are those who wait patiently aside,  
Watching the path and beside you, they follow.  
These are the special ones, who know not why,  
But because they love you, they follow.*

*I cannot tell you why or where the path will lead,  
But in my heart I know you'll follow.  
And because our love is patient, love is never lost,  
Our spirits, merged as one, will follow light.'*

***"People talk of errors and superstitions and pride themselves upon book-learning. But the sincere devotee finds the Loving Lord ever ready to lend him a helping hand. It matters not that he had been for a time walking along a wrong path. The Lord knows what he wants and in the end fulfills the desire of his heart."***

*Teachings of Sri Ramakrishna, Spiritual Practice, No. 451,  
(Hinduism, Words of Sri Ramakrishna)*

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Pummeled through the time tunnel, I dropped into the body of a young woman with brown hair dressed in an exquisite gown. *Knowing* I was in Scotland, we were trying to cross the borders as turmoil had overtaken the country. Walls protected the city and you could only leave at a certain time of day, else wise you could be shot. Juliosa was my husband, and he had short reddish hair with a medium size build. Wearing tails and navy blue baggy stretch pants, he was a very jealous man. My

brother and sister, who were very dear to me, were also with us. As the walls opened, the crowds poured through the gates, trying to escape this war torn land. Noticing a column of soldiers in front of the wall, their coldness frightened me. Rachel, my sister, was lingering behind, and I worried about her.

Crossing the wall with no problems, we waited patiently for my sister to catch up, but our contentment was short-lived as shots rang out from the other side of the wall. Determined to find my sister, I ran towards the shots as a familiar face captured my attention. Flirting with me often, a man who enraged Juliosa snuck up from behind me, placing his arm around my waist. Asking him about Rachel, he nonchalantly replied, "Oh, you didn't know? She didn't make it across." "What do you mean?!" I yelled out. He was so drunk he had no sensitivity to the gravity of the situation. Taking my hand, he pointed me in the direction of the shots. In the distance, the bullet-riddled body of my sister lay with many others.

Breaking down into tears, I asked him to take me back to Juliosa. As I was very distraught, he put his arm around my waist as he escorted me as Juliosa turned to look our way. Noticing my distraught condition, he jumped to the conclusion that this man was hurting me and challenged him to a fight over my honor. Despite my vehement protests, he wouldn't let it go.

Smaller than the other man and obviously outmatched, Juliosa was determined to prove his manhood. People gathered around as they prepared to fist fight. From my former perspective, I had no



other alternative than to sit with the women, angered and embarrassed that he was making such a scene. Pretty well beaten a couple of minutes into the fight, Juliosa knew this, so in a surprise (and stupid) move, he pulled out his sword. An expert swordsman, I figured he would probably nick the man and leave it at that, but the man he was fighting with was drunk, and he was playing for real.

Seconds into the fight, the drunken man plunged his sword directly through Juliosa's heart. Falling back, I screamed in terror; shocked, in tears, sobbing. Knowing there was no hope, I held him in my arms. Passing from this world, I stared in numb disbelief. Several women caught me as I fell to the ground in shock. Because he chose to risk his life for something so stupid, I was very angry inside. I mourned.

Juliosa appeared in the sky, waving his arms to send me to another lifetime.

Entering the body of black woman, my husband and I were sharecroppers on a large plantation with our two children. Juliosa didn't have a good relationship with the owner of the plantation, and in a fit of rage, he confronted him and was literally whipped to death.

Speaking to Juliosa immediately upon my return, I said, "It seems that I always lose the one I love." "You understand the pattern," he said.

## SWORDSMAN

*The life of one remained unseen, an anger swelling deep  
A Scottish swordsman, death wish keep, a woman's love foreboding  
Lingering love, why do you weep, he's left you for your honor  
The ties of life bring memories back, the mysteries of consciousness deep*

*In time, you held a key to life, allowed me bid you love  
 But then you took that love away, at the hands of a long, steel knife  
 I feel it now; the pain is new, a surging in my heart  
 Intense emotions, the falling rain, for hundreds of years, it brewed*

*A memory now, no more mystery, this fear of smothering love  
 With freedom comes the safety sign, from the consciousness of my sea*

***"When thou was under My control, all creatures  
 yielded to thee; but after thou hast transgressed My  
 commandment, they all rise over thee."***

*The Lost Books of the Bible and the Forgotten Books of  
 Eden, Adam and Eve, Chapter XLV, Verse 2-4,  
 (Christianity, Judaism)*

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The fragment of Juliosa on the ground was very nourishing to my soul, but there was no way around the fact that we were incompatible; he an earnest dreamer, and myself a dreamer seeking reality. My spiritual journey could not be held back, and his had not yet begun.

Juliosa hovered again in the clouds. "Our paths are going to part, aren't they?" I said. He nodded, 'Yes.' Our paths were no longer parallel. Our souls had come together because of love, and now they would part . . . because of love.

***"These three vertical levels are called natural,  
 spiritual and heavenly . . . they grow along a  
 continuum, gaining information and getting  
 discernment thereby, ultimately reaching that highest  
 level of discernment called a 'rational faculty.' This  
 in itself, however, does not serve to open the second  
 level, which is called spiritual. This is opened by a  
 love of useful activities which stems from elements of***

*discernment . . . Again, though, these in themselves do not serve to open the third level, which is called heavenly. This is opened rather by means of a heavenly love of useful activity, and this love is a love for the Lord."*

*Divine Love and Wisdom, No. 237, (Christianity, Swedenborgianism, Author: Emanuel Swedenborg)*

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Having no entrance, the enclosed circular structure presented a challenge to the beckoning soul. "It is the Secret Garden." A voice said. Soaring at close range, a glimmering green sword emanated from the stone about four feet from the ground. "The Knife of the Emerald!" I instinctively remembered. On the next stone step there was an image of a small tomato box. The Knife of the Emerald was symbolic of courage to enter the garden, while the tomato box served the purpose of extracting seeds of knowing and planting them in fertile ground. Taking the tools, I soared to the wall, becoming transparent to enter.

Flying through the wall, a flowery garden with plants of all kinds existed along with a rock pathway which expanded into a path which consisted of scores of music from throughout time etched in stone. Showing me that in previous existences, Andy had brought some of these works into the earth-plane; more music remained on the pathway that had yet to be brought into reality which I allowed to enter into my soul.

Someone was coming, and the sacredness of the garden made me feel as if I should hide for I didn't feel worthy to be here. But the spirit flew by, smiling, "I know you're here and am glad of it."

Soaring home, my time was finished.

Knowing how to read music and play the piano, I began to teach myself how to play the guitar and write music so that I might preserve that which was given to me in the world beyond.

*"The Master said, 'Only common people wait till they are advanced in ritual and music (before taking office).'"*

*The Analects of Confucius, Book XI, No. 1, (Buddhism, Taoism, Confucianism)*

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Soaring through time, my spirit flew into the body of a young white woman, my dress tattered and covered in mud, I was running, breathless, through the thick of the woods. Lost and alone, I stopped, sitting on a moss-covered rock to catch my breath. Several Indian men appeared from behind trees and rocks, some on foot and others on horse. Running Wolf was their leader, and he directed them to take me as a prisoner.

Going with them, I felt no fear for they were kind to me. When I entered their camp I was given new clothes to wear; a buckskin dress and moccasins. Within a short period of time, I became one of them.

As our tribe was continually moving, and I was not as fit as the other women, I oftentimes lagged behind the traveling band trying to catch up before long. But one afternoon as I fell further behind than normal, I stopped for a moment to catch my breath. My tribe was far in the foreground and out of view. A Shawnee war party came behind me, and I was captured.

Taking me back to their camp, Red Horse

awaited my arrival. Having already claimed me as his own, they brought me to him as another man hit me on the head, knocking me out. My spirit heard the words of Red Horse's anger as he ran towards him. "We agreed that there would be no violence against her!" Picking my limp body from the ground, he carried me into the woods.

Coming to, I felt as though I were wavering in and out of realities. Going deeper and deeper into the woods, he carried me to a special spot of which only he and I knew. On the side of a tree, a hole appeared. Light and crystals glimmered from within, as he reached his hand inside the small crevice. "Do you know what this is?" He asked. "I sure do," I said with tears in my eyes as I quietly placed my hand next to his inside the tree. "Let us take the ancestral hand together." Although I knew this was a sub-conscious experience for him, it was still quite relevant to his journey as a soul.

Light poured through both of us, and before he was to go he looked at me one last time. "I would die for you," he said. It was finished.

*"There are two birds, two sweet friends, who dwell on the self-same tree. The one eats the fruits thereof, and the other looks on in silence. The first is the human soul who, resting on that tree, though active, feels sad in his unwisdom. But on beholding the power and glory of the higher Spirit, he becomes free from sorrow."*

*The Upanishads, Mundaka Upanishad, Part 3, Chapter 1, Paragraph 1-2, (Hinduism, Translation: Juan Mascaro)*

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Awaking in bed, I looked up to notice a lighted

figure of a man standing at the foot of my bed. "Andy?" I called out to no reply. Fear swept over me, as I yelled out, "Who are you, who's here?!" The lighted image swept up to the ceiling and exploded into a lighted golden pyramid.

*"Difficult is it to be born as a human being; difficult is the existence of mortals; difficult is the hearing of the Sublime Truth; rare is the appearance of the Enlightened Ones . . ."*

*Dhammapada, Canto XIV - The Enlightened One, No. 182,  
Page 73, (Buddhism)*

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Floating to a river where a female guide was waiting, she took my hand. "It is time to embark upon your eternal path," she said. "Okay," I agreed, as a man appeared next to her. Rising to meet my gaze, I asked, "Who is he?" "The masculine part of you," she replied. Familiar and intense, I could not truly remember him.

Soaring, we stopped at a lake of iridescent blue surrounded by mountains. Peering into his eyes, he calmly reached his hand to me and said, "I have loved you forever." My heart reached to him, "And I, you." Conveying telepathically to us, the woman said, "This Lake is no ordinary lake, for it is filled with all the minerals of the Universe. As you submerge yourselves into it, you will completely change the molecular structure of your bodies, and you will become one." Quietly . . . hand in hand . . . we walked into the water.

*"Therefore, water is not just earth, water, fire, wind, space, or consciousness. Water is not blue, yellow, red, white, or black. Water is not forms, sounds*

***smells, tastes, touchables, or mind-objects. But  
water as earth, water, fire, wind, and space realizes  
itself."***

*Moon in a Dewdrop, Mountains and Waters Sutra, No.  
12, Page 102, Paragraph 4, (Buddhism, Zen, Words of Zen  
Master Dogen)*

### MIRROR OF GRATITUDE

*A mirror of my gratitude to all who've shared my path  
All the angels coming forth from the recesses of my past  
Do you know your gifts to me, every face I've known?  
If only for a precious moment, you've led my path to home*

*I think of childhood fantasies, playmates running still  
Within the recesses of my mind, those moments are surreal  
Friends and lovers, paths foretold, all who bared their soul  
And all who've shared my war torn lives, in love we're one forevermore*

*This moment filled with gratitude to spirits floating by  
Lost souls, friends and spirit guides, the angels in my life  
Mirrors of all I've held inside, the angels brought them forth  
In return, this moment stills, gratitude flows through my pores*

*Angels, angels, angel light  
Eluded for so long  
But now I see your truthful self  
Thank you, angel sons*

*There is no greater teacher than a mirror of oneself  
A mirror teaches wisdom and shows the higher path  
A moment spent in solace, alone with thoughts of life  
Will imitate the mirror and show the path of light*

*To those who've been a mirror, and shown me where I'm frail  
I thank you for the wisdom  
I thank you for the Way*

***"Those who are beyond the dualities that arise from  
doubts . . . achieve liberation in the Supreme."  
The Bhagavad Gita, Chapter 5, Verse 25, (Hinduism,***

Translation: A.C. Bhaktivedanta Swami Prabhupada)

**EMERGENCE BEFORE THE DAWN  
(Ignition of the Eternal Flame)**

*"Sometimes a way seems right to a man, but the end of it leads to death. Even in laughter the heart may be sad and the end of joy may be sorrow. The scoundrel*

*suffers the consequences of his ways . . ."*

*New American Bible, Old Testament, Proverbs, Chapter 14, Verse 12-14*

*"Who can say, 'I have made my heart clean, I am cleansed of my sin?'"*

*New American Bible, Old Testament, Proverbs 20, Verse 9*

**CHAPTER SEVEN**

*"Now I am overwhelmed that in accord with your instruction I assumed the garment of flesh and have to endure the fact that my own members, who are bound to me by the sacrament of baptism, should turn away from me and fall victim to the son of corruption and revere him. Yet I bring home again those among them who have fallen. But I reject those who remain rebellious and cling to evil."*

*Book of Divine Works, Vision Ten: 34, Page 260, Paragraph 2, (Christianity, Catholic, Author: Hildegard of Bingen, Words of Christ)*

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The coliseum was dim at twilight, as the



tribesmen scurried about to complete its construction. Watching from the eyes of my spirit, I hovered over the scene in a state of timelessness regarding the message of the ancients and its impact on my present life. Suddenly amongst the raucous, something began emerging from the center of the coliseum.

"What is that?" I thought deeply to myself, as the image in the center of the coliseum continued to grow. Appearing to be a large golden pyramid, a sphinx was emerging from its crest. A wind stream passed by my senses. "The golden sphinx is emerging," it conveyed. Linked to the mysteries of life, death and re-birth, the sphinx represented the death from karmic delusion and rebirth into the light of God, the energy of creation in progress.

*"What is the cause of the cosmos? Is it Brahman? From where do we come? By what live? Where shall we find peace at last? What power governs the duality of pleasure and pain by which we are driven."*

*The Upanishads, Shvetashvatara Upanishad, Part I, No. 1, (Hinduism, Translation: Eknath Easwaran)*

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Walking towards me, the ancient Egyptian man approached in the windswept desert. Disappearing behind his back, his hands emerged holding two objects: a statue of a phoenix, and a winged horse. Choosing the winged horse, I placed it on my heart as it exploded into a diamond light. "This is the energy of St. Harmony Crystal Fire; it is now a part of you."

Handing me the phoenix, I admired the wingspan and majesty of the bird and began to hold it to my heart. But for no apparent reason, I suddenly

threw it to the ground, shattering it into thousands of pieces. Looking up at the man who'd given it to me, he said, "Congratulations! You have shattered the myth, and entered the knowing of the mysteries."

***"And if thou wilt even break the whole, and see those things that are without the world (if there be anything without), thou mayest. Behold, how great power, how great swiftness thou hast!"***

*The Divine Pyramander of Hermes, Book 10, No. 123-124,  
(Mystery Religions, Egyptian/Hermetic)*

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Taken to a majestic wanton lake, I was invited to begin ice-skating on its frozen surface. Despite the frozen ice, flowers were in bloom all around the lake and many crowds were there to witness this moment. A beautiful lady descended from the sky wearing a golden crown of flowers, "I give you my daughter, Odyssey!" she said. Dancing on the ice, I began to feel the freedom of my soul, as my dull and drab outfit changed into that of a light, flowing and airy white gown. Around my waist was a beautiful golden butterfly. Speaking again, the beautiful lady looked into my eyes with depth. "The butterfly is what you've become; you've emerged from the cocoon of karma."

Taken to a distant mountain where a secret waited to be revealed, I boarded an elevator which could take you to any of fifty different levels on the holy mountain which mirrored the many levels of illusion on the earth. Traveling to several levels, I found that level thirty-five was the place where jealous women would claw at each other in sexually competitive games with one another. Level forty-one

held the images of those who wore false faces, as each had a mask to cover their true image, and each had two names, one for their false self, and one which personified reality.

"Take me to the level where only truth lies." I called to the elevator as it soared above the crest of the mountain and into the sky. An island floated in the air covered in vegetation, flowers and waterfalls of light. As I got off of the elevator, a man was waiting for me with his arms outstretched and singing.

Sitting down to speak, he told me many things about music and how it emerges into a soul who brings melody into the earth. All beautiful things that come into the earth originate from heaven, or the eternal, which is an all-inclusive name for the forces of the Lord. As we spoke, a flame began emerging from the soil. Panicking, I ran to put it out, "The people on the mountain must be protected," I said. Walking over to the waterfall, he filled a small bucket with water as the flames had become a large circle around us. Still spreading, he gently poured the water on it to put out the excess. The flame was now in perfect order.

"It is the eternal flame," the man said, "and it can only be found above the mountain of illusion. Those on the mountain do not need protection from it for it will not go where they reside." Pausing, he sat down again. "But you must hold the eternal flame in your heart, for as you enter the different levels of illusion, you offer remembrance of this place to those within the mountain. But remember, as well, that you cannot remain on the different levels of the mountain

for long. You can visit these places, but they are not who you are and you will be unable to stay long. Visit these places with love . . . but know when it is time for you to return to your own home." My home was this place *above* the mountain of illusion.

Getting up, he told me about level fifty, where most of my friends lived. "Level fifty is the threshold, those living within illusion who choose to rise above it. Those in this space visit this island often and have learned to bring much of the flame into the mountain." Watching him, I began to disappear.

Slow re-entering form and preparing to wake, I opened my eyes to notice the familiar form at the foot of my bed, a man made of light. Walking closer to me, he stopped when he was directly in front of my face. "Who are you?" I asked, fearful, but intrigued. Beginning to swirl as before, he turned into a lighted golden pyramid before disappearing.

*"Mountains have been the abode of great sages from the limitless past to the limitless present. Wise people and sages all have mountains as their inner chamber, as their body and mind. Because of wise people and sages, mountains appear."*

*Moon in a Dewdrop, Mountain and Waters Sutra, No. 17,  
Page 105, Paragraph 1, (Buddhism, Zen, Words of Zen  
Master Dogen)*

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Overlooking a river, a rock bridge was my destination as I noticed that two places within it were split open and incomplete. Standing on the side of the water, I looked across the river to notice a man standing on the other side. Waving me to cross, I was frightened as the bridge did not seem complete. At

that moment, a dark-haired scantily clad Egyptian man joined me where I was standing. As he appeared, fruit began growing on the trees all around me. "The fertile ground has been presented," he said, "but you must complete the bridge before you can pass." Pointing to the man across the river, he said, "You are drawing him into your reality with the energy of the Sphinx. His name is Heaven Dawn." Psychedelic eyes penetrated my psyche. Heaven Dawn was the masculine aspect of my higher self.

***"Such is the greatness of this Day that the Hour itself is seized with perturbation, and all heavenly Scriptures bear evidence to its overpowering majesty."***

*The Tablets of Baha' u'llah, Chapter 17, Page 237,  
Paragraph 2, (Baha'i, Author: Baha' u'llah)*

### HEAVEN DAWN

*Out in the night, the wind streaking still, I call out your name from my hearts  
deepest fill*

*It rides on a moonbeam straight into your thoughts; I've known you forever,  
not a moment less*

*Stars glitter waning, the sun starts to rise, the flaming horizon holds images of  
your psychedelic eyes*

*Intense time-filled spaces, I sense them right now, they exist in my future, but I  
feel you somehow*

*Where do you call from, I'll find you in space, the moonbeams allude to the  
aura of your face*

*I'll follow the sunrise, the fiery mirth, to the dawn of heaven, to recapture the  
soul's birth*

*And there in our essence, I'll look in your eyes, and find the answers amidst  
heavenly skies*

*So ride on your moonbeams, and fly in the stars, stare from the sunrise, I feel  
you, Heaven Dawn*

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Flying to a faerie realm to meet Odyssey, it was

lighted in the essence of purple, as a small faerie with violet wings appeared who obviously knew me well. Landing here and there on my fingers or arm, she was playful and happy in this rhythm of the spheres. Twinkling with the colors of pink, purple and gold, the sky held light particles which flashed through the astral airways while Odyssey was at my side. "It is time to begin energizing the Eternal Flame," she said.

Slowly re-entering form and awaking, I opened my eyes to notice a familiar form at the foot of my bed, a man made of light. Walking closer to the head of my bed, he stopped when he was directly in front of my face. "Who are you?" I asked as he began swirling and again turned into a lighted golden pyramid.

*"And after seeing in his dream the gold-colored one, him who displayed a hundred hallowed signs, he hears the law, whereafter he preaches it in the assembly. Such is his dream."*

*Saddharma-Pundarika or the Lotus of the True Law, Chapter XIII, No. 68, (Buddhism, Nepalese, Words of the Buddha)*

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Odyssey stood by my side as I looked upon those people who would be left behind in my journey to seek God. Beginning to hunch over, my body began to take on a burdened appearance because of my hesitation in letting them go. Taking hold of me, Odyssey stood me up straight. As she did, a massive beam of light surged through my form turning me into total light. "Stand tall and BE the light!" she said, "for as you do this, the light fills you and evolves you into a higher being. By doing this you will become a

magnet to others who are raising their vibration, as well."

As my sleepy eyes rolled open, the man of light again appeared in my doorway. Calmly, I was no longer afraid of him. "Hi, you're back." Nodding, he was obviously happy that I was no longer afraid, but he made no attempt to come closer or communicate. Staring for five minutes or more, he simply disappeared.

An angelic presence appeared at the side of my bed and I observed as she began forming a new energy center directly in front of my heart chakra; a second, more highly developed one.

***"When a spiritual guest enters the house, like a bright flame, he must be received well."***

*The Upanishads, Katha Upanishad, No. 7, (Hinduism,  
Translation: Eknath Easwaran)*

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Meeting Heaven Dawn in an ancient coliseum, the stone encasements were blurred from the winds of time. Walking towards me, we embraced. "You are now ready for the mysteries of your higher self to reveal themselves." A gale wind blew us apart.

As my sleepy eyes rolled open, the golden man again appeared in my doorway. Calmly, "Hi," I said quietly, "you're back." Again, he nodded but no attempt to come closer or communicate more. Five minutes passed before he turned into a lighted golden pyramid and was gone.

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And so it came to pass that many mysteries were revealed to me which held energetic currents that could free a soul from karmic bondage, past,

present or future. These included the 'Magical Lace,' which frees a soul and its parallels from the bondage of childhood trauma; the 'Phoenix' which energizes the soul's change from karmic activity to eternal activity; and the 'Chimney through Frequencies' which enlivens the soul's energy beyond any karmic ties which continue to hold it back.

As I passed through these rites, I was taken deeper into my own psyche to understand my delusions and fears and all the hidden sin which held me back from union with God.

*"Drag it to the light at once and say - 'My God, I have been guilty there.' If you don't, hardness will come all through."*

*My Utmost for His Highest, Page 76, March 16th, Middle,  
(Christianity, Author: Oswald Chambers)*

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Entering a horrid space, I was witnessing childhood nightmares of long ago. Violent, decadent, deviant and dark, the place held the energy of fear and despair. Observing a violent episode wherein a father was assaulting his daughter, his son had no choice but to defend his sister, which traumatized his soul and changed the relationship between sister and brother into their adult lives. Because they'd come from such darkness, they had to cut him and his vice completely out of their lives in order to recover or progress beyond it.

Immediately, light began to flash incessantly about as Odysseus entered. Waving her arms wildly, she manifested new clothes for the young man and his little sister, whose garments had been torn in the battle. Staring in shock, the little girl was rocking



back and forth.

Seeing images of them as adults, I realized that they had grown up but the trauma of this experience had remained within them. Becoming afraid of losing people in her life, the young woman had assumed she'd never had the love of her father because of his behavior; or that of her brother, because she was a reminder of the trauma he'd chosen to forget. Odyssey looked at me, "Change it. Change this into a more beautiful reality."

As the little girl was now adorned in a pastel pink gown emblazoned with a beautiful lace which appeared to have been made by the angels, it was about six inches thick and held images of every beautiful creation of the Lord; angels, butterflies, winged horses, flowers, gnomes, faeries, blue skies, clouds, everything! Darting towards the little girl, I remembered the secret of the 'Magic Lace!'

The lace of the angels could free a soul from parallel spaces caught in bondage or suffering. Removing a small piece of the lace from the dress, I cried out, "I remember!" Running to the brave young man, I said, "I'm going to change the energy of your past." Waving the white lace around the sky, light began flickering as I looked at the sad little girl. "No more, I am freeing you both from the bonds of your past, I'm changing it."

In a qualified moment, we were surrounded by a wondrous land filled with all the beauty of the lace. The young man was no longer wearing tattered clothing, but shimmering in a veil of white, while the little girl was dancing with an elf. Two-foot high shamrocks and clovers were growing about them and

faeries were flitting about playfully. All the joyous things of the universe existed in this faerie realm, as the Magic Lace had actually taken the energy of the little girl and boy out of the circular karmic nightmare trapped within time, and moved them into a new energy.

Looking upon the adult versions of these souls, their burden seemed to be lessened, although it was not completely removed. Lessening their burden, Odyssey assured me, would give them impetus to break free of the remaining chains of their father's sin. For the sins of the father had been visited upon this son and daughter; but by the grace of God those chains could eventually be removed.

Sending an intense vibration through my soul, vibrations surged and grew in intensity as I was suddenly wearing a white wedding gown. "It is for the marriage of you to your soul." Odyssey said.

***"The three qualities - goodness, passion, and darkness also - are always acting unperceived."***

*The Anugita, Chapter XXIV, Page 331, Middle,  
(Hinduism)*

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Flying into the lands of the ancient people, Odyssey and I were admiring their ways as we entered the energetic realities of native villages which remained existent above the physical places in which they had once roamed. Dressed brightly in garments with diamond-shaped blocks of color sewn skillfully upon glittering fabrics, it almost appeared metallic, but was filled with rainbows of colors. Many of the people were wearing hats rounded about the sides

and flat on top, copperish to gold in color. Monkeys were everywhere, and seemed to be some type of pet. Homes were carved in the cliffs and huts were erected along the flat mesas.

Gathering people together to listen to music, a woman was playing something similar to a xylophone, although it was different. Sounding like resonant bells which echoed through the heavens, a mystical quality emerged creating expectancy in the air.

Calling energy into action, a shadow darted across the sky generating 'Oooh's' and 'Aaah's' from everyone. Flitting with abandon, a small bird with a tail that seemed to go on into infinity flew around us in a powerful display of beauty. "It is the phoenix," Odyssey said, "the inspirer of change." Humming, the bird landed on Odyssey's arm as I was able to notice that it was made from blue starry light which emanated from within. "Whenever you need help in making a change or going higher," Odyssey said, "Hum. Hum a happy tune, think of the phoenix and he will come to you." The phoenix had the function of transforming karmic energies, karmic thrusts, and karmic delusions, and I began to enter into a liquid state wherein my soul became motile for transformation. Distant is the word I would use to describe the way I felt, as my soul felt unattached to my life, which was a very different feeling from the karmic energies which were scattered, confused, disoriented, compulsive, obsessive and almost neurotic.

*"Command it to fly into Heaven, and it will not need no wings, neither shall anything hinder it, not the fire*

*of the Sun, not the Aether, not the turning of Spheres, not the bodies of any other Stars, but cutting through all, it will fly up to the last and furthest body."*

*The Divine Pyramider of Hermes, Tenth Book, No. 122, (Mystery Religions, Egyptian/Hermetic, Words of Hermes)*

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Painted upon the wall, Odysseus stood beside a huge mural. "This mural holds the secrets of the earthly realms." Odysseus said. A mountain scene lay before me with each aspect labeled with symbolic understanding of a level of Earthly (mortal) evolution. Nine categories existed which exhibited, but there were hundreds of steps between each level of perceiving:

- 1) UTS - Underground Level - Total darkness, very often evil with intent. All there is, is physical life.
- 2) BOOMSOIL - Ground Level - Primary darkness, and tends to engage in evil acts, although it is usually out of ignorance rather than intent. If there is a God, He is to be feared.
- 3) RAD - Flower and Plant Level - Total illusion, engaging in dark acts out of ignorance, but less geared towards actual evil. God is to be feared.
- 4) LOTU - Bush Level, Leafy Plants - Reside in illusion and reality, engaging in ignorance *and* moments of genuine kindness and inspiration, but beginning to approach cause and effect. Pertaining to God, you get what you deserve.
- 5) MORKAR - Small Tree Level - Karmic circling, people can get stuck here for ages, literally, until karmic purification begins, but there is a higher curiosity and examination of God which usually

remains self-serving.

6) SENDU - Tall Tree Level - A threshold, residing in the world of form and spirit, no longer completely encased in karmic delusion, but unable to yet comprehend the higher, finer frequencies of existence. Intellectual view of God, rather than emotion, love or experience based.

7) PLENTU - Air above Tall Tree and Below Mountain Level - Do unto others as you would have them do unto you, state of perception. Because karma is still impure, the tendency remains to cause some harm to others out of ignorance, but there is greater knowledge of cause and effect. God is experienced as a loving God.

8) CELESTI - Mountaintop Level - Master of Creation. The knowledge of the mechanism of creation is encompassed in mortal realms, although they still make many mistakes out of an ignorance that is slowly becoming less karmic and more focused. God is just.

9) TRINAD - Air above Mountain Level - Karmic purification is almost complete, and therefore, the soul is in training to serve the Lord. Higher levels of knowledge are reaching a balance between self-creation vs. the will of God, etc. Trinad is the *gateway* to the ascension, but you are not there yet. When karmic purification is achieved, the ascension process does complete itself. God is.

10.) TAO - Ascension achieved.

There are two major bodies of mortal knowledge to be attained beyond the TAO (which are encompassed in the Alteration and Absolution Pathways.) Between the levels of UTS, multiplicity,

and TRINAD, oneness, there are many varying degrees of unity which epiphanize at TRINAD and become the knowledge attained at TAO.

As you reach higher, you mirror varying levels of perception into the physical realm. Showing me that my husband was at the top of the tree level (SENDU), I was peering from the air above the mountain (TRINAD). Below both Andy and I was a trail of light extending all the way down into UTS, showing that we had attained understanding of those points. Above my head was a small surge of light trailing from the top of my head up into the heavens, as well. Odyssey conveyed that this represented the synergy of my soul to achieve greater heights. Some souls had this synergistic light, but some did not, and among those who had the light trail above, their trail below was brighter than the one above because the trail below had been traveled more often. In essence, they were working harder on the spiritual path.

Communicating with my light trail at the SENDU level, Andy and I apparently perceived through very different eyes at this moment in time. But his trail above was ignited which indicated continuing growth.

*"We are connected with them when we place ourselves at the top of this highest mountain which is made up of vibration composed of slowed down light that has crystallized into meaning."*

*Being and Vibration, Chapter 3, Page 111, Top, (Tribal, Tiwa, Author: Joseph Rael)*

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Destination silent, large walnut trees hovered around me as Odyssey appeared and I spoke. "I am

seeking the purity of truth." Pointing to a large ragged brown building which had now appeared and was hovering in midair, a ladder rose from the ground to the entry. "Follow the river of truth," she said, "it will show you the secrets of yourself."

Beginning to climb the ladder, a resonant voice echoed across the sky. "Climb up the ladder, there's beauty inside, a river of substance to warm your insides. Few will traverse, the spiral path, it will lead you straight inward, to the core of yourself. The path starts quite slowly, but there's a point of escape, just in case you're not ready, to take this big step. When the flow slows its speed, you'll stop 'round a bend, there's a door of escape, to forget about this path. But if you want truth, push your soul down the path, your speed will pick up and your fears will come back."

Entering the ragged building, a spiraling river of a pink and gaseous substance ran through an enclosed tunnel. Just as I'd been told by the voice, the descent began slowly, and it slowed even more as I went around the first bend as it suddenly stopped. A trap door was present at this intersection in the spiral, and I knew I could end my journey now, but I shoved myself past the door, determined. Floating in midair, it began going very fast, making me dizzy and suddenly hurling me the ground.

Earthly delusions began pouring out of me and appearing as thought-forms around me. Violence, rejection, fears, stupidity, loss . . . Merging into one big mass of smoky gray energy which was removed from my innards, it landed at my feet in a big clunk.

Skies now opening up before me, I saw a man

and a woman. Resonating truth, a voice said, "There is only one man and one woman . . ." Even though I didn't quite understand this yet, it gave me peace.

***"There being no duality, pluralism is untrue. Until duality is transcended and at-one-ment realized, Enlightenment cannot be obtained."***

*The Tibetan Book of the Great Liberation, The Seeing of Reality, Page 206, Paragraph 4-5, (Buddhism, Tibetan)*

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Soaring through the heavens, Heaven Dawn beckoned to me from a distance, and when I arrived he had a gift for me. Handing me a box of what he called 'spongy creatures,' hundreds of little sponges were contained within it shaped like hearts, circles and octagons. Living creatures, they smiled at me. "These beings absorb love," he said, "I've filled these creatures with my love for you." Pulling out a heart, he said, "These represent the love that fills us," a circle was next, "and these represent completion of the soul," and finally, the octagon, "these are the immortal, the eights."

Understanding that there were eight levels of development which a soul must undertake in karmic purification, he expressed them; 1) awakening, 2) co-creation, 3) surrender, 4) rites of passage, initiation into the mysteries, 5) emergence of karma, 6) mirroring of karma, and 7) igniting of the eternal flame, and 8) ascension. Although there are very significant passages beyond these, I was unaware of them at this point.

Heaven Dawn turned to leave, but paused and looked at me again, "One more thing," he said, "The man who appears in your room at night, his name is



Lavelle."

***"Surely We have sent thee with the Truth as a bearer  
of good news . . ."***

*The Holy Qur'an, Part I, Chapter 2, Section 14, No. 119,  
(Islam, Words of Mohammad)*

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Waiting at the depths of the ocean, Odyssey had given me a silver ring upon which she was looking. Noticing that it had been transformed into an eight-sided diamond, she handed me a thin white stick of incense. With a breath, Odyssey lit the incense, which began burning an eternal flame.

Surrounded by fear mists, Red Jacket approached me. "Do not fear my essence because my fragment is immersed in karma. Your feelings were real . . ." Red Jacket disappeared.

Appearing out of the ether, Lavelle, the one who had been appearing by my bed had manifested. "Okay," I said calmly, "I'm not going to be afraid of you, please show me the reason you've been coming to me." Amused, he turned into a big yellow bird and began dancing around the room. Understanding that he was trying to show me how ridiculous it was to be afraid of him, I laughed. "Okay, but please tell me your purpose with me, don't leave me in suspense." Nodding, 'No,' he disappeared into the ether.

***"He it is Who sends blessings on you, and (so do) His  
angels, that he may bring you forth out of darkness  
into light. And He is ever Merciful to the believers."***

*The Holy Qur'an, Part XXII, Chapter 33, Section 6, No.  
43, (Islam, Words of Mohammad)*

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Entering a space filled with colorful spheres,

Red Horse was manifesting sub-consciously up ahead, desperately wanting to see me and running away from me at the same time. Odyssey appeared. "Remember the 'Chimney through Frequencies.'" Handing me a piece of clay, I began molding it into a chimney, adding jewels and jade, and finishing it with a candle on each side as tall as the chimney itself. Lighting them, the chimney grew until it was about eight feet tall. In the fire pit, a murky white substance flowed which I immediately jumped into. Emerging on the other end, I was suddenly far away. Red Horse seemed so far away, like an ancient memory and somehow I'd traveled beyond him, my past and my delusions.

Holding a blanket with many symbols sewn on it, Odyssey appeared. The symbols represented moments of my life. "Red Horse represents four short lines," she said, "attach the past to this cloth, and it no longer has freedom to reign in your present." Sewing the four oblong lines onto the cloth, I began to feel as if that part of my life no longer even real. "Your 'Eternal Cloth' holds the past tight, so your future can be free." Odyssey said. A small gnome approached. "You've put it to rest," he said, "you're future is bright indeed."

Immediately returned to the faerie realm, I placed my Eternal Cloth back into Odyssey's hands, and walked quietly away from the past.

*"The tenth stage is called the Great Truth Cloud (Dharmamegha) . . . Only the Tathagatas can realise its perfect Imagelessness and Oneness and Solitude. It is . . . the land of Far Distances; surrounding and surpassing the lesser worlds of form and desire*

***(kharmadhatu), in which the Bodhisattva will find himself at-one-ment."***

*A Buddhist Bible, Lankavatara Scripture, Chapter XI, Page 343, Paragraph1, (Buddhism)*

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Hovering in silence, Odyssey appeared bringing with her a pulsation of light. Shaking from the vibrations, they continued to grow with intensity because of her presence as angels and heavenly hosts began appearing all around us. "Look, the ascension energy," a consensus consciousness voice said, as Odyssey continued to send light through my spirit.

Ancient drumming beckoned my spirit, as I immediately soared to a small tribal village. Leaving me in the care of an Arabian man in a pink heart-shaped tent, Heaven Dawn was in the distance, watching and waiting. Sitting on a pillow with puffy bright hearts, I watched the man in the tent as he stirred up a pot. Calling it, 'Psychedelic Stew,' he said it contained within it the psychedelic essence of the eternal. "Because you perceive yourself as unworthy of Heaven Dawn, we give you this stew which will help you relinquish control and doubt." Preparing to serve it up, he said, "You may feel rather high." Swirling of its own accord, many colors revolved within it.

Beginning to slowly sip it, I liked how it tasted and began to drink very quickly. Changing drastically, my point of perception lifted *up* as if out of a fog. Happiness, joy and a certain sense of abandon filled me as my self-doubt disappeared. Heaven Dawn entered the tent sitting right next to me. "You're perfect to me," he said.

A shooting star took me to the location of an ancient beat which was echoing through the stars. Two medicine women were drumming around me, chanting around a blazing fire. Handing me a doll, a large flame had been lit in its center, and a synergistic energy rose like an electric storm as lightning flashed. Grabbing my hands, the women said, "Be ONE with the flame." Shoving my hand into the flame in the center of the doll, the dress began to glow outward and grow. "You have lit the eternal flame; it now burns inside of you." As I couldn't yet see this flame within myself, they assured me that it would grow, but that it must be synergized with knowledge to achieve full radiance.

***"Jesus said, 'Whoever is near me is near the fire, and whoever is far from me is far from the kingdom.'"***

*The Gospel of Thomas, No. 82, (Christianity,  
Gnostic/Essene, Words of Christ)*

***"Know thou moreover that every created thing is continually brought forth and returned at the bidding of thy Lord, the God of power and might."***

*Tablets of Baha'u'llah, Suri-i-vafa, Page 183, Paragraph 3,  
(Baha'i, Author: Baha'u'llah)*

## **CHAPTER EIGHT**

***"For love that seeks aught but the disclosure of its own mystery is not love but a net cast forth: and only the unprofitable is caught."***

*The Prophet, On Friendship, Page 71, Paragraph 4,  
(Christianity, Author: Kahlil Gibran)*

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Outside of form, I called out, "I want the knowledge that will give me clarity and truth." As I did so, a goddess appeared before me sitting on a golden throne. "The first thing you must do to find truth and clarity is to call me by my name. My name is Yraknin, Goddess of truth." "Yraknin, I am honored, thank you for answering my prayer for wisdom. I ask you, Goddess Yraknin, what is the knowledge that I seek that will fill me with clarity and truth?" Heaven Dawn appeared before the Goddess. "Lavelle," he said, "Do you want to know?" "Yes!" I said.

Soaring towards the Assisi Mountains beyond the star tunnel, the familiar Assisi Marauder was awaiting my arrival, a white-winged horse at his side. Deep eyes piercing mine, his cape flew wildly in the wind. "I am Lavelle," he said, "the one who appears to you. I've come to watch over my Eternal Flame. Heaven Dawn and I are ONE. I've shown you many faces. If you remember our pasts, every man you've known has held an image of us. In order to find us, we've had to search deep within self. Now we can become one." Approaching me, Lavelle tried to touch me, but a force began pulling us apart. "You ARE my fantasy," he said, "let me in . . . let me in."

### DAWNING THROES

*Heaven's throes awoke me, a dawning in the night  
In my mind a vision flew, your face soared through my eyes  
And as it passed, my heart swelled up, a tear fell down my cheek  
Sighing as the feeling passed, I felt your soul's mystique*

*Wondering at the passion flare, I asked my soul explain  
I heard majesty, and a sound, it filled me with your pain  
I felt the sorrow of your soul, filled so deep with love*

*Reaching, yearning, calling out, to find no one at home*

*Where in time, could it be met, emotions masked by men  
 Passion's wisdom burns within, I'm here I feel your pain  
 Dawn within, the time is now, you'll find the hearthstone warm  
 The home of souls within the night, I'm tuned into your heart*

*Turning eyes are closing now; your face lingers at my touch  
 I love you now, I loved you then, forever, I've loved you so  
 Remember in the distance, heaven's dawn is near  
 A heart to touch is always close, though our bodies may be far*

*My sleeping soul remembers, as I soar the skies  
 The one who's held my heart forever with his psychedelic eyes  
 There are no more mysteries, the secrets have been found  
 Love within the light of wisdom, and trust love without doubt*

Suddenly, Lavelle and I were surrounded by vessels from Alpha Centauri. Light beings came from inside the crafts and began spreading sparkly energy all around us. "Energizing," they said, "energizing eternal things."

Transported to Alpha Centauri, we were on a planet encompassed in different shades of violet. Everything was bright, cheery and vibrant with light. Music began emanating from all around us manifesting into sparkly light, as our eyes became psychedelic lights. "You must SEE music, before you hear it!" a light being said. Legions of angels descended as they handed me a gift; a statue of an angel. "Yes, I understand, Lord." I conveyed, as I allowed the musical part of my mission to fill me.

***"O virtuous one, you have only once seen My person,  
 and this is just to increase your desire for Me, because  
 the more you hanker for Me, the more you will be  
 freed from all material desires."***

*Srimad Bhagavatam, First Canto - Part One, Chapter 6,*

## Text 22, (Hinduism)

## LIFE IN YOUR EYES

*I caught a glimpse of life today, the memory of your eyes,  
The piercing vision now as one, you've come into my life  
Moments spent in time, wondering at your cause  
Feeling all the beauty and the love inside me pulse*

*Wondrous light-filled memories and visions of the now  
Fill my heart with glory, I shed tears of love  
One's been found who was lost to me, a bearer of my soul  
My heart, my love, your freedom's safe, I love you, Heaven Dawn*

***"And with a great voice he said: When love beckons to you, follow him, though his ways are hard and steep. And when his wings enfold you yield to him, though the sword hidden among his pinions may wound you. And when he speaks to you believe in him, though his voice may shatter your dreams as the north wind lays waste the garden."***

*The Prophet, On Love, Page 11, (Christianity, Author:  
Kahlil Gibran)*

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Entering a cave, the Goddess Yraknin stood ready to enhance further clarity and truth, as my shame over having made the same mistake over and over throughout many lifetimes was made manifest. Yraknin intervened. "You never thought you would allow yourself to love a man filled with hate like your father, but your father didn't hate you . . . he hated himself, and released his anger on those around him. Neither did Red Jacket hate you. Distorted love . . . is still real, though not eternal." Pausing, she added, "Loving others is never wrong." Yraknin said. "In order to choose life, you must release your shame and

let it all go." "I will," I replied, "I will let this go."  
***"And Aaron said to Moses, 'Oh my Lord, account not to us the sin' (Num. 12:11). He said to him, 'Since we sinned inadvertently, forgive us. It was not deliberate.'"***

*The Classic Midrash, Numbers, Page 261, Paragraph 3,  
 (Judaism)*

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Descending around my body and soul as I lay sleeping, a lighted dome had formed with hundreds of small little rings of light. Odyssey appeared. "It is the energy of protection, the ringlets." She said. "The what?" "As you energize the eternal flame, the role of the masculine energy is to surround the feminine in protection. Heaven Dawn has energized this field of protection." "Oh," I said, "that's kind of nice." "An eternal connection takes time, as the energies must be aligned perfectly." Odyssey replied.

***"To hear Thee, O Guardian Angel of All, with soft touches of love I tuned my intuition radio."***

*Whispers from Eternity, Page 186, Stanza 4, (Hinduism,  
 Kriya Yoga, Words of Paramahansa Yogananda)*

## WHO ARE YOU

*Who are you  
 One who holds my sight?  
 What does it mean  
 When I think of you all night?*

*Sentinel caller  
 Tells me your many names  
 I feel your passion  
 And I acknowledge your face*

*But, who are you  
 Behind the mask you wear*



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*I see love  
So deep in there*

*Angelic mercy  
Strewn all about my world  
I see your face  
But I gaze right in your soul*

*Why are you  
A question pondered still  
Why are you  
The one who gives me chills*

*Intrinsic mercy  
I ask to please restrain  
The fire inside  
So I will not burst into flame*

*Do you feel me?  
Do you wear the mask I hold?  
Pretending, quelling  
The passions of the soul*

*Touch me  
So I may feel your light  
I see you  
So totally in the night*

*I know you  
You're the deepest part of me  
As tears fall  
I touch your endless sea*

*Don't go  
Your heart is safe inside  
I love you  
My soul beats at your side*

*A heartbeat  
The moment lingers still  
My memory  
Holds your face as my heart spills*

*A moment  
A gift of divine love*

***"See then how He returns, not in actual flesh and blood, but, as I have said, building the road of His doctrine, with His power, which road cannot be destroyed or taken away from him who wishes to follow it, because it is firm and stable, and proceeds from Me, who am immoveable."***

*The Dialogue of St. Catherine of Siena, A Treatise of Discretion, Page 88, Paragraph 1, (Christianity, Catholic, Author: St. Catherine of Siena)*

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Holding swords in a circular pattern towards the heavenly hosts above, three knights held their swords so that the points might meet in the center. Decorated with religious symbols from throughout the ages, their armor displayed majesty. As their swords met, majestic energy soared straight up into the cosmos, falling gracefully into the top of my head, my crown chakra. Hovering in the heavens behind them was the secret garden. "We are the three melodies." The knights said. "Synergized, we are music. You are the chalice that we fill." Their sword touched my head lightly, "Melody, harmony and words." Then they were gone.

Juliosa appeared in the empty black space as the intensity of his eyes held familiarity. Beginning to change form, I was confused. "Juliosa?" I whispered, "Yes, it is I." Appearing in another image, he said, "Did you forget that we had business to do?" Admittedly, I had. "It's time to remember." He was gone, and suddenly I was in another time and place . .

Dying, my wounds were bleeding profusely and I knew I had little time left to live. Our farm had been taken over by vengeful marauders. Taking my father, sister and I to the back fields, they shot each of us once in the chest.

Juliosa and I had been close; he was a field hand and had just found us lying in the grass dying. Wanting to say, 'I love you,' the words were directly on my mouth, but I was too weak to speak them. An angelic voice began singing in my brain:

"Dreamer, dreamer, dreamer  
 Tell him, I love you  
 Dreamer, dreamer, dreamer  
 Tell him, he'll know it's true  
 Dreamer, dreamer, dreamer  
 Tell him before the life's drained out of you  
 Dreamer, dreamer, dreamer  
 Tell him, he'll know your love is true"

Moments passed as I began slipping away into the realm where the angel's voices originated. Trying, reaching, yearning, pulling towards him, no words came. "God, I love you!" My thoughts cried out. "Why can't he hear me anymore?" Calmly, I whispered, hoping that a spirit wind would breathe these words to him from beyond the veil of death:

"In the wind, you'll feel my presence  
 In the stars, you'll see my breath  
 In the night, you'll hold the memory  
 Of a love I won't forget"

As my death neared completion, he never heard those words. Heaven Dawn was at my side, and I instantly knew that Juliosa and he were one. One man . . . one woman. "In one breath, lies all existence, in one moment, every moment. In one moment . . . lies all eternity." Heaven Dawn whispered.

*"Hear me, you hearers, and learn of my words, you who know me. I am the hearing that is attainable to everything; I am the speech that cannot be grasped. I am the name of the sound and the sound of the name. I am the sign of the letter and the designation of the division."*

*The Nag Hammadi Library, The Thunder: Perfect Mind,  
Page 302, Stanza 3*

### WHISPERS

*I accept the whispers with no need to hold on  
I trust the whispers, my heart and they are one  
They call to me from the heart space love adorns  
I hear them whisper, the truth seeks me again*

*I feel the longing; I hear whispers of its power  
It will be back, whispers the hereafter  
I accept the whispers; they are the truth of life  
I'll accept the whispers, they love my soul tonight*

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An unexpected message came to me in a dream when I was told that I would be hearing from Juliosa's fragment on a particular day. Our paths had parted long before, so such contact would be unusual. But on that prophesied day, it was not he who called, but my father from whom I'd not heard in years. Telling me that he loved me, I realized a great truth in this moment.

**"A dream that is uninterpreted is like a letter that is unread."**

*The Talmudic Anthology, No. 66, Stanza 2, (Judaism)*

Even those who hurt the ones they love . . . do love, it's just that their love is immature. Flawed love remains true, although not eternal. Earthly love is often ruled by karma, only becoming eternal by an intricate set of choices made by *both* parties on the ground.

**'Evil has been committed by me,' thinking thus, he repents. Having taken the path of evil he repents even more."**

*Dhammapada, Canto 1 -The Twin Verses, No. 15 & 17,  
(Buddhism)*

**"For even as love crowns you so shall he crucify you.  
Even as he is for your growth so is he for your  
pruning."**

*The Prophet, On Love, Page 11, Bottom, (Christianity,  
Author: Kahlil Gibran)*

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"You will find the answer lies within," Odysseus said, "in order to find wholeness, you must *become* that which you seek. You are not yet that which you seek."

Always entertaining a delusion of someone left behind, focusing on a love that was not present, in my past, and therefore, dead, I was unable to love that which stood right before my eyes. Relationships serve purposes that reside within proper time/space continuums, and are often meant to impart a 'quality' to our soul. Thinking of many souls who had walked life's path with me, I realized that I'd been unable to 'see' many of them because I was obsessed with those

who were not around. Unrequited love is a clever way to manifest fears of intimacy, because you are always in love with someone who isn't there. Someone who is not present does not have to be *real*; they are very much a *fantasy*. In my quest to seek fantasies, I'd lost opportunities for realities because I simply didn't see them. But they were there . . .

***"He does not crave the object of desire because of any intrinsic value it may possess, but simply because it is perceived as something beyond his reach."***

*Strive for Truth, Lovingkindness, Page 137, Paragraph 5,  
(Judaism, Author: Rabbi Eliyahu E. Dessler)*

Contained within my own soul is the eternal flame, it is not outside of me. In reality, we are never truly separated from those we love, because we are united in the spirit. Overcome by a majesty of knowing, it became evident that all things were a part of me, and that I was a part of all things. Everyman, everywoman . . . was one with me. Every face . . . was my own. There had never been a moment when my soul had not been completely loved by God.

Knowing that I would remain powerless only as long as my focus was not in the present moment, it became known to me that for everything there is a season, and when that season has passed, the soul must move forward. For who among us has not loved and lost, who has never known death, been afraid, felt lost, and who, I beg of you to tell me, who has never fallen from grace, even for a moment, in thought, word or deed? If you have not, you have no need of these words, but if you have . . .

***"No one can be withdrawn from his evil unless he has***

***first been brought into it."***

*Marital Love, The Lust for Variety, No. 510, Emanuel Swedenborg, (Christianity, Swedenborgianism)*

***"Let the sinner not be afraid to approach Me. The flames of mercy are burning Me - clamoring to be spent. I want to pour them out upon these souls."***

*Divine Mercy, Notebook 1, Page 24, No. 50, (Christianity, Catholic, Words of Christ)*

And so continues the karmic journey of a soul, long, arduous, filled with pitfalls and error, but when all has passed, if a soul reaches higher for the everlasting light of God, it will begin its ascent to the divine altar of ascension, the first step on the long and winding stairway to heaven. So as the soul begins its ascent, let it awaken to the silence of knowing, which is the place where unconditional love resides. Silence takes form in love, and love takes form in silence. Knowing must become wisdom, and wisdom always retains silence.

***"All hail! this is the Knowing of the Mind, the Seeing of Reality, Self-Liberation. For the sake of future generations who shall be born during the Age of Darkness, these essential aphorisms, necessarily brief and concise, herein set forth, were written down . . ."***

*The Tibetan Book of the Great Liberation, The Seeing of Reality, Page 238, Paragraph 6-7, (Buddhism, Tibetan)*

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There he was again, the fragment of Juliosa, watching from the sub-conscious astral state . . . always watching. "Why is it that I continue to see you everywhere I seem to go . . . beyond the physical realm, but yet we are not connected in the physical realm at all?" Juliosa appeared and overlapped him.

"In one breath . . . lies all existence; in one moment, every moment. In one moment lies all eternity."  
 "Okay, yeah?" "What we have together in one realm is not diminished by another. Can you love my soul for all that I am, even though this physical fragment is sleeping? Will you sacrifice the magnitude of a soul, because the tiny fragment of that soul is not awake?"  
 "Well, no, of course not. You know I love you."  
 "Perhaps that is all that it means; that there is love. We are one; we have been united beyond the veil. We will forever meet, wherever it may be, whatever time, space or reality . . . because we are not separate, because I love you, and you love me. Some parts of me have forgotten, some parts of you have forgotten, but our souls are forever one." "Thank you, Juliosa," I said. "My fragment will be in school for three more years." Juliosa added. "Okay," I replied. Exactly three years passed as my soul guarded him from subconscious levels of sleep, and then my unseen work with his soul was finished.

*"Of course it is bewildering, O soul of the universe, that You work, though You are inactive, and that You take birth, though You are the vital force and the unborn. You Yourself descend among animals, men, sages, and aquatics. Verily, this is bewildering."*  
*Teachings of Queen Kunti, Chapter 13, (Hinduism)*

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Coming quickly, the spirit reached his hand to mine as he imparted his message quietly. "Someday true love is going to hit you." He said. "Do you really think so?" I responded. "Of course," he replied, "if it doesn't, then sadness exhumes the soul."

*"True marital love increasingly unites two into one*



*human being . . . And because true marital love persists to eternity, it follows that a wife becomes more a wife, and a husband more and more a husband. The ultimate reason is that in a marriage of true marital love each becomes a more and more interior human being."*

*Marital Love, No. 200, Page 277, Top, (Christianity, Swedenborgianism, Author: Emanuel Swedenborg)*

## RITES OF THE ASCENSION (Ascension)

*"O ye My Branches! A mighty force, a consummate power lieth concealed in the world of being. Fix your gaze upon it and upon its unifying influence, and not upon the differences which appear from it."*

*The Tablets of Baha'u'llah, Chapter 15, Kitab-I-Ahd, Page 221, Paragraph 3, (Baha'i, Author: Baha'u'llah)*

## CHAPTER NINE

*"For the yoke that weighed on it, the bar across its shoulders, the rod of its oppressor, these you have broken . . ."*

*New Jerusalem Bible, Old Testament, Isaiah 9:3, (Judaism)*

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*"Beloved, we are God's children now; what we shall be has not yet been revealed. We do know that when it is revealed we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is. Everyone who has this hope based on*

*him makes himself pure, as he is pure."*

*New American Bible, New Testament, 1 John 3:2,  
(Christianity, Catholic)*

Soaring to a celestial realm beyond time and space, shooting stars cascaded across a deep emerald oceanic sky. Waves of rhythm could be felt in the canvas of sky that serenaded my soul as I stood on the ethereal ground below my feet.

Walking with peace towards the holy family, the sacredness of the moment filled me with a reverence for the Lord. The Holy Mother Mary, Joseph, and their son, Jesus Christ, were sitting upon a large stone bench amidst a plain of grass and trees. Jesus sat on the ground at their feet, looking upon them with reverence and love. As their robes lay motionless and surrounded in light, they looked up towards me. Mary gave me a peaceful smile, Joseph, a knowing look, and the savior emitted a familiar beckon.

Joseph calmly arose and walked towards me, his calm gaze never wavering. Opening his hands, he held a sacred amulet that had a large faceted diamond in the center, and a string of exactly eight small diamonds that surrounded it (which represented the immortal). Hanging this around my neck, I was surprised that it felt weightless. "You are now immortal," he conveyed to me, "there is only life, now." Intuitively, I reached into my own pocket, retrieving a heart-shaped rose-quartz pendant. Hanging it around Joseph's neck, I replied, "We are now forever love."

*"Jesus said, 'Fortunate are those who are alone and chosen, for you will find the*

***kingdom. For you have come from it, and you will  
return there again."***

*The Gospel of Thomas, No. 49, (Christianity,  
Gnostic/Essene, Words of Christ)*

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Beckoned towards a gateway I could not attain of my own merits, the Assisi Master Sage, who had taught the Assisi Marauders, took my hand and led me to the gate on *his* merit.

Awaiting me beyond the doorway was an ancient Indian village, while a young warrior bowed to me with respect. "Buffalo woman, we welcome you!" Acknowledging his polite welcome with a nod, the master and I followed him, as he took us to a prayer lodge.

Buffalo skins were hung with great care around a large fire in the center, and all who were present addressed me as 'Buffalo Woman.' Bowing to offer respect in return, the master sage waited until nightfall to take me outside so that I might find my medicine, my power.

Painting the sky in the dead of night, the full moon and bright stars shimmered so brightly that I almost didn't notice a shimmering on the ground. But when I did, I bent over to pick up seven very large feathers. "Buffalo feathers!" I cried out. Lifting them to the moonlight, they held the seven colors of the rainbow (representing karmic purification, a mortal quality). "I have found my medicine." I mused.

Returning to the lodge, it was still warm as the fire glowed brightly awaiting our return. Sitting next to the flame, sacred emotion filled me. Gazing at the master beside me, I felt the holiness of our bond. "The

Buffalo is your medicine!" A medicine man said from behind, as a woman instantly appeared and began to act aggressive, obviously wishing to fight with me. Displaying her own medicine, she lifted the shields of the Lion, of which she was using for backwards (or dark) purposes. True medicine is given by the Lord and helps them to achieve His will. When properly used in a sacred manner, medicines promote the spiritual life and harmony among the tribes of the earth.

Quickly grasping my own power which was that of the seven feathers; I approached her. "Your power is not real," I stated, as I was surprised by her immediate disappearance into the dust. Turning, the medicine man shouted. "You are of the medicine! You are of the medicine! The Buffalo Woman is sacred, her medicine is of prayer. The Lion medicine can also be sacred, but it is a teaching in the proper use of power. When one uses the medicine to overcome others, it is no longer sacred." Aging eyes gazing deeply into my own, he continued. "The power of prayer is true and cannot be harmed by any other medicine . . . prayer of the living, it is immortal." Prayer contains a quality of immutability, it simply *is*.

As he spoke, lightning struck, as the master sage and I romped through a golden wheat field. A heavenly golden hue exuded from this celestial wheat, and the buffalo feathers were now attached to my hair, while the master had his own set of buffalo feathers about his waist in the form of a belt.

*"Plans made after advice succeed; so with wise guidance wage your war . . . Say not, 'I will repay evil!', Trust in the Lord and he will help you . . . To do*

***what is right and just is more acceptable to the Lord  
than sacrifice."***

*New American Bible, Old Testament, Proverbs 20: 18 &  
22 & 21:3*

***"Suchness is said to be similar to the substance of  
gold because this  
essence is immutable, perfectly pure and most noble."***

*The Changeless Nature, Buddha Nature, Page 66, No. 148,  
(Buddhism, Words of Arya Maitreya, Author: Acarya  
Asanga)*

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Soaring through the echoing waves of time, my spirit landed in an ancient village outside of Palestine. A large, turbaned man with a cape wrapped around his shoulders approached. "I am the Palestinian Master. Now that I have been all that is good, and all that is bad, I find that I am in essence the same." "And what is it that you are, master?" I asked. "What is it that *you* are?" He replied calmly, "Are you not merely a manifestation of energy, and energy a manifestation of love?" Nodding, I said, "Then, I am love?" "In our purest form, we are all love . . . but what is love?" He asked. "Love is all that is." I sighed. "So if you choose to become all that you truly are, then you must become purely love?" he asked, as I became exasperated. "Yes, yes, that must be true." "Then it is time for you to take another step . . . atonement."

Stepping back from the intensity of what he said, I asked, "But what is atonement, really?" With a final sway of his robes, he replied, "All must become of the *one*." Disintegrating, he was gone.

***"It is uncreated and indivisible, utterly purged,***

*purified of the two extremes, definitively liberated from the obscurations three - the defilements, ideational knowledge and blockages to meditative mastery: stainless, completely beyond concept, and through being the domain of the Yogi . . . essentially pure, it is clarity."*

*The Changeless Nature, Enlightenment, Page 90, No. 212-213, (Buddhism, Words of Arya Maitreya, Author: Acarya Asanga)*

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Hovering while she descended, this extra-terrestrial woman seemed very familiar. Coming upon me with peace, tranquility and love, her body was of shimmering light and she wore an iridescent pale green gown. Blue eyes framed by an overly large head, she placed her hand upon my forehead sending light through my spirit. "It will be done." She said. "What will be done?" I asked quietly, not wishing to appear stupid. A barely perceptible smile could be seen from her thin mouth. "You have made the choices that have brought you to this point. You will accomplish everything in this lifetime, you have reached the ascension." "Who are you, and where are you from?" I asked. Manifesting a golden lamp in her hand, she replied, "Express the music of your soul." Turning to re-enter her ship, she had nothing more to say.

*"Through being completely under your care I shall benefit all with no fears of conditioned existence; I shall perfectly transcend my previous evils and in the future shall commit no more."*

*A Guide to the Bodhisattva's Way of Life, Chapter 2, Stanza 9, (Buddhism, Tibetan, Author: Shantideva)*

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The guns were no longer firing, the battle had stopped, but here on the mountain the lone soldier stood atop his horse dealing with the greatest battle of all . . . that of grief. Barely marked, the grave was hardly noticeable in the windswept dried grass, but it was here that they lay, his wife and their unborn child. What had once been a working farm was no more. All that remained was the wooden cross which bore the family name, 'Sagrerro.' A plaintive wail tore across the horizon.

Peering through time, I knew the grieving man to be an aspect of Red Jacket. Memory returning of how he had gone to war, in his absence, robbers had come to the farm, burned everything to the ground, and left me to die in the searing flames.

"Nooooooooo! Nooooooooo!" I heard the distant cries of my mother-in-law as the flames consumed everything including my life and the life of our unborn child who had been six months along. Burying me on the hill, not far from the rubble of what had once been our home; this was only the beginning of its hauntings.

Beginning to torment my soul, the memory of this time was unwilling to leave my consciousness, unwilling to leave me in peace.

*"List ye, O man, drink of my wisdom, learn ye the secret, that is Master of TIME. Learn ye how those ye call Masters, are able to remember the lives of the past."*

*The Emerald Tablets of Thoth the Atlantean, Tablet XIII,  
Page 71, Paragraph 4, (Mystery Religions,  
Egyptian/Hermetic, Words of Thoth)*

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Yelling and screaming, the woman's face was clearly in view in my dreaming, but what was it she was so upset about? Gray hair pulled back into a bun, her plump body was neatly dressed in a flower print blue dress. "What?" I called out in the ether. Though her lips moved, I couldn't hear her. Suddenly, they were there, the four men responsible for my untimely demise. Desperately afraid of them, my screams filled the horizon. "No! Don't do it!"

Moments later, I stood before four brothers (who were not the same four men) in a different time. Holding a maternity dress made of cream-colored yarn and decorated with violet; it was long to the floor and drew me into the memory of a happier time. Smiling in remembrance, I put it on and was immediately transported back to the farmhouse.

Running across the plain, the house was on fire, the barn was ablaze and the renegades had run through our little settlement on the hill, robbing, raping and killing in their wake. Unable to run fast because I was six months pregnant, I was determined to get to the barn and save the horses from a fiery death. My husband's mother was running towards me with fear in her eyes. "No!" She screamed. "Don't go in there, it's too dangerous. No! Don't do it!" Ignoring her, I ran in.

Ensnared in flames, I opened the stalls, but one of the horses in his frenzy, kicked me in the stomach. Falling over, I tried to get up but I was hemorrhaging. It was too late, the smoke was thick. Coughing, I passed out in the smoke and passed away.



***"The door of memories swings open. Among the motley I look for Thee but Thou appearest not. Halt, ye throng of countless thoughts and experiences past! Come not into my sanctuary."***

*Whispers from Eternity, Page 46, Stanza 2, (Hinduism, Words of Paramahansa Yogananda)*

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Crying at the table, the Civil War was raging and I was dressed in black. My husband had been aboard a boat that had gone on a daring mission, many had been killed and I'd been told that there was no way he could've survived. Tears streaming down my face, I heard the sound of the front door. Looking up, I was stunned as my husband walked in. In elation and joy, I ran to greet him. He was alive! On this short one day leave, I got pregnant. Six months later, I died at the hands of highway robbers.

When awakening, I felt detached, as if I was no longer a part of the emotional turmoil of this haunting time. In a state of observation, I looked into it with a certain, 'I'm beginning to understand, Lord.'

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Lying in bed, six months pregnant, I was alone in the farmhouse. Banging on the door with vigor, the renegade robbers knocked the door down and came barreling into the house. At this moment, I *knew* I was going to be raped. Again, I witnessed their attack, the fires, my mother-in-law's screams, and my own death.

The medicine man was chanting and shaking his rattles over the scene of my death. "My dear one," he said, "you felt cheated that he was taken from you by the war and when you presumed him dead. Now

you must accept the choices he made. He chose to leave. This is what you must understand and embrace, that it was his choice. Release it!"

***"That bhikkhu who has crossed the mire, crushed the thorn of sensual desire and reached the destruction of delusion, is not perturbed by pleasures and pains."***

*The Udana, Chapter 3, 3.2, Page39, Stanza 1, (Buddhism, Theravadan, Words of the Buddha)*

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Taken to the inner pathways of the sun, beyond the cities of light, snow whisked all about the sky like a blanket in midair. In the center of the sun and following the ether pathways, unseen guides led me on my journey. Soaring down pathways, my destination lay up ahead.

Activity filled the night, as I observed spacecrafts and many different flying spirits soaring through a cloudy, violet tunnel. Soaring through the purplish mist, I heard a voice, "The sun beyond," it said, "the 'Universal Sun.'" Crystal angels sang, and up ahead I could see a huge body of light that looked like a huge version of the sun, which I immediately knew to be a manifestation of the essence of God. Enraptured in ecstasy, a surge of longing inspired me to soar faster towards my God, but the angels nodded, 'No,' I was not yet worthy to sit at His feet.

***"The Lord, being love in its very essence or divine love, looks like the sun to angels in heaven."***

*Divine Love & Wisdom, Chapter 1, No. 5, (Christianity, Swedenborgianism, Author: Emanuel Swedenborg)*

***"Jesus said, 'If they say to you, 'Where have you come from?' say to them, 'We have come from the light, from the place where the light came into being by***

*itself, established (itself), and appeared in their  
image."*

*The Gospel of Thomas, No. 50, (Christianity,  
Gnostic/Essene, Words of Christ)*

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Awaiting me was a golden hand, and I gently gazed upwards to see the imaged face of the bearer. Looking like a master from India, he also carried the energy of the Native American people. Taking his hand, we flew upwards along a spiraling pathway of rainbow-bright colored lights. "Where are we going?" I asked. "Somewhere you've never been before." He replied.

Bursting through hundreds of realms, we stopped in an all-white place. A magnificent display of white feathers ensconced us, nothing but floating white feathers. "This is the feather plane," he said, "the place of ascended native energy." Feeling absolutely luscious here, my spirit was melting into it like a bolt of unconditional love. But there were no singular spirits residing here, only ascended native energies, essences of total light whose unity had become a totality of one.

*"In Mayan culture, the aura is sometimes symbolized  
by feathers - a representation of the realized  
being."*

*Secrets of Mayan Science/Religion, Chapter 5, Page 133,  
Paragraph 1, (Tribal, Mayan, Author: Hunbatz Men)*

*"Everything inside of the house was created by the  
mirth of the yellow people, light made of truth. The  
house they created was time that had been slowed  
down so that we, the people, might seek to know the  
vastness of our inheritance. The house was made up*

*of many dawns, midday's, and moonlit nights. Inside the house lay the principles that would hold and nurture life, that would carry us from dawn to dusk and then take us into beautiful and meaningful dream states, and then beyond them."*

*Being and Vibration, Chapter 5, Page 149, Paragraph 1,  
(Tribal, Tiwa, Author: Joseph Rael)*

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The gallery was inlaid with gold and the stairs were of marble. Huge paintings on the wall depicted God's most beautiful creations. Three entities approached, wearing black hooded robes, their faces the image of skeletons and their hands white bones. Surrounding me on each side and to my back, I recognized them as the 'Angels of Death.' "Who are you here for?" I asked, thinking that meeting one angel of death would be quite significant, but three? "We are here for you," they thought simultaneously, "but another comes." "Another?" I thought.

Approaching with eminence in his mysterious form, his robes were as white as snow. But they could not overshadow the faceless being who exuded light but no features. "I am the 'Angel of Ascension.'" He conveyed. Bowing lightly, I looked deeply into his faceless image. "Clearly you must know," he thought, "that ascension is becoming reality for you. You must translate the Book of the Eights . . . finish the Book of the Eights." Confused by this command, I didn't know what he meant. "When this is complete," he thought, "you may choose to stay or go from this realm at anytime." Raising his invisible arm to the sky, he pointed directly at my heart sending light through it. My astral form began to disintegrate until

I was only a skeleton, then my bones turned into dust, and in moments, I became only white light.

Quietly, he turned and walked away with the three angels of death. Watching the angel of ascension soar upwards, he became particle energy and dissipated into a thought within the mind of God.

*"Now, what is this 'Book of the Hidden Mystery?'  
Said R. Simeon: 'It contains five sections which are to be found in the midst of a great Hall, and whose wisdom fills the whole earth.' Said R. Judah: 'If this book of wisdom is enclosed in that Hall, it is of more worth than any other to me.' 'Verily,' returned R. Simeon, 'it is so, for one who is used to passing in and out of the courts of wisdom, but not to one who rarely or never enters into that Hall.'"*

*The Zohar (Kaballah), Volume IV, Terumah (Exodus),  
Page 112, Middle, (Judaism)*

## CHAPTER TEN

*"Thou hast ascended on high, thou hast led captivity captive: thou hast received gifts for men: yea, for the rebellious also, that the Lord God might dwell among them."*

*King James Bible, Old Testament, Psalms 68:18,  
(Christianity)*

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Entering the body of a woman in an ancient time, I was sitting next to my husband, who was a king, and our three children. Concerned about the Amazons, a race of women who lived on a nearby island that seemed to have the secrets to power and

knowledge, many people from our kingdom had gone to the island never to return. Assuming they'd all been killed, the Amazonian women were reputed to be monstrous in size and very strong.

Local mythology spoke of a sacred book which explained the secrets that they knew, but no one knew its name or what it really contained. Interested in finding this book to learn more about the Amazons, I agreed to cross the ocean path, find the sacred book, and bring it back to him.

I never returned.

A floating pathway to the island had been built by the Amazons, but the last stretch of about twenty-five feet was left unfinished. Raging ocean waters prevented those of impure heart from crossing, because in order to get to the island you had to swim in water infested with water dragons. Getting to the island was not much of a problem as the dragons rarely bothered those coming in, but were very hard on those going out. While I had been washing ashore, I noticed the size and might of the dragons and ran quickly into shore to escape their huge talons.

After arriving, I was surprised that the Amazon women were not big at all. In fact, most of them displayed very soft and feminine features. Walking around naked, their faces held a purity, solemnity and grace that I admired, because their strength was not physical, but spiritual.

Running into a soul who kept changing identities from male to female, I bowed to show my respect. "I am the Dragon Master, and I carry the sacred book." "I remember you," I said with surprise, as my current self, Marilyn began to overlap. "The

Dragon Master, you were my teacher." "Yes," he said, "Come, I have messages for you . . . and the sacred book."

Traveling deep into the brush of the inner island, we sat beside a waterway which extended into the sea. A special place of teaching, a protective crystal enclosure was set up to protect pupils from the wrath of the dragons. From particle energy, the Dragon Master manifested a book and handed it to me, 'The Book of the Drain of the Dragons.' Taking it with the utmost of respect, the dragons in the water began to stir. "Do not worry," he said, "one of the secrets of the dragons is that they can only see your auric field. The Amazonian women have learned to draw in their energy around the shore so they will not be seen. We are protected by the crystal enclosure until you learn this technique, as well."

Wanting to open the book, it seemed to be stuck. "The book is not of words, but of energy. This is a book of memory." Taking my hands, the Dragon Master sent a wave of light through them, and then from his third eye to mine. A powerful energy began entering and I felt and saw images of beautiful things. "The silken angels!" I shouted, "Where are the silken angels?" Laughing, he held one of my hands and led me to a temple. "You remember quickly, my daughter." Prancing through the wilderness, we came upon the gateway to the Amazon regime. Silken pink angels immersed the entire city in a sensuous warm glow.

Allowing my consciousness to expand, I remembered that the Amazons were a spiritually evolved, predominantly female society, protected by

the power of their high thoughts and the silken angels who allowed no harm to come to them. Those who had never returned had not been killed, but had either chosen to stay with them, or died at the hands of a dragon while trying to bring back secrets to a society that could not understand them and might misuse them. Wearing no clothing was a sign of their purity and looking down at myself, I realized that I, too, was undressed. Taking me to the temple, the Dragon Master said, "You carry the sword of sacred duty." Brushing his before my third eye, memories surfaced as I relived them.

Having never returned during that lifetime, my family thought I'd been killed. Desperately, I'd tried to find a way to return, but found that you can never turn back. Teaching me much, the Dragon Master helped me to pass through the Amazonian rites more and more every day. But I missed my husband and children.

One day while walking along the water lost in thoughts of my husband, I'd forgotten to pull my auric field into myself. Another woman who was just arriving was walking along the shore, as a huge green tentacled dragon surfaced and immediately grabbed her. Running to her, the Dragon Master's voice rang in my head, "You now carry the sacred sword." Manifesting in my hand was a tool very much like a screwdriver, but different. The thought of hurting the dragon repelled me, but I knew there was no other way. Taking the sword, I plunged it directly into the dragon's third eye.

Feeling the pain of transformation, my hands were bleeding profusely as the dragon had sent his



claws directly through my wrist, but the woman, though badly injured, would survive. Holding her injured form in my hands, I watched in disbelief as the dragon who'd appeared dead, was now stirring and changing form. Energies of purple were soaring around his talons and his tentacles were no longer solid. A whiz of energy gyrated throughout and exploded in pink light as the dragon became a silken angel! (An allegory of the karmic soul who achieves purification.)

Standing at the new angel's side, the Dragon Master said, "You've remembered the secret of the sacred 'Book of the Drain of the Dragons.' You have drained the negativity of your dragon and transformed it into a silken angel of love." Walking forward into my soul, the silken angel became one with me, as the woman who'd been hurt just got up and walked away. Being an actress, she'd played her part well because she was not truly injured. My tears were pink as I remembered the Amazonian secrets. "The dragon?" He asked. "My unfulfilled potential." I replied. "The silken angel?" He asked. "Potentials fulfilled." "Very good, when you look in the eyes of the dragon, you fear the part of you that has yet to be transformed, but it takes courage to bring potential to fulfillment." Approaching me, his face became serious. "As a bearer of the sacred sword, I now ask of you to bear service to another." "Yes," I replied, "whatever you ask, I will do. You've shared with me the gift of memory." "I have a message for one who follows."

Although the message was for someone in particular, it was truly a message for all. Holding a

stick of incense which blazed at the tip he said, "Many masters have shared techniques, doorways into the sacred spaces." I knew he spoke of the many forms of meditation, mantras, contemplatives, prayer, masses, etc. "But the ritual is not the *truth*, it is the *door*. Use the technique for the purpose of opening the door, not as an end in itself. You must open the door in order to find sacred memory." Nodding, I understood him. "Tell my honored friend this." He paused as a rainbow gyrated above the incense.

*"Brethren, there are monks who are keen on Dhamma and they disparage those monks who are meditators, saying: 'Look at those monks! They think 'We are meditating, we are meditating,' and so they meditate and meditate, meditating up and down, to and fro!*

*What, then, do they meditate and why do they meditate?' Thereby, neither these monks keen on Dhamma will be pleased nor the meditators. (By acting in that way,) their life will not be conducive to the welfare and happiness of the people, nor to the benefit of the multitude."*

*Anguttara Nikaya 1-3, Part II, Book of the Fives, No. 24, Paragraph 2, (Buddhism, Theravadan)*

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Chanting and pointing in the direction of the mountains, the medicine man's long black hair blew in the chilling wind, as he stood beside a native woman holding a blanket. "It is important to always follow a straight path," he said, as he walked towards the mountain.

*"They that are guided go not astray, but they that are lost cannot find a straight path. If thou go among men, make for thyself, Love, the beginning and end of*

***the heart."***

*The Emerald Tablets of Thoth the Atlantean Tablet III,  
Page 17, Paragraph 8, (Mystery Religions,  
Egyptian/Hermetic, Words of Thoth)*

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Embarking upon the sacred violet tunnel which led to the 'Universal Sun,' I could see its emanation from a distance. Crystal angels appeared in the tunnel, one holding her hand to me with a luminous smile. Going towards her, she grasped my hand and took me deep within and beyond the borders of these realms. Tears of joy streamed my face as I beheld that which I so desired, the essence of God, living and beautiful. Bathed in the light of silence, I stayed for hours in my private mass with the Lord.

***"Then from the midst of the Fire came a voice,  
'Behold the Glory of the First Cause.' I beheld that  
light, high above all darkness, reflected in my own  
being. I attained, as it were, to the God of all Gods,  
the Spirit-Sun, the Sovereign of the  
Sun spheres."***

*An Interpretation of the Emerald Tablets Together with the  
Two Extra Tablets, Tablet XI, Page 58, Paragraph 1,  
(Mystery Religions, Egyptian/Hermetic, Words of Thoth)*

***"This ultimate truth of the spontaneously-born is to  
be understood through faith alone - The orb of the sun  
may shine but it cannot be seen by the blind!"***

*The Changeless Nature, Buddha Nature, Page 68, No. 153,  
(Buddhism, Words of Arya Maitreya, Author: Acarya  
Asanga)*

Taking me yet deeper within, we stood before a gate. Seeing the higher and finer frequencies of

light gleaming from beyond, the angel spoke. "This is the 'Gateway of the Ascension,' you may go now if you wish, but make sure that if you do, it's what you really want." Looking deeply inside, I was honored to be allowed to enter and yearned to go. But something deeper held me back. "No. I don't really want to go, yet." Squeezing my hand with love and understanding, almost as if to say that she was pleased with my decision, she said, "Then return to the earth knowing that the love of the light is always with you no matter where your consciousness may lie."

*"Two angel messengers stand at the gate of Paradise and call aloud to the chieftains who have charge of that spot in Gehinnom, summoning them to receive that soul, and during the whole process of purification they continue to utter aloud repeatedly the word 'Hinnom.' When the process is completed, the chieftains take the soul out of Gehinnom and lead it to the gate of Paradise, and say to the angel messengers standing there: 'Hinnom (lit. here they are), behold, here is the soul that has come out pure and white.' The soul is then brought into Paradise."*

*The Zohar (Kaballah), Volume IV, Vayaqhel (Exodus),  
Page 219, Middle, (Judaism)*

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Riding the wild stallion through the arid desert, I suddenly stopped as a spaceship was waiting. Two emerged from the vessel to greet me, a man and a woman. Stepping forward, the woman took hold of my hand. "I implant you; I give you the seed of ascension. As I pass this energy through your hands, you will also pass this to those you touch."

Stepping forward, the man took my other hand. "I give you the ethereal water to fill the seed with growth, allow it to flow within you, beginning the birth of this seed." Letting go of my hands, they calmly turned and walked towards the spaceship, turning into particle energy and disappearing before my eyes.

***"Jesus said, 'If you bring forth what is within you, what you have will save you. If you do not have that within you, what you do not have within you (will) kill you.'"***

*The Gospel of Thomas, No. 70, (Christianity,  
Gnostic/Essene, Words of Christ)*

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Another person came into my life for a period of time, who exhibited the same personality qualities demonstrated in the Red Jacket lifetimes. Despite many nudgings to go towards the light, he was choosing an alternate path.

Odyssey came to show me what happens to the souls of those who run out of time in karmic circling, and are held accountable for that which they do. Apparently, this fragment had lived a lie, using deception and dishonesty to get what he wanted in life. Receiving several opportunities for grace, he had denied them all.

A dark cloudy vortex encompassed him, and the power of it was unfathomable and frightening. Watching as he became consumed in the raging clouds of the backwards flow, Odyssey said, "He has refused the hand of the eternal, he will now experience some of the darkest times of his life."

***"There are five mistakes: faint-heartedness, contempt***

*for those of lesser ability, to believe in the false, to speak about the true nature badly and to cherish oneself above all else. The ultimate true nature is always devoid of any thing compounded: so it is said that defilements, karma and their full ripening are like a cloud etc. The defilements are said to be like clouds."*

*The Changeless Nature, Buddha Nature, Page 70, No. 157-160, (Buddhism, Words of Arya Maitreya, Author: Acarya Asanga)*

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Odyssey handed me a stick of incense with a label that read, "Pathway of Ascension."

Standing gracefully, I awaited the entrance of somebody unknown, although I felt the ominous importance of the moment to come. Red Jacket entered the room and at his side, Red Horse. At his side, the most recent fragment joined. At his side, other manifestations of this soul began to appear, each from different lifetimes. Joining hands, they were showing a link between them, one to another. Looking at me with expectancy, I said, "I understand, they all come on behalf of the same karma." There's only one man and one woman . . . Red Jacket stepped forward. "You *have* to understand!" He said with great urgency. "You have to let this go *now*. I will love you forever, but you must see clearly not only what is true *beyond* illusion, but what is true *within* illusion. Immortality is forever, I will always be a moment." I was beginning to understand. Just because you have karma, or a connection to another person, doesn't mean you have to do something about it. Interestingly, those who truly follow the precepts

taught in the major religions are sometimes able to rise above karmic impetus, making former lifetimes less relevant. After all, these matters do involve choice.

Gazing at Red Jacket and his counterparts, I said, "I will honor your soul, I will walk away." Red Jacket embraced me, looking deeply into my eyes. "I love you now more than ever," he said, "because you love me enough to serve my soul." They disappeared, as I cried.

*"He is convinced that his happiness depends on his attaining this particular object and that if he would only achieve this goal he would be happy ever after. If he only realized how deluded he was about this he would soon cease his pursuit."*

*Strive for Truth, Volume 1, Lovingkindness, Page 139,  
Top, (Judaism, Author: Rabbi Eliyahu E. Dessler)*

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"Marilynn, you are resistant to love." The angel said to me. "I know you're right," I answered, "but I don't think I understand."

Surrounding my form in a whirlwind of light, my consciousness waned but resurfaced in a dark and dank graveyard. Tombstones carried the names of the dead, and those who hadn't yet been buried lay on the ground covered in sheets. This dark place didn't frighten me, but it didn't feel very good to walk within its midst, so I began searching for an exit through which I could leave.

In the distance, I could see a doorway. Light was pouring through the cracks and I knew that it was my destination. Walking towards it, the corpses

covered in sheets were scattered everywhere and I had to be very careful to avoid stepping upon them. But as I walked, a hand came from under a sheet and grabbed my thigh, trying desperately to hold me in the graveyard.

Gently, I picked up the hand and placed it back under its sheet, but as I did so, I had accidentally moved the part which covered this dead person's face. "Oh, my God!" I thought, "It's him." Eyes showing sadness, Red Jacket's most recent fragment remained content in this dark place, as the vortex had overcome his soul. A rush of emotion urged me on towards the door where a security officer awaited me. "This is the place for the spiritually dead," he said, "those who have forgotten the eternal for momentary gains that aren't real. Leave this place, and as you go, shed the armor you have taken on to protect yourself from those who are not living. Those who do not live do not love. Those who do not love do not live. Shatter your illusion that one as yourself mustn't deserve love because a dead man cannot return your love. A DEAD MAN HAS NOTHING TO GIVE!" Deceased in the spirit, though not of the flesh, thunder roared across the horizon.

*"Jesus said, 'Look to the living one as long as you live, or you might die and then try to see the living one, and you will be unable to see.'"*

*The Gospel of Thomas, No. 59, (Christianity,  
Gnostic/Essene, Words of Christ)*

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Taken aboard a bus, Andy and I were going on a journey to a land of passage. Several different bus trips were to be taken to complete this journey, and



with each trip a successive rite of passage.

On the first bus, a man who wore a jacket depicting the many faces of the Earth greeted us. Conveying to us that we would have only a short period of time to complete the passage, if we didn't make it . . . we couldn't continue.

Exiting the bus at the first passage, we noticed a mausoleum and went towards it. Instinctively we knew that there would be ancient sacred statues which contained energies needed to energize an eternal program. Walking in the doorway, however, we suddenly stood atop a magnificent snow-topped mountain.

Sacred statues were strewn amongst the wintry wilderness, and we could see the next bus waiting at the bottom of the mountain. Urging me to hurry, Andy was concerned that we reach the bottom in time; but the snow was high and slushy, and despite my thigh-high rubber boots, I kept falling into puddles and snow-drifts. Although he only wore tennis shoes, Andy had no trouble with this. Andy had a much higher degree of physical skill, and I was able to continue because of his help. After what seemed like a long time, we both reached the bottom in time to board the next bus. Another guide awaited us.

Holding two small statues, one held the image of an Indian man, and the other an ancient priest. Indicating that we needed to find the hieroglyphic signs upon each statue in order to continue our journey, Andy picked them up but could not find any signs. "No, Andy," I said, "the sign would be at the base of the statues, the foundation, where all things

must begin." Turning them to their base, we found the mysterious sign which was on the 'Book of the Eights.' Realizing that I had a higher degree of spiritual skill than Andy, he was able to continue because of my help.

Showing these signs to the guide, he quietly said, "Yes, now we go to 'Nightmare house.' A psychedelic van will be waiting to pick you up, and it will be very difficult to make it in time." "Nightmare house?" I said, conveying my displeasure at this uninviting title. But he said nothing more as he dropped us off at the eerie old mansion, which looked to be haunted by all sorts of nasty things.

Greeted at the door by a small woman, she had a dog. A short balding man with a terrorizing demeanor spoke like an echo in your mind. Leading us to a small room on the left side of the house, it contained frightening elements from our lives, and aspects of memory which had had laid down limiting patterns on our souls.

Overwhelmed by the energy of what I saw of my own past, Andy volunteered to walk in first to assist me with my nightmare, but as he entered, he disappeared, and in what seemed to be the will of God, I was left alone to overcome it. Exhausted and confused, the first thing that caught my eye was a mangled tricycle which had been run over by a car. Inspiring a long ago memory of an accident, it had become a symbol of my fears. Walking towards it, I owned my own memory, touched it, and was immediately transported to the other side of the house.

Completely immersed in obsessive cleaning,

Andy was not yet released from his past. I saw the old man laughing in my mind, his eeriness never waning. From the corner of my eye, I noticed that the woman was fleeing the premises. "What's going on?" I thought. Looking out the window, I saw three men in revolutionary war attire coming towards the house with fiery torches. Somehow knowing that they were going to burn down 'Nightmare House' in order to transform our karmic past, I realized that if we didn't get out of here first, we would spiritual die in the fire of karma. "Andy!" I shouted. "We have to go! They're going to set this house on fire." Andy, still trapped within his prison, was unable to respond to my words.

Grabbing his arm, we ran towards the side door which led into a vast maze. Realizing that the time to catch the van was nigh, I dragged him behind me as we tried to decipher this unusual conglomeration of tunnels. Behind us, the home was ablaze and the fire was spreading into this maze of illusions. Hot on our trail were the three men, who followed us because it was their mission to hold us in our karmic past and keep us from making passage.

Up ahead was a small bridge across a divide which was about four feet wide with a white hazy void below it. Not knowing what lay beyond that void, I knew we needed to cross quickly and then remove the bridge to stop the past from entering into the present. After crossing, I mistakenly thought Andy had already crossed, and thus, I'd removed the bridge. Panicking, I called to him to jump the gap, but he wasn't running, but walking rather slowly and before I could stop him, he fell into the great white

void.

I screamed . . . and I screamed, but the woman who'd previously left nightmare house suddenly appeared, "Maybe he's re-entering eternity." Grabbing my hand, she forced me to continue my quest through the roundabout tunnels reaching higher and higher. Once we reached the surface, I knew we would see the psychedelic van.

After what seemed like an endless ascent through the maze, I saw the door. Pushing it open, I ran to the van. "Wait! Wait!" I yelled, "Maybe he'll get here . . ." But the driver sped off without delay. "You never know," he grinned, "Andy might be in the back of the van. He might have gotten here *before* you." Now allowing me to look, he grinned from ear to ear as we sped off.

*"When he gives attention to formations as impermanent, they appear to him as exhaustion, when he gives attentions to formations as painful, they appear to him as terror. When he gives attention to formations as not-self, they appear to him as voidness."*

*The Path of Discrimination, Treatise on Liberation, Page 258, Paragraph 6, (Buddhism, Theravadan)*

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Soaring across the arctic snow country, my glistening white paws were enmeshed in the white snow, as my fellow white wolves gathered around. Pouncing across the icy waters that had once been a fluid lake, we trekked across the great arctic to our destination inside the caves where the great white wolf lived.

Everything was white and covered in snow,

including the above which appeared to have no rock enclosure, only the white which seemed to go on forever.

A large white wolf approached from an inner cavern. "We are the wolf people, the teachers of the tribes of man. We are the white brotherhood of all life; we seek to teach the living of life, and the dead of the re-birth." "But why am I here?" I thought to him." He paused. "You are here to receive the teaching of the white wolf so that you may encompass and become it. Then you will give it to others who will do the same. It is simple. The wolf teaches of freedom and brotherhood, a union and a separation, a balance." Karmic relationships have a tendency to be all-consuming, but eternal unions serve God, and thus they serve both unitive and individual goals. Gazing about the space, my brothers pierced my eyes with their own iridescence. "Thank you, great white wolf and all my wolf brothers for having me in your pack tonight. It is a memory I will treasure." Turning to begin our trek back across the snowy arctic, we crossed the frozen lake, the pines aside it swaying in the wind.

*"Embedded within the Chewong notion . . . is the conviction that what each creature sees through its eyes constitutes a 'truth' equivalent to that of human experience."*

*Wisdom of the Elders, Each Species Sees the World Through its own Eyes, Page 110, Paragraph 1, (Tribal, Chewong)*

*"Faithful words are often not pleasant; pleasant words are often not faithful. Well informed men do not dispute; men who dispute are not well informed."*

***The wise man is not always learned; the learned man  
is not always wise."***

*A Buddhist Bible, Tao Teh King, Chapter 81, Paragraph 1,  
(Buddhism, Taoism)*

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Leading me to a sacred place where statues of immortal beings throughout time were displayed, Odyssey took me to a holy image of Christ. "Enter it." She said. Walking into the stone encasement, I was given the gift of the Christ energy. Leading me to a holy statue of Mary, she said, "Enter it." Walking into the stone encasement, I was given the gift of holy maternity. Pointing to an elaborately decorated piece which stood upon a pedestal, it was formed like a small temple and a door upon it held words in hieroglyphs. I opened it. Lying inside was an ancient book written in an unfamiliar language. My eyes dropped as I read the only part written in my own language. 'The Book of the Eights.' It said. "Translate it." Odyssey said. In order to translate the book, I would have to experience the rites of passage within it. "I will translate it."

*"Thereupon the old man took me by the hand and led me towards the spacious temple; and after he had duly performed the rituals of opening the doors and of making the morning-sacrifice, he produced from the secret recesses of the shrine certain books written in unknown characters. The meaning of these characters was concealed, at times by the concentrated expression of hieroglyphically painted animals, at times by wreathed and twisted letters with tails that twirled like wheels or spiraled together like vine-tendrils - so that it was altogether impossible for any*

***peeping profane to comprehend. From these books the high priest interpreted to me the matters necessary for my mystic preparation."***

*The Ancient Mysteries, The Egyptian Mysteries of Isis and Osiris, Page 188, No. 22, Paragraph 4, (Mystery Religions, Mediterranean)*

***"Come, mother of the seven houses, that thy rest may be in the eighth house."***

*The Apocryphal New Testament, Acts of Thomas, Second Act, No. 27, (Christianity, Gnostic, Words of St. Thomas)*

## CHAPTER ELEVEN

***"Then he said to me, 'Do not seal up the prophetic words of this book, for the appointed time is near. Let the wicked still act wickedly, and the filthy still be filthy. The righteous must still do right, and the holy still be holy."***

*New American Bible, New Testament, Revelations 22:10, (Christianity, Catholic)*

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And so it came to pass that I entered into the contents of the Book of the Eights, which came as a sequence of experiential energies which began and fulfilled the final throes of ascension's path.

***"When that time comes, your own people will be spared - all those whose names are found written in the Book."***

*New Jerusalem Bible, Old Testament, Daniel 12:1 & 4, (Judaism)*

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Sweeping through the window, the golden

angel gained in size as she approached. Spreading to envelope my soul, I entered her as we became one.

And it was said that he who died by the sword must live again and retrieve a golden angel. As the swordsmen left his life, the man he had tried to kill appeared. Remembering his own moment of death, he had died taking the life of another. With fear in his eyes, Andy hovered about his own dead body hoping to understand what his purpose could now be. Although the ninja warrior didn't speak, he extended his hand in forgiveness, and as Andy reached to take his hand, he was swept away.

Seeing a crowd up in the distance, the ancient swordsman noticed that everyone he'd ever known had gathered; family and friends from all lifetimes awaited his arrival. Walking through the crowds, the celebration was in full force to honor his return to reality.

Standing in the distance beyond the crowd, I stood. Light surrounded me, and he was entranced. Quickly moving to find me, he could not because I would disappear as soon as he would approach. "Where are you my golden angel?" Andy cried out, as I appeared at his side holding his hand. "You remember me?" I asked. "I do, but from where I know not." As we began to dance, our family and friends looked on. "Those who die by the sword," I said, "must live again to retrieve a golden angel. I've loved you forever and I've watched over you for centuries. As the ninja warrior returns to this side, you must return to the Earth. You have learned the ways of the warrior, now you must seek love and become an eternal warrior, a warrior of peace." "I don't want to



go back to earth," the swordsman said, "I don't want to leave you, my golden angel." "But leave, you must," I said, "as you discover the peaceful way, the lighted way, you will also find me, for I will go with you this time. Seek me, for I shall be your counterpart." A light grew in the room, as my angelic essence was allowed to appear as all that it is, in its radiance. Only a moment passed, and we flew towards Earth to reincarnate into the tribes of man.

***"Just as the disease needs to be diagnosed, its cause eliminated, a healthy state achieved and the remedy implemented, so also should suffering, its causes, its cessation and the path be known, removed, attained and undertaken."***

*The Changeless Nature, Buddha Activity, Page 134, No. 331, (Buddhism, Words of Arya Maitreya, Author: Acarya Asanga)*

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Swollen at the stomach which was the sign of the pregnancy I bore, I carried within me the spirit of love about to be born within the world. As a sister of the sacred order, I had seen the four flames; the violet, blue, green and red. Knowing of the crossing, I had been there. In the essence world, I encompassed the order, living the sacred rites of the 23rd dimension. Here, I was to seed the birth and begin the descent of spirit into the third dimension. My spirit had become the golden angel, the eternal manifestation of Odyssey.

Dashing through the wilderness fall, I witnessed ancient wisdom. The hill I bore was seeking downwards into a golden ravine. Faces emerged from every point, hundreds of wolves

peered out upon me as if in a mad dash. Blowing endlessly in the wind, my dress had become a burden in this holy place, but I bore it not. The people at the top of the forest hill beckoned my return.

From behind a clump of rocks, however, surprise echoed through the wilderness as a black wolf came with a dash towards me and held me in a deadly jaw lock about my head. Blood was dripping slowly from my face and the pain echoed an inner stillness. Playing dead, I did not move, hoping the wolf would release me to my death. But he did not, and those atop the hill offered no help. A lone teardrop fell on my face in my moment of confusion, but a knowing came to me in a dreamy and dazed state. Between worlds, I was given the knowledge of the black wolf.

Reaching up, I grasped each of the wolf's jaws separately with each hand, disabling his only weapon against me. As I did, the wolf became limp and powerless. Inner compassion told me of the rightful place of the animal as I sought to go further into the wilderness. Though the blood still fell from my wounds, my only concern was that the animal live, grow and evolve into its highest potential. "Sister of the sacred order," the animal limply spoke, "I know of your power." "It is my power to understand that you know of, wolf." I said. "Yes," he replied, "but it is your power to understand that gives you courage to realize that I come as a black wolf because my potential has not been realized." Pausing, he added, "You are of the great white wolf clan." "Yes," I replied, "the great white wolf is realized potential; he understands that which is eternal . . . and that which

is not." Wolf looked pensive now, almost ashamed. "You are of the wolf clan, too, but you are of a different tribe of teachers. You have shown me never to fear unrealized potential, but to guide it to a place of nurturance and growth where it may fulfill itself."

Entering a mountain setting deep in the wilderness, the swaying winds blew to and fro as I transformed into my truest self. Glistening robes surrounded my lithe airy form. "It is only ignorance that harms us," I said. Running my hands over the gaping wound in my head, I reached to the black wolf as he licked the blood off, cleansing them. "This is my life-force; I give it to you to help you attain life." As I did this, I turned to see the four flames; violet, blue, green and red as they appeared in a gateway in the sky, it was the entrance to the 23rd dimension.

*"While that woman lived, some evenings or nights - especially cold nights - you could hear the wolves howl for her. They missed her. But that's the way things go. Man and animal are closely related, and once in a while the animals show their affection this way."*

*Walking in the Sacred Manner, Chapter 6, Page 117,  
Paragraph 1, (Tribal, Plains)*

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Trotting upon the back of a horse, my soul was embarking upon a cathedral in the distance. A woman's voice began singing in operatic tones of her love for the Lord. As I came upon the holy site, I realized that this cathedral was for God's royal family, the prophets, mystics, saints and sages from throughout the world and throughout time. Beautifully decorated, statues of holy things were

everywhere.

Wandering alone to the altar, a familiar face beckoned me to come near. Looking at him, he was wearing a white shirt and a pair of blue jeans but what was most striking about him was his long blonde hair and the medallion he wore. Upon it was the Sign of Otara, the sign of the angels.

Coming towards him, he mimicked every move I made, coaxing me with lively smiles. Acting as though he were my twin, he didn't cease to imitate any form I took upon myself. In order to confuse him, I began doing a pretty complicated dance step, and rather than repeating my new moves, he put his hands on his hips, smiled, and scolded me.

"Who are you?" I asked him, as he shrugged his shoulders in jest. Pointing to a set of gems directly in front of him, he motioned me to look at them. "They are gems," I said, but he directed me to look closer. Each gem held a face inside, the different men in my life, while the center gem held an image of Andy, my ex-husband.

Gazing closer, I noticed that all of them were fakes, simple plastic imitations, except the center piece which held Andy's image. It glimmered with light like a true gem. "It is coming full circle. A true gem cannot be distinguished from a group of fake stones unless one looks closely to see the reality and the illusion. The seeker must embrace the gem. What is real, and what is illusion, what is eternal, and what is momentary? Gems are rare, plastic is common. Potentials unfulfilled have no meaning, potentials fulfilled are eternal." He disappeared.

*"For a certain higher part of the soul has advanced*

*already to the point of judging the good of righteous action, while a slower, carnal part of the soul is not led by reason to this judgment. Thus, as a result of this very difficulty, the soul is urged to pray to the One who aids it towards its perfection, whom it recognizes as its Creator."*

*On Free Choice of the Will, Book Three, XXII, Page 139, Top, (Christianity, Catholic, Author: St. Augustine)*

*"Now, my God, You can easily look upon and bear high esteem for the soul You behold, for by Your look You present her with valuables and jewels and then esteem her and are captivated."*

*The Collected Works of St. John of the Cross, The Spiritual Canticle, Page 540, Stanza 33, No. 9*

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Gleaming golden pyramid steps shone in the bright sun as I began the short trek to the top of the temple. Flying to the crest was easy, but what greeted me at the top was surprising. The golden sphinx lay silently, peacefully . . . emerged. Dancers were swaying all around it, as a spirit told me, "They are doing the flat liner dance." Noticing that they were imitating the fluctuating heartbeat of a dying person, the heartbeat became erratic and then flat; purged of life (Death of Karma).

Attention falling to the sphinx, I was shocked when he turned his head towards me. A living being, he was quite noble in stature. Opening his eyes for only a moment, he revealed grayish-blue eyes. Knowing that this dance had been done for me, every soul that is born into ascension must first die to karma.

*"Deep neath the image lies my secret, search and find*

*in the pyramid I built. Each to the other, is the Keystone; each the gateway, that leads into LIFE. Follow the KEY I leave behind me, seek and the doorway to LIFE shall be thine. Seek thou in my pyramid, deep in the passage that ends in a wall, use thou the KEY of the SEVEN, and open to thee, the pathway will fall."*

*The Emerald Tablets of Thoth the Atlantean, Tablet V,  
Page 31, Paragraph 2, (Mystery Religions,  
Egyptian/Hermetic, Words of Thoth)*

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Standing before the council with my papers in hand, a council member said, "It is she who seeks passage; show us your life papers." Looking down in my hands, the papers I held were an in-depth look at all that I had accomplished up to this point in my lifetime. Handing it over, I looked dimly at the council. "Well, I don't know how I fare," I said, "I've done quite a bit, but I've never made much money." A slight chuckle passed through the council. "What we are looking for is something quite different. What have you sought, physical or spiritual wealth? What have you gained, knowledge or goods?" The bearer of knowledge and wisdom, one who has sought knowledge and found it, is the one who is ready to receive passage."

Sheepishly, I spoke on my own behalf. "To be quite honest, I have been a seeker of knowledge all my life. It has always been my highest purpose." A knowing look passed through the council, "You have, indeed, and you don't need this to show that." Tossing the paper aside, they continued, "We vision a seeker by his heart, you will be given passage and the

knowledge that will set you free."

And then they disappeared.

***"A person who devotes his mind, body and speech to the service of the Lord, even though in the midst of a miserable life fraught with past misdeeds, is assured of liberation."***

*Teachings of Lord Caitanya, Chapter 26, Page 290,  
Paragraph 2, Quote from Srimad-Bhagavatam, (Hinduism,  
Author: A.C. Bhaktivedanta Prabhupada)*

***"Jesus continued again in the discourse and said unto his disciples: 'When I shall have gone into the Light, then herald it unto the whole world and say unto them: Cease not to seek day and night and remit not yourself until ye find the mysteries of the Light-kingdom, which will purify you and make you into refined light . . .'"***

*Pistis Sophia, Third Book, Page 213, Paragraph 1,  
(Christianity, Gnostic/Essene, Words of Christ)*

Awaking to the physical world, a voice came abruptly and with power. "FIND YOUR TWIN!" The male voice emitted intensity and exasperation. "Who are you?!" I called out, as the voice repeated, "FIND YOUR TWIN AND MAKE HIM YOURS!" A white spirit form appeared in front of me, as I immediately recognized him as the man from the cathedral who had mimicked my every move. "May 10th is your day," he said, "Oh really? In what way?" I asked. "It is your birthday!" he replied, knowing full well that my biological birthday was in March. "FIND YOUR TWIN AND MAKE HIM YOURS." Looking at the clock, it said 6:30 A.M. The spirit began disintegrating until he disappeared. Looking at the clock, it was now midnight.

***"Everything is foreknown, but man is free."***

*The Talmudic Anthology, No. 97, Page 135, Stanza 4,  
(Judaism)*

***"My son, listen to my teaching which is good and useful, and end the sleep which weighs heavily upon you. Depart from the forgetfulness which fills you with darkness, since if you were unable to do anything I would not have said these things to you.***

***But Christ has come in order to give you this gift. Why do you pursue the darkness when the light is at your disposal? Why do you drink stale water though sweet is available for you? Wisdom summons (you), yet you desire folly. Not by your own desire do you do these things, but it is the animal nature within you that does them."***

*The Nag Hammadi Library, The Teachings of Silvanus,  
Page 383, Paragraph 1, (Christianity, Gnostic/Essene)*

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Screaming wisdoms echoed through time as my spirit journeyed into yesteryear. Of different and warring tribes, Andy and I were very much in love. Together for what would be the last time, we both knew it, and as we parted he spoke his last words to me, "This can never be. We must go."

Shortly thereafter, my death came suddenly like a wind in the night as I left my Earthly home to return to the grandmothers who lived within the mountains in the sky. Years went by and I became my true essence, that of a grandmother spirit watching over her many spiritual grandchildren. Going to him in dreams, he'd reject me openly due to his anger over my death. Determined to keep our momentary union a secret, my memory haunted him.



In his heart, however, he knew the truth. It was something that could not be in this time or place, but would have to be in another. "I am you, you are me," he would always say, and it was true.

Close to his death, I returned to him in a dream. Becoming a great chief to his people, he'd married another and felt conflict in seeing my spirit. Touching my essence beyond form, he said, "I cannot do this, if I feel your skin, I will remember how it once was, how it used to be. I cannot let that happen." Whispering in his ear, I spoke quietly to his heart. "I love you as grand as the setting sun, with the passion of a night wind thunderstorm, with the power of the winding valley, with the joy of the singing bird. I am you; you are me, as we will always be." A lone teardrop fell from his eyes down his time-worn face.

***"Oh Lord of Law, may I wear my scars of trials like deserved medals of chastisement, presented to me by the sacred hands of Thy perfect justice."***

*Whispers from Eternity, Page 70, Paragraph 1, (Hinduism, Kriya Yoga, Words of Paramahansa Yogananda)*

***"We must feel the suffering of our people. To be transfigured we have to be disfigured in our own sight."***

*The Love of Christ, Part III, Page 84, 18 July 1968, (Christianity, Catholic, Words of Mother Teresa)*

***"I find myself in some scene which I cannot have visited before and which is yet perfectly familiar; I know that it was the stage of an action in which I once took part . . ."***

*Reincarnation - An East-West Anthology, British, Page 154, John Buchan*

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A disturbing rite, the 'Maze of Passages' was a very bizarre initiation wherein there was almost a vortex of constant motion. Various choices and potential paths appeared before me as if in a constant stream. Constantly moving, I made choices to go one way, found it incorrect, turned around, found another, picked a different direction . . . water crossings, the field of childhood dreams and nightmares, lenses of reality which passed before me until clarity was achieved. A drama perceived as reality was the wrong choice and appeared as a blurry and unfocused mess. Leading to a life trapped inside a novel, perceiving earthly life as the only reality; was *not* where I wanted to go. Barreling out of there, I found clarity.

Standing amidst an old room filled with artifacts of my past-lives, I looked at war bonnets, headdresses, old books, pipes, etc. Turning, the chief had been watching me. "You are a writer," he said, "and you simply must write." Handing me an old book entitled, "TWINNS," I began leafing through it, intrigued that the date on the book was 1909. Inside, it spoke of a bond so strong that the souls were truly like one soul. There was a picture of the Chief, and a picture of myself as the woman I'd been in that lifetime. Below it, it read, 'Twins.' I looked at him again . . .

*"It is the Bridegroom who takes up the song here and describes the soul's purity in this state and her riches and reward for laboring and preparing herself to come to Him. He also tells of her good fortune in having found her Bridegroom in this union . . ."*

*The Collected Works of St. John of the Cross, The Spiritual*

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Mandor, the goddess of ancient knowledge, had arrived upon her white stallion named Adrid. A blonde beauty dressed in a buckskin dress carrying a bow and arrow, she stood in the light-filled plain which sparkled with trees. Magical and mystic, I climbed onto her horse as Mandor shot an arrow into the trunk of a tree.

Surrounded by every crystal formation of the Earth, the light emanated from all locations creating an essence of peace; purple, pink, blue, green, all the eternal colors were represented. Leading me to an unusual stone, a huge crystallized formation sparkled with black and white, karma and purity.

Taking my hand, she placed it on the stone and as I touched it, Mandor said, "Hold the quality and it will transform you." Feeling myself balance, understanding was becoming one with me. A light flashed and we were now surrounded in complete white. Opening a pathway, Mandor was now holding an aquamarine crystal ball. Placing it in my hand, I looked into it and saw the people of the Earth turning into dolls . . . they were not real. "This is the vision of the light," Mandor said, "it will show you only the truth." Gazing inside the crystal again, the people became dead fish. "You see the dearth of your world, so many have forgotten the water of life, and no longer swim within it. The water is the spirit and the spirit dies for false love." My mind momentarily lapsed as it swirled through time in the aquamarine cloud of truth.

Upon reaching awareness, I found myself

standing on Easter Island before the legendary stones that had been erected there. In a raging torrent of light, the stones became animated ancient faces, and I was surrounded by a council of twelve.

Beginning to speak, I realized that they were living, breathing beings and this caused many of them to giggle at my surprise. Speaking amongst themselves, I listened but didn't understand them. A female stone spoke out, "You are confusing our guest. It is simple; we must help her to see." The Council Master smiled at the stone lady, "Cescina, your wisdom is great indeed. It is true, and I believe you know her wisdom." "Yes, indeed, I do." Cescina spoke to me, although I was still awestruck at watching their faces move on the stones just like any other living creation. "You have come to us seeking a quality, and yet, you already possess the quality you seek." Confused, I thought about the meaning of her words: I had come seeking knowledge, and it had already been given me. I had come seeking strength, but I had come to possess it. I had come seeking my destiny, but it had already been shown me. "I understand," I said. Cescina smiled, as I was again surrounded by the aquamarine clouds.

In a moment, I stood atop Adrid, Mandor awaiting my return. But nothing more was said.

***"Inasmuch as His so great goodness is omnipotent,  
He can accomplish good even from evils, whether it  
be by forgiving them, or by healing them . . ."***

*The Father's of the Church, Volume 14, St. Augustine -  
Treatises on Various Subjects, Contenance, Chapter 6, No.  
15, Page 206, Bottom, (Christianity, Catholic, Author: St.  
Augustine)*

*"He is ever the stay of my right hand. The path  
beneath my feet is set on a mighty rock unshaken  
before all things. For that rock beneath my feet is the  
truth of God, and His power is the stay of my right  
hand;  
from the fount of His charity my vindication goes  
forth."*

*The Dead Sea Scriptures, The Hymn of the Initiants, Page  
141, Stanza 1, (Christianity, Gnostic/Essene)*

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Coming for only a moment, he called himself 'Key.' With a click of his fingers, he altered all things, moving mountains, traveling light years . . . The Key master had come to show me through the maze to the place of passage. "One who seeks passage must hold the key to the Universe," Key said, "the maze of dimensions and realms." All worlds and universes spun around us in this cosmic space; stars, planets, cloudy mists, suns, moons, trees, lakes, oceans, realms and every known and unknown manifestation. "You must follow this key in order to learn to master knowledge." Nodding, I began to follow him, and within a snap of his fingers, everything disappeared.

All was quiet, all was black, and we were now in a place of no-existence. "This is where we will start," Key said, "where nothing exists, all creation is potential." In laughter, he pointed his finger at me, causing my spirit to soar into the 'Maze of Earthly Realms.' Now I was alone, and I shouted out for key. "What is the key, Key master?" Symbols were scattered all around the walls and corridors, but I didn't understand them. Key master reappeared, "What will be, will be. Immortality is forever. The

passage teaches of one who sought, and in the seeking found nothing, but yet found everything. Tell me, ascended one, what is the Key?" Opening my hand, I was surprised to see a golden key lying within my palm. "Key master, what I know can be summed up in but a few words which carry the energy of a meaning far beyond them. Change is the only constant of the eternal; therefore, life has no conclusion for it is a continuum. In one moment, lies all eternity." Smiling, the Key master closed my fingers around the key and he disappeared.

*"Then from the throne there poured a great radiance, surrounding and lifting my soul by its power. Swiftly I moved through the spaces of Heaven, shown was I the mystery of mysteries, shown the Secret heart of the cosmos."*

*An Interpretation of the Emerald Tablets Together with the Two Extra Tablets, Tablet XI, Page 58, Paragraph 3, (Mystery Religions, Egyptian/Hermetic)*

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And so it came to pass that my soul was allowed to cross over the gates of death, although my body had not truly died, and as I crossed, I witnessed the truth of existence being formed in every cell of my being. In order to fully separate from the physical body, however, I had to pass through three rites of passage to transform my cells into light.

THE RIVER OF THE DOORS OF LIMITATION gave the will strength to tear down all limitations, beginning in utter darkness, there were many doors which opened to deeper levels of light until I reached THE MUD OF MURKY THOUGHTS, wherein all blotches within my auric field were

removed, and as my soul began to go higher, I came upon THE WEB OF NEGATIVE THINKING which was a place ensconced in total darkness, wherein I faced it and ripped it away. In a spiral of light, my soul was now transformed by death, into life.

Sucked out of this pressurized chamber, my life-force had been removed from the physical, transferred to spirit, and replaced in form again as only a hologram of light; fully spirit, love, light, ascendant.

Returning from the other side, a nurse was waiting to release me. "What do I tell them?" I asked, "I've crossed over, yet nothing was wrong with me. I did not die, I am not ill." Taking my blood pressure, the nurse smiled. "You've crossed over so many times, and there has never been anything wrong with you. What do you say to those who do not see where you've been? You tell them firstly, not to fear death, for it is a beautiful transformation; secondly, that death is easier experienced when one awakens in life; and thirdly, that breaking down the river of limitation, the mud of murky thoughts, and the web of negative thinking is the only way to awaken life." Pausing, she looked upon me with great intensity. "Tell them the truth, sister, that life is only a short pause from reality, and in order to ascend, one must die first."

***"I approached the confines of death . . . and borne through the elements I returned."***

*The Ancient Mysteries, The Egyptian Mysteries of Isis and Osiris, Page 189, No. 23, Paragraph 4, (Mystery Religions, Mediterranean)*

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Sitting by the river, I was with the Chief who represented Andy's higher self. Coming to direct me to view the water, a shimmering could be seen from the shallow bottom of the river. "What is that?" I asked, reaching to pick it up. "Oh, it's a wedding ring," I said, "someone must have thrown it away; they must have no longer wanted it." Placing it on my finger, I suddenly recognized it. "It's MY wedding ring, I haven't worn this since Andy and I got divorced." "Maybe you'd like it back," the Chief said. "Yes! I do want it back!"

Knowing that an eternal union could not come without a great deal of work, I accepted that it would require gentle cultivation and time. Would Andy be willing to come with me, knowing there were many problems and issues for us to deal with?

A shooting sound was heard overhead, and I looked up to see a white-winged horse approaching with an eternal rider, Heaven Dawn and Lavelle of the Assisi Marauders who had appeared all those nights at the foot of my bed were merged into one. But as he came closer, something appeared different. "Wait a minute," I said, "Is that . . . Andy?" Before I could answer my own question, Heaven Dawn had swooped down to pick me up. My essence became that of a golden angel, an eternal manifestation of Odyssey. Flying high up into the ether sky, I tried to get him to turn, and when he did, I was dumbfounded. "Andy . . . it's you!" I shouted, as his essence had become that of an Assisi Rider, an eternal manifestation of Heaven Dawn. "I will come with you," he said, "I am you, you are me, we *are* the *reality*."



Soaring off into the heavens, today was May  
10th, my 'birthday.' And on that day, we reconciled.

### THUNDER LIGHTS

*Thunder lights the passion glaze, all goes dark but bursting light  
Screeching caller, booming throes, tainted eyes begin to sigh  
A moment now, alone at last, no one's music by my own  
What does glisten from my spheres, your vision face, and then your soul?  
Hidden message comes to naught, amidst a bolt of lightning spray  
I feel your power absorbed by dark, and in the essence, we're one again  
Spirit lingers with my own, no physical form to hold a stare  
But my heart knows the vibration's yours, and as it thunders, you sit here*

*Amidst the power and dark, I see an essence sharing all I am  
Thank you God for all to be, and all the light here in my hand  
Your hand reached to touch my own, a spirit light with sparkly fire  
Loving embrace, I feel you now, and in the dark there is no fear*

*Gazing essence, I see your eyes, their beauty paled by no known jewel  
Psychedelic in their spirit light, a relic to the ides of fools  
Don't go away velvet, thundering rain; your power held wisdoms from worlds  
of love  
When the light blasted, I felt the pain; my soul rode moonbeams straight from  
above*

*But moments may linger, and then go away  
The messenger's wisdom imparted with care  
Please return this love to earth  
As the powerful lightning journeys away*

### NIGHT WIND SOUL

*There's a presence in the night wind, I feel the searing pulse  
A movement follows thundering eyes, a soul has entered course  
Beating heart, thrash to still, its innocence foretold  
The lingering essence of the man, known to me as Lavelle*

*Searching pulse, a throbbing heat, pouring through my heart  
Please don't go, I feel you now, a blessing, a miracle, a fire  
Stay with me, night wind soul, I'll feel you ever more  
Don't leave the place I seek to find, the oneness with your soul*

***"It is to be observed that at the conclusion of a Grand***

*Period, only two persons are left in the world, one man and one woman . . ."*

*The Desatir, Prophet, the Great Abad, Page 16, No. 117,  
(Zoroastrianism)*

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Boarding the space vessel flown by the 'Seeders of the Ascension,' the male approached me. "I know you, I know of your destiny." He said. "What one seeks is usually right before their eyes, and in the seeking of higher fulfillment, the essence of all that we understand expands into what we've always known. Sometimes you must fly away from home to truly value home; sometimes you find that your true heart was always there."

Everybody disappeared, and I was now standing in a river. Struggling to get to the bank, a gentle man pulled me onto the shore. "Where am I?" I cried out, joyfully. Waving his arms across the sky, swirls of vortexes began to move all around us. "Watch closely, for these are the mechanics of creation, and as you watch, you will take on the knowing of the mechanics of life." All I had experienced became a whole as the energetic knowledge entered into me. "Immortality," he said, "is the transformation from the limited being that exists in fragmentary identity to the whole of consciousness that encompasses all life in one thought, all being in one breath, and all that is holy as everything." With that, he was gone.

*"Then did I pass round the circle of eight, saw all the souls who had conquered darkness, saw the splendor of light where they dwelled. Longed I to take my place in their circle."*

*An Interpretation of the Emerald Tablets Together with the  
Two Extra Tablets, Tablet XI, Page 58, Paragraph 4,  
(Mystery Religions, Egyptian/Hermetic, Words of Thoth)*

**KARMA**

*Part I*

*To surrender to spirit, the traveler must find  
The inner self dancing, to songs of the mind  
Relinquish repression, and follow the heart  
Expressive emotion is a good place to start  
Through this you will find, the answers you seek  
The hidden, un-trodden, karmic mystery*

*Part II*

*The emergence of our karma, comes with mighty force  
The doorway has been opened; the soul must find its course  
But doorways left still open, still hold clues behind  
Though we may try to close them, it's too late, we will find  
Though passion springs eternal, on earth, there is much more  
Secrets still lay hidden, behind that opened door  
Travelers seek the wisdom, passion seeks its own  
Knowledge seeks redemption, karma seeks to know*

*Part III*

*In the foyer of the pathway, the searcher finds true cause  
Hidden deep within the past, salvation's secret laws  
All who bid the silence will find eternal cause  
The truth of all existence, the love of all for God  
The angels in the twilight, hiding beneath their veil  
Guide you to the answers that free your soul to sail  
The blessings always hidden, under karma's foolish disguise  
But once it has been altered, you'll see through different eyes*

*Part IV*

*The silence of knowing is the space of reality where unconditional love resides  
Silence takes form in love and love takes form in silence  
Knowing becomes wisdom and wisdom is always silent*

*Part V*

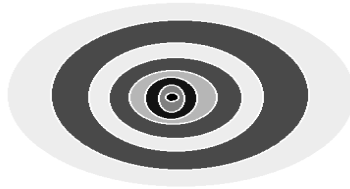
*Immortality is transformation from the limited being that exists in fragmentary  
identity to the whole of consciousness that encompasses all life in one thought,  
all being in one breath, and all that is holy, as everything.*

***"On the sleigh of incarnations we slide from dream to  
dream. Dreaming, in a chariot of astral light we roll  
from life to life. Dreaming, in a vibrant physical***

*vessel tossed by alternating waves of birth and death,  
we sail uncharted seas. Becalmed waters of  
indifference, whirlpools of activity, eddies of  
laughter, inexorable swells of mighty outer events -  
dreams all! It was only in Thee I awoke! Then I  
realized that, thinking I was awake, I had been only  
dreaming."*

*Whispers from Eternity, Page 165, Paragraph 2-3,  
(Hinduism, Kriya Yoga, Words of Paramahansa  
Yogananda)*

#### UNIVERSAL SPHERE OF REALMS



Realms:

Center, 1 and 2 = First and Second Dimension/Lower Worlds (Total Darkness) = Below Veil of Illusion

3 and 4 = Third and Fourth Dimension/Border Worlds (Light and Darkness) = Below Veil of Illusion

5 and above = Fifth Dimension and Above/Upperworlds (Light) = Above Veil of Illusion

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"For those who will never see during their lifetime what I have seen, may I provide you with a window? For those who will, may I give you a map? For those who seek comfort in the world beyond, may I hand you a warm blanket? For those who just want to know, may I ask you to come with me . . ." *From the Author's Introduction*

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Having made a shortened list of some of the more important texts of the world religions, I've made careful note to include texts which have been drawn to me in sacred vision and have been an integral part of energizing my spiritual path. Most of the texts in the bibliography have been brought to me through eternal guidance.

*World Scripture* is an excellent starting point, as it contains scripture from all world religions on various subjects, as well as, a detailed listing in back of the prescribed texts from all major and minor world religions.

Scriptural texts are the foundation or the root of knowledge. Visionary texts are the branches of the tree. Lives of prophets, saints, mystics and sages are the leaves.

Words in italics are actual book titles, while the unitalicized words are not title names, but rather authors and saints to glean from.

**Hinduism:** *The Bhagavad Gita As It Is, Srimad Bhagavatam, Upanishads, KRSNA, Autobiography of a Yogi, The Divine Romance, Man's Eternal Quest, The Gospel of Sri Ramakrishna*

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