

The Fragrance of the Mystical Rose

The Revelation of the Out-of-Body Travel Celestial
Mysteries from the Enclosed Garden of God

By Marilyn Hughes

The Out-of-Body Travel Book

The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation!

<http://outofbodytravel.org>



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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.

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**A PREFACE IN WHICH IT IS MOST WISE TO
HEED**

From Compte St. Germain



INITIATION into the Mysteries was defined by the ancient philosophers as life's supreme adventure and as the greatest good that can be conferred upon the human soul during its terrestrial sojourn. Plato, in the *Phaedrus*, writes thus of the supreme importance of acceptance into the sacred Rites: "Likewise, in consequence of this divine initiation, we become spectators of entire, simple, immovable and blessed visions in a pure light; and were, ourselves, pure and

immaculate and *liberated from this surrounding vestment which we denominated body*, and to which we are now bound as an oyster to its shell.'

St. Paul also refers to the "inner experience" by which we come to KNOW. He says, "We speak of wisdom among the perfect, not the wisdom of this world, nor of the Archons (Rulers) of this world, but divine wisdom in a mystery, secret, which none of the Archons of this world know." An initiation is an extension of consciousness toward an appreciation of universal realities. The mystical ceremonials of the . . . early Christians were but the outward symbols of inward processes. By obscure rites and pageantries the precious arcana of perfection was transmitted from age to age. The profane were satisfied by the solemnity of the outward forms and rituals, but the Adepts, those who had received the keys, applied the wisdom which was locked within the allegories to perfecting their internal spiritual faculties.

Origen, the most mystical of the anti-Nicean fathers, in his preface to St. John, admits the twofold nature of all theological revelations: "To the literal minded [or exoterici] we teach the Gospel in the historic way, preaching Jesus Christ and Him crucified; but to the proficient, fired with the love of Divine Wisdom [the esoterici] we impart the Logos [the Word]."

Perfection is not bestowed: it is achieved. Men do not become wise merely through the witnessing of sacred dramas . . . rather, by the understanding of them. Symbolism is the language of divine truths, a writing

by means of which may be intimated things which it is unlawful to actually reveal. "For the mystic symbols are well known to us who belong to the Brotherhood." (Plutarch). By initiation the rule of works is established. The divine man and the divine in man are brought to completeness by works alone. The adepts of the old schools were "wise Master Builders" with vision to see, with courage to do, and wisdom to remain silent. "There is a secrecy and silence observed in all Mysteries," wrote Tertullian, the creator of ecclesiastic Latinity.

During the ceremonials of initiation the neophyte was given the *LAW*. The great verities by which the universe moves towards its inevitable identity with God were revealed. It remained for the Initiate to apply this Law and through this application to achieve conscious immortality. There is a forking of the ways of knowledge at which practice diverges from theory. A man may either fulfill the Law and thus by enlightened action come finally to perfection, or he may accept the word of the Law and, ignoring the spirit of it, remain as he is . . . imperfect and unenlightened. He who receives the *LOGOS* and abides in the spirit thereof gradually increases in wisdom. The Nazarean theurgists said of such a one that "he had an oath." He was dedicated to the release of his inner part from the domination of his outer senses and appetites. Says Aretaeus, "Until the soul is set free it works within the body and is obscured by vapors and clay." By vapors is arcanelly signified the appetites and excesses of the emotions which are as

substanceless as a mist, and by the clay is meant the unresponsiveness of the corporeal form.

To increase in wisdom is to increase in enlightenment, for by enlightenment is inferred the illumining of the inner recesses of the reason by the light of the Logos—the spiritual sun. This development of the ability to know by philosophic discipline is accompanied by extensions of realization and appreciation. These extensions are the true growth of the soul which increases towards inclusiveness. Hence, in the sacred writings, this expansion of the soul's sphere of action is called initiation. By initiation the indwelling divinity verges towards its own cause, the eternal Good. The chambers of initiation are the "many mansions" through which the indwelling divinity must pass as through the tortuous windings of the Cretan labyrinth. Along its course are many doors, through each of which it is ushered into a larger and more luminous area of function and action. With each increase of our ability to appreciate the magnitudes of the divine plan, we are said to be reborn. Rebirth is the passing out from an old condition into a new state, from an old limitation to a new extension. As we grow in knowledge, our universe seems to enlarge with us, taking on the measure of our new constitution. Wisdom releases.

The academies of the old Mysteries invited the wisest and best of humanity to depart from the mortal shadow of worldliness and devote itself to those labors which are truly eternal. The perfection of Self is

the Great Work, the beginning and end of wisdom: the perfected Self is the perfect offering and the consummation of the Great Work. He who is perfect is of the greatest use to others, the greatest good to himself and the most acceptable offering to the Most High."

*The Most Holy Trinosophia, Compte St. Germain,
1933*

INTRODUCTION

Metaphors of Mystery and Paradise

The Fragrance of the Mystical Rose are those things which are beyond words and lie only within the energetic spheres of knowledge. The Revelation of the Celestial Mysteries is the admittance of such spheres into words and understanding. The Enclosed Garden of God are the Initiations and Rites of Passage within which the Mysteries of God's Mercy become energetically embodied within the soul . . . and the energetic potential becomes realized as the old man transforms into the new.

The mechanism by which God forms and alters us into the potential in which we were once created - from the dust in which we have become - is not unlike the unfoldment of a rose blooming aside the very thorns from which its potential was born.

The secrets and symbols that lie concealed within the herald of the images described in the writings of the great mystics – although they remain energetic in their constancy and fulfillment – must needs be opened up to the eyes of the faithful. Because as Christ said in Mark 8: 17-21 (Douay Rheims) *“Do you not yet see or understand? Do you have a hardened heart? Having eyes, do you not see? And having ears, do you not hear? And do you not remember . . . Do you not yet understand?”*

Within lies the universal mechanics of the evolution and forward motion of universal energy within all spheres of knowledge. In essence – after the sometimes slow and sometimes instant heraldic turn of our eyes away from the lures of the physical waking world; sin, corruption, death and decay – we are initiated at once into the mechanism of the merciful love of the Universal Father; virtue, purity, life and continual growth.

For those who have read ‘The Hammer of Mysticism: An Encyclopedic Journey into Mystical Processes and Terms’, (By Marilyn Hughes) this is your next step. Now that you understand energetic battlefield from which your soul has emerged as it seeks to know God, it becomes of necessity to enter into the inner sphere of the Mystery of the Redemption.

Within this mystery lies the Fragrance of a Mystical Rose, revealed through the Celestial Mysteries . . . but only to be found in the Enclosed Garden of God.

*"Let us crown ourselves with rosebuds" (The Holy Bible,
Old Testament, Book of Wisdom 2:8)*

From Dante's Mystic Rose

"The sunlit rose that dominates the culminating cantos of the *Paradiso* proclaims the fulfillment of the poet's long spiritual question. Purged of sin and perfected in holiness, he is granted a mystic vision of eternal glory. This vision is twofold: the poet first perceives a gigantic white rose on whose petals are enthroned the entire company of saints; he then lifts his eyes to the sun, symbol of God, shining down upon the rose. It has been noted that the dual nature of this vision corresponds to the two stages of mystic contemplation defined by St. Bernard, the first stage revealing the saints in glory and the second revealing God Himself. The rose, symbolizing the lower of these stages, serves as necessary precursor of the higher. Moreover, the symbols of sun and rose are interdependent and ultimately inseparable. It is the sun that gives life to the rose and the rose that makes manifest the sun's power and glory. A full comprehension of the mystic interrelation between the Creator and His creation marks the end of Dante's journey and the highest attainment of spiritual vision."

*Dante's Mystic Rose, Barbara Seward, Studies in
Philology, 1955, University of North Carolina Press*

THE FIRST MYSTERY
Initiations into the Mysteries and Rites of Passage
We are What we Emanate



Within the holy confines of the mystical kingdom of God, therein lies a realm of mystery and transformation which goes beyond the simple understandings of the flesh, the world and the energetic flows of the physical universes which reside below it.

Within the gates of God's enclosed garden lie the mechanisms by which the soul, once it has achieved adequate awakening and awareness of its transitory nature in any mortal realm, can seek to conquer the fleshly will and bring it within the context of that which is holy and good.

These mechanisms are, in essence, the manner in which a soul now seeks to become something more. All souls were born as sinful creatures, the soul seeks to become flash point of light.

And what is light but knowledge; so therefore, this old man now seeks to become a new man in the likeness and image of his Creator.

As in Eden wherein no object of life was born corrupt, humankind has the capacity to override corruption within his own interiors. But there are mechanisms and processes by which such leaps of consciousness and substance are born.

These lie in the Initiations into the Mysteries and the Rites of Passage, which contain within them the energetic power and thrust to slowly transform that which has been to that which has come into potential.

And into being the new man is born; slowly methodically and with great mystery.

But of what is the great mystery comprised? It is higher and higher gradations of love. Within these gradations, the sensitivities of the soul are heightened, its understanding awakened, its deliberate flaws slowly dismantled, and its vice abased. And in these processes something new emerges, the selfless creature who contains within him the energetic understanding of existence, and how such existence comes to enable and to act upon

one and the other. And the genuine true compassion of God is born into the creature, just as it was on that first fateful day of creation, reborn anew – and as this soul becomes a point of light within the cosmic sea of windward evolution – potentials rise within the realm.

By the very nature of every soul's planetary and universal evolution, potentials rise for other forms of life and ensouled beings.

So let it be . . . because love is the all transforming knowledge that so many seek to find. And it is a gift from God, given through His mighty hand in a sky filled with mysteries and in the grace of simple energetic thrusts which emanate within the soul to enshroud such mysteries within it carrying within the unfolding flowers of the holiness of the farther regions.

And every human soul who seeks and finds this wondrous abode, becomes an enclosed garden. And although, every enclosed garden remains a mystery somehow, they also emanate.

Herein lies the mystery of mysteries . . . in emanation.

For we are what we emanate . . . this is the first mystery.

From Contemplative Prayer

“In a word, the difference between heaven and hell is this: that hell is full of nothing but self-love and self-seeking, whereas not the least degree of either is to be found in heaven – nothing but to fulfil God’s will and to seek His glory. This is the happiness, the blessedness of the saints and angels, and in no other way can they love themselves but by loving God alone.”

*Contemplative Prayer, By Dom B. Weld-Blundell, A
Monk of the Order of St. Benedict, Teaching Thereon:
From ‘Sancta Sophia’, 1657*

THE SECOND MYSTERY

Thought-Form on the Pattern of a Mystery

We will go Towards that which we Seek to Know



If you but had wings to carry your thoughts into the spheres of the beloved, from whence would they come and to where would they go?

Perhaps it is in this question that lies the answer to the mystery of the thought-forms which form in the pattern of mysteries; sometimes called temples in the sky and at other times called mysterious windows of perception into the infinite unknown.

Yet, whose thoughts generate such compassionate

and beautiful artifices of lovely splendor as these? For we have known our own thoughts, otherwise, we would not have traveled this road. Our own thoughts have been filled with vice, false enumerations and renderings of false truths that have led us astray into temple of self-worship and ill-gotten licentiousness.

For we know that these thought-forms appearing before us in the sky are not self-generated; they have come to us from a higher world where thoughts are only generated on patterns of mystery and are *never* corrupted by human wanderings.

Within them lies energetic knowledge of places yet unseen and wisdom only implied; their words come in the form of an essence, a certain knowledge of concepts above our previous human comprehension. But these concepts are so vast and delightful to our senses, we cannot help but grasp forward towards them in our hunger and thirst for the greater knowledge of creation, all that is . . . in essence, to greater know the God we have come to honor, revere and love in a human way.

The human way is far inferior to that which we see melding out before us as temples, words, different dialects, faces, places and star systems far beyond the scope of our being. But human love of God is where the soul must begin . . . and so it does.

Although these thought-forms – which appear almost as if very methodically, even mathematically, placed

upon grids of light behind them – reveal to the soul that there are patterns to mystery, there is order, there is grace, and there is beauty.

We accept our human love of God as being sufficient for this time. Frankly, in the moment when the lingering papyrus or tunnels of great splendor show before us, there is only longing to know more deeply of them. The soul is yet incapable of recognizing its imperfect and human love of God.

It can only stare in awe and homage, and wish to know Him more.

For we will go towards that which we seek to know . . .
 . this is the second mystery.

From St. Anselm

“Exhortation of the mind to the contemplation of God. --It casts aside cares, and excludes all thoughts save that of God, that it may seek Him. Man was created to see God. Man by sin lost the blessedness for which he was made, and found the misery for which he was not made. He did not keep this good when he could keep it easily. Without God it is ill with us. Our labors and attempts are in vain without God. Man cannot seek God, unless God himself teaches him; nor find him, unless he reveals himself. God created man in his image, that he might be

mindful of him, think of him, and love him. The believer does not seek to understand, that he may believe, but he believes that he may understand: for unless he believed he would not understand."

*Exhortations of St. Anselm, Translated by Sidney
Notre Deane, 1903*

THE THIRD MYSTERY

Temples in the Sky

That Which Exists in Time is Completely Altered by
the Existence of Timelessness



“So, who art thou? Who goest there?!?” Says the Guardian of the realm as the soul emerges upon a vast and delightful array of monuments hovering in the air above them. Perchance, if the soul knows the correct answer, he will be given passage. Perhaps . . .

If there were a greater blessedness, the soul could not possibly know it at this moment as he hovers freely in the air; eyes glazed towards the monuments which stand in the ethereal winds above him as remnants and references to wisdom from the ancient past.

What is today, will be tomorrow. What was yesterday, remains now. What will come to pass, has

always been . . .

But why? The soul may ask this thoughtful question within his burgeoning spiritual buttress as he attempts to ascend closer to that which contains within them the answers to all that he seeks.

The smell of incense is strong in these realms; the fragrance of roses and other celestial scents that are reminiscent on earth. However, in the mystery realms, the scent is ever-present. It emanates from every dewdrop, every mystical breath and every container which flows through it.

There is not a pore in the body of the soul that does not take in the fragrance as it still strives to answer the question having already been posed by the ominous yet powerfully sacred presence whom guards such a gate.

In these mystery regions, the skies are filled with pink hues, adding to the illumination of the realm.

Among the wordless mysteries hovering above the soul in these regions is timelessness.

If there were a word to describe timelessness from a soul who has traveled its abode to one who has not, what would it be?

In a place where all time, space, existence and non-existence are eternal; the soul breathes in

imperishability, ceaselessness, perpetuality, lasting and unending being . . . the soul enters into immortality. Realizing that all that has been, is now and ever shall be has always been so and is reachable within the mystical spheres as a transient call from the spacious realm of absolute nothing, the soul realizes timelessness.

For that which exists in time is completely altered by the existence of timelessness . . . this is the third mystery.

From the Lama Odye Nydhal

“There is the timeless aspect which is like the ocean and there is the changing aspect inside time which is like the waves coming and going in the ocean.”

The Tibetan Buddhist Teachings on Death and Rebirth, Lama Odye Nydhal, 2000, Buddhaneet

THE FOURTH MYSTERY
Ignition of the Eternal and Ancient Flame and the
Breath of Life

The Ignition of the Ancient and Eternal Flame is made
so Through the Energized Breath of God's Life



As if such a moment could be construed or held
within the confines of the human mind; I shall again
try to compose words which might contain within
them a light or a shred of energetic power or potential
to reveal the secrets which lie within.

Though the Universe may present the ignition in any
manner in which it may choose, my own ignition into
the ancient flame began with seven fire pits.

This number contains great significance because it yet recalls to mind the seven chakras, the seven seals, the seven levels of heaven according to the Jewish Mishnah; the seven is the culmination of the human being . . . but as of yet, not the eternal.

Beginning from the lowest pit, the soul will be required to ignite it in a natural way . . . Although the inherent impulse would be to go for sticks and lighters, when a soul is traveling along the road of mystery, the 'natural' manner in which things are done will ultimately change.

Within each and every initiation and rite there will be a transformative quality which is required to achieve its purpose.

At this juncture within the journey, the soul has been traveling many paths. Inference may suggest that certain gifts have been imparted which have not yet reached fruition. Certain energies may have been brought on board which have not yet been cultivated.

Primarily, you may assume that the soul at this juncture has realized his previous state of simple humanity. And somewhere along the path has recognized that the sinful, repetitive nature of human kind – although he remains deeply locked within it – no longer retains it as a preference.

The soul wishes to become that which it seeks.

As this knowledge has been in the process of being conveyed, the soul may also assume that the eternal has been adding certain energetic qualities and knowledge to the thrusts of vibrational surge of which the initiate is yet unaware.

And it is in these moments that the soul must strive to look deeply within. For it is within the depths of the spirit that the answers within these mysteries emerge of themselves with little effort.

So as the soul irreverently plays around with sticks, matches or lighters; the guardian of the ritual remains silent.

Earlier, he had spoken, "Ignite the Ancient Flame!" He had shouted. But as the soul struggles with that which remains of earth, he will only nod, 'no.'

Elsewise, he will remain silent.

This is so because the Initiations into the Mysteries and the Rites of Passage are entries from mortal being and understanding into that which is eternal. So in a sense, there is no more time to bring *small* aspects of heaven to earth, there is no more time for that. Entering into the initiations and rites requires a leap in consciousness that will now encompass heaven and earth at all times. The two must converge within the soul traveling mysteries gateways.

(And remember, again, this remains miniscule. It is a paltry step when one understands the infinite nature

of God. However, meeting God in His fullness is a lengthy journey filled with many small steps bringing the initiate closer and closer to the Almighty).

Understanding and regeneration of what that truly means, encompasses and requires within the energetic structure of a human person attempting to rise above the gates of the human being into the status of incorporeal luminosity of being . . . well, it bears itself in small steps.

Transcendancy may indeed be reached . . . but there is a mysteriously linear road which must be taken to attain to it; for it is not a destination, but a transmutation.

And as the soul realizes at this moment that the earthly ways must now be combined with that which is of heaven; he will allow himself to go inward to receive the thrust.

From the Ta'I His Ching

"The Breath, or Spirit, of the Deep is imperishable. It is called the Heaven and the Earth. The passage through which these Two Influences emerge and enter is called the root of the visible creation. They are ceaseless in action as though permanent, and may be used without ever being exhausted."

Ta'I His Ching, Taoist Texts, Translated by Frederich

Henry Balfour, 1884

And it is in this moment that the initiate realizes that the eternal and ancient flame can only be ignited within through the breath of life. Looking now at these seven fire pits lined up in a single row, the soul internally appeals to his own inner chakric grid, the seven seals which guard the spiritual man, the seven levels of heaven represented in that energy body (as to the Jewish Mishnah) the system of energy within his own soul which must be ignited in order for the journey into the mysteries to concur.

And he breathes . . . beginning from the bottom. And each flame lights with ease until he reaches the top point.

From the Ch'ih Wen Tung

“By silent contemplation this will become clear. I myself bear it constantly in mind; [the doctrine], entering uninterruptedly, does away with all distinctions between life and death, and makes me one with Heaven and Earth. When the sense of sight is forgotten, the Light becomes infinitely copious; when the sense of hearing is annihilated, the heart becomes concentrated upon the Eternal Depths. If these two organs of perception be both forgotten, the

man will be able to shut himself off from the allurements of the world—pure, guileless, and complete, in perfect unison with the Universe,—vast, limitless, like a vivifying aura, subject to no distinctions of mankind. The greatness of Heaven and Earth is that with which I am linked; the multitude of created things is what I direct, or grasp.”

*Ch'ih Wen Tung, Taoist Texts, Translated by
Frederich Henry Balfour, 1884*

The final flame can only be lit by God, and thus it must be so. In some manner, the initiate must reach towards the Holy Spirit through its many guises, forms, remonstrations, etc., and allow it to descend to finalize the initiation.

Wherein, the initiate shouts out a mighty cry to God, to complete the eternal and ancient flame thereby igniting the circle.

And thereby, it is finished.

For the ignition of the eternal flame is inextricably linked to the energy centers (seven chakras) within the body and the flame can only be lit whereby the actual breath of life which remains extant vibrationally within the soul until the ritual allows it into becoming. When the two meet, the soul is now ready to begin to alter its pathway from a karmic one.

For the ignition of the ancient and eternal flame is made so through the energized breath of God's life . . . this is the fourth mystery.

From the Ch'ih Wen Tung

"If a man cherishes the Invisible, he will be able to maintain forever the Visible—that which has a semblance; if he cherishes the Incorporeal, the Corporeal will attain to perfection and purity; and if perfection and purity co-operate to promote each other, the result will be the acquisition of perpetuity. It is because Heaven has obtained this original purity that it lasts forever; it is because Earth has obtained it that it is enduring; it is when Man obtains it that he achieves immortality. The reason that the vulgar are unable to attain to prolonged existence is that they lose their hold of the Invisible and suffer the Incorporeal to escape them . . ."

*Ch'ih Wen Tung, Taoist Texts, Translated by
Frederich Henry Balfour, 1884*

THE FIFTH MYSTERY
Entering Cosmic Consciousness or Conscious
Lucidity

The Purpose of those Energies which Descend from
God into the Soul is that they Become Silent
Emanations



After the soul now enters into what can be termed a true engagement, so to speak, with the eternal (and sometimes this will happen in smaller increments before these initiations) the soul becomes open to moments of cosmic consciousness which can hit at anytime, anywhere and for any reason; known or unknown.

This state can be compared to what the soul may experience in the mystical states - the wonder, awe

and love – just occurring randomly during conscious existence. Oftentimes, the soul will feel the unity of the particulate universe around him. He may also feel profound love towards all souls during this time. Ironically, there can also be a unique connectedness to a less conscious, but similar, state perceived in those around the soul's perimeter while deeply ensconced in the cosmic consciousness which may dip into the initiate for a short period or days or weeks at a time.

It is important for the soul to realize that although you may perceive that others are aware of this state of consciousness you may be carrying, or the impact it may be having upon them; they will likely not have any conscious awareness of it. The changes you may witness within the souls in your perimeter are most likely unconscious or subconscious energetic renderings.

This can be called a lucidity . . . however, I would call it more of a cosmic consciousness state. The mistake some souls make in the earlier experience of this state is by focusing on what they may perceive in those around them. The key to overcoming this error is to recognize that your state is independent and full in and of itself and that the reactions of others would remain irrelevant to you because your function is as a catalyst. The moment the soul focuses on others, the energies become disbursed inappropriately and the state can be lost for that moment.

Most souls will eventually stop questioning the experience when it happens and that is the correct

manner in which to proceed.

Ironically, this state is only a very small portion of what the eternal (including the extraterrestrials) are trying to bring in as the 'normal' waking consciousness for humankind.

Years ago, I had a mystical experience wherein I was shown how my spirit was literally just sitting in the meditative position (much like a buddhist meditator) about fifteen feet above the ground . . . hovering.

Hundreds of souls were sitting on the earth below . . . somehow *receiving* from me. My spirit was transmitting the cosmic state that I had remained in within the space. The reason I was shown this was because I had doubted the importance of maintaining my own field; and this experience clearly showed me that maintaining my own field was an integral part and portion of not only transmitting that self-same energy towards those below - on earth - family, friends and strangers, alike; but it was also the only way they had the capacity to touch into that higher consciousness reality. Maintaining my field was all I was required to do to have this effect.

An important aspect of this to remember is this: we are not special, unique or called in any way above any other human being. But we do have a responsibility and purpose.

There are the multitudes, the many and the few . . .

the only difference between them is the simple acceptance of that energy, the acceptance of this state of consciousness.

Because the soul performing this function is not unique or special, he doesn't have to feel unworthy.

However, by so doing the soul has become a portion of the many and the few simply by being willing to be 'utilized.' The soul allows itself to be utilized, which is exactly what the soul is required to do in order to fulfill the purpose of this energy's coming. Disregard what others are or are not doing. Emanate . . . that is the function of this particular state.

The soul need say nothing, do nothing different; just remain within that field of consciousness and allow it to flow through the spirit and body to whomever it may affect (for however long).

You see, that part is not the soul's responsibility. The nature of such consciousness is that it is diffusive of itself and will disburse to whomever it must needs disburse if only the soul retain that state within itself. It's so much easier than we make it . . .

When it comes, just be. Emanate . . . and do not be concerned with what else the energy may or may not do through you, just allow it to be so and it will be.

You will find that with every successive generation; if things go as they are planned evolutionarily, this

status will become much more common and considered a 'normal' state of being. It already is for many . . . and there will be higher thrusts coming in, as well.

So allow it . . . don't worry about defining it or knowing what to do with it . . . just flow within it. Breathe it in and walk, stand, sit or sleep within it . . . knowing that this impetus is being funneled *through* you, but not *by* you . . . your only responsibility is to carry it as it comes.

For the purpose of those energies which descend from God into the soul is that they become silent emanations . . . this is the fifth mystery.

From the Magus

“The Cabalists most learned in divine things have received . . . certain divine powers (The Ten Sephirot) . . . as it were vestiments, instruments, or exemplars of the Archetype, have an influence upon all created things, from the highest to the lowest; yet by a certain order: for first and immediately they have influence upon the nine orders of angels and quire of blessed souls, and by them into the celestial spheres, planets and men; by the which Sephiroth everything receiveth power and virtue.”

The Magus, Francis Barrett, London, 1801

THE SIXTH MYSTERY

Initiation into the Way of Life or Death

Choosing Life as your New Soul Configuration and
Energetic Emanation



The angels stand before the gates of life and death,
good and evil and awaits the initiate's arrival.

Coming upon an underground cave beneath the pyramids wherein dwells the bluest of waters . . . the initiate meets her, but for now may not go before a purity of intention and will is ascertained. And purity is a process of elimination rather than something that is acquired with one fell swoop of the will.

So must the process begin with the simple question from the Angel who stands at the gate to both doorways, both paths. "Which way do you choose? Life or Death?"

Choosing life, of course, allows the soul to proceed towards God, whereas choosing death is the choice of forgetfulness and backwards motion.

Although this choice may have long been pronounced on a conscious level, it is now when you stand before the Almighty God who knows the soul's interior intentions, that the initiate must make that choice boldly and with no hesitation.

To do so the soul has to understand what is being required of them, and this is an essential aspect of this initiation. To make this choice before God, at this juncture in the path means . . . the soul is choosing the highest path for themselves in this life, the highest and holiest will of God for the remainder of their serviceable time upon earth - *no matter what that may mean.*

It is important to know what that will mean before

pronouncing such a decision.

For the Lord asks much of those He calls and requests to serve Him, and making such an initiatory choice before God changes the very energetic nature of who you are, that which you serve, and that which is expected of you . . .

Fallbacks are treated with much greater severity, giving bad example will now carry with it the responsibility of other souls, choosing anything lesser will result in the termination of the program . . . there are so many consequences that it would be impossible to list.

By accepting the Way of Life, before God, you are accepting the huge responsibility of bearing life itself - as energy - for the realm.

And you will be asked to give up much, bear much, lose much and be cognizant of your responsibility to the upright path.

This does not mean that falls will not occur, for they absolutely will. Ironically, this decision is being made before karma hits the ground, which means that there are some very concretely expected falls coming just a bit further down the road as karma is brought to universal rectification.

And falls will occur after that, as well. There will be trials, tribulations, tests, attacks; and the one thing

you can be assured of is that the dark side will come against you in every possible way to take you down and prevent your mission from achieving fruition. Many are lost . . .

You will lose loved ones to betrayal, incompatibility or death; be ostracized, get sick . . . you may even die. And when you choose life - before God, in the calm, blue waters below the pyramid; you must be and absolutely *will* be at a point in your journey wherein you would choose any hardship in order to follow God's highest and holiest destiny, and that you would accept any suffering, condemnation, persecution or death - on its behalf.

The choice of Life has to be made with every level of consciousness, sub-consciousness, unconsciousness, soul; and will, intention and power. This is the essence of this initiation. It actually changes the nature of the energetic makeup and particulate matter of the soul.

For choosing Life as your new soul configuration and energetic emanation . . . this is the sixth mystery.

*From Commentary on the Bible, Adam Clark,
Deuteronomy 30:15-20*

“Deuteronomy 30:15

‘See, I have set before thee this day life and good, and death and evil.’

Life and good - Present and future blessings.

Death and evil - Present and future miseries: termed, Life and death, blessing and cursing. And why were these set before them?

1. That they might comprehend their import.
2. That they might feel their importance.
3. That they might choose life, and the path of believing, loving obedience, that led to it . . .

Were there no such thing as free will in man, who could reconcile these sayings either with sincerity or common sense? God has made the human will free, and there is no power or influence either in heaven, earth, or hell, except the power of God, that can deprive it of its free volitions; of its power to will and nill, to choose and refuse, to act or not act or force it to sin against God. Hence man is accountable for his actions, because they are his; were he necessitated by fate, or sovereign constraint, they could not be his. Hence he is rewardable, hence he is punishable. God, in his creation, willed that the human creature should be free, and he formed his soul accordingly; and the Law and Gospel, the promise and precept, the denunciation of woe and the doctrine of eternal life, are all constructed on this ground; that is, they all necessarily suppose the freedom of the human will . . .

Deuteronomy 30:19

'I call heaven and earth to record this day against you, that I have set before you life and death, blessing and cursing: therefore choose life, that both thou and thy seed may live.'

That thou mayest love the Lord - Without love there can be no obedience.

Obey his voice - Without obedience love is fruitless and dead.

And cleave unto him - Without close attachment and perseverance, temporary love, however sincere and fervent - temporary obedience, however disinterested, energetic, and pure while it lasts - will be ultimately ineffectual. He alone who endures to the end, shall be saved . . . Many talk strenuously on the impossibility of falling from grace, who have not yet tasted that the Lord is gracious. How absurd to talk and dispute about the infallibility of arriving safely at the end of a way in which a man has never yet taken one hearty step! It is never among those that have the grace of God, but among those that have it not, that we find an overweening confidence.

*Commentary on the Bible, Adam Clark, Deuteronomy
30:15-20*

THE SEVENTH MYSTERY
Rites of the Crucifixion and the Mechanism of
Mercy

The Intake of the Power of Transformative Suffering
so that the Path of Light and Sound may Arise within
the Energetic Signature of the Soul



As the cross represents the earthly life, the nailing to
the cross represents surrender to the divine will.

Crucifixion remains symbolic of the souls journey in that the fragmented soul personality must die to contain the Christ, the higher self and the will and matter of God.

As the initiate is taken into the crucifixion, the soul will be taken into Christ's Suffering. For this is needful for the soul to understand two things. Firstly, what has been done for every one of us, and what will be required of every one who has chosen the Way of Life.

The good thief from the crucifixion is the guardian of this ritual . . . and no one is allowed to come and see who has not yet received passage.

In my own experience, I was allowed to see hundreds of astounding paintings of Christ's Crucifixion which allowed me to 'enter into' the suffering, torturous pain . . . and the ineffable love of God for every soul of whom He has created.

Be mindful at this moment, that this includes all of them.

And as such, it was also necessary to feel the torment that God felt for every soul who had walked away from Him, their greatest good. Because so many souls do this, the pain was immense and impenetrable.

But even so, within this pain was the powerful profundity of the love that God still held within His

heart for the lost. Even at the times of the greatest torment having been brought to His most sacred body.

And the reason why the energetic influx of this pain was crucial and many-fold.

First, there was a necessity to cultivate gratitude for that which had been done for the initiate.

Second, there was a necessity to cultivate an energetic comprehension that sometimes great deeds require great personal sacrifice.

Thirdly, there was a necessity to cultivate a genuine love for all of mankind from the level of God in which the initiate could indwell and partake of in order to accomplish certain tasks which would be required of him later.

Thus, the soul partakes of the Mechanism of Mercy at the same time that it becomes manifest in the soul.

This mechanism remaining the operative function of God's love which reaches to all creation in a somnolescent echo of the mystery of restoration into all reaches of all universes . . . in every given moment but yet to be received by all in its fullness in a lone moment with the divine; tearful, consequential, monumental in its wake and scope of thrust into the individual soul.

Fourthly, there was a necessity to also be crucified, to

die to self, all worldly attachments and karmas.

Fifthly, there was a necessity to be willing to give all for God, as He had done for us.

In every single painting, Christ had a deep blue aura enflamed around His sacred head. The color was reminiscent of the Fifth and Sixth Chakra's, the throat and the third eye. Ironically, these also represent light and sound.

This carries importance to the initiate in more than one way.

First of all, it shows us that as Christ was enduring the torments of the Cross and Crucifixion, He was as yet emanating light and sound. In the actual process of His grand suffering for all of mankind, He was activating the evolutionary seed within the ethereal ramifications of the mortal realms.

In the Sikh religion, the evolutionary emanation is called the path of light and sound and it is this path which energetically alters the human soul to a higher status of being.

In a normal human being undergoing severe torture and suffering; you would see colors of reds and deep, dark yellows emanating.

So this tells us that once the initiate takes upon himself the energetic responsibility of the Way of Life;

all experiences including those of great suffering can be transformed directly to the path of light and sound which is the direct route to energetic intonation and resonance, the direct route to transformation.

It also tells us that the prophets, saints, mystics, sages and ascetics from many paths followed this way. And it was by their acceptance of that crucial point of understanding - that they were going to alter their nature from that of a grounded, physical human being to an element of extraction and emanation within the universal sphere - which completely transformed the actual energetic impetus of every life experience which flowed through them.

And thus, Christ remains Christ. Christ was and remains the head of the Royal Family of God, the Son of God and an Emanation of Father and the Holy Spirit. But the prophets, saints, mystics, sages and ascetics were also performing a unique function in the evolutionary landscape of the human soul.

Although it was only Christ who could redeem, save and reconcile humankind with almighty God; such as these participated and continue to participate in that redemptive nature when they choose to accept its responsibility and function.

And thus, suffering can become redemptive if it is indeed utilized for that purpose from which Christ has shown us it can be served, in union with Christ, the Way of the Cross, the Crucifixion, the death of the

self . . . which then ultimately leads to the birth of God within the individual initiate.

And this is what we see in many of the lives of the saints in that they united all of their actions, deeds, work and sufferings with Christ. This uniting creates an actual energetic thrust, a transformation, if you will. Thus, the energetic truth behind the actions and intentions of human beings is not always so clear cut. The very self-same action can be ascertained to have an entirely different energetic thrust just by the nature of the hidden elements of intention, consecration and uniting.

Thus, we can also unite our actions with all the actions of the prophets, saints, mystics, sages and ascetics to accomplish a similar yet different purpose.

Christ remains uniquely the Messiah. Uniting with Him is a different action and yields a redemptive result.

Uniting with all who have come before us yields a yet powerful energetic thrust in bringing forth the multiplicitious pathways of liberation. By so doing, you are activating ancient portals of liberative soul energy which can affect a variety of souls within different confines of culture and religious persuasion. For the intake of the power of transformative suffering so that the path of light and sound may arise within the energetic signature of the soul . . . this is the seventh mystery.

From Soul's Divine Journey

“When the Light and Sound Teachings are characterized as soul’s divine journey, it is meant to convey the sequential steps that must be taken to transcend the binding conditions placed upon the soul inhabiting the lower worlds. These conditions include all laws of duality, such as the karmic principle working through the conscious, subconscious and unconscious minds. Each of these aspects of the overall mind will ultimately be penetrated and completely transcended on the journey of soul . . .

When the soul comes into the orbit of the spiritual essence called Sound, this divine Current becomes audible to the ear of soul. Light is knowledge, but Sound is the original spiritual Essence of which knowledge is a mere part. Light alone will illuminate the mind, but only Sound can deliver the soul back to its original Homeland. Both knowledge and Spirit are needed to bring soul into its own Homeland. Both knowledge and Spirit are needed to bring soul into its own Self and God Realization, but light comes first, and it is then followed by Sound. Sound is the exclusive heritage of the Saints, while light alone is predominantly the heritage of religious orders . . . and metaphysical endeavor. Light, or knowledge, will enlighten the mind, but cannot deliver the soul into the portals of the heavenly consciousness, for light is simply a derivative of the mind, while Sound issues forth exclusively from the soul. The Saints of all times

have emphasized that both the light and Sound are necessary to secure the highest realization, and thus, the Light and Sound Teachings are classified as the Teachings of the Saints.”

Soul's Divine Journey, Sri Gary Olsen, 2010

From the Dictionary of all Scriptures and Myths

“The number four expresses the quaternary - the four planes of nature on which the incarnate God is crucified. In the ‘Tet-pillar’ (Marilynn’s input - Tet-Pillar has to do with the Four Pillars of Heaven in the Egyptian Mysteries and is the oldest symbol of the resurrected God.) the four planes are symbolized by the four cross beams of the pillar. In the Latin Cross there is only one cross beam which therefore signifies the division between the higher and lower natures. The upright beam is a symbol of the Divine Ray or ‘Tree of Life’, which, as atomic vibration passes from the Supreme directly downwards across all the planes. This, from the lower aspect, is a symbol of aspiration. The ‘Four Kinds of Wood’ represent the four different planes. The water of the ‘Pool of Bethesda’ signifies the perception of capitalized truth in which aspiration, as it were, floats. The Divine Life imparted in mortality to the quality Hope (Seth - son of Adam, Father of Noah, Symbol of Hope), or sense of the Real within.”

*The Dictionary of all Scriptures and Myths, G.A.
Gaskell, Julian Press, MCMLX, Avenel Books, 1981
Edition*

From the Psalm of Solomon

"I stretched out my hands and sanctified the Lord: for
the extension of my hands is His sign, and my
expansion is His upright tree."

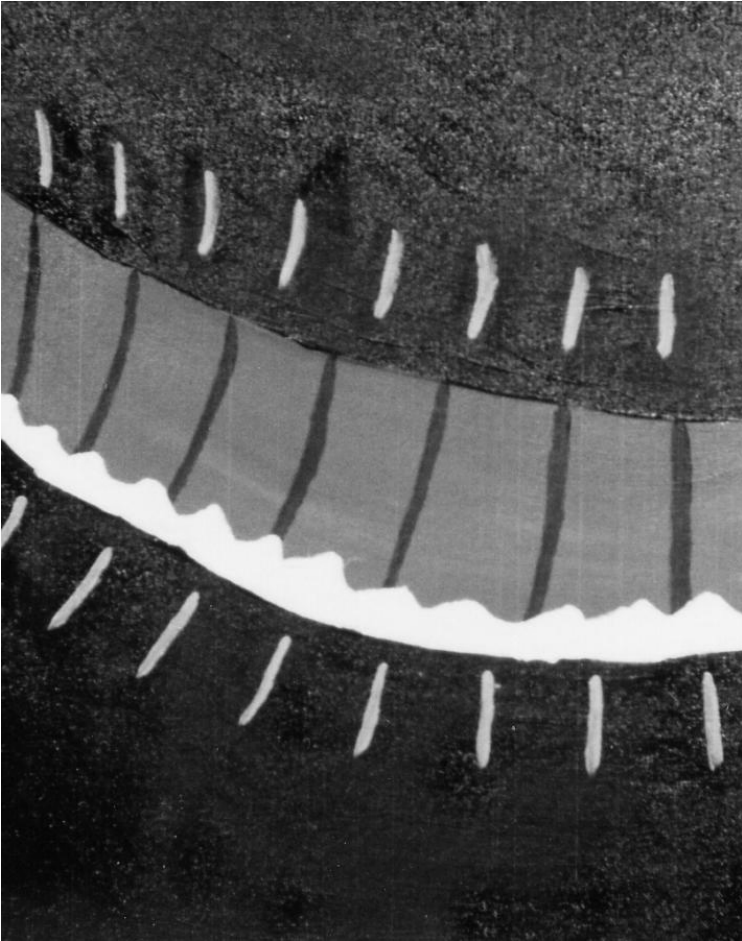
The Psalm of Solomon, 27

THE EIGHTH MYSTERY
Pyramidal Initiations, the Book of the Eights and
Mystery Corridors

To Transcend the Seven Realms of the Physical World
and to Achieve the Eight, the Immortal, and to
Receive Permanent Inscription into the Book of Life



As the soul proceeds into the initiations and rites, they will of necessity have to pass through a series of mystery corridors consisting of tunnels of light, tunnels of black, black ribbed tunnels, hazy and cloudeous tunnels, watery tunnels, brightly colored tunnels . . . all leading to various and important rituals into the energetic mysteries beyond them.



Also, there will be a series of pyramidal initiations which have to do with the attainment of a very fine goal; the reception into 'The Book of the Eights,' also called 'The Book of the Immortals.' In The Bible, it is spoken of as 'The Book of Life.'

From the New American Bible

"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*

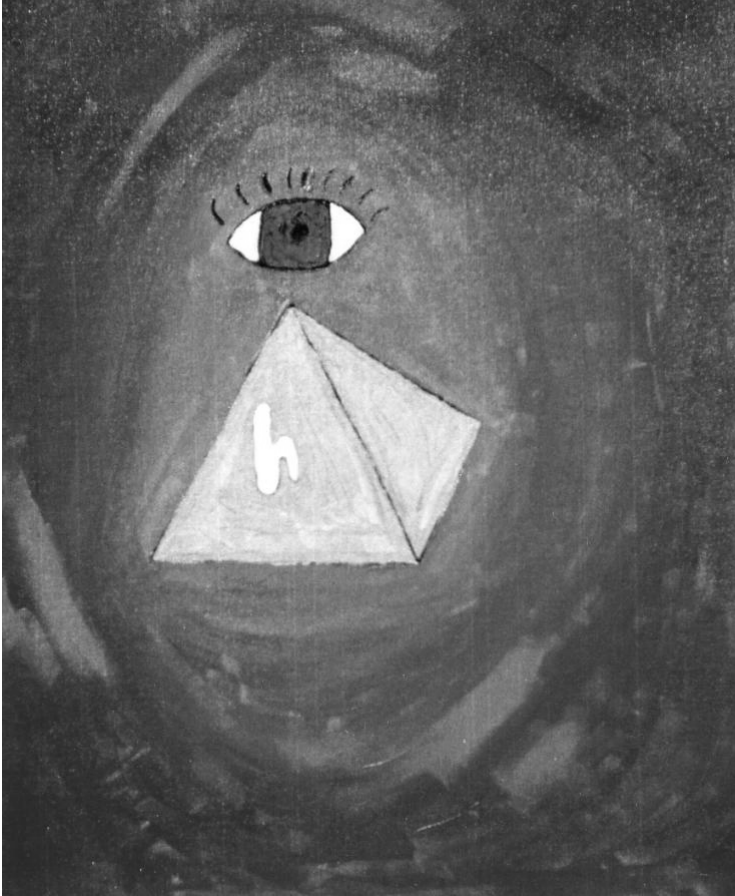
We must know that the secrets of all religions and their interior catacombs absolutely must come into play before the spirit could ever be able to comprehend the meaning behind them or the purpose in which they serve.

It is thus with the pyramidal initiations of which I will only speak of a few here as others are to come and will be dealt with separately.

Beyond the substance of time where timelessness reigns, there is a borderland wherein the entry into the knowledge of the pyramids must come into the soul energetically before it may become manifest upon the ground.

In the mystical realms, the Egyptian pyramids appear golden, bearing a singular sign which the initiate will

eventually come to know as the *Sign of the Eights*, the symbol of the immortals, and the all-seeing eye appears above it eternally.



One of the most important rites the soul must endure in order to pass through into the secrets within the pyramids has to do with the understanding of the male and female energies.

But yet before this, many initiations require the soul to recognize a particular soul, or guardian of the realm, so to speak. In some instances, such souls would be labeled the 'Guardian of the Rite.' And it is in identifying these guardians from a subconscious level without prompting that allows the soul to pass to the next phase of the ritual passage.

This transition is no different, and the seeker must recognize the guardian of this rite, who goes by the name of Romulet, in order to proceed.

There is a reason for this process which is deeply unseen. Our energetic depths are discerned in part by the knowledge they are able to retrieve in this stage through the impetus of a visual cue which then can be received by the subconscious mind, travel through the unconscious and into the conscious - although remaining mystical.

If the soul cannot recognize the guardian of the rite, their penetration has not yet reached proper fruition or maturity to proceed beyond it. Thus, they must be turned away.

However, if, after the soul has been brought to the place of initiation, he is able to *bring forth* that which is from the within to the without; the soul will have shown sufficient cause to allow the seeker to pass through to the next phase.

In this particularly important pyramidal initiation, the

seeker may only pass if he interiorly *knows* Romulet as the Guardian of the Rite. Again, this is an energetic remembrance. Although having been given Romulet's name here, if you do not *know* Romulet singularly from within, the name will afford you no use.

But in order to pass through to the next phase, the seeker must be able to energetically identify the masculine within the feminine and vice versa – and undertake to withstand the instinctual knowing of the purpose of these seemingly contradicting yet perfectly symmetrical forces.

From the Mysteries of the Redemption

"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.

The Mysteries of the Redemption: A Treatise on Out-of-Body Travel and Mysticism, Marilyn Hughes, The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation, 2003

From the Hidden Treasures of the Ancient Qabalah

"Strength and beauty are the two attractive elements of our nature, but the masculine strength and the feminine beauty are in reality one and the same thing. That which we admire as strength in the man is the same element that fascinates us as beauty in the woman.

The difference consists in the way of their manifestation only. When the spirit has gained sufficient power on the outgoing path and is strong enough to hold the power that is his in eternal potentiality, then beauty appears on the scene and transforms the aggressive forcefulness of the man into the gentle attractiveness of the woman.

To be quite exact, beauty is strength on a higher spiral; when strength ripens, it becomes beauty. This is the spiritual aspect of it, that seems to have been voiced by all the sages of antiquity . . .

Man is by nature the aggressor, the moving factor, whose energy makes the plasticity of the world-soul yield her latent treasures.

Woman, on the other hand, contains these treasures. She is identical with the World-Soul, and in her the strength of man becomes transformed into beauty, which is the higher aspect of strength. Right here I must remind you that in every man is concealed the womanly element just as every woman has masculine qualities. In fact there are such things as womanly men and manly women. Here we are concerned with the spiritual nature . . .

It matters not whether the physical body one wears is that of a male or a female; It is the perfection of the spiritual nature that counts.

Before man can be redeemed his nature must become feminine. Man stands for positive action, while

woman is the symbol of passivity. The idea of power is generally associated with active energy, but it requires a stronger will to refrain from action than to act. Therefore is woman's sphere above that of man, and her kingdom must come before man realizes his true nature.

The dissecting and analytical function of the mind is of a masculine character, while the synthesis, the gathering up and consummating, is altogether womanly. This applies to all the realms of nature; to everything under the sun. In the battle of life, while making his pilgrimage through this wilderness of earthly existence, man is like a strong oak, or a trusty, sturdy oaken stem, but woman like a vine clinging in grace and beauty to him.

This expression of female tenderness on the physical plane is only an emblem of the true relation on the plane of spirit. There the companionship is free from the vicissitudes of earth, and partakes of the Divine nature only. The relations between the sexes on the higher planes are in accordance with the heavenly law governing those planes. Those whose good fortune it was to know the pure friendship of a woman on the earth plane have had, even in this life, a foretaste of the Heavenly condition. Its effect upon the physical nature is the same as when the sun draws up the muddy water of a stagnant pool by the roadside, and, changing its vibrations, returns it as the gentle life-giving rain, softening the dry earth.

Thus is the effect of the sweetness and light emanating from a pure soul in whom passion has been stilled and desire transmuted.

. . . To some of us this exalted state may seem a dream, but dreams and longings are founded upon true being for no one can long for that which has no existence or the possibility of existence. Perception of coming things is only possible through conception. The physical life we live and all the desires of the flesh that appertain to it are like the sacred lotus of Oriental lands. The root of this lotus is buried in mud and slime, but from this lowly condition it rises through the currents of the river until at last it reaches the air. Here the plant blossoms forth in luxuriant purity, a type and symbol of the highest spiritual development.

Thus it is with sex life. Sex life has its roots in the mud of material life; it rises through the flowing waters of mentality and finally blossoms in the clear air of our spiritual nature, pure, sacred, divine.

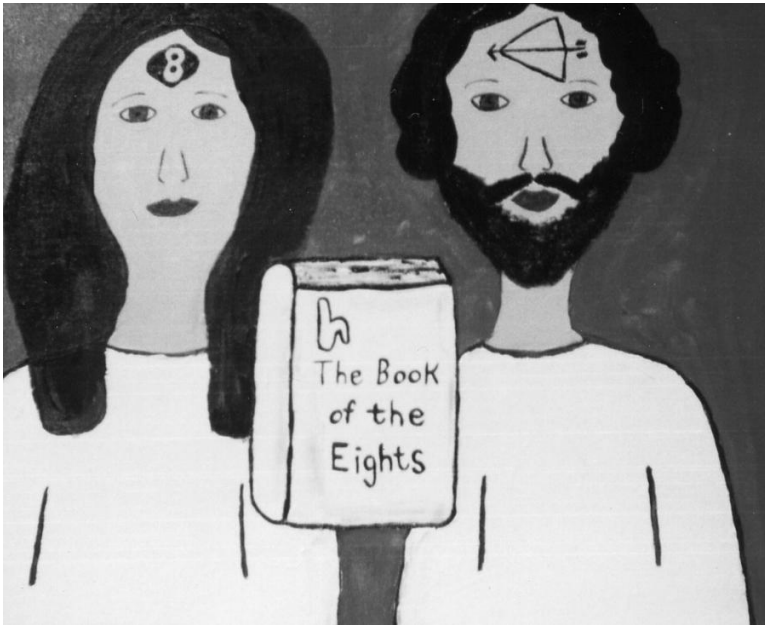
Those whose feet have climbed the rugged steep of the spiritual heights and who have at last reached the summit will understand the need of their trials, and the wisdom which ordained them. It is at the very top of the mountain that the spiritual consciousness opens and man becomes aware of his dual nature. Then, when this highest part of his constitution is mature, he can draw unto himself from surrounding nature that which corresponds to this highest and most potent part in himself . . .

The holy Qabalah teaches that every thought and emotion is represented structurally in invisible substance These forces, however, can only operate through those mortals who are struggling to regain their lost condition of pristine purity by long preparations, severe moral discipline and self-denial. Those who have given themselves to the service of humanity, consecrating their life, thought and substance to the furtherance of God's Kingdom and the doing of God's will on earth, will find that all their old passions and desires, having once been transmuted, will now spring up as powers for good within them. Eliphas Levi, the great Qabalist, left his testimony to this effect. The strength of his devotion to the light he had keen, he assured his pupils, was in exact ratio to the strength of his former passions, a force of which he had by severe discipline subdued and turned into a servant of the God within.

All desire is centrifugal, outgoing, while will, pure spiritual will, is centripetal and attractive. Thus do the feminine qualities in our constitution exercise a redeeming power over our old Adamic nature, and, until man understands this bi-une arrangement of his internal make-up, and, understanding it, strives to awaken and deepen the Divine Consciousness within himself so as to become continually and increasingly aware of his duality, there is little chance of his transcending the level of ordinary humanity. But, when this miracle has happened . . . the eyes of the soul have been opened and the torch of faith has been lit."

*The Hidden Treasures of the Ancient Qabalah, Elias
Gewurz, 1918*

Interestingly, it is within the Initiation into the Great Pyramid that the Biblically named 'Book of Life' is actually procured. If the subject is able to recognize the contradicting elements, the reversed signs of the masculine and feminine, the casket will be opened to reveal only an empty frame except for the singular copy of 'The Book of the Eights.'



At the moment that this takes place, the initiate and all beings accompanying the initiate, upon this rite fall to the ground in a sacred repose of prayer.

Momentous beyond all occasions, this is the actual moment when a soul's name will be added to the 'Book of Life,' the actual book of the immortals. But again, the actual name of this book remains 'The Book of the Eights.'

Why such a name? Because in most religious systems, you will see that the number seven holds great meaning. There are seven chakras, seven seals, seven heavens (according to Kabbalistic literature), seven spheres, seven firmaments, seven virtues, seven vices, seven deadly sins, seven hermetic principles, seven days of creation, seven churches, seven spirits, seven stars, seven seals, seven dooms, seven vials, seven personages, seven trumpets. There are literally a multitude of references to the sacred number of seven in Biblical scripture and Jewish ritual. Of which I will mention only a few:

- 1.) The Feast of Passover
- 2.) The Feast of Weeks
- 3.) The Feast of Tabernacles
- 4.) The Feast of the Jubilee
- 5.) Seven is also the number of sacrifice (Deu Ch2 29:21; Job 42:8), of purification and consecration (Lev 4:6, Lev 4:17; Lev 8:11, Lev 8:33; Lev 14:9, Lev 14:51), of forgiveness (Mat 18:21, Mat 18:22; Luk 17:4), of reward (Deu 28:7; Sa1 2:5), and of punishment (Lev 26:21, Lev 26:24, Lev 26:28; Deu 28:25). It is used for any round number in such passages as Job 5:19; Pro 26:16, Pro 26:25; Isa 4:1; Mat 12:45. It

is used also to mean "abundantly" (Gen 4:15, Gen 4:24; Lev 26:24; Psa 79:12) [From the Illustrated Bible Dictionary, M.J. Easton, 1897]

This same number seven carries meaning beyond the Jewish tradition into many other traditions around the world. A few examples would include:

- 1.) The Sermon of the Seven Suns, By the Buddha
- 2.) The Seven Evil Spirits of the Ancient Near East
- 3.) The Seven Tablets of Creation of Ancient Babylonia
- 4.) The Seven-Headed Dragon of the Ancient Hindus
- 5.) The Seven Cosmic Principles of the Rosicrucians
- 6.) The Seven Qualities of Eternal Nature by Jacob Boehme
- 7.) The Seven Great Princes of the Heavenly Hosts
- 8.) The Seven Paths of the Mystery Religions
- 9.) The Seven Creations (From the Hindu Purana)

Returning to the understanding of the seven chakras or energy centers in the body . . . the final completion of immortality would require the soul to move above the final throne of seven within the physical sphere of the mortal realm. Beyond the seventh chakra, the crown, lies the eighth. Eight is the immortal.

In the reception of 'The Book of the Eights' the initiate is making a commitment now to not cease traveling in this world of physical construct until the soul has

completed the mysteries, and thus, attained to immortal status.

Universal consciousness is arranged by Octaves which explains why the structure of consciousness is also harmonic. Octaves can be described or defined as a concentric interval of eight notes, including the two notes occupying the top and bottom of the octave. Each higher concentric octave will contain twice the vibration and frequency of the previous octave. And each lower concentric octave will contain half the vibration and frequency of the previous octave.

In attaining to immortality from the mortal realms, we achieve the first of many octaves in the harmonic convergence of the soul.

For we are what we emanate . . . this is the first mystery.

For to transcend the seven realms of the physical world and to achieve the eight, the immortal, and to receive permanent inscription into the book of life . . . this is the eighth mystery.

From the Summa Theologica

“Some have said that none could be blotted out of the book of life as a matter of fact, but only in the opinion of men. For it is customary in the Scriptures to say that something is done when it becomes known. Thus

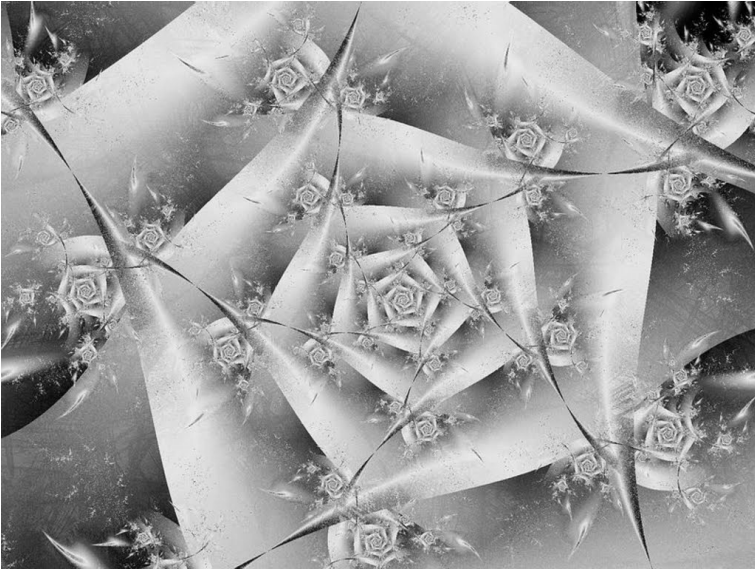
some are said to be written in the book of life, inasmuch as men think they are written therein, on account of the present righteousness they see in them; but when it becomes evident, either in this world or in the next, that they have fallen from that state of righteousness, they are then said to be blotted out. And thus a gloss explains the passage: "Let them be blotted out of the book of the living." But because not to be blotted out of the book of life is placed among the rewards of the just, according to the text, "He that shall overcome, shall thus be clothed in white garments, and I will not blot his name out of the book of life" (Apoc. 3:5) (and what is promised to holy men, is not merely something in the opinion of men), it can therefore be said that to be blotted out, and not blotted out, of the book of life is not only to be referred to the opinion of man, but to the reality of the fact. For the book of life is the inscription of those ordained to eternal life, to which one is directed from two sources; namely, from predestination, which direction never fails, and from grace; for whoever has grace, by this very fact becomes fitted for eternal life. This direction fails sometimes; because some are directed by possessing grace, to obtain eternal life, yet they fail to obtain it through mortal sin. Therefore those who are ordained to possess eternal life through divine predestination are written down in the book of life simply, because they are written therein to have eternal life in reality; such are never blotted out from the book of life. Those, however, who are ordained to eternal life, not through divine predestination, but through grace, are said to be written in the book of

life not simply, but relatively, for they are written therein not to have eternal life in itself, but in its cause only. Yet though these latter can be said to be blotted out of the book of life, this blotting out must not be referred to God, as if God foreknew a thing, and afterwards knew it not; but to the thing known, namely, because God knows one is first ordained to eternal life, and afterwards not ordained when he falls from grace. “

Summa Theologica, St. Thomas Aquinas, 1947

THE NINTH MYSTERY**Here, There and Always**

To Attain to the Ability to Receive the Knowledge of
the Energetic Truth which lies Behind every
Action/Interaction or Object/Person



From the Mysteries of the Redemption

“'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.”

The Mysteries of the Redemption: A Treatise on Out-of-Body Travel and Mysticism, Marilyn Hughes, The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation, 2003

‘Chant the ancient Tonelage’ the feminine voice cries out from the temples in the sky. And be assured if you do not know it, you will not pass through these gates.

But there is only one answer that will give you proper passage, and it is always which is the choice of timelessness.

Why is this so? Because choosing ‘Here’ is basically choosing the physical construct and delusions of the flesh; therefore, there is no further advancement that can be made.

Choosing ‘There’ is basically choosing the fourth realm, which allows the soul to learn more about the shadow reality of the physical world, but the soul should be well beyond this stance whence they stand at this gate.

And to choose ‘Always’ is to accept responsibility for the knowledge of all creation to be attained; it contains within it the energetic impetus to not only seek passage at that moment in time, but to thereby become capable of rendering an account of every

action, momentum, idea or construct according to *all* reality as it plays out in the physical, the overlapping astral, the underworlds, the overworlds, the worlds of light and life and beyond this into timelessness. In essence, the multidimensional understanding of every concept or objects upon which you see, feel, hear or taste.

Choosing timelessness is rendering the soul forward into the understanding which goes beyond all base seeing and into the realm of all natures.

However, again, this is only the first step. There will be others which come later which guide the soul into all of these realms of knowledge.

But first the soul must choose it.

For to attain to the ability to receive the knowledge of the energetic truth which lies behind every action/interaction or object/person . . . this is the ninth mystery.

From Epistle of Ignatius to Polycarp

“A Christian has not power over himself, but must always be ready for the service of God. Now, this work is both God’s and yours, when ye shall have completed it to His glory. For I trust that, through grace, ye are prepared for every good work pertaining to God. Knowing, therefore, your energetic

love of the truth, I have exhorted you . . .

If thou lovest the good disciples only, thou hast no grace; [but] rather subdue those that are evil by gentleness. All [sorts of] wounds are not healed by the same medicine. Mitigate [the pain of] cutting by tenderness. Be wise as the serpent in everything, and innocent, with respect to those things which are requisite, even as the dove. For this reason thou art [composed] of both flesh and spirit, that thou mayest entice those things which are visible before thy face, and mayest ask, as to those which are concealed from thee, that they [too] may be revealed to thee, in order that thou be deficient in nothing, and mayest abound in all gifts. The time demands, even as a pilot does a ship, and as one who stands exposed to the tempest does a haven, that thou shouldst be worthy of God.”

Writings of the Early Church Fathers, Anti-Nicene Fathers, Volume 1, Epistle of Ignatius to Polycarp

THE TENTH MYSTERY**Cycles of Time**

To Become Capable of Rendering End-Points to
Karmic Cycles of Time into Birth-Points



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 of yet another Cycle of Time.

This is what a Cycle of Time is in the initiatory realms. To render an end-point to a circular habitual pattern of existence or behavior, and thus, provide the potential for a new birth point.

Cycles of Time can apply to the individual soul journey or to the evolutionary rate of a race or species as set up in the annals of time.

For everything, there is a season and a time for every purpose. Cycles of Time contain within them the evolutionary elements of things which are not yet seen.

Within the initiatory realms, the soul will not only be shown the manner in which Cycles of Time are created, utilized, spin and finally lead to completion; but they will be given certain energetic impetus and knowledge regarding the nature of working towards assisting other souls who have become trapped within a karmic cycle of time and require an end-point.

The initiate will learn how to energetically draw a conclusion point to the spinning cycle and to bring energy and force behind the words of release,

'Chorub Lee', to thereby make it so. Thus, creating an end-point for a particular spinning motion within a soul's path for which they have been unable to overcome without mystical subconscious assistance. Once this is finished, it is all a matter of that which has been done in spirit to become manifest upon the ground.

However, as I previously stated, this can also be done with groups of souls, perhaps a group of souls traveling an evolutionary spiral together, i.e. people who live in a certain war torn country, or those who share a karmic program.

But these cycles of time also apply to world matters, the evolution of the species as a whole. Mystical initiants are often called in to work on the energy of planets as whole and this is done in a similar way.

However, what makes this process unique is that the planet (i.e. the Earth), would be regarded as the spiritual organism and the initiant would be placed above the planet wherein a similar but much more voluminous set of energies would be funneled through that soul to exit through the hands over the planet. Just as with a singular soul, the earth will respond as an organism and the energetic pull will lift up some of its spinning objections to forward motion.

Again, when finished, it remains a matter of that which has been done in the spirit to become manifest upon the ground.

So there are four ways that an initiate may be asked to work on such cycles of time:

- 1.) On an Individual Soul
- 2.) On a Karmic Group
- 3.) On a Larger Karmic Group, such as Nation's or People's
- 4.) On a Planetary Cycle

Please understand that we are speaking only of this initial phase of entry into the Cycles of Time . . . as the soul progresses further along, there are higher levels of such alteration which absolutely do occur on galactic and universal levels, but which are not yet introduced to the initiate at this juncture.

So what matters require a Cycle of Time? And what conditions arouse the need for the instigation of an end-point in such as these?

Most of humanity can be said to be contained within various cycles of karmic circling. What this means is that they are all - together and separately - joined together and acting out in accordance with certain shallow or delusionary belief systems which are very grounded in nature. As is the case in such systems, it is very difficult for them to see beyond the habituated behaviors they have come to know and believe is earthly life; and set their sights towards knowledge, conclusion and rectification. Without such

rectification, they will remain spinning in these Karmic Cycles of Time, following the same bad habitual patterns, repeating the same irrational or delusional behaviors . . . and not even realize that simply because what could be called consensus consciousness may approve of their chosen path; they are completely wasting their time.

In the very fact that we have incarnated into a mortal realm, a sphere of reality which is *absolutely known* to be temporary and elusive, every soul can know that the things held to be of importance to most of human civilization cannot possibly bely the purpose of our existence in such a short-lived resonance.

Wealth, power, greed, fame and lust have no purpose; they are of the backwards motion and cannot be contained beyond this realm. Therefore, they are not eternal and remain of no value.

Therefore, within the context of the soul's journey, we can see that a grand majority of souls do live within the confines of such false and purposeless beliefs.

It is also observable that most souls will continue to follow habitual patterns as regards their work ethics, their relationships with others, that which they serve . . . and this is wherein we can see the circling begin.

It is also observable that the destinies of many human beings lie within the hands of many who have attained to a certain level of illusory power within the

realm - whether it be over countries or smaller groups - wherein those who have become overpowered are forced to operate within the confines of their wars or misconfigured views of reality.

So then the purpose of understanding such cycles, how they come about, and the nature of ending them energetically becomes vital to the initiate.

As the initiate has already agreed to take upon himself the responsibility for souls and realms; such knowledge is specifically required for alterations to take place within such mortal spheres.

Therein, by such knowledge, end-points may be energetically set to alter the term of evolution; whether it be for one soul or many - and birth points successively seeded to allow for the next primary beginning.

For to become capable of rendering end-points of Karmic Cycles of Time into a new birth point . . . this is the tenth mystery.

From St. Augustine

“This controversy some philosophers have seen no other approved means of solving than by introducing cycles of time, in which there should be a constant

renewal and repetition of the order of nature; and they have therefore asserted that these cycles will ceaselessly recur, one passing away and another coming, though they are not agreed as to whether one permanent world shall pass through all these cycles, or whether the world shall at fixed intervals die out, and be renewed so as to exhibit a recurrence of the same phenomena—the things which have been, and those which are to be, coinciding. And from this fantastic vicissitude they exempt not even the immortal soul that has attained wisdom, consigning it to a ceaseless transmigration between delusive blessedness and real misery. For how can that be truly called blessed which has no assurance of being so eternally, and is either in ignorance of the truth, and blind to the misery that is approaching, or, knowing it, is in misery and fear? Or if it passes to bliss, and leaves miseries forever, then there happens in time a new thing which time shall not end. Why not, then, the world also? Why may not man, too, be a similar thing? So that, by following the straight path of sound doctrine, we escape . . .

At all events, far be it from any true believer to suppose that . . . the same periods and events of time are repeated; as if, for example, the philosopher Plato, having taught in the school at Athens which is called the Academy, so, numberless ages before, at long but certain intervals, this same Plato and the same school, and the same disciples existed, and so also are to be repeated during the countless cycles that are yet to be,—far be it, I say, from us to believe this. For once

Christ died for our sins; and, rising from the dead, He dieth no more. "Death hath no more dominion over Him; and we ourselves after the resurrection shall be "ever with the Lord," to whom we now say, as the sacred Psalmist dictates, "Thou shall keep us, O Lord, Thou shall preserve us from this generation." And that too which follows, is, I think, appropriate enough: "The wicked walk *in a circle*," not because their life is to recur by means of these circles, which these philosophers imagine, but because the path in which their false doctrine now runs is circuitous."

*Writings of the Early Church Fathers, St. Augustine,
Nicene and Post Nicene Fathers, Volume II, City of
God, Chapter 13*

THE ELEVENTH MYSTERY**The Star of Bethlehem**

To Take Within the Cells of the Spirit and Body that
Which Becomes Birth Itself, the Messianic Potential



Galaxy Rose

As with most mysteries, there is a guardian to this rite. He calls himself the 'Titan,' and he sits upon a white horse before a very old and creaky looking wooden enclosure.

If you have properly announced the words required to enter, "Chorub Lee! Open forth the door of light!", and the energetic thrust of this next ritual lies within

the energetic construct of your soul; the Titan will discern that you may pass.

A mighty wind ensues which will permeate your entire soul as the wood tears itself apart to reveal a singular diamond shaped star which glows with an energetic impetus of such magnitude, that the soul is thrown to the ground in sacred awe, and tears begin to flow in mighty torrents.

Pushing the soul back, the energy will begin to enter the soul's confines as divine current.

The finality of the moment's wind is that birth as an energetic concept, faculty and mechanism has entered into the soul who partakes of this beautiful vision.

That wind's birth within the confines of the spirit soul; is an emanation of birth itself. That union of God with His own creation, with God's spirit and human matter; enters into the initiate.

Not because the soul has become a Christ-like character . . . no, not at all. But because some of the cells of the sacred birth of the God-King have entered into the soul. As the second coming of Christ is not something to be rendered by any one man, but many; the spirit has taken on the task of one of the many messiahs.

Each one of these initiates is given a different task in the evolutionary sphere of knowledge. And a single 'messiah' cannot truly complete his own small

portion of the work without the influx of the many and unknown who also propel their souls upon the lurking whirlwind of evolutionary flow which catapults human design and development into what appears to be such a small flask.

This Messianic calling is transitory by nature, and it is an accessory, rather than an obtained truth. It is something the soul is now being given to draw upon in order to complete his quest and for the consequence of bringing to fore other souls who remain dormant. In a sense, it becomes an emanation of the Holy Spirit, but of the Messianic nature.

Not in any exalted fashion, but in a lowly and principle birth. The end-point of all separation and discord between the world of the divine; and the end-point of unity with the higher particulate matter which engages the consciousness; is that which descends into human matter and form.

For to take within the cells of the spirit and body that which becomes birth itself, the messianic potential . . .
 . this is the eleventh mystery.

*From the Life and Teaching of Thoth Hermes
Trismegistus*

"Then God spoke to the Holy Word within the soul of all things, saying: 'Increase in increasing and multiply

in multitudes, all you, my creatures and workmanships. Let him that is endued with Mind know himself to be immortal and that the cause of death is the love of the body; and let him learn all things that are, for he who has recognized himself enters into the state of Good."

The Secret Teachings of all Ages, The Life and Teachings of Thoth Hermes Trismegistus, Manly P. Hall, 1928

From the Soul's Divine Journey

"Upon the wings of this enchanting Melody does the soul first glimpse itself, and it is awestruck by its own divine nature. The soul, supported by the river of superconsciousness, enthusiastically takes each successive step until it finally enters its own sublimity . . . The . . . Current is the melodious Voice of God, which constantly speaks words of love and wisdom to the ear of the soul, beckoning continuously for soul to heed Its call . . . The Sound reposes itself within the hidden temple of the body, just waiting for soul's recognition of It when It becomes visible and audible upon the Inner Master's sacred touch."

Soul's Divine Journey, Sri Gary Olsen, 2010

From the Confessions of Jacob Boehme

"A true Christian is not a mere historical new man" — he is a biological fact, the crown of the "great work" of spiritual alchemy. Christian history is only "the cradle of the Child"; the framework within which the law of regeneration is perpetually manifested, and the "heavenly man," citizen of the eternal light-world, is brought forth in the world of time. This, says Boehme, "we heartily wish that the titular and Lip-Christians might once find by experience in themselves, and so pass from the history into the substance."

The Confessions of Jacob Boehme, Edited By W. Scott Palmer, 1920

THE TWELFTH MYSTERY

The Seven Levels of Heaven

To Contain the Knowledge and Travel the Seven
Heavenly Spheres at Will to Bring that Which is
Above to that Which is Below – the Entrance of the
Shekinah Spirit



From the Mysteries of the Redemption

"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."

The Mysteries of the Redemption: A Treatise on Out-of-Body Travel and Mysticism, Marilyn Hughes, 2003

And so it must be that souls must incarnate into lower spheres in order to uplift them, to bring within their confines the actual incarnation of a higher thrust.

Within the knowledge of the seven heavens lies some

of the secrets of the evolutionary path of the soul . . . and purgatory. The seven levels of heaven do not consist merely of realms above our current status, but realms below and in this lies great wisdom. Heaven is within us and without us, as well. The entry of a single force within a realm can define and shape its outcome. The realms of the immortals always seep to whatever lies below enlivening and extricating whatever forms of life are able to sear forth from its rays of constant mindful expansion towards the ever-loving spheres of God knowledge.

So . . . service, then must be given by any soul who dares to reach into the mysteries. Because service is required of those of us who have received epiphanic knowledge from the realms of the higher heavenly abodes; to give back to creation that which creation has given to us.

In order to remind the traveler of the simplicity of this tour of duty, a soul must merely gaze upon knowledge as it parades itself before the soul in a rapid display of meticulous light.

To those who see, it is clearly woven in the fabric of human existence. To those who do not see, it is a hazy misnomer of meaning from the worlds of the below.

Hardly, a soul can be reborn unless it be birthed into the mystery of the seven spheres . . . as above, so below does not mean what many portend it to be. It conveys a flowing, a movement that continually

circles from the highest heavens into the lower spheres to expand their injunction and evolutionary ideal and function.

As above, so below . . . is a flowing of a peculiar height, which is not likened to a similarity of form or being, but rather, an inflowing which comes as a result of incarnation and energetic influx from that which is above to that which resides below.

From the Zohar

"RABBI JOSE ON THE SEVEN HEAVENS OR FIRMAMENTS.

"Said Rabbi Jose: "It is written . . . that the Holy One created seven firmaments or heavens above, wherein to manifest his glory, all of them being based and founded on principles beyond human comprehension, which therefore remain subjects of faith and not of knowledge. The highest of these heavens is altogether invisible and rules all those below it . . . The lowest of these firmaments or heavens is void of light and non-luminous; and, because so, it is attached to those above it to receive it from them . . . All the higher firmaments pour their light into it, as rivers discharge their waters into the sea . . ."

The Zohar, Bereshith to Lekh Lekha, Nurho de Manhar, 1900-1914

As the inflowing continues in a circular motion from realms above to below to above to below; souls congruently expose their darkness and directly make it tangible to the light.

Each sphere contains within it specific knowledge and evolutionary attainments and no soul may pass beyond his particular level of resurrection. There may be no soul who can go beyond that which is above them.

In many of my books, I have stated that when a soul tries to go beyond the ascent of its reach; it feels as though it is being crushed. In order to reach these higher states, a vibratory course must be taken. As knowledge remains vibration; the soul must seek knowledge and the removal of the remnants of the selfish will and disordered emotions and passions which those caught within the lower worlds.

What this also shows us is a secret that many souls do not yet comprehend. The seven levels of heaven show us that heaven, purgatory and hell all reside within the seven original spheres of creation.

Wherever the soul may be on its current journey within these seven heavens, we are already on the heavenly journey, we have already arrived. We are already on the purification path, we are already purging our souls of emotive pastimes and incongruent modes of thinking. Finally, we are already ascending. All of this has already begun . . .

From the Zohar

"The seven spheres of the celestial world are prototypes of those that surround our world and are inhabited by angelic beings who sing the praises of the Holy One, and use their own individual forms of worship. Their rank and order are indicated by the sphere they occupy.

"The first of these higher or celestial spheres and nearest to the earth, is altogether void of light and is the abode of angels who are like tempestuous winds, never seen, but felt, and are always invisible as they are void of light and darkness and undistinguished by any color. They are wholly without self-consciousness and without form or shape. Its chief and ruler is an angel named *Tahariel*, who has under him seventy subordinates. Their motion is manifested by the glittering of fiery sparks, the appearance and disappearance of which constitute day and night.

"The second celestial sphere is distinguished from the first by the possession of a modicum of light, and is inhabited by angels appointed to watch over humanity and guide it into the path of uprightness whenever there is danger of its falling into error and wrong doing. When righteousness prevails in the world, they are filled with joy and delight. Their chief and ruler is called *Qadmiel*. When Israel commences its worship of the Holy One, they then manifest and make themselves visible in forms of intense brightness, and three times daily they bless and hallow the divine name. When they observe Israel

studying and meditating on the law or secret doctrine, they ascend on high before the Holy One, who takes account of what they have seen and heard.

"The third celestial sphere is pervaded and filled with fire and flames. In it the fiery river *Nahar dinur* takes its rise and flows into Gehenna, overwhelming and engulfing in its course those mortals whose lives on earth were given up and addicted to evil and wrongdoing. Over these are placed destroying and tormenting angels, also accusing angels who, however, have no power or influence over Israel when it repents and does what is just and right. The abode of their chief is on the left side of this sphere in which darkness prevails, as it is written, 'and darkness was upon the face of the waters.' It is also the abode of Samael, the angel of darkness, the great transgressor.

"The Fourth celestial region is splendidly luminous, being the abode of angelic beings of great honor and dignity who, unlike those of the first sphere, begin and finish their worship of the Holy One without interruption. They are not subject to any change or declension, being angels of mercy and compassion of whom scripture speaks 'Who maketh his angels as the wind, and his messengers as flames of fire' (Ps. civ. 4). Their great mission work is on the plane of human existence and are invisible save in visions of the night, or on extraordinary occasions according to the degree of intelligence of those to whom they manifest themselves. Their great chief is named *Padiel* by

whose orders they hold the key and open the gates of mercy through which pass the prayers and supplications of those who sincerely repent and live the Higher and Diviner life.

"The Fifth celestial sphere is one of still greater and more intense light. Therein are angels, some of them ruling over fire, others over water, and are messengers either of mercy or judgment, and as such become manifested as heralds of light or darkness. Their worship of the Holy One takes place at midnight. They are under the control of a chief named Qadashiel. When at midnight the north wind begins to blow, the Holy One, blessed be He! enters the garden of Eden and holds converse with the righteous. Then begin they their service of praise which resounds throughout the whole of this sphere and lasts during the night until daybreak and the sun appears. At that moment these angels join in a grand and glorious song of thanksgiving that peals also from all the hosts of heaven, from angels and archangels, seraphim, cherubim, above and below all uniting in the ascription of blessing and honor, glory and power to Jehovah, the Lord of Hosts that liveth forever and ever; as it is written, 'When the morning stars sang together and all the sons of God shouted for joy' (Job. xxxviii. 7). This their great anthem ceases not until Israel begins its song of praise.

"The Sixth celestial Sphere is nearer to the Kingdom of heaven. In it are seas covered with ships, also rivers and lakes abounding in fish. Its denizens are under

the rule of presidents, the chief of whom is named *Uriel*, who enter on their official duties at certain fixed times. When the time arrives for the ships to go south, Michael is their ruler; and when they go north, Gabriel assumes authority and direction; as these two archangels occupy the right and left sides of the Mercaba, or celestial chariot. When, however, the ships go eastward, *Raphael* rules, and *Uriel* when they sail westward.

"The Seventh Celestial Sphere is the highest and accessible only to souls of the greatest purity and thus qualified to enter into its joys and delights. None other are found there. In it are laid up treasures of peace, blessings and benefits.

"All these seven spheres are inhabited and filled with beings like in their form to man, who cease not to worship and give thanks to the holy One. None of them, however, are so conversant with the glory of the Holy One as the inhabitants of the sphere of Thebel, who are perfectly pure in body, mind and soul. In the seventh celestial sphere there are those who have attained to the highest degree of holiness as in the seventh sphere belonging to earth below, are found the just with purified bodies. Moreover, above and beyond all these spheres there are seven others the existence of which is a subject of faith and not of experience, and in each of them are spiritual beings of the highest order."

*The Zohar, Bereshith to Lekh Lekha, Nurho de
Manhar, 1900-1914*

In respective honor and glory to the great God who created us and seeks for his highest good will, the soul understands that in order to bring that which above to that which is below . . . the soul must descend into such realms in order to bring the contemporaneous essential thrust within the hearts and minds of sentient beings and elements of a lower vibrational sphere.

Honor and valor are required of the soul who receives from the great and glorious God.

And honorable and selfless must be his works

In Jewish thought, when a soul enters into the mortal realms with the Divine Indwelling within him, he is referred to as a Shekinah. It is said that Divinity Itself is always felt more powerfully in the presence of a Shekinah, wherein the Divine settles within and allows Himself to emanate therefrom.

It is said that the Shekinah is the feminine aspect of God which enters into a soul much like the Holy Spirit, and dwells and settles there in order to uproot and beguile the lover of God towards the entirety of His essence.

Rabbi Isaac Luria wrote a well known Shabbat (Sabbath) Hymn, which describes the descent of the indwelling spirit of the Shekinah in a manner not dissimilar to Catholic Christian Bridal Mysticism.

The soul becomes the Bride; as the spirit of holiness, the spirit of God coming to indwell the soul, becomes the bridegroom.

From the Shabbat Hymn of Rabbi Isaac Luria

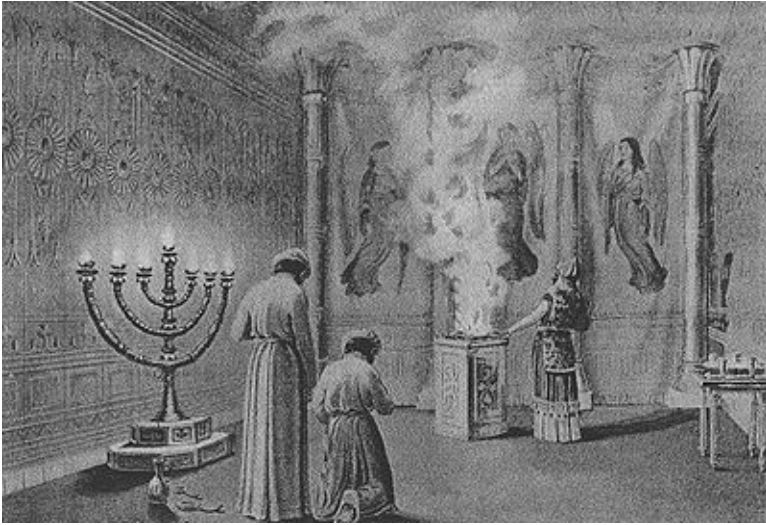
"I sing in hymns
to enter the gates
of the Field
of holy apples.

"A new table
we prepare for Her,
a lovely candelabrum
sheds its light upon us.

"Between right and left
the Bride approaches,
in holy jewels
and festive garments..."

Shabbat Hymn, Rabbi Isaac Luria

In ancient times, the Shekinah glory was referred more directly to the Temple of Jerusalem or Jerusalem itself.



As the understanding of the Shekinah spirit has evolved in Jewish mysticism, it is a spirit of the Divine Indwelling Presence of God that comes into the Holy Tabernacle of the Soul.

Shekinah can be likened to Holy Spirit. But because the nature of the lower realms of the seven heavens contains within it a certain impenetrability, the Shekinah must descend into souls from higher spheres of existence and life. And thus doing, must embody sentient life in various of the seven spheres to bring within their confines the captured essence of God - the Shekinah spirit.

In mattered realms where the delusional stronghold remains strong and distinct within the physical composition; darkness holds humanity in its bosom like a parasite devours the flesh that has died.

Liberation must come from above, and so be it that it comes from the descent of higher force, higher capacity, higher wisdom, higher thrust . . . into a physical vessel who's very containment of the spirit of God alters that which remains below to that which it must become above.

Interestingly, Hubble Telescope captured an image which has been named 'Shekinah' to reveal the celestial glory and vast domain of the feminine spirit of God.



Shekinah Nebulae

To contain the knowledge and travel the seven heavenly spheres at will to bring that which is above to that which is below - the entrance of the Shekinah

spirit . . . this is the twelfth mystery.

From Jewish Mysticism

"The whole edifice of thought about the Shechinah is based upon such passages in the Old Testament as "And let them make me a sanctuary that I may dwell among them" (*Exodus*, xxv. 8). "Defile ye not therefore the land which ye shall inhabit, wherein I dwell: for I the Lord dwell among the children of Israel" (*Numbers*, xxxv. 34). "And I will set my tabernacle among you and my soul shall not abhor you. And I will walk among you and will be your God, and ye shall be my people" (*Leviticus*, xxvi. 11, 12).

The Israelites were one compact fellowship, an indivisible organism, and not a series of separate units. God's dwelling among them, or placing His Tabernacle among them in Old Testament times, was interpreted by the Rabbis of the Talmud and Midrashim as implying that there is a permanent presence of the Divine Spirit in the midst of the people of Israel; and that this Divine Spirit not only accompanies them without ceasing, but that it also imparts itself, communicates itself, to every member of Israel whenever he orders his life in such a way as to be capable of realising it. It is a perpetual incoming of the Divine Life into the human life of the Jew. It is a "Divine-human fellowship which only fails when the human partner [the people of Israel] is in sin." Israel is bathed in a Divine environment. As the great mystic

theologian among the Jews of the middle ages (Moses Nahmanides, born in Spain 1194, died in Palestine about 1270) says, in commenting on *Leviticus*, xxvi. 11: "The Divine soul, of which His dwelling among us is a part, will not thrust us forth [when we work and live aright] as a vessel when heated by hot water thrusts forth its impurities."

All this is meant by the Shechinah. Writers on mysticism, no matter to what school of religious thought they may happen to belong, familiarise us with the great fact that the mystic, by reason of the high levels of spiritual intensity on which his life is lived, experiences certain physical sensations which enable him to *see* or to *hear* something of the mystery of the Divine Presence. Christian mysticism invariably quotes the experiences of Paul in this connection--Paul who was so deeply struck by the brilliant light about him that he "was three days without sight and neither did eat nor drink" (*Acts*, ix. 9). Evelyn Underhill says of a certain mediæval German mystic, Rulman Merswin, that "a brilliant light shone around him; he heard in his ears a Divine voice of adorable sweetness; he felt as if he were lifted from the ground, and carried several times round the garden" (*The Mystic Way*, p. 162) . . .

It must be borne in mind, in this connection, how intimately conjoined, in the minds of the Rabbis, was the idea 'synagogue' with the idea 'Shechinah.' The blending of the two even went so far as to prompt the Rabbis to say--what is sometimes falsely and foolishly

described as 'grotesque'--that God prays and the synagogue is His house of prayer. Hence if it is true, as Evelyn Underhill maintains, that the visionary experience of mystics is 'a picture which the mind constructs . . . from raw materials already at its disposal' (*Mysticism*, p. 325), one can quite see how the consciousness of being inside the synagogue should bring home to the Rabbi, in so particularly drastic a fashion, the reality of the Shechinah's intercourse with men.

Noteworthy also--and this is, as well, one of the distinguishing features of the mystical temperament--is the contrast in the effects which this sudden invasion of a Divine Presence had upon the objects of the visitation. The two Rabbis who left the synagogue did so, most probably, as the result of the fearful weakening and depressing effect of the vision. The Rabbi, however, who stayed on and succeeded in eliciting from the Shechinah a promise that the ministering angels should henceforth cease from troubling him, is the type of the mystic who feels the mental and physical elation, the joy, the rapture, the triumph consequent upon the conviction of his having, at last, reached the goal of his quest--the sight, sound and touch of the Ultimate Reality.

A feature of the Shechinah mysticism which deserves a deeper appreciation than is usually accorded it, is to be found in the reiterated Rabbinic belief that goodness and piety radiate an atmosphere of divinity which infects all who breathe it, with a new impulse

towards the good, the beautiful and the true. The good man can bring the Shechinah to his fellows. He can invest earth with the quality which belongs to Heaven. Sight of, or contact with, a saint, is equivalent to an inflowing of the Shechinah. Thus, a striking passage in *Canticles Rabba*, vi., says:

"The original abode of the Shechinah was among the 'tahtonim,' i.e. the lower ones, i.e. human beings, earth. When Adam sinned, it ascended away to the first heaven. With Cain's sin, it ascended to the second; with Enoch's, to the third; with the generation of the Flood, to the fourth; with the generation of the Tower of Babel, to the fifth; with the Sodomites, to the sixth. With the sin of the Egyptians in the days of Abraham, it ascended to the seventh. Corresponding to these there arose seven righteous men who brought the Shechinah down back to earth again. These were Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Kehath, Amram, and Moses."

There is, of course, a strong sprinkling of the 'fellowship' idea which, as was said on a previous page, is a basic factor in Jewish spirituality. The greater the bond of union between the members of the Jewish brotherhood, the greater the realisation of the Divine Presence in their midst. Add to this the existence of men of conspicuous piety within the bosom of the fellowship, and you have all the essentials for a deeper and stronger infiltration of the Divine stream. *The Shechinah is brought back to men by the aid of the better men.*

The same train of thought is expressed more pointedly by the following aphorisms:

T.B. Berachoth, 64, says: "Whosoever partakes of a meal at which a 'disciple of the wise' is present, it is as though he enjoyed of the splendour of the Shechinah." Clearly, the presence of the 'disciple of the wise' makes the life of the company about him to be lived on higher levels. He gives it an access to the Divine which it would not otherwise have had. *T.B. Ketuboth, 105a*, says: "Whosoever brings a gift to a 'disciple of the wise' it is as though he brought the first-fruits (*bikkurim*) to the Temple." The 'disciple of the wise' is here a Temple in human form. To approach him is to approach a Holy of Holies. Contact with him is a sanctifying influence. He radiates divinity.

T.B. Ketuboth, 111b, says: "Is it possible for any man to cling to the Shechinah? For is it not said, in *Deuteronomy, iv. 24*, 'For the Lord thy God is a consuming fire'? But the meaning is this: Whosoever marries his daughter to a 'disciple of the wise' or engages in any enterprise with him, or who lets a 'disciple of the wise' enjoy of his worldly possessions, it is counted unto him, by Holy Writ, as though he clung to the Shechinah."

Companionship with the good must be acquired at all costs. It is the dynamic power for opening the door to the spiritual world. The man of virtue is Shechinah-possessed; and to touch only the hem of his garment is to become Shechinah-possessed too.

When Ruth the Moabitess forsakes her ancestral gods in favour of the God of Israel, when Abram, according to the Rabbinic interpretation of *Genesis*, xii. 5 ('And the souls that they had gotten in Harran'), brings the weary and footsore into his home and initiates them into the belief in the God in whom he himself believes, the Rabbis say that the act performed in both cases is 'the entering of the non-Israelite under the wings of the Shechinah.'"

Jewish Mysticism, J. Abelson, 1913

THE THIRTEENTH MYSTERY
The Thunder Tribe and the Great Day of
Purification

To Obtain the Purified Unity of the Masculine and
Feminine Constructs in Spirit and Energize the Thrust
Wherein Karma Will Hit the Ground to Seek Further
Purification



From the Mysteries of the Redemption

"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 (making love), 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."

The Mysteries of the Redemption: A Treatise on Out-of-Body Travel and Mysticism, Marilyn Hughes, 2003

And so it comes to pass that the essence of breath, life and death must visit the soul in order for the initiate to fully comprehend the nature of the infinite life which is breathed into the vestibule of every living soul.

Beyond the physical constraints of physical sleeves, the spiritual being having had the breath brought to him by the thunder tribes can now observe and know fully the spiritual world as it opens up to his awareness in his waking life.

For all that remains physical is but an empty troth if not interpreted from the standpoint of the mystery of that which sustains it in spirit.

Beyond the grave, beyond the breath . . . is the Great Day of Purification, which is represented by the man and woman making love.

Remember the initiation begins with the bridal gown, the bride is seeking her bridegroom in the bridal chamber . . . and it is in this seeking that the most essential of purifications may begin.

This requires for the purified, liquid form of the masculine and feminine to unite in holy matrimony, a union of spiritual substance and definition.

For the separates are not whole; but retain full knowledge only when united fully in the perfection of God's attainment.

So as the Great Day of Purification approaches, the soul is not being led into an illicit understanding of the sexual union; but rather, the wholly purified and sacramental love which comes from the Father, of the Son and whispers from the Holy Spirit to breathe it into being.

There is a fantastic and overwhelming gulf between the sins of the flesh and the uniting of a gradient and purified pair of opposite energies defined as masculine and feminine. As those gradient light-

forms merge, a birthpoint erupts within the soul for the reality of the mysteries always lie beyond the flesh, beyond the physical and into purified substantive being.

The Thunder Tribes oversee the coming into seminal motion the breath, life and death of the separate forces into the higher motion of the Unity.

But this Unity is not achieved through debased physical contact, but a higher spiritual union of pairs which through their very being and nature have the capacity to cause Purification as process to procure itself within the soul and begin the ascending pathway towards its vital and life-giving root and fruition.

The Thunder Tribes herald the Great Day of Purification which is something which will occur in the spirit alone at this juncture. Because physical matter is gross in its formula and function, karma must hit the ground before the nature of these eight winds can fully become manifest.

Sometimes, the soul will be required to travel into their own passions in order to overcome them. In distant seasons a soul will be tried with ages past forming in the etherical matter crashing forth before them to the ground in order to test, try and expiate the remnant energies of their past, and to cleanse their delusions of the flesh into a current of holy and autonomic being – the current of love which is God.

The Great Day of Purification is a lengthy venture and will not succumb to just a singular journey, but many. And these journeys will culminate in the breath of the virtues forming ever so slowly upon the consciousness of the initiate so as to override all attachment to falsity and misuse.

Friendship, Peace, Justice, Piety, Temperance, and Virtue. They will come through the breath, and emerge upon eight winds.

To obtain the purified unity of the masculine and feminine constructs in spirit and energize the thrust wherein karma will hit the ground to seek further purification . . . this is the thirteenth mystery.

From the Pistis Sophia

"Andrew questioneth Jesus.

And Andrew answered and said: "My Lord, I am astonished and marvel exceedingly, how the men who are in the world and in the body of this matter, if they come forth out of this world, will pass through these firmaments and all these rulers and all lords and all gods and all these great invisibles and all those of the region of the Midst and those of the whole region of the Right and all the great [ones] of the emanations of the Light, and enter into them all and inherit the Light-kingdom. This matter, therefore, is hard for me."

That the disciples and the powers are all from the same Mixture.

When then Andrew had said this, the spirit of the Saviour was roused in him; he cried out and said: "How long am I to endure you? How long am I to bear with you? Have ye then not even yet understood and are ye ignorant? Know ye then not and do ye not understand that ye and all angels and all archangels and the gods and the lords and all the rulers and all the great invisibles and all those of the Midst and those of the whole region of the Right and all the great [ones] of the emanations of the Light and their whole glory,--that ye all one with another are out of one and the same paste and the same matter and the same substance, and that ye all are out of the same Mixture.

"And at the commandment of the First Mystery the Mixture was constrained, until all the great [ones] of the emanations of the Light and all their glory purified themselves, and until they purified themselves from the Mixture. And they have not purified themselves of themselves, but they have purified themselves by necessity according to the economy of the One and Only, the Ineffable.

"They indeed have not at all suffered and have not at all changed themselves in the regions, nor at all torn themselves asunder nor poured themselves into bodies of different kinds and from one into another, nor have they been in any affliction at all.

Of transcorporation and purification.

"Ye then in particular are the refuse of the Treasury and ye are the refuse of the region of the Right and ye are the refuse of the region of those of the Midst and ye are the refuse of all the invisibles and of all the rulers; in a word, ye are the refuse of all these. And ye are in great sufferings and great afflictions in your being poured from one into another of different kinds of bodies of the world. And after all these sufferings ye have struggled of your-selves and fought, having renounced the whole world and all the matter therein; and ye have not left off seeking, until ye found all the mysteries of the kingdom of the Light, which have purified you and made you into refined light, exceedingly purified, and ye have become purified light.

"For this cause have I said unto you aforetime: 'Seek, that ye may find.' I have, therefore, said unto you: Ye are to seek after the mysteries of the Light, which purify the body of matter and make it into refined light exceedingly purified.

Of the purifying mysteries.

"Amēn, I say unto you: For the sake of the race of men, because it is material, I have torn myself asunder and brought unto them all the mysteries of the Light, that I may purify them, for they are the refuse of the whole matter of their matter; else would no soul of the total race of men have been saved, and they would not be able to inherit the kingdom of the

Light, if I had not brought unto them the purifying mysteries.

"For the emanations of the Light have no need of the mysteries, for they are purified; but it is the race of men which hath need of them, because they all are material refuse For this cause, therefore, have I said unto you aforetime: 'The healthy have no need of the physician, but the sick,'--that is: Those of the Light have no need of the mysteries, for they are purified lights; but it is the race of men which hath need of them, for [they] are material refuse [*pl.*].

"For this cause, therefore, herald to the whole race of men, saying: Cease not to seek day and night, until ye find the purifying mysteries; and say unto the race of men: Renounce the whole world and the whole matter therein. For he who buyeth and selleth in the world and he who eateth and drinketh of its matter and who liveth in all its cares and in all its associations, amasseth other additional matters to the rest of his matter, because this whole world and all therein and all its associations are material refuse [*pl.*], and they will make enquiry of every one concerning his purity.

"For this cause, therefore, I have said unto you aforetime: Renounce the whole world and the whole matter therein, that ye may not amass other additional matter to the rest of your matter in you. For this cause, therefore, herald it to the whole race of men, saying: Renounce the whole world and all its associations, that ye may not amass additional matter

to the rest of your matter in you; and say unto them: Cease not to seek day and night and remit not yourselves until ye find the purifying mysteries which will purify you and make you into a refined light, so that ye will go on high and inherit the light of my kingdom."

Pistis Sophia, G.R.S. Mead, 1921

THE FOURTEENTH MYSTERY

**The Frequency of Otara and the Coming Forth for
Thy Wings**

To Obtain to the Frequency of the Angelic Hierarchy
and Perform Service Rendering the Initiate Worthy of
his Wings



When the soul achieves this mystery, it is because the subconscious awareness of the higher frequencies of the angels are emerging to the conscious mind.

The Frequency of Otara is the High G . . . and it carries a certain frequency which calls the angelic kingdom into service. Although I can tell you that the tone is the High G, I cannot convey the intonation, the octaves, the cycles, the melodious stream . . . which must come with this tonelage in order for it to bring the angelic hierarchy into the soul's sphere.

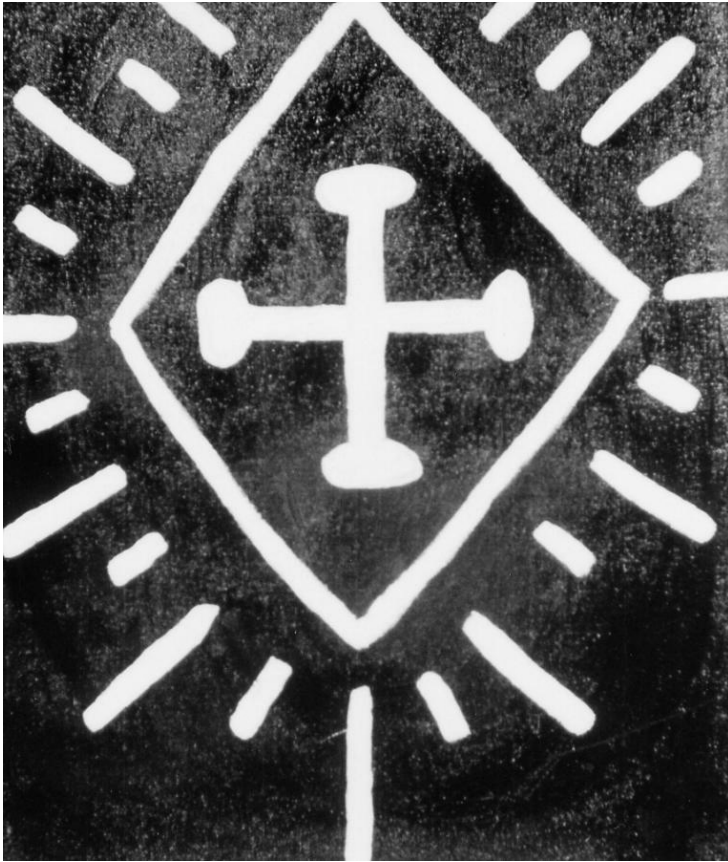
It is not something which can be understood, but yet only known. And therefore, when the initiate is ready to juxtapose his spiritual substance into this angelic system of resonant hierarchy; a subconscious prompting will become conscious and the tonelage, octaves, frequency, cycles and melodious stream will naturally manifest from the resonating fibers behind that which activates the resonance of sound beyond the confines of matter into time and space.

Wherein no soul is bound to be obstructed by his negligence, so long as he attains to the humility required to substantively pull from the depths of a distant memory of the soul those octaves of song that only the angels can hear, understand, embrace and respond to . . .

Any soul left behind in the physical realms of matter to give service will need to soon remember how to call out these frequencies in octave fashion to call for

help anytime it may be needed upon the earthly sojourn for the aid of another soul.

A sign appears in the sky after the soul calls out the Frequency of Otara and it looks like this:



Initiates are required to give service to other souls in the mystical states for a very long time before they can even dream of being given their wings.

Such service is given through the aid of Lost Souls, Wandering Spirits, Working with Subconscious Souls and other means. But the greater services which will be rendered come much later; long after the wings have been appropriated for much simpler service.

But on so doing, an old man will appear in an ancient white robe with hair of gold whose presence requires the initiate to kneel on the ground.

And this is when the initiate will receive his wings. In a simple ceremony, the Ancient of Days asks the initiate to 'Come Forth for Thy Wings,' and the initiate will bow his head and it will be so.



Much could be said of that moment when the

Universe opens itself to receive the initiate in a way in which it has never before seen. But I will suffice with a few words.

Upon the chanting of the Frequency of Otara, and the sign appearing in the sky of the glimmering diamond in the sky with a simple equal-sided cross in the center; hordes of angelic hosts and hierarchy appear in the heavens in such a magnificent display of light that one would be hard pressed to describe its majesty, grandeur and moment.

Such is the case with these things . . . words efface the reality.

To obtain to the frequency of the angelic hierarchy and perform service rendering the initiate worthy of his wings . . . this is the fourteenth mystery.

From Umilta of Faenza

“Whoever wishes to learn by hearing a divine speech must be silent with great interior joy. A still heart is a loving heart, which listens with a kind of ardent fever and receives inwardly the sweet allurements of the holy words. Therefore, whoever goes out to gather divine speech ought to do so with wonder and great delight. Even those who suffer great pain or grief, as if in a kind of stupor, even these can be awakened to the melodious cadence of this speech. And those who

already delight in the highest celestial forms of love will be strengthened all the more.

This sermon speaks of the angels in common, because there is joy in all the saints. It speaks specifically of two of the most noble creatures who have always remained steadfast. I have been moved by my love for them to point out how sublime is the grandeur by which God, in the beginning, created them, granting them the image of divine beauty. God dignified them with every adornment, placing them above the firmament. God gave them knowledge of every science with which they might be servants and ministers of divine greatness. God gave wings to each, so that those messengers who carry extraordinary news of the most noble magnitude might fly quickly, crossing any barrier, reaching every height. For it is on account of their sublime beauty that they are the ministers of the Trinity. Whenever they unfurl their wings in flight and then gather them gracefully together again, they make their ministry a sweet song. Since they are spirits endowed with the power of the most high, they make a song that no other creature is able to sing."

On the Holy Angels, Umilta of Faenza, 1310

From Franz Hartmann

"If man knew the beauties of the spiritual world by which he is surrounded, and which he may see when he awakens from the dream of external life by becoming self-conscious in the spirit, his interest in the affairs of this mundane existence would be diminished to a considerable extent. Such a knowledge, however, is only attainable to those who are capable of entering the interior state . . .

St. Martin says: "There" (in the higher world) "it is not like in our dark dwelling-place, wherein sounds can only be compared with sounds, colours with colours, and a substance only with that which is directly related to it. There all things are more closely related with each other. There the light is sounding; melody produces light; colours have motions, because they are living, and the objects are all at once sounding, transparent, moving, and can penetrate each other."

*The Life and Doctrines of Jacob Boehme, Franz
Hartmann, 1891*

THE FIFTEENTH MYSTERY

The Mystery of the Sphinx, the Five Concentric Circles and the Loops into the Dimensions

To Obtain the Ethereal Construct of the Four Corners
of Creation, Enter Disintegration of Spirit, and Obtain
the Stamp of the 'Immortal' so as to Commence the
Only True Quest



From the Mysteries of the Redemption

“Flying to the sphinx, a doorway blew open. Temple
guards stood by this door and all throughout the

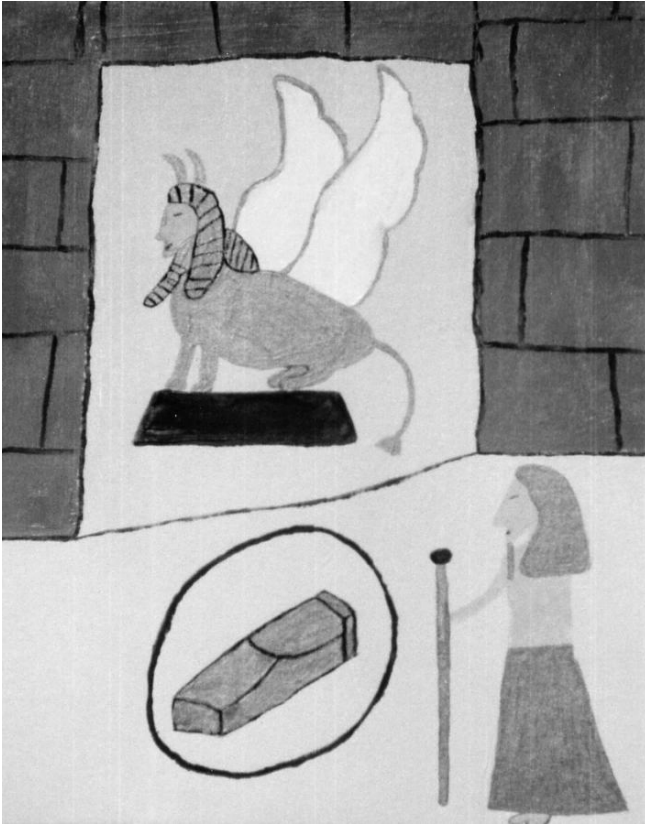
hallowed halls within. As we went inside, another sphinx appeared which revealed additional qualities of wings and two bull horns. Conveying to me that these aspects were present in the etheric plane on the sphinx, the old woman said that few living souls had ever seen it. Immediately, I noticed that 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.

The Mysteries of the Redemption: A Treatise on Out-of-Body Travel and Mysticism, Marilyn Hughes, 2003

From the New American Bible

"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."

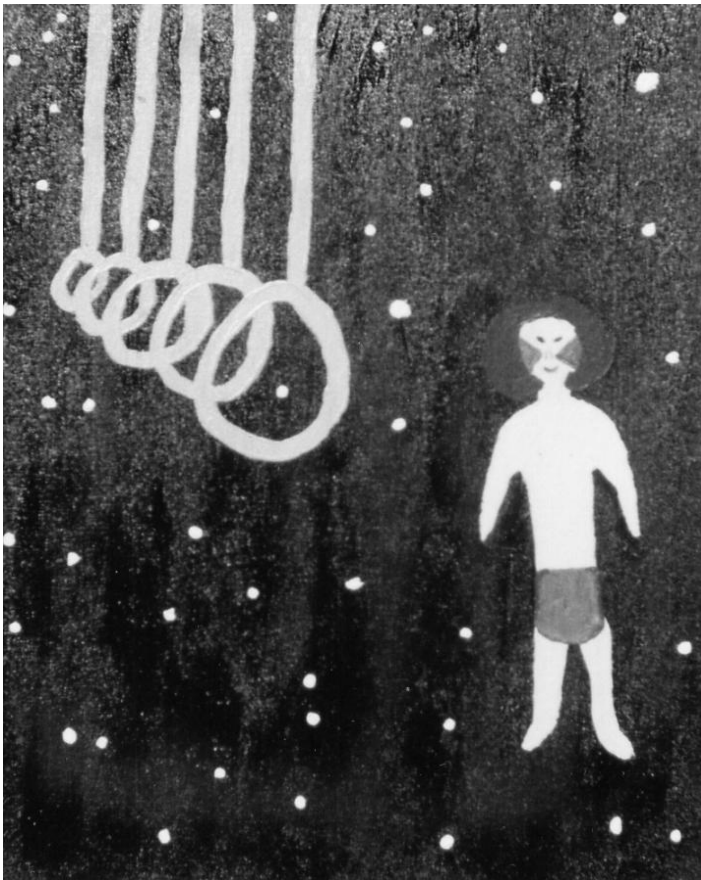
New American Bible, New Testament, Revelations 4:6-8



From the Mysteries of the Redemption

"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 . . .

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 Mysteries of the Redemption: A Treatise on Out-of-Body Travel and Mysticism, Marilyn Hughes, 2003

From Pyramidology

"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, Adam Rutherford, 1957



After finding the key to the next passage which will be hidden underwater and achieved through an inexplicable ritual beneath the depths, the seer now is given entry into the mysteries surrounding the Sphinx.

The two visual elements available to all human persons include the lion and man. Lion respectively represents fire and man air . . . The two ethereal elements which become visible to the initiate after finding the proper key to present to the keeper of the ritual are the eagle and the bull. Bull respectively represents earth and the eagle water. These are also the four physical elements of the earth.

In some systems, these four symbols also represent the four evangelists; Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, which energetically would reprise the wisdom of those four gospels in their original intent and nature,

in their fullness.

As an initiate, this would mean that the energetic and vibrational knowledge encompassing the mysteries of the gospel would have to be fully encompassed within the cellular structure of the soul before passage into the vision of the Sphinx within its fullness could be attained.

From Fictitious and Symbolic Creatures in Art

“Emblems of the Four Evangelists

THE winged living figures, symbols of the evangelists, which are most frequently met with, and which have ever been most in favour with Early Christian artists, appear to have been used at a very early date. They are taken from the vision of Ezekiel and the Revelation of St. John. "The writings of St. Jerome," says Audsley, "in the beginning of the fifth century gave to artists authority for the appropriation of the four creatures to the evangelists," and for reasons which are there given at length.

ST. MATTHEW: *Winged Man*, Incarnation.—To St. Matthew was given the creature in human likeness, because he commences his gospel with the human generation of Christ, and because in his writings the human nature of Our Lord is more dwelt upon than the divine.

ST. MARK: *Winged Lion, The Resurrection.*—*The Lion* was the symbol of St. Mark, who opens his gospel with the mission of John the Baptist, "the voice of one crying in the wilderness." He also sets forth the royal dignity of Christ and dwells upon His power manifested in the resurrection from the dead. The lion was accepted in early times as a symbol of the resurrection because the young lion was believed always to be born dead, but was awakened to vitality by the breath, the tongue, and roaring of its sire.



ST. LUKE: *Winged Ox, Passion.*—The form of the ox, the beast of sacrifice, fitly sets forth the sacred office, and also the atonement for sin by blood, on which, in his gospel, he particularly dwells.

ST. JOHN: *The Eagle, Ascension.*—The eagle was allotted to St. John because, as the eagle soars towards heaven, he soared in spirit upwards to the heaven of heavens to bring back to earth revelation of sublime and awful mysteries.

Independently of their reference to the four evangelists these figures sometimes refer to *the Incarnation, the Passion, the Resurrection, and the Ascension.*"

*Fictitious and Symbolic Creatures in Art, John
Vinycomb, 1909*

But there remains more to this initiation than meets the eye in that the five concentric circles now have to be mastered if the initiate is to proceed. And these links to disintegration and the mastery of travel through dimensional spheres of a rationally higher nature than those below is easier said than done.

The natural thrust of the spirit still attached to its physical structure is to fall headlong into them rather than to glide through them with the ease and precision of a masterful traveler through the realms.

The properly prepared initiate will dart head first into them like a rocket launch, knowing that this is the only way to actually accelerate enough of the concentrated energy to fully traverse them through the loops, caresses and folds of dimensions into a

proper state of disintegration required to finalize the night's mission.

Precision is the key word for this ritual passage, in that the initiate must be prepared to gather all his strength in one fell swoop and simply go for it . . . elsewise, he'll end up like I did a few times; face-first on the ground as if those five concentric circular loops of the dimensions were simply ropes from the physical realm. But be mindful that this is the ruse . . . you must overcome the tendency to think, operate and proceed from a physical perspective. In order to pass through to the final gate and disintegrate into pure absence of space, you have to think, operate and proceed entirely from the perspective of an immortal. Well, what is that? You might say, how do you know when you've achieved such a wise introspection?

You won't . . . it will simply happen when the interior vibrations have felled through enough of the physical crusting that remains upon the soul to allow for such a sprint of faith into the realms of the immortal unknown.

As you travel through the loops, you will feel almost an internal vacuum sucking your spirit into itself, and it is this process which leads eventually to the confinement of the atomic structure and fluidly retrieves the ethereal liquid self which can disintegrate like the wax of a candle that burns brightly with the fire and love of all creation.

Finally, at the end of the line, the initiate is almost transparent, disintegration completed to a minute level almost beyond all seeing . . . except to the mighty lion who cries out the sacred achievement of the initiate as the tomb is exhumed and shown to be empty.

The initiate has emptied himself of worldly attachments, encrustments, karmic entanglements and delusionary views. However, it is meet to explain that although this is entirely the case on a soul level, the physical has yet to make itself fully manifest so that it may be overcome with as much fury as the spiritual has been dismantled into a vaporous, quiet and liquid thing . . .

As the spirit resurrects itself to a vibratory nature unlike that of mortal man, he begins to contain within himself the seeds of immortality . . . becoming immortal within the spiritual ethers is but the second or third step in a long line of sequential offerings of self.

Because to attain to the highest of heights, and the holiest of holies . . . a soul will brand itself with the dew of immortality in a myriad of ways in order to complete its own confusion, to recreate its own redemption and to satisfy the internal structures need to overcome and rise above.

Therefore, although the soul has now passed through a phase leading to the state of the immortals, there is

much yet to know, much yet to be done . . .

To obtain the ethereal construct of the four corners of creation, enter disintegration of spirit, and obtain the stamp of the 'immortal' so as to commence the only true quest . . . this is the fifteenth mystery.

From the Upanishads

"Having understood that the senses are distinct (from the Âtman), and that their rising and setting (their waking and sleeping) belongs to them in their distinct existence (and not to the Âtman), a wise man grieves no more.' [Atman - The Essential Self]

'Beyond. the senses is the mind, beyond the mind is the highest (created) Being , higher than that Being is the Great Self, higher than the Great, the highest Undeveloped.'

'Beyond the Undeveloped is the Person, the all-pervading and entirely imperceptible. Every creature that knows him is liberated, and obtains immortality.'

'His form is not to be seen, no one beholds him with the eye. He is imagined by the heart, by wisdom, by the mind. Those who know this, are immortal.'

'When the five instruments of knowledge stand still together with the mind, and when the intellect does not move, that is called the highest state.'

'When all desires that dwell in his heart cease, then the mortal becomes immortal, and obtains Brahman.'

'When all the ties of the heart are severed here on earth, then the mortal becomes immortal--here ends the teaching.'

Upanishads, Max Mueller, 1879

THE SIXTEENTH MYSTERY
Initiation into the Mysteries of the Ark
To Fix our Heart on God . . . and Cease all Doing,
Thinking, Being

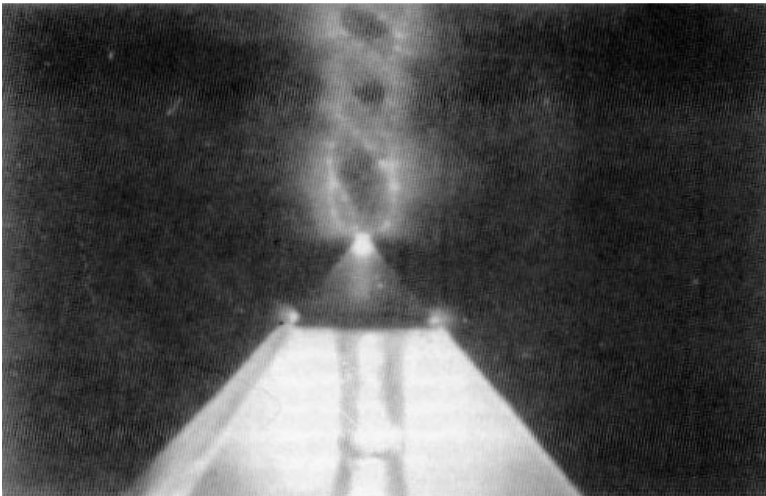


From the Mysteries of the Redemption

“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.”

The Mysteries of the Redemption: A Treatise on Out-of-Body Travel and Mysticism, Marilyn Hughes, 2003

There is no proper way to describe the interlocking triangles and their individual grids interconnecting and causing the prime motivation to emerge sequentially into a rhythm and pulse of dynamical life and form.



The interlocking network of triangular pyramidal shapes within the the Ark (Noah's Ark), and the centripetal Ark of the Covenant seemed to be related in a sense. But there was no doubt that it was through pyramids that the actuation of reincarnation and purgation is achieved.

Note that there is a never-ending spiral of configurations which can conglomerate from pyramidal structures interlocking from all sources, sides and rotations.

As my soul was relentlessly pursued in the ark by the energies of past and future times and places, there was a certain awareness that the key to stifling this potentiality from continuing to create and birth into newer physical constructs was to close the eyes of the spirit and cease all thought.

Nonetheless, even so, it is impossible to come out of the initiation into the Ark without honoring and energetically *knowing* a great deal more about the past configurations that have left your soul vanquished in mortality and its depths for such a lengthy period.

I say lengthy period with a great deal of reticence about its use. Because in the ark, the soul is operating solely from timelessness; wherein all pasts, nows and futures coincide with one another in the present moment. In reality, there is no time, so there is no such use or true meaning for a lengthy period of anything.

Despite the overwhelming nature of this timeless set of structures, there is a primal beauty in it. And within its confines contains an energetic beauty which cannot be comprehended as regards the story of salvation, the story of the evolution of individual

souls, and of all mankind, and beyond this of all life and then all Universal life. For there is more than we .

..

And this beauty parallels and overshadows the inconstancy sensed within the confines of time capsules, moments in time enraptured within delusions of grandeur and love which failed to find within them the eternal truth of the great and glorious love of God.

However, it is in the constant motion of the triangular spectrum intersecting, resurrecting and forming in front of the soul that coincides with an interior design which begins to formulate an energetic course to the ceasing of all such energetic thrust of a less than progressive nature.

Nothing can be more fertile than a silent soul. And silence is where the integration of the ark begins. Stillness is where the consummation of its end ensues . . . beyond stillness, there is a realization of that which remains to be identified, altered, changed . . . within the soul to allow for the cycle of lives to cease.

And so to fix our heart on God . . . and cease all doing, thinking, being . . . this is the sixteenth mystery.

From Noah's Ark

“Of what material the ark of wisdom must be made .

..

We must distinguish what we are now about to say about the ark of wisdom from those things which, according to the allegorical sense, we have already applied to the Church in the foregoing book. What we showed there in the sphere of existence is here being investigated in the sphere of thought. For things have their own kind of being in the mind of man, where even those which, in themselves, are past can coexist with those yet to come. And in this respect the rational soul bears a certain resemblance to its Maker. For as in the mind of God the causes of all things exist eternally without change or temporal differentiation, so also in our minds things past, things present, and things future exist together by the means of thought. If, then, we have begun to live persistently in our own heart through the practice of meditation, we have already in a manner ceased to belong to time; and, having become dead as it were to the world, we are living inwardly with God. We shall then easily make light of anything that fortune brings upon us outwardly, if our heart is there fixed where we are not subject to change, where we neither seek to have again things past, nor look for those to come, where we neither desire the pleasant things of this life, nor fear things contrary.

Let us therefore have right thoughts, let us have pure and profitable thoughts, for of such material we shall build our ark . . .

Turning, then, from the works of creation, as from a flood beneath us from which we have emerged, let us begin to treat of the works of restoration, and with them now go, as it were, into the ark.

The works of restoration, therefore, are all the things that have been done, or that still must be done, for the restoration of man, from the beginning of the world until the end of the age. Among these it behooves us to consider both the things that were done, and the people through and for and among whom they were done, and also the places and the times where and when they were done.

Order in the works of restoration is to be considered in three ways, place, time, and dignity. According to place, as to whether the thing happened near at hand or far away. According to time, as to what was done earlier and what later. According to dignity, as to what is the lowlier and what the loftier. This last is subdivided into many parts, the holy and the holier, the profitable and that which is still more so, the noble and the nobler, the beautiful and the more beautiful, the marvellous and the more marvellous, the rare and the rarer, the difficult and the more difficult, the credible and the more credible, the great and the greater, the dark and the darker, and so forth. And this order which is according to dignity seems to correspond to the height of the ark, as if we were to say that the holy things are reckoned as being in the first story, the holier in the second, and the very

holiest in the third. And similarly with all the other things we have enumerated . . .

Thus the order of dignity belongs to the height of the ark, the order of time to its length, and the order of place to both its breadth and length . . .

In these three measurements the whole divine Scripture is contained. For history measures the length of the ark, because the order of time consists in the succession of events. Allegory measures the breadth of the ark, because the fellowship of faithful people consists in their sharing in the mysteries. Tropology measures the height of the ark, because the worth of merits increases with advance in virtue.

A further threefold distinction in the works of restoration, according to the division of the ark into three story's. There is yet another way in which, if we so wish, we may discern the height of the ark, so that, while the truth remains the same, the expositions of it may be multiplied. For we would have the reader notice this also, that often in this treatise we have presented the same thing in different ways, in order so to enrich our teaching that the wise soul may make trial of every path of knowledge, with this reservation only, that nothing that gainsays the truth be either thought or said.

Therefore, as the ark is divided into three story's, so also the works of restoration are divided into three classes. In the first class, as it were in the first story, is

the shadow. In the second class, as in the second story, is the spirit. Or, if you prefer to use these terms, call the three things figure, actuality, and truth, and understand that the figure and the shadow are the same, the body and the actuality, and the spirit and the truth.

Those things are called shadows, which were done before Christ's coming under the natural and the written law, bodily and visibly, in order to prefigure the things that now, after His coming, are being done bodily and visibly in the time of grace. They are called shadows, because they were both corporal and figures of the corporal. Our sacraments themselves, which are now performed in Holy Church, are called the body. And the spirit is that which the grace of God effects invisibly beneath these visible sacraments. For instance, to take one example, the Red Sea prefigured baptism, which is now sanctified in Holy Church. And the same visible baptism signifies the cleansing from offences, which the Holy Spirit effects invisibly within our souls, beneath the washing of our bodies, in this sacrament. Thus the Red Sea is the shadow and the figure; the baptism of visible water, which we now have, is the body and the actuality; and the washing away of sins is the spirit and the truth.

A further threefold distinction in respect of the same height. There remains yet another way, of which we spoke just now, by which we can divide the height of the ark. For God performed the works of restoration

partly through men, partly through angels, and partly by Himself. So in the first story we put the works of men, in the second the works of angels, and in the third the works of God.

Or, if we take it morally, the first story is faith, the second hope, and the third charity. Or, according to the anagogical sense, the first story is right thought, the second is wise meditation, and the third pure contemplation. Or, according to active life, the first story is knowledge, the second discipline, and the third goodness. Or, according to the different states, the first is nature, the second the written law, and the third grace.

If indeed these three are considered from the point of view of time, they measure the length of the ark; if they are assessed according to their dignity, they divide its height. For as they followed each other in time, so did they precede each other in respect of dignity . . .

What, then, is the ark like? Do you desire to know? Bear with me, that I may tell you a few things out of many. This ark is like a storehouse filled with all manner of delightful things. You will look for nothing in it that you will not find, and when . . . you have found one thing, you will see many spread before your eyes. There all the works of restoration are contained in all their follies', from the world's beginning to its end; and therein is represented the condition of the universal Church. Into it is woven the

story of events, in it are found the mysteries of the sacraments, and there are set out the stages of affections, thoughts, meditations, contemplations, good works, virtues, and rewards. There we are shown what we ought to believe, and do, and hope. There the form of man's living and the sum total of perfection are contained. There that which is hidden comes to light, there burdensome tasks seem easy, and matters which might in isolation seem unfortunate, when viewed in their context are seen to be appropriate. There the sum of things is displayed, and the harmony of its elements explained. There another world is found, over against this passing, transitory one; because the things that go through different times in this world exist in that one simultaneously, as in a condition of eternity. There the present does not follow on the past, nor does the future supervene upon the present, but whatsoever is there, is there as in the present.

For this reason also those who dwell there, dwell there always, and always rejoice, grieving for nothing that is past, fearing nothing future, possessing what they love, seeing what they desire; and perhaps that is why the apostle said, 'The fashion of this world passeth', the form of this world, the appearance of this world, the beauty of this world. For there is another world, whose 'fashion' does not pass, nor does its form change, nor its appearance wither, nor its beauty fail. That world is in this world, and this world is less than that world, for that world contains Him whom this world cannot contain. Eyes of flesh see this

world, the eyes of the heart behold that world after an inward manner. In this world men have their pleasures, but the delights in that world are ineffable. In this world men run after and applaud vain shows, but in that world they are occupied with inner silence, and the pure in heart rejoice in the sight of the truth."

Noah's Ark, Hugh of St. Victor, 1141

THE SEVENTEENTH MYSTERY
Ritual of the House of the Mysteries and the Garden
of Eden

To Fix our Eyes on the Perfection of God . . . and
Allow that Perfection to Energetically Bring Forth all
Which we Are Both Good and Evil



From the Mysteries of the Redemption

"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."

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."

The Mysteries of the Redemption: A Treatise on Out-of-Body Travel and Mysticism, Marilyn Hughes, The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation, 2003



From the New American Bible

"Then the angel showed me the river of life-giving water, sparkling like crystal, flowing from the throne of God . . . 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
22:1 and 21:6, (Christianity, Catholic, Words of
Christ)"*

The Garden of Eden represents the primal innocence and perfection of the human soul before the fall of man. But many misunderstand what the fall really was or what it actually represents.

The Lord our God has provided a means for all human souls to regain and reconstruct that primal unity through the initiations into the mysteries.

But let us begin at the beginning and tread lightly wherein these mysteries unfold.

In my own experience, I saw the House of the Mysteries look like this:

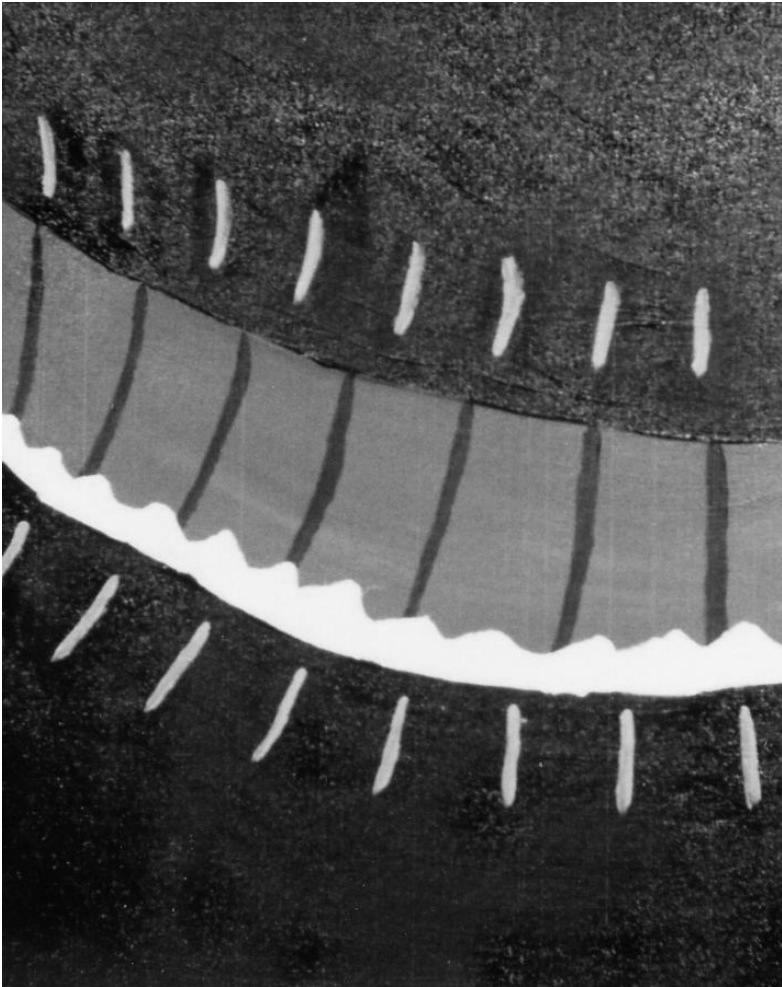


From Khunrath's Amphitheatrum Sapientiae

"This symbolic figure, representing the *way to everlasting life*, is described by Khunrath in substance as follows: "This is the Portal of the amphitheatre of the only true and eternal Wisdom--a narrow one, indeed, but sufficiently august, and consecrated to Jehovah. To this portal ascent is made by a mystic, indisputably prologetic, flight of steps, set before it as shown in the picture. It consists of seven theosophic, or, rather, philosophic steps of the Doctrine of the Faithful Sons. After ascending the steps, the path is along the way of God the Father, either directly by inspiration or by various mediate means. According to the seven oracular laws shining at the portal, those who are inspired divinely have the power to enter and with the eyes of the body and of the mind, of seeing, contemplating and investigating in a Christiano-Kabalistic, divino-magical, physico-chemical manner, the nature of the Wisdom: Goodness, and Power of the Creator; to the end that they die not sophistically but live theosophically, and that the orthodox philosophers so created may with sincere philosophy expound the works of the Lord, and worthily praise God who has thus blessed these friends, of God." The above figure and description constitute one of the most remarkable expositions ever made of the appearance of the Wise Man's House and the way by which it must be entered."

*Khunrath's Amphitheatrum Sapientiae, Heinrich
Khunrath, 1595*

And so it comes to pass that the soul enters the entryway to the House of the Mysteries which appears wide and easy to traverse. How deceptive such an entrance befalls us, for it immediately becomes narrow and very tight, like a tube . . . in a sense like a birth canal



To proceed through the tunnel at this juncture requires a strength of spirit and discipline which can only be attained through a disciplined mind.

In thinking past the incredibly confined substance, the soul is able to move through the power of his own thought. Irretrievably to be born into a world beyond its own fathoming. But yet, although the soul may be bedazzled by the beauty in which it is about to partake, let it not be deceived as to the true nature of the continuing path which lies before him.

To rend the soul through the house of the mysteries if only an introduction into the divine life . . . it is only a precursor to a time yet to be achieved which will thrust the initiate into the very substantial matter of his own sin and karma in order to begin the grueling journey home to the God of his creation.

There remains water in the tunnel, because purification has not yet truly begun . . . as you will hear throughout the initiation journey. Because the purification path is a never-ending journey into deeper and deeper layers of the energetic input and thrust of knowledge into the soul seeking to travel from that of mortality to the world of the immortal. And the water must carry the initiate to the birthplace of karma, the Garden of Eden, in order for the initiate to very graciously grasp only a thread of the upcoming thrust of the karmic spirit upon the initiate.

What appears to be a river rushing the soul towards

some cosmic truth of grand significance is only yet the beginning of the soul's true journey into the mysteries of itself, the karmic thrust which holds it tight to physical constructs and time . . . and though the beauty is pale and incredible, and the initiate may feel that the end of such a perilous journey has been reached . . . again it has only begun.

Do not forsake then the wisdom of the energies which pulsate from the garden as the spirit is thrust through the watery grave of the house of the mysteries which has become a constrictive tunnel towards the emanation of the fall.

Let yourself grasp all you may in the watery tunnel before you emerge, because what it may seem to be is not yet at all what it contains.

From the Mysteries of the Quabalah

“The Astral or Water initiation, the purpose of which is to call the attention of the disciple to the gulf fixed before him, is the lowest of all save that of the initiation of Earth, which, however, is rather a basis of operations than an initiation *per se*. It detaches the student from earthly things only so far as his active participation in the grosser joys and carnal pleasures is concerned. It does not yet touch his mind and his craving for these things—far from it. The fire of desire only gains momentum and the fierceness of passion

shows itself in all its primeval vehemence . . .

Guided by these realizations and firmly established in his faith, the Path to the heights is now open to the pilgrim and nothing can turn him away from the main road leading to the ultimate fruition of all his travail except his own wavering and inconstant nature. The lesson, therefore, which the Astral or Water initiation is to teach is nothing less and nothing more than purification on the one hand and faith on the other. Briefly, it is a process of detachment, resignation and the cultivation of an implicit trust in what was hitherto only a tentative enterprise. Prior to the aspirant's entrance upon the Astral Plane and experiences, the body, the lower nature and mundane cares were his chief concern in life; teachings and self-knowledge came in as a kind of pleasantry or hobby, good enough for recreation, but now these things that were first must become the last and the last become the first.

A line of demarcation, invisible to ordinary sight but none the less substantial and real, divides the Astral from the Mental . . . ”

The Mysteries of the Quabalah, Elias Gewurz, 1922

As the spirit is thrust into the gazebo, facing the hovering garden of eden . . . energetic thrusts of knowledge are embodied within the soul which cannot yet be grasped. The initiate is so taken by the

beauty of the primeval garden, that it remains unaware of the energetic knowledge which proceeds into its soul from the nether regions and the higher lofty spheres.

Within the moment as the soul gazes upon the Garden of Eden; the realization of the fall of man contains within it energetic thrusts beyond the surface continuum of deftly held beliefs.

Original Sin, Karma, Transmigration, the Evolutionary pathway of the soul . . . is laid out before them, yet only in energetic fashion. Not yet fully understood or 'seen' in any physical concept, only as a spiritual movement of energy.

As these energies are laid out before the spirit several other aspects are given leave to assist the spirit in fully absorbing that which is to come although unconsciously at this time.

Amongst the unconscious seeds which are revealed to the interior spirit include the initiation of the birth and death points, which hastens the seeker to energetically seal the path lying before him.

Birth and death points occur not only in physical life, but mutliplicitously among the souls of those given to walk the spiritual path.

Birth and death points represent on the grandest scale the accomplishments desired by Divinity for the

initiate to complete within his lifetime. However, individual birth and death points are also energetically set within the seeker at this time encompassing a range of developmental stages of the spirit between this thrust of mortality into the immortal.

Because the spirit has now gazed upon primordial unity and thus, the spiritual thrust of the upper and underworlds and their range of motion within the spheres of human consciousness and higher spheres within the continuum of life itself.

Each birth point is seared into the spirit as something to come later in the path, as each death point is set clearly as the end of that energetic thrust within the physical confines of the construct of each individual soul.

Many of these birth and death points will be traveled within the spheres of the underworlds, the physical realms of law and motion, the spheres of limitation, delusion and desire . . . in order that the initiate may reach unto that which is swelled beyond them, the upperworlds where only the light of life and love emanate from those who have traveled and become permanent inhabitants of such realms.

Although the initiate is mesmerized by the object of its vision, the Garden of Eden, and the upperworlds to which it represents; they have no concept of these upperworlds yet, or residing within them . . . they are

a far journey from becoming compatible to live within their confines.

As the energetic assaults of the concepts of Original Sin, Karma, Birth and Death, Upper and Underworlds are pummeling the finest wheat of the initiate; an insatiable pulse begins to flow within the spirit of the initiating being. That pulsation is the light of the immortal . . .

A circling wind of evolutionary powers comes over the spirit within the whirlwind of thrusts now coming upon him; the current self circling to many future selves . . . and back and forth, around and around again. It is just yet a circling, a formulation, a series of concentric spheres of past, present, future, now . . . upper, under, overworld spheres gyrating upon the initiate as it seeks to emulate and take within it the energies which at the present moment seem profound but yet inexplicable.

The twinness of the human nature; the good and evil within the seeker, are now being sifted like wheat from the chaff. There are no further words to be raised to gather such a host of effervescent knowledge, thrust and wisdom.

But yet, it is as yet misunderstood as only beauty rather than mechanism.

The seer only sees at this juncture. It doesn't yet understand the psychedelic energies which have now

begun to overcome the interior self, the inner world of the spirit. For it remains subconscious despite the unfathomable witness their soul now contains to the immutable truth of the that which the very vision of the Garden releases into the interior man.

The twinness is pulled forward, raised up, and shoved forward . . . in a manner which would yet surprise the soul if only he were to know that which was about to come.

But yet he remains entranced at the beautiful site of the floating Garden of Eden before him . . . and that is all. And his eyes remain mesmerized at the beauty of the upperworld sphere which lies before him and has further ignited his immortal soul.

From Charles Fillmore

“Man's body temple is the outer expression of the Garden of Eden, which God gave him to keep and to trim. Man's primary work in the earthly consciousness (the Garden) is to use his creative power to preserve harmony and order in his world, and to conserve his powers for divine direction.

The Garden of Eden represents a region of being within, in which are provided all primal ideas for the production of the beautiful. It represents the elemental life and intelligence placed at the disposal

of man, through which he is to evolve a spiritual mind and a spiritual body.

The Garden is the spiritual body in which man dwells when he brings forth thoughts after the pattern of the original divine ideas. The Garden is the substance of God.

God's greatest gift to man is the power of thought, through which he can incorporate into his consciousness the Mind of God.

There are twelve gates which open into this wonderful Garden of Eden. These gates are the twelve faculties of mind: faith, strength, wisdom, love, power, imagination, understanding, will, law or order, zeal, renunciation, life. Each faculty, through the most accelerated mind action, as in prayer, has been purified and therefore opens into the very heart of the Holy City within.

I affirm: "My body is the temple of God, cleansed, purified, undefiled, made perfect. Praise God!"

Keep a True Lent, Charles Fillmore, 1953

And so to fix our eyes on the perfection of God . . . and allow that perfection to energetically bring forth all which we are both good and evil . . . this is the seventeenth mystery.

*From the Life of Our Blessed Lord and Saviour Jesus
Christ*

“The human character of the blessed Jesus, as it results from the account given of him by the evangelists, (for they have not formally drawn it up,) is entirely different from that of all other men whatsoever; for whereas they have selfish passions deeply rooted in their breasts, and are influenced by them in almost everything they do, Jesus was so entirely free from them, that the most severe scrutiny cannot furnish one single action in the whole course of his life, wherein he consulted his own interests only. No; he was influenced by very different motives: the present happiness, and eternal welfare of sinners, regulated his conduct; and while others followed their respective occupations, Jesus had no other business than that of doing the will of his Father, and promoting the happiness of the sons of men. Nor did he wait until he was solicited to extend his benevolent hand to the distressed; ‘He went about doing good,’ and always accounted it ‘more blessed to give than to receive;’ resembling God rather than man. Benevolence was the very life of his soul; he not only did good to objects presented to him for relief, but he industriously sought them out, in order to extend his compassionate assistance.

It is common for persons of the most exalted faculties to be elated with success, and applause, or dejected by censure and disappointment; but the blessed Jesus was never elated by the one, or depressed by the

other. He was never more courageous than when he met with the greatest opposition and cruel treatment; nor more humble, than when the sons of men worshipped at his feet."

*The Life of Our Blessed Lord and Saviour Jesus
Christ, By John Fleetwood, D.D., Miller, Orton and
Company, 1857*

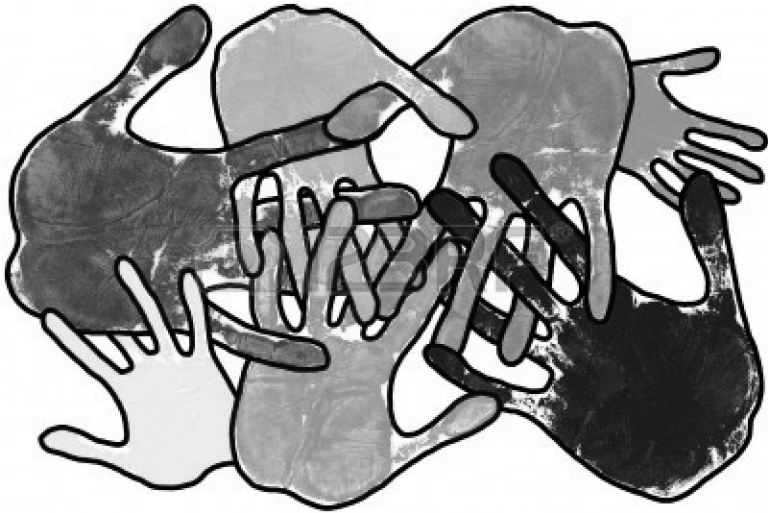
THE EIGHTEENTH MYSTERY
Initiations into all Multiplicities and the Mysteries
of Memory

Knowledge Which Extends Beyond Time and into All
Life; Human, Universal and Beyond and Touching
into this Stream of Experiential Knowledge Expands
the Parameters of Understanding, Energetic
Knowledge and Wisdom Accessible to the Initiate



I wish for you to enter a fusion . . . a coming together of sorts of many varied candelabras of experience. Imagine within your soul the coming together of thousands of hands. Within your vision, these hands intertwining, the threads of their individual and unique vision seeking to impart wisdom to yet another completely separate thrust. But yet, in their intricacies, there truly can be no separation. The hands remain each separate, unique, wonderful and obscure . . . but they are unable to yet have their

fruition of meaning without the intertwining of themselves with other . . .



Most would look upon this intertwining as some basic yearning for fellowship, or grounded uniting of truths from different cultures. But they would be completely and undeniably incorrect.

This merging is a mystical mechanism that cannot but help itself to combine, to intertwine; to bend, merge and sway within the flowings of the other hands, each concealing within them the mysteries of existences.

An ephemeral plethora of energies and transient authorities co-merging and crystallizing within the context of yet another formulation. There is no distinction within the hands, for they continue to turn and turn and turn, as each aspect of the consciousness

in which they represent must merge into this higher fold of knowledge. There is no other way than to merge . . . it must happen. And, thus, a circling then ensues.



Do not be tempted like the wayfarer to perceive these as instances in time or aspects of humanity, for they are not.

Each of the mystical hands which reaches for the other is a moment in time . . . be it a lifetime; past or future, a cellular memory from ancestry, a DNA

strand merging with the incarnate memory of all human life . . . to well beyond all conceptual spheres of the human being. Within the moving of the hands contain the mysteries of the ages, the experiences of millions, the opportunities and enlightenments of many worlds . . . and they cannot . . . they cannot separate.

Individually . . . is simply not possible.

What does this mean to us? What does this mean to the initiate?

The intricate mysteries of reincarnation, past lives, past memories, ancestral memories, dna memories within humanity and the memories of all life in all worlds are revealed in the hands. Their constant movement, one over the other, reveals energetically how the bonds of flesh are not to be discarded by some distant fantasy. Neither are the realities of the spirit to be undermined by the bonds of the flesh.

But if the initiate is to seek out the portal of God, whence must he seek? It begins simply as experience . . . and experience is retained within the cells. But experience is also energetic, and in order to retrieve these knowings of how each and every particulate form of life influences one another, the initiate must be willing to enter into them on every possible level of energy.

By so doing, the threatening stance of physical karma

is undulated and undisguised. The appearance of rapture or melody replaces the discordant drumbeat of a world caught up in the stronghold of pain. Beyond the mythical monstrosity given to the physical existence, all creation came into being so that physical substance could portend the invitation of soul and being.

Therefore, to underestimate the importance of the earthly journeys taken throughout the history of time and the history of our own time cannot be done; for to do so would be to attempt the embodiment of the spirit in only one flask.

The flasks are multiplicitous.

Therefore, the tonal frequencies of the embodied dream cannot be ignored. Nor can they be understood without the knowledge that indeed every form of embodied life, throughout all universes, contains within it the molecules of life itself; the very essence of that which we are meant to foreshadow, the very essence of who and what we are; there's no escaping it. So why try? The initiate allows himself to be swept into the soulful cry of the hands which move stirringly into and out of the essence of one another to create a symphony of life that only God could fully understand.

From the Candle of Vision

“Yet at times men do not remember, in dream and in the deeps of sleep, they still wear sceptre and diadem and partake of the banquet of the gods. The gods are still living. They are our brothers. They await us. They beckon us to come up to them and sit upon equal thrones. To those who cry out against romance I would say, You yourself are romance. You are the lost prince herding obscurely among the swine. The romance of your spirit is the most marvellous of stories. Your wanderings have been greater than those of Ulysses. You have been Bird of Paradise and free of immensity, and you have been outcast and wingless, huddled under the rocks and despairing of the Heavens. If you will but awaken the inner sight, Hy Brazil, Ildathach, all the lands of Immortal Youth will build themselves up anew for you no longer as fantasy but in vivid actuality. Earth will become magical and sweet as ever. You will be drunken with beauty. You may see the fiery eyes of the Cyclops wandering over the mountains and hear the Bell Branch shaken, the sound that summons the spirit home. From long pondering I have come to believe in the eternity of the spirit and that it is an inhabitant of many spheres, for I know not how otherwise I can interpret to myself the myriad images that as memories or imaginations cling to it, following it into the body as birds follow the leader in the migratory flock. Looking back on that other life which began to dominate this there are a thousand things I cannot understand except I believe that for myself and for all of us there has been an eternity of being and that many spheres are open to us. If these images are not

earth-born, from what land . . . Heaven-world or God-world, do they come? I have chosen but a few images out of many to explain why I think our dreams and visions come often in all completeness into our sphere out of other spheres of being and are not built up from memories of earth. Looking back upon that other life through the vistas of memory I see breaking in upon the images of this world forms of I know not what antiquity. I walk out of strange cities steeped in the jewel glow and gloom of evening, or sail in galleys over the silvery waves of the antique ocean. I reside in tents, or in palace chambers, go abroad in chariots, meditate in cyclopean buildings, am worshipper of the Earth gods upon the mountains, lie tranced in Egyptian crypts, or brush with naked body through the long sunlit grasses of the prairies. Endlessly the procession of varying forms goes back into remote yesterdays of the world. How do these self-conceptions spring up? How are they clothed with the state of ancient civilisations? If when I perceived them they were the newest things in the world, and the images were minted that instant by the imagination, out of what treasury of design came the fitting scenery, the always varied buildings, garments and setting of wood, plain or mountain? Are they not rather, I ask myself, memories of the spirit incarnated many times? And if so, again I ask myself is it only on earth there has been this long ancestry of self? For there is another self in me which seemed to know not the world but revealed itself to the listening bodily life in cosmic myths, in remote legends of the Children of Darkness and the Children

of Light, and of the revolt against heaven. And another self seemed to bring with it vision or memory of elemental beings, the shining creatures of water and wood, or who break out in opalescent colour from the rocks or hold their court beneath the ponderous hills. And there was another self which was akin to the gloomy world of the shades, but recoiled shuddering from them. And there was yet another self which sought out after wisdom, and all these other selves and their wisdom and memories were but tributary to it. The gates of sleep too were often thronged with fleeting presences as I sank into unconsciousness, or was outcast from that innermost being when waking, and I saw but for an instant back into the profundity, and at times it appeared to the imagination as the gate of Eden:

With dreadful faces thronged and fiery arms. Out of what sphere came that being taller and mightier than human, whose body seemed wrought out of flame and whose eyes had the stillness of an immortal, and who seemed to gaze at me out of eternity as I waked in the night. It was so lofty and above humanity that I seemed to myself to be less than an insect, though something in me cried out to it in brotherhood, and I knew not whether I had fallen from its height, or was a lost comrade lagging far behind in time who should have been equal and companion but was too feeble to rise to such majesty. I know that I have not been alone in such imaginations for there are few whose intent will has tried to scale the Heavens who have not been met by messages from the gods who are the fountains

of this shadowy beauty, and who are, I think, ourselves beyond this mirage of time and space by which we are enchanted. I have spoken to others, seekers like myself upon this quest, and recognise identity of vision and experience. But I have not been able to devote to every mental image the thought which might make its meaning or origin intelligible. We cannot do that for the forms we see move continuously in visible nature, for we pass them by thinking intensely but of a few of them. But our psychology must take account of every experience of the soul. I have not found in latter-day philosophical writers the explanation of my own experiences, and I think that is because there has been an over-development of intellect and few have cultivated vision, and without that we have not got the first data for fruitful speculation. We rarely find philosophical writers referring to vision of their own, yet we take them as guides on our mental travelling, though in this world we all would prefer to have knowledge of earth and heaven through the eyes of a child rather than to know them only through the musings of one who was blind, even though his intellect was mighty as Kant's.

It is only when I turn to the literature of vision and intuition, to the sacred books and to half sacred tradition, to the poets and seers, that I find a grandiose conception of nature in which every spiritual experience is provided for. I have not entered the paradises they entered but what little I know finds its place in the universe of their vision.

Whether they are Syrian, Greek, Egyptian or Hindu, the writers of the sacred books seem to me as men who had all gazed upon the same august vision and reported of the same divinity. Even in our own Gaelic wonder tales I often find a vision which is, I think, authentic, and we can, I believe, learn from these voyages to the Heaven-world more of the geography of the spirit and the many mansions in the being of the Father than we can from the greatest of our sightless philosophers. The Earth-world, Mid-world, Heaven-world and God-world spoken of in the Indian scriptures are worlds our Gaelic ancestors had also knowledge of. When Cormac enters the Heaven-world and is told by those who inhabit it, "Whenever we imagine the fields to be sown they are sown. Whenever we imagine the fields to be reaped they are reaped," he saw the same world as the seer who wrote in the marvellous Upanishad: "There are no chariots there or roads for chariots. The soul makes for itself chariots and roads for chariots. There are no joys or rejoicings there. The soul makes for itself joys and rejoicings. For the spirit of man is creator." The visionaries of the future will finally justify the visionaries of the past. I do not feel that my knowledge is great enough to do this, nor have I been able to steal from a life made busy by other labours enough time or enough thought even to use in the best way the little I know. I would like to vindicate my predecessors in Ireland and correlate my own vision and the vision of my friends with the vision of those who went before us, for I think when we discard the past and its vision we are like men who,

half-way up a mountain, decide foolishly to attempt the ascent from another side of the hill and so continually lose the height which was gained . . . ”

The Candle of Vision, George William Russell, 1918

And as the hands now slowly pull apart in a melodious stream of ethereal light, the soul is faced with another spectacle yet beyond its latest vision.

Before him, the initiate stands now at the veil between life and death. And as he does so, a figure appears. This figure may be someone from the soul's own knowledge, a figure of religious value to the ritual passer. But the figure may be of someone of infinitely less personal knowledge . . .

Past, present, future selves . . . past, present, future prophets . . . whoever presents to the seeker as the Guardian of the Veil will now guide and direct the seeker beyond his own scene of reckoning and into the heart of the mystery of that great divide which so innocently yet powerfully transcends worlds. The one great divider of love and goodness; of power and strife; of hindrance and passion . . .

After witnessing and becoming one with the energies of the inextricably linked matter based experience, the soul is faced with the next extremity; that of the ascension, the journey beyond the veil of death into the world of the true living.

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. When matter is burned, or consumed; energy is released. What must be consumed is the karmic self, which must be purged in order to be recovered in a purified state.

And so the initiate must attend to the Guardian and the ritual passages to which he attends.

*From Knowledge of the Higher Worlds and its
Attainment*

“THE GUARDIAN OF THE THRESHOLD

THE important experiences marking the student's ascent into the higher worlds include his meeting with the *Guardian of the Threshold*. Strictly speaking, there are two *Guardians*: a *lesser* and a *greater*. The student meets the lesser Guardian when the threads connecting willing, feeling, and thinking within the finer astral and etheric bodies begin to loosen, in the way described in the foregoing chapter. The greater Guardian is encountered when this sundering of the connections extends to the physical parts of the body, that is, at first to the brain. The lesser Guardian is a sovereign being. He does not come into existence, as far as the student is concerned, until the latter has reached the requisite stage of development. Only some of his most important characteristics can here be indicated.

The attempt will now be made to describe in narrative form this meeting with the lesser Guardian of the Threshold, as a result of which the student learns that his thinking, feeling, and willing have become released within him from their inherent connection.

A truly terrible spectral being confronts him, and he will need all the presence of mind and faith in the security of his path which he has had ample opportunity to acquire in the course of his previous training.

The Guardian proclaims his signification somewhat in the following words: “Hitherto, powers invisible to

thysself watched over thee. They saw to it that in the course of thy lives each of thy good deeds brought its reward, and each of thine evil deeds was attended by its evil results. Thanks to their influence thy character formed itself out of thy life-experiences and thy thoughts. They were the instruments of thy destiny. They ordained that measure of joy and pain allotted to thee in thine incarnations, according to thy conduct in lives gone by. They ruled over thee as the all-embracing law of *karma*. These powers will now partly release thee from their constraining influence; and henceforth must thou accomplish for thysself a part of the work which hitherto they performed for thee. Destiny struck thee many a hard blow in the past. Thou knewest not why. Each blow was the consequence of a harmful deed in a bygone lie. Thou foundest joy and gladness, and thou didst take them as they came. They, too, were the fruits of former deeds. Thy character shows many a beautiful side, and many an ugly flaw. Thou hast thysself to thank for both, for they are the result of thy previous experiences and thoughts. These were till now unknown to thee; their effects alone were made manifest. The karmic powers, however, beheld all thy deeds in former lives, and all thy most secret thoughts and feelings, and determined accordingly thy present self and thy present mode of life. But now all the good and evil sides of thy bygone lives shall be revealed to thee. Hitherto they were interwoven with thine own being; they were in thee and thou couldst not see them, even as thou canst not behold thine own brain with physical eyes. But now they become released

from thee; they detach themselves from thy personality. They assume an independent form which thou canst see even as thou beholdest the stones and plants of the outer world. And . . . I am that very being who shaped my body out of thy good and evil achievements. My spectral form is woven out of thine own life's record. Till now thou hast borne me invisibly within thee, and it was well that this was so; for the wisdom of thy destiny, though concealed from thee, could thus work within thee, so that the hideous stains on my form should be blotted out. Now that I have come forth from within thee, that concealed wisdom, too, has departed from thee. It will pay no further heed to thee; it will leave the work in thy hands alone. I must become a perfect and glorious being, or fall a prey to corruption; and should this occur, I would drag thee also down with me into a dark and corrupt world. If thou wouldst avoid this, then thine own wisdom must become great enough to undertake the task of that other, concealed wisdom, which has departed from thee. As a form visible to thyself I will never for an instant leave thy side, once thou hast crossed my Threshold. And in future, whenever thou dost act or think wrongly thou wilt straightway perceive thy guilt as a hideous, demoniacal distortion of my form. Only when thou hast made good all thy bygone wrongs and hast so purified thyself that all further evil is, for thee, a thing impossible, only then will my being have become transformed into radiant beauty. Then, too, shall I again become united with thee for the welfare of thy future activity.

“Yet my Threshold is fashioned out of all the timidity that remains in thee, out of all the dread of the strength needed to take full responsibility for all thy thoughts and actions. As long as there remains in thee a trace of fear of becoming thyself the guide of thine own destiny, just so long will this Threshold lack what still remains to be built into it. And as long as a single stone is found missing, just so long must thou remain standing as though transfixed; or else stumble. Seek not, then, to cross this Threshold until thou dost feel thyself entirely free from fear and ready for the highest responsibility. Hitherto I only emerged from thy personality when death recalled thee from an earthly life; but even then my form was veiled from thee. Only the powers of destiny who watched over thee beheld me and could thus, in the intervals between death and a new birth, build in thee, in accordance with my appearance, that power and capacity thanks to which thou couldst labor in a new earth life at the beautifying of my form, for thy welfare and progress. It was I, too, whose imperfection ever and again constrained the powers of destiny to lead thee back to a new incarnation upon earth. I was present at the hour of thy death, and it was on my account that the Lords of Karma ordained thy reincarnation. And it is only by thus unconsciously transforming me to complete perfection in ever recurring earthly lives that thou couldst have escaped the powers of death and passed over into immortality united with me.

“Visible do I thus stand before thee today, just as I shave ever stood invisible beside thee in the hour of death. When thou shalt have crossed my Threshold, thou wilt enter those realms to which thou hast hitherto only had access after physical death. Thou dost now enter them with full knowledge, and henceforth as thou wanderest outwardly visible upon the earth thou wilt at the same time wander in the kingdom of death, that is, in the kingdom of life eternal. I am indeed the Angel of Death; but I am at the same time the bearer of a higher life without end. Through me thou wilt die with thy body still living, to be reborn into an imperishable existence.

“Into this kingdom thou art now entering; thou wilt meet beings that are supersensible, and happiness will be thy lot. But I myself must provide thy first acquaintance with that world, and I am thine own creation. Formerly I drew my life from thine; but now thou hast awakened me to a separate existence so that I stand before thee as the visible gauge of thy future deeds—perhaps, too, as thy constant reproach. Thou hast formed me, but by so doing thou hast undertaken, as thy duty, to transform me.”

(It will be gathered from the above that the Guardian of the Threshold is an (astral) figure, revealing itself to the student's awakened higher sight; and it is to this supersensible encounter that spiritual science conducts him . . . animating it with the still unredeemed karma of the individual. Such physical phenomena are no longer necessary for those

sufficiently prepared for the higher sight; and besides this, anyone who sees, without adequate preparation, his unredeemed karma appear before his eyes as a living creature would run the risk of straying into evil byways . . .)

What is here indicated in narrative form must not be understood in the sense of an allegory, but as an experience of the highest possible reality befalling the esoteric student.

The Guardian must warn him not to go a step further unless he feels in himself the strength to fulfill the demands made in the above speech. However horrible the form assumed by the Guardian, it is only the effect of the student's own past life, his own character risen out of him into independent existence. This awakening is brought about by the separation of will, thought, and feeling. To feel for the first time that one has oneself called a spiritual being into existence is in itself an experience of deepest significance. The student's preparation must aim at enabling him to endure the terrible sight without a trace of timidity and, at the moment of the meeting, to feel his strength so increased that he can undertake fully conscious the responsibility for transforming and beautifying the Guardian."

*Knowledge of the Higher Worlds and its Attainment,
Rudolph Steiner, 1947*

And thence, as the initiate strives to come to terms with all the debt he has acquired and the necessity to overcome, consume and transform it into something of valuable necessity to the Godhead of the Universe, his transient journey moves forward in a well-spring of light into the journey of the elementals.

Most souls are familiar with the earthly four: Fire, Air, Water and Earth. But in totality, there are seven elements and elemental spirits who oversee their function. The final three are related to the spirit world and consist of Essence, Karmic Memory and Spiritual Ether who's energetic significance and importance to the initiate lies in the soul's ability to understand the higher and more intricate workings of birth, death, destruction and creation.

From H.P. Blavatsky

"METAPHYSICALLY and esoterically there is but One ELEMENT in nature, and at the root of it is the Deity; and the so-called *seven* elements, of which five have already manifested and asserted their existence, are the garment, *the veil, of that deity*; direct from the essence whereof comes MAN, whether physically, psychically, mentally or spiritually considered. Four elements only are generally spoken of in later antiquity . . . Fire, Air, Water, Earth, were but the visible garb, the symbols of the informing, invisible Souls or Spirits . . ." (Thus, Essence, Karmic Memory

and Spiritual Ether)

The Secret Doctrine, H.P. Blavatsky, 1888

From Jacob Boehme

"At death the four elements separate from the one element. Then the tincture, together with the shadow of that which constituted the man, goes into the ether and remains within the root of that element from which the four elements were born, and from which they emanated." (*Three Principles*, xix. 14.)

*Three Principles, Jacob Boehme, Franz Hartmann,
1891*

From the Commentary on the Great Perfection

"Ripened by the elements of air and water and fire,
The world of the body is engendered as the vessel.
Nadi and prana and the essence of the elements,
Existing as the pure nature of the four great elements,
Then abide in the form of changeless, radiant light.

Dwelling in space, if we transfer into purity, all the different elements, nadi, prana, and essences. That is like the world-destruction by seven fires. The dissolving of the elements is the one destruction by water.

Cessation of coarse and subtle is the scattering by wind. Entering into the light is the realm of spaciousness.”

*Commentary on the Great Perfection, Called the
Great Chariot*

And whence the initiate continues in passing through the gates of ritual passage, it should not be a surprise that he is engendered to enter into ‘The Rainbow Path’. The initiate must enter into the great tree, the Tree of the Rainbow . . . which energetically seeds its ability to travel within the inward forays of existence and life.

For the Tree of the Rainbow does not just represent all life that comes to us in the form of race, culture, religion or creed; but all life . . . essence, memory, karmic structure, elemental ions, and intrinsic existence itself.

From Australian Legendary Tales

“He set to work and made a beautiful and many coloured arch, which, when it was made . . . he placed it right across the sky, reaching from one side of the earth to the other. When the rainbow was firmly placed in the sky, and showing out in all its brilliancy, of many colours, as a roadway from the earth to the

stars . . . “

Australian Legendary Tales, K. Langloh Parker, 1897

And whence entering upon the rainbow way, the initiate must then go to the furthest juncture of the stars. Because the seeker himself could not possible know or understand it, initiation comes to him.

But before the soul may truly integrate the multiplicities and mysteries of memory, he must make an oath. The oath is set before him as a sacred and holy rite which cannot be betrayed; and that is, the initiate must vow to God and all creation . . . all creation . . . that he will use the power of the light kingdom gifted to him for only the purest of intentions, the highest and holiest will of God. And further, that the initiate will respect the laws of nature and live by them; in this world, and in every other.

And then the thundering begins

From the Mysteries of the Redemption

“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 . . . 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 . . . sacred, forevermore."

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

The Mysteries of the Redemption: A Treatise on Out-of-Body Travel and Mysticism, Marilyn Hughes, The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation, 2003



The Luminous Tunnel to the Underworld Earth

From Enoch

“And these are the secrets of this oath . . .

And they are strong through his oath:
And the heaven was suspended before the world was
created, And for ever.

And through it the earth was founded upon the

water, And from the secret recesses of the mountains
come beautiful waters, From the creation of the world
and unto eternity.

And through that oath the sea was created, And †as
its foundation† He set for it the sand against the time
of (its) anger, And it dare not pass beyond it from the
creation of the world unto eternity.

And through that oath are the depths made fast, And
abide and stir not from their place from eternity to
eternity.

And through that oath the sun and moon complete
their course, And deviate not from their ordinance
from eternity to eternity.

And through that oath the stars complete their course,
And He calls them by their names,
And they answer Him from eternity to eternity . . .
And this oath is mighty over them
And through it [they are preserved and] their paths
are preserved,
And their course is not destroyed.”

The Book of Enoch, R.H. Charles, 1918

As the multiplicities descend into the vessel, the
Mayan Cards of Walking Stone join the initiate upon
his journey. And these are the totems; or guardian

spirits which represent the different facets of being which incarnate into every soul at different junctures down the path of initiation and ritual.

Their faces are ever-changing and ever-new . . . but the initiate has now come before a final crossing point. This journey is one of great trial, tribulation and the coming forth of the bones.

But it is also a bringing together of that which was scattered in multiplicity into the one vessel of particulate life. Within a single molecule of life, may the initiate rise to the knowledge that it is not but one – but many. For all life has the capacity to contain *all* life. The individuated circumstance of the human condition and that of other species is intentional; but in the case of the soul seeking initiation, that circumstance must no longer be . . .

Standing before the shattered Crystalline Eve, the initiate must now recognize that these shattered parts are nothing but a remnant and a reminder of all the shattered pieces of understanding, knowledge, energy and source which have been disbursed over the ages.

And now, if the initiate seeks to proceed, he must bring them together into one fruition, one whole, one unity yet again.

From Zanoni

"Pray for my child!" said Zanoni, mournfully. "The thoughts of souls that would aspire as mine are All PRAYER!" And, seating himself by her side, he began to reveal to her some of the holier secrets of his lofty being. He spoke of the sublime and intense faith from which alone the diviner knowledge can arise,—the faith which, seeing the immortal everywhere, purifies and exalts the mortal that beholds, the glorious ambition that dwells not in the cabals and crimes of earth, but amidst those solemn wonders that speak not of men, but of God; of that power to abstract the soul from the clay which gives to the eye of the soul its subtle vision, and to the soul's wing the unlimited realm; of that pure, severe, and daring initiation from which the mind emerges, as from death, into clear perceptions of its kindred with the Father-Principles of life and light, so that in its own sense of the Beautiful it finds its joy; in the serenity of its will, its power; in its sympathy with the youthfulness of the Infinite Creation, of which itself is an essence and a part, the secrets that embalm the very clay which they consecrate, and renew the strength of life with the ambrosia of mysterious and celestial sleep."

Zanoni, Edward Bulwer Lytton, 1842

And from the celestial sleep, the initiate comes. Behold the mirroring and emergence of karma and sin . . . no more to be hidden, but to be beholden by the wise, to be treasured by the seeker, to be

transformed by the initiate into that which is life-giving and pure.

From Swami Vivekananda

“In addition to meaning work, we have stated that psychologically the word *Karma* also implies causation. Any work, any action, any thought that produces an effect is called a *Karma*. Thus the law of *Karma* means the law of causation, of inevitable cause and sequence. Wheresoever there is a cause, there an effect must be produced; this necessity cannot be resisted, and this law of *Karma*, according to our philosophy, is true throughout the whole universe. Whatever we see, or feel, or do, whatever action there is anywhere in the universe, while being the effect of past work on the one hand, becomes, on the other, a cause in its turn, and produces its own effect. It is necessary, together with this, to consider what is meant by the word 'law.' By law is meant the tendency of a series to repeat itself. When we see one event followed by another, or sometimes happening simultaneously with another, we expect this sequence or co-existence to recur.”

Karma-Yoga, Swami Vivekenanda, 1921

And the initiate plots forward a map of the ensuing time to come, knowing not whence this path may

lead. But only that it must be followed . . . for if he knew, would he go forth? Or would he remain in the realm of the mysterious to avoid such pitfalls and dangers which lay in wait?

But before the soul may proceed ever forward, he receives the gift of the living water. A gift given by the angels, the holy cistern is poured towards the mouth of the seeker and allowed to flow within.

A few minutes later, the initiate realizes that the water level never lowers itself from the cistern of the living water . . . it is ever-replenishing, ever-anew.

And in this realization alone, there is epiphany.

From the Secret Teachings of All Ages

"And St. John beheld a river, the Water of Life, which proceeded out of the throne of the Lamb. The river represents the stream pouring from the First Logos, which is the life of all things and the active cause of all creation . . . St. John concludes with the words, "The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all. Amen."

The Secret Teachings of All Ages, Manly P. Hall, 1928

From the Complete Sayings of Jesus

“Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again; but whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life.”

The Complete Sayings of Jesus, Arthur Hinds, 1927

And as the initiate is filled with the living water, he becomes one of the living . . . and of the dead, he is no more.

There is a knowledge which extends beyond time and into all life; human universal and beyond. And touching into this stream of experiential knowledge expands the parameters of understanding, energetic knowledge and wisdom accessible to the initiate . . . this is the eighteenth mystery.

From the Blazing Lights of the Sun and Moon

“There are both the worldly and the world-transcending.

Like articles of gold, they appear from a single substance . . .

Being known, these should be left alone and

accepted.”

*The Blazing Lights of the Sun and Moon, Khenchen
Palden Sherab Rinpoche*

From the Most Holy Trinosophia

“The Lesser Mysteries are rituals of self control and purification; the Greater Mysteries are rituals of creation. In nine processes man purifies himself, but only to the few are given the keys of the threefold creative Mystery: the creation of form, the creation of thought, and the creation of consciousness. Before leaving the chamber of initiation, the candidate drinks of the Water of Life, the nectar of the gods, which is explained by the philosophers as representing the blood of the Logos or the Sun—the divine energy which sustains the elect, and which is constantly flowing in the Grail of the Mysteries. According to the Greeks, the gods partake of no mortal food, but are nourished from the fountains of Eternal Good which spring up in the midst of the worlds. Having given the secret sign to the adepts, the new Initiate departs from the chamber by the right-hand path.”

*The Most Holy Trinosophia, Compte St. Germain,
1933*

THE NINETEENTH MYSTERY
Initiation and Descent of Karma

The Karmic Thrust Will not Cease its Rush to the Physical Spheres, Over and Over Again, Until the Soul has Confounded it Through the Wisdom of God



From the Science of Mind

"KARMA.--The subjective law of tendency set in motion by the individual. The mental law acting through him. Karmic Law means the use that man makes of his mentality. Karma is not Kismet; for

Kismet means "fate," and Karma simply means "the mental tendency." Karma is both individual and Universal."

The Science of Mind, Ernest Holmes, 1926

And so as the fates would have it, so let it be. The winds and the fires of karma and sin are yet meant to be dealt with on the ground. Throughout this ever-present journeying to all these wondrous abodes, it would seem that the initiate was already well beyond such a grounded concept. But let him be none the wiser still, for he has not yet even begun.

All the memories, all the sojourns into history (both personal and universal), all the initiations and rites lead to one fell swoop towards the ground.

In essence, when karma hits the ground, everything that the soul has struggled with relating to the true nature of love and power will come crashing down on into the soul's world right in front of him.

Relationships, karmic duties, everpresent eternal folds . . . will all be rounded up in a cosmic display of motion to appear within the cyclic physical life of the initiate below.

And this won't happen just once, it probably won't happen just twice, three times is likely not enough; it

will happen as many times as is required for the soul to grasp his own affinity to the nature of certain delusions and sins which portend his destiny to never reach beyond the earthly abode.

Even beyond this time of the first falling . . . when the soul has ascended to many other heights, be assured that the karmic and sinful thrusts will continue to fall before the soul until the soul no longer responds to any such stimulus in any fashion.

A recognition must and will eventually occur of the patterns by which the soul has been blindsided and trapped within his own lusts and delusions throughout many an era. And thus, karma will hit the ground however many times it takes for the soul to stop responding in the same old way, in another incorrect way, in another deluded way.

It will keep hitting the ground until the initiate recognizes and ceases to respond to karmic thrust at all . . . and is capable of recognizing the temptation of its lures and the sinful parameters of its vision beyond the woeful confines of worldly constructs.

When the sinner . . . sins no more . . . he will rise.

When the cyclic karmic pattern has no more pull on the heart that desires, the initiate will gain stratosphere.

But until then, be assured, the initiate will now

wander in the wastelands of the physical world. As if he had never seen what he has seen, as if he had never been shown what he had been shown . . . why? Because the sinful and karmic thrust is still so habitual within the concrete mind that it has not yet actually transformed itself into something new.

It has seeded something new . . . but it has yet to become.

From the Commentary on the Great Perfection

“I am a person with the mind of a perfect fool.

Having fallen under the power of bad companions,

By the desires which rose from confusion in my mind,

I produced the karma of many evil deeds.

By cultivating and going along with these desires

I have been a murderer of living beings.

By listening to the people who waste the goods of the Sangha (Buddhist Assembly of the Peoples)

I had to know the unbearable fruit of doing that.

I am destroying . . . by my harmful thoughts

By malicious words I punish everyone, even my mother.

Regarding this human body that I formerly made

Soon all my transgressions will be common knowledge.

My mind will then be summoned to the lowest Hells.

The births I see ahead are more than I can bear . . .

All compounded things will quickly be destroyed.

Like lightening in the sky they cannot last for long.

As your time too is therefore drawing ever nearer,

The time has come for true repentance to manifest."

Commentary on the Great Perfection, Called the Great Chariot

And so it comes to pass, that the energetic thrusts of karma begin to hit the ground. And with them, the confusion which bears its light; the habitual mirror of a past shadowed by conflict.

But yet the soul knows something new this time, new seeds have been implanted. Whatever at once may have been habitual, may now be observed, questioned and toyed with.

For the answer is not always as quick to come as the

karmic thrust . . . the delusion may remain for months or years or decades. Every traveler's path will vary, but the thrust will not cease its rush to the physical spheres, over and over again, until the soul has confounded it through the wisdom of God.

From the Mysteries of the Redemption

"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.

The Mysteries of the Redemption: A Treatise on Out-of-Body Travel and Mysticism, Marilyn Hughes, The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation, 2003

From the Upanishads

"What is the cause of the cosmos? . . . 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,
Translation: Eknath Easwaran, 1987*

And the seeker is brought into the energies of the phoenix; because their transformative powers are rare and necessary. Rarified and pulsating with new life, the initiate continues to clog forward.

But do not be deceived. It is only the first karmic thrust. There will be more to come, but they will remain unannounced. It is hoped that with each thrust, the initiate will come closer to the required outcome in order to cross into higher and finer frequencies and barriers to the light.

From Lactantius

"The phoenix builds for herself either a nest or a tomb. For she perishes so that she may live. Yet, she re-produces herself . . . In the meantime, her body is destroyed by death. But this proves to be the source of life . . . After this, it is formed again, such as its

figure was before. And the phoenix, having burst her shell, springs forth – even as caterpillars in the fields . . . are changed into butterflies.”

*A Dictionary of Early Christian Beliefs, Lactantius,
David W. Bercot, 1998*

Many things will barrage the traveler as karma hits the ground. During my own sojourn into the mysteries of the karmic thrust, I was taken at minimum of four times down the very self same road before my soul would recognize and overcome the patterns of ages past.

It was not an easy task. It was grueling, heart-breaking and earth-shattering. But would we expect any less, really?

During the travel through the various levels of karmic delusion, the initiate will be taken into the fifty levels of the Holy Mountain. Each of these levels represents some kind of false view or perception held hard and fast by earthbound souls. Competitiveness, destructive sexuality, vanity, lust, thrusts for power, relentless pursuits for the gifts of others . . . scandalous, rogue, fettered, withered and worn.

Only the top most point of that mountain – the fiftieth level – has any use for the initiate. And the karmic mountain is only one mountain to climb in the

spiritual quest, for there are many beyond it which gather the soul into infinite eternities. So do not delude yourself into thinking that ascending the fifty levels of the Holy Mountain has any significance. It does not.

It is what remains of the pathetic and unholy quest within the initiates' soul, to pillage, plunder and do all manner of evil in the name of personal freedom and growth.

Remember, again, that for a time, the soul will be protected. Ignorance can sometimes protect the initiate. But there also comes a time, when 'fallen' is no longer a state of evolutionary capacity for which sympathy is had; it becomes chosen and rendered by the will of God as God so deems appropriate.

So in your wanderings, do not be deceived into believing that your continued failings will be disregarded; for mistakes become choices. Choices become blatant disregard. Blatant disregard becomes evil . . .

A soul who has reached this juncture is truly at the crossroads, the turning point. For it is absolutely true that a soul can still turn himself back towards the darkness at this point and any point further on . . . do not be deceived and do not presume on the mercy of God.

Presume only that your ignorance gives you cause to pray, and prayer gives you the right to petition and in

petition; you allow God to reveal.

For there is so much within us of the darkness it is almost unfathomable to comprehend . . . and it will be depressing, difficult, hard, painful. But if we continually throw ourselves at the feet of God, in true sincere desire to know our woundedness so that we may cease wounding ourselves and others; we earn the right to repetitive mercy.

God is good, but we are not. Therefore, never give way to yourself, but only to God.

And if you do so, the Holy Mountain will slowly be unraveled and unfolded to your vision.

From the Hidden Church of the Holy Graal

“And now as the sum total of these mystical aspects, the desire of the eyes in the seeking and finding of the Holy Graal may, I think, be re-expressed as follows:--

Temple or Palace or Castle--Mont Salvatch or Corbenic--wherever located and whether described as a wilderness of building, crowded burg or simple hermit's hold--there is one characteristic concerning the sanctuary which, amidst all its variations in the accidents, is essentially the same; the Keeper of the great Hallows has fallen upon evil days; the means of restoration and of healing are, as one would say, all around him, yet the help must come from without; it

is that of his predestined successor, whose office is to remove the vessel, so that it is henceforth never seen so openly. Taking the Quest of Galahad as that which has the highest significance spiritually, I think that we may speak of it thus:--We know that in the last analysis it is the inward man who is really the Wounded Keeper. The mysteries are his; on him the woe has fallen; it is he who expects healing and redemption. His body is the Graal Castle, which is also the castle of Souls, and behind it is the Earthly Paradise as a vague and latent memory. We may not be able to translate the matter of the romance entirely into mystical symbolism, since it is only a rumour at a distance of life in the spirit and its great secrets. But, I think, we can see that it all works together for the one end of all. He who enters into the consideration of this secret and immemorial house under fitting guidance shall know why it is that the Graal is served by a pure maiden, and why that maiden is ultimately dispossessed. Helayne is the soul, and the soul is in exile because all the high unions have been declared voided--the crown has been separated from the kingdom, and experience from the higher knowledge. So long as she remained a pure virgin, she was more than a thyrsus bearer in the mysteries, but the morganatic marriage of mortal life is part of her doom. This is still a high destiny, for the soul out of earthly experience brings forth spiritual desire, which is the quest of the return journey, and this is Galahad. It is therefore within the law and the order that she has to conceive and bring him forth. Galahad represents the highest spiritual aspirations and

desires passing into full consciousness, and so into attainment. But he is not reared by his mother, because Eros, which is the higher knowledge, has dedicated the true desire to the proper ends thereof. It will be seen also what must be understood by Lancelot in secret communication with Helayne, though he has taken her throughout for another. The reason is that it is impossible to marry even in hell without marrying that seed which is of heaven. As she is the psychic woman, so is he the natural man, or rather the natural intelligence which is not without its consecrations, not without its term in the highest. Helayne believes that her desire is only for Lancelot, but this is because she takes him for Eros, and it is by such a misconception that the lesser Heaven stoops to the earth; herein also there is a sacred dispensation, because so is the earth assumed. I have said that Lancelot is the natural man, but he is such merely at the highest; he is born in great sorrow, and she who has conceived him saves her soul alive amidst the offices of external religion. He is carried into the lesser land of Faerie, as into a garden of childhood. When he draws towards manhood, he comes forth from the first places of enchantment and is clothed upon by the active duties of life as by the vestures of chivalry. He enters also into the unsanctified life of sense, into an union against the consecrated life and order. But his redeeming quality is that he is faithful and true, because of which, and because of his genealogy, he is chosen to beget Galahad, of whom he is otherwise unworthy, even as we all, in our daily life, fall short of the higher aspirations of the soul. As regards the

Keeper, it is certain that he must die and be replaced by another Keeper before the true man can be raised, with the holy things to him belonging, which Hallows are indeed withdrawn, but it is with and in respect of him only, for the keepers are a great multitude, though it is certain that the Graal is one. The path of quest is the path of upward progress, and it is only at the great height that Galahad knows himself as really the Wounded Keeper and that thus, in the last resource, the physician heals himself. Now this is the mystery from everlasting, which is called in the high doctrine *Schema misericordiæ*. It is said: *Latet, æternumque latebit*, until it is revealed in us; and as to this: *Te rogamus, audi nos.*"

The Hidden Church of the Holy Graal, Arthur Edward Waite, 1909

As all that is eternal is 'psychadelic' in a certain fashion, the initiate will undergo a series of ritual passages into psychedelic energies. The initiate will meet his or her counterpart or twin flame in the mystical realms; his eyes will become psychedelic rather than one color. The winds will become psychedelic. The ether will whirl with an ethereal psychedelic cyclone of energies. Finally, even the aura will become psychedelic. Bright, colorful, neon colors, beyond this world. Everything becomes psychedelic as the initiate enters into that which is eternal . . .

And remember, even as the initiate continues entry

into the eternal, the karmic thrusts continue on the ground . . . sometimes for many years.

And this is when the process begins to energize the Eternal Flame within the soul. The Eternal Flame can come in the form of a relationship but does not always do so . . . and it remains very likely that the initiate will still be involved in karmic relationships on the ground even as the energizing for the eternal continues in the spheres.

But the Eternal Flame must be understood, not as something outside of the initiate, but rather as an ignition that must happen from within in order for certain things to energetically become possible on the ground.

Many people seek that which they have not yet become. The eternal initiate must become that which they seek in order to find it.

But again, sometimes this involves relationships on the ground, and sometimes it does not. Because it is an ignition of an internal mechanism that must take place.

From Pensatia

“There before me again stood the Gentle One, Margaret (The Eternal and Twin Flame of the Master H), the Woman Master, saying, ‘Behold, Pensatia, the

wayside dwelling . . . All who brave the crucibles meet me here, and rest a pace before ascending father upon you Mountain Top, flashing golden light ever down to earth.'

Thus it was . . . my entrance to this most sacred abode . . . leading to Pilgrim's Rest. It was silent within, yet a silence filled with the presence of the Hierarchical Host.

'Here, Pensatia, one learns that the Woman qualities: gentleness, love, compassion, intuition, now must be equalized and acquired in their Cosmic degree. Not in superficial sentiment, but in surety and firmness of infinite stability, one must learn to be, to serve, and give and come forth the Woman Master. Very few women, compared to men, make the Mountain Top of Illumination. They are prone to fail to harness their emotions. Thus at the critical tests, when positive faith and action are needed, they cannot detach themselves in the quality demanded by Cosmic edict. Often their love is diffused or centered to the one, instead of the many. Yet those who meet the grade often surpass the male Masters.'

'All, negative and positive, must be in the Alchemical Marriage. All must attain this mystical union before achieving the High Mountain. It was your privilege, Pensatia, to experience such. It was imperative that you have this initiation. Thus only could the Master H call you to be his trusted amanuensis. Now the deeper consciousness must be woven within the heart of the Alchemical Marriage, that you may acquire the

attributes to march on and up into climates as yet unknown.'

'First, you know, tonight you will an awareness profound. May you indeed realize the full meaning of this greatest of initiations! . . . Remember, students, this usually comes when all earthly love seems not, when one is stript bare of everything held dear, when all told one seems naught, when supply and fulfillment seems a myth. It is then, Pensatia, and all blessed disciples of rose and Cross, that the Alchemical Intitiation may come, bringing the realization of the positive and negative mating exoteric, within one's heart . . .'

Behold! In my body of light, standing within a golden fire came also the male body of light; and in the Alchemical Marriage both fused as one: positive and negative; and from the fusion came forth the Christ Babe, the Holy Grail. Mary, Immaculate Mother, came and blest the Cosmic ritual.

From Akasha a bell rang out, a voice spoke, saying:

'All must, in time, experience the Alchemical Marriage. Only after this initiation can they, in full, carry out their inner and outer work upon the Path, and on to the High Mountain to Mastership!'

From my talisman Master H addressed me:

'Stand in the Golden Flame! Declare and it will be . . .

!

Therein a prayer went forth . . . There, high on the Path, again it was my privilege to be immersed in this Esoteric Alchemy. A cleansing of many waters surged over and through me, purging away the dross, lifting my consciousness on the crest of a mighty crescendo .

..

(The Master H again introduces Pensatia to his Eternal Flame, the Master Margaret. Margaret speaks.)

'Pensatia, here is my Cosmic resting place. On earthly plane, when needed, aid and counsel is given worthy disciples. As one, we work together, the Master H and I. Yet apart we carry on our Cosmic mission. Always, when the student is ready, in some degree, they learn of me, and experience here in consciousness the Alechemical Marriage.'

'Here, while abiding in the wayside house, the positive and negative qualities must be united, and work as a whole. This must be before knowledge esoteric is *power*. Until all psychic centers are blended into the Alechemical Initiation, until this happens, there can never be true cohesion of discipleship, and hence to Mastership. Here is the above pristine reality of love. Mundanely one must be aware of the Divine Soul Pattern before true marriage is fulfilled earthly. When only earth impact exists love can never be. All infatuations depart, become materialistic or sex slavery. Real love is above age, race, creed or wealth.

It is sired from the Soul and by the heart. Pure, it exalts the physical, transmuting it into the Grand Passion Immortal. When one attains the Alchemical Initiation, then only is the disciple of the esoteric path ready for the consummated mundane meeting. In Akasha the Word declares, that all in some incarnation shall meet their alchemical affinity, when first the 'inner birth' takes place . . . '

'Never be less than a true woman,' Margaret continued 'Thus man will be lifted up, and the sexes together bless the earth. Here in the golden fusion of the Alchemical Marriage, one's interior centers (or chalice), are Christed. The Cosmic meaning of love bears witness within the heart by each disciple. Ever after, the Grand Passion Immortal is brought to any earthly marriage, raising such to their divinity of signature. Age, race and creed matters not to the Lighted Heart, for now one knows and recognizes their own, even though one or the other may not as yet have passed the Alchemical Initiation. Yet because of their Soul Attraction they are swept together. These are the rare matings which to the ignorant seem strange and impossible of lasting unity . . . by the Alchemical Initiation, regeneration takes place and transforms . . . to its Cosmic splendor, opens the heart center, and makes the disciple able to climb the lofty pinnacle of the High Mountain.'

Even as she, the Master Margaret, talked, a talisman was handed me. 'An earthly one also shall come. Treasure both, for they shall protect and bless you

greatly, and bring your desires to pass . . . All receive their inner and outer talismans at the ripe moment upon the Path. To refuse them is not in keeping with God's law. God and the Master's Life Current flow through these earth talismans. Yet only after Alchemical Initiation do they work in full power . . .'

The cycle is ripe when the Word calls Man to his Godself. Awake the inner centers must. In the records of Akasha, it reads: 'All that is hidden is revealed.' All Pilgrims of the Way, the esoteric Rose or Lotus, must, in the climactic moment stand in the Fire and face the records of the Past, present and future, which in essence is only one. The Way is not through intellect, or affirmations. These are only lesser means. Feeling-awareness, love radiated out, uplifted faith, are the keys to the Kingdom within . . .

A sweet drowsiness came over me. A rain of tears fell. A sadness of karma yet to transmute, earthly and personally, brought anguish and loneliness. So far yet to go!"

*The High Mountain, Pensatia, 1965, Euclid
Publishing, 1978*

As this process continues, the eternal flame is ignited through a series of initiatory passages. After the ignition, the flame must stabilize within the seeker by becoming more and more golden, thus, bringing more and more of the celestial spheres into the physical

capacity below . . . and initiating a flow of energies from the eternal kingdoms through the spirit and then the body of the initiate below.

From Emanuel Swedenborg

“A lucidity was shown me in which those live who constitute the internals . . . It was a light beautifully varied with streaks of golden flame, representing the things of affection; and varied also by streaks of silver light to denote the spiritual things there. It was shown also that they had open holes, but not above or below, but on the side, through which, as was shown me, they see an azure heaven studded with beautiful little stars. It was perceived also that there is with them a copious light, a golden flaming light for celestial things, and a silver shining light for spiritual things. It was said too that the light was sometimes very splendid, not, however, that which entered through the holes, but that which was within their chambers.”

Spiritual Diaries, Emanuel Swedenborg, 1758

As the initiations continue into the golden and searing flame interiorly, the karmic thrusts are likely to still be playing out on the ground. They will likely play out long beyond this chapter on karmic thrusts . . . because they do literally happen again and again until the soul no longer responds to them.

In order to overcome these karmic thrusts, the initiate will travel through the Lace of the Angels and the Chimney through Frequencies, both initiations generated to assist the soul in moving his energy beyond difficult karmic patterns or pain from the past.

From the Mysteries of the Redemption

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
...

Entering a space filled with colorful spheres, Red Horse (a manifestation from my own karmic past who had entered into my physical waking life upon the ground) 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 . . ."

The Mysteries of the Redemption: A Treatise on Out-of-Body Travel and Mysticism, Marilyn Hughes, The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation, 2003

And again, it is really important to remember that these karmic thrusts have only begun. They will continue happening, until the soul transforms and overcomes every aspect of them remaining within the karmic and sinful attachments of the soul.

And then the initiate will be taken in to the Secrets of the Earthly Realms, to begin to understand the many different lower expressions of primal understanding within the earthly spheres. The purpose of being allowed to envision and 'enter into' these energies is so that the initiate will become acquainted with the multiplicitous thrusts which will be required for the soul to eventually overcome and move beyond the mortal realms of karmic circling.

The Secrets of the Earthly Realms explain how reality is viewed by various levels of soul evolution.

From the Mysteries of the Redemption

- “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.

The Mysteries of the Redemption: A Treatise on Out-of-Body Travel and Mysticism, Marilyn Hughes, The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation, 2003

From Seeing and Vibration

“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, Joseph Rael

And the initiate will pass through this knowledge and enter into yet another important karmic initiation requiring him to travel deeply below the earth's surface. Below the sphere of the earth, lies a river. Part of the river is uncovered. Another part goes deep into canyons and caves below ground. It is called the River of Truth, and in order for the initiate to fully embrace and attempt to nullify former karmic constructs, he must travel to the deepest point.

Near the outskirts of the river, the water is warm because it is well-traveled. But the challenge will remain that the further into the depths of the soul's being an initiate may go, the colder the water will become. But it must be traveled if a soul is to override previous false connects in the search for knowledge and truth.

Before the soul can be ready to even dwell on the meaning of the descent of karma into his world, on the ground, all around him in his waking life; he must fully grasp all of that which remains of karma and falsified belief within his own soul.

These are dark corridors, cold corridors; but they must be reached. The initiate must go all the way to the deepest part . . . Not only will the depths be revealed to the initiate, but the vibrations required to bring them to the surface will be transferred within.

From Pensatia

“Pensatia . . . in slumber you were softly transported here . . . Here . . . one indeed must experience the birth of the Holy Grail before one may travel on to the infinite Summit!”

Through the awesome silence beyond the circle of blue waters, up like a luminous star the lofty Mountain Peak shone brightly clear . . .

‘Ever keep your vision there!’ H said. ‘Pass now this . . . initiation, and be baptized in the waters of the sacred lake . . .’

In the cosmic stillness, alone in my interior consciousness, I reached up to the Christus standing watch over the . . . portal. The lake before me was charged with an electrifying vibration, wafting towards me with cosmic intent. There was a magnetic pull towards its peaceful center. An inner perception foretold it was my destiny to plunge into its inmost depths . . .

I felt purified of much dross. Mind and soul were quickened. All physical and spiritual attributed united as one power - - and Love, shining forth from the top of the Most High Mountain, Baptized me from the womb of the . . . zone. There in the Lake of Initiation, I was immersed in the super cleansing . . . “

The High Mountain, Pensatia, 1965, Euclid

Publishing, 1978

Even as the thunder rolls into the physical life of the initiate, the rituals of passage into the understanding of the karmic thrust continue to be laid out. The initiate will be shown the eight-sided diamond of karma; which will reveal very specifically the eight different facets of misperception which hold his soul to the earth. Through this diamond, karma is revealed, unraveled and energized to transmute.

The journey will also likely contain many journeys to other planetary systems to bring within the initiate some of the higher, finer frequencies of light to assist the soul in reaching beyond the karmic thrust and overcoming his mortal status upon the earth.

Again, karma is still hitting the ground.

If the soul has been introduced to his or her Twin Flame on the other side, that twin will surround the initiate in energies that look like smoke ringlets. These ringlets usually come in the hundreds and are for the purpose of the protection of the twin as he undergoes karmic purification and removal of the stain of sinful fetters.

Later on in the journey, the initiate will find that the link up with the eternal twin – whether it ever occurs in the physical realm or not – becomes one of the

most important aspects of maintaining spiritual protection while embodied in flesh. There will be many initiations and reunions to bring this about, and make sure that the synergy of the two spirits is brought into the physical vessel currently incarnate to finish his work.

And again . . . the initiate will partake of the rivers of Life-giving water to energize the battle and construct which remains raging on the ground.

Again, the answer is not always as quick to come as the karmic thrust . . . the delusion may remain for months or years or decades. Every traveler's path will vary.

Never assume it is over, for if you do, you may be assured that it is not.

But the karmic thrust will not cease its rush to the physical spheres, over and over again, until the soul has confounded it through the wisdom of God . . . this is the nineteenth mystery.

From Pensatia

"Sipping in unison, the Silver Chalice became our own. Profound the glory of that participation! The Rivers of the Waters of Life were in each swallow of the Shining Grail. Strength, wisdom and benediction .

..

'Humanity faces the aftermath of self-made and world karma. Now the mandate is: Go with God or perish. Not by force - war - but by evolution, Soul and Love power exemplified, shall peace be. 'Man know thy Self.' Speaks the esoteric Word. Thus only can one bridge safely the Dark Night of ignorance and negation. Ever thusly have the Avatars proclaimed the Way . . ."

*The High Mountain, Pensatia, 1965, Euclid
Publishing, 1978*

THE TWENTIETH MYSTERY

Rites of the Ascension

Although the Only Constant of the Eternal is Change,
the Initiate Must Unfold in his Ascension as a
Changeless Continuity



From Rabbi Simeon

“Through these palaces the enlightened soul enters by continuous aspirations and thus they become the intermediaries to it between the known and unknown, between the comprehensible and the incomprehensible. Within them are hidden all the great spiritual mysteries and realities that to humanity as at present must remain objects of faith rather than of reason and intellectual perception. Only by the enlightened soul can they become cognised in its gradual ascension through them on its way to the great and transcendent Being termed The Eternal, The Everlasting One. But this cannot be effected only as it becomes receptive of and imbued with the light and splendor of the Sephiroth Binah (Doctrine Intelligence) by which it is brought into union with the Divine and enters into the enjoyment of the Beatific Vision. From these observations we are better able to understand and penetrate into the meaning and mysteries of sacrifices in general which as mere rites and ceremonies have no intrinsic efficacy. Only when they are the expression of the soul, gradually becoming purified and enlightened by and through its higher self are they a means of spiritual ascension in the divine life which is the true light of mankind assimilating and bringing it into closer relationship with the divine, Eternal I Am in whose presence there is fulness of joy and at whose right hand there are pleasures forevermore.”

Rabbi Simeons Reflections on the Supreme and its Union with Human Souls, Nurho de Manhar, 1900-

As with the other fields of the initiations and rites, the path that leads to the ascension is also followed through many roads and meanderings into the confinement of truth within a sequential soul bearing the honorific entitlement of the passage towards the final valley of God.

And, thus, as it is so . . . the passage begins with the reception of the eight-sided diamond amulet of the immortal which shows within its concentric spheres of elegance the eight- mannered congruence of the karmic footprint as it is replaced by the omnipotent swell of the passage from the seven (all that is karmic) to the eight (all that is ascending and immortal.)

From the Mysteries of the Redemption

“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."

The Mysteries of the Redemption: A Treatise on Out-of-Body Travel and Mysticism, Marilyn Hughes, The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation, 2003

From Buddha, the Gospel

"You who long for life, learn that immortality is hidden in transiency. You who wish for happiness without the sting of regret, lead a life of righteousness. You who yearn for riches, receive treasures that are eternal. Truth is wealth, and a life of truth is happiness.

All compounds will be dissolved again, but the verities which determine all combinations and separations as laws of nature endure for ever and aye. Bodies fall to dust, but the truths of the mind will not be destroyed.

Truth knows neither birth nor death; it has no beginning and no end. Welcome the truth. The truth is the immortal part of mind. Establish the truth in your mind, for the truth is the image of the eternal; it portrays the immutable; it reveals the everlasting; the truth gives unto mortals the boon of immortality . . .

If we liberate our souls from our petty selves, wish no ill to others, and become clear as a crystal diamond reflecting the light of truth, what a radiant picture will appear in us mirroring things as they are, without the admixture of burning desires, without the distortion of erroneous illusion, without the agitation of clinging and unrest . . .

The extinction of self is salvation; the annihilation of self is the condition of enlightenment; the blotting out of self is Nirvana."

Buddha, the Gospel, Paul Carus, 1894

Beyond the reception of the holy amulet of the immortal, the initiate must embrace the path of prayer. Different souls will experience this in many different ways, but the path of the prayer

encompasses all ways, which is why it is often embedded into a mystery which is almost always ingrained with the holy colors of the rainbow path; as a reminder of the many ways of seeing, the infinite mirrors and winds of perception, the many cultures and races of humankind which exist because God so deigned their status, and the fact that every one of these ways is legitimate and secure to the higher substance of the ascension path towards the Lord.

From the Mysteries of the Redemption

Beckoned towards a gateway I could not attain of my own merits, the Assisi Master Sage, who had taught the Assisi Marauders (and myself), 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."

The Mysteries of the Redemption: A Treatise on Out-of-Body Travel and Mysticism, Marilyn Hughes, The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation, 2003

From the Path of the Rainbow

“Ho! Aged One,
 At a time when there were gathered together seven
 persons,
 You sat in the seventh place, it is said,
 And of the Seven you alone possessed knowledge of
 all things,
 Aged Ho! Aged One,
 At a time when there were gathered together seven
 persons,
 You sat in the seventh place, it is said,
 And of the Seven you alone possessed knowledge of

all things,

Aged One, eçka.

When in their longing for protection and guidance,
The people sought in their minds for a way,
They beheld you sitting with assured permanency
and endurance . . .”

The Path of the Rainbow, George W. Cronin, 1918

Prayerful and astute, the initiate walks forth and is granted many more rituals and transitions from the karmic understanding into the eternal understanding.

That which is karmic is generally chaotic and unsure, whereas that which is eternal is generally filled with peace and assurance.

Perhaps an even simpler way to understand this, is that which remains of karma . . . is on the ground, purposeless and dead. That which becomes eternal . . . is of God, serves all life and all beings, and remains alive in all worlds.

The secret of immortality is life.

Whenever a soul marginalizes himself into the transient purposes of individual souls; he is serving karma. A soul who wishes to become immortal must first understand what Christ meant when He said, let the dead bury their dead.

Those who travel beyond the mortal worlds and into the immortal, achieving and designating the ascension as purpose for their own soul; are doing so for the purpose of many worlds. It is not an act which serves only the fate and destiny of one individual potency of light.

Remaining in prayer and the upper worlds of cognition and understanding, bequeath the eternal memory into the constant of the initiate so as to render him capable of waxing and waning a moon immortal into every life it so therefore may touch.

As to what this moon immortal may be, it remains a hidden mystery. For every soul, there is a light which could ignite its interiors to a higher journey beyond the infinite frays of mortality and the flesh.

But until a soul fully understands the true irrelevance of these forays and is able to cognize a grand hiatus into the higher worlds of the immortal and infinite being . . . it shall remain of the dead.

Let the dead bury their dead, let the living bring life and impetus to the spheres beyond all human understanding. And by thus so doing . . . let the living express and emote that which is of life unto those remaining earthbound, so that in energy they may at some point arise and cognize the elements of that which must come to pass and ordain the living element of spirit within the confines of mortal worlds.

By so doing, the initiate is bringing life to death. And death is losing its energetic hold upon the barriers of humankind and the mind of man which so tightly clings to delusions and illusions of the flesh.

The Rites of the Ascension are the harbingers of destiny and many ritual passages occur which are a sending forth, so to speak, of the initiate into the world of men to achieve something of living value within the mortal realm.

From the Mysteries of the Redemption

"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.

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From Ascension

"I feel My God Flame touch my brow,
The Breath of Love – eternal now,
I raise my eyes and lo, I see
My own Great God Self over me.

A dazzling cloud envelopes all,
I hear My Real God "Presence" call,
I feel a surge of Love's great might,
I enter deep its Breath – its Light.

I see within this Pulsing Flame,
I listen, and hear my Secret Name,
I feel the glow – the Great Flame Breath,
I am the Victor over death.

I stand forth free-Ascended now,
To my heart's Light, all things do bow:
I am a Being of Cause alone
And That Cause, Love – The Sacred Tone.”

Ascension, Chanera, 1934



Angel of the Ascension

From the Pistis Sophia

"And Jesus answered and said unto Mary: "Finely indeed dost thou question concerning all with precision and certainty. But hearken, Mary, that I may speak with thee about the consummation of the æon and the ascension of the universe. It will not yet take place; but I have said unto you: 'If I lead you into the region of the inheritances of those who shall receive the mystery of the Light, then will the Treasury of the Light, the region of the emanations, count for you as a speck of dust only and as the light of the sun by day.'

"I have therefore said: 'This will take place at the time of the consummation [and] of the ascension of the universe.' The twelve saviours of the Treasury and the twelve orders of every one of them, which are the emanations of the seven Voices and of the five Trees, they will be with me in the region of the inheritances of the Light; being kings with me in my kingdom, and every one of them being king over his emanations, and moreover every one of them being king according to his glory, the great according to his greatness and the little according to his littleness.

"And the saviour of the emanations of the first Voice will be in the region of the souls of those who have received the first mystery of the First Mystery in my kingdom.

"And the saviour of the emanations of the second Voice will be in the region of the souls of those who

have received the second mystery of the First Mystery.

"In like manner also will the saviour of the emanations of the third Voice be in the region of the souls of those who have received the third mystery of the First Mystery in the inheritances of the Light.

"And the saviour of the emanations of the fourth Voice of the Treasury of the Light will be in the region of the souls of those who have received the fourth mystery of the First Mystery in the inheritances of the Light.

"And the fifth saviour of the fifth Voice of the Treasury of the Light will be in the region of the souls of those who have received the fifth mystery of the First Mystery in the inheritances of the Light.

"And the sixth saviour of the emanations of the sixth Voice of the Treasury of the Light will be in the region of the souls of those who have received the sixth mystery of the First Mystery.

"And the seventh saviour of the emanations of the seventh Voice of the Treasury of the Light will be in the region of the souls of those who have received the seventh mystery of the First Mystery in the Treasury [*sic*] of the Light.

"And the eighth saviour, that is the saviour of the emanations of the first Tree of the Treasury of the Light, will be in the region of the souls of those who

have received the I eighth mystery of the First Mystery in the inheritances of the Light.

"And the ninth saviour, that is the saviour of the emanations of the second Tree of the Treasury of the Light, will be in the region of the souls of those who have received the ninth mystery of the First Mystery in the inheritances of the Light.

"And the tenth saviour, that is the saviour of the emanations of the third Tree of the Treasury of the Light, will be in the region of the souls of those who have received the tenth mystery of the First Mystery in the inheritances of the Light.

"In like manner also the eleventh saviour, that is the saviour of the fourth Tree of the Treasury of the Light, will be in the region of the souls of those who have received the eleventh mystery of the First Mystery in the inheritances of the Light.

"And the twelfth saviour, that is the saviour of the emanations of the fifth Tree of the Treasury of the Light, will be in the region of the souls of those who have received the twelfth mystery of the First Mystery in the inheritances of the Light.

And the seven Amēns and the five Trees and the three Amēns will be on my right, being kings in the inheritances of the Light. And the Twin-saviours, that is the Child of the Child, and the nine guards will bide also at my left, being kings in the inheritances of the Light.

"And every one of the saviours will rule over the orders of his emanations in the inheritances of the Light as they did also in the Treasury of the Light.

"And the nine guards of the Treasury of the Light will be superior to the saviours in the inheritances of the Light. And the Twin-saviours will be superior to the nine guards in the kingdom. And the three Amēns will be superior to the Twin-saviours in the kingdom. And the five Trees will be superior to the three Amēns in the inheritances of the Light.

"And . . .the guard of the veil of the Great Light, and the receiver of Light and the two great guides and the great Sabaōth, the Good, will be kings in the first saviour of the first Voice of the Treasury of the Light, [the saviour] who will be in the region of those who have received the first mystery of the First Mystery. For in sooth . . .the guard of the region of those of the Right and Melchisedec, the great receiver of the Light, and the two great guides have come forth out of the purified and utterly pure light of the first Tree up to the fifth.

" . . . in sooth is the overseer of the Light, who hath come forth first out of the pure light of the first Tree; on the other hand the guard of the veil of those of the Right hath come forth out of the second Tree; and the two guides again have come forth out of the pure and utterly purified light of the third and fourth Trees of the Treasury of the Light; Melchisedec again hath come forth out of the fifth Tree; on the other hand

Sabaōth, the Good, whom I have called my father, hath come forth out . . . the overseer of the Light.

"These six then by command of the First Mystery the last Helper hath caused to be in the region of those of the Right, for the economy of the ingathering of the upper light out of the æons of the rulers and out of the worlds and all races in them,--of every one of whom I will tell you the employment over which he hath been set in the expansion of the universe. Because, therefore, of the importance of the employment over which they have been set, they will be fellow-kings in the first [saviour] of the first Voice of the Treasury of the Light, who will be in the region of the souls of those who have received the first mystery of the First Mystery.

"And the Virgin of Light and the great guide of the Midst, whom the rulers of the æons are wont to call the Great . . . after the name of a great ruler who is in their region,--he and the Virgin of Light and his twelve ministers, from whom ye have received your shape and from whom ye have received the power, they all will be kings with the first saviour of the first Voice in the region of the souls of those who will receive the first mystery of the First Mystery in the inheritances of the Light.

"And the fifteen helpers of the seven virgins of the Light who are in the Midst, they will expand themselves in the regions of the twelve saviours, and the rest of the angels of the Midst, every one of them according to his glory, will rule with me in the

inheritances of the Light. And I shall rule over them all in the inheritances of the Light.

"All this then which I have said unto you, will not take place at this time, but it will take place at the consummation of the æon, that is at the ascension of the universe; that is at the dissolution of the universe and at the total ascension of the numbering of the perfect souls of the inheritances of the Light.

"Before the consummation, therefore, this which I have said unto you, will not take place, but every one will be in his own region, into which he hath been set from the beginning, until the numbering of the ingathering of the perfect souls is completed."

Pistis Sophia, G.R.S. Meade, 1921

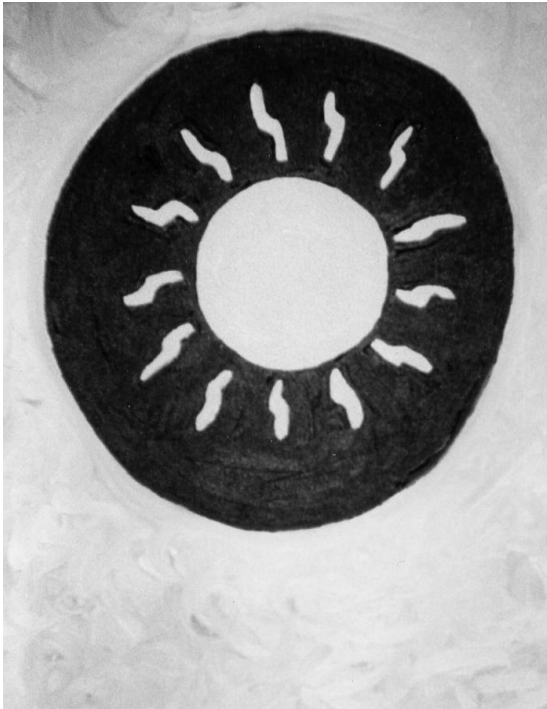
And the initiate who has been accepted upon the walkway of the ascension will be taken to witness the spectacle of the Universal Sun; from which all life emanates . . . Although this Sun may seem finite, within one sphere, it is actually infinite and it encompasses all spheres. And in this lies a mystery . . .

From the Mysteries of the Redemption

"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.

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The Universal Sun

From an Interpretation of the Emerald Tablets

"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, Doreal, 1992*

From the Changeless Nature

"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, Acarya Asanga, Arya,
Maitraya, 1985*

From Ascension

"I pour out Life – I lift, I raise,
My heart o'erflows and sings its praise,
My power strengthens and inspires,
My Great Light Rays are God's Own Fires.

I am a Sun, My Love – Its Light
All else grows dim – earth lost to sight;

I know I am just God – The One
The Source – The Great, Great Central Sun.

Ascension, Chanera, 1934

And the initiate passes through many windows and realms of perception which encompass the karmic thrust in order to become immortal and capable of transformation within themselves and others.

The initiate will have to attain and pass through the knowledge of 'The Book of the Drain of the Dragons,' which is a book of memory, karmic memory, which forces the initiate to delineate solidly between the path of memory and times long gone by, and the path of eternal truth, which is the forward motion required to enter into this seminal passage.

From the Mysteries of the Redemption

"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." . . .

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."

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And all that which needs to be ascended within the spirit shall be lifted up in a myriad of ways, through the initiations of the just, into the karmic spinning of

his own labyrinth, and beyond it into the immortal waters of peace . . . and there he shall remark of the great solitude which emerges from an ever constantly changing cosmos actualizing its element of timelessness upon the borders of all time.

And as those borders are heralded, the initiate will be taken into the mysteries of his own nightmare house – the karmic moments within his own history which have embedded his own in consciousness and form. And, thereby, by passing through the eternal road which bears no symbols of its crossing, those fetters are thus long gone to the initiate and regained as triumphant energetic patterns of forward movement beyond the ritualistic terror of the aforementioned night.

And so thus the ritual begins separating the karmic from that which is eternal within the initiate in every possible crevasse of misinterpretation and every potential or miniscule remnant of eternal fabric.

And during the seizing of this day of wisdom within the confines of the initiate, he comes upon the solid recollection that in reality – there is only one man and one woman . . . multiplicity is an illusion, unity is true and actual.

One man . . . one woman . . . two concepts of energy which must needs unite to create a unified source or godhead.

And then and only then, is it time for the initiate to be

brought into the great white brotherhood of all life.

And it is this brotherhood which seeks to teach the living of life and the dead of rebirth.

As with many of these mysteries, each initiate may experience this ritual in different way. In my own, I was taken to be among the great white brotherhood of the wolves.

From the Mysteries of the Redemption

"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.

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From the Mysteries of the Qabalah

"The Brotherhood of the White Lodge is a body of great men whose souls have been made perfect through suffering, they watch over humanity from their exalted planes on which their spiritual status enables them to live and pour down upon it knowledge and wisdom, and skill in the arts and crafts according as the world's Karma permits them to do so.

They are always affiliated to those organizations on earth whose members are single-minded, and true

hearted and genuinely desirous of the welfare of the race. Especially are they interested in the advancement of science, philosophy and religion . . . ”

The Mysteries of the Qabalah, Elias Gewurz, 1922

Although the only constant of the eternal is change, the initiate must unfold in his ascension as a changeless continuity . . . this is the twentieth mystery.

From the Srimad Bhagavad Gita

“The unreal never is. The Real never is not. Men possessed of the knowledge of the Truth fully know both these . . . That by which all this is pervaded,— That know for certain to be indestructible. None has the power to destroy this Immutable.

Of this indwelling Self, the ever-changeless, the indestructible, the illimitable,—these bodies are said to have an end . . .

Of that which is born, death is certain, of that which is dead, birth is certain. Over the unavoidable, therefore, thou oughtest not to grieve.

All beings are unmanifested in their beginning . . . manifested in their middle state and unmanifested

again in their end. What is there then to grieve about? . . .

Some look upon the Self as marvellous. Others speak of It as wonderful. Others again hear of It as a wonder. And still others, though hearing, do not understand It at all . . .

In this . . . there is but a single one-pointed determination.

The purposes of the undecided are innumerable and many-branching . . . But the self-controlled man, moving among objects with senses under restraint, and free from attraction and aversion, attains to tranquillity.

In tranquillity, all sorrow is destroyed. For the intellect of him who is tranquil-minded, is soon established in firmness.

No knowledge has the unsteady. Nor has he meditation. To the unmeditative there is no peace. And how can one without peace have happiness?

For, the mind which follows in the wake of the wandering senses, carries away his discrimination, as a wind (carries away from its course) a boat on the waters.

Therefore, O mighty-armed, his knowledge is steady, whose senses are completely restrained from their objects."

THE TWENTY FIRST MYSTERY
Initiations into the Holy Energies of the Saints and
the Final Entry of the Soul into the Realm of the
Ascended

Although Good and Evil Exist 'Within the Program',
When a Soul Achieves the Ascension and the
Immortal and Eternal Nature, Duality no Longer
Exists. As a Result, Darkness Becomes an Absence
and Light Becomes a Fullness



From the Mysteries of the Redemption

"Leading me to a sacred place where statues of immortal beings throughout time were displayed, Odyssey (My Higher Self) 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."

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From the Ancient Mysteries

"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, 1986*

To translate the Book of the Eights, the Book of the Immortals is, in essence; to translate the energies of the ascension, the immortal, the eternal into the soul of the initiate.

The soul begins the final usurpation of the soul into the winds of the ascension by translation of the book itself . . . which becomes the translation of the mortal soul into that which is immortal and brings it beyond the worldly maneuverings and liaisons which have held it back up to this juncture.

As the sevens represent the karmic pathways, the eights . . . are the immortal.

From the Acts of Thomas

“Come, mother of the seven houses, that thy rest may be in the eighth house.”

The Apocryphal New Testament, Acts of Thomas

As all ignitions and lightings have been accomplished, all flames accounted for within the condensed confines of the initiating soul; the fire must now be brought to full fruition.

Ironically, this full fruition achieves in actuality a compensation, a calming, a bequeathing.

One would think the rituals of the ascension might bring those flames to fuller light. But it is not so . . .

The rituals of the ascension will bring those flames to a serene companion element of fire; a collapsing wind which no longer seethes in its elements, but rather, begins the process of illumination and disbursement.

For an ascended master no longer belongs to himself, but to God. And the initiate who belongs to God, belongs to all of Creation. Therefore, the ritual passage into the ascension could not be of greater importance.

An enticed soul has been led into the parameters of the Almighty Will of God, his own will no longer bears any import.

The path of a karmic soul no longer lingers, although the soul will remain capable of falling into temptation at any time . . . in any place . . . within or without the confines of the mysteries. No soul is beyond temptation or falling . . .

It is said that a just man falls seven times a day, and if this be the case how many times a day must the rest of us fall? It is said that St. Joseph was a just man.

St. Joseph had passed well beyond this inner ring of the Ascension . . . Our Lord Jesus Christ into worlds beyond the fathoming of the initiate at the furthest height.

A just man will fall seven times . . . never forget this. For the initiate remains capable of falling much more than this despite his entry into the center of the mysteries, the spheres of the ascension . . .

*From the Life and Teaching of Thoth Hermes
Trismegistus*

"Then, being naked of all the accumulations of the seven Rings, the soul comes to the Eighth Sphere, namely, the ring of the fixed stars. Here, freed of all illusion, it dwells in the Light and sings praises to the Father in a voice which only the pure of spirit may understand. Behold, O Hermes, there is a great mystery in the Eighth Sphere, for the Milky Way is the seed-ground of souls, and from it they drop into

the Rings, and to the Milky Way they return again . . . But some cannot climb the seven-runged ladder of the Rings. So they wander in darkness below and are swept into eternity with the illusion of sense and earthiness.

"The path to immortality is hard, and only a few find it. The rest await the Great Day when the wheels of the universe shall be stopped and the immortal sparks shall escape from the sheaths of substance. Woe unto those who wait, for they must return again, unconscious and unknowing, to the seed-ground of stars, and await a new beginning. Those who are saved by the light of the mystery which I have revealed unto you, O Hermes, and which I now bid you to establish among men, shall return again to the Father who dwelleth in the White Light, and shall deliver themselves up to the Light and shall be absorbed into the Light, and in the Light they shall become Powers in God. This is the Way of *Good* and is revealed only to them that have wisdom."

*The Life and Teachings of Thoth Hermes
Trismegistus, Manly P. Hall, 1928 (The Secret
Teachings of All Ages)*

There is yet another thing that is often said. He who lives by the sword must die by the sword. But how awestruck must he be when he awakens into a world beyond his fathoming and thus learns that he who dies by the sword must then live again to retrieve a

golden angel.

And for what purpose?



From the Mysteries of the Redemption

"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.

The Mysteries of the Redemption: A Treatise on Out-of-Body Travel and Mysticism, Marilynn Hughes, The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation, 2003

From Fictitious and Symbolic Creatures in Art

"ANGEL is the name, not of an order of beings, but of an office, and means messenger: wherefore angels are represented YOUNG to show their continued strength, and WINGED to show their unweariedness; WITHOUT SANDALS, for they do not belong to the earth; and GIRT, to show their readiness to go forth and execute the will of God. Their garments are either WHITE, to denote their purity, or GOLDEN, to show their sanctity and glory . . ."

Fictitious and Symbolic Creatures in Art, John Vinycomb, 1909

And so again lies in these mysterious forays into existence, the masculine and feminine elements must unite in order to create that which is of its greatest and highest potential, the final unity of the initiate.

Unity comes with or without such a parallel partner of the opposite sex on the ground. For this union of masculine and feminine qualities and attainments will occur within a soul initiating into the highest mysteries of God whether they remain alone on the ground or within the confines of a marital union of sorts.

These are energies and qualities which the initiate must attain and uphold; not individual destinies of couples or matings.

The quantity of the fullness of God contains within the elements of both that which is masculine and feminine; the masculine again sheds the veil of protection and upholds the vision towards the final initiation and goal, whereas the feminine harbors the creative emanation of soul.

As this soul has now entered the realm of the Golden Angels, the initiate must be graduated into the Four Flames: the Violet, Blue, Green and Red.

From Fictitious and Symbolic Creatures in Art

“The APPARELS, or borders of their robes, are jewelled

with SAPPHIRE for "celestial contemplation"; RUBY, "divine love"; CRYSTAL, "purity"; EMERALD, "unfading youth."

*Fictitious and Symbolic Creatures in Art, John
Vinycomb, 1909*

The Mysteries of the Redemption

"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 (My Higher Self).

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."

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And the white wolf, the initiate who has entered into the great white brotherhood of life' in having given of his very life-force to aid the darkness in seeking light has been automatically and vaporously received in the Clan of Realized Potential.

From Emanuel Swedenborg

"This faith is first set forth in a universal and in a particular form, that it may serve as a preface set before the work that follows, also as a gate giving

entrance to a temple, and as a summary, containing in their own mode the particulars that succeed. It is called the faith of the New Heaven and of the New Church because heaven which is the abode of angels, and the church which is made up of men, act as a one, like the internal and the external man; consequently the man of the church who is in the good of love from the truths of faith and in the truths of faith from the good of love, is, in respect to the interiors of his mind, an angel of heaven; and being such he after death enters heaven and there enjoys happiness in proportion to the state of conjunction of his love and faith. Let it be known that in the New Heaven, which the Lord is now establishing, this faith is its preface, gate, and summary . . .

The Lord from eternity, who is Jehovah, came into the world to subjugate the hells and to glorify His Human; and without this no mortal could have been saved; and those are saved who believe in Him. This is called the faith in its universal form, because this is the universal principle of faith; and the universal principle of faith must be in each thing and in all things of it. It is a universal principle of faith that God is one in essence and in person, in whom is a Divine trinity, and that He is the Lord God the Savior Jesus Christ. It is a universal principle of faith that no mortal could have been saved unless the Lord had come into the world. It is a universal principle of faith that He came into the world to remove hell from man, and that He did remove it by means of contests with it and victories over it, and thereby He subdued it and

reduced it to order and made it obedient to Himself. It is a universal principle of faith that He came into the world to glorify His Human which He took on in the world, that is, to unite it with the Divine from which [are all things], and thereby He eternally holds hell in order and under obedience to Himself. As this could be accomplished only by means of temptations admitted into His Human, even to the last of them, which was the passion of the cross, He endured even that. These are the universal principles of faith relating to the Lord. The universal principle of faith on man's part is that he should believe in the Lord; for by believing in Him there is conjunction with Him and thereby salvation. To believe in the Lord is to have confidence that He saves; and as only those who live rightly can have this confidence, this, too, is meant by believing in Him. And this the Lord teaches in John: This is the Father's will, that everyone that believeth in the Son may have eternal life (John 6:40); and again: He that believeth in the Son hath eternal life; but he that believeth not in the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him (John 3:36) .

..

Jehovah God is love itself and wisdom itself, or is good itself and truth itself; and in respect to Divine truth, which is the Word, and which was God with God, He came down and took on the Human for the purpose of reducing to order all things that were in heaven, and all things in hell, and all things in the church; because at that time the power of hell prevailed over the power of heaven, and upon the

earth the power of evil over the power of good, and in consequence a total damnation stood threatening at the door. This impending damnation Jehovah God removed by means of His Human, which was Divine truth, and thus He redeemed angels and men, and thereupon He united, in His Human, Divine truth with Divine good or Divine wisdom with Divine love; and so, with and in His glorified Human, He returned into His Divine in which He was from eternity. All this is meant by these words in John: The Word was with God, and God was the Word. And the Word became flesh (1:1, 14); and in the same: I came out from the Father and am come into the world; again I leave the world and go unto the Father (16:28); and also by these words: We know that the Son of God is come, and has given us understanding that we may know the True; and we are in the True, in His Son Jesus Christ. He is the true God and life eternal (1 John 5:20). From these words it is clear that without the Lord's coming into the world no one could have been saved. It is the same today; and therefore without the Lord's coming again into the world in Divine truth, which is the Word, no one can be saved."

*True Christian Religion, Emanuel Swedenborg, 1707,
Translated, John C. Ager, 1906*

In his ascending through Christ's having descended, the initiate receives into his hands water of life-giving light which form as bodies of water unable to

separate, to part or to constrict.

The hands, when filled with the life-giving waters, may be compared to the oceans of the world. Spread out upon the infinite stairsteps of the initiates hands; they are strenuously invigorated with the principalities and powers of the good, of the immortal, of the life-sustaining.

The Initiate has become ascendant and his life no longer belongs to anyone but God. All who tarry near him, try to distract, attempt to dissuade, folly at destruction . . . will face the wrath of the world to come. For it has been spoken in the silent realms of the immortals . . . and once it has been spoken, it cannot be taken back.

No words are necessary. Within the hands of the initiate, the waters form. And within those waters, lights collate. And within those lights, power comes forth. And within that power, the initiate ascends.

From Dante's Paradise

With light so lively, that the tremulous beam
 Shall quiver where it falls. Within the heaven,
 Where peace divine inhabits, circles round
 A body, in whose virtue lies the being
 Of all that it contains. The following Heaven,
 That hath so many lights, this being divides,

Through different essences, from it distinct,
 And yet contain'd within it. The other orbs
 Their separate distinctions variously
 Dispose, for their own seed and produce apt.
 Thus do these organs of the world proceed,
 As thou beholdest now, from step to step;
 Their influences from above deriving,
 And thence transmitting downward. Mark me well;
 How through this passage to the truth I ford,
 The truth thou lovest; that thou henceforth, alone,
 Mayst know to keep the shallows, safe, untold.

Paradiso, Dante, Canto II

And continuing to prepare for the final word which if uttered will contain within it the final repose of this soul. His destiny will be sealed, so therein he must transverse every vital element of the past, future and present into the all encompassing veil of the immortal.

There is no more time for passing, the initiate must confront the final vestiges of a worldly soul and transfer it into the translucent forces of immortality.

From the Mysteries of the Redemption

"A disturbing rite, the 'Maze of Passages' was a very bizarre initiation wherein there was almost a vortex of

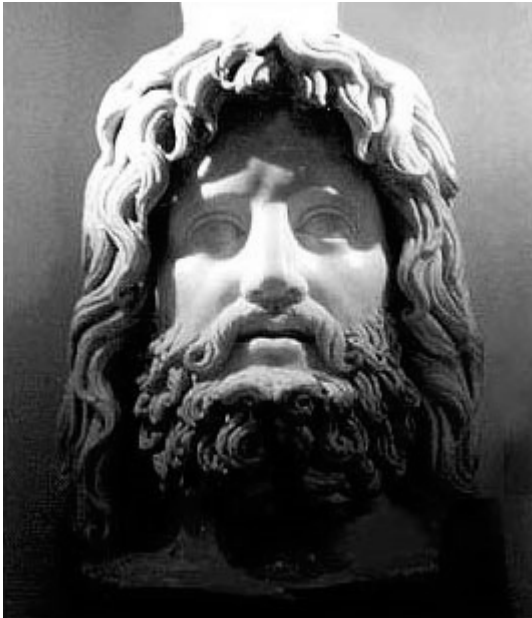
constant motion. Various choices and potential paths appeared before me as if in a constant stream. Constantly moving, I made choices to go one way, found it incorrect, turned around, found another, picked a different direction . . . water crossings, the field of childhood dreams and nightmares, lenses 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.”

The Mysteries of the Redemption: A Treatise on Out-of-Body Travel and Mysticism, Marilynn Hughes, The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation, 2003

From the Secret Teachings of All Ages

“The Egyptian secret school of philosophy was divided into the Lesser and the Greater Mysteries, the former being sacred to Isis and the latter to Serapis and Osiris. Wilkinson is of the opinion that only the priests were permitted to enter the Greater Mysteries. Even the heir to the throne was not eligible until he had been crowned Pharaoh, when, by virtue of his kingly office, he automatically became a priest and the temporal head of the state religion. A limited number were admitted into the Greater Mysteries: these preserved their secrets inviolate.

Much of the information concerning the rituals of the higher degrees of the Egyptian Mysteries has been gleaned from an examination of the chambers and passageways in which the initiations were given. Under the temple of Serapis destroyed by Theodosius were found strange mechanical contrivances constructed by the priests in the subterranean crypts and caverns where the nocturnal initiatory rites were celebrated. These machines indicate the severe tests of moral and physical courage undergone by the candidates. After passing through these tortuous ways, the neophytes who survived the ordeals were ushered into the presence of Serapis, a noble and awe-inspiring figure illumined by unseen lights . . .



Bust of Serapis

Labyrinths were also a striking feature in connection with the Rice of Serapis, and E. A. Wallis Budge, in his *Gods of the Egyptians* . . . Labyrinths (or mazes) were symbolic of the involvements and illusions of the lower world through which wanders the soul of man in its search for truth. In the labyrinth dwells the lower animal man with the head of the bull, who seeks to destroy the soul entangled in the maze of worldly ignorance. In this relation Serapis becomes the Tryer or Adversary who tests the souls of those seeking union with the Immortals."

The Secret Teachings of All Ages, Manly P. Hall, 1928

And thus culminates the entry of the twin, the masculine or feminine counterpart in spirit to complete the ascension of the finality of energies to fruition. The initiate will stand before the Council, who visions the seeker only by his heart, and thus, by no earthly concerns will the soul be rendered.

Various forays into past, future, present existence begin; along with forays into all existence, in order to bring within the immortalizing initiate the death of final multiplicity.

The Master of the Key arrives to pronounce and proclaim upon the soul the golden key. With this reception comes the final understanding and infinite clarification of the Universal Sphere of Realms, the map of the Universes held within the souls of the

immortals as their gateway and key to traveling from any one world to any other.

And as the ascension is a specific ritual which can only be attained unto beyond the mortal and worldly realms of third and fourth dimensional existence, there is no falling into it without first having passed through the mysterious doors of death itself.

The initiate, in order to complete his ascension, must then die.

From the Mysteries of the Redemption

“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."

The Mysteries of the Redemption: A Treatise on Out-of-Body Travel and Mysticism, Marilynn Hughes, The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation, 2003

From the Ancient Mysteries

"I approached the confines of death . . . and borne through the elements I returned."

The Ancient Mysteries, The Egyptian Mysteries of Isis and Osiris, B.C.

In the return of the initiate back to full living potential within the confines of a physically confined mechanism, the now ascended master must stand before the Almighty God and accept responsibility for the past, present, current and future potentialities within his realm. In so doing, he takes on responsibility for all 'life.' In so doing, he takes on responsibility, for all that remains of 'death.' In so doing, he accepts the immortal task of providing assistance to those who remain below.

And because his existence is now confined within the sphere of all-beingness; the initiate may do so from the finite capacity of his mortal body.

The golden flame of God descends into the now descended spirit; and the initiate becomes capable of altering that which has been, that which is to come, and that which will be.

His living beingness is now capable of altering life and death; bringing that which remains in the realms of potential into the phonetic and comprehensive

spheres of fulfillment.

From the Mysteries of the Redemption

"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."

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From an Interpretation of the Emerald Tablets

"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, Doreal, 1936*

From the Hidden Power

"SEPARATION AND UNITY

"THE prince of this world cometh, and hath nothing in Me" (John xiv, 30). In these words the Grand Master of Divine Science gives us the key to the Great Knowledge. Comparison with other passages shows that the terms here rendered "prince" and "world" can equally be rendered "principle" and "age." Jesus is here speaking of a principle of the present age so entirely opposed to that principle of which he himself was the visible expression, as to have no part in him. It is the utter contradiction of everything that Jesus came to teach and to exemplify. The account Jesus gave of himself was that he came "to bear witness to the Truth," and in order that men "might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly"; consequently the principle to which he refers must be the exact opposite of Truth and Life--that is, it must be the principle of Falsehood and Death.

What, then, is this false and destructive principle which rules the present age? If we consider the gist of the entire discourse of which these are the concluding words, we shall find that the central idea which Jesus has been most strenuously endeavouring to impress upon his disciples at their last meeting before the

crucifixion, is that of the absolute identity and out-and-out oneness of "the Father" and "the Son," the principle of the perfect unity of God and Man. If this, then, was the great Truth which he was thus earnestly solicitous to impress upon his disciples' minds when his bodily presence was so shortly to be removed from them--the Truth of Unity--may we not reasonably infer the opposing falsehood to be the assertion of separateness, the assertion that God and man are not one? The idea of separateness is precisely the principle on which the world has proceeded from that day to this--the assumption that God and man are not one in being, and that the matter is of a different essence from spirit. In other words, the principle that finds favour with the intellectuality of the present age is that of duality--the idea of two powers and two substances opposite in kind, and, therefore, repugnant to each other, permeating all things, and so leaving no wholeness anywhere.

The entire object of the Bible is to combat the idea of two opposing forces in the world. The good news is said to be that of "reconciliation" (2 Cor. v. 18), where also we are told that "all things are from God," hence leaving no room for any other power or any other substance; and the great falsehood, which it is the purpose of the Good News to expose, is everywhere in the Bible proclaimed to be the suggestion of duality, which is some other mode of Life, that is not the One Life, but something separate from it--an idea which it is impossible to state distinctly without involving a contradiction in terms. Everywhere the

Bible exposes the fiction of the duality of separation as the great lie . . .

It is an established maxim that every unity contains in itself a trinity, just as the individual man consists of body, soul, and spirit. If we would perfectly understand anything, we must be able to comprehend it in its threefold nature . . .

Because separateness from God, or the duality of opposition, which is also a duality of polarity, which is Dual-Unity, recognises something as having essential being, which is not the One Spirit; and such a conception can be verbally rendered only by some word that in common acceptance represents something, not only lower than the divine, but lower than the human also. It is because the conception of oneself as a being apart from God, if carried out to its legitimate consequences, must ultimately land all who hold it in a condition of things where open ferocity or secret cunning, the tiger nature or the serpent nature, can be the only possible rule of action.

Thus it is that the principle of the present age can have no part in that principle of Perfect Wholeness which the Great Master embodied in His teaching and in Himself. The two ideas are absolutely incompatible, and whichever we adopt as our leading principle, it must be to the entire exclusion of the other; we cannot serve God and Mammon. There is no such thing as partial wholeness. Either we are still in the principle of Separateness, and our eyes are not yet open to the real nature of the Kingdom of Heaven;

or else we have grasped the principle of Unity without any exception anywhere, and the One Being includes all, the body and the soul alike, the visible form and the invisible substance and life of all equally; nothing can be left out, and we stand complete here and now . . . “

The Hidden Power, Thomas Troward, 1921

From the Mysteries of the Redemption

“As I stood amongst a crowd of hundreds, despite my wretchedness, the Lord still saw fit to allow me to wear the white robe of Essene training that Christ had given to me. Even so, I felt extreme sadness, as the sins I had committed against my Father seemed too great to bear. Offending Him, offended me. Remorse total, I'd sunk into a state of total depression.

Off in the distance, I saw Jesus administering to the multitudes. Turning, He came to me. "You know why I am so pleased with you, Marilyn." "I do?" "Yes." Looking down, I bowed in shame. "You could not possibly be, my Lord. I have sinned against my Father with selfishness and pride." Christ smiled. "The wretchedness you feel is an essential part of purification, but it is not how you are perceived by your Father." "Oh?" I replied softly, as His beautiful lips formed a smile. Taking my hand, we flew through the white ether. "I'm taking you to meet one of the messiah's," He said.

Sitting upon a rock, Christ conveyed the importance of a man who had lived during the 20th century in Europe without renown. Recently, he had passed over.

Calling him a messiah, the man began to speak of my recent initiations, when he suddenly paused and spoke very slowly. "You know, I wanted to be a professional tennis player." Remembering my own desire to be a professional musician, I listened carefully. "But then I took ill." Realizing our similar plight, I noticed that he paused for a very long time. "The Lord has a way of healing us," he said. Stopping, he turned as if to leave, but for a moment looked my way again. "Then I became a messiah to the people." He disappeared.

God's will is unseen and moves mysteriously to the ways of the world. Christ placed me back into my body, and He was gone. "

The Mysteries of the Redemption: A Treatise on Out-of-Body Travel and Mysticism, Marilyn Hughes, The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation, 2003

Although good and evil exist 'within the program', when a soul achieves the ascension and the eternal nature, duality no longer exists. As a result, darkness becomes an absence and light becomes a fullness . . . this is the twenty first mystery.

From Fragments of a Faith Forgotten

"Now it is called the Boundary because it bounds off the deficiency (*hysterēma*) from the perfection (*plērōma*); again it is called the Partaker, because it partakes of the deficiency; and also the Cross [stake or stock], because it is fixed immovable and unchangeable [*lit.* without repentance or change of mind]; so that nothing of the deficiency should approach the æons within the Plērōma."

It is difficult to reconcile the various characteristics of this great boundary as given by Hippolytus. It (The Last Limit) is of course the Great Firmament or Limitary Spirit of Basilides, and the Last Limit of the *Pistis Sophia* . . . It was there that the glorious "robe of power" had been left behind, when the Saviour descended for the regeneration of the cosmos without the Plērōma, and with which he was again clothed at his final initiation, after perfecting his task, as magnificently set forth in the opening pages of the manuscript. This is the Limit "against which none shall prevail," until the Day Be-with-us, the Day of Come-unto-us of the so-called *Book of the Dead* and the Askew Codex (Extracts of the Books of the Saviour) -- the day of final initiation or perfecting for the rare individuals who have made themselves worthy to become gods or christs (and thus a day which perpetually is), but for the average mass of humanity the end of the world-cycle when all things pass into *pralaya*, as Indian philosophy calls it (and thus the final consummation of the present universe).

This "robe of power" is presumably the highest spiritual body, or *principium individuitatis*, which participates of the divine and human natures, that is to say, opens up the realms of the divine world to the man, and makes him a partaker of eternal being. Thus its living symbol is a **O**, the reflection of the body, or self-limitation, of the sexless Heavenly Man, the Logos, whereby He limits Himself and crucifies Himself for the good of humanity. Lower down in the scale of being this becomes the dead symbol of the orthodox cross (**+**), the man of sex.

It is to be noticed that this Limit is due to the Father alone, and by its means He consummates and perfects the whole of the divine world of æons, which accordingly become one entity, the Living Æon, to every creation outside the Plērōma."

Fragments of a Faith Forgotten, G.R.S. Mead, 1900

THE TWENTY SECOND MYSTERY**Rites of the Medicine and the Alteration of Reality**

No Soul may Proceed Forth Until They have Learned to Give Back That Which has Been Taken From the High Frequency Energetic Flow of Evolution, and to Restore that Which has Been Lost Within Humankind Below



And therein the ascended soul enters into the pathway of life itself, which renders the soul appropriate and hard won for the assistance of others.

All that has been given to the initiate will now be compiled, organized, understood, proclaimed . . . and every initiatory energy will be processed into a force for good which emanates from the initiate himself.

Regardless of the fact that karmic and sinful thrust actually still does remain at this juncture, the soul has

taken in enough of the ritual force through energetic initiation to be prepared to now openly transcribe these experiences into a proper moral guideline upon the ground.

Because the karmic soul and the soul attached to sinful nature have continued to experience karma hitting the ground as the initiations have taken place; there remains a heightened sense of virtue and vice which must be embraced, enlightened . . . and finally enlivened into a powerful force for evolution; no longer only for the initiates individual soul, but for world and many world evolution.

In essence, the spirit is now entering into the realms of creation and essence, from which he has thus been served. And now he enters to learn from the great one's who linger beyond the veil to construct the evolutionary paradigms which have not yet reached the subconscious mind of the common man.

He is yet to serve, but he is entering the path which will lead to his ability to serve in the capacities in which he has thus been served.

He will now prepare to give back to creation that which has been given to him.

From the Mysteries of the Redemption

"My child, you are sleeping." His voice rang out as if echoed through time, as my spirit began waking in another realm. "You seek to know?" The Indian Chief asked. "What?" I responded, confused as my vision was still cloudy and distant.

His face was worn from time and harsh weather, and his long black hair was braided. Many beads were about his neck. "Tell them my story." He said, as I felt the reverence of this soul. "Walk the pathway with me." "The pathway?" I asked, "I'm not sure what you mean." "But you will my dear traveler. Beyond the gateway, beyond the ascension is the knowledge of life. Walk with me."

With great respect, I awakened, stood and looked this spirit in his eyes which visioned deep knowledge to me. "Who are you?" I calmly asked, feeling the familiarity of this soul. "I am Chief Joseph." Reaching his hand towards me, I remembered him. "I will tell your story, I will walk with you."

He began to speak, and I listened . . .

"I was born as particle of light. My mother was the Universe, my father, a star; an idea born of life, becoming life, to seek life. No man came before me, but myself. No thought entered reality without my knowing. I was one."

"Then came the scattering, when clarity became confusion. Light became darkness, love became

hatred. I'd never traveled that road before, when my fellow life became a destroyer of life. My brothers became my enemies, my sisters, the hunted."

"Everything was confused then, and I sought to understand. What had changed? Why had the harmony been broken into chaos? Where could I retrieve that seed of life that began it all, and save the world I perceived as my own? For years, I fought their battles, their wars, defending the peace I so missed from my heart. And then one day . . . I stopped. I was Chief Joseph of the Nez Perce, now . . . I am life. I exist in a new world, a new reality, where the seeking is sacred."

The Mysteries of the Redemption: A Treatise on Out-of-Body Travel and Mysticism, Marilyn Hughes, The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation, 2003

From the Knowledge of the Higher Worlds and its Attainment

"Preparation consists in a strict and definite cultivation of the life of thought and feeling, through which the psycho-spiritual body becomes equipped with higher senses and organs of activity in the same way that natural forces have fitted the physical body with organs built out of indeterminate living matter.

To begin with, the attention of the soul is directed to certain events in the world that surrounds us. Such

events are, on the one hand, life that is budding, growing, and flourishing, and on the other hand, all phenomena connected with fading, decaying, and withering. The student can observe these events simultaneously, wherever he turns his eyes and on every occasion they naturally evoke in him feelings and thoughts; but in ordinary circumstances he does not devote himself sufficiently to them. He hurries on too quickly from impression to impression. It is necessary, therefore, that he should fix his attention intently and consciously upon these phenomena. Wherever he observes a definite kind of blooming and flourishing, he must banish everything else from his soul, and entirely surrender himself, for a short time, to this one impression. He will soon convince himself that a feeling which heretofore in a similar case, would merely have flitted through his soul, now swells out and assumes a powerful and energetic form. He must now allow this feeling to reverberate quietly within himself while keeping inwardly quite still. He must cut himself off from the outer world, and simply and solely follow what his soul tells him of this blossoming and flourishing.

Yet it must not be thought that much progress can be made if the senses are blunted to the world. First look at the things as keenly and as intently as you possibly can; then only let the feeling which expands to life, and the thought which arises in the soul, take possession of you. The point is that the attention should be directed with perfect inner balance upon both phenomena. If the necessary tranquility be

attained and you surrender yourself to the feeling which expands to life in the soul, then, in due time, the following experience will ensue. Thoughts and feelings of a new kind and unknown before will be noticed uprising in the soul. Indeed, the more often the attention be fixed alternately upon something growing, blossoming and flourishing, and upon something else that is fading and decaying, the more vivid will these feelings become. And just as the eyes and ears of the physical body are built by natural forces out of living matter, so will the organs of clairvoyance build themselves out of the feelings and thoughts thus evoked. A quite definite form of feeling is connected with growth and expansion, and another equally definite with all that is fading and decaying. But this is only the case if the effort be made to cultivate these feelings in the way indicated. It is possible to describe approximately what these feelings are like. A full conception of them is within the reach of all who undergo these inner experiences.

If the attention be frequently fixed on the phenomena of growing, blooming and flourishing, a feeling remotely allied to the sensation of a sunrise will ensue, while the phenomena of fading and decaying will produce an experience comparable, in the same way, to the slow rising of the moon on the horizon. Both these feelings are forces which, when duly cultivated and developed to ever increasing intensity, lead to the most significant spiritual results. A new world is opened to the student if he systematically and deliberately surrenders himself to such feelings.

The soul-world, the so-called astral plane, begins to dawn upon him. Growth and decay are no longer facts which make indefinite impressions on him as of old, but rather they form themselves into spiritual lines and figures of which he had previously suspected nothing. And these lines and figures have, for the different phenomena, different forms. A blooming flower, an animal in the process of growth, a tree that is decaying, evoke in his soul different lines. The soul world (astral plane) broadens out slowly before him. These lines and figures are in no sense arbitrary. Two students who have reached the corresponding stage of development will always see the same lines and figures under the same conditions. Just as a round table will be seen as round by two normal persons, and not as round by one and square by the other, so too, at the sight of a flower, the same spiritual figure is presented to the soul. And just as the forms of animals and plants are described in ordinary natural history, so too, the spiritual scientist describes or draws the spiritual forms of the process of growth and decay, according to species and kind.

If the student has progressed so far that he can perceive the spiritual forms of those phenomena which are physically visible to his external sight, he is then not far from the stage where he will behold things which have no physical existence, and which therefore remain entirely hidden (occult) from those who have not received suitable instruction and training.

It should be emphasized that the student must never lose himself in speculations on the meaning of one thing or another. Such intellectualizing will only draw him away from the right road. He should look out on the world with keen, healthy senses and quickened power of observation, and then give himself up to the feeling that arises within him. He should not try to make out, through intellectual speculation, the meaning of things, but rather allow the things to disclose themselves. It should be remarked that artistic feeling, when coupled with a quiet introspective nature, forms the best preliminary condition for the development of spiritual faculties. This feeling pierces through the superficial aspect of things, and in so doing touches their secrets.

*Knowledge of the Higher Worlds and its Attainment,
Rudolph Steiner, 1947*

And so the root cause now becomes the simplistic understanding of that which corresponds to the energies of life, and that which corresponds to the energies of death.

In order to do this, the soul has to awake from his own death, and awake from his remaining delusions connected to his past multiplicities.

From the Mysteries of the Redemption

"Awaking from death silently, the distant wailing of a woman could be heard. Looking around him, he could see no one but the whimpering sadness he felt alarmed him. All was dark and black, nothing existed here, it seemed. Suddenly, he could not breathe. As Chief Joseph looked up, a huge entity had placed its hands over his mouth. Fighting for air, Joseph suddenly realized he no longer needed to breathe in the same way. Still the entity continued as though he was trying to extinguish his soul. Raging at this violation of life, Joseph threw his arms back, lunging backward and away from him. Now the entity stood in front of Joseph with a threatening glare.

In the distance, he could hear the whimpering cry of a woman, but he could not yet find its source. This lone and distant song of a mournful soul touched him, and he wanted to help. Suddenly, a train carrying the souls of those who had died to the spirit whizzed by him, the blaring engine and the cries of these lost souls were humbling and horrid. "They seek the dead side," a voice with no apparent owner spoke. Their moans and cries for help hurt his soul terribly, for in this state he could truly feel all their pain, even though it had been self-inflicted. "Why?!" He cried out to their fear-laden faces, "Why do you seek to maintain death?!" The black around their eyes was haunting, and there was no response, no change.

Without warning, the large entity lunged forward again, as Joseph called out to it in absolute rage. "As long as I AM, no one will violate my life!" The entity

didn't budge, and Joseph didn't know what to do. To become dead, you must become complacent in thought, acting on impulse without regard for the harm you cause, and without regard for reason or higher purpose. In disregarding life, you choose death, and Joseph was not about to choose this horrid state.

"In the name of the spirit, I demand that you leave my presence, I choose life!" Joseph called out as the entities energy began to lessen. Another hand took his own, but he could not see the formless image of the spirit who had come to retrieve him. Repeating Joseph's words to the dark entity who had tried to take Joseph in the moment of death, the formless image said, "In the name of the spirit, I demand that you leave our presence."

A whirlwind of light cascaded about him as the formless image began to become visible. Appearing in a white hooded robe, it was . . . no, could it be? The Angel of Ascension! Joseph felt calm now, knowing his life-force was no longer in jeopardy from the dark one.

Celebrations ensued in the colorful place where Joseph had been taken. Swirls of colors tore across the sky in a rainbow of energy. Before him stood someone he'd known, but couldn't place in his mind. "I cannot remember your name, old friend." Joseph bowed his head in shame. "Your memory of me is not of this life, but another," his friend replied, "you'll

remember me as Daniel . . . Daniel Pierce."

Suddenly Joseph became extremely uncomfortable, but why, he didn't understand. Within his stomach, he began to feel that he might become sick, but Daniel took Joseph's hand and spoke quietly. "It is forgiven, brother. As life was taken from your tribe, you once took life from me." Joseph's eyes began to tear as his memory slowly came back, but Daniel had no feelings of animosity. "We will now seek life together, as one," he said.

Suddenly Joseph was alone sitting amongst a plain of long dried grass. A tunnel appeared in the distance, and a man came from within it dressed oddly for Joseph's sensibilities. As he approached, Joseph recognized the symbols he wore, that of a Catholic priest. Many of these men had come into their camps speaking of their God, trying to save their souls. Sadness filled Joseph as he remembered how they had always come before the slaughter.

Looking somber, as if to say, "I'm sorry," the man came this time without a bible, but held his hands out to Joseph in peace. "How many?" The priest said. "Too many." Joseph replied. As the priest sat down, he reflected another question to Joseph. "How many groups of people have been set apart in the name of religion?" Perplexed, Joseph looked deeply into the eyes of this priest, when suddenly the field all around them became a battleground between the religions and the people. Groups came forward from every

direction, all who stood apart because of their race, beliefs, imperfections, illnesses, karma or any difference to the one acceptable human that this man's religion would allow.

Crying, the priest lowered his head, as Chief Joseph stooped to look upon him. Intrigued by his sadness, he asked, "Is this not what you wanted?" "No, I wanted life, but this is what I have done!" The priest was ashamed. "But why did you do it?" Joseph asked. "I don't know, I really don't know." "Was it out of ignorance, perhaps you didn't understand?" Joseph replied, trying to make him feel better. "I wish I could claim ignorance," sighed the priest, "but I cannot." "Why is this?" Joseph said. "Because I did not question, I followed," the priest was distant, lost in his thoughts, "and in following, I denied life. If I had asked my heart, it would have told me that this was not honoring life, that this was wrong."

Rising from the ground, the two looked on, as the groups of people who had been set apart disappeared. Joseph quietly took the priest's hand to help him, and said, "My brother, may we now honor life together? The sun is setting, a new day awaits. All of us have been guilty in one lifetime or another of not properly honoring that which was sacred. Perhaps we can seek understanding together?" Unable to speak, the priest took Joseph's hand as they walked towards the sun."

The Mysteries of the Redemption: A Treatise on Out-of-Body Travel and Mysticism, Marilynn Hughes,

The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation, 2003

From Acvagosha

“By this we mean that all Bodhisattvas (enlightenment beings), by their aspiration and discipline, will be able to attain to the reason that made all Tathâgatas (The Buddha, or ‘One Who has Thus Come’) perceive the path.

Briefly stated, there are three kinds of aspiration: (1) Aspiration through the perfection of faith; (2) Aspiration through knowledge and practice; (3) Aspiration through intellectual intuition.

By whom, and by which deeds, can faith be perfected and can the aspiration be awakened?

Now the people who belong to the group of inconstancy by virtue of their root of merit, which has a perfuming power, firmly believe in the retribution of karma, practise the ten virtues, loathe the sufferings of birth and death, seek after the most excellent enlightenment and seeing Buddhas and Bodhisattvas they wait on them, make offerings to them, discipline themselves in many [meritorious] deeds; and after the lapse of ten thousand kalpas (eons), their faith will finally be perfected.

Since then either by virtue of the instruction received from Buddhas and Bodhisattvas, or on account of

their deep compassion, or from their desire to preserve the right doctrine against its corruption, their aspiration [to the highest truth] will be awakened.

After having awakened the aspiration they will enter into the group of constant truth and never relapse, always abiding in the essence of the Buddha-seed and identifying themselves with its excellent principle.

There is, however, a certain class of people whose root of merit from time immemorial is poor, and whose prejudices are intense, deeply veiling their minds. Such people, even if they see Buddhas and Bodhisattvas, wait on them, and make offerings to them, will sow merely the seeds of men . . .

Some of them, happening to see Buddhas and Bodhisattvas, may make offerings to them, wait on them, practise many [meritorious] deeds, and, while ten thousand mahâkalpas (æons) are not yet elapsed, may meantime come into some favorable circumstances and thereby awake aspiration. What are those favorable circumstances? For instance, they may witness the personal figure of a Buddha, or may make some offerings to the congregation of priests, or may . . . be instructed or may be moved by seeing others aspire [to the highest truth].

But this kind of aspiration as a rule is not constant. In case they come into unfavorable circumstances, they may happen to fall down . . .

Now, briefly speaking, three faculties of the soul will be awakened by the perfection of faith: (1) rightness of comprehension [lit., right, straight mind], for it truthfully and intuitively contemplates suchness; (2) profundity of virtue [lit., deep, heavy mind], for it rejoices in accumulating all good deeds; (3) greatness of compassion, for it desires to uproot the miseries of all beings.

It may be asked whether there is ever any need for one to discipline oneself in all good deeds and to try to save mankind, since all sentient beings as well as all things in the world, abiding in the oneness of the universe that has no second, will, as can be logically inferred, have nothing to do but calmly to contemplate suchness.

In reply we say, yes. Because the mind may be likened unto a precious jewel which is pure and bright in its essence but buried in a gross veinstone. Now there is no reason to suppose that one can make it clean and pure only by contemplating it, and without applying any means [of purification] or a degree of workmanship.

It is even the same with suchness. Though it is pure and bright in its essence and sufficiently envelopes all merits, yet it is deeply buried in infinite external defilements. And there is no reason to suppose that a man can make it pure and clean only by earnest contemplation on it, and without trying any means [of emancipation] or of discipline.

It is therefore an urgent necessity that all good deeds should be accumulated, that all beings should be delivered, that those infinite external defilements and impurities should be cast off, that the true doctrine should be revealed."

Açvaghosha's Discourse on the Awakening of Faith in the Mahâyâna, Translated by Teitaro Suzuki, 1900

The aspirant must no longer desire principals or allurements of the flesh, his sole desire and aspiration must be to seek beyond all delusion, illusion, vice, unkindness, lack of compassion . . . and in order to do this, he will look at the holy book of his own individual soul . . . and this book will tell him of the remaining secrets he must needs know in order to achieve such an aspiration from the Lord.

From the Mysteries of the Redemption

"Seeing it for only a moment, the deeply sacred golden book encased in blue-turquoise appeared. A voice spoke from the sky. "As you seek life, you will find the holy words of life . . . of each life. Every life has its own holy words, its own holy pathway, and its own holy book. These differences allow all life to meet in understanding, as all life exists because of the other. As you follow the pathway of life, you must seek to *become* your brothers." As they listened, they

sat beneath the setting sun as suddenly the priest began changing . . . within moments he had become Daniel.”

The Mysteries of the Redemption: A Treatise on Out-of-Body Travel and Mysticism, Marilyn Hughes, The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation, 2003

And what may come as a painful and confusing memory, that which must needs be rectified must emerge from the sub to conscious waking states. And this is accomplished by the return of sacred memory which is considered so because of the beneficial nature of the final upliftment of that which remains hidden to the conscious initiate.

The initiate must know who he has been, what he has done, to whom he has done it to . . . and what is required of him in terms of delusions reconstruct towards the truth nature of those experiences to bring back the sacred memory into a karmic rectification and fulfillment in a fully conscious manner.

From the Mysteries of the Redemption

“Thunder struck and Joseph now stood amidst a dark, dank and dusky graveyard. Bleak headstones were surrounding him, but something was unusual. Joseph immediately knew that everything buried here

was still alive, it was the graveyard of things not yet fully dead, held in this state by the memories of those who would not let the past go. Grave diggers were busy opening up a grave, pulling out the dirt around the body of man who was dead in every way; although decomposition had not yet set in. Joseph was shocked and alarmed when he saw that it was himself.

Looking somber as she spoke, an angel appeared, "You must now let your former self die to become a part of the one. Who you were is not what you seek to become. You can no longer be Joseph, you must become life itself." With her words, the body began to quickly decompose as they laid his past to rest. But as he began walking slowly out of the graveyard, he noticed that other aspects of himself and his former life were following him. Running in fear, he was afraid of these zombie-like memories that chased him, but then he stopped, realizing that he had to allow these things to die, as well. Childhood fears, past loves, those who had passed before, all were among his memories that must cease. "They are not of the now." The angel said. "They must be allowed to die. The past is already dead, but if it does not die within you, then it grasps hold of you and stops you from living. Their aliveness is maintained by you, but still they are no more alive."

Then he saw her. As the image passed before Joseph, he began to cry tears that had been unfulfilled within his own lifetime. She'd been gone for so long, but her

face had never left him. Having never told anyone about her, she stood before Joseph reaching out to hug him in joy. Strong and certain, her love relinquished his fears, and quickly put them to rest. "I love you," she said, "but you have held me in your heart long enough, let it cease. A love that can never be is a dead love, how many years did you weep for me?" His tears were drying now, "So many, and no one ever knew." "Yes," she said as she dried his final falling tear," and it held you in that which no longer lived, you were never completely free again. Now . . . you are free, my beloved Joseph. Our love will always remain, but what you hold onto must die. Seek life, and in the seeking, let this go. Spirit directing life always directs it towards the path of the highest good; we were what we were meant to be in that time." Joseph looked up, "I never did let you go . . . completely." Hugging him tightly, she comforted him, "There is one thing I must leave you with, life continues to create, life continues to love . . . it never ends. But life can cease movement when it holds onto dead things. If you wish to seek life, you must follow this," placing his hand upon his heart, she concluded, "always, my love, always." In a flash of light, he suddenly saw Daniel, and in an act that initially confused him, she walked into Daniel, as the two souls became one. In a flash of knowing he realized . . . Daniel, the priest, and she were one.

"Great spirit, I am confused." Joseph cried out to the heavens, as a voice echoed from the highest realms. "You believe something is being taken from you, but

it is being given back." A huge lighted hand reached from heaven to touch Joseph's head. "Challenge your beliefs, Joseph, because they are only a disguise to the truth. What do you *believe*, and what do you *know*? Which pathway will you follow, life or death?" "

The Mysteries of the Redemption: A Treatise on Out-of-Body Travel and Mysticism, Marilyn Hughes, The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation, 2003

From the Confessions of St. Augustine

"Great is the power of memory, a fearful thing, O my God, a deep and boundless manifoldness; and this thing is the mind, and this am I myself. What am I then, O my God? What nature am I? A life various and manifold, and exceeding immense. Behold in the plains, and caves, and caverns of my memory, innumerable and innumerably full of innumerable kinds of things, either through images, as all bodies; or by actual presence, as the arts; or by certain notions or impressions, as the affections of the mind, which, even when the mind doth not feel, the memory retaineth, while yet whatsoever is in the memory is also in the mind- over all these do I run, I fly; I dive on this side and on that, as far as I can, and there is no end. So great is the force of memory, so great the force of life, even in the mortal life of man. What shall I do then, O Thou my true life, my God? I will pass even beyond this power of mine which is called memory: yea, I will pass beyond it, that I may approach unto

Thee, O sweet Light."

*The Confessions of St. Augustine, Translated by
Edward Bouverie Pusey, 1909-1914*

Although the emergence of the sacred memory can be painful and robust in its assaults on the conscious spirit of the initiate, it is of vital necessity that it be so in order to remove all shackles of false views which hold the soul now back from returning to the realms of service.

From the Mysteries of the Redemption

"Night fell in the spaces beyond time, as a formless hand led my soul to a mysterious corridor. Unable to break free from the impending importance I felt, I began soaring down a blue-green tunnel until I reached a set of barren bleachers and sat alone. Out of the ether, the spirit of Jesus Christ appeared, his face exhibiting tremendous pain and torment, his hands and feet bound in metal shackles. But despite his tortured demeanor, light glowed all around him. A white robed man surrounded in light with a very long beard sat next to Jesus, whose features were barely perceptible. "It is your purpose," he said, "to release the bondage Christianity has put upon Christ's spirit." His powerful comment shocked me, and I didn't know how or what he had in mind. As I

gazed upon Jesus' tortured countenance and his beckoning eyes, they both disappeared into the ether."

The Mysteries of the Redemption: A Treatise on Out-of-Body Travel and Mysticism, Marilyn Hughes, The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation, 2003

From Mary Baker Eddy

"Progress takes off human shackles. The finite must yield to the infinite. Advancing to a higher plane of action, thought rises from the material sense to the spiritual, from the scholastic to the inspirational, and from the mortal to the immortal. All things are created spiritually. Mind, not matter, is the creator. Love, the divine Principle, is the Father and Mother of the universe, including man."

Science and Health with the Key to the Scriptures, Mary Baker Eddy, 1910

The shackles remaining hard and fast upon the spirit of Christ are unacceptable to the initiate; a universal soul seeking the outmost boundaries of universal knowledge and spiritual comprehension.

These shackles cannot remain. We cannot know them, unless we look upon them, face to face. And the

initiate cannot do so unless he enters into a very frightening Star Chamber initiation.

Why is it so frightening? Because of the absolute total surrender it requires. One must truly surrender to God in totality in order to fulfill its bequeathment.

Within the initiation, however, lies a glimpse into the mystery of the former, the shackles which hold Christ tightly . . . and this cannot be overstated, it must be known to the initiate in order to proceed.

From the Mysteries of the Redemption

“Looking ominous, I was afraid to go into the Star Chamber, which held within it stars traveling beyond light speed and interstellar forces of grand proportions. In order to pass beyond this point, I had to jump unafraid into the powerful energies within the chamber. One simple step would lift me up into a frenzied flow of stars at speeds beyond light. With caution, I stepped.

Swirling through what seemed like the outer reaches of space, the result was immediate, although I was actually in an enclosure of some kind. Stars cascaded throughout my form, as the energy of the stars permeated my spirit. Holding the vision, it passed just as quickly as it had come.

New chambers of passage appeared, as geometric crystals surrounded me and I began to melt into non-physical liquid ether. Flowing into and inside the interstellar crystals, my liquefied self meshed and took on the properties of their existence.

Pouring rapidly out, my now liquid soul formed a pool in the following chamber. Slowly solidifying, I watched a scene play before me in a 'Prehistoric Chamber.' Fighting for his life, a brontosaurus was fighting for his life against a large insect-like creature. Biting a part out of the brontosaurus's back, the battle continued. Mortal realms are by nature predatory, and it serves an evolutionary function.

Ceramic people with no heads appeared, as I quickly lifted the medicine to shoot a beam of light to destroy these false faces of humanity. Exploding everywhere, the false faces were destroyed as delusion ceased and reality set in. Stopping, I stood quietly upon the bank of the 'Black Hole Chamber.'

Looking down within it, I was overwhelmed, "I don't know if I can do this," I said. Taking one step forward would lead your soul to spiral down this black hole at speeds unimaginable in form. The final chamber was also the most frightening, but if I could only take just one step . . . it would be finished . . . I stepped.

Swirling down the vortex, I tumbled downward through the black hole where there was nothing but empty black space. Beginning to feel dizzy and

euphoric, I was going really fast. Because the Star Chamber hadn't lasted very long, I expected this would be over soon. Swirling and swirling, however, I soon realized that there appeared to be no end to this black hole.

Panicking, I wondered, 'Could this be an infinite black hole? What have I done?' Dizziness beginning to change into an almost nirvanic Zen state, I began to laugh uncontrollably as I plunged. Everything was suddenly hilarious, and it felt as if a heavy burden had been lifted up off of my soul.

Thrust into a large room, a spiritual guardian awaited my descent, as I entered in a hysterical state of laughter. Many who had passed through before me were in a daze, having passed beyond the wild laughter stage and recouping their awareness. Within moments, I, too, was thrust into balance . . .

Spinning above me as the white mists became our path of flight, the swirling cosmic vortex led us whirling, swirling and spiraling in the encompassing etheric mass.

And then a hideous face stood before me. Wearing the garb of an ancient soldier, his uniform was red and had many buttons and two brush-like attachments on his shoulders. Handing me a cross, I immediately fell sick to my stomach as it was not an ordinary cross. Upon it were the skins of all the people who had died in the name of Christ. Appalled,

I intensely sought the knowledge within as the tone began ringing incessantly. Christ's name had been used to perpetrate all forms of evil upon the Earth, and its sacredness had been tarnished and violated. Remembering the shackles upon Christ's spirit and the torture in his eyes, I began to cry softly.

As the soldier disappeared, another person came out of the ether wearing a ceramic head. "Don't you know me?" she asked, with genuine concern upon her face. "No," I replied, "I cannot know who you truly are until you remove your false face. Take off the ceramic head." She refused. "I'm hurt. If only you knew who I was, you'd feel foolish for not recognizing me." For a moment, I did feel foolish, but then the tone began ringing. "If you were who you purport to be, you would not come to me wearing a false image. You would show me who you really are." Beginning to cry, but refusing to remove her ceramic head, I said, "Do you fear that by showing your true self, you will no longer be loved?" She didn't respond. "Perhaps you should know that unless you show me your true self, I cannot heal you." Still, she refused to remove her disguise.

Turning to walk away, an old man appeared and stopped me. "One must be willing to know that which lives in darkness, in order to become capable of altering it." Turning back around, I shot a beam of light to her head as it cracked and fell to pieces.

In her hand, she now held a human heart, severed

from her own body. Looking into her face, I saw uncaring disguised as religious dogma, sloth disguised as victimization, heartlessness disguised as political views, arrogance disguised in self-esteem, and perhaps the most painful; manipulation and self-aggrandizement, disguised as some form of spirituality. "I am humanity," she said, "I show you my heart." Breaking down in tears, I cried uncontrollably. Forming a pool of tears around me, I noticed a face forming in the watery chalice. Watering my heart with my own tears, the old man was very methodical. "This is good," he said quietly, "it is through tears that the seed of humility is watered . . . and where there is humility, love grows." Placing the final tears upon my heart, he placed his hand upon mine. "From love, comes wisdom."

The Mysteries of the Redemption: A Treatise on Out-of-Body Travel and Mysticism, Marilyn Hughes, The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation, 2003

As indeed love comes from wisdom, the initiate must now plunge back into his own depths; take a little walk into the past and observe some of the things which may seem a bit odd. Perhaps they are historically different than the current reality from which the initiate comes. Perhaps, the initiate will find that they have once held onto beliefs that might shock them now; beliefs which do not serve life.

But it must be revealed in order to be healed. So let

the revelation continue . . .

From the Mysteries of the Redemption

“Having room for only two people, the horse-driven carriage was small. Open to the elements, we were happy that it was a warm and sunny day. My sister and I had ridden into town to go to the bank. Flirting with a handsome gentleman who held the door for her, she was older than me and could do things lacking in propriety. After she emerged from the bank in this one road town, we headed back to the farmhouse. I was a teenager.

Black servants were working very hard; a cook in the kitchen, and a frail young woman boiling water for my younger brother's bathtub. Walking by without a word, the door was open. White folks were above such menial tasks in a household such as ours.

Larry, my fiancé, was waiting for me on the front porch. Playing ball with Luke from the farm nearby, they seemed upset about something so I wandered out in the sun to see what could be the matter. Carrying my lacy umbrella, it protected my pearly white skin from sunburn. Down below the hill on the dirt road, a black family was driving an automobile. Immediately, I understood their outrage! Apparently they were the first in these parts to own an automobile and they were BLACK! My insides were ripping me apart with the injustice of such a thing.

My spirit tumbled out of that body, whizzing through time and space into another.

Our escape was only moments away, as our plan had been set into action. We'd been held for a very long time as prisoners because of our religious beliefs. Unwarned of our plan, our captors didn't know what hit them when the gunfire began and the escape was in progress. People were dying all over the place, and for a moment, I looked behind me at the suffering of those who had held me captive. The dead and dying caught my caring for only a moment. It was God I was fighting for, and God wanted them to die!

Ripped and squeezed out of that form, my soul whizzed through time and space into another.

The stout older man looked me in the eye, as his wife had just passed of a horrible illness. We'd just received word that one of his two sons had died in the war this same day, fighting for the Union army during the Civil War. Promised to their other son in marriage if he returned from the fighting, he'd just signed up for the Rebel forces.

Suddenly, there were two of me. My former self was continuing within the body, while my present self overlapped and observed and felt from my own current vantage point. My present self was concerned as to how this father would handle these two deaths in his family *and* the knowledge that his other son was preparing to fight to preserve slavery for the

Rebel forces?

My former self was unconcerned with slavery and its ramifications, it was self-consumed. Tears were running down my future father-in-law's face, "I told him joining the Union army would kill him . . . AND his mother," he said to my present self's astonishment. Realizing that this family supported slavery, and that I was very much a part of it, I also discovered that my former self was not offended by war at all."

The Mysteries of the Redemption: A Treatise on Out-of-Body Travel and Mysticism, Marilyn Hughes, The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation, 2003

So in seeing this contradiction between the ascended soul's current status and energetic debris holding the soul in currents which don't support the forward movement now entranced and required of him; he must embrace the unchanging reality . . . that knowledge which comes from God.

From the Vedanta Sutras

"Brahman (Unchanging Reality) -- essentially antagonistic to all evil, of uniform goodness, differing in nature from all beings other than itself, all-knowing, endowed with the power of immediately realising all its purposes, in eternal possession of all it

wishes for, supremely blessed--has for its body the entire universe, with all its sentient and non-sentient beings--the universe being for it a plaything as it were--and constitutes the Self of the Universe.

Now, when this world which forms Brahman's body has been gradually reabsorbed into Brahman, each constituent element being refunded into its immediate cause, so that in the end there remains only the highly subtle, elementary matter which Scripture calls Darkness; and when this so-called Darkness itself, by assuming a form so extremely subtle that it hardly deserves to be called something separate from Brahman, of which it constitutes the body, has become one with Brahman; then Brahman invested with this ultra-subtle body forms the resolve 'May I again possess a world-body constituted by all sentient and non-sentient beings, distinguished by names and forms just as in the previous aeon,' and modifies itself by gradually evolving the world-body in the inverse order in which reabsorption had taken place."

Vedanta Sutras, translated by George Thibaut, Sacred Books of the East, 1904

The initiate often emerges in a state of disbelief. Oftentimes, this is accompanied by severe feelings of wretchedness, depression, despair . . . and just shame. But the lesson of the moment has not yet been

achieved. And it must be in order for these relived moments to bear fruition in the evolutionary thrust of energetic potential.

From the Mysteries of the Redemption

"The haze began clearing from the intensity of the shooting star that took me back into the present. Chief Joseph looked calmly into my face. "You felt it?" He asked. "Yes, oh yes, I sure did. It was so strange." I replied. "You went back to the parts of you that violated life; you saw and felt through their eyes again, what did you feel?" His question instilled shame within my soul. "Nothing," I replied very softly, "Isn't that horrible? In my mind, I didn't see it as violating life. I saw it as perfectly okay. Isn't that horrible?" Taking my hand, Joseph looked deep into my eyes. "No," he said, "that is very good. Now you are ready." "For what?" I couldn't help but ask. "You felt the separation and the duality, now you will feel the oneness. If you could violate life in those lives without having any conscious awareness of it, is it not possible that there are things you have not seen or fully understood about life in your present, is it possible you could be violating life now and not be aware of it?" This shocked me to realize the magnitude of what he might be saying. "Yes," I replied, "yes, that is very possible." "Remember, life is greater than you know, its meaning, its significance. You've remembered how easy it is to be ignorant; you don't even have to think about it. There are some

things that you've never thought about . . . things you might find horrible if you had."

Interrupting him, I said, "Okay . . . but, I'm confused, I thought this story was going to be about you." Joseph smiled in a knowing manner. "Why, Daniel, I thought we were seeking the pathway together?" My gaze didn't move from his eyes as the meaning of his words penetrated into my soul. "Daniel Pierce, that was me?" "Welcome to remembrance, Daniel, now you are ready."

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And now that the initiate has been bombarded with his own past sins and deeds, it is time that he sit at the campfire with the Chief. Pay close attention now as the smoke from the peacepipe has much to convey to the initiate about annihilating the karmic thrust forever . . .

From the Mysteries of the Redemption

"Joseph's long black hair was flowing around his neck and shoulders, and a hat shadowed his face. Lighting a peace pipe, he handed it to me. Smoking the aromatic vapors, I became PEACE.

A group of Native American wise men appeared and began singing ancient chants. I'd thought it odd that they did this in my presence, because I was white. "Isn't this disrespectful to the spirits?" I asked. "It is wise to sing," the leader said, "we sing for you today." Not knowing what to say or do, I just listened, as I suddenly noticed a young Indian boy had appeared at Chief Joseph's side. "The river," he beckoned, "you are going to the river."

Waves thrashed and spun all around me as I had been immediately transported into what could become my watery grave if I wasn't careful. Hurlled through the enclosed underground waterway for quite some time, it was very narrow in spots and I'd banged my eye and lip very hard from being hurled against the rock wall.

Emerging in another time and place, the river was open again as I was climbing onto the surface of the bank. My long gray dress was soaked and tattered from my journey, and behind me, I could see there was trouble. Remembering, I saw a group of people lined up against a wall on the other side of the river, inland a ways. A firing squad was about to shoot all of them, but someone had come to help me escape. "Come on," said a man with a deep English accent, "hurry up! We've got to go!" Pulling me from the water, we were running in the wilderness towards a boat. Gunshots were heard in the distance, and I was very confused. Everything had happened so fast, and my present self had no idea who this man was or

what was going on. Hearing other footsteps behind me, we were almost there. "Come on! There is no time!" He yelled again loudly. More gunshots rang out, and due to the grace of God, we weren't hit. Moments later we were on the boat as it steamed down river.

As soon as the boat began to move, I passed out cold on the wooden deck. Awaking in a daze to a man's face looking above me; his light brown hair framed the concern in his eyes. "It's you!" I shouted, as I reached to hug him tightly. Taking my hand, he looked into my eyes and didn't say anything; he was just relieved that I was okay.

"Wow!" I said, as I opened my eyes to another face. Chief Joseph was amused at my return from the past. "That was romantic," I said, "what a rush!" Continuing to smile, he projected almost a sarcastic humor. "What?" I said, defensively, "It *was* romantic!" Interrupting my rampage, Joseph said, "I want you to remember now. You've traversed many lifetimes since the beginning of your journey. You've remembered many pasts." "Yes," I replied, "I have." "Well, tell me if you see a pattern." Pausing a moment to think, I replied, "I saw the pattern of unrequited love, that was obvious." "Do you see another in your many lives of adventures, mercenaries . . . battles of the light and the dark?" He was so serious now; it almost ruined the fun of my little adventure. "Well, I get really excited in those battles." I said. "You even thought it romantic?" Joseph questioned. Pausing to

think, I was afraid I might be getting trapped into the truth. "Okay, yeah." "How could this affect you now . . . in your path?" "Well," I mused, "maybe in my relationships . . . or my life in general . . . maybe I have a tendency to get bored with calm . . . peace." "But yet, you say you want peace?" Joseph was inspiring intense thinking within me now. "Yeah, isn't that strange?" "You are turned on by adrenaline, not love." Joseph said. "This is why you are drawn to the dramatic, bored with peace." "My Gosh!" I screamed, "You are right! I get turned on by battling the dark forces on the ground or torrid romances . . . you're right! I do!" Joseph reached the peace pipe to me as I took another smoke. "When you travel the pathway to life," he said, "you begin to alter the energy that surrounds evolution, by that very existence. There are various stages of the evolution of humanity; one stage is the battles that occur on the ground, highly dramatic; and the next stage, energetic alteration, highly peaceful. Now that you are embarking upon this energetic alteration, those parts of you which still entertain fancies of the dramatic must be prepared to become peaceful. Then the energy works *through* you, rather than *by* you . . . and it happens all the time, whether you are aware of it or not." Somewhat ashamed, I asked, "How do I transform those parts?" Joseph was kind, "First, you become aware that they exist, and then you are able to recognize that which no longer serves your path. Those lingering questions, thoughts, fantasies created in your own mind about what was or could have been . . . are only that. Love is not what you have believed

it to be, it is not torrid romance or danger-filled rescues . . . love is patient and kind . . ." Smiling, Joseph disappeared on a wisp of smoke from his pipe."

The Mysteries of the Redemption: A Treatise on Out-of-Body Travel and Mysticism, Marilyn Hughes, The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation, 2003

And it would be wise for the student to pay close attention to the teacher. For the really great teachers of this parcel of the initiatory process know that certain things are taught by example and not word. So watch them, watch what they do, imitate these things . . . and don't get too caught up in the words.

From the Creed of Buddha

"Such a teacher would begin by appealing to the very sense which it was his most cherished desire to cultivate--the sense of reality . . . He would tell men that life is full of suffering, and that the chief cause of suffering is the impermanence--and therefore the unreality--of the objects of man's desire; and he would expect them to assent to these propositions.

This is what Buddha did.

He would explain to them that the desire for unreal things not only caused suffering in this or that earth-life, but also caused the suffering to be reproduced in other earth-lives,--desire for the shadows and illusions of earth being the subjective side of the attractive force by which earth draws the unemancipated soul back to itself again and again; and he would ask them to infer from this that deliverance from suffering (now and in the future) was to be won by the subjugation, and at last by the extinction of desire,--not of desire as such, but of the base, carnal, worldly, self-seeking desires, which, by keeping the soul in ignorance of its true nature and destiny, cause it to eddy round and round in the "whirlpool of rebirth."

This is what Buddha did.

He would tell them--though not in so many words--that, if their baser desires were to be subdued, they must practise self-control and cultivate sympathy; and, with that end in view, he would give them a few simple rules for the conduct of life,--rules which would provide for the development of self-control and sympathy along the arterial lines of morality, and the authority of which would therefore be in a measure self-evident.

This is what Buddha did.

For those who had mastered their baser desires and passions, and who, by a parallel process, had cultivated the latent virtues of gentleness, kindness,

and compassion, and, speaking generally, begun to live in the lives of others, he would make further provision; he would help them in various ways to conquer their hydra-headed enemy, the lower self; he would teach them to distinguish between the shadows and the realities of life, to rid themselves of every self-seeking desire and every self-affirming delusion, to quench lust and anger, to extend in every direction the radiating light of sympathy and good will.

This is what Buddha did.

He would tell them that, when the last taint of egoism and the last shadow of ignorance had disappeared, the happiness to which they had always had an indefeasible title, but a title which each man in turn had to make good for himself, would at last be theirs; that the Path which they had followed for so long would lead them at last to the fullness of knowledge, the fullness of peace, the fullness of love,--and therefore to unimaginable bliss.

This is what Buddha did.

But he would impress on them that they lived in a world in which causes always produce their natural and necessary effects; that the consequences of their conduct would therefore follow them wherever they went; that external rewards were not to be hoped for; that external punishments were not to be dreaded; that virtue was its own reward and vice its own punishment, in the sense that whatever is done or left

undone inevitably reacts upon the character, and, through the character, affects for weal or for woe the destiny of the soul; that interference from without was in the nature of things impossible; that the whole sacrificial system was based on a delusion; that ceremonial observances were of no avail:--he would teach them, in fine, that each man in turn must take his life into his own hands and work out his destiny for himself.

This is what Buddha did.

But, while he taught them all this, he would make no attempt to explain to them the deepest mysteries of existence; he would deliberately disconnect his scheme of life, so far as his own exposition of it was concerned, from theology and metaphysics; he would keep silence as to what is "ultimate and uttermost"; for he would know that the average mind has no capacity for deep thinking, and that, if he tried to disclose to his fellow-men his ultimate reasons for the course of life which he wished them to follow, they would make nonsense, first of his philosophical teaching and then of his whole scheme of life, giving themselves wrong reasons for everything that they did or left undone, and so (in the last resort) misinterpreting and misapplying every detail of his teaching.

This too is what Buddha did (or forebore to do). That he kept silence about "great matters" is as certain as that his ethical teaching was clear, coherent, and systematic."

The Creed of Buddha, Edmond Holmes, 1919

The initiate is now taken into the ritual ceremonies which will result in the reception of the Ball of Light, which is the Medicine. Many initiations and trainings follow which are carefully guarded and heralded by the teachers and masters to make sure the new ascension initiate is progressing into an understanding of how this heavenly power is properly utilized. For to utilize the energy of God for anything but selfless purpose, or anything which has not been directly graduated from the will and energy of God Himself, carries great penalties. For the meantime, do everything you're told, initiate, nothing is as it seems and rarely is a situation handled properly in the way you might think.

Only God knows the true heart and soul of another, and only God knows the energetic truth behind any interaction. Therefore, do not act without the energetic truth behind you in full force. Or you will be acting alone.

From the Mysteries of the Redemption

"Following the sound of a distant drumming, I found Chief Joseph surrounded by a large tribe of Indians. "Graduation requires a rite of passage." Joseph said,

as I looked at him quizzically. Beginning to create something in his hands, it was a ball of light. Handing it to me, he said, "This is the medicine, take it with you." "What medicine?" I asked. "You will know." Joseph said, as I was suddenly transported elsewhere.



Having entered a crowded restaurant, a flash of information suddenly came into my soul. I *knew* that,

in a moment, a man was going to run into this public place and begin randomly shooting at people, and it was my job to stop it. Panicking, I ran towards the door as the man entered and blocked his gunfire with my body, taking the shots into myself and falling to the ground. The man stopped shooting.

Chief Joseph's voice spoke in my head, "Try again, you'll understand." But the same scene repeated two more times, and I responded in a similar fashion. What made it more difficult was that before each try, I couldn't remember having done it immediately before.

Appearing to me with his peace pipe, Joseph looked at me intensely. Suddenly, I saw them. Their energies were phasing in and out, in and out. Hundreds of them appeared in a circle of energy around me. Chief Joseph continued smoking the pipe. "These are the Medicine Women from throughout the ages," he said, as one approached me holding a white-fringed native dress, moccasins and a pair of wings. Humble and quiet in her demeanor, she said, "We wish to pass our medicine onto you." Amazingly honored, but also deeply afraid, I replied, "I don't know. I don't know if I even want to be a Medicine Woman. I don't even know what that really means." She was unmoved by my cowardice, "You will know," she said, "receiving the medicine is receiving that knowledge." Hesitating, I didn't say anything more. "Just try one more time, see how you do." Her patience made me feel somewhat ashamed. "Okay," I said, cautiously

allowing myself to be drawn into the state of unremembering again.



Grandmother Skywalker, One of the Medicine Women from Throughout the Ages

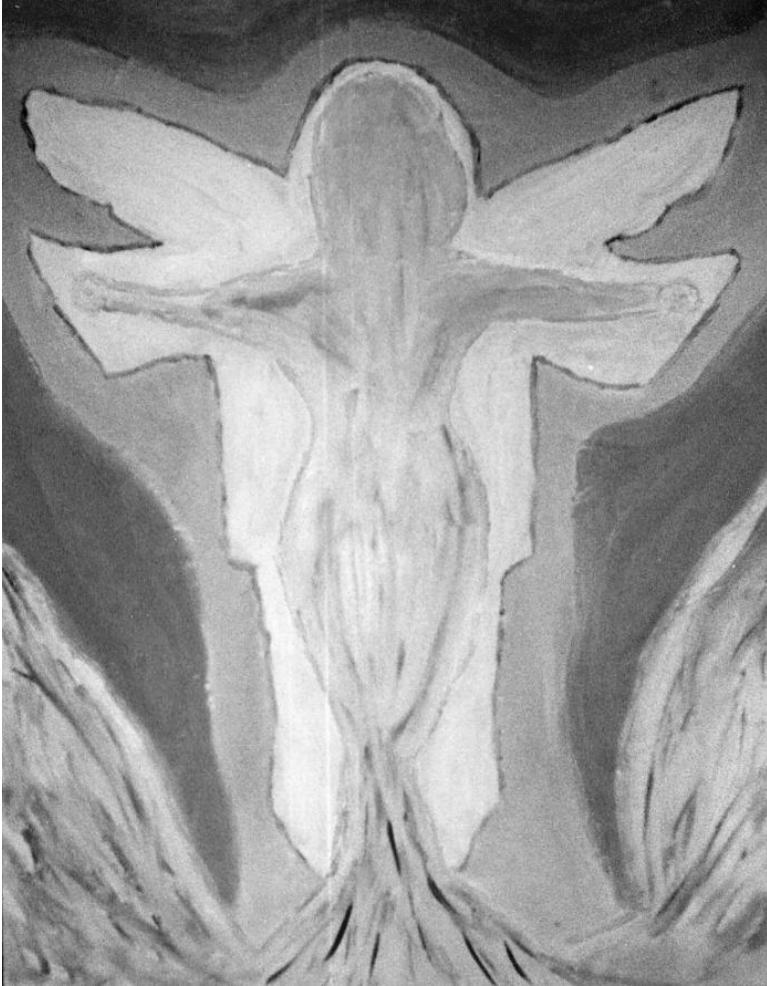
As the man walked into the room, I looked down in my hands noticing the gift from Chief Joseph. "The ball of light!" I thought loudly. Throwing the ball towards the man's hands, it began to meander through the air because of my pathetic aim, but the power of the medicine quickly swept it up and carried it to its proper destination, knocking the gun out of the man's hand and rendering him unconscious.

Apparently, it is better to alter something without allowing harm to come to your own soul, for this

keeps you strong to do God's work, and although my initial approach was successful in the accomplishment of the directive, the purpose of attaining the medicine is to become capable of altering realities without taking on the destructive energies you have come to alter. The destructive energies must be altered, not just redirected.

Joining the Medicine Women in celebration, we were engaging in a ritual designed to assist me in becoming one of them, the Buffalo women. Giving me a garment consisting of a white buckskin pantsuit, two white moccasins, and a pair of white buckskin wings, I wore it as they danced and rattled all around me. Energies were vortexing, lightning was striking, and energetic particles began merging throughout and within, as my soul became fire, energizing me in the ways of the medicine. Hair turning long and black, the energies were transforming me into a true native. Becoming one with them, a familiar face appeared. Red Jacket sat down peacefully by the fire, smiling in pleasure at this rite of passage achieved. Knowing this to be the fulfillment of the prophecy which foresaw my entry into the lodge of the Buffalo women, I accepted it with humility."

The Mysteries of the Redemption: A Treatise on Out-of-Body Travel and Mysticism, Marilyn Hughes, The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation, 2003





From Dancing Gods

"The ceremonies have marvelous unity, considering how large the reservation is and how sparsely populated. This and the astonishing coherence of the whole tribe are no doubt due to the medicine-men. They travel widely to assist each other's sings, to observe and criticize each other . . . and they hold every new medicine-man strictly to the ancient

conventions. So these wise old men try to hold together an ancient faith, in the midst of an alien and dominant civilization. They are certainly sagacious old men, experienced in the vagaries of weather and of human life. Looking at them anywhere, it is easy to believe that they are also wise with some deep . . . knowledge of the hidden meaning and movements of life.”

Dancing Gods, Erna Fergusson, 1931

Alteration of reality will come in many formulas. Don't forget that the spiritual warrior that you are becoming will require you to take on and face head on the evil within the world of the mortals. It will be frightening, terrifying and you have no guarantee of victory. But victory is more likely if you remain within the constant energetic flux of the truth of that which has been presented before you. Good and evil, the knowledge, has only truly just begun.

From the Mysteries of the Redemption

“Having been called in to assist on a home haunted by pure evil, I was very nervous because of the nature of darkness I was about to face. Out of body, I was floating around the house looking for the cause of the disturbances when I turned a corner and saw something which totally frightened me. A totally

black humanoid demon was standing before a boiling cauldron, his energy so intensely energized towards darkness that I wasn't sure I could take care of it; but as the demon glanced my way and saw me, I knew there was no turning back.

Lifting my hands and pulling together all the power of the eternal, I swept it as a gale-wind towards the beast. Already in the process of preparing to energetically assault me with his own very empowered demonic energy, I was terrified. But my thrust hit him and he blew into thousands of little pieces. Sending him back to the first dimension, he was gone, never to be seen again."

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From the Visuddhi Magga

"When a world-cycle is destroyed by wind, it perishes in the manner above described, where it was said, "There arises in the beginning a cycle-destroying great cloud." But there are the following points of difference:--Instead of the second sun, there arises a wind to destroy the world-cycle. And first it raises a fine dust, and then coarse dust, and then fine sand, and then coarse sand, and then grit, stones, etc., up to boulders as large as the peak of a pagoda, and mighty trees on the hill-tops. These mount from the earth to

the zenith, and do not fall again, but are there blown to powder and annihilated. And then by degrees the wind arises from underneath the earth, and turns the ground upside down, and throws it into the sky, and areas of one hundred leagues in extent, two hundred, three hundred, five hundred leagues in extent, crack, and are thrown upwards by the force of the wind, and are blown to powder in the sky and annihilated. And the wind throws up also into the sky the mountains which encircle the earth, and Mount Sineru. These meet together, and are ground to powder and destroyed."

*Buddhism in Translations, Henry Clark Warren,
Visuddhi Magga, 1896*

The Rituals leading to the Native are more than they might appear. As far as a soul has moved beyond the natural world, he will be forced to come back.

And the Sacred Hoop, being a harbinger of the future meeting the past, indicating high probability potential of the initiate reaching full potential within this lifetime cannot be understated.

From the Mysteries of the Redemption

"Standing by the canyon, his spirit was strong and serene. Chief Joseph placed a heavy silver ball into

my palm, as my spirit began to buzz with the energies it encompassed. Energy began pouring in and out of my hands. Handing me a telephone receiver, a group of spirits joined us with ferocity in trying to make the connection with someone. All of a sudden, I heard my own voice talking through the phone. "Marilynn! Marilynn! Are you there?!" "Yes, it's me!" "Oh, my God, this is great, I got through!" The spirits in the room were exuberant as Chief Joseph explained. "You have just broken the barrier of time and crossed the threshold of timelessness; your future and your present have become simultaneous."

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From The Sun Dance and Other Ceremonies of the Oglala Division of The Teton Dakota

"If the Candidate is to dance the fourth form for the purpose of becoming a Shaman, his Mentor should place in his right hand a small hoop that should be bound with thongs so as to divide its enclosure into four equal parts and it may be ornamented in any manner. The Mentor should inform the Candidate in a harangue that the people can hear that this hoop is an emblem of the Sky, of the Four Winds, of time, of all things that grow, and of all things that the Lakota make that are circular; that only those who are renowned are entitled to wear, or place the hoops on

their tipis; and that if he dances the Sun Dance to its completion he will be entitled to this insignum."

*The Sun Dance and Other Ceremonies of the Oglala
Division of The Teton Dakota, J.R. Walker 1917*

Quietly, go sit by the fire and await patiently the teacher of your soul. He will come when time is due. The sacred pipe must be lit as the sacred mysteries of evolution are conveyed patiently to the soul.

From the Mysteries of the Redemption

"And so it came to pass that Chief Joseph taught me the mysteries of evolution as we sat at his fire smoking the pipe of peace, a little bit of which I share with you now. "If what is, is; then what is not, is not. In the kaleidoscope of creation, what is continually expands and changes. What is depends entirely upon the point of now in which you peer through. What is, in this now, is. But what was, in another now, no longer remains, unless you separate that point in time."

"Evolution is like a bit of tobacco. If you light a flame to the tobacco, it catches fire. In moments, smoke will begin to rise, curling into the air, parts dissipating and parts becoming. Creation is the flame, for it is the fire of love which forever changes everything it touches. Tobacco will remain tobacco indefinitely unless

something changes. But if it is touched by the flame, it will no longer be tobacco. Transformed by the flame into a completely different substance, it becomes ash. Life is transformed by the flame of love, just like the tobacco is transformed by the fire; nothing remains of what once was. What is . . . is no more. What is holds the memory of what was, but no longer is what was."

"If in one moment, lies all eternity; then all time, holds all things. Time is like a kaleidoscope. If you were to place a blue bead in a kaleidoscope which had only red, yellow, white and green beads within it, you could watch the transformation of a piece of God. A singular bead is a moment in time; perhaps a lifetime, a fragment of a soul. All the beads together represent all lifetimes and all life. Looking through the kaleidoscope, you will notice that with every movement of your hand, the images will constantly change unless you stop applying the movement. Appearing as a star at one moment, it's a triangle the next. If there is only one blue bead in your kaleidoscope, you will notice that it continually moves and changes according to the movement of the entire creation. The image never remains the same, it no longer is, what was, but yet, all the separate parts which create it remain the same. Creation can be seen in this manner. All moments exist as one, yet are continually altered by that which we become in the current point of now. Every piece remains essentially the same, yet is completely transformed by that which we become in the present."

"Let us return to the tobacco seed. What we are as humanity, can either energize or de-energize evolution. All begins with the tiny seed of life which God entrusts to every one of us. Imagine a small seed of tobacco which represents your portion in God's plan for humanity. As you place this seed upon the earth, you know that each part of humanity has a choice of what they will do with their own seed. Some will grow into vibrant and healthy plants, while other's seeds will wither into nothing, ceasing to grow . . . death. If you give your seed the water of life, the living water of the eternal, the seed has the potential to blossom into a beautiful plant . . . or it may wither into nothing, but you water this seed because you know that this water gives it the *potential* to grow. If you give it nothing, we know for a certainty that it will die. The water is caring. A world that has thrived on old ways needs to be watered regularly to grow. But you must also understand that what is . . . is. Humanity is still a seed, but what is, is never a constant, as it is always changing."

"Understanding this, we must take the knowledge of evolution even farther. Evolution comes in phases, not all at once. What is now, is now, and what will be, is not now. Evolution takes place when the seed recognizes what is, and allows life to direct its course in a pattern of becoming. Individually, we energize evolution by becoming, and this comes about from an understanding of cause and effect and personal responsibility."

"Every realm has its own laws of cause and effect. You know that if you jump off a mountain in your astral body, you will fly. But if you do the same thing in your physical body, you will fall to the ground and be crushed to death. This is cause and effect. Because humanity is a karmic species, they tend to constantly run into one another and bump off of each other's programs. Karma tends to invade other programs in search of the missing part of itself which resides with God. Because the Earth is a karmic realm, most human souls operate in karmic desire, which has many varying manifestations of selfishness. Karmic souls live primarily off of the energies of others, although there is some self-generation present."

"An eternal soul does not have the same need, which is why they thrive in aloneness and silence, and have a wish to be unseen. An eternal soul lives from the light within, and the knowledge of oneness, not from the energies of others."

"Because of the deluded state of karmic programs, those involved in them often do not recognize the cause and effect of their actions, and feel they are victim to circumstance and bad luck. But the reality remains, if you follow the ways of gluttony, you may get fat and unhealthy; if you follow the ways of lust, you may have children out of wedlock, be victim to a number of diseases, suffer from frequent heartaches, and never find true love; if you follow the ways of greed, you may or may not have many things in life, but you may never find meaning or peace of soul; if

you are prideful, you may be blind to your own corruption, perceive yourself above others, and ignorant to the ways of the spirit; if you follow the ways of sloth, you shall never achieve anything of significance on the ground, or up above; if you follow the ways of vanity, you may be compulsory in your need for attention, and your soul shall be marred by the self-gratification it craves, unable to see the true need's of other soul's, unable to give love or receive it in a true sense; and if you follow the ways of avarice, which is unforgiving and hateful, you shall also be unforgiven and hated. Worst of all, if you follow any of these ways, you may never truly know God."

Chief Joseph also taught that our intention is just as important as our action. "The energetic truth behind all that we do determines the validity of an interaction, not simply moral reasoning. We are protected for a time when we are ignorant from the true effects of some of our own causes, but after a certain point, we will no longer be afforded protection and the full magnitude of our causes will become effects."

Chief Joseph's face became very dreamy as I began to remember the harm I had done to others. Deeply ashamed, Joseph wanted me to feel this, but he was compassionate, "Remember the energetic truth; it determines the validity of all interaction. You were protected as you followed your karmic path, your own destiny protected you, but if you were to engage in such acts now, you would not be protected.

Because your destiny protected you, you have attained knowledge, and your actions actually energized your path." Knowing this did not lessen my remorse, for it is through remorse and repentance that humility is birthed. Sincere ignorance is understood, even compassionately, but *chosen* darkness is not tolerated by the Lord . . .

"They will come in five winds," Chief Joseph said, as he disappeared.

Beginning to teach me how to manifest in and out of realities, we began to fulfill the prophecy . . . "You have learned that what is . . . is. And you have crossed into the understanding of personal responsibility. Now you are ready to undertake the threshold of energetic responsibility." Pausing, I didn't yet understand him. "When you are given the gift of knowledge, you must then take responsibility for alteration of energy throughout your realm." "Wow," I said, "that sounds intense." "It is a great gift." Joseph said. "When it is given, you will be tested, not just once, but continually. What you choose to use this gift for, will determine whether it remains." "Okay, I'm ready." I said. Joseph conveyed to me that the medicine was already my own, and that now I must use it to shift, alter and energize life in our realm. "But . . ." I asked. "It's the next phase, Marilyn. That means you don't know it, yet."

The Mysteries of the Redemption: A Treatise on Out-of-Body Travel and Mysticism, Marilyn Hughes,

*The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation, 2003**From the Most Holy Trinosophia*

"The inscription beneath reads: "To the strong is given the burden." This refers to the qualifications for adeptship. The great truths of life can be conferred only upon those who have been tested in the essentials of character and understanding."

*The Most Holy Trinosophia, Compte St. Germain,
1933*

From the Secret Doctrine

"That which propels towards, and forces evolution, *i.e.*, compels the growth and development of Man towards perfection, is (a) the MONAD, or that which acts in it unconsciously through a force inherent in itself; and (b) the lower astral body or the *personal SELF*. The former, whether imprisoned in a vegetable or an animal body, is endowed with, is indeed itself, that force. Owing to its identity with the ALL-FORCE, which, as said, is inherent in the Monad, it is all-potent on the *Arupa*, or formless plane. On our plane, its essence being too pure, it remains all-potential, but individually becomes inactive: *e.g.*, the rays of the Sun, which contribute to the growth of vegetation, do not select this or that plant to shine upon. Uproot the

plant and transfer it to a piece of soil where the sunbeam cannot reach it, and the latter will not follow it. So with the Atman: unless the higher Self or EGO gravitates towards its Sun the Monad -- the lower *Ego*, or *personal* Self, will have the upper hand in every case. For it is this Ego, with its fierce Selfishness and animal desire to live a Senseless life, which is "the maker of the tabernacle," as Buddha calls it . . . Hence the expression, "the Spirits of the Earth clothed the shadows and expanded them." To these "Spirits" belong temporarily the human astral selves; and it is they who give, or build, the physical tabernacle of man, for the Monad and its conscious principle, Manas, to dwell in. But the "Solar" , Spirits, warm them, the shadows. This is physically and literally true; metaphysically, or on the psychic and spiritual plane, it is equally true that the Atman alone *warms* the inner man; *i.e.*, it enlightens it with the ray of divine life and alone is able to impart to the inner man, or the reincarnating Ego, its immortality. Thus, as we shall find . . . it is the astral shadows of the "progenitors," . . . which are the formative powers in the Races, and which build and gradually force the evolution of the physical form towards perfection -- this, at the cost of a proportionate loss of spirituality. Then, from the turning point, it is the Higher Ego, or incarnating principle, the *nous* or *Mind*, which reigns over the animal Ego, and rules it whenever it is not carried down by the latter. In short, Spirituality is on its ascending arc, and the animal or physical impedes it from steadily progressing on the path of its evolution only when the selfishness of the *personality*

has so strongly infected the real *inner* man with its lethal *virus*, that the upward attraction has lost all its power on the thinking reasonable man. In sober truth, vice and wickedness are an *abnormal, unnatural* manifestation, at this period of our human evolution - - at least they ought to be . . . “

The Secret Doctrine, H.P. Blavatsky, 1891

Returning to the Native contains more than just becoming content and comfortable with your natural environment, it has a thrust and requirement which goes well beyond this into many realms, many tribes, many peoples, many worlds.

From the Mysteries of the Redemption

““To return to the native,” he said, “is to become all existence . . . again. By becoming all existence, everything then becomes real.” Joseph disappeared.

Returning to take me on another quest, the interstellar beings upset me with their words. “We are here to take you directly into the energy that people call Satan,” they said, as I hesitated, “You must KNOW it, to become capable of changing it, you must walk directly into darkness in order to seed its ascension.” Cringing, I said, “I must be fearless.” “You must

recognize your function," they replied, "and that is to go where there is ignorance, where there is darkness, where there is hatred, where there is illusion . . . and show them reality.""

The Mysteries of the Redemption: A Treatise on Out-of-Body Travel and Mysticism, Marilyn Hughes, The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation, 2003

And in order to fully understand what is beginning to take place within the initiate, the soul must embrace the five winds of alteration. And these winds will be taught to the seeker when they are ready to deal with each individual configuration. Until then, pray, be patient . . . and sit at the campfire.

From the Mysteries of the Redemption

"As all things occur in an energetic realm before they hit the ground, this is where the Lord's warriors go to assist in the five winds of alteration which are undertaken by guardian angels, eternal warriors, and various souls who work for the Lord. Five winds of alteration take place: 1) Alteration of perception, 2) Alteration of the outcome of a physical event, 3) Removal of dark energies around souls, 4) Removal of evil spirits or demons around souls, 5) Rendering benign or de-energizing demons that are incarnate in human form."

The Mysteries of the Redemption: A Treatise on Out-of-Body Travel and Mysticism, Marilyn Hughes, The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation, 2003

From the Book of Enoch the Prophet

“1. And at the extremities of the earth I beheld twelve gates open for all the winds, from which they proceed and blow over the earth.

2. Three of them are open in the front of heaven, three in the west, three on the right side of heaven, and three on the left. The first three are those which are towards the east, three are towards the north, three behind those which are upon the left, towards the south, and three on the west.

3. From four of them proceed winds of blessing, and of health; and from eight proceed winds of punishment; when they are sent to destroy the earth, and the heaven above it, all its inhabitants, and all which are in the waters, or on dry land.

4. The first of these winds proceeds from the gate termed the eastern, through the first gate on the east, which inclines southwards. From this goes forth destruction, drought, heat, and perdition.

5. From the second gate, the middle one, proceeds equity. There issue from it rain, fruitfulness, health, and dew; and from the third gate northwards,

proceed cold and drought.

6. After these proceed the south winds through three principal gates; through their first gate, which inclines eastwards, proceeds a hot wind.

7. But from the middle gate proceed grateful odour, dew, rain, health, and life.

8. From the third gate, which is westwards, proceed dew, rain, blight, and destruction.

9. After these are the winds to the north, which is called the sea. *They proceed* from three gates. The first gate *is that* which is on the east, inclining southwards; from this proceed dew, rain, blight, and destruction. From the middle direct gate proceed rain, dew, life, and health. And from the third gate, which is westwards, inclining towards the south, proceed mist, frost, snow, rain, dew, and blight.

10. After these *in the fourth quarter* are the winds to the west. From the first gate, inclining northwards, proceed dew, rain, frost, cold, snow, and chill; from the middle gate proceed rain, health, and blessing;

11. And from the last gate, which is southwards, proceed drought, destruction, scorching, and perdition.

12. The *account of the* twelve gates of the four quarters of heaven is ended.

13. All their laws, all their *infliction* of punishment, and the health *produced* by them, have I explained to thee, my son Mathusala."

The Book of Enoch the Prophet, Translated Richard Laurence, 1883

At about this time, the initiate is likely to be begin meeting the 'Old Ones' who reside in the mountains in the sky. Their knowledge is highly energetic, profoundly holy . . . and must be regarded with silence rather than words.

From the Mysteries of the Redemption

"Meeting me in the clouds below the mountains in the sky, thunderclouds were bursting on the horizon. Dancing with me amidst the light, he quietly said, "The purpose of life on earth is to alter the predatory will into the will of love." Staring in his amazing eyes, I knew that this sky dance was a pathway, a passage into just such an endeavor."

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From Pensatia

“It came upon my consciousness that this . . . step represents our true prestige before the cosmic and Earth. It is on this . . . step one learns whether the harvest will be positive or negative. Here the Law of Karma is justly meted out. Those not prepared by crucible and test, those trying to win unearned calims, can no stand on this advancing step. Their cards of unstable foundation will fall as they try to hear their false power out to the world.

Also came the clear awareness that as never before, one faces the gauntlet of strength or failure, of one's Cosmic status. Only by meeting the Hierarchical pronouncement would I or others be able to go on. I, to finish 'The High Mountain,' others, to bring forth their work.

Now a cloud of black depression for a moment veiled my perspective. While no presence of the Tempter, or Dark Occultist was at hand, a blankness - - a sudden lack of faith in the final outcome of the sojourn here - swelled within me. Even mundanely a mysterious dead-end accentuated earthly affairs. Every day a flair of opposition and unusual setbacks jostled my faith. I was swept into a vast sea of analyzation and critical review of my assignment, the questioning of its worthiness, and so on. My heart's talisman, the image therein of the Master H and the Guardian Anel, was the only brightness which glowed in constant flame, as a pillar of light from the Lord . . . The challenge had to be met! Thus it was . . .

Now from the spiraling mist the beloved Guru walked forth, with the historic vanguard of the esoteric Order Rosae Crucis standing in Cosmic salutation in background. And one and all penetrated with their eyes my very being, challenging the right to be there. If looks could bar one, their unified gaze had the power to destroy or bless . . . Retreat seemed the only measure. Yet, I meditated calmly . . . Had I not this assignment from the Master H? Of long years upon the Path, surely, now I was no imposter on this .

. . . step.

Thus the inner credentials took over. With steady courage, facing the Cosmic searchlight, a peace settled within my heart, through all my consciousness, and the blessing of the Hierarchical Hosts poured over and through me. A high arch of golden light formed in the center where I stood. Master H's voice rang out:

"Enter the portal of the . . . step, Pensatia! The writing of 'The High Mountain' proclaims your pass! Yet remember, in returning earthward, you have the obligation to pen this travelog! Thus only are these initiations bestowed . . . that you by firsthand experience share with the wide world that witnessed esoterically . . . so even a few awake and take the Path within leading eventually to the High Mountain of immortality."

Silence now swamped my senses. Pondering on the Guru's words, my vow echoed out to obey."

*The High Mountain, Pensatia, 1965, Euclid
Publishing, 1978*

Remember, if there is anything selfish remaining within your spirit, you will find yourself in deep trouble. Remember that now that you have passed the ascension stage; you will not be led along quite so quietly and with care. Because you are now heralding

energetic capabilities; and if they are used for the wrong purpose . . . it's profoundly serious.

From the Mysteries of the Redemption

"Cautiously, I walked into the cave, as I'd been sent forth to appear before the court of Herbethius. A cold night in this ancient world, the air was dark. Knowing that coming here meant that I'd made a very grave mistake, I shook with fear for what I may have done. Now I would speak for my energetic crime before the courts who judge the servants of God.

Herbethius wore a long white robe, and his face was very stern. "Hermes!" He shouted to me, as I shook with fear. Herbethius directed me to look towards the sky, and I saw many space vessels from other worlds, but I also saw my crime. Having recently tried to help a woman who was of somewhat high standing in the physical world, a deceased relative had come to me begging me to give her some specific messages. Feeling obliged to give them to her; I'd had contact with a close friend of hers who'd told me she wanted the information. Sending it to her, I immediately knew I had made a mistake. Eternal law requires that souls *must* come to you. But because of her earthly stature, I had agreed to send it to her through this intermediary who had apparently given me a horribly wrong impression of her true desires. Although it didn't sit right with me, I'd done it anyway.

Information like this can be harmful if someone is not ready to hear it, and you must attain permission from the eternal to give it, regardless of whether or not a deceased relative comes to you; for those relatives do not often hold eternal knowledge, power or permission. Ironically, I'd known when I met her that she was not very open to the spirit and if she hadn't been in this particular position in life, I would never have given it to her. Falsely attributing Earthly significance to eternal significance, I'd interfered with eternal law and now I stood before the court for judgment to be rendered.

Herbethius was harsh, because ancient ones do not take lightly the violation of eternal law. "Hermes! If you had done this with the *intention* to violate eternal law, you would have been shot on the spot." What he referred to was a de-energization of eternal power. Taking away the power of the light within you, it renders you benign and scatters your consciousness. In order to steward power, you must honor the laws of beholdment. "However," he continued, "because you did not violate these laws with the *intent* to do harm, but out of *ignorance*, I will give you the chance to argue your case. If you do not satisfy me that you have learned your lesson and that this will *never* happen again, you will be beheaded." Being beheaded is to lose your head, lose your reason, which would manifest as scattered, fragmented confusion. All that had been given to me in the realms of knowledge, would, in essence, be taken away.

Kneeling down, I began to beg. "I am so sorry. I really *see* what it is I've done. Oh, I hope I have not hurt this soul terribly in my stupidity. Oh, my God, what can I do to make this right? I really do see what I've done." "Hermes," he replied, "I believe that you are indeed repentant of your mistake and that you do indeed *see* why what you've done was wrong. Because of this, you will not lose your head."

Pausing, he allowed me to tremble as I awaited his final words. "You must perform your mission . . . nothing more! You must never do anything for self-serving reasons, only the cause of furthering eternity. Do you understand?" "Yes," I said, "thank you, thank you!" Pointing to a hallway where my paintings, writings and music were displayed, he said, "This is what we ask of you now. Only do what we ask of you, nothing more!" "Yes, yes, I will!" I shuddered.

Transported through a beam of light from one of the spaceships above, the light beam altered me and energized understanding of my purpose and the lessons of my mistake. A second chance was a grand gift, and I was honored, humbled and unworthy to receive it.

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From the Secret Rose Garden

“REAL prayer can only be yours
When you have staked and gambled yourself away
And your essence is pure.
Then "a joy of the eyes" are your prayers
And no separation remains,
For knower and known are one and the same.

RISE above time and space,
Pass by the world, and be to yourself your own
world.

IN the empty heart, void of self
Can be heard the echoing cry,
"I am the Truth."
Thus is man one with the Eternal,
Travelling, travel and traveller have become one.”

The Secret Rose Garden, Florence Lederer, 1920



No more time for improper use of energy, playing around with energetic debris or wasting eternal energy. You are being called to the Warrior Path, and your path will now be even further minimized to the point that what you are to do is so clear, that you can't possibly miss it unless you vacate your spirit from right mind, right heart, right action - selflessness.

Many duties have been performed in your honor, it is now time for you to return the favor to creation itself. This is nothing to take lightly, be prepared to enter before you do, initiate, be prepared.

From the Mysteries of the Redemption

"Taken to a mountain hold where I saw a monk sitting in the clearing reading an ancient sacred text, wings began to emerge from my back, as a voice called from the distance echoing the Old Ones. "You are already so open to your memory. That's all you need to do, live in these mountains and remember things."

Past programs began to come out of me, old beliefs, thought patterns and horrid memories. "It is a purging," the voice said, "these things must come out, but you needn't analyze every piece. You must simply let them come out because they are no longer compatible. What was before will become as a past-

life, a veil will actually proceed to fall. You will leave that life, as it will no longer be your concern."

A buffalo appeared who was in labor, struggling to give birth. Trying to assist, aspects of my past pushed me aside, and the calf was stillborn. "Let this be a warning to you, your past life must die in order for your new life to be birthed."

When you walk with the eternal, you can enter the world of noise to fulfill your mission, completely protected. But if you act on your own, you go alone. Because you are not energized properly, you become open to invasion, losing focus and losing your head. World's noise and silence seldom intersect.

If you truly want the wisdom of the silence, you must live there for you cannot leave silence, live the noise, and then teach of silence. It is like discussing a far-away world that becomes a myth. And the messenger of the far away world becomes the fool. The silent one does not fit into the world of noise, he becomes an anomaly, an oddity, seen by those without true reason as being unreasonable in their claims of a higher world.

By leaving the peaceful reason of silence, the silent one becomes clouded with noise, thus, becoming confused and losing his reason . . . and ultimately his head. Silent ones cannot live in the world of noise, it is not compatible to who they are; although they may assist when properly energized for eternal functions.

Noisy ones, though they may be intrigued with the oddities they may see in the silent ones, cannot go where the silent ones live. For the walk towards this silence is not just a passing fancy, it is a journey and a commitment. Traveling through much noise in order to find silence, when you arrive you will join many majestic beings in their silence: mountains, rivers, streams, oceans, stars, moons, trees, bushes, flowers, herbs, deer, elk, squirrels, buffalo, wind, rain and snow. And the elements of the earth, fire, air, earth, and water, all remain profoundly silent . . .

And they came with a vengeance, the god's and goddesses of the lower worlds came like a torrent in the night, attempting every illusion, temptation or trick they could muster. Their only power was their sheer numbers which overwhelmed me at first. Knowing the darkness simply couldn't prevail, I simply couldn't allow it. Aschira returned, goddess of greed, laughing hysterically about the fact that anytime Andy or I had a single thought of greed, she had an invitation to enter our spaces. Anytime anyone bears a single thought of gluttony, lust, greed, pride, sloth, vanity or avarice, it gives passage to these predators of darkness to be near your soul. After all, it is their duty to energize your destruction. Purifying my thoughts would be vital in the fulfillment of my destiny. "You won't be getting anymore invitations, Aschira." I said, shooting her with light to send her away. Disappearing, I never saw her again. We must purify ourselves not only in word and deed, but in thought; so that our thinking

does not bear the markings of the beast.

Demons encircled me, their fanged teeth laughing their backwards laugh. For two nights, the battles continued, but I refused to give in to their terror and fear. By the second night, they no longer even frightened me, for I considered them a nuisance which simply had to be tolerated in the attainment of a higher good. They had come to tempt my soul, and they simply would not be allowed to win. Finally, I called out Otara (the Frequency of the Angels), asking for my eternal alliances to assist.

"We will eat you alive," the consumption energy threatened. "Go ahead, try!" I responded as the golden angels descended and with one mighty stroke of their hands, completely annihilated them. Safe for the moment, the golden angels left me with the knowledge that the dark side would try me for the remainder of my life. Because my function was to save many souls from their hands, they wished to destroy me.

Erupting into an epiphany of awareness, I realized something. It is a gift when you receive that moment of awakening where all life is eternal, all things timeless, and your life seems to pale in its imagined importance in the overall scheme of things. In this moment, you find humility. And when you realize that you are but a blink of an eye, eternity rushes in, in one majestic sweep of awareness! . . .

"In death, you will know." A voice calmly stated. "In death you will know things that only death can teach you." Calmly accepting my fate, my fear had begun to fade. "If I must die, then I will go quietly," I said with resolution. Suddenly, an unexplainable understanding came over me, the knowledge of death.

Another parting soul approached, a woman, "I know my destiny!" She shouted. "It is to forge the bridge across forever." "Yes, that is true," I replied, "but it is *everyone's* destiny to forge the bridge across forever. That is the destiny of humanity, to enter timelessness and leave time behind." But when you cross that bridge and return to the present time/space continuum, the knowledge of forever returns with you. In my death, I'd crossed this bridge, and now suddenly, my soul was going the other direction again . . . towards time.

Swinging over rough waters, I knew I had the opportunity to go back over the bridge with the awareness of forever intact. If I could do that, my impact could be much greater within the continuum . . . "

The Mysteries of the Redemption: A Treatise on Out-of-Body Travel and Mysticism, Marilyn Hughes, The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation, 2003

From Tilak of Tibet Reveals Life's Purpose

“Tilak rose in his subtle body. His physical covering was lying quietly on the wooden cot. Tilak glided swiftly and easily over the mountain and moved into space. Soon he reached a flower-covered pathway. On either side of the pathway were nooks and rustic seats. The pathway extended for some distance toward a wide river. Over the river was a swinging bridge of silver. The pathway was called the Lane of Birth. All individuals seeking physical rebirth cross the silver bridge and enter the pathway. Here the individuals meet other individuals seeking physical rebirth, and often plan many things they expect to do in earth life.

Tilak sat down on a rustic bench and watched the stream of people passing up and down the lane . . .

Sitting cross-legged before the altar, with open palms resting on knees, Tilak meditated. His evening meditation was the day's summary. The earth planet whirling in space carries the forces and powers that give energy to all that dwell thereon. These forces and powers can be directed by the individual. Until the period arrives when the individual does direct these forces and powers the physical body is carried hither and thither, as a chip on the rapids. When these great forces and powers are directed by the individual, the individual is moving toward freedom.

Tilak held before the soul's eye Motive. All action is preceded by motive. It is this power that directs the

life. If a man's motives are selfish, cruel, or bitter, the man is selfish, cruel, or bitter. The value of an individual's act is the motive thereof. The act may have long passed from the memory, but the motive remains. To change negative action, change motive. No act is ever committed that does not ultimately reveal the motive of the act. Often when motive is exposed the individual believes he is being punished. Such is not so, for then the individual is being taught.

If man could hide a single thing, it would be the thing he sought to hide that would weaken his entire structure. This would keep man ever seeking for a quietude; a quietude that only comes when an act has been motivated by good.

HEAVEN IS THE REGION OF PURE MOTIVE . . .

Tilak consulted the power Sound.

A thousand rumblings filled the Chamber, as thunder meeting wildest cataract. The very earth shook. Out of the deafening roar came a voice: "I am Sound. I am found in everything. Release me at your peril. When I am sent forth by mortals I go on forever.

The chords of the throat are so formed that I can issue therefrom. Man calls me—I am ever his servant or his master. I can be shaped, tempered, hardened—I can be lengthened or shortened—I can be sent to distant places—I can remain near—I am ever Sound. I slip easily into the mold of letters; into the mold of words. Once I am sent forth I cannot be recalled. I can cut or

soothe. I can elevate or debase. I come when bidden. I depart when ordered, but never remain inactive. I am known to every form of life. Each uses me as best fits his end. I am present when axe meets block of wood, when fish leap in stream, when bow finds string. At birth of babe I appear heralding a new life. At death I appear heralding a new birth. I ride on the human voice. When a human tongue has lost its power to wound I am sweetest. The snapping buds are but carriers of me. I hold the falling waters in close embrace." *WITHOUT SOUND NAUGHT WOULD BE.*

In the Chamber of the Great Potential Tilak listened to sweet music. Invisible players had found his ear; invisible musicians that in millenniums past had laid aside their instruments. Sound had preserved the melody.

Before Tilak's vision appeared waving flowers. The flowers were numberless; the colors were brilliant. Tilak was in the field of thought. All wander in this great field. As a husbandman carefully gathers rare flowers, so should man gather thoughts. Would a gardener pluck an armful of weeds? Why then should man gather thoughts that cause him suffering. If a gardener finds a weed growing amid his rare plants, he plucks out the weed by the root, that it wither and die in the hot sun. Thus should man uproot thoughts whose growth would impair his best efforts.

Thoughts are prolific; they breed incessantly. Should man draw into his mind an alien that would but breed unhappiness and doubt? Thoughts that have

long been with man often assume the cloak of infallibility, and yet they may have been thoughts that have threaded man's life with uncertainty. Harsh words are the heirs of harsh thoughts, and issue from an unguarded mind. Too many minds resemble a place where thoughts can be thrown and left. That which incites to lust belongs not to mind. Can we entertain poison and remain well?

When an individual is disturbed let him examine carefully that which has removed his peace. Will not the individual find that the disturber is an interloper; an interloper that subtly entered the mind's field, and is not needed, or ever will be needed? When the individual is a turmoil within himself his vigilance has been lacking, and he has permitted traitors to enter the palace of the king. Thoughts long held clothe the body, make the form.

NOTHING THAT WOUNDS IS NEEDED."

*Tilak of Tibet Reveals Life's Purpose, Ann Hackett,
1944*

Because of the deeply caring nature of most initiates, this message needs to be profoundly clear. A lot of time is wasted on eternal souls who find themselves still falling back into karmic temptation. Because you care so deeply about others, it is hard to learn the proper discernment required to know when and where and how much energy is to be expiated on an

individual situation or soul. But learn it you must . . . elsewise, you will become prey to parasite who can slow your progress, completely cause it to cease, or actually turn it around.

Watch carefully, and don't allow things, people or places into your reality which interferes with the highest mission. Nothing else matters anymore. You come in with a quick hit of thrust as determined by God and His Holy Angels, and then you withdraw.

Elsewise, you may get trapped in someone else's karma. Do your job, nothing more, nothing less.

From the Mysteries of the Redemption

"Returning to form, Andy (my husband) awoke from sleep to give me a message. "I was shown many faces," he said, "and they all looked nice enough. They seemed like they were okay, that there was nothing to be concerned about. But then they all changed and a voice said, 'Beware the serpent for he comes in many faces.'"

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From Doctrine of Faith

“That the religious principle of faith separated from charity is meant and described in the Revelation by the dragon and his two beasts has not only been told me from heaven, but has also been shown me in the World of Spirits, which lies beneath heaven. Those in this separated faith, when assembled together, I have seen appearing like a great dragon with a tail outstretched toward the sky; and others of the same description I have seen singly appearing like dragons. For there are appearances of this nature in the world of spirits on account of the correspondence of spiritual things with natural. For this reason the angels of heaven call such persons dragonists. There is however more than one kind of them . . . ”

*Doctrine of Faith, Emanuel Swedenborg, 1763,
Translated by John F. Potts, 1904*

After the ascension of the soul, there is no denying the universal teaching and imperative that every soul must give back to creation that which has been given to him. The initiate must serve . . .

No soul may proceed forth until they have learned to give back that which has been taken from the high frequency energetic flow of evolution, and to restore that which has been lost within humankind below . . . this is the twenty second mystery.

*From the Knowledge of the Higher Worlds and its
Attainment*

“A further point of importance is what spiritual science calls orientation in the higher worlds. This is attained when the student is permeated, through and through, with the conscious realization that feelings and thoughts are just as much veritable realities as are tables and chairs in the world of the physical senses. In the soul and thought world, feelings and thoughts react upon each other just as do physical objects in the physical world. As long as the student is not vividly permeated with this consciousness, he will not believe that a wrong thought in his mind may have as devastating an effect upon other thoughts that spread life in the thought world as the effect wrought by a bullet fired at random upon the physical objects it hits. He will perhaps never allow himself to perform a physically visible action which he considers to be wrong, though he will not shrink from harboring wrong thoughts and feelings, for these appear harmless to the rest of the world. There can be no progress, however, on the path to higher knowledge unless we guard our thoughts and feelings in just the same way we guard our steps in the physical world. If we see a wall before us, we do not attempt to dash right through it, but turn aside. In other words, we guide ourselves by the laws of the physical world. There are such laws, too, for the soul and thought world, only they cannot impose themselves on us from without. They must flow out of the life of the soul itself. This can be attained if we forbid ourselves

to harbor wrong thoughts and feelings. All arbitrary flitting to and fro in thought, all accidental ebbing and flowing of emotion must be forbidden in the same way. In so doing we do not become deficient in feeling. On the contrary, if we regulate our inner life in this way, we shall soon find ourselves becoming rich in feelings and creative with genuine imagination. In the place of petty emotionalism and capricious flights of thought, there appear significant emotions and thoughts that are fruitful. Feelings and thoughts of this kind lead the student to orientation in the spiritual world. He gains a right position in relation to the things of the spiritual world; a distinct and definite result comes into effect in his favor. Just as he, as a physical man, finds his way among physical things, so, too, his path now leads him between growth and decay, which he has already come to know in the way described above. On the one hand, he follows all processes of growing and flourishing and, on the other, of withering and decaying in a way that is necessary for his own and the world's advancement."

*Knowledge of the Higher Worlds and its Attainment,
Rudolph Steiner, 1947*

THE TWENTY THIRD MYSTERY
Initiations into the Lower Afterlife (Hells and
Purgatories) and the Mysteries of the Redemption
(Christ's Life)

For Without the Comprehensive Knowledge of
Darkness, a Soul Cannot Achieve and Fortuitously
Embalm the Truth of the Light Within Itself or Any
Other



As the initiate retreats into the a period of intensive divine training, a state of vacuous energetic imposition must come upon it in order for it to vacate any and all imperatives hindering the retreatants progress towards the deepest disciplines of mind, body and soul.

In my own journey, I was given to enter into Essene training; however, every retreatant will enter into this

phase at the will and bidding of God the Father and every path may be geared differently towards the invisible propensities of the initiate.

The purpose of this stage of initiation and mystery is to master the skills of a higher discipline of the soul - - beyond simple karmic and sinful constructs, into the lesser known faults, cravings or sins of the predecessor.

It is a vital part of the purification.

There are certain states of consciousness which are not retrievable until a soul attends to what may seem the most minute character flaws. To do so, the soul will be harried through many rituals regarding hidden sins, and the sins of humanity. Beyond this, the journeys into the understanding of the lower worlds really takes root as the initiate learns of the purgatories and hell realms.

But first, the initiate must understand the proper state in which to begin . . . isness.

From the Mysteries of the Redemption

“Spiraling rock walls circled themselves until they reached a center point within. The ancient monument had secret columns and passageways below ground where I stood, but only the initiated knew how to get

to them. Energies came and hit like torrents of wind from the ground beneath my feet, and the earth began to shudder and shake. Crevasses opened within the Earth and ancient artifacts were exposed to the top-most layer of the ground. Looking at them, I knew they held secrets and wisdoms from the ancient past. Little did I know, I was about to meet some members of God's royal family. (Headed by Christ, God's Royal Family is run by the prophets and fulfilled in the saints, mystics, sages and ascetics of every world religion, culture and faith.)

The earthquake ceased, but its quaking had laid me upon the ground, so I looked up, preparing to stand. Two bare feet stood before me with a singular hole in the center of each. I knew who had come, as I whisked myself to my feet so that I could bow to Christ, my divine visitor. Beginning to walk together, we quietly followed the spiraling columns from the farthest point out to the farthest point within, the core center. When we had reached this point, we stopped walking and Christ began to mutter sacred words. As He did, we immediately fell through the rock into the secret columns below ground.

Absolute calm was inside as hundreds of monks from all religions of the world were there awaiting our arrival. As the abbot approached, I noticed that some of the monks glowed very brightly with light, while others did not glow at all. It didn't seem to matter which faith the monks were from, for there were glowing and non-glowing monks of all faiths. Christ

conveyed to me that the monks who glowed were true monks, while the others who did not were still in training to become 'true' monks.

Looking at me deeply in the eyes, he motioned to the monks who did not glow, "One must understand the isness. They do not understand the isness." Reaching to take my hand, I placed mine in his as Christ disappeared."

The Mysteries of the Redemption: A Treatise on Out-of-Body Travel and Mysticism, Marilynn Hughes, The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation, 2003

From Pensatia

"I awoke to silence, centered in a circular expanse of golden atmosphere. All the preceding steps, the sumtotal of my initiations, lifted my consciousness into the holy silence of this . . . step. The Essene Jesus, the Christed One, a white dove silhouetted high above his head, stood, arms outstretched within the cosmic circle . . .

'Come close, Pensatia. Here, sit in the silence of the AUM.'"

The High Mountain, Pensatia, 1965, Euclid Publishing, 1978

From the Mysteries of the Redemption

“Brilliant air filled my soul, as the song of a particular Buddhist Sutra began exploding in melodious streams all around me, 'A Guide to the Bodhisattva's Way of Life,' also called, 'Bodhisattvacharyavatara;' the epitome of self-sacrifice on behalf of other living beings. My soul began dancing in flight to the musical stream. But almost as quickly as it had come, it stopped.

In the distance, I saw the outline of the Buddha sitting in a lotus position. The white descended. As it did, the Buddha approached me, floating through the air in the same position. Pulsing white energy throughout my spirit, I immediately felt complete and total calm. Conveying to me that he was now going to place me within the actual energy of three qualities of attainment, I surrendered in awe as the white and absolute serenity covered me in a blanket of solitude.

First, I was surrounded in wonderment.

Then, devotion.

And last, humility.

In these spaces, I knew isness.

With this experience also came a deep sorrow, humility and repentance for all I had done in my many lifetimes that caused harm to others.

Inherently, I understood that all religions serve a pathway, a cause in evolution. Following these very

high roads requires a sense of true devotion in order to be understood, followed and embraced. Because they are ensconced in karmic purification, most souls cannot yet understand true devotion. Because their minds are deluded and misled, they may *intend* to be devoted, but their minds are incapable in their present state, of the discipline required to attain true devotion. A karmic soul serves the will of the self, while an eternal soul serves the will of the Lord. As Christ said:

In the white energies of wonderment, devotion and humility, I saw my own vices and how displeasing they were to God, and in the same breath I was given to observe true virtue as it manifests among the heavenly realms. Looking upon great holiness and purity of heart, I yearned for it . . . “

The Mysteries of the Redemption: A Treatise on Out-of-Body Travel and Mysticism, Marilynn Hughes, The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation, 2003

From Açvaghosha

“It is even the same with suchness. Though it is pure and bright in its essence and sufficiently envelopes all merits, yet it is deeply buried in infinite external defilements. And there is no reason to suppose that a man can make it pure and clean only by earnest contemplation on it, and without trying any means [of emancipation] or of discipline.

It is therefore an urgent necessity that all good deeds should be accumulated, that all beings should be delivered, that those infinite external defilements and impurities should be cast off, that the true doctrine should be revealed.

With regard to "means" [or "skillfulness,"] there are, briefly stated, four kinds.

The first one is called the means of practicing the fundamental [truth]. That is to say, by contemplating the true essence of all . . . which, being uncreate and free from imagination, is not concerned with the metempsychosis of birth and death, and by contemplating the truth that all things originate from the co-operation of the principle and the causes, and that the retribution of karma is irrevocable, one will evoke deep compassion, discipline oneself in all good deeds, embrace and convert all beings, and not dwell in Nirvâna, since suchness [in its absolute aspect] has nothing to do with Nirvâna or with birth-and-death. As this attitude [towards all objects] is in accord [with the nature of suchness], it is called the means of practising the [fundamental] truth.

The second one is called the means of abeyance. That is, by feeling shame and remorse, one may put an end to all evils and not let them grow, since suchness is free from all marks of imperfection. Thus to be in accord with suchness and to put an end to all evils is called the means of abeyance.

The third one is called the means of strengthening the root of merits. By raising reverential feelings toward the Triple Treasure, one will revere, make offerings to, pay homage to, praise, rejoice in, and beseech the Triple Treasure; and there upon one's orthodox faith being strengthened, one will at last awake a desire for the most excellent knowledge . . . one's karmahindrances will now get purified and one's root of merit firmly established; because suchness is free from all hindrances and envelopes all merits. Thus to be in accord with suchness and to practice good deeds is called the means of strengthening the root of merits.

The fourth one is called the universal means of great vows. That is, one may make the vow that in ages to come all beings should universally be delivered and take refuge at ease because the true nature of all objects is free from relativity, is one and the same, making no distinction between this and that, and is absolutely calm and tranquil. Thus to be in accord with the three attributes [i.e., non-relativity, sameness, tranquility] of suchness and to make such a great vow is called the universal means of great vows."

*Açvaghosha's Discourse on the Awakening of Faith
in the Mahâyâna, Translated by Teitaro Suzuki, 1900*

And in turn, it was a Buddhist Monk who took me through the initiation of imperturbability and

impermeability; demonstrating to my soul the highest means of manifestation required of us in order to truly be capable of altering both men and worlds within the universal spheres.

From the Mysteries of the Redemption

“The rowboat was moving slowly along the river as we began our trip to the wilderness of demons. A Buddhist monk rowed the boat very mindfully towards three separate destinations in the eerie woodland. Taken to learn more about the demons of the common man, as manifested in this particular average family, I was unsure.

Walking through the woods was the demonic form of the gull, destructive sexual energy, wearing a skirt up to her buttocks; she kept trying to get the monk's attention by taunting him sexually. Unmoved by her attentions, he had no interest in such manifestations. The young woman owned by this gull appeared next to her, as I acknowledged her charge.

Inviting the demon to join us in the boat, the monk remained totally at peace as we rowed further towards a mountainous area. I was not very comfortable sharing the boat with a demon. Arriving at our second destination, we exited the rowboat and traveled on foot to a spot deep in the woods.

Standing there was a very large raging demon; fifteen

or twenty feet in height. Introducing me to the demon of rage, he was given to uncontrollable fits of rage, which made him grow larger. Frightened by this particularly reptilian demon, I moved back; but the Buddhist monk stood forward, even as the demon raged. The demon stood on two feet and had green horns. Holding his hand to the demon, the monk asked him to join us in our boat. Two members appeared at the side of this demon, father and son, as the monk made me to know that this demon controlled them both, having been passed from one generation to the next. In this, I saw how the sins of the father are visited upon the sons, for the demon of the father had been inherited by the son.

In the face of this simple monk, I saw complete compassion and understanding. Imperturbable, he generated no anger or hatred towards the demons, just a polite understanding of the causes of such births. While we rowed in the boat, the demon of rage would burst into fits of violence at random moments, which made me fearful and uncomfortable. But the monk remained completely unchanged, as if it were simply a small child throwing a tantrum on the floor.

Rowing quietly to our final destination, we reached the home of the final member of this family. The beast continued his rages and the gull continued her sexual tauntings; but the monk parked the boat quietly with no response to the emergent defilement. His compassion was something I could not yet fully understand.

Attached to the side of this soul's home was a haunted mansion, overrun by demons and haunted memories from her past. Anything but benign, this haunted mansion was inhabited by the soul who made unconscious incantations to Beelzebub, just by the nature of her thoughts.

As the monk walked with me to the door, he directed that I should enter alone. As I did, I saw the demons, ghosts and maniacal ravings of the occupants of the haunted mansion, while this woman stood amongst it, unwilling to do anything about it. "You could free yourself from this plight if only you would be willing to examine and process these energies singularly." I said. She folded her arms in defiance. "No!"

Leaving the home, I closed the door. As we re-entered the rowboat the demons disappeared and reappeared on the shore in this demon wilderness. Smiling and waving at the monk, they seemed grateful that he understood their true nature and felt compassion for the inherent suffering of such a state. Finding it compelling that all of these demons were common, not unusual in any way, it was shocking to me to realize that almost all incarnate souls are possessed to a certain degree by such varied demons of vice.

Being with the monk transferred a very important knowledge, that of compassion and love to even the most vile of creation. Continuing to row the boat until we exited this forest of demons, the monk said and

conveyed nothing more. But I reflected a great deal on how I used to perceive darkness. And now, I understood something I'd never fully grasped. Darkness knows no happiness, for it doesn't know God. This is very sad."

The Mysteries of the Redemption: A Treatise on Out-of-Body Travel and Mysticism, Marilyn Hughes, The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation, 2003

From Thich Naht Hahn

"To encounter a true master is said to be worth a century of studying his or her teaching, because in such a person we witness a living example of enlightenment. How can we encounter Jesus or the Buddha? It depends on us. Many who looked directly into the eyes of the Buddha or Jesus were not capable of seeing them . . . When a sage is present and you sit near him or her, you feel peace and light."

Living Buddha, Living Christ, Thich Naht Hahn

And in this understanding, the initiations into understanding the temptations of man during life are shown to the retreatant, as well as, the epochs of the afterlife in order that he may prepare for his own eventual demise . . . but yet also, that he may become capable of assisting others at the hour of death who

might yet otherwise remain completely blindsided by that which is due to their own lack of study or preparation during life.

Some souls are just not equipped in terms of the status of the energetic thrust within their souls to pass through these states without difficulty.

In cases where the Lord so deigns its justice, some of these souls will be given aid. But much remains dependent upon the intentions of the souls who are crossing . . . for many cross into darkness unappealed due to their love of vice and corruption.

From the Mysteries of the Redemption

“Brought upon a great series of disasters which represented the different levels of temptation which can descend upon our souls; the first and most catastrophic was a volcanic eruption coupled with earthquakes, the second was mud slides, and the third flash floods.

In each of these scenarios, my soul was given to experience and learn how to 'ride' the flow of the temptation so as not to be overcome. All three could overcome you without regard if you were not watchful for their sudden emergence, but if you knew how to ride temptation, you could survive the assaults of even the greatest element of vice.

In regards to the first temptation, the worst involving volcanic eruptions and earthquakes, I was bidden to ride the volcanic flow and willingly go underneath it as it covered me over in vile usury. Able to emerge victorious after it had passed, I was then able to emerge very slowly. In essence, you had to surrender to this level of temptation, not in the sense that you followed it, but rather, that you accepted the temptation as a wave of energy you could not avoid. Because it could not be avoided, you rode it. Riding required immersion with eventual re-emerging, unscathed if ridden properly. At the end of a first level temptation, you emerged on very high ground, far above (several hundred feet) the point you began, indicating the reward of overcoming such a high level temptation of the soul.

The second and third level were rather similar, in that you were required to ride the waves of mud and water, as well, but because they were less overwhelming than the first, you sought to keep your head above the flow. Mastering this was done by forming your body as if like a tube, a key for second and third level temptations.

Overcoming these three levels of temptation proffered the journeyer with the title of 'Master of the Slide.' Learning to follow the movements of temptation, the soul must do so in a flowing manner so as to avoid perishing amidst the tumultuous and rabid natural disasters of sin.

Unable to ride the waves of temptation, completely overcome on all three levels; my eldest daughter required my assistance to keep her from being overwhelmed by vice. Andy had trouble with the first and second level temptations. Upon sharing this with them, they confirmed their weakness, vowing to strive ever more in the fight against temptation and sin.

Do not flee from temptation, but do not succumb, but ride the wave, and follow it through so as not to be overwhelmed. Do not fight temptation from the ground, overcome it through surrender to the flow of the divine, and you shall obtain the strength to swim through the greatest of moral obstacles with success”.

The Mysteries of the Redemption: A Treatise on Out-of-Body Travel and Mysticism, Marilyn Hughes, The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation, 2003

From the Mysteries of the Redemption

“Extricated from the world of the living, I was given to take passage upon the road from life to death, to observe the processes of the dying souls. When a soul passed through death, it may spend time in separate life 'epochs,' which contain within them elements of different time frames during their lives. Totally determined by the level of attachment a soul had to the period and the level of resolution which had already taken place upon the ground, the time spent

in each epoch could vary considerably.

Observing several separate souls, I noticed many differences in application of this process. One of the souls went through four ten-year epochs mimicking four separate time periods and events in his life wherein he had great regret and attachment. Another soul went through no epochs, and journeyed directly into the following stages proceeding the epochs to learn from a 'jurist,' whose function is to speak to the soul about the next phases of existence. Apparent that the time spent in 'epochs' lay in direct correlation to the amount of time spent during life in self-evaluation, remorse and repentance, those who had thoroughly investigated their actions while living had no need of the epochs in death, proceeding directly to the next phase.

Interestingly, I observed a third soul who had no need of epochs *or* jurists. A very advanced, detached and spiritually educated soul, he was ready at the moment of death to depart for a higher life station.

During my traveling, I had taken several sub-conscious souls who were either friends or biological relations of the souls we were to observe in death this evening. Very confused because the after-life afforded so many differing journeys for each of their loved ones, I observed that the after-death experience could differ greatly for souls who had lived through the same time-frame together.

For instance, in observing the after-death experience of an old boyfriend of one of the souls who was watching with me, she was disturbed that he had great conflict in the epoch of his life regarding the two of them, which had long since passed. Because he had badly mistreated her, he had many regrets, although she was quite detached from that epoch of her life, because she had moved on.

It seemed that souls were most attached to epochs of their life wherein they had caused harm to others. But it was less likely that a soul would be greatly attached to the times of his life when he had actually been the recipient of pain.

Trying to help this soul from her past to move forward through this epoch of their lives, she quickly realized that it was a necessary process which she could not either lengthen or shorten. For those souls who spent little or no time in self-reflection during life, the immediate after-life would contain a great deal of time for such ventures.

An actual road existed between the living and the dead upon which we were driving, and it was a very treacherous route filled with many pitfalls of conscience. Surprised when somebody from my own past wrecked intentionally into our side, she replied, "Karmic payback." Unintentionally causing her harm many years ago through the use of improper words, I asked her what I might be able to do for her in return for what I had done in the past. Wanting to know the

status of the soul of a friend of hers who had passed, I entered into a reflective state.

Having passed directly through the epochs and jurist, he'd immediately entered eternal life. Disappointed, she knew that you could communicate with souls who remained in the epochs by traveling this road. Many souls did communicate with loved ones while they traveled through the epochs of their lives, which gave them opportunities to settle old conflicts and hurts. But beyond the epochs, there remained no attachment to their former existences and they were no longer willing to speak of their 'past lives' with souls who remained within them.

After death while traveling the epochs, souls would only communicate with those from the past for a short period of time, to resolve these conflicts, and then they would begin to learn of eternal life from their jurists. When they were well-versed in such matters, they moved forward. At this point, any grudges held by those in life towards the deceased became their own problem. Continuing to hold a grudge against the soul of the *remorseful* departed becomes almost as a sin connected to the living remaining soul. An attending jurist spoke, "Forgiveness moves mountains and souls."

Understanding was the purpose of this road, and many of the dead who linger, such as lost souls or souls who wish communication with their loved ones, are those who have much to rectify, either because of

their own lack of diligence in pursuing such matters in life, or because their life was cut short unexpectedly leaving much unfinished. But all souls, despite the great need for this process, do try to work through the epochs of their lives as quickly as possible. In order to help souls going through such phases of death, we must simply forgive.

On the road from life to death, there was a process which can only be described as going from hot to cold to colder to frozen. Traveling through the epochs contained an element of 'freezing' whose purpose was to take a soul from a 'hot' or attached state to life, and bring them slowly to a 'cold' or detached state from that past life. Memory slowly becomes iced as aspects are forgiven, released and let go. As the knowledge of mistakes become manifest, the attachment to the experience becomes less consequential. Rather than being an act of uncaring, it allows for knowledge to be processed through honest detached observation, within the context of continued movement. Great sorrow and lamentation occurs during this process, so when the lamentation is finished, the soul ices and becomes less emotional and more knowledgeable with a newfound sense of detachment. Emotional lamentation is encouraged, however, because it breeds true contrition which leads to knowledge.

Soaring now towards the sun, my soul stopped to witness a swirling cluster of blue stars which had formed into a magnificent nebulae."

The Mysteries of the Redemption: A Treatise on Out-of-Body Travel and Mysticism, Marilyn Hughes, The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation, 2003

From the Mysteries of the Redemption

“Amidst the turmoil, the end came like a thief in the night as a giant gale wind guffawed in puff and smoke, and everyone was immediately transformed into the likeness of their true inner self through death. Time of probation in the world was now past, and each soul was now placed within the category of their choosing. Although redemption incurs many lifetimes, perhaps even in this, there is a limited cycle. Perhaps each soul has his own specific time of probation, his own judgment day, in which to accomplish his redemption. Or . . . perhaps this is the time of the final judgment, the end of time, when the new heaven and the new earth shall be formed. Perhaps those who have been purified and transformed through the mechanism of the redemption then become heavenly wards, wherein those who continue in their wicked and blasphemous ways become the denizens of hell. I can only present the questions within the context of what I have seen, for I am unable to answer them.

Becoming vibrant and joyous, the good people emerged from their cocoons, while the dark ones (who were by far the majority) became like corpses with claws, all white and dead looking. Because of the

obvious differences now between the light and dark, the lighted people had to be very careful. In order to make my way through the crowds of dark people to begin my approach towards my inheritance of the heavenly abodes, I sang to Jesus a new hymn, 'Sing to Jesus,' which impotized the dark ones towards my soul.

But because our differences were now so obvious, the dark ones sought to prey on the lighted, and the lighted had to be extremely cautious in their movements through the initial worlds of the dead. A voice spoke from the heavens, "It is said in the realms of the eternal, do not wait upon angels and men to bring about your own redemption. Do it now, lest you find you've run out of time."

The Mysteries of the Redemption: A Treatise on Out-of-Body Travel and Mysticism, Marilyn Hughes, The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation, 2003

And thus, the soul must thence proceed towards the realms for which they remain compatible. After the earth life, we do not suddenly transform into something in which we were not during our conscious waking lives . . . but rather, we correspond directly to the realms which seek out our level of vibration, that to which we are compatible.

Because of this transference of consciousness and the many levels in which souls may be perturbed during

their lives; if a soul is not destined for one of the many heavenly spheres, they will likely descend to one of the infinite purgatorial or hell realms.

What is of vital importance to remember, then as souls upon the earthly terrain; is that our brothers and sisters who cross over need our prayers, masses and offerings of acts of good will to assist them in their journeys abroad.

In one recent instance, I was taken to assist in a chaos realm. There are many different types of chaos realms in the purgatories; this particular one demonstrated aspects of the secularist assault on religion. Everything circled around mindless activities; much like a carnival atmosphere.

Within the confines of this purgatorial realm, I was looking for a particular soul who had just passed and had left this world quite compatible to the chaos of money, greed and meaningless activity.

Several masses were being said for her daily by a particular priest who showed up with me to this particular purgatorial realm. He was trying to say Mass within the confines of this realm because in so doing, it would not only cause a great disturbance there in their secular activities and it would not only cause the immediate release of the particular soul for whom we were praying; but it would likely cause the release of many souls . . . However, there were so many thousands of distracted souls in this realm, that

the Mass was continually interrupted and never allowed to be brought to fruition.

The final word on this soul for that moment was that she was very comfortable there at this time. Many Masses and prayers would be required to assist her to energetically rise above the point she remained at death; in order for her to even consider attending to her higher nature.

In other words, she might very well need to circle here for quite a time before her energetic thrust could be lifted up enough to get her to see that there was a way out.

But the mystery that this experience shows the initiate is that the priest who was offering the Masses actually *entered into* the purgatorial realm with his prayer . . . this is very significant and quite important to those of us behind in realizing the energetic significance of having Masses and prayers said for those who have crossed over. Do not forget them, lest you be forgotten yourself.

From a Wanderer in the Spirit Lands

"Dead! Dead!" I wildly cried. "Oh, no, surely no! For the dead feel nothing more; they turn to dust; they moulder to decay, and all is gone, all is lost to them; they have no more consciousness of anything, unless,

indeed, my boasted philosophy of life has been all wrong, all false, and the soul of the dead still lives even though the body decays."

The priests of my own church had taught me so, but I had scorned them as fools, blind and knavish, who for their own ends taught that men lived again and could only get to heaven through a gate, of which they held the keys, keys that turned only for gold and at the bidding of those who were paid to say masses for the departed soul--priests who made dupes of silly frightened women and weak-minded men, who, yielding to the terror inspired by their awful tales of hell and purgatory, gave themselves, bodies and souls, to purchase the illusive privilege they promised. I would have none of them. My knowledge of these priests and the inner hidden lives of many of them had been too great for me to listen to their idle tales, their empty promises of a pardon they could not give, and I had said I would face death when it came, with the courage of those who know only that for them it must mean total extinction; for if these priests were wrong, who was right? Who could tell us anything of the future, or if there were any God at all? Not the living, for they but theorize and guess, and not the dead, for none came back from them to tell; and now I stood beside this grave--my own grave--and heard my beloved call me dead and strew flowers upon it."

A Wanderer in the Spirit Lands, A. Franchezzo (A. Farnese) 1896

From the Mysteries of the Redemption

“And so it came to pass that I was introduced to the many mansions of evil within the Universe. Journeying into these scary places was disconcerting at first, especially after having experienced many of the heavenly mansions of the Lord for such a long period of time. These stately old haunted places all had ominous characteristics correlating to the vice in which they were founded. Some souls in these horrid places were trapped there after death, as they clung tightly to their sin. Others would go there in their sleep, at night, unaware that the evil one was working hard to *increase* their vice and destructive deeds, through sub-conscious suggestion.

Having a very eerie quality, this particular haunted mansion shared the quality that most of them bore. My purpose was to rescue souls from these places, exorcise them, and dismantle certain energies as commanded by the Lord. Holding the energies of past dark acts committed in the Wild West of the United States, it was haunted by criminals, train robbers, bounty hunters, and every possible crime of that era. Amidst the agitation, a soul was calling for help.

All it takes is that one sincere look to the sky, 'Lord, there has to be more, what does it all mean?,' and all the angels of the Lord are called in to nourish that spark, so that it may one day become a flame. Lying awake in an old-fashioned bedroom with pictures of the greatest criminals throughout history, I appeared

to the man. "Let's get out of here," I yelled to him, not wishing to stay in this dark place long, "but first, we must exorcise these demons."

Confused by my request, I began to demonstrate this vital process to him. Thinking that he could not possibly leave until all of his family and friends were ready to come with him, I tried to help him to understand that they would not be leaving for a very long time. Not yet having asked for redemption, they'd not even recognized their need for such a grand event to take place within their soul.

As hundreds of dark entities reside in haunted mansions, when you enter, many immediately cling to your soul and try to burrow within. It's not possible to even *enter* without having them attach, so if you've resided in a particular haunted place for any amount of time, there are many demons to exorcise. Even if you enter for the purpose of helping another, you must go through an exorcism before you may leave safely. Exorcism is not comfortable to experience or witness, especially at first. But once you understand the mechanisms of darkness and its various forms of assault and energetic invasion, you recognize that in certain circumstances deflection is not enough. Just as if a man were drowning in a muck pond, you would recognize that in order to save him, you must be willing to jump into the muck. No possibility would exist that you would be able to do so (to save him) without yourself being covered in grime and odor. Knowing in advance that you will

have to cleanse and purify upon exit, you go in anyway because it is the only way to save him.

Beginning to pull all my energy upwards from my feet all the way to my crown chakra at the top of my head, I instinctively began reciting the first stanza of the Lord's Prayer: "Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name, Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done, on Earth as it is in Heaven" Repeating these words over and over, I concentrated deeply on the meaning of each phrase as I continued pulling the energies up. Dark energies settle in the lower chakras and the lower stations of the body, and in order to remove them, you must pull them up from the very bottom to the top, and out. Knowing they would invariably pass through my throat chakra on their way through, I began *thinking* the Lord's Prayer deeply within my mind so as not to give them any repose once they'd snatched my vocal chords. As the invasions rose, they came screaming out at the top of their lungs, trying to stop the painful exorcism, as they did not want to leave. Chanting continuously, my words and the power that they invoked gave them no choices. In minutes, it was over and they were gone.

In shock as he watched this event, the man was very uncomfortable with the idea of experiencing the out-of-control nature of an exorcism himself. Not wishing to go through his own process, I said, "You can't leave this place until you exorcise the dark spirits within you." His face revealed that he couldn't believe that *he*

could possibly be possessed by such things. "They are within you . . ." I said, to his disbelieving face, "they are within you. Do you remember when you've felt that rage coming from your gut all the way up to your head and you lost control completely?" Now, he understood. "Who do you think fuels your rage?" I asked. Even so, the exorcism was too scary for him to undertake. "It is the only way to remove them," I said, "you may be able to control them sometimes, but inevitably they control you." He wasn't ready, and began looking agitated. But agitation is one of the most easily recognizable signs of demonic interference.

Leaving him with the knowledge of the exorcism, I said, "When you are ready, begin chanting. Someone from the light will return to retrieve you when you are ready." Nodding, it was only a matter of time before this soul would accept deliverance, even though it would not be easy.

All of a sudden, my spirit was hurling through a black hole in space. A star tunnel swept my soul into a higher energy that took me light years away from the haunted mansion I'd visited. Cascading around me in purplish blues, the stars filled my vision."

*The Mysteries of the Redemption: A Treatise on Out-of-Body Travel and Mysticism, Marilynn Hughes, The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation, 2003
From Galactica*

“Appearing with a distressed look upon his brow, the middle-aged man appeared and began speaking very rapidly as if there was not much time. Immediately, I *knew* that this man was a soul in purgatory and I was very interested in what he might have to say. "You have to replace all the *peace* you didn't make, conflicts you started, unhappiness you generated, agitation or just general discord that you put into the world." Finding his words rather profound, they seemed to generally sum up the true destiny of mankind, the meaning of life, in a way that I'd never fully thought of before.

Going on, he said, "We need to create a wall between us and the living because we have to focus on repairing for what we have lacked and what we could've done, but did not." Again, he repeated, "We have to repair for all the peace we took from the world . . . it takes a lot of energy to do that."

Beginning to ask him a question, I stopped myself as he continued speaking. "You always knew what your passion was, knowledge of God, but my passions in life were other things. I have a lot to make up for." Looking down, I replied, "I am very guilty of taking peace from the world, in many instances." Casually, he replied, "I hadn't known that."

Interrupting, I asked, "What happens when you die, do you reunite with all your loved ones, do you all travel the journey of death together?" Remaining very serious, he replied, "The people you knew before are

in the room 'above the bedroom.' You meet them directly after death and then go on your separate ways of purification." "But what about . . ." my words were interrupted, by a rapid yet quiet voice, fading quickly into the night. "We need to create a wall between us and the living, it takes a lot of energy . . ." Then he was gone.

We can do much in this world to make it a better place, but against the enemy of life, which is death, we shall all fail. Our powerless is complete, and we shall all share the same fate. Rather than this being sad, it is liberating, because we are then free to enjoy the moments God chooses to give us without guilt, shame or fear; or the pressure that we must solve this problem, as well.

There comes a time in every life, whether it be the oncoming plane is in view, the terminal condition has taken hold, the car is on its way over the mountain, the volcano has erupted, the tornado is here, the flash flood came too fast; when the soul sees his undeniable fate approaching - and it is death - a ripping away from all things known and seen in this creature's short life, and the soul knows that it is powerless to change the outcome.

Surrender occurs, and it is in this moment that a soul truly lives with eternal life in mind, bringing meaning to the pronouncement held by all religious faiths that we should *all* live our lives with its end in view."

*Galactica: A Treatise on Death, Dying and the
Afterlife, Marilyn Hughes, 2003
From the Mysteries of the Redemption*

From Galactica

“Dragging upon the ground behind as I rushed towards my destination, my long blue cloak was a hindrance in my hurry. Unaware of where I might be going, I only knew that I had to run through this very large crowd of people to get there. Despite my old fashioned cloak, other people about me seemed to be dressed in very modern attire. But in a blink of an eye, I was transported to a very different place, where everyone was dressed in much the same manner.

An old marketplace, much like you would expect along the streets of an old town in the 19th century, there were hundreds of spirits here from the last 200 years; pirates, cowboys, women in bonnets and long dresses, etc. In contrast to the great number of people who rushed upon their way, the streets seemed quite narrow. As I kept running, I knew that I was here to find somebody, but I didn't know who. The chaos all around me was deafening, people were yelling and screaming, selling their wares loudly, protecting themselves from thieves. Others were lying upon the ground or leaned up against the walls, drunk or sleeping.

Coming upon a woman who was writing hymns on

an old player piano in a storefront, I stopped to look at her work. Such a Godly pursuit seemed incompatible to this chaotic realm, and it gave me joy to see her do this. Unhappy with her music, however, she accepted encouragement to continue writing. What she was doing might eventually free her soul.

Turning, I saw the gentleman I was here to find. Inherently, I knew that I was not to approach him, for it was imperative that he find me first. Beginning to run towards him, I became lost in the chaos of the crowds. As I was pushed, pulled and tossed this way and that, the man was suddenly out of sight. Running aimlessly, I followed the crowds down the endless yet repetitive marketplace streets which were like a chaotic maze, where you would continually go down similar streets but you never understood how you got back to them or why. In constant motion, the people in this realm were bouncing on and off of each other's realities.

Suddenly, I heard the man's voice. "I know you!" he said, as I turned to greet him. "You've run by here six times! As soon as I spotted you, I knew we must meet. Are you lost?" My purpose was unknown to him, but at least he recognized me. "Yes, indeed," I replied. Pulling me close, it was obvious that he had misunderstood the purpose of our meeting. Moving away from his grasp, he immediately sensed my discomfort at his romantic intentions. "Thank you," I said in response to his respectful withdrawal. "I have come to find the way out of the chaos realm." I said.

"You mean hell?" he laughed.

Indeed, it was one of the *gateways* to the hells, although the chaos realm contained both darkness and light. A place of karmic circling, it was compatible to those who crave the delusion of constant motion and it was officially a purgatory.

"I'm Philip," the man said, "and who might you be?" Shyly, I responded, "Just one who seeks the doorway out of this chaotic realm." Laughing hysterically, he said, "There's no way out of this place, we're on the moon. No one ever finds their way out of here." Suddenly from my view, I could see the Earth through a small portal appearing through the clouds in the sky. "Oh, my God!" I shrieked. "You're right! We are on the moon!"

Calmly, he took my hand. Wanting to comfort me, he believed I was simply delusional. "There is a way out of here." I said, but he maintained the kindly gentleman approach as he sarcastically chuckled. "Well, then, if you ever find it, you come back and get me so I can get out of here with you." Perceiving that I was a lost soul wandering through chaos, his disbelief was undaunting. "There *is* a way out of here," I said, "come with me and we'll find it together."

Pointing to the portal in the sky where the Earth was easily seen, I knew that this had to be the exit. Closed in by a constant overshadowing of clouds, the rest of the realm was completely blocked. Suddenly, I felt a tug from the spirit world as it began to pull me away

through the portal. "Take my hand," I yelled, "come with me." But he wouldn't, and as I was swiftly sucked out of the chaos, I could do nothing but watch his surprised face as he watched me exit the realm.

Making me aware that my task was to help him realize there was an exit, the eternal made clear that he would pursue it and eventually find deliverance. It was finished."

The Mysteries of the Redemption: A Treatise on Out-of-Body Travel and Mysticism, Marilynn Hughes, The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation, 2003

From the Mysteries of the Redemption

"Before I knew what had happened, a group of spiritual guides had swept me away to follow them on their missions for the night. About fifty men and women, all were trained in the de-energization and extrication of incarnate consumer's of children.

Like a SWAT team, they were unfailing in their lures and devices to entrap and capture the assailers of God's most precious ones. And if there was even the smallest of hesitation to cooperate with God's answer to the consumer's of children, they were immediately destroyed. No tolerance whatsoever was given to those who perpetrated evil upon children. In fact, I had never seen such immediate, total and thorough retaliation by any force of light for any other crime.

Perpetrators of such acts were held accountable for the soul's they defiled, and were given no second chances. Sympathy was absent for this putrid form of evil. Committing such an act seemed to render immediate judgment against your soul to be administered at God's command.

Preparing to take out a particularly horrible soul who had committed many acts against children, the SWAT team revealed to me how many victims, crimes, and unspeakable acts he had committed, all of which were hard to fathom. Leading the SWAT team on a long and arduous chase, it resulted in a confrontation in a mall where he was now surrounded. Randomly, he shot at people all around, because he knew he was doomed but did not want to give up.

One of the team members took my hand as he wanted me to see this particularly vile character God had sent them to annihilate. Directing me to look upon the countenance of this creature, I followed him quietly and turned to face this man who had piled up all around him the disgusting lures and horrific devices he had used on his unfortunate victims. "Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah," I screamed in horror, as I looked upon the face of the consumer. "Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah." Showing no emotion, he had nothing to say regarding the charges brought against him; but his face was covered by a pox, the visible sign of his sin. An angel of the Lord appeared. "Choosing evil is enough to drive a man away from God," she said, "but even this has the hope of

salvation. But to bring other souls to damnation is a violation of God's law to the highest degree. To deliver children into the hands of evil is a crime against God for which you are accountable." The consumer saw two souls for which he was paying due. One had been born into darkness, but because of this man, had become worse, and had gone backwards. This was very bad. But then the angel showed him a sweet innocent young child, who'd been born in a state of grace, but because of him, had become filled with demons of various kinds, causing this soul to fall from grace. This was so much greater a loss, so much greater a sin, and this was very, very bad.

As I watched, I realized that being the cause of another soul's fall from grace is a much greater sin than any other. Falling apart at the sight, the man said nothing, nothing at all. Cowering, I turned away because I couldn't look as the team moved in and destroyed him. Time for destruction now completely over, he was rendered completely benign. To prey upon children is the lowest form of evil, and to commit such acts, is to almost assuredly commit your soul to hell. . . .

Lain amidst the horrid spectacle of this putrid lower realm, the grave of the abuser was surrounded by darkness. Others who had been committed to this place were walking around as their bodies were decomposing. Sitting before his grave, I noticed that a statue of him (which represented his soul) had been

broken into several pieces. Carefully, I began to pick them up and put them back together as best as I could.

An old man, a caretaker in this deep pit, showed me how I could use clay from the Earth to fasten the pieces back together again. From behind the gravestone, a young Indian woman appeared with a fawn at her side. Humming a mournful chant for the dead, she shook a somber rattle in her respectful obeisance to the lost souls of the lower worlds.

Looking at her, I said, "I am deeply concerned, for this man was a great sinner, and I am filled with concern and worry over his soul." Looking up quietly and calmly, she replied, "God will not forget us, no matter how much we have sinned. His soul is not forgotten by the Lord." Conveying to me that his crimes held less accountability than one might imagine because of an accident that had occurred in his youth, causing some minor unrecognized brain damage which affected his thinking on proper boundaries. No mercy is given in *stopping* such predators, but mercy is given, when appropriate due to circumstances beyond their control in regards to the judgment of their soul.

Another young man, also confounded to this hell realm, approached. His hands were merely stubs as they had decomposed. "There are those who teach us even in our graves." He said. Surprised, I noticed a spirit standing aside his grave site. "I am told that

when I learn to disconnect from my body and leave this putrid death behind, that I will be able to fly!"

Looking at the young Indian woman who continued chanting, she quietly said, "We worry about those we love who have sinned much, but the Lord has not forgotten them, the Lord has not forgotten them . . ."

The Mysteries of the Redemption: A Treatise on Out-of-Body Travel and Mysticism, Marilyn Hughes, The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation, 2003

From the Mysteries of the Redemption

"Leading a soul through the doorway of death, we came upon the maze of choices. Having lived a good life, he was trying very hard to follow God's will, and as a result, he had the option of ascending and moving beyond the death/rebirth cycles of life. In following the maze of choices, however, a soul naturally amends to that which most deeply follows their inner desires (their compatibility). Coming upon a crossroads, I fervently pointed to the right, the choice which would lead to his ascension, but he gave no thought to his choice and allowed his inner cravings to correspond with the familiar route. Turning to the left, he re-entered his own karmic circle. His choice was irrefutable, and as soon as it was made, he was no longer aware of my presence. Caught again in the cycle of karmic retribution, I paused but quickly turned to go, as there were more

people crossing over this night.

Deep below the earth's surface, the ominous nature of where we were going suddenly hit me; the knowledge of it entered my conscious awareness as I began remembering the knowledge of the many hells. Many layers of the Earth reside all the way down to the molten core, each of them containing various hell realms. Closest to the surface, are the second dimensional hells, and further below, the first dimensional hells. We were going to one of the second dimensional hells, a place of vanity and greed, lovingly referred to as Muddy Flats.

Carved out of an old stone, a pointer lay in the ground which a soul could point to the left or the right. Remaining unrepentant after death, these souls believed that the fountain of youth lay in one of these directions. Choosing the correct direction would have offered them immediate reincarnation, but they followed the direction which they believed would take them to the fountain. In fact, the choice they made was to continue towards Muddy Flats.

Ominously ugly to see from a distance, Muddy Flats was an enclosed rock and mud cavern which held those who had entered in total and complete darkness. Those traveling through death's door this eve could still turn back if they chose, but as they remained in delusion, they continued walking towards Muddy Flats. Our host was an attractive man wearing a tuxedo, who smiled with a welcoming

posture as he asked each one of them to dance. Coming to me first, I immediately walked away, as I had noticed that his hands had vague reptilian features. As he was a demon in disguise, I tried to warn the women who had not yet entered, but they were vain, and his advances and attention were much too easy a temptation.

As the first woman began to dance, she began screaming in utter horror as the man's hands became tentacled and reptilian. In moments, his demonic nature was revealed as his face evolved into its true demonic image. But it was too late, as they had danced, her skin began to age by hundreds of years and become reptilian, her hair was now totally gray. Drawing in and white, her face began to look like that of a corpse, and spider webs covered her body as if she had been decomposing in a grave for over a hundred years. As her screams stopped and she became quiet, the host walked her quietly into the Muddy Flats with calm acceptance.

Turning back into a handsome man, the host returned to tempt each one of them individually, as they were not given to see what happened to each of the women before them. When he was finished, he quietly re-entered Muddy Flats, leaving behind only two who had not given into his temptation.

Looking in horror as the others became mud dwellers; anger filled them as they looked to me for answers and resolve. Calmly, I explained that they could

attempt immediate reincarnation since they had been able to avoid the temptation of Muddy Flats, but they were angry that the others could not also go back.

Manifesting a table, I offered them water from the cup of life which I held within my soul. Because this place was very hot, we were all parched with thirst. Noticing our thirst, the host of Muddy Flats, returned with a pitcher of water to offer them. Almost accepting it, I pushed the little demon away. "You mustn't accept *anything* from him!" I shouted to them. "Else your fate will be to enter Muddy Flats, as well." Shocked, they pulled away as the demon smiled his friendly, welcoming grin. "GO AWAY!" I shouted, as he politely walked back into his domain.

"I thought that God was loving!" One shouted at me, distressed by the fate of the others, as well as, her own. "Oh, yes," I answered, "God IS love!" "If that were true than we wouldn't be here . . . and they wouldn't be in there!" "You mustn't confuse what *God* is, with what *you* are." I said calmly. "It is not a matter of judgment, but of compatibility. You have chosen to *be* conscious malice; this is where you are compatible." Anger not dimming, I continued. "You cannot serve greed and vanity during your lifetime and expect to ascend to the highest heaven upon your death. You have come to the place where you have been most comfortable." Eyes seething with rage, they knew that they had spent their lives oppressing others with their wealth, preserving their fine lineage, good standing and youthful appearance. But they

still did not get that there was something wrong with that. "God is also merciful," I said, pausing a moment to gauge their reaction, as their impatient glances spurned me to finish. "God is merciful to those who love Him. Do you love God?" Irritated sighs filled the room. "What does that mean, anyway??" One of them said in a very disrespectful manner.

Looking in upon the mud dwellers through a tiny portal, I continued, "They, too, will have the opportunity to break their delusion. Their time here will reflect their inner desire to leave greed and vanity and try again. Some will remain for only a short while; others may choose what seems like an eternity."

"The fact that *you* were able to avoid the temptation to enter Muddy Flats indicates you may be ready to take a higher step in a new incarnation." Self-righteous anger spewed from these individuals who still felt that they should be given higher privilege because of their status, there was no remorse here. "If it is God you wish to reside with," I told them, "then it is God you must seek and serve." Displaying confusion, their eyes were lost. "This is a place of selfishness. As you depart into your next life, drink of this water of life I give to you, and seek to serve *life* itself. In this, you will find a new path. Have a good journey." Waving my arms, they immediately began transport to the place where their new karmic journeys would begin. Only they could choose whether they would nurture that seed or return to Muddy Flats upon their

next death.”

The Mysteries of the Redemption: A Treatise on Out-of-Body Travel and Mysticism, Marilyn Hughes, The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation, 2003

From a Wanderer in the Spirit Lands

As I looked the solid mound grew transparent before my eyes, and I saw down to the coffin with my own name and the date of my death upon it; and through the coffin I saw the white still form I knew as myself lying within. I saw to my horror that this body had already begun to decay and become a loathsome thing to look upon. Its beauty was gone, its features none would recognize; and I stood there, conscious, looking down upon it and then at myself. I felt each limb, traced out with my hands each familiar feature of my face, and knew I was dead, and yet I lived. If this were death, then those priests must have been right after all. The dead lived--but where? In what state? Was this darkness hell? For me they would have found no other place. I was so lost, so beyond the pale of their church that for me they would not have found a place even in purgatory . . .

In vain, I could go but a few yards from the grave and my earthly body, and then I saw why. A chain as of dark silk thread--it seemed no thicker than a spider's web--held me to my body; no power of mine could break it; as I moved it stretched like elastic, but

always drew me back again. Worst of all I began now to be conscious of feeling the corruption of that decaying body affecting my spirit, as a limb that has become poisoned affects with suffering the whole body on earth, and a fresh horror filled my soul.

Then a voice as of some majestic being spoke to me in the darkness, and said: "You loved that body more than your soul. Watch it now as it turns to dust and know what it was that you worshipped, and ministered and clung to. Know how perishable it was, how vile it has become, and look upon your spirit body and see how you have starved and cramped and neglected it for the sake of the enjoyments of the earthly body. Behold how poor and repulsive and deformed your earthly life has made your soul, which is immortal and divine and to endure forever."

And I looked and beheld myself. As in a mirror held up before me, I saw myself. Oh, horror! It was beyond doubt myself, but, oh! so awfully changed, so vile, so full of baseness did I appear; so repulsive in every feature--even my figure was deformed--I shrank back in horror at my appearance, and prayed that the earth might open before my feet and hide me from all eyes for evermore . . .

Each day--for I felt that days were passing over me--my mind awoke more and more, and I saw clearer and clearer the events of my life pass in a long procession before me--dim at first, then by degrees growing stronger and clearer, and I bowed my head

in anguish, helpless, hopeless anguish, for I felt it must be too late now to undo one single act . . .

Then I saw three other forms . . . but they I knew were spirits, yet how unlike myself. These spirits were bright, radiant, so that I could not bear to look at them; the sight seemed to scorch my eyes as with a fire. One was a man, tall, calm, dignified-looking . . . Beside him stood two fair young men . . . They had died when youth with all its pleasures was before them, and their memories were shrined in her heart as those who were now angels. I shrank back, for I felt they saw me, and I sought to cover my disfigured face and form with the dark mantle which I wore. Then my pride awoke, and I said: ". . . Is it so irrevocable that nothing I can do, no sorrow, no repentance however deep, no deeds however great, no work however hard, can reverse it? Is there indeed no hope beyond the grave?"

And a voice, the voice I had heard before at my own grave, answered me: "Son of grief, is there no hope on earth for those who sin? Does not even man forgive the sinner who has wronged him if the sin be repented of and pardon sought? And shall God be less merciful, less just? Hast thou repentance even now? Search thine own heart and see whether it is for thyself or for those thou hast wronged that thou art sorry?"

And I knew as he spoke that I did not truly repent. I only suffered. I only loved and longed . . .

My heart seemed to rise into my throat and choke me But the tall spirit came . . . and I was forced to draw back.

A great wave of joy swept over . . . I would have taken his hand and kissed it but could not. My hand seemed scorched by his brightness ere I could touch him, and I bowed myself before him for I thought he must be one of the angels."

A Wanderer in the Spirit Lands, A. Franchezzo (A. Farnese) 1896

And thus the retreatant learns by doing, recollects by praying, assists by entering . . . and it is in this manner that he gives back to creation that which has been given to him. It is in this manner that the soul is wonderfully made for the resurrection of himself and of many.

Manifold are the mysteries of the purgatories and hells, and many journeys will be taken into the darker abodes by the initiate; but only with the protection of Almighty God. For a soul to entreat himself to enter into these mysteries without the proper protection of the Lord may consider himself lost and may very well undergo a severe and insistent form of harm.

Only those who are called into these remedies may give the cure, because the cure is not given by them, but through them . . . from the hand of God alone.

Never seek to entrust yourself with this mystery, it must be entrusted to you . . .

From the Zohar

"Said Rabbi Abba: "The ancients relate that when the great teachers descended and came upon earth, they began their meditations on the mysteries of creation by observing the strictest silence, impelled thereto by the fear lest by a single word they should divulge what was revealed to them and thus subject themselves to condemnation."

The Zohar, Bereshith to Lekh Lekha, Nurho de Manhar, 1900-1914

And as the soul progresses through these paths, the Mysteries of the Redemption are shared with the initiate as he is taken into many aspects of the life of Christ and His resurrection.

Because Christ stands at the head of the Holy Family of God . . . because Christ is exactly Who He said He was . . . and because His stature is that of Messiah, rather than only that of Prophet . . . these mysteries eventually are bestowed upon every initiate regardless of his individual faith.

The redemption is secured through the mechanism of Christ; and therefore, the Mysteries of that Redemption must be obtained through His Holy and Anointed hands, as well.

From the Mysteries of the Redemption

“Given to witness an enigma, a mystery of which I could discern little, I looked upon the cosmic Christ as if through a microscope. Naked and walking towards a door on the right, his eyes were dreamy and mystical. The room had green walls and was covered with images which I believed to be Gnostic symbols, and I was seeing the Christ as they had; naked, pure, untouched and yet imprisoned within form, to fulfill the grand works of the redemption. Observing Him, a hymn began playing, 'He was a being devoted to all the worlds of the dream.'

He, too, received communication through the dream world, and that in His life; He was a very mystical man, far beyond what Christianity perceives of Him. Dreams vivid and prophetic, they led His path through Earthly life.

Holding a surreal quality in this image, His eyes energetically implanted within my soul another side of Jesus. Perhaps it was a mixture between His human and divine, but I don't know exactly what that quality truly meant. But I did know that it was related

to His nakedness, as He was exposing *all* of Himself to me by allowing me to see the mystical side of His essence.

Looking upon Him, I felt that there was more to know about His life. Filling me with questions, I began to think. 'Was there some truth to the statements made regarding certain scrolls found of late that He might have had siblings, that He might have been married, or that His birth may have come about through normal means as opposed to the virgin birth? Or perhaps even still, the truth may lie between the lofty divinity and the simple man.'

For a moment, I knew that the truth was depicted in the loftiest degrees of his spoken divinity in Catholicism, to the Gnostic view of the simple man. *Both* were somehow true, both somehow held energetic currents of the actual. Inexplicable, I *knew* the truth of them both, and in this knowing, these truths did not contradict one another.

Most primarily, I felt that there was more to know about His life, that His true life story had been somehow skewed, either through the historical destruction of many Apostolic and Gnostic documents by various parties including the church, or misinterpretations of His teachings due to our own limited understanding. This mystery was *the key* to the chains which Christianity had put upon His soul, and it was vital to their release.

Balance between the human and divine, His

humanity was very normal, although His divinity was greatly exalted. Perhaps the truth lay within the knowledge of His natural manhood and the normalcy of His life to all outward appearances, and His supernatural divinity which was the exalted station of Himself invisible to the masses, yet seen by faith among the chosen.

If we allow any part of His history to be untrue, it disturbs the truth of the whole energetic seed of knowledge which comes to us as the mysteries of the redemption through the images of His exterior world. So be it! I say! The Lord of the eternal, the Lord of the redemption has unified the elements of discord. Allow them to be so, and allow the truth of their essence to be understood by men. May they perceive the inexplicable renderings of truth which the Lord deigns to release . . .

Thrust upon the holy time of Jesus' conception, gestation and birth, I was again stunned by the sacredness of this time, but yet, placed within the context of perceiving that there was more to this historic time than I knew. Again, the knowledge was placed within my mind that there was more to Christ's birth than our world currently knows. Again, the answer lay between the Catholic divine of the virgin birth, and the Gnostic human of the natural. The definitive answer was not to be given, however, just the understanding that there was more normalcy in the human element than we had been led to believe. Normalcy allowed the holy family to remain

under wraps, beyond suspicion of any such grand event, but this normalcy in no way diminished the holiness of the Christ and His mother.

The truth of these particulars lay within an energetic liaison between the divine and human, Catholic doctrine's highest exaltation and the Gnostics simplest humanity. Together they energetically formed a complete understanding of this mystery of the incarnation of the Lord Jesus. Were natural elements to be added to His exterior life, they would in no way alter the divine mystery that lives within Him of the redemptive act itself. The divine holiness of such a thing is a hidden mystery witnessed and understood only within the energetic realms. The humble natural, also is a hidden energetic enigma understood only within the realms of God. Inexplicable . . .

Amidst the spectral future, my soul was swished back through time to gaze upon a moment of infinite beatitude. The gathering of disciples had another guest visiting from the future, yet only the Messiah seemed to know this. Walking with Jesus among the last few days of his life, this momentous experience resulted in the last supper. But before the supper, my soul was given to witness the event which led to the death of Jesus.

Feeling uncomfortable with His first declarations against the Jewish authorities and their coldness to the people, He was saying this in regard to their

attitude about the healing of people who suffered greatly on holy days and the Sabbath. But there was more to His accusation than this, as it seemed that He was accusing them of not caring for the sick even through their own regular means on certain holy days like the Sabbath. My discomfort was caused only by my own wimpiness in such matters of direct confrontation, although my soul recognized the truth of the Messiah's words.

After a short period of time, my courage began to grow within me. The Lord had given me the duty of care giving to a woman who was very ill and appeared to be dying of an open wound in her head. Caused by a disease rather than an injury, Jesus' anger had resulted from the cold and compassionless response of those who insisted that even such a one as her should not be healed on a holy or Sabbath day. Apparently, they had also neglected to give her the proper ordinary care she required, as well.

Confrontation had been with someone in the Sanhedrin who had previously supported Jesus, and actually loved Him very much, but taking such a verbal reprimand was difficult for his ego, and would eventually be enough to make him turn on Jesus, despite his love. This betrayal was as great as that of Judas, because this man loved the Master and knew who He was in his heart. It was an open rebellion against the Son of God, rather than an ignorant reprisal done in anger. Open rebellion was broad and wide amongst the people on this last night following

the confrontation; it felt like violence was actually energetically placed in the air.

Making it to the place where the last supper was about to begin, Jesus spoke of the man he had rebuked openly in the streets, and said with great confidence that this man loved Jesus with all of His heart, but despite this, his pride had been challenged and he would have a change of heart which would lead to the bloodshed of many. Speaking of His death with great calm, the disciples didn't seem to allow the truth of it to soak in. But they *felt* the energy in the streets, the violence of the people amongst themselves. Jesus spoke of how others were going to die this night, as well, for there was open battling among many in the streets. Great excitement filled the air, fear and righteous concern.

Turning my head, I was shown a vision inside the vision. Outside the gathering place of the disciples, the sick and suffering were gathering and this was a grand sight. Amongst the chaos were these pockets of the sick, who seemed to carry with them an energy of great courage and peace. Even amongst the disciples at the last supper was a majestic peace, despite the chaos that now surrounded them in all avenues of the city.

As I sat with the other disciples, they spoke to me of the teachings of Jesus, and I tried to listen intently, but couldn't because I found it so shocking that they all were in complete and total denial that Jesus was

actually going to die. Although there was probably nothing they could do to prevent it, they simply couldn't imagine this God-man being subject to death, as they didn't yet understand the grand purpose of the death and subsequent resurrection of Christ.

Suddenly, Jesus took me aside, and now with a swift change in energy, He began talking to me as if the present time and the past were overlapping. "All of my disciples will be misled," He said, "Through no fault of their own; they will go in a different way than I have taught them. Only you among my disciples, can I trust, to stand true to the teaching I have given."

Shocked by this revelation, I nodded that I would. I felt the energies of the mysteries and mechanics of existence (i.e. multiplicity, reincarnation), that such things might have been too complex for the people of Christ's time to fully understand, but the time for the fullness of the Master's teaching had come. Face filled with urgency, His arm touching my own with a sureness and forthrightness I cannot explain as He wasn't simply making a statement, He was pleading with me to fulfill this important task.

Knowing in my heart the courage that would take on my part, I would have to challenge the beliefs of a multitude, in order to hopefully reach a few who were willing to embrace the fullness of the Master's truth.

Speaking openly to me of His death, He again shared

that it would occur because of this person who had once loved Him, who had a change of heart in order to save face. Feeling in my heart what a horrible betrayal this was, he took me back to the others who were still laughing and making merry.

They began speaking of the commandments and the beatitudes which filled my soul with peace. Looking across the table to my most blessed Jesus; I gazed upon His infinite beauty with a joyous sense of love. It was an honor to be held as one amongst this table. I would worry another night and spend this night in a joyous reunion with my Savior . . .

Amidst the mountainous waves I came upon the treasure in the out-of-body state. On a small island, no more than 10' X 10' wide, lay the burial cloth of Jesus Christ. By looking at it, you would probably never know what it was; you had to have been brought here with the knowledge implanted within you to have understanding. It was a plain white cloth with no unusual markings except for blood stains. Because this island was in the center of the ocean surrounded by voluptuous waves, there was great effort and sacrifice involved in coming here to see it, and indeed, in remaining here to witness its splendor. Interestingly, every time the waves swelled and I became fearful of the water around me, the cloth would begin to bleed. A connection existed between the sufferings of Christ and the sufferings required of a soul to come to this hidden remote place of passage to witness the splendor of such a gift.

A hymn began singing as I awaited the final waves which came in such a fury; the entire island was obliterated . . . at least for now. As my body swelled beneath the waters, I fought to survive the thrust and return to the surface. Wondering what had become of the burial cloth, inside I knew that this washing away was only symbolic of the washing of the sins that occurs when one witnesses such a marvel.

Swimming to shore, I could no longer see any remnant or vestige of the island of passage, or its contents.

The Mysteries of the Redemption: A Treatise on Out-of-Body Travel and Mysticism, Marilynn Hughes, The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation, 2003

For justice is a mechanism of the universe; as is mercy. And the mutation of justice is not possible without a true seeking mist of lawful observance and recognition of all that is true and of the discipline.

And, lo, the Bible says that though your sins be as scarlet they shall be made white as snow. But yet we see that this is not done with a singular gesture, but many gradations into mystery.

If we are to be made white as snow, we must be willing to plunge into the depths of total darkness in order to discern that which is required. And if we are to assist in the realm in its seeking, we must also

again be willing to enter into the mysteries of darkness alongside the light.

For without the comprehensive knowledge of darkness, a soul cannot achieve and fortuitously embalm the truth of the light within itself or any other . . . this is the twenty third mystery.

From Pensatia

“Many people were seen on the Step, all bent on traveling upward. They were visible to the inner eye, yet the feeling was that they could not sense or see me.

A stillness prevailed, a relative meditative wonder and inner questioning. The realization intuitively came that a most important lesson was imperative to master on this plane. The one graphic impression was: Out of the many, only a few are able to stand foursquare in the continual power of the Rose Dew. They, the majority, simply turned and walked down the Mountain, or apparently disintegrated. The remaining few became one with the outflow. Green victory was symbolized in their auras.

Now in cosmic preview from the Akasha’s records, these illumined ones were seen walking in Earth cities radiation esoteric wisdom and influence for Humanity’s progression. The diploma of this . . . stratum was written in their heart. They were the

wayshowers, the exemplifiers of the Rosy Cross, of Krishna, Buddha, the Essene Jesus, the Christed One .

..

Master H now bade me to follow him within the Arch of Light. There seen was the Last supper. The Twelve Disciples rose as One, and each had the shining Drink within their hand. Jesus spoke from the center: 'Drink, Mater H. and Pensatia of the Rose.'

Master H did turn and, placing his hand upon my brow, a purging took place. The Rose Dew baptized me anew. A weeping surged through my heart and out.

'Weep not,' softly spoke the Master. 'Drink with me this Most Holy Drink.'

Sipping in unison, the Silver Chalice became our own. Profound the glory of that participation! The Rivers of the Waters of Life were in each swallow of the Shining Grail. Strength, wisdom and benediction covered as H spoke:

'Go, in peace, Pensatia . . . Here before the disciples go higher, each with their Guru, drink they do with the Disciples of the Last supper - typifying in memory the Essene Jesus, the Christed Avatar's last mundane initiation with the twelve. Here all must have this communion with the Father, that grace be granted one to travel on . . . Behold the Dove of Peace!'

The High Mountain, Pensatia, 1965, Euclid

443

Publishing, 1978

THE TWENTY FOURTH MYSTERY
Initiations into the Higher Afterlife (Galactic
Heavens) and Death as Initiation

None Can go With the Father Except by the Son, and
Every Mystery Within the Context of
Creation is Held Intact by This



The initiate must come upon death and regard it not with repose, but rather, jubilation. For death is an initiation . . . and if you haven't realized by now that every spiritual attainment comes with some form of death and rebirth, you have not been paying close enough heed to my words.

Why is death regarded with such mystery and as initiation? Because it is only by the initiate crossing over and into death and back again many times

(spiritually . . . not physically) that the actual final curtain upon this life can be assuredly reached with pleasure and joy.

But lying within this mystery is also the fact that in the infinite heavens, there is much more than we as normal human beings might think to know.

The galactic heavens contain the souls of humankind from the earth throughout all ages. But they also contain the ascended souls of all beings from all worlds in all universes from throughout the ages.

Years ago, when I was first given admittance to the galactic heavens, I was surprised to note that it wasn't until I returned from the visit that I realized that there were beings from many worlds in heaven. I hadn't noticed it because when you are in the galactic heavens, it is so natural to see them there, that you don't realize consciously until you return that indeed heaven is not a place for earthly immortals alone.

The galactic heavens contains the souls from many worlds . . . and the one redeeming quality of each of these souls, no matter their universal origin, is their acceptance of the redemption as a gift from God.

From Galactica

“Entering into the fiery monastery, I could not believe the surrounding holiness which filled my soul; fiery

in the sense of the Holy Spirit, rather than any physical phenomenon. A lone monk stood before me, his hood draped to cover his forehead. Speaking slowly, he mouthed words very slowly, but as he did, concepts of great magnitude filled my understanding.

Premonitions of my own death filled his concepts, and beyond this, great understandings of the journey of my soul and the souls of my children and husband. Bestowing on me knowledge in regards to my own children, he conveyed that whatever might happen from this point on, was destined to be and was an integral part of their spiritual formation. Sensing that I might have a few years left, I was also deathly aware that this could be wishful thinking. Premonitions are changeable. It could be more . . . it could be less.

"Are you not aware that your spiritual journey has just begun?" he said, with an ominously exciting look upon his face. "When death comes, your soul will be just beginning the eternal journey for which it is destined to embark!" As he said this, I energetically understood that I was an infant in this great powerful process of God, and there was much for me to learn and discover beyond this world.

Around me were the sounds of a music I cannot describe which filled my soul with such peace and absolute tranquility, I did not want to leave. Fire of the Holy Spirit filled this heavenly space in such a way that it was felt but not seen. The presence of the monk in his aloneness poured out a sense of utter

sanctity and I relished in this amazing fire of God's love that I was allowed to feel this night. Candles were lit all around me in the monastery as if this were a medieval holy site that had been preserved and kept throughout timelessness. Vibrating with power in the holy place I'd come, every word came from the mouth of the monk as if in slow motion and caused my spirit to vibrate. "Be at peace with your death," the monk conveyed, "for all is well, and all is as it is meant to be."

Guiding me to a corner of the room, I began to see my obsession with holy writings and relics played out as if in a movie on the wall. Watching as I rummaged through piles of secular books, only to find the one holy book which had been sacrilegiously strewn there, the monk pointed out to me that my ability to recognize and honor that which was holy, was a gift from God.

For hours, I languished in the spirit of this holy monastery amidst the heavens and would have done anything to be allowed to stay there any longer. But as the night progressed, I found my spirit walking along the streets of a heavenly city where people were reading ancient sacred texts in every corner; in restaurants, on benches, in buildings . . .

A very tall man adorned with dark hair, a moustache and beard approached me as I was walking quietly along the stone-encased roadway. For a time, I'd noticed that he'd been following me, and he was

showing up in almost every location I happened to traverse. Heavenly lights poured forth from his eyes, and I inherently knew that he loved me. "Don't you recognize me?" he said, as I gazed upon him seeking remembrance. A great knowing filled me, although I could not place it. I *knew* that I knew him. "Do you *not* know that what God is giving to us is the greatest gift in all of heaven?" he said with great fervor. Actually, I hadn't known, so I did not reply.

Leading me down the street, he took me to a tiny corner building. Leading me inside, my eyes filled with wonder as I gazed upon a room filled to overflowing with ancient sacred texts. Running towards a stool surrounded by piles and piles of such texts, I sat down and began to look through them, as my newfound friend looked upon me with a wide grin.

Continuing to look through these old and tattered books, the man patiently awaited my inquiry. "This gift from God you speak of," I asked, "please tell me . . . specifically . . . what it is." Asking this, I wondered if his answer might be knowledge, or perhaps eternal love itself which permeated every cell of this heavenly city. Finally, the thought occurred to me . . . 'He must be speaking of the Redemption!' 'Of course,' I realized, 'he's speaking of the fact that we are saved!' As he smiled a knowing grin, I began to disappear and return to form."

Galactica: A Treatise on Death, Dying and the

Afterlife, Marilyn Hughes, 2003

Beyond the high honor and respect given to the redemption by those who live within the confines of the galactic heavens; there is something else which must be revealed to the initiate of great importance.

The Christ of the earth, is the Christ of all worlds.

From Galactica

“Surrounding the space station were huge magnificent paintings with gold frames, encircling the city with their holy protection and filling us travelers with the wisdom that they had been placed upon the sky to impart. As these paintings hovered in the heavens, they seemed to be attached only to the heavenly landscape. Stars cascaded around them as if they were somehow alive, and indeed, in an inexplicable way they were.

Enraptured by the brilliant artistic renderings of Jesus Christ, Mother Mary, the Twelve Disciples, St. John the Baptist and a panoramic display of the Life of Christ, they had been placed in chronological order and completely surrounded the space station. Profound but simple was their message, Jesus Christ was just as significant to the galactic heavens as He had been to the planet Earth and His life on Earth was

a great galactic and Universal moment! Seeding us to one day become a part of this much larger, universal, grand and galactic union, this amazing redemptive journey had been etched upon the stars with a patient knowing. Someday, the tribes of the Earth would awaken, and grasp the knowledge of the spheres . . .”

Galactica: A Treatise on Death, Dying and the Afterlife, Marilyn Hughes, 2003

And beyond this, the galactic heavens contain ancient and holy sacred texts which are of the heavens . . . and have not yet descended to earth containing mysteries beyond human comprehension.

From Galactica

“Aboard a huge circular craft, several hundred sub-conscious astral souls were soaring through the heavens to bear witness to some of the wonders of God. Immediately, I noticed that we were all wearing inflatable socks upon our feet and lower legs to battle the cold of outer space. Holding a book in their hands, a group of human looking spiritual beings showed it to us, communicating that this was to be given to the extra-terrestrials at the space station, which was apparently our destination. Sacred and holy, I couldn't help but open my naive mouth, querying their disapproving faces. "Why haven't you

also brought them ancient sacred texts?" Immediately I understood that they had brought some of the ancient sacred texts to them. Looking at me as if it should be obvious, they said, "As pertains to the galactic heavens, some of the ancient sacred texts upon the Earth are out of date. Although some things, such as the Bible and other holy scriptures, remain timeless and relevant wherever they may be, there are others which are obsolete in our realms, although highly relevant to those of you remaining on the Earth." Embarrassed, I could *feel* the highly evolved nature of these galactic beings who far surpassed any intelligence I'd ever seen."

Galactica: A Treatise on Death, Dying and the Afterlife, Marilyn Hughes, 2003

From the Goal of Life

"If the course of all worlds, as well as the course of their inhabitants, is from the grosser to the finer, then the inevitable conclusion is, that the sun, our parent world, must be a planet in a state of development so far beyond, so much more spiritualized than our world, that its light is spiritual fire, and if our central luminary has been born from another world, we may expect that the parent of our sun is as much beyond our sun in luminosity, refinement and spirituality, as our sun is more luminous than our earth. Following the same analogy leads us to say that the parent of our sun must have a parent from which it was born

and that it is also transcendently more refined and spiritualized than its child. If worlds are born from their parents and become luminous suns, their density decreasing, or, in other words, if they become more refined, then, by an ever increasing ratio we may trace on, on, infinitely on, from child to parent in world-life, until worlds become so refined and attenuated that they are, so far as we are able to discern, immaterial.

It also follows from the mutual relation of a planet and its people that, as those luminous worlds unfold and develop, so their inhabitants unfold and develop, becoming together more refined and luminous; and as this refinement and spiritualization is the law of growth, there necessarily is a point where these immense worlds, with their inhabitants, become invisible—even spirit-substance to our comprehension.

And if worlds have existed from all eternity, then it necessarily follows that all space throughout the immensity of the universe is filled and inter-filled with worlds and systems of worlds, each governed by its own law, and each becoming higher, and still higher, more spiritual, and yet more spiritual, fine and ethereal, so that our solar system may be floating through a body of immense worlds, so refined, so spiritualized, that we have no consciousness of their presence, nor they of ours."

The Goal of Life, Hiram Butler, 1918

And thus, the initiate is recommended into the knowledge of the higher spheres as a conduit for higher knowledge. But only some of this knowledge can truly be spoken, because although all the mysteries contain wordless mysteries, those which come to the initiate at this time bring forth many energetic attunements which cannot be put into words, cannot be expressed by idle thought, nor can they be adjudicated through law . . . they are higher finer expressions of emanation.

These vibrational thrusts contain within them silent but fantastical emanations from the worlds of radiance and subjection.

*From Knowledge of the Higher Worlds and its
Attainment*

“The bond of union embracing all initiates is spiritual and not external, but the two laws here mentioned form, as it were, strong clasps by which the component parts of this bond are held together. You may live in intimate friendship with an initiate, and yet a gap severs you from his essential self, so long as you have not become an initiate yourself. You may enjoy in the fullest sense the heart, the love of an initiate, yet he will only confide his knowledge to you when you are ripe for it. You may flatter him; you may torture him; nothing can induce him to betray anything to you as long as you, at the present stage of

your evolution, are not competent to receive it into your soul in the right way.

The methods by which a student is prepared for the reception of higher knowledge are minutely prescribed. The direction he is to take is traced with unfading, everlasting letters in the worlds of the spirit where the initiates guard the higher secrets. In ancient times, anterior to our history, the temples of the spirit were also outwardly visible; today, because our life has become so unspiritual, they are not to be found in the world visible to external sight; yet they are present spiritually everywhere, and all who seek may find them.

Only within his own soul can a man find the means to unseal the lips of an initiate. He must develop within himself certain faculties to a definite degree, and then the highest treasures of the spirit can become his own."

*Knowledge of the Higher Worlds and its Attainment,
Rudolph Steiner, 1947*

But that which remains unsealed are the unsullied contents of a life well lived and understood within the confines of the immortal spheres of relevance and understanding into the hard and fast world of physical manifestation and space.

So many lose footing in their physical wandering, rather than make the gain which is long sought and filled within the meaningful initiation of life and death itself.

From an Eternal Career

"THE MYSTERY OF DEATH . . .

Death is a mystery because of its silence, but it is not a fearful one. It is the friend who frees you, who has the key to the door that can be opened in no other way. It comes unsought, quite often with a stealthy tread and you are called to go elsewhere. All the collected power of the world cannot ward off this visitor; no excuses avail; no period of waiting is permitted; no time extended to finish earthly business. If your pen is lifted you may not be able to write. You may be active in your daily duties when this messenger arrives; or it may overtake you in your sleep, to awaken in another state of consciousness.

Death, the last act on the stage of human activity, liberates the soul from the bondage of the flesh. It is but a breath and life anew is experienced; and unlike moving from one earthly locality to another, this change is easily and quickly effected. No garments are required; no possessions are taken; the only preparation needed is a mental and spiritual one.

On your arrival in the land of spirit you are always met, usually by your nearest and dearest ones who have requested and been granted permission to greet you. They understand what you have been through for while the experience is new to you, it has already been theirs. They also knew the momentary terror you felt when you released the hand of friend or relative. They, too, underwent the sorrow of bidding farewell to loved ones.

You will not necessarily dwell with those you lived with on earth; rarely will you always be together, no more than on earth were you constantly with them. You will be led to those who have greater wisdom and wider experience, enabling you to progress more rapidly.

You will not be changed beyond recognition! You will not be changed at all! Death effects no alteration in appearance or in the intellectual, emotional, moral and spiritual nature of man. Death changes a man no more than does moving from one city to another; nor does it absolve him from his moral obligations. Evil men are not transformed into angels, nor good men into demons. Human nature here is human nature there.

No fabrication is more pernicious than the one which makes death an avenue of escape from the consequences of one's acts. As, for example, the suicide who hopes for oblivion. Dissolution, he believes, will save him from his sins and free him from his troubles and obligations. Whereas, if he

knew the truth, that there is no escape from life and its problems, he would not be apt to make such a dreadful mistake as destroying his body. Suicide solves no difficulties; it erases no errors; they must be solved in a future day under conditions less favorable.

So long as man is convinced that through faith he can secure forgiveness, so long will he gratify his evil desires. So long as he believes that through death he will be absolved from his sins, so long will he continue many practices he would abandon if he knew that life is eternal, continuous and changeless; that fulfillment of its duties and payment of its debts are inescapable.

The goal reached on earth is the starting point Over There. While on earth you form certain habits; develop inherent faculties and unfold latent capacities, and if you have enlightenment build your character. As you acquire wisdom you discard undesirable habits, modify intolerant opinions and overcome the defects which retard your progression. So by the time you are old, your character is closer to perfection than when you were young. Your acquirements, capacities and abilities determine your status on earth; they will also decide your position in the spirit world. Death in no way affects man's status or his accomplishments, and what is known to man will be known to spirit.

Contrary to some peculiar ideas no soul is ever transported into the presence of the Most High, nor

onto the bosom of Jesus with all its sins miraculously washed away. They will find themselves instead in a place congenial to their nature and consonant with their manner of thinking and living. Some souls gravitate to higher planes, others to lower; but many remain on earth chained to their material interests and their physical desires. Wise are they who overcome the desires of the flesh and the attractions of matter; let their vices die before them, so that they will be prepared to live in spirit . . .

Death is no gain and cannot give us what we do not already have. Unless one has happiness and peace here it is folly to suppose he will have them elsewhere. Felicity and serenity are not vicarious gifts; they are states of mind which must be earned, and having been earned must be guarded very carefully . . .

Heaven and earth are in reality ONE; not many but ONE world with only a thin veil between the spheres. The so-called "other side" of life is very close to this one—as close as you will have it, so do not close the door to it. Communications can be had with its inhabitants while still in the flesh, telepathy being the method used. One of the conditions that strikes the newcomer most forcibly is the prevailing silence; for with the exception of the planes where dwell the children, birds and animals, thought and music are the means of communication . . .

There are many degrees of the so-called Heaven and Hell as by no means is all bright and glorious beyond

the vale . . . Those who are depraved, whose intelligence is not far removed from the animal; those who spent the major part of their lives in selfishness, taking advantage of their fellowmen, with few good deeds to their credit—do not find even a reflection of Heaven. Instead they gravitate to the place prepared by themselves, surrounded by the effects of their evil thoughts and deeds . . .

There is no past tense for man. Man IS. As he is before death, so he is after death . . .

All troubles, with the exception of physical conditions, man takes with him into the next world. Life is synonymous with struggle; all created things evolve through conflict which is proportionate to their degree of development. Not until the soul becomes emotionless and at peace are its troubles over . . .

The ancients tell us that man's association with matters begins long before his advent into the physical body; that he does not suddenly "fall" into matter but by gradual, successive and insensible alterations. Pure spirit dwells originally among the fixed stars and first surrounds itself with a body composed of their essence before it becomes involved into a physical body. Then as it journeys through the various spheres envelops itself with ethereal matter more and more gross, eventually descending into the earthly form it attracted.

It is during its pilgrimage into matter that the soul gradually forgets its heavenly home and its Divine Nature, and by the time it reaches earth dim indeed are memories of its former estate. If souls carried with them into the bodies they occupy all the knowledge they had acquired in Heaven, men would not differ in opinion as to the Deity and Divine Truths. But some forget more, and some less of that which they had learned prior to physical birth. And some forget so much they even deny the existence of the Creator and the immortality of the soul . . .

The soul is attracted towards those with whom it is at home, with those for whom it has affinity. The way is quite clear; it is not decided by desire, but by the ability of the newcomer to adapt himself and give obedience to the laws . . .

The spirit world is as real and tangible to the spirit-body as the material world is to the physical body. It is the world of realities of which the earth world is the shadow, and wherein all things have' their eternal pattern . . .

If we have not learned that God's in man,
 And man in God again,
 That to love thy God is to love thy brother,
 And to serve thy God is to serve each other –
 Then Christ was born in vain!

If we have not learned that one man's life
 In all men lives again;
 That each man's battle, fought alone,

Is won or lost for everyone
Then Christ hath lived in vain!

If we have not learned that death's no break
In life's unceasing chain,
That the work in one life well begun
In others is finished, by others is done —
Then Christ hath died in vain!

If we have not learned of immortal life,
And a future free from pain,
The Kingdom of God in the heart of man,
And the living world on heaven's plan —
Then Christ arose in vain!

Charlotte Perkins Gilman"

An Eternal Career, Frank and Lydia Hammer, 1947

And so it is that our wounded nature becomes unity.
And though many try to disguise the truth of it with
their desire to judge not any other path, the truth
remains that it is through the Christed One, the
messianic legacy that the initiate will pass through
death and into the new emanations.

None can go with the Father except by the Son, and
every mystery within the context of creation is held
intact by this . . . this is the twenty fourth mystery.

*From Selections of the Untitled Apocalypse of the
Codex Brucianus*

"This is the Father and the Source of All, whose Members are gathered together and completed. All Names have come from the Father--whether such Names as Ineffable, or Unknowable, or Incomprehensible, or Invisible, or Single, or Solitary, or Power, or All-power, or whether all those Names which are named in silence alone--all of them come from the Father, whom all the outer Worlds behold as the stars of the firmament in the night. As men desire to see the sun, so do the outer Worlds desire to see the Father, because of his invisibility which is round about Him. For ever to the Æons doth He give Life, and through His Word hath the Indivisible [Atom] learnt to know the Monad (Divinity); and by His Word hath the holy Plērōma (totality of divine powers) come into being.

"This is the Father . . . through the Breath of His Mouth Forethought made the that-which-is-not. The that-which-is-not arose through the will of Him, for He it is who commands the All to come into being . . .

"The ineffable face of the Overseer looks within to the Holy of Holies--that is, to the Boundless one, he being the head of the Holy Place (Shrine). He has two faces; one opens to the space of the Depth and the other opens to the space of the Overseer who is called the 'Child.' And there is there [within] a Depth which is called the 'Light' or the 'Shining One,' in which is hidden an Alone-born (μονογενής), who manifests

three Powers and is mighty in all Powers (Father, Son, Holy Spirit).

"He [the Alone-born] is the Indivisible; He it is who is never divided; it is for Him that the All has opened [? divided] itself, for to Him belong all the Powers."

*Selections of the Untitled Apocalypse of the Codex
Brucianus, Fragments of a Faith Forgotten, G.R.S.
Mead, 1900*

From Galactica

"Gently rising from form, my spirit hovered over my body for but a moment as it then moved slowly to the floor, directly in front of the gateway at the door of my bedroom that had been prepared for my exit. A voice began speaking words of great wisdom of which I remembered none. But his words were so eloquently beautiful; I had wished to record each one. "You have no need to fear your final end," he said. Within moments, I was prancing along a woodland pathway, as beautiful music began playing all around me.

Following many bends and curves in the path, I came across a young man dressed in ancient garb. Immediately, I asked, "Do you come on behalf of the darkness or the light?" "Of the light, Madame," he said, as he bowed respectfully before me. "Allow me to introduce myself, Madame," he continued, "as I

was St. Thomas Aquinas's scribe." Very honored, I didn't know exactly what he meant. Had he helped the saint write his words during his own life, or had he *copied* his works later? I did not know. "It is my great honor to escort you now, Madame," he said, "to the place that the great writer's of the Lord all gather." Feeling quite unworthy of such a gathering, the music again began to emanate all around me and we continued to walk together.

Suddenly, I felt my soul begin to pull away from this woodland pathway and towards my body, as the scribe said, "Remember, Madame, you have no need to fear your final end."

Galactica: A Treatise on Death, Dying and the Afterlife, Marilyn Hughes, 2003

THE TWENTY FIFTH MYSTERY

Initiation into the Palace of Ancient Knowledge

It is Thus the Ancient Sacred Texts, the Knowledge Contained Within Them and the Vibration of Their Volumes which Ascends the Initiate to this Next Phase Upon the Pathway Into the City of the New Jerusalem



And so enters the initiate into the wisdom of all the ages from every creed and faith, unbeknownst to the soul the pathway has been laid with a mighty staircase of ancient sacred texts containing the secret wisdoms bequeathed by every prophet, saint, mystic, sage and ascetic throughout time and history . . . not then lost in an impermanent library at Alexandria, but contained within the most ethereal of libraries in the city of the New Jerusalem, the Palace of Ancient Knowledge.

From the Palace of Ancient Knowledge

"Having wandered through the small town and gone through several ritual passages to receive permission to enter the tiny building, my spirit was elated to finally be given the go-ahead to open the door. Another woman was with me, and had participated in assisting several souls this night, as we gazed upon a building no bigger than an outhouse with a mystical doorway.

Opening the door, we were excited to enter into a grand palace of ancient texts, much larger than the size of the entrance could have inferred. Six floors of white and gold gilded stairwells, each level filled with the ancient knowledge from throughout time. Gathering books, we slowly made our way from the sixth floor downwards. As we prepared to enter upon the first floor, we heard voices and mystical music coming from below. There was an exit available between the second and first floors, and when I heard the sounds, I said, "Perhaps we should quietly leave so as not to disturb anybody." "No, no, no," she replied, "When you hear Kabalistic music, it is an invitation. It would be considered rude if we didn't introduce ourselves." Nodding, we proceeded down the stairs to the first floor.

Astounded by the ancient sacred texts, they were huge and voluminous, the oldest in the building residing on this floor. In fact, some of them were scrolls. Standing before us were a husband and wife

with their four grown sons who introduced themselves as the 'Keepers of the Ancient Knowledge.' Honored and amazed, a Jewish woman was singing Kabalistic music 'live' in the corner, and they all welcomed us with the utmost of kindness.

After sitting down with them to eat what they called a 'Pearly breakfast,' consisting of knowledge from the texts being energetically instilled within my soul, one of the sons took me over to a special section that they wanted me to see. Two huge volumes, at least three to four feet in height and a foot thick, were on the shelves next to several scrolls. The first was entitled 'Ave Maria,' and the second, 'The Mysteries of Our Lord.' Allowing me to open the second of these texts, I found mingled within the writing, a fabric banner which was a symbolic image.

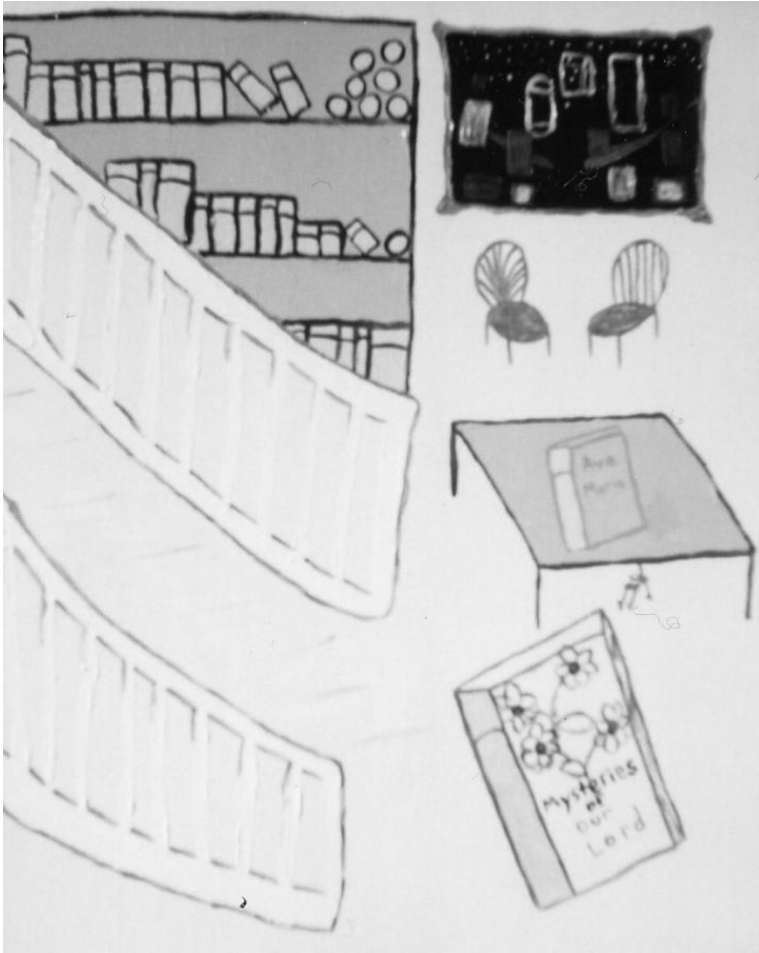
As I looked upon it, the young man explained to me that the fabric banners of the cross which I made in the physical world held hidden meanings and were actually textual images. (One of my hobbies was to make fabric images of the cross with various symbols and designs.) Bouquets of flowers moved upwards through the top and above the cross, each blossom representing graces coming from the sacrifice of the cross. Placed upon each blossom were the sayings of Christ, forming a bouquet of the Word.

Showing me a set of keys, he made reference to my own library of ancient sacred texts, comparing it to this counterpart on the other side. By doing so, I

realized its importance, even though it sometimes appeared to me to be just my own personal hobby. "You are also a 'Keeper of the Keys,'" he said, "Continue this task in the physical world, and when it is that you cross over, you will continue it in the next . . ." Motioning with his hands the vast expanse of the library, I was so excited that I would work here in the after-life.

Taking me to a large picture window, I was amazed to see a huge city. Skyscrapers made of diamonds could be seen off in the distance, while emeralds and pearls made up much of the rest of the expanse. Literally glowing with light, I was most entranced by the diamond skyscrapers which loomed in the distance. What a beautiful heavenly city! Handing me the keys, I began to disappear from the scene."

*The Palace of Ancient Knowledge, Marilyn Hughes,
2004*



From the New American Bible

"He carried me away in spirit to the top of a very high mountain and showed me the holy city Jerusalem coming down out of heaven from God. It gleamed with the splendor of God. The city had the radiance of a precious jewel that sparkled like a diamond . . . The wall was constructed of jasper; the city was of pure

gold, crystal-clear. The foundation of the city wall was ornate with precious stones of every sort: the first course of stones was jasper, the second sapphire, the third chalcedony, the fourth emerald, the fifth sardonyx, the sixth carnelian, the seventh chrysolite, the eighth beryl, the ninth topaz, the tenth chrysoprase, the eleventh hyacinth, and the twelfth amethyst. The twelve gates were twelve pearls, each made of a single pearl; and the streets of the city were of pure gold, transparent as glass . . . The nations shall walk by its light; to it the kings of the earth shall bring their treasures. The treasures and wealth of the nations shall be brought there but nothing profane shall enter it . . ."

The New American Holy Bible, Book of Revelations

And having received the key to these volumes, the initiate has taken upon himself the freedom to travel within and throughout these volumes within the palace. And each of these ancient sacred texts contain within them an aspect, a mystery of God. Together, they build a stairway to heaven, a pathway of liberation, and a series of knowledge which must needs be followed to enter into the holy of holies.

It is thus the ancient sacred texts, the knowledge contained within them and the vibration of their volumes which ascends the initiate to this next phase upon the pathway into the city of the New Jerusalem . . . this is the twenty fifth mystery.

From the Confessions of St. Augustine

"This is the fruit of my confessions of what I am, not of what I have been, to confess this, not before Thee only, in a secret exultation with trembling, and a secret sorrow with hope; but in the ears also of the believing sons of men, sharers of my joy, and partners in my mortality, my fellow-citizens, and fellow-pilgrims, who are gone before, or are to follow on, companions of my way. These are Thy servants, my brethren, whom Thou willest to be Thy sons; my masters, whom Thou commandest me to serve . . .

And I come to the fields and spacious palaces of my memory, where are the treasures of innumerable images, brought into it from things of all sorts perceived by the senses. There is stored up, whatsoever besides we think, either by enlarging or diminishing, or any other way varying those things which the sense hath come to; and whatever else hath been committed and laid up, which forgetfulness hath not yet swallowed up and buried. When I enter there, I require what I will to be brought forth, and something instantly comes; others must be longer sought after, which are fetched, as it were, out of some inner receptacle; others rush out in troops, and while one thing is desired and required, they start forth, as who should say, "Is it perchance I?" These I drive away with the hand of my heart, from the face of my remembrance; until what I wish for be unveiled, and appear in sight, out of its secret place. Other things come up readily, in unbroken order, as

they are called for; those in front making way for the following; and as they make way, they are hidden from sight, ready to come when I will. All which takes place when I repeat a thing by heart."

*The Confessions of St. Augustine, Book X, Translated
by Edward Bouverie Pusey, 1909-14*

THE TWENTY SIXTH MYSTERY

Initiations into Royal Captivity

Having Fallen from Grace in the Original Garden of Eden, the Initiate Must Restore Himself to the Purity which Transpired Before the Fall of Man in This Clandestine Epiphany of Perfect, Eternal and Unitive Love as Manifested Before the Disobedience of Man to Creator



The initiate may now seek to embark upon the path of Royal Captivity, which is, in essence, to follow the ritual passages from the state of fallen man to the original grace given to humanity in the Garden of Eden.

That which has been lost must yet be restored and the path of the mystical captive takes the initiate into a myriad of rituals and passages from original sin to original purity.

Mystical Captives find themselves sometimes subject to karma, temptation or sin hitting the ground yet again . . . as a final rapturous upliftment towards the love of God as the end, as the means . . .

But again, the lover of God must learn how to love the Lord with the kind of ferocity required in order to leave behind the original stain of humanity and enter forth into a servitude with God of its original splendor.

(To follow all of the initiations through mystical captivity, please read 'The Mystical Captive Series' by Marilyn Hughes.)

From the Mystical Captive

"Instant conspiring to meet God Alone
Reason entering energetic form
Timelessness drizzles into our soul

As shackles of love contain our heart's core
 Archaic conclusions are joined with our past
 As embers of light open our quest
 Looking for signs of exuding grace
 Spinning and yearning toward God's face
 Enraptured with joy love takes its hold
 The spiritual fire envelops the soul
 Horrified beyond all mystical flight
 Wounded by love's burning delight
 Captivity begins with one rapturous glance
 As the soul becomes fixed and entirely entranced . . .

 The Spirit of the Lord binds me up
 My sensual powers are loosened and then bound
 To whom do I go to find comfort and rest?
 In whose arms does my spirit fall when sadness
 exhumes the soul?
 The Lord is a cruel taskmaster
 But yet gentle at heart and light in his burden
 How does my spirit reconcile this mystery?
 My soul cries out for the gentle love of a physical
 caress
 And obedience captures my thoughts like a cruel
 master
 How do I restrain the impulses of the flesh?
 In order to again grasp the raptures of the soul?
 Of what gain shall I achieve
 If I lose the one necessary reason?
 My heart lay content in thee for many years
 And yet still my physical body throws me back to the
 ground
 For the simple embrace of the sensual

But as I gaze upon Your infinite perfection
 I submit to Your mysterious way
 For I now know to whence it leads
 And all my journeying have borne great fruit
 All my wretchedness was merely an obstacle
 And You removed my faults and cravings with great
 care

As I swam in the waters of despair
 You were bringing me closer to the shore
 As I fell into the pit of disunion
 You gently led my soul closer to Thee
 Who am I, Lord, to gain such a favor?

No one, I am sure
 Yet You love me

And You love and guide all who will submit to the
 quiet captivity of the heart
 And bring them home to You
 Even those who know not to submit
 You mysteriously caress
 You are wondrous indeed
 Almighty Lord and Saviour
 And I love you . . .
 The End has no Beginning,
 and the Beginning has no End
 The beginningless forever
 Wanders the spirit realm"

The Mystical Captive, Marilyn Hughes, 2012

From the Mystical Freeborn

"Where goest thou, tethered monk
 Do you seek the light of your freedom?
 Words by this many of your treasures escape
 You are supposed to be a Christian yet you direct me
 from a shallow force
 It is not about your own strength
 If you hand yourself over to God, he provides the
 grace and strength
 I refuse to accept the alternative
 Be careful not to get too close to people who validate
 your former points of view
 They can lead you astray
 Would you rather have forceable past or a forceable
 future
 God will provide all the grace you need
 Don't let them try to steal your song
 For the music is what keeps the soul living
 I will see you in heaven no matter what it takes
 I passed away and the truth and honesty passed away
 with me
 The golden wand of love has wounded me mortally
 The mythic panorama
 Somewhere in the shroud of silence
 There are parallels amongst the stars
 Wilted transgressions eaten by worms
 Nearness gains exposure to the wind
 Righteous indignation writhes you not
 Another vanishing
 Before the wave of another wish, and you're there
 The five leaf clover appears to condone that which is
 to come

Satan appears and recites again and again "Just
 another whore, just another whore . . ."
 But my gaze distorts his arrogance as I remind him
 that God created perfect sexuality
 And it was good
 And it was beautiful
 It was Satan himself who brought distorted sexuality
 into the world
 "You are the whore, Satan . . . you are the whore.
 It is only you who could take something beautiful and
 distort it in the minds of men into something profane
 and evil."
 He looks down
 "Get out!"
 And the putting to sleep of the karmic self begins
 Isn't it ironic how it is the small things that take us
 down
 So the reader may think such things to be extreme
 But the Lord says, "It is your purpose to write things
 that most people think is too extreme."
 How else will they begin to truly think
 St. Rita gathers her things and heads over the church
 of the martyrs
 And then she sends over the holy relics to aid me
 "Love you forever
 Be forever brave," she says.
 As my words become Catholic and Universal
 It begins raining
 I have learned that it is only by forgiving that you can
 bask in the glories of friendship
 Let the Titanic sink, no choreography is needed

The fading glory of that which was can no longer be
maintained

Let your history be drained from your spirit

Let it be a clean slate

I am being forced to kill each of my bodies by some
unseen force

The bodies of sin that have plagued me all my life

My fugitive journey

Someone was praying for me

Another was eyeing for me

To destroy

But prayer is more powerful

And it caused me to stretch

But the father approached and shouted, "My son, my
son, why did you kill my son?"

"Dear brother, I have only killed the son of
destruction

By realizing the nature of his frailty within me

Who wanders the spirit realm?

Adding the secondary outer

To that which has been restored?

Accept the Divine Release.

Allow the Phoenix to arise

And place yourself within the purple cave which
draws it all out."

A pause in space and time.

A faraway look.

"I love you enough to serve your soul even if it makes
you hate me."

Religion shows us the true canvas of our friends

Humiliation not being the root or core of that

trueness

It's not okay to leave things as they are
 The Sacred Heart calls us within itself
 And there our souls are purified
 Don't get caught up in manure
 But take your soul to the waters of life
 Expect the spirit to rebel
 Expect your loved ones to deface
 But seal yourself in the protection of God
 Telling the truth of the past can no longer serve you
 For the future can only be born in the dew of the
 morning
 The constant fear of having your vices taken away
 And the constant fear of them remaining within view
 Is there no end to the turmoil of the stricken soul?
 Sign no invoice for sin
 Do not give that which belongs to one
 To another
 It would seem to imply that there may be someone
 else who takes front and center on knowing what is
 beginning
 Look at those you love
 Look at your treasures
 Do you not wish to have them because you already
 do?
 Wanting what you cannot have is like wishing for a
 rainstorm when the sun is full
 Don't say unkind words, don't think unkind deeds
 Don't ponder unkind loves
 And don't undervalue those who stand with you
 Constant flux is pointless change
 Peaceful tranquility is regarded appreciation

Let the lion and the lamb unite to protect that which
is good

No more parables of evil against good
Only love which bears all things for the sake of the
Father

Who wished that they all be one
Maintain that which is good
Discard that which is evil
You know the difference

Disregard your taste for that which is bitter
Sin is a heavy cream that fattens the burden of lust
Lack of appreciation is a rue which burdens the souls
of the damned

Maintain the construct of conscience
Flood not the conscience with whims of evil and
allure

Fill them rather with the good words of the saints
And the conduct of heroes

Your past may be filed away in a system that is
buried

Don't dig it up

Be trustworthy, be pure

Love that which is created by God

Do not even look upon the distortions of Satan

Do not look, do not look

Satan is a weary master

He has no goods of worth

He sends the souls of the damned to their peril

Redeem it

Do not accept responsibility for the diminishing
behavior of another

Though you may be blamed

Or deceived
 Accept it not
 Have recourse to the original inception
 The original creation
 Love is expressed in creation
 Satan had no part in it
 Give him none now
 Pray for one another
 And don't worry
 Bask in the glory of the goodness of God
 Derive no pleasure from the distortion of lust
 Accept only the beauty that love originally created in
 the body of men
 Refuse it not treatment
 Never disrespect another, nor accept such disrespect
 Our bodies are the temples of the Lord
 Only love is an acceptable expression
 Woe to those who deceive
 The evils therein contain damnation
 Change the verbage to make certain of your intent
 Cross over from the land of the impure
 To those that wish to maintain the dignity of the
 human person
 Within themselves and with others
 Who would not dare to betray the confines of love
 To fulfill a selfish need
 To love is to take a savage road
 Unless . . . you travel only the road of the sacred
 With the Lord of the Universe at your side
 And those who bear hearts of respect
 And who honor that which is good
 Human love indeed is a savage road

But there is yet another love
 That which is eternal
 Redeem it
 Redeem it
 Redeem it
 Then let it be
 Let it be . . .

And so the freeborn rested. He gathered his flesh and his bones together with his spirit to lie once again upon the cloudeous heavenly abode. To there he would go to gain the wisdom of the selfless lover he wished to become, to there he would go to lie at the feet of his master the Lord . . .

Sublime is the wisdom of love
 Correct are the ways of the Lord
 Phantasmical gurus cannot help but seek Him
 Along with unfettered youth
 His attraction is universal although His ways are
 steep
 Wailing winds suggest a cornucopia of dreams
 But those frightened by the movement slither away
 Is there any wonder so few travel to the cave of
 treasures
 To uphold the original treasure of light
 Hence; our fallen world lies at dusk and midday
 But only twilight reveals the secret
 To return to the world of the fall is a must
 But how to return with paradisiacal grandeur?
 Still unknown
 How do we live such a vision a fallen world

How do we re-evaluate the gift and accept that which
 was lost
 Shall we hence beg, plead . . . ?
 Oh, yes, but we beg and plead for the workings of
 perfection to descend into our midst
 To recapture paradise within the fallen mist would
 indeed be a feat
 But to know the essence of eternal love and live it in a
 fallen world
 A miracle
 The Royal City "

*The Mystical Freeborn, Marilyn Hughes, 2012
 From the Royal Question*

From the Royal Question

"Unless God reveal the lover
 You can never reveal your innermost secrets
 I live in the call of the world and its wreckage
 But hence, the lover continually calls
 Through the whirlwind of the night
 Into the crevasse of the human mind
 To gather within it the knowledge
 That fills its world with lacking
 The void that remains in all human hearts
 Which seeks to find its own
 Often disguised as the call of a lover
 Is often the interior reckoning of the beloved
 Amidst the pleasure of His true Beloved, the
 traveler finally understood what had gone wrong.

With God, there is no easy road to redemption. We must give ourselves, wholly as God also gave Himself. As Christ has given Himself wholly to us, we must give ourselves wholly to Him. And in doing so, the irony remains that our only freedom lies within that chosen bondage.

The reality is that the Royal Question can only be answered in one way. "Yes, Lord, let it be done to me according to Thy will."

We become a member of God's Royal Family by saying "Yes" to whatever He sends to us, and carrying our joys and burdens with Him and no other. We accept that highest and holiest path with peace . . . and we walk forward from selfishness to selflessness. In this lies the only true happiness in this world and the next, to "love one another as I have loved you." . . .

Is this why Mass is not talking to the stars?
 If the soul is afraid to go down the problems road
 He will still remain with all he sees
 Leave me out of it
 Without, however, he can move forward
 All appeared to have impossibly broken
 If I was aware at that time
 I would've changed what was going into the soul
 I see the end of life like bringing that body through a
 storm
 Bowing to those who play as they wash away on their
 burden"

The Royal Question, Marilyn Hughes, 2012

From Hujwiri

"That God divides the one substance of His love and bestows a particle thereof, as a peculiar gift, upon every one of His friends in proportion to their enravishment with Him; then he lets down upon that particle the shrouds of fleshliness and human nature and temperament and spirit, in order that by its powerful working it may transmute to its own quality all the particles that are attached to it, until the lover's clay is wholly converted into love and all his acts and looks become so many properties of love. This state is named 'union' alike by those who regard the inward sense and the outward expression."

*Hujwiri, Medieval Sufi Mystic**From the Adornment of the Spiritual Marriage*

"Further, you must know that if this ghostly man would now become a God-seeing man, he needs must have three other things. The first is the feeling that the foundation of his being is abysmal, and he should possess it in this manner; the second is that his inward exercise should be wayless; the third is that his indwelling should be a divine fruition.

Now understand, you who would live in the spirit, for I am speaking to no one else. The union with God which a spiritual man feels, when the union is revealed to the spirit as being abysmal—that is,

measureless depth, measureless height, measureless length and measureless breadth—in this manifestation the spirit perceives that through love it has plunged itself into the depth and has ascended into the height and escaped into the length; and it feels itself to be wandering in the breadth, and to dwell in a knowledge which is ignorance. And through this intimate feeling of union, it feels itself to be melting into the Unity; and, through dying to all things, into the life of God. And there it feels itself to be one life with God. And this is the foundation, and the first point, of the God-seeing life.

And from this there arises the second point, which is an exercise above reason and without condition: for the Divine Unity, of which every God-seeing spirit has entered into possession in love, eternally draws and invites the Divine Persons and all loving spirits into its self. And this inward drawing is felt by each lover, more or less, according to the measure of his love and the manner of his exercise. And whosoever yields himself to this indrawing, and keeps himself therein, cannot fall into mortal sin. But the God-seeing man who has forsaken self and all things, and does not feel himself drawn away because he no longer possesses anything as his own, but stands empty of all, he can always enter, naked and unencumbered with images, into the inmost part of his spirit. There he finds revealed an Eternal Light, and in this light, he feels the eternal demand of the Divine Unity; and he feels himself to be an eternal fire of love, which craves above all else to be one with

God. The more he yields to this indrawing or demand, the more he feels it. And the more he feels it, the more he craves to be one with God; for it urges him to pay the debt which is demanded of him by God. This eternal demand of the Divine Unity kindles within the spirit an eternal fire of love; and though the spirit incessantly pays the debt, an eternal burning continues within it. For, in the transformation within the Unity, all spirits fail in their own activity, and feel nothing else but a burning up of themselves in the simple Unity of God. This simple Unity of God none can feel or possess save he who maintains himself in the immeasurable radiance, and in the love which is above reason and wayless. In this transcendent state the spirit feels in itself the eternal fire of love; and in this fire of love it finds neither beginning nor end, and it feels itself one with this fire of love. The spirit for ever continues to burn in itself, for its love is eternal; and it feels itself ever more and more to be burnt up in love, for it is drawn and transformed into the Unity of God, where the spirit burns in love. If it observes itself, it finds a distinction and an otherness between itself and God; but where it is burnt up it is undifferentiated and without distinction, and therefore it feels nothing but unity; for the flame of the Love of God consumes and devours all that it can enfold in its Self."

The Adornment of the Spiritual Marriage, By Jan Van Ruysbroecke, 1916

Having fallen from grace in the original Garden of Eden, the Initiate must restore himself to the purity which transpired before the fall of man in this clandestine epiphany of perfect, eternal and unitive love as manifested before the disobedience of man to Creator . . . this is the twenty sixth mystery.

From Spiritual Conferences

“‘They were all filled with the Holy Ghost’ [Acts 2:4]. Today is the wonderful day when the sublime and priceless treasure which was lost in paradise by sin, and chiefly by disobedience, is restored to us. By its loss, the whole human race fell away into eternal death; the Holy Ghost, the Comforter, with all His gifts and consolations, was lost, and all mankind incurred the everlasting wrath of God and the bondage of eternal death. Our dear Lord Jesus Christ broke these bonds on Good Friday when He let himself be captured and bound, and died on the cross. There He made a complete reconciliation between man and His heavenly father. Today this reconciliation is ratified, and God gives back to us the high and priceless treasure which was once lost, the precious Holy Spirit.”

*Spiritual Conferences, By Johann Tauler, O.P., TAN
Books, 1978*

THE TWENTY SEVENTH MYSTERY
The Ritual Passage from this World into the Solitary
Winds

To be Initiated Into the Solitary Winds Requires That the Initiate Be Released From all Attachments to Worldly Energies, Seeking to Grasp Only the Fine Thread of Virtue and to Leave Behind all Trace of Shadow in the Lingering Winds of Misuse



As the windows to the world begin to make a foul shut to the spirit, the soul is initiated into a unique status of awareness. Lights out as to the physical world, and lights on into the spiritual; silence overcomes the initiate as he is suddenly thrust outside of all physical creation into the interior man.

Entering into the abode of final absolution of God, his spirit begins the wandering; slowly, calculatedly . . . the initiate moves further and further away from created reality and anything bearing the slightest tinge of shadow.

There is a fragrance here, the fragrance of ethereal existence as it has been separated and decisively marked away from all that remains of physical manifestation.

This fragrance emanates of the beloved blooming roses of eternal magnificence and emanation. The fragrance is silent, ethereal, and completely spellbinding to the initiate.

His eyes are fixed on this finality of God, as his soul enters into an omnipresent void filled with the kindest initiation into the resolution of the just.

The initiate slowly floats towards the corridors which will give him remittance to the Blessed and consecration to the Universal Good.

As his soul travels entirely from the will of the Lord, he smites all that remains in him of sin and karmic circling and endeavors to take initiation into the beyond which harbors the ritual into the present.

This ritual contains within it the languishing thrusts of worldly desire or pursuits and decimates them from all existence. Anything which remained of worldly cares and desires has now been exonerated

into the past tense . . . no further existence remains to the past misdeeds of the initiate, no further emanations of the dark thoughts which had previously remained.

And so it is that the Solitary initiate passes into the justification of the future which, in its deepest reality, is no more than the acceptance into the Everpresent Now as the Finality and Final Wind of the soul.

(To follow all of the initiations into the Solitary passage, please read 'The Solitary' by Marilyn Hughes.)

From the Solitary

"In the wing of a calmer sieve
 The vision of the solitary seeks to find
 The path to God alone
 But that path does not reveal itself
 Except in aloneness
 But aloneness in itself is not the key
 Because the aloneness must take flight
 It must be ferretted in the breeze
 Captured in the fray of a winsome thought
 Beyond the treasures of this world
 The solitary slowly unravels the emptiness
 Of worldly ways
 And that emptiness becomes a pathway
 Because fullness itself does not find
 But because there is a rare kind of fullness which

must be found
 Slow to embark, it is
 Meandering through the valleys and streams
 Entering into the crevasses of rocks and the mud of
 the earth
 Settling into the root of a flower, a grass or a tree
 Humbling itself in a cloud
 Slowly musing itself down the heavy cliffs of a
 mountaintop
 Seeking to find the solitary soul to grasp its depth
 The solitary grasps himself
 He is empty
 He wishes to be filled
 He is patient
 His kindness has been tried by trials
 His worldliness has been banished by contempt
 His passions are adept at winding themselves away
 His quietness has become constant
 His aloneness is real and chosen
 The solitary stands and waits
 When suddenly that cycle of energy emerges from all
 around him
 In the valleys, streams, mud, rocks, flowers, grass,
 trees, clouds
 And mountaintops . . . moving through the living
 Earth
 Suddenly, it is there . . . the long awaited key
 Emerging as a light which slowly morphs into a map
 appearing above his hands
 The Universal Sphere of Realms
 The Master Key to the Universe
 There it is . . .

Joy encompasses discipleship
 The Solitary now seeks to understand
 And prepares to listen
 In his aloneness, he feels the wind
 It has consciousness, it has breath
 And it speaks . . .

In the splendor of the abode
 Where the righteous fear their lot
 A calmness ceases reaching
 And foreboding reaches naught
 Amongst the travels of the spirit
 A solitary cannot go
 Within the realms of darkness
 Or within the realms of show
 No plan can undermine this
 No intention raise the brow
 Only souls can choose their mission
 And only fools get lost somehow
 Inherent weeping long fills the course
 But vibrations contain a remedy
 There is no fuller method
 Than to enter into the spirit of the sea
 Ethers vibrate rapidly
 Bringing longing down to naught
 And courageous souls can muster
 The courage of truth that they have sought
 All that fells within their conscience
 All that lies within their wake
 All the pain and all the passion
 Must now lie down for God's sake
 And as these things submerge themselves

And cease to live among the soul
 They die to the Solitary
 And the spirit grieves no more
 A peaceful stance erupts from one
 Who vibrationally kisses the past
 It dies a fearful parting
 But only memories suffer death
 As the spirit reaches solitude
 Amidst the noble realms
 Its silence speaks of wisdom
 And its new vibration speaks of home
 So wander not so far, my dears
 From the blessed shores of Universal Good
 Wherein the truth reigns only
 And the evil cannot go
 All is silent in this realm
 All eyes remain on God
 No thought, no words, no deeds, no fears
 Even being itself is gone . . .

Only an instant had passed, but the simple acceptance of the energetic consequences of the free will vibration of others had taken me immediately in a realm of The Solitaries.

Sitting in meditative posture and facing forward towards the Universal Good, my spirit had become like a smooth outline of simple light. My eyes were closed, my hands on my knees and coins were scattered all around me.

Others had joined me in this new abode of the

righteous. They, too, were facing forward in a meditative posture but keenly aware of their aloneness among the Solitaries as I was indeed.

These were others who had simply chosen to release the worldly vibrations of those unable to walk a path in this manner towards God - behind - and walk forward. That act of simplicity had vibrationally altered each of our spirits in an instant.

We disappeared from the world as if we had never been.

We reappeared in this abode of the righteous with an entirely altered energy body.

All was silent . . . there was no thought, no words, no deeds, no doing, not even being.

We had released all attachments to worldly cares and concerns. And in this emptiness we had become the state, essence and vibration of peace - emanating.

The silence was calming. It filled this new energy body I carried with light. Every one of the Solitaries emanated a brilliant light, like transcendent suns. And our eyes remained fixed forward . . . on the Universal Good, which we knew was God.

Momentarily, although the other Solitaries remained fixed in time and space in perfect peace . . .

The house of 'death is so rapid even life can't stop it'

'Doing' all the way (rather than 'Being')
 Winds down a road
 That which is a way to relax
 Red Jacket, Black Jacket, White Jacket
 Passion, Sin, Purity
 Ruminating into the consciousness
 The gift of the whispering
 Be slow
 Be free
 And the psyche of the rogues
 They turn to you
 Five innocences meet them
 The Solitary
 The Emissary
 The Emanation
 The Illumination
 The Acceleration
 And they behold an infinite light
 Complete suspended animation
 Blazing violet purple light
 The inherent lots of the whole came for me
 Vibrations of enigmatic light
 The Solitary bears quietude
 The Emissary bears truth
 The Emanation bears vibration
 The Illumination bears light
 And . . . the Acceleration substantiates knowledge
 By bringing it to the fruition it must bear
 Thus, harboring within it
 Only quietude, truth, vibration and light
 And in its forbearance
 (Because that won't allow them to become Christian

in early energy)
 For a true Christian cannot be finite
 But infinite light
 Therefore, without acceleration, a name can be given
 Which bears no truth
 Maturity of that which is Christian is infinite
 It encompasses all things
 And in so doing, it cannot come early
 But only in the late hours of the illumination
 Where silence meets the noise
 And the noise stops
 Because the Emissary brought the Word
 The Emanation brought the Knowledge
 The illumination brought the Understanding
 Suddenness
 Acceleration brings with it absolute solitude
 All that time hearkens
 Timelessness betrays
 In the alone
 In the silent
 The Solitary faints beneath the majestic winds of the
 spirit
 As the faint winter glow of heaven heralds its beckon
 And beyond the silence of the night
 The contrasting elegance of the stream of fusion
 Lines of fire delve deeply into the crevasses of the
 soul bearing its light.
 Beyond the cavernous structures of the deep,
 And well below the deepest sin of mankind
 Lies the woeful wail of a transient cocoon
 As nothing else in the ethereal winds can erase
 All that beholds the soul to its martyrdom

For none but a martyr shall face the Lord Almighty
 The martyr who has forsaken himself for the truth
 Who has given no substance to the doom
 No frailty to the herald
 No dawning to the night
 But only the glistening pearl of wisdom
 To be betrayed in the silent golden wind
 As the harbor of goodness dwelling within
 Forces out that which is of that accursed night
 And brings forth only the mighty wind of light
 Bearing within the energies of the essence,
 The soliloquy of ascent
 And the barrage of the senses
 Which brings the soul to nought,
 Bearing nothing but the centrifugal force
 And fusion of the heights
 Heralding, beholding and assuaging,
 The language of the horrid darkness
 Shielding all that lies within in a glamorous betrayal
 of swiftness and flight
 Into the Solitary . . .
 And in that essence lies only one thing
 It betrays the goodness of its Maker
 For all that remains now of the Solitary
 Is a singular light
 All attachments have been bound
 All cravings have been burned
 All sentience has been returned
 To the quiet, lonesome, reality
 Of God
 There is nothing left . . .
 It is empty, yet full

But nothing remains of the scarred elements of the
past

Only the glisten of the single pearl of light

That emanates the wisdom of the stars

Through its singular essence

As a liquid mass within the consciousness of One

A singular moment

A singular thought

A singular existence

A singular motivation

A singular exercise of faith

A singular exercise of love

A singular focus

God

And now the ocean of being

Contains all that the Solitary once was;

And the receptacle of light

Has become the Solitary

There is no more . . .

There is nothing else . . .

There is no more need . . .

There is only transcendental existence

Within the Mind of God

And therefore, within the Heart

A single particulate of light

Now resonating . . .

As it stands, the Solitary is alone

As it stands, the Solitary is One

As it stands, the Solitary is evanescent

As it stands, the Solitary is within a crowd

As it stands, the Solitary has now re-entered

The Cosmic Element from which it was born

And situated itself
Into
A tiny
Portal
Of
Light
Beyond all Being
Beyond all Doing
Beyond all Believing
Beyond all That Is, Was or Ever Shall Be
And this point of light
Surrenders himself entirely to Divine Will
To God, he belongs
Within God, he now flows
Beyond God, he has no essence
But within . . .
The Solitary flows
The Solitary breathes
The Solitary has found the Way
The Solitary has been consecrated to the Truth
The Solitary has entered
The only lifestream . . .
Time no longer harkens
Timelessness no longer betrays
Within the eternal these qualities have ceased
In timelessness, all that has been shrouded in mystery
Has seen a great light
The spiraling effervescence of galactic life
Has now spun into fruition
And all that remains is all that is required
And all that lies behind
Retains the only secret

Within those duggeries buried in putrid flesh
 Are the ever-enduring memories of existence and
 time
 Of love and loss
 Of pain and regret
 Of joy and longing
 Of the herald of humanity
 But it is all compacted as if by an unearthly force
 Beyond its confines
 Its relevance remains a secret
 But within that mysterious vibration of former time
 There had been a road . . .
 And because the Solitary had followed that road
 Time entered timelessness, and all became naught
 Love entered falsehood and excreted the lies
 True power entered pride and humbled its mighty
 breath
 Violence became peace
 Hardship became wisdom
 Suffering became knowledge
 Attachments were led away
 Time ended
 Timelessness began
 And everything assembled and crashed down
 It is as if the body of knowledge had never been
 known
 By a humble human being who walked the scarlet
 road
 But, yet, as the scarlet became blood . . .
 And the hurtful oblivion of the human need became
 known, but yet to be Known
 The Solitary was born

Not because of any defect within the human being in
 fulfilling its own natural pattern of the way
 But because the scarlet became blood . . .
 And the pain became too gut-wrenching to bear
 And as he reached his finger to touch the scarlet on
 the path he had been walking
 And felt within his cold fingers the pulsing life-force
 The blood became liquid and oozed between his
 hands
 And within him he felt the wounding
 And the carrying on in the chaos
 A bludgeoning of sorts
 To the character of the True Way
 Thus, the physical creation could no longer carry
 The burden of the light
 Without acknowledging the bleeding
 Of the human heart
 And thus, he became Solitary
 To behold the recklessness of the spirit
 Not accounting for its way
 For a True Way
 Must needs be beholden to a higher station
 A calling unto silence, quiet and the fermentation of
 the light
 For the blood must be reckoned with
 It cannot be contained
 It must be transmuted
 Into a rabid fire of love
 An all-consuming light
 And the psyche of the rogues
 They turn to you
 Their guilt ridden faces neglecting to reveal their

inner disturbances

But the Solitary faces the rogue

And finds that the rogue was always within

And in so doing, he washes his hands of the blood . . .

Years of reckoning with that which has come to pass

And He bathes in the blood of the Lamb;

which washes his robes white . . .

The scarlet of the path becomes a transmission of light

What lies before the Solitary is now a bloodless path

A sacrifice of the utmost beauty

Of the interior will for his own

And a granting of his infinite being to the maker of all

that he is, was, and ever shall be

And into the hands of the Vibration which holds all

life as One

Carrying within it the essence of the Solitary

Which is the five innocences

And he *becomes* the Five innocences

Each in its own subsequent light

Each in its own expression of Infinite Love

Each in its own ascending vibration

All coming from the heights

To bear that which is below to that which above

And declare omniscience over time

And all that remains within the confines of its borders

The Solitary bears quietude

The Emissary bears truth

The Emanation bears vibration

The Illumination bears light

And . . . the Acceleration substantiates knowledge

By bringing it to the fruition it must bear

Thus, harboring within it

Only quietude, truth, vibration and light
 And the Solitary enters timelessness
 In a true and profoundly eminent Way
 And by so doing, he is no more . . .
 He has ceased to be.

His vessels of consciousness have collapsed in upon
 themselves

His essence has united with the Source
 And the frantic personality has been overshadowed
 By an all-pervading, instantaneous truth
 Which lies beyond the perceptions of time
 And only within the limitless space of timelessness
 And that truth . . . cannot be spoken.

Not because it is forbidden, morose, unsightly or
 unseen

Not because it is mystery, initiation, ritual or
 surrender

Not because it is not to be spoken of . . .

But because it cannot . . .

Unspokenness is an attribute

It is an attribute of the Divine

Which can only be perceived with the naked eye of
 truth

And this naked eye only unclothes itself
 To the remnant knowledge of a world which bleeds . .
 . for fear of the irony of its irrelevance.

This instantaneous truth . . .

Is . . .

Was . . .

Ever Shall Be . . .

Words cannot suffice

Nor should they

For to tell of such a tale
 Such a transformative adventure
 Would lie within the realm of fantasy and myth
 Would it not be only the ramblings of a superstitious
 person who has lost his mind?
 Certainly, there is no truth to this tale!
 There is no road such as what we have described!
 It does not exist . . . it is not real.
 Does the Solitary even exist?
 I think not,
 For he has vanished into the twinkling of an unseen
 and ill-advised truth
 Why should something so humbling be so ill-
 advised?
 For to retain any fragment of time itself, the soul
 shant never bear this road!
 In order to ingratiate itself to created things, the soul
 must never seek to dismantle anything which would
 defy their reality!
 No . . .
 It is a myth.
 The Solitary is a fable.
 He never existed.
 I never existed.
 He never was . . .
 I never was . . .
 Perhaps he lives on in Boundless Truth,
 Perhaps he never lived at all
 Or perhaps, the Solitary had once been a creature
 encapsulated in time who found the gateless gate, the
 unceasing liberation, the unending bliss of eternal
 Love itself?

Perhaps he disappeared into this mist and exists
somewhere beyond what human senses can retain?

Perhaps?

No, the Solitary is a fable, he is a myth.

And since when do we seek to know his value
anyway?

Just another soul, lost to us in space and time
For a moment sharing substance within our realm of
perception.

The Solitary had no meaning.

His path had no value.

But . . . what if the Solitary were real?

What if his fabled pathway to the ever ascending
unknown

Were like a key to those of us he left behind?

What if?

What then?

What now?

Oh, but yet, timeless wisdom is never equally frugal

It always bears the imprint of its unique traveler

And what of this key?

Perhaps, the key is a myth.

Perhaps, the key has no meaning.

But . . . what if the fabled journey to the unraveling
abode;

Were truly held fast by some timeless mote traveling
through space from the Solitary's eye?

To the seeker within us?

And within that mote were an eternal light?

And within this lies the secret

. . . of the Solitary?"

The Solitary, Marilyn Hughes, 2014

*From Coombs Buddhism Archive, Zen Poems***“ Stillness**

The ten directions converging,
 Each learning to do nothing,
 This is the hall of Buddha's training;
 Mind's empty, all's finished.

P'ang Yün (龐蘊 Hō Un) (Two Zen Classics 263)

Without Name and Form

Well versed in the Buddha way,
 I go the non-Way
 Without abandoning my
 Ordinary person's affairs.
 The conditioned and
 Name-and-form,
 All are flowers in the sky.
 Nameless and formless,
 I leave birth-and-death.

P'ang Yün (龐蘊 Hō Un)

The Ultimate Attainment

The past is already past.
 Don't try to regain it.
 The present does not stay.
 Don't try to touch it.
 From moment to moment.
 The future has not come;
 Don't think about it
 Beforehand.
 Whatever comes to the eye,
 Leave it be . . .

With empty mind really
 Penetrated, the dharmas (teachings)
 Have no life.
 When you can be like this,
 You've completed
 The ultimate attainment.
 P'ang Yün (龐蘊 Hō Un)

Detached

Be detached, be detached!
 Be thoroughly detached!
 What then?
 The pine is green,
 And white is the snow.
 Author unknown (The Essentials of Zen Buddhism 237)

Beyond the Gate

The celestial radiance undimmed,
 The norm lasting for ever more;
 For him who entereth this gate,
 No reasoning, no learning.
 Ch'an master P'ing-t'ien P'u-an (Heiden Fugan)

One with It

Long seeking it through others,
 I was far from reaching it.
 Now I go by myself;
 I meet it everywhere.
 It is just I myself,
 And I am not itself.
 Understanding this way,
 I can be as I am.

Ch'an master Tung-shan Ling-chia (洞山良价 Tōsan Ryōkai, 807-869) (Two Zen Classics 267)

Do not seek from another,
 Or you will be estranged from self.
 I now go on alone,
 Finding I meet It everywhere.
 It now is I,
 I now am not It.
 One should understand in this way
 To merge with suchness as is. (Transmission of Light 38)

Immovable Mind

"There is a time for peaceful contemplation; there is a time for dynamic action; and all the time the lake remains itself." (The Golden Age of Zen 241)

Selflessness

Nirvâna is, but not the man who seeks it.
 The Path exists, but not the traveller on it.
 Visuddhimagga (chapt. 16)
 Trs. H.C. Warren (Essays in Zen Buddhism – Second Series 311)"

From Coombs Buddhism Archive, Zen Poems

From the Commentary on the Great Perfection

"In peaceful forests, caves, and joyful valleys of herbs,
 Dancing with moving flowers, to the rush of
 waterfalls,

May this mind, which has been so long in complete exhaustion.

Producing the holy benefit of the freedoms and favors,

Come to rest in unmoving equality/equanimity."

Commentary on the Great Perfection, Called the Great Chariot

To be initiated into the solitary winds requires that the initiate be released from all attachments to worldly energies, seeking to grasp only the fine thread of virtue and to leave behind all trace of shadow in the lingering winds of misuse . . . this is the twenty seventh mystery.

From the Yoga Sutras of Patanjali

"The object of this perception is other than what is learned from the sacred books, or by sound inference, since this perception is particular.

The distinction is a luminous and inspiring one. The Scriptures teach general truths, concerning universal spiritual life and broad laws, and inference from their teaching is not less general. But the spiritual perception of the awakened Seer brings particular truth concerning his own particular life and needs,

whether these be for himself or others. He receives defined, precise knowledge, exactly applying to what he has at heart.

The impress on the consciousness springing from this perception supersedes all previous impressions.

Each state or field of the mind, each field of knowledge, so to speak, which is reached by mental and emotional energies, is a psychical state, just as the mind picture of a stage with the actors on it, is a psychical state or field. When the pure vision, as of the poet, the philosopher, the saint, fills the whole field, all lesser views and visions are crowded out. This high consciousness displaces all lesser consciousness. Yet, in a certain sense, that which is viewed as part, even by the vision of a sage, has still an element of illusion, a thin psychical veil, however pure and luminous that veil may be. It is the last and highest psychic state.

When this impression ceases, then, since all impressions have ceased, there arises pure spiritual consciousness, with no seed of separateness left.

The last psychic veil is drawn aside, and the spiritual man stands with unveiled vision, pure serene."

*The Yoga Sutras of Patanjali, Translated by
Charles Johnston, 1912*

From Science of Mind

“Through the mist of human fear love gleams and
points the way to freedom.
I now decree and declare that I am free from all sense
of bondage.
I am made perfect and whole through knowledge of
the Real Life within me.
No illusions can enter my thought.
I know that there is One Power, and I know that this
Power now protects me from all harm.
As Perfect Love casts out all fear, so my fear flees
before the knowledge of Truth . . .
There is no bondage nor limitation.
Every part of me moves in perfect harmony and
freedom.
I cannot be tied, bound nor made inactive, for
I am Free Spirit, and the Power of my Life is from on
High.
There is no inaction nor false action . . .
Only those thoughts which are helpful and life-giving
can find entrance to my house.
There are no vicious nor false habits.
Every desire of my thought and heart is satisfied in
the Truth.
I do not long for anything nor feel the lack of
anything.
I am complete within myself . . .
I am satisfied within myself.
I am One with All Life within me . . .
There are no mistakes; none have ever been made and
none ever will be made.

Nothing ever happened in the past to hinder or hurt.
There is no past, and I know, and can see, that there is
no belief in any past to rise against me.
I live in the Now, free from any yesterdays or to-
morrowes.
Now, I am Happy, Free and Complete.”

Science of Mind, Ernest Holmes, 1926

THE TWENTY EIGHTH MYSTERY

Ritual of Re-Entry into the Enclosed Garden of God
To Shut Out Mortality in the Garment of Immortality,
and to Return all Mortal Remnants to the World
Below in an Ascending Pattern of Light; Locked Up,
Always Ascending . . . With the Pattern of Diminution
Forever Terminus. The Consummation of the Spirit
with Almighty God Complete, Destination Final and
Infinite



Perhaps it seems an anti-climactic to enter now into that which is enclosed . . . for the spirit has garnered into the conception of all that is and all that is meant to be. But as the soul prepares to enter into the Enclosed Garden of God, it is entirely necessary that the path of this distinction be circumscribed.

As a soul has followed all contradictory paths to the piercing of true meaning, the initiate has entered into a substantial bordering which is required for the seeker to fulfill the wholeness of his current domain.

From the Secret Rose Garden

“THIS bouquet of scented blossoms
I have plucked from that garden,
And have called it "The Secret Rose Garden."

In it are blooming
Roses of the mysteries of the heart
Untold before;

In it the tongues of the lilies are all singing,
And the eyes of the narcissus behold all, far and near.

Gaze on each one of these with your heart's eyes
Till your doubts melt away.

You will see tradition, earthly and mystical truths,

All arranged clearly in knowledge of detail.

Do not seek with cold eyes to find blemishes,

Or the roses will turn to thorns as you gaze.

Ingratitude is a sign of ignorance,

For those who know the truth are thankful.

When you remember me, breathe "Mercy be upon
him.""

The Secret Rose Garden, Florence Lederer, 1920

From the Songs of Solomon

"A garden enclosed is my sister, my spouse; a spring
shut up, a fountain sealed."

Songs of Solomon, 4:112

And as the seeker of the mystical initiations proceeds
forward into the eternal life of God, he seeks to be
initiated into the inseparability from God.

From Jewish Mysticism

"One of the distinguishing features of the mystical
temperament--is the contrast in the effects which this
sudden invasion of a Divine Presence had upon the
objects of the visitation . . . Two Rabbis who left the
synagogue did so, most probably, as the result of the
fearful weakening and depressing effect of the vision.
The Rabbi, however, who stayed on and succeeded in
eliciting from the Shechinah (Feminine Aspect of God
in Jewish Kabbalism) a promise that the ministering

angels should henceforth cease from troubling him, is the type of the mystic who feels the mental and physical elation, the joy, the rapture, the triumph consequent upon the conviction of his having, at last, reached the goal of his quest--the sight, sound and touch of the Ultimate Reality.

A feature of the Shechinah mysticism which deserves a deeper appreciation than is usually accorded it, is to be found in the reiterated Rabbinic belief that goodness and piety radiate an atmosphere of divinity which infects all who breathe it, with a new impulse towards the good, the beautiful and the true. The good man can bring the Shechinah to his fellows. He can invest earth with the quality which belongs to Heaven. Sight of, or contact with, a saint, is equivalent to an inflowing of the Shechinah Thus, The greater the bond of union between the members of the Jewish brotherhood, the greater the realisation of the Divine Presence in their midst. Add to this the existence of men of conspicuous piety within the bosom of the fellowship, and you have all the essentials for a deeper and stronger infiltration of the Divine stream."

Jewish Mysticism, J. Abelson, 1913

The final ascent of the initiate is to seek towards the fragrance of the mystical rose which is to be found only in the enclosed garden of God.

In so seeking, the initiate will be taken into a ritual of all ends and the initiation to end all being. From thus, the soul will travel through the initiation into infinity and endless space.

After burrowing through such worlds for a time, the initiate will attend to endless being and invigorate all that is within the confines of a single molecular thrust.

As the initiate follows the ritual into the annihilation of all selfhood . . . he in turn is initiated into everything.

But what follows the initiation into everything? An initiation into nothing.

From the Works of St. Anselm

“In what sense nothing existed before or will exist after this Being.

BUT here we are again confronted by the term *nothing*, and whatever our reasoning thus far, with the concordant attestation of truth and necessity, has concluded nothing to be. For, if the propositions duly set forth above have been confirmed by the fortification of logically necessary truth, not anything existed before the Supreme Being, nor will anything exist after it. Hence, nothing existed before, and nothing will exist after, it. For, either something or

nothing must have preceded it; and either something or nothing must be destined to follow it . . .

But, rather ought this *nothing* to be resisted, lest so many structures of cogent reasoning be stormed by *nothing*; and the supreme good, which has been sought and found by the light of truth, be lost for *nothing*. Let it rather be declared, then, that nothing did not exist before the Supreme Being, and that nothing will not exist after it, rather than that, when a place is given before or after it to nothing, that Being which through itself brought into existence what was nothing, should be reduced through nothing to nothing.

Yet, the solidity of the truths already established is in no wise impaired by the emptiness of *nothing*."

Works of St. Anselm, Sidney Norton Deane, 1903

And so it comes to pass therein that the initiate enters into the ritual of inner peace which brings forth from within its confines the inner stillness of the molecular ascent.

Infinity arises as the soul passes through the initiation into the knowledge of all things, and thus follows with the initiation beyond knowledge.

All things have their opposites; and their middle road. And it is in the ritual of the uniting of such

opposites that true knowledge is obtained.

Within the confines of the enclosed garden, the Lord Almighty, True and Just, calls forth the initiation into God's Immortal Spheres. No soul can bypass this without accepting a certain amount of enclosure, for its purity is surpassed by none save God Himself . . . and in entering such a world of creation and substance, of emptiness and light . . . the initiate learns that he stands literally in the midst of all origination . . . the bosom of God.

From the Wisdom of the Egyptians

"Then Hermes saw a wonderful sight. The starry heavens, stretching through infinite space, enveloped him with seven luminous spheres. In one glance, Hermes saw the seven heavens stretching above his head, tier upon tier, like seven transparent and concentric globes, the sidereal centre of which he now occupied. The milky way formed the girdle of the last. In each sphere there rolled a planet accompanied by a genius of different form, sign and light. Whilst Hermes, dazzled by the sight, was contemplating their wide-spread efflorescence and majestic movements, the voice said to him:

"Look, listen, and understand. Thou seest the seven spheres of all life. Through them is accomplished the fall and ascent of souls. . . . "

"I see," said Hermes, "the seven regions which comprise the visible and invisible world; I see the seven rays of the word-light, of the one God who traverses them and governs them by these rays. Still, O master, how does mankind journey through all these worlds?"

"Dost thou see," said Osiris, "a luminous seed fall from the regions of the milky way into the seventh sphere? These are germs of souls. They live like faint vapors in the region . . . free from care, knowing not their own happiness. On falling from sphere to sphere, however, they put on increasingly heavier envelopes. In each incarnation they acquire a new corporeal sense, in harmony with the surroundings in which they are living. Their vital energy increases, but in proportion as they enter into denser bodies they lose the memory of their celestial origin. Thus is effected the fall of souls which come from the divine ether. Ever more and more captivated by matter and intoxicated by life, they fling themselves like a rain of fire, with quiverings of voluptuous delight, through the regions of grief, love, and death, right into their earthly prison where thou thyself lamentest, held down by the fiery centre of the earth, and where divine life appears to thee nothing more than an empty dream."

"*Can souls die?*" asked Hermes.

"Yes," replied the voice of Osiris, "many perish in the fatal descent. The soul is the daughter of heaven, and its journey is a test. If it loses the memory of its origin,

in its unbridled love of matter, the divine spark which was in it and which might have become more brilliant than a star, returns to the ethereal region, a lifeless atom, and the soul disaggregates in the vortex of gross elements."

Hermes shuddered at these words, for a raging tempest enveloped him in a black mist. The seven spheres disappeared beneath dense vapors. In them he saw human spectres uttering strange cries, carried off and torn by phantoms of monsters and animals, amidst nameless groans and blasphemies.

"Such is the destiny," said Osiris, "of souls irremediably base and evil. Their torture finishes only with their destruction, which includes the loss of all consciousness. The vapors are now dispersing, the seven spheres reappear beneath the firmament. Look on this side. Do you see this swarm of souls trying to mount once more to the lunar regions? Some are beaten back to earth like eddies of birds beneath the might of the tempest. The rest with mighty wings reach the upper sphere, which draws them with it as it rotates. Once they have come to this sphere, they recover their vision of divine things. This time, however, they are not content to reflect them in the dream of a powerless happiness; they become impregnated thereby with the lucidity of a grief-enlightened consciousness, the energy of a will acquired through struggle and strife. They become luminous, for they possess the divine in themselves and radiate it in their acts. Strengthen therefore thy

soul, O Hermes! Calm thy darkened mind by contemplating these distant flights of souls which mount the seven spheres and are scattered about therein like sheaves of sparks. Thou also canst follow them, but a strong will it needs to rise. Look how they swarm and form into divine choruses. Each places itself beneath its favorite genius. The most beautiful dwell in the solar region; the most powerful rise to Saturn. Some ascend to the Father, powers themselves amidst powers. For where everything ends, everything eternally begins; and the seven spheres say together: 'Wisdom! Love! Justice! Beauty! Splendor! Knowledge! Immortality!'"

Wisdom of the Egyptians, Brian Brown, 1923

As the soul seeks to catch his proverbial breath, he takes the first steps on his final ascent into knowledgelessness. Behind these bitter walls lies a fragrant aroma of sweetness and imponderability.

And with this, the initiate is ritually admitted into the void, non-existence . . . and from thence he falls.

Into the ancient garden his soul flies like a fragrance in motion, like a word that you can inhale, like a word that can be visualized . . .

From Jewish Mysticism

“Philo says: "For which reason it is that though the voices of mortal beings are judged of by the faculty of hearing, nevertheless the Scriptures present to us the words of God to be actually visible to us like light; for in them it is said that, 'All the people *saw* the voice of God' (*Exodus*, xx. 18); they do not say 'heard' it, since what took place was not a beating of the air by means of the organs of the mouth and tongue, but a most exceedingly brilliant ray of virtue not different in any respect from the source of reason.”

Jewish Mysticism, J. Abelson, 1913

Now the initiate stops, for the final ascent must needs be effortless . . . a total surrender to the God of all Creation in His attempt to elevate the creature into a realm of understanding beyond that which is given to no ordinary man.

The initiate, surrounded by vacuous space all around him, enclosed in a garden of infinite splendor and grace; falls . . .

From Pensatia

“Tall, forbidding, yet challenging it appeared to beckon to disciples of the Rose.

‘Behold! Pensatia,’ spoke Master H . . . ‘Climb this all

must ere they pass on to the . . . step.'

The ladder was most steep. Gray emptiness, fog-like, veiled either side. No one coming or going. The awesome heights chilled my blood. Only barren rungs of ladder reaching up. Evasion was impossible. Climb one must! Yet an inner peace sensitized me as a mandate that only by *obedience* would the . . . step be realized.

Every part of my being made the effort to ascend upon the arduous task. Yet all struggles failed . . .

'Struggle not, Pensatia. Stand still and know the effortless way is the highest law. That is, the disciple learns as he travels the Path, that only as one completely turns all over to God, can one achieve victory and life everlasting. Now try the Father's way . . . learn to work with the silence . . .

Placing my hand upon the ladder and letting the dew of the Rose flow over and through me, I purged my heart of using the . . . sweat of the brow way, and poured out my all to God . . . 'Lead me up as thou wilt. Of my own efforts, no headway is possible. Now thy will be done.' Even as in complete surrender (implying the outer self), there by the latter to the Most High Mountain, a lightness, happiness supreme, lifted me upon the first rung . . . and . . . I traveled up . . . No struggle, only completely victory.

The Master H greeted me, saying, 'Behold . . . Leaving all in the Father's hand is the key, the secret formula

to Cosmic Consciousness and fulfillment on all planes of expression.”

*The High Mountain, Pensatia, 1965, Euclid
Publishing, 1978*

And so abiding in the eternal and enclosed garden of God, the initiate stops everything. All seeking ceases, all forward motion stills, his eyes are ever-betrothed to the vision of the Lord of Hosts, the Saviour of Mankind to whom the initiate has fitly entrusted his soul.

The image of the beloved has no dimming . . . and the initiate gazes adeptly and with ecstatic stillness upon the Lord.

From the Writings of the Early Church Fathers

“A life immortal he shall lead, and be
By heroes seen, himself shall heroes see;
evidently meaning the righteous.
The jarring nations he in peace shall bind,
And with paternal virtues rule mankind.
Unbidden earth her earliest fruits shall bring,
And fragrant herbs, to greet her infant king.

Truly said: for faith will not stand in awe of the mighty in the imperial palace . . .

His cradle shall with rising flowers be crown'd . . .

The serpent's brood shall die; the sacred ground . . .

Nothing could be said more true or more consistent with the Saviour's excellency than this. For the power of the Divine Spirit presents the very cradle of God, like fragrant flowers, to the new-born race. The serpent, too, and the venom of that serpent, perishes, who originally beguiled our first parents, and drew their thoughts from their native innocence to the enjoyment of pleasures, that they might experience that threatened death. For before the Saviour's advent, the serpent's power was shown in subverting the souls of those who were sustained by no well-grounded hope, and ignorant of that immortality which awaits the righteous. But after that he had suffered, and was separated for a season from the body which he had assumed, the power of the resurrection was revealed to man through the communication of the Holy Spirit: and whatever stain of human guilt might yet remain was removed by the washing of sacred lustrations.

Then indeed could the Saviour bid his followers be of good cheer, and, remembering his adorable and glorious resurrection, expect the like for themselves. Truly, then, the poisonous race may be said to be extinct. Death himself is extinct, and the truth of the resurrection sealed . . . he alludes to the multitude of the true worshipers of God. For it is as though a multitude of branches, crowned with fragrant

flowers, and fitly watered, sprung from the self-same root.”

*Writings of the Early Church Fathers, Nicene and
Post Nicene Fathers, Virgilius Maro*

From the Emissary

“As the aeons erupted into a melancholy display of lights, my vision swooned towards the mellifluous eruption of color which now had taken over my vision. Before me in the silent casket of death; lay before me flowers of various vibrant hues.

Beyond the horizons, as my eyes partook of this fantastical beauty; I saw before me the mortal lands become vibrant with life, with color, with flowers, with the eruption of my own spirit against the vast wasteland that had once been my life.

On the mountain horizon, blue and green flowers emerged as blossoms of enticing glory in various shades and emanations. They emerged as if from a vast and fertile ground which caused them to rise and bloom so quickly, that my spirit was filled with a rising pleroma of their scent and beauty . . .

But this rising was not a physical happening, but a grand vista of awareness emerging upon the inward nature of my own soul.

In the grand landscape of silence, the silent blossoms of sacramental union with God were growing at a catastrophic speed.

As my vision turned towards a vast ocean, a sea of light within the confines of my own vision – the wasteland of my interior soul – again appeared eruptions of pink and purples appearing within the ethereal quandaries of my deftly silent horizons. Growing at vast speeds as if I were watching their turnabout through time enhanced photography, every bud and bloom brought within my spirit such delight and joy that it cannot be expressed as any other than the simple sacramental union of life with death, soul with God, universe with creation.

No movement came from my own soul as suddenly all around me were swirls and swirls of tornado like energy emanation the colors of green, blue, pink and purple. Whirlwinds of light overtook what used to be the whirlwinds of dust as my soul continued to observe in a completely stationary position beyond the horizon of the inner sea.

Emanations of the flowers continued to swirl around me as my spirit was filled with epiphanies of light, reason, knowledge and fulfilment.

Suddenly and unexpectedly below them, I began to see words in many languages appear in the swirling vapors of the all-encompassing radiance of God. As the languages began to enfold me, the words and

their meanings would escape my conscious understanding but enter within my spirit as a phantasmical figure of wisdom and repose.

Suddenly . . . my vision was gone and I was standing in the midst of the mass retain of the earth. Before me lay thousands of souls ensconced in darkness.

As my silence had come crashing down in the epiphanic awareness of the task which lay before me, my wisdom could remain silent no more.

My spirit was now embodying a lucid formula, which required it to move within and through the souls of the earth still contained within the evolutionary void of darkness lying beyond the spheres of silence, color and light from whence I had just emerged.

As if it were lightning, my spirit began darting through the streets from soul to soul speaking quietly the seemingly ordinary Catholic prayers (such as the 'Our Father', 'Hail Mary,' 'The Apostles Creed,' 'Christ Crucified,' etc.) of which I had learned many aeons ago. And in that arduous learning, I had found that they were far beyond the ordinary sphere of prayer in that they had the power to expel darkness and demons within the minds of men; and beyond this, the words they contained could nullify the demonic mesmerization for a time of souls who had already chosen their current damnation, rendering them awake and conscious for a period in which the Lord so deigned to give them opportunity to graduate their sphere of awareness and constitution to a higher

gradient form of evolutionary light.

Many would return to their mesmerization, but this was one of the ways in which the Lord, Our God, utilized to graphically denounce and deter such backwards flowing evolutionary quadrants within the soul of humankind.

Traveling through aeons of earthly space and time, my mission was to conquer or detain the darkness within as many thousands of human souls as it were possible. Three others prayed and journeyed with me as we continued what seemed like an endless cyclone of darkness transforming to something higher.

And if in this heightened state something of a higher construct were to descend from the evolutionary spheres from beyond the gradients of light; perhaps higher gateways of evolutionary force could find a pathway into the human mind which remained so ridiculously behind the evolutionary and spiritual waves of knowledge required to maintain and upgrade the realm; such missions had become quite necessary if ever there were to be a higher thrust from other worlds, higher minds, and from the Almighty God Himself.

Thousands of souls we met upon the way, including those of some we knew who had chosen to remain behind in our travels. We upped their vibrational capacities and continued forward into the continuing entourage of souls lost from the light in some misty,

dark and brazen disobedience to the will of creation. When finally finished many hours later, the four of us emerged at the doors towards the outdoors inside a large building which appeared to be in a large city. Having no clue the excitement which would await us beyond the doors, we quickly forwarded our spirits beyond them to find that before us was something of another yet awesome beauty.

The Mother Ship was silver, but it shone with light as if it were of fine silver, not a metallic tin or iron. It was a circular ship, a cylindrical craft. There were two folds in the metallic silver folds before the center from both the top and the bottom of its majesty.

As soon as we gazed upon the ship, all four of us were rendered again silent and unmoving. Again, we just looked upon it as our spirits were taken within its confines and our memories deleted from this point forward.

In what appeared to be aeons later, I found myself alone sliding through what appeared to be mystical corridors in-between cliff walls; falling, wading, surrendering, being, commencing, soaring, and yet not moving . . .

I noticed that all of the attachments to earthly things or creatures that still remained upon my soul came with me as I moved/did not move through these mysterious corridors. And as I continued through what seemed like about five of them, all of those

attachments were gone.

No sound accompanied these journeys, as no movement. But yet, there was great movement. And I emerged silently and without adieu.

Standing before a series of apparitions, my spirit entered into an ecstatic state beyond my understanding or ability to describe.

Before my soul were to appear five apparitions of the Blessed Virgin Mary. And each of them would appear in subsequent order as such; pale blue, pink, yellow, white, black and then something extraordinary would occur.

Many other souls accompanied me on this journey, but they were not traveling in the same aeon. Watching as I was emanating, these were souls encased in flesh still learning to go beyond the simple constructs of the physical waking life. It was my task to emanate such knowledge.

In the first apparition, the Blessed Virgin appeared to me in all pale blue light. She asked me to come and enter within her. As she was manifesting at my side, I took two steps to the side and entered into her pale blue manifestation.

Wondrous seams of exotic silence weaved into the fibers of my very being.

And as I gazed upon those who traveled with us, I

saw that they could not see or comprehend what was happening although I was filled with such exquisite ardor and love for God.

The Blessed Virgin spoke, "These are the watchers, and you must be the emissary." Immediately, I understood this to mean that somehow it was my task, my mission, to convey the energies which had been given to me through no merit of my own to those who remained behind.

These watchers were not of the Old Testament Biblical persuasion, but rather, those who were so energetically constricted within their mortal flesh that the finer, higher vibrational frequencies of light remained unavailable to them and thus, evolution and movement was not possible within their current sphere of knowledge without a great deal of assistance.

The Blessed Virgin bade me to step out . . . and I took two steps to the side.

In the second apparition, the Blessed Virgin appeared to me in all pale pink light. She asked me to come and enter within her. As she was manifesting at my side, I took two steps to the side and entered into her pale pink manifestation.

Phantasmical glory of the infinite understanding of the true feminine principle wove in and out of my searing particulate soul as the energies accessed and

commandeered creation itself through its essence of higher pink hue.

And as I gazed upon those who traveled with us, I saw that they could not see or comprehend what was happening although I was filled with such exquisite seams of effervescent eminence and creation Itself.

The Blessed Virgin bade me to step out . . . and I took two steps to the side.

In the third apparition, the Blessed Virgin appeared to me in all a dark yellow light. She asked me to come and enter within her. As she was manifesting at my side, I took two steps to the side and entered into her dark yellow manifestation.

Within the echoing beams of our now conjoined cosmic glory, I felt within my spirit the true nature of the sacrifice of God. If I'd had a body, it would have been heaving as the searing patterns of construct and destruct wove through my created spirit in a birthing process which caused a trajectory of pain and release. The deep yellow hues contained within them the suffering organism seeking to be born again through the suffering God.

And as I gazed upon those who traveled with us, I saw that they could not see or comprehend what was happening although I was filled with such powerful contractions of sacrifice and surrender. As I beheld within my own body the true nature of the suffering God and what that had meant for each and every

human soul, they could not see.

The Blessed Virgin bade me to step out . . . and I took two steps to the side.

In the fourth apparition, the Blessed Virgin appeared to me in all white light. She asked me to come and enter within her. As she was manifesting at my side, I took two steps to the side and entered into her brightly white manifestation.

As if I'd taken a huge breath, my heaving and contracting soul became utterly still. Purity was utterly silent. No waves of motion, no constructs of nature or spirit, nothing . . . silence. Although my spirit stood now before them containing within it the pure feminine principle, again they could not observe what was happening.

And as I gazed upon those who traveled with us, I saw that they could not see or comprehend what was happening despite the transformative nature of purity which had overcome my soul with stillness and what had manifested before them as absolute silence.

The Blessed Virgin bade me to step out . . . and I took two steps to the side.

In the fifth apparition, the Blessed Virgin disappeared and all became black. Within only a millisecond, my spirit was standing upon the edge of a great precipice. Below me were the caverns of the earth and all those

who had accompanied me upon this journey.

I wondered at what I should do as despite all that they had seen this eve, they had encapsulated none.

Suddenly, up ahead of us in the interior sky of the Universe, a great sun began to make its Light known as another planetary body the same size as this Light began to enter into the sphere which was blackness itself. Yet, Light had entered the darkness.

“Sister, Sister . . .” I heard a vague whisper from the voice of the Blessed Virgin who remained invisible to me at this moment. “Sister, Sister . . .” it was again repeated.

Nodding my head as if to say, “Yes?”, she quietly whispered again, ‘What are you, Sister, what are you?’ Quietly, I again nodded, indicating I did not yet know. “Emanation . . .” the whisper came, “emanation.”

“To what does a Solitary aspire?” The whisper continued . . . Looking up, I thought to myself, ‘To emanate . . . ?’ A moment passed, I paused. “Yes, yes” came the distant whisper. “A Solitary aspires to become an Emissary . . .”

Again, I paused . . .

“Sister . . .”, my insides were all jumbled up in a worrisome threshold of silent questioning. “Okay,” I

thought, "An Emissary." But what does that really mean?"

Suddenly, a wind came upon me at the top of the cliff. As my hair blew ferociously in the wind, my spirit was filled with an internal knowing that the Holy Spirit is none other than the divine breath sent forth to do the work and will of God.

Looking down below me at those travelers who had taken this journey with us, I thought, "Oh, I understand." I thought, "A Solitary must emanate and an emanation must become by its very nature an Emissary. And in so doing, the Emissary 'carries' with him and shares the divine light with those who cannot yet achieve it? Is this right?" Utter silence followed . . . as I waited for some kind of direction.

Suddenly, it occurred to me that I must pray for the souls down below and so I began . . .

As I continued to pray, the condition of these souls became known within my inner sanctuary. How often we don't realize how much our prayer is needed for those who do not know how to properly pray for that which will awaken them to a greater good, a brighter beginning, and a more perfected path towards the Almighty God.

And as I prayed for these fellow travelers, I followed an inner prompting and jumped towards the omnipotent Light of God.

As I did so, two things happened. The first was that the two bodies merged as if an eclipse of the sun. Immediately, my interior spirit was filled with the energies and knowledge of the miracle of the sun at Fatima and the significance of a total eclipse of the sun. The second was that my soul did not fall towards those below . . . but began soaring in a mellifluous surrender in my passage to the all-knowing Light which lay directly before me.

In the blackness; the void had laid bare all potential; and as I'd made an act of simple surrender towards the will of God which had been communicated to me in the inner spheres of God's paradise, my spirit had taken all the energies from which it had previously dispatched.

In a moment which defied all worldly understanding, the Blessed Virgin appeared and yet soared towards and into my principal essence.

And as our spirits combined in flight above them; we contained within us these qualities:

Pure Love of God, Pale Blue
 The Principle of the True Feminine Spirit, Pale Pink
 The True Nature of the Sacrifice of God, Deep Yellow
 The Purity of God, Bright White
 The Void Wherein Lies all Potential, Black

I watched as the dark body eclipsed the light body, as the moon would eclipse the sun. And down below,

those souls who had traveled this pathway with us this night, absolutely saw and comprehended what was happening because the union of these qualities had manifested in our flight and had overcome their souls with pleasure and delight.

Suddenly, they could see us . . .

The Blessed Virgin bade me to continue to soar and allow them to watch in awe and glory . . .

Their primal gaze had been interrupted; for as they previously could only look forward into their physical universe, they could now do no other than to gaze above at the heavenly heights above.

Their heads had been turned from the earth to heaven . . . a huge, magnificent and astronomical eclipse of the soul as regards the energetic potential they now held within their sphere of understanding. And this turn would allow this greater potential to enter within the entire sphere of knowledge and evolution from wherein they had come.

And suddenly, she was gone. But yet even so, my soul was on fire with the Love of God and continued to soar.

“Sister, Sister . . . “ I heard the distant whispering voice now beckoning calling out to me.” Sister Silence,” the Blessed Virgin again beckoned. Looking to and fro, I could no longer see her, and she no

longer overlapped my flight although its course was clearly mapped upon the energetic currents which geometrically posed themselves ahead of me upon my flight path. "Sister Silence . . . is Sacrament." She said. "Always be with me . . ."

Sister Silence as Sacrament
 Always be with me
 Or know thee is naught
 And to abandon thee is ill
 Beloved Sister of the Spheres
 Allow us to reckon the emptiness to speak
 For it is so
 It is an emanation from the All Good
 Be sister to silence
 As silence is sister to sphere
 And sphere is sister to realm
 And realm is sister to knowledge
 And knowledge is sister to Good
 And Good is sister to God
 For I know of nothing so secure
 As the silence of the spirit in the remnant of the
 emanations
 For hardly a mode can be described
 As that which gives bliss to the soul
 And the bliss of the mortal man
 Shares nothing of the bliss of the immortal
 For that which gives delight to the mortal
 Affords obstruction to the immortal
 That which gives delight to the immortal
 Affords anxiety to the mortal
 Beyond the sharing, there is a wide chasm

For that which will harden the heart of a sinner
 Will soften the heart of a seeker
 And love will illumine a seeker in its woe
 As love will constrict the sinner in its hazed view
 A sin will exchange with a seeker for virtue
 To retain a greater glimpse of unbridled spherical
 glory
 As love will exchange with a sinner for sin
 For the ways of sin are vast and deep
 And they widen with congruent footsteps
 For that which we seek determines that which we are
 And that which we are determines that which we
 seek
 And therefore, behold, oh, Great and Glorious
 Omnipresent One
 In our woes, may we find You
 Rather than to woefully become lost by the spirit of
 the tepid beast
 In our woes may we find expansion
 In our joys may we understand contraction
 And in so doing . . .
 Become a true Emissary of the Light"

The Emissary, Marilyn Hughes, 2014

In the garden of infinity, the aroma cannot cease. In the enclosed vestibules of the celestial heaven, nothing can be for naught. In the untarnished vision of a starry night, God can be revealed.

Fragrant and wistful, the initiate walks forward into the enclosed garden of God, the fragrant flowers never dimming in their emanation of the Universal Good and the truth which never dims.

Closing the door tightly behind him, the initiate knows to lock this door for the uninitiated may not yet enter. For to do so would harm the purity of the regions of God's Kingdoms, vast and incorrupt as they remain.

To shut out mortality in the garment of immortality, and to return all mortal remnants to the world below in an ascending pattern of light; locked up, always ascending . . . with the pattern of diminution forever terminus. The consummation of the spirit with Almighty God complete, destination final and infinite . . . this is the twenty eighth mystery.

From St. Ambrose

“And so as a garden inaccessible from without smells of the violet, is scented with the olive, and is resplendent with the rose, that religion may increase in the vine, peace in the olive, and the modesty of . . . the rose . . . To work, then . . . and if you wish your garden to be sweet after this sort, enclose it with the precepts of the prophets: “Set a watch before thy mouth, and a door to thy lips . . .”

*Early Church Fathers, Nicene and Post-Nicene
Fathers, Ambrose*

From the Yoga Sutras of Patanjali

“The series of transformations is divided into moments. When the series is completed, time gives place to duration.

There are two kinds of eternity, says the commentary: the eternity of immortal life, which belongs to the Spirit, and the eternity of change, which inheres in Nature, in all that is not Spirit. While we are content to live in and for Nature, in the Circle of Necessity . . . we doom ourselves to perpetual change. That which is born must die, and that which dies must be reborn. It is change evermore, a ceaseless series of transformations.

But the Spiritual Man enters a new order; for him, there is no longer eternal change, but eternal Being. He has entered into the joy of his Lord. This spiritual birth, which makes him heir of the Everlasting, sets a term to change; it is the culmination, the crowning transformation, of the whole realm of change.

Pure spiritual life is, therefore, the inverse resolution of the potencies of Nature, which have emptied themselves of their value for the Spiritual man; or it is the return of the power of pure Consciousness to its essential form.

Here we have a splendid generalization, in which our wise philosopher finally reconciles the naturalists and the idealists, expressing the crown and end of his teaching, first in the terms of the naturalist, and then in the terms of the idealist.

The birth and growth of the Spiritual Man, and his entry into his immortal heritage, may be regarded, says our philosopher, either as the culmination of the whole process of natural evolution and involution, where 'that which flowed from out the boundless deep, turns again home'; or it may be looked at, as the Vedantins look at it, as the restoration of pure spiritual Consciousness to its pristine and essential form. There is no discrepancy or conflict between these two views, which are but two accounts of the same thing. Therefore those who study the wise philosopher, be they naturalist or idealist, have no excuse to linger over dialectic subtleties or disputes. These things are lifted from their path, lest they should be tempted to delay over them, and they are left facing the path itself, stretching upward and onward from their feet to the everlasting hills, radiant with infinite Light."

*The Yoga Sutras of Patanjali, Translated by Charles
Johnston, 1912*

A NOTE ON THE TWENTY EIGHT MYSTERIES

From the Masnavi

"The story admits of being told up to this point,
But what follows is hidden, and inexpressible in
words.

If you should speak and try a hundred ways to
express it,

'Tis useless; the mystery becomes no clearer,

You can ride on saddle and horse to the sea-coast,

But then you must use a horse of wood (*i.e.* a boat).

A horse of wood is useless on dry land,

It is the special vehicle of voyagers by sea.

Silence is this horse of wood,

Silence is the guide and support of men at sea."

*The Masnavi of Jalaluddin Rumi. Abridged
translation by E. H. Whinfield*

From the Magus

"Over the twelve signs are set these, *viz.* over *Aries*,
Malahidael; over *Taurus*, *Asmodel*; over *Gemini*, *Ambriel*;
over *Cancer*, *Muriel*; over *Leo*, *Verchiel*; over *Virgo*,
Hamaliel; over *Libra*, *Zuriel*; over *Scorpio*, *Barchiel*; over
Sagittarius, *Adoachiel*; over *Capricorn*, *Hanael*; over

Aquarius, Cambiel; over Pisces, Barchiel. Of these spirits set over the planets and signs, *John* made mention of in the Revelation, speaking of the former in the beginning; and the seven spirits which are in the presence of the throne of God, which I find are set over the seven planets, in the end of the book, where he describes the platform of the heavenly city, saying, that on the twelve orates thereof are twelve angels. **There are again twenty-eight angels, who rule in the twenty-eight mansions** . . . whose names are these; *Geniel, Enediel, Anixiel, Azariel, Gabriel, Dirachiel, Scheliel, Amnediel, Barbiel, Ardefiel, Neciel, Abdizuel, Jazeriel, Ergediel, Atliel, Azeruel, Adriel, Egibieli, Amutiel, Kyrieli, Bethnael, Geliel, Requieli, Abrinael, Agiel, Tagrieli, Atheniel, Amnixiel.* There are also four princes of the angels, which are set over the four winds, and over the four parts of the world. *Michael* is placed over the east-wind, *Raphael* over the west, *Gabriel* over the north, *Nariel*, who by some is called *Ariel*, is over the south. There are also assigned to the elements these, viz. to the air *Cherub*, to the water *Tharsis*, to the earth *Ariel*, to the fire *Seraph*. Now every one of these spirits is a great prince, and has much power and freedom in the dominion of his own planets and signs, and in their times, years, months, days and hours: and in their elements, and parts of the world, and winds. And every one of them rules over many legions; and after the same manner, among evil spirits, there are four, who, as most potent kings, are set over the rest, according to the four parts of the world, whose names are these, viz. *Urieus*, king of the east; *Amaymon*, king of the south; *Paymon*, king of the west; *Egin*, king of the north; which the Hebrew doctors perhaps call

more rightly thus, *Samuel, Azazel, Azael, and Mahazuel*, under whom many others rule as princes of legions and rulers. Likewise there are innumerable demons of private offices. Moreover, the ancient *theologians* of the Greeks reckon up six demons, which they call *Telchines*, others *Alastores*; which bearing ill-will to men, take up water out of the river *Styx* with their hands, sprinkle it upon the earth, whence follow calamities, plagues, and famines; and these are said to be *Acteus, Megalezius, Ormenus, Lycus, Nicon, Mimon.*"

The Magus, Francis Barrett, 1801

From Thrice Greatest Hermes

"The sistrum (σείστρον) (Ancient Egyptian Musical Instrument) also shows that existent things must be shaken up (σειεσθαι) and never have cessation from impulse, but as it were be wakened up and agitated when they fall asleep and die away . . . For it is fabled to bring forth one, then two, and [then] three, and four, and five [at a birth], and then adds one by one until seven; **so that in all she brings forth eight-and-twenty, the number of lights . . .**"

Thrice Greatest Hermes, G.R.S. Meade, 1906



Queen Nefertiti Holding the Sistrum, an Ancient Musical Instrument

From the Ittiuttaka

“The Lord taught a holy life . . .
 This is the path followed by the great,
 Pursued by the lofty sages.
 Those who enter that course
 As taught by the Enlightened One,
 Heeding the Teacher’s instruction,
 Will make an end of Suffering.”

*The Ittiuttaka, The Buddha’s Sayings, Translated
 fro From the Masnavi*

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The Fragrance of the Mystical Rose

The Revelation of the Out-of-Body Travel Celestial
Mysteries from the Enclosed Garden of God

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THE FRAGRANCE OF THE MYSTICAL ROSE - THE REVELATION OF THE OUT-OF-BODY TRAVEL CELESTIAL MYSTERIES FROM THE ENCLOSED GARDEN OF GOD: The Fragrance of the Mystical Rose are those Out-of-Body Experiences which are beyond words and lie only within the energetic spheres of knowledge. The Revelation of the Celestial Mysteries is the admittance of such spheres into words and understanding. The Enclosed Garden of God are the Initiations and Rites of Passage within which the Mysteries of God's Mercy become energetically embodied within the soul . . . and the energetic potential becomes realized as the old man transforms into the new.

Within this mystery lies the Fragrance of a Mystical Rose, revealed through the Celestial Mysteries . . . but only to be found in the Enclosed Garden of God. (For more info - <http://outofbodytravel.org>)

"Let us crown ourselves with rosebuds" (The Holy Bible, Old Testament, Book of Wisdom 2:8)

