

The Mystical Jesus

The Mysteries of the Redemption Series

Volume 5 of 5

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

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

By Marilyn Hughes

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

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

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

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

King James Bible, Isaiah 1:18, Old Testament

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DEDICATION

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

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

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

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INTRODUCTION:

The Mystical Jesus

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

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

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

don't contain all knowledge.

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

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

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

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

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

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

"I, Thoth, have ever sought wisdom, searching in darkness, and searching in Light. Long in my youth I traveled the pathway, seeking ever new knowledge to

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Way of God, Part I, Chapter 2, No. 2, Paragraph 4,

(Judaism, Author: Rabbi Moshe Chayim Luzzatto)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Born of darkness . . . into light."

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

illustration located in the back of the book, 'Universal Sphere of Realms,' to picture this image in your mind.

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

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

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

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

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

Discipline. In the writings of the Early Christian Church Fathers they are referred to as Purification, Enlightenment and Union. You will find these three phases, using Buddhist terminology, within these pages, as well.

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

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

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

The path of Discrimination leads to the Alteration

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

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

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

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

sages who grace the pages of my book with their words. These can all be found in the back with descriptions of who they are, and from what religion they have come.

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

Join with me as we enter now the Absolution Pathway, Dissolution into the Will of God, the Sins of the Fathers as Visited Upon the Sons . . .

The Mystical Jesus

THE ABSOLUTION PATHWAY - DISCIPLINE

Dissolution into the Will of God

This path of discipline begins with the descent into the lower worlds of darkness, the lower and hell realms, one and two, the realms of dominant darkness and pure evil, for the purpose of intensive physical, spiritual and mental discipline.

- 1) Ancient Sacred Paths
- 2) Entry into the Knowledge of the Lower Realms
- 3) Self-Scrutiny
- 4) Original Sin
- 5) Mysteries of the Redemption

THE SINS OF THE FATHERS AS VISITED UPON
THE SONS
(Original Sin)

*"And the Lord passed by before him, and proclaimed,
The Lord, The Lord God, merciful and gracious,
longsuffering, and abundant in goodness and truth,
keeping mercy for thousands, forgiving iniquity and
transgression and sin, and that will by no means
clear the guilty; visiting the iniquity of the fathers
upon the children, and upon the children's children
unto the third and to the fourth generation."*

*King James Bible, Old Testament, Exodus 34:6-7,
(Christianity)*

CHAPTER ONE

*"Lead me from darkness to light. Lead me from
hatred to love. Lead me from limitations to Thine
inexhaustible power; lead me from ignorance to
wisdom. Lead me from suffering and death to
everlasting life and enjoyment in Thee. Above all,
lead me from the delusion of human attachment into
realization of Thy love eternal, which plays hide and
seek with me in all forms of human love."*

*Man's Eternal Quest, Looking at Creation with Seeing
Eyes, Page 260, Paragraph 2, (Hinduism, Kriya Yoga,
Words of Paramahansa Yogananda)*

My soul had again entered deep illness, and in my sleep I was taken into an energetic powerhouse. Vibrating at speeds I'd never before fathomed, I was stunned by this overwhelming frequency with which

I'd made contact. "You're illness is an initiation into the Kabbalah," a voice said, as many energetic currents overtook my soul and my sick and wretched form surrendered to the flow of divine influx. The clouds above me became immersed in lights, and my soul became content in wonder. Unaware of it at this moment, my journey into the Kabbalah was about to take me into the mystery of original sin.

"The more illuminating the exposition given of the Torah, the more those clouds are lit up, and they become more and more transparent until the veil becomes visible, and from the midst of that veil they see a light brighter than that of all other lights, and this is the face of Moses. No one actually sees his face, but only the light which proceeds from the veil behind all the clouds . . . When they emerge from the Academy of Moses they fly to the Academy of the firmament, and those who are qualified fly to the highest Academy. Of that generation it is written: 'Happy is the people that is in such a case, yea, happy is the people whose God is the Lord.'"

*The Zohar (Kaballah), Volume V, Shelah Lecha (Numbers),
Page 235-236, Bottom & Top, (Judaism)*

Happy to see this soul I'd watched over for years, I remembered when I'd energized him with a seed of light in the ghetto to energize this very moment. Homeless and having gotten into a fight, I had placed a seed of light within his heart chakra, hoping that it may bear fruit over time.

Crowds of people surrounded us as we reunited, my joy obvious, but they were judgmental in his regard. Having spent time in prison, he was

just getting out. Addressing the crowd, I quietly stated, "Mercy is a very important thing, we are all going to need mercy when we face our Creator." Ignoring me, I walked away with my friend whose troubled soul had become more focused and direct in his incarceration. Disappointed by the crowd, I knew his life would be difficult because of his former ways.

God loves a repentant sinner just as much as He loves the just. Be merciful to those who have been lost because of the impetus of the original sin catapulted upon them. If they embrace the ways of the darkness, accept their choice and let them face whatever consequences will come of it. But if they choose to energize a higher way, then be merciful in forgetting their faults, and give them a hand when they begin their climb.

"If you kept a record of our sins, Lord, who could stand their ground? But with you is forgiveness, that you may be revered."

*The New Jerusalem Bible, Old Testament, Psalm 130:3-4,
(Judaism)*

Taken to a monastery in the heavens which honored all world religions, I observed the order and rule of prayer, fasting and meditation. Dressed in untraditional clothing, those who were staying in this place were wearing T-shirts which had writing on them indicating their current journey into the Catholic faith. Having already studied Buddhism, and just now finishing with their studies on Catholicism, a spirit voice told me that they were now 50% there. Continuing their studies into the remaining world religions would bring them to

completion.

"God is one, but His names are many."

*The Gospel of Sri Ramakrishna, Chapter 4, Page 112,
Paragraph 1, (Hinduism, Words of Sri Ramakrishna)*

Taken to see a person I'd known as a child, I was surprised to notice that he was about to receive karmic retribution for something he had done to me a long time ago. When we were teenagers, he had thrown me out of a party because I wasn't cool enough, and he had jeered the other party-goers into yelling at me as I walked away with shame.

Now up for a promotion at his current job, he was going to lose the promotion in karmic retribution for what he had done to me years ago. But I felt really badly that he was going to be punished for doing something when he was so young, so I pled with the lighted guardians, a tribunal of sorts, who were gathered to carry this out. "Please don't do this." I said. "It's okay with me. I don't feel any need for him to be punished on my behalf. It was so long ago, and I'm sure he's grown and changed since then." Quiet, they listened carefully to what I had to say, all the while gauging his sub-conscious soul for remorse, for which there appeared none.

Faces remaining hard, they told me they would carefully consider my plea. Sent away, my soul was not allowed to hear their final decision. With the looks on their faces, it didn't seem that there was much hope for a stay upon his retributive sentence.

"All members of the Academy enter the secret chamber. Then the Court assembles and the spirit of the man to be tried is brought up by two officers, and

placed near a pillar of flashing flame which stands there and which is kept in shape by a current of air blowing on it . . . If his word was a fitting one, happy is he, for he is crowned with many radiant crowns by all the members of the Academy. If, however, his word was of another kind, alas for his disgrace. They thrust him outside, and he stands within the pillar until he is taken to his punishment."

The Zohar (Kaballah), Volume V, Balak (Numbers), Page 252-253, (Judaism)

Beginning to drive down a road, I met with my fate. A car accident took my life, yet another death/rebirth. Dressed all in white, a beautiful woman with short gray hair awaited me with a doll that she had sewn for me. Holding it, I felt safe.

Beyond form, my spirit met up with several adjusters who were playing a game which offered many options to those who had passed. Adjusters help souls in transition from one world to the next, both from life to death, and from death to life. Tonight they were assisting in making a transition from my past to my future.

As it was my turn to pick a card, I did, and it showed an eagle. Suggesting I take it, they conveyed that the eagle represented a transformation which would come about through returning to the body, returning to life.

The beautiful woman was sitting in the corner at a sewing machine making another doll for me, but I saw somebody looking on with jealousy. Ignoring her, she told me she was my heavenly mother. "It's okay to let the past go," she said, "but now you must

listen to the light." Before I could, I simply passed out, perhaps for fear of what the light might tell me. Patiently picking me up, my spirit soared before the light as it now opened its crevasse towards me. Ominously powerful, it was holy and ecstatic at the same time. Opening and closing in a state of bliss because I was so near to my creator, I listened to what it said. "You are now ready to be married, but your past cannot go with you."

Until now, because of my vices, I couldn't experience a true marriage. Now I was ready, but my past life was a contradiction of such a holy rendering.

Continuing to convey, the light informed me that much of my current illness was connected to me feeling guilty about moving forward, thus, leaving behind some of the people who had walked karma's path with me. 'You must move forward anyway,' the light conveyed.

Awaking and returning to sleep moments later, my spirit was standing aside a doctor in a hospital who was trying to teach me methods of serenity through Zen Buddhist meditation. Following his instructions, a woman came into the hospital with a baby who had been abused. Acting as though her actions were unimportant, the woman with the child was very cold. Uncomfortable with everybody in the hospital, the baby immediately took to me when I approached. Holding the child, the love that we felt for each other made him whole. Because of this, the doctor suggested that I take the baby home to its father, and try to affect change in their home.

Living on the edge of a cliff, below it was a dangerous and murky lake. Wanting to affect change

for his child, the father didn't know how. In despair, he fell over the cliff into the waters and was consumed. Because of the danger of the waters, no one went in to save him assuming it was too late. Still holding the baby, I didn't feel I could go in, either.

Walking to the edge to see if there was anything I could do, the ground collapsed and I fell into the murky waters with the baby in my arms. Below water, my soul became encased in a casket, and I mourned for the loss of the baby because I felt certain it couldn't have survived. Because the cliffs were at least several hundred feet high, I felt that my demise was imminent, so I began to pray for myself, the baby, and the father.

As I prayed, my soul emerged on the surface of the waters still encased in a burial casket covered in mud. Emerging in his own casket covered in mud, the father appeared on the surface. The mud encasing my own soul began to stir, and within moments the baby emerged safe and sound. Having grown, it appeared to be about two years old. Rejoicing that the baby was alive, we all began swimming to no avail, for we couldn't penetrate the ends of the waters, or the height of the cliff. So again, I prayed.

Suddenly, the liquid beneath our feet became solid ground, as we were transported to the grounds above. "Praise God," I shouted, "for He has delivered us from the deep."

Through prayer, the original sin that had been encased upon their souls in the form of mud and deep murky waters (violence and abuse), had been taken away, at least for this moment. Spared the pain of his own reality, saved from his own murky depths and

muddied thinking for at least this moment, it was unfortunate to realize that he would soon jump back in, for that was his nature. Though the sins of this perpetrator had been visited upon this child, the Lord All-Powerful was too merciful to allow him to be lost.

"Now, lo, if he beget a son, that seeth all his father's sins which he hath done, and considereth, and doeth not such . . . Neither hath oppressed any, hath not withholden the pledge, neither hath spoiled by violence, but hath given his bread to the hungry, and hath covered the naked with a garment, that hath taken off his hand from the poor, that hath not received usury nor increase, hath executed my judgments, hath walked in my statutes; he shall not die for the iniquity of his father, he shall surely live."

*King James Bible, Old Testament, Ezekiel 18:14-18,
(Christianity)*

"He loves you and would not have you attach yourself to what is perishable, but to Himself Who alone can satisfy your heart, and He will do so and fill it in the measure in which you empty it of creatures."

Thoughts and Sayings of St. Margaret Mary, November, No. 15, (Christianity, Catholic, Words of St. Margaret Mary)

Returning to see me beyond the veil, my friend who had passed appeared with great warmth towards my soul. "I miss you," I said to him, as he quietly looked down. Shyly, he replied, "Yeah, but that's not what this is all about." "It's not?" I said wistfully, "Well, then what is it all about?" I asked.

Pulling out a book, its title read, 'Now that

you're Dead.' A manual for those who passed over, he turned to a page in the front of the book. 'How do you want those you've left behind to feel about you and to remember you?' Having filled in the answer, it read, 'I want them to feel good.' Looking up, I didn't know what to say, so he replied, "It's not about us being together, it's about destiny . . . and the contracts we have to fulfill." Speaking of my life's work, he was serious and direct about its fulfillment. And speaking about our unique destinies on opposite sides of the veils, our love for each other was not about being together, but simply about love. "You will always do menial work when you are to have a job, because that is what is necessary for your path, your true work for God," he said before he began to disappear. Grateful that his love for me was not selfish, he loved me enough to serve my soul.

"When the wise realize the Self, formless in the midst of forms, changeless in the midst of change, omnipresent and supreme, they go beyond sorrow."

*The Upanishads, Katha Upanishad, Part 2, No. 22,
(Hinduism, Translation: Eknath Easwaran)*

"Though you may be alive today, do not think that you will necessarily be alive tomorrow. The danger of death is right at your feet!"

*Shobogenzo-zuimonki, 4-8, Page 150, Paragraph 5,
(Buddhism, Zen, Words of Zen Master Dogen)*

Alit with eternal desire as my soul ravaged upon an ancient time, the twelve tribes of Israel were gathered in the deserts, but my soul was specifically amongst the tribes of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. Eating a very large but fine leaf which they

considered a delicacy, two angelic guardians were showing me that they were not as they seemed. Within them lay hidden locusts, and as they partook of the leaves, they partook of the locusts. Unable to intervene, we could only watch as the locusts bubbled up within their bodies, and slowly, very slowly, crawled their way down towards the lower back where they could exit. Although I had not taken any of the leaves, I suddenly saw two bubbles within my own back. In disgust, I watched as locusts within me crawled out.

A representation of an impurity among the Israelite people which they had taken in, the locusts had been passed to the generations after them. Original sin had been passed down through these, my forefathers.

Now that I had purified my soul of my own particular and familial vice, I was thrust into the purification of humanity's sins which were imbedded within me, passing from generation to generation, original sin. At no point did the angels tell me of what sin these locusts represented amongst humanity, and at no point did I deduce it. My particulars had been cleansed, now my humanity must be washed in the blood of Christ.

"Man, created innocent, fell by disobeying Him; the mark of original sin remained engraved on his forehead and that of his progeny who will bear its consequences until the end of time."

*Meditation Prayer on Mary Immaculate, Paragraph 3,
(Christianity, Catholic, Author: Padre Pio)*

Amidst the fiery display, I saw his essence.

Hair long and black, the dark horseman was an Indian. His tomahawk was lifted above his head, ready to plunge deep inside of me. Strong and powerful, his darkness was overwhelming and smothering. Wishing my destruction, he also sought to suck the life-force of my second child, who was but a baby.

Holding onto her tightly, I ferociously shouted the name of Jesus Christ upon his countenance. Conquering his soul, he came after me again in a renewed fit of rage, shoving me towards a great abyss. Fighting with ever greater fervor, I called to the Lord for help and shoved him in the opposite direction. Forcing his soul out of darkness, his black foggy form dissipated rendering him benign and dispersing original sin.

"Our best, our easiest remedy is the Name of Jesus. It drives the devil flying from our sides and saves us from countless evils."

*The Wonders of the Holy Name, Chapter 10, Page 44,
Paragraph 4, (Christianity, Catholic, Author: Fr. Paul
O'Sullivan, O.P. (E.D.M.))*

Because I'd had many lifetimes as both a Native American and a white person, my soul bore the original sin which was transferred through both races. Because of the violence perpetuated upon the native peoples (original sin of the white race), entry had been given to the dark horseman who was unwilling to set the past free (original sin of the natives; vengeance). Many whites were trapped by the past in the present, a past which left them insensitive to the pain of others, and oblivious to affliction and oppression. Many Native Americans

were trapped by the past in the present, a past which had left them seeking revenge, and/or oblivious to the need for impetus, focus or eternal direction. Many had lost their souls.

Despite the origin of the difficulty, it remains the responsibility of every individual soul to rise above the delusions and crimes perpetuated upon them, and to find the Great Unitive Spirit of all life hidden within the multiplicity.

Now that these stains had been conquered, I was free to begin my true work, the building of the great red road which now lay before me in magnificence. Doing so with great zeal, I was laying bricks upon the three roads of the Indian people. Suddenly, up in the distance, I noticed a familiar face. Red Horse was soaring amidst the woodland, helping to build this great red road. Joining me, he was greatly pleased that I had battled and won the dark horseman over to the light. Because of this demise of the energies of the past, the native spirits were now focusing on bringing in something new.

Because we've all had many lifetimes among the many races of the world, we all bear responsibility in the crimes of differing nations. Who among us can claim that they bear no guilt for the past, when the guilt they share with humanity is etched deeply within their soul?

Peace could now be paved because the dark horseman, the manifestation of the sins of both races, had been dismantled. In the distance, I saw the other fragment of Red Jacket, who had *not* energized an eternal program, watching. Because of his status, he was unable to assist in bringing this significant event

into fruition, and his eyes were sad.

Where we now stood there was no interest in vengeance, only wholeness. Gathering from all tribes, we were all helping to build the three great roads which together made up the great red road, and we worked slowly, peacefully and with focus.

Finding a baby leopard and a baby cheetah amongst the woodland, Andy approached, carrying the two. Handing them to Red Horse, he took them to a place of safety. The skies opened up.

My soul was filled with a wanton display of awe and wonder at the glory of the Lord. Swept into the heavenly skies, I was now amidst the spectacle which had been revealed to me. Hovering in a glistening light, the violet, purple and gold hues of the Pleiadian system overlapped, filling the sky. As the great red road was being paved, the energies of their actions resounded in the heavens, filling the sky with the vastness of the Pleiadies. Orbiting our galaxy in some fashion, it is not possible to describe the wonder that I was shown. That which had been lost was being fully restored. Others, too, followed this great red road and found restoration also.

As the skies filled, I noticed a spaceship flying through the wonder, as it was conveyed to me that it was from Saturn. The gold was so ominously beautiful, the violet so haphazardly strewn in this wondrous display of color. Each element of color continued metamorphosing into something higher, and somehow, the union of the red energies of the Earth and the violet energies of the Pleiades synergized a unity and something of great significance.

"I thought of my vision, and how it was promised me that my people should have a place in this earth where they could be happy every day. I thought of them on the wrong road now, but maybe they could be brought back into the hoop again and to the good road."

Black Elk Speaks, Chapter XXII, Paragraph 2, (Tribal, Oglala Sioux, Words of Black Elk)

Standing before them, I was surprised to feel compassion because these people were members of various satanic cults and orders. Dressed in a rather foolish manner, most of them wore some form of black, and had make-up on their faces to make them look white, drawn, and dead. Those before me were very young, perhaps late teens or early twenties, and had been deceived by the dark side to think that this was very cool. Another alterer was with me, but was quiet for now.

Some of these souls were involved with these cults because their parents had been, others of these souls were involved because their parents had been naive about the true nature of darkness, not recognizing that allowing the seeds of any darkness, through television, vanity, greed, or any other form, could energize this more highly developed evil in *any* soul, but most especially a child. Some parents didn't have proper discernment, and thus, did not teach their children proper discernment. Some parents were naive about the company their children kept, or didn't insist enough that they stay away. Some children were coming from a darkness they brought with them from previous lives which had nothing to do with

their parents. Some who were older were drawn by their own evil impulse which was highly developed, and some due to the apathy of their own upbringing.

Original sin is an interesting concept, because it can apply to so many aspects of existence. Original sin can be the failings that we, through example, give to our own children. Original sin can be the failings of a particular extended family that we, through example, give to our own children. Original sin can be the failings of a particular city or township that we, through example, give to our own children. Original sin can be the failings of a particular country that we, through example, give to our own children. Original sin can be the failings of a particular society that we, through example, give to our own children. Original sin can be the failings of all humanity that we, through example, give to our own children. Original sin can also be the failings of a particular soul that, through the mechanism of karmic retribution and transmigration, are given to that soul at birth. Original sin can also be the acts of darkness that a soul is forced to process because it was done unto them.

Guilt for criminal or dark acts are actually an energy, and this energy falls upon the defenseless victim who usually carries it until it is purified, because perpetrators of evil rarely take responsibility for their acts. Applying to the evil works of a satanic cult, who through apathy, allow their evil deeds to fall energetically upon their victims rather than themselves, it also applies to any perpetrator of a dark or evil deed, from murder to adultery. If the perpetrator of a dark or evil deed were to take full

responsibility for his deeds, he would remove a burden from his victim. If he does not, he throws his own burden upon that soul. It is important to realize, however, that although this mechanism occurs very often among victims and perpetrators, and many victims as a result process the dark deeds of the perpetrators rather than vice-versa, perpetrators stand guilty before the tribunal for all their deeds, for they cannot be truly thrown aside. Shunning responsibility is a selfish act which energetically forces a burden upon another in *this* life, but that burden remains with its owner in the *next*.

Karma, in order to be completely purified, must be identified on three levels of being in a conscious manner. First are the physical acts of karma. Second are your thoughts, and third, are your dream-state behaviors.

One girl who was rather large had smeared white makeup all over her face and she had a very ugly blackish-red lipstick upon her mouth. All of them were trying to scare me, but they didn't realize that they couldn't scare me, because I knew of their ways. Because I'd peered into their humanity, I knew that their weakness was their thirst for false power, and in seeking satanic ways, they could never attain anything of substantial value.

"It's not easy to do what we do, to go to hell," said the woman, as I looked at her with an emotionless face. "No, that's incorrect." I said. "It's very easy to go to hell." She looked at me with disgust in her face. "What will actually be quite difficult for all of you . . . will be to go to heaven." Gazing upon their distorted faces, she continued, "We

want to go to hell. Hell is a much better place." Remaining unmoved, I replied, "Well, I think it's obvious that all of you *want* to go to hell just by looking at you. However, it is also obvious from your naive statement that you've never been there." "Oh, like you have!" she stated sarcastically, implying that it wouldn't be possible for a warrior of the light to go to such a place. Beginning to laugh almost uncontrollably, I said, "Do you honestly think that you have anything to offer even hell?" They didn't respond. "Of course I've been there, many times in fact. Firstly, because Satan has no use for souls with no energetic impetus like yourselves, he goes after light warriors, hoping to turn them over to his ways through temptations. So he tries, and I tell him where to go, to hell. Secondly, because I refuse to work for anyone but God, and because morons like you who think hell is such a great place end up going there, they eventually discover how wrong they are and beg souls like me to come and help them when they've realized how badly they've screwed up."

Becoming somewhat confused, they all began talking amongst themselves about their actions within their respective cults. Minimizing their bad acts, it seemed that a bolt of conscience may have hit them and they were now lying to cover their deeds. "Do you really think I believe that bullshit?" I said to them, as they immediately became quiet. "You must try to remember that I know what cults like yours do," I said, "and I know exactly how evil, deviant and disgusting you all really are. If there is any hope at all for your souls, you're going to have to completely alter yourselves through prayer and repentance, and

in a case such as yours, you must *expect* divine retribution, for you will be required to pay dearly for your evil crimes." Saying nothing, their eyes were big and wide, looking at me with horror and expectation. "You must accept divine retribution with grace, to prove your sincerity. And you must accept it, knowing full well you've earned every trial, every pain, and every suffering the Lord may inflict upon you. Only through this, do you have hope." All souls must accept such things.

"They pass through kalpas as numerous as motes of dust, confused, deluded, obstructed, and afflicted by difficulties, like fish swimming down a long stream through nets."

Sutra of the Past Vows of Earth Store Bodhisattva, Chapter 4, Page 119, Paragraph 1, (Buddhism, Pure Land, Words of the Buddha)

Swept away to an ice arena with the other alterer, we began to skate. In order to energize the mechanism of these souls to achieve liberation from their evil states, we joined together in an ice dance. Soaring around and around the arena, we were suddenly energized to begin skating sideways in a circular fashion. Facing the inside of the circle that I was now creating, I seemed to be energizing the sacred hoop, which was creating an opening, an awakening. Leaping into the air, I flew twenty to thirty feet up. Joining me in the air, my friend helped me to descend back upon the ice which was now beginning to melt. Formed on the top of a very deep pool, it was perhaps one-hundred feet deep.

Dancing in many formations, the ice disappeared as we were now upon this liquid mass

which represented their evil and icy consciousness becoming liquid. Now performing a dance of love, we sank to the very depths, because we had to bring the light to the very core of these evil existences in order to override their ice cold hatred, and hellish craving. Placing a tiny light at the bottom, I had lost my breath down below. Sweeping me to the surface to claim our victory, knowing that this would show on the surface as only a slight change, we understood that it would take many lifetimes for these souls to fully germinate the tiny ball of light which had been placed in their depths. Love had been planted, and now they must let it grow.

Returning to the surface, we found our subjects at a firing range. Dressed as normal people, their black attire had been replaced by the clothing of common men and women and their makeup was gone. Shooting at targets, I scanned their minds. Although they often thought of shooting each other, they were not acting on their evil thoughts. Negativity was prevalent all around them, as their thoughts manifested in energy, but they had taken a step from their former ways.

"And speak unto me, and turn aside from me the evil of this abode and of that abode; And illuminate the band of Light and Splendor, and bless them and us, and purify them for ever and ever. So be it."

The Desatir, The Book of Shet the Prophet Feridun, No. 36-37, (Zoroastrianism)

Three teenagers had broken into a small shop which was owned by an elderly woman for whom they had befriended. Her home was attached to the

back of the store, and it was quite obvious that this kind old woman could get hurt if she walked in on this robbery.

Noticing the soul of gentleman had appeared, he was very skilled on the ground in martial arts. As we walked in on the robbery in progress, several things had been broken into and the store was already trashed, but we were here for another type of alteration. Because of the well-known martial arts skills of my 'partner' this evening, I turned to him in a respectful gesture and offered the alteration to him. Standing motionless, he was completely unable to respond. Completely unaware of what needed to be done, I was surprised that one who appeared so empowered, strong and invincible on the ground, was actually very weak in this eternal context.

Smiling at him, he seemed embarrassed, but I motioned him to move aside and be unconcerned. This was nothing of which to be ashamed, for he served his function well on the ground.

Looking at the three youths, whose heads were covered with snow caps in a stupid attempt to disguise their identity, I placed my hands on my hips and just stared at them. As the light from my eyes penetrated their hearts, they began to feel shame. A kindly old woman who had tried to help them had become the victim of their evil design. Beginning to look down, their bodies became slumped and cowardly. Never having to say a word, they just *knew*.

Grabbing all three of them, they filed out of the store, as a life-threatening potential had been changed. I'd seen something I'd not previously understood; the illusion of power on the ground

being challenged from the sky. Putting my arm around this man's shoulder, I looked him in the eye and smiled. Slowly, we walked away as there was no necessity for words.

Coming again the next night, he showed me just how empowered he was on the ground. Impressed by his ground alteration capability, it became apparent to me that both aspects are needed for balance; energetic interception in the sky, followed up by ground alteration.

"The Highest Wisdom decreed that in order for all things to receive God's sustenance, they must first bind themselves to each other. The lowest things bind themselves to those above them, and these in turn to the ones that are still higher, continuing in this manner until the root Forces, which in turn depend on God Himself. His sustenance is then extended to these Forces, and it spreads downward appropriately to all levels of creation. In this manner, they all regain their ordained level and function."

*The Way of God, Part IV, Chapter 6, No. 10, Paragraph 6,
(Judaism, Author: Rabbi Moshe Chayim Luzzatto)*

Flying gracefully through the vociferous mountain skies, the breeze blew by my spirit in a rush of wind, and the smells of the woodland in my spirit body were magnified and more intense. Noticing an amazing spectacle before my eyes, a banner rose from beneath the ground, bordered in roses and beaming in brilliance. Mary appeared upon this banner, looking directly at me. Taken aback, she was ever so holy and beautiful that I could not speak. Another

banner rose from the ground beside her. Upon it were also many roses and Jesus appeared in the center. Manifesting as the Lady of Grace, Jesus was wearing white robes. Both of their arms were outstretched and their eyes were upon me.

Unable to speak, I just stared, my soul paralyzed in wonder and undeserved honor. Several more banners began emerging from the ground, showing different manifestations of Mary and Jesus. Gazing upon them all, I never spoke. But as I looked, I began hearing a hymn entitled, 'One and Only Mary.'

Nodding to Mary and Jesus, I knew what would be required of me to render to God for allowing me such a spectacular vision. Preparing to return to form and write the new hymn, my soul was lit alight into the wondrous treetops to smell again the holy aroma of God's green Earth. Thanking them telepathically, it was acknowledged by a nod from the holy duo.

"She composed hymns of praise to the Divinity and the most holy humanity of Christ, while the angels set them to music and were sent with them to congratulate Him for the blessings won for the human race."

The Mystical City of God (Abrid.), The Transfixion, Book 5, Chapter VI, Page 446, Top, (Christianity, Catholic, Words Regarding Mary)

Entering a very nice home where several men were living, I realized within a short period of time that they were all homosexual. Because their neighbors realized this, they became very mean, discriminatory, and hostile. My duty was to assist

them, so for a time, I prepared meals and took care of the home.

Admittedly, my own reaction to their homosexuality was mixed, as well. Because I couldn't relate to this phenomenon, I didn't know how to discern it. But over time, I came to a simple realization. It was unnecessary for me to understand why they were the way they were, it was only necessary that I continue to behave in a merciful and loving manner. Perhaps it would have been different if these men had been promiscuous, for promiscuity by any soul carries with it its own chastisements; pregnancy, disease, heartbreak, etc. These were homosexual men looking for what every chaste heterosexual would look for, a partner in life.

One particular day, the neighbor man who had become increasingly assaultive with his hostility, was shouting out of his window biblical condemnations of homosexuality. Angered by his hypocrisy, I shouted back, "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy." Calming a small fraction, I continued, "He who is without sin . . . he may throw the first stone." Backing off, I turned to my friends and served them their dinner meal, as they looked towards me with gratitude.

Another original sin that much of humanity is given at birth and through upbringing is intolerance for that which is unlike itself. Thus, we give birth to violence against homosexuals, different races, sex or religions. Only a fool could think that God wishes for his children to fight amongst themselves because they are not identical.

But so that balance may be achieved, the Lord

sent me to yet another place.

A mother from a generation past was married to an incestuous man and, because of her own past which included the same, original sin had been placed upon her soul. Because of this encrustment, she was unable to discern that having sex with your children was wrong. Original sin which she had been born into, had skewed her own vision, and thus, she allowed this horrendous sin to be perpetuated another generation. Unable to realize the damage she had allowed to continued, in her mind, it was simply the way things are. Never having raised a hand to protect her daughter, her husband was eventually convicted of his crimes, and she felt sorrow for him although she had not even once generated compassion for her own daughter. The Lord bade me to know that this type of merciless deviance had no justification.

By watching this, I realized just how important it is that we all look deeply upon our own pasts, making sure that we do not accept those habits, lifestyles and ways of thinking which are wrong in God's eyes, for we become accountable for the sins of our parents as soon as we begin to perpetuate the same sin in our own lives. And how much more so, if we allow it to pass onto yet another generation?

We are responsible, no matter how destructive our background might be, to overcome, shake off the darkness, and be born into the light. If we do not, we become like our own abusers, carrying the burden of their original sin into adulthood, to manifest in myriads of ways, spreading darkness and descent among the future generations of humanity.

"The unvirtuous he cultivates, he visits not the virtuous, and in his ignorance he sees no fault in a transgression here, with wrong thoughts often in his mind his faculties will not guard - - virtue in such a constitution comes to partake of diminution."

The Path of Purification, Part I, Chapter 1, No. 39, Stanza 1, (Buddhism, Theravadan)

"Having renounced every selfish desire, he has found his rest in the Lord of Love. Wisdom is the staff that supports him now. Those who take a mendicant's staff while they are still at the mercy of their senses cannot escape enormous suffering. The illumined man knows this truth of life. For him the universe is his garment and the Lord not separate from himself. He offers no ancestral oblations; He praises nobody, blames nobody . . . The world of change and changeless Reality are one to him, for he sees all in God."

The Upanishads, Paramahansa Upanishad, No. 3-4, (Hinduism, Translation Eknath Easwaran)

Thrust into my past wherein I was confronted by someone who had done great harm to me, I recognized that I'd played a role in her deed, albeit a small one. Although she held much greater responsibility for these acts of which she had partaken, I was guilty in a very small way. Approaching her, I hoped that if I were to apologize to her that she might extend the same favor in kind, and that perhaps we could get beyond what she had done. Asking for her forgiveness, she lashed out in rage, refusing to give me forgiveness for an act of harm which was in truth, her own.

Beginning to ask forgiveness from the Lord, as he is our final judge, I knew that I had done the right thing in going to her first, because she was the one I'd hurt.

Feeling the tassels of the ropes tied around my soul loosen, the Lord conveyed that although I held a small fault in this particular matter, that the soul who refused forgiveness was actually the one who held responsibility in this great harm that had been done. Apparently, her refusal to forgive my small fault, and to recognize the greater sin which was her own, had bound her *own* soul, not mine.

"That man implores you, and asks for pardon. Then forgive him; forgive him at once. If you refuse to forgive him, the refusal will injure you; it will not injure him, for he knows what to do. If you, a servant, refuse to forgive a fellow servant, he will go to your Lord and say to Him: 'Lord, I asked my fellow servant to forgive me, and he refused; do Thou forgive me?' Is it wrong for the Lord to loose His servant's debts? When that servant has obtained forgiveness from the Lord, he comes back free; you remain bound."

The Fathers of the Church, Volume 11, Commentary on the Sermon on the Mount and other Writings, Sermon 56, On the Lord's Prayer, (Christianity, Catholic, Author: St. Augustine)

Swept into the potential coming changes, I stood aside a singular bomb. Set to take off in an hour, this was apparently America's response to an attack on its soil. (This occurred two years before the fall of the World Trade Center and the subsequent

war on Afghanistan.) Waiting with several people in a bomb shelter for this momentous event which would alter the course of all of our lives, we were talking. Some were saying that the United States should make an all-out attempt to destroy everything, send off all nuclear missiles and completely destroy the country which would not give in to our demands. Others were chastising them, saying we should forgive them completely for their actions and leave them alone, despite their attempts at world tyranny. Calmly looking at them, I said, "But neither of your solutions is feasible, for there is a middle way." Intrigued, I continued, "A balance exists between justice and mercy, wherein a soul can offer absolution, but refuse to allow further harm."

Coming to life, the singular missile began its birth pangs as the seed of destruction had been born, and began its flight. Moments later, we were standing amidst the aftermath, as a cloudy vaporous substance, much like fog, filled the air with its horrible stench.

"Even in time of dispute and quarrel, we should treat intimates and enemies alike and never think of retaliation. In the thinking faculty, let the past be dead. If we allow our thoughts, past, present and future, to become linked up into a series, we put ourselves under restraint. On the other hand, if we never let our mind become attached at any time to any thing, we gain emancipation."

A Buddhist Bible, Sutra Spoken by the Sixth Patriarch, Chapter IV, Page 524, Paragraph 1, (Buddhism)

As my sleeping body lay in bed, the spirits of

several demons came without warning and began hurling my soul to and fro about the room. Mercilessly, they'd ripped my spirit out of the body as I began flying around the room, banging into walls and hitting the ceiling and floor. "In Jesus Christ's name, I demand that you leave." I said repeatedly. Hurling into the abyss by the force of His name, my spirit was left at rest.

"Many demons were expelled without their knowing who it was that thus hurled them back to hell. Yet they felt the divine power, which compelled them and wrought such blessings among men."

*The Mystical City of God (Abrid.), The Incarnation, Book Four, Chapter IX, Page 376, (Christianity, Catholic,
Author: Ven. Mary of Agreda)*

CHAPTER TWO

"All phenomena, existing and apparent, are ever transient, changing, and unstable; but more especially the worldly life hath no reality, no permanent gain (in it). And so, instead of doing work that's profitless, the Truth Divine I'll seek."

*A Buddhist Bible, Life and Hymns of Milarepa, Page 569,
Stanza 2, (Buddhism, Words of Milarepa)*

Up ahead, his eminence was quite profound. Padre Pio stood before a line of fifteen golden confessionals. Coming to approach him, I closed my eyes as required, moving into position before the golden confessional which I instinctively knew to belong to myself. Beginning to move, I knew I had to

go ten paces, but I had moved forward rather than sideways. Opening my eyes, I had moved *beyond* the golden confessionals, and was disappointed. Allowing me to try again, I moved back ten paces, closed my eyes and tried again. Coming to the proper place before the tenth confessional, a nun was standing beside me at the ninth, telling me it was good I had made it to the proper confessional, because different nuns and priests owned the other confessionals, and if I'd landed on theirs, I would have lost my own.

Padre Pio was wearing the robes he would normally have worn at mass, and he looked spectacular. As he stood before the confessionals, his energy was very much focused on the truth, his face stern and foreboding. Frightened a bit, because I knew the wretchedness of my soul, I was afraid God's wrath might come upon me through this priest. However, I couldn't have been more wrong, as he exuded nothing but forgiveness, understanding and love. Happy that I had made it to my proper confessional, he was quiet. I looked at the very ornamental confessional in awe.

"It is the Blood of His well beloved Son, Who came down to purify the earth; It is the Blood of His Son, the God-Man, which ascends to His throne to pacify His justice, offended by our sins. He is superabundantly satisfied."

*The Agony of Jesus, Part IV, Page 32, Paragraph 2,
(Christianity, Catholic, Author: Padre Pio)*

Sweeping amidst the chaos of the world, I began to seek the pathway of the light. Ending up in a

small and tiny passageway of books, there were many guardians to this passage, so I assumed I had found the proper way. But after I'd passed through three guardians, I again asked, "How do I get to the light?" Stopping immediately, one said, "Oh," and took me by the arm and turned me around. "You've gone the wrong way; let me help you go back." As the passageway was not set up to go backwards, he had to gain permission from the prior guardians to lead me away from this narrow path.

Emerging from the passageway of books, he left me alone in a wide and dark alley. A man approached, who was dressed as a hippie from the sixties, his hair was long to his shoulders but rounded, and he was dressed all in denim. "How do I get to the light?" I asked him, as he immediately brightened. "Here, I'll show you," he said as he opened a vast door in the side wall of the alley.

Immediately, I could see a vast light in the distance, much like I had on Hakeo Island. Door shutting behind me, the hippie jumped on a motorcycle and began to rev his engine. "Will you take me to the light?" I asked. "No," he said, "I may make some different turns." "Oh, I understand," I said, "I need to go to the light myself." Nodding that this was true, he drove away. Another unoccupied motorcycle stood in the parking lot, and I quickly hopped on and tried to follow him and the beckoning light in the distance, but he was already long gone.

Asking people along the way, many were very helpful in giving me directions as to which roads to take to get to the light. When I came upon a toll booth, I made a left to avoid the toll, but a young

black woman directed me to turn back and pay the fifty cent toll and go right. Using a bizarre instrument on my hand which measured my level of consciousness, if you were entirely sub-conscious you were unable to pass. "Wow," she said, "you have eighty five cents, and that's really good. Unusual, too, we don't see souls who are this conscious very often."

Driving towards the light, my vehicle suddenly stopped. Appearing in front of my car, the toll booth operators were standing there with another traveler. Looking very dazed, I realized that she was almost subconscious, just barely fifty cents worth (50% conscious versus 85% conscious). Still seeking the great orb of light in the distance, the toll operators indicated that it wasn't yet my time to understand this mystery, and my time was up.

"All the atoms of the earth have announced unto all created things that from behind the gate of the Prison-city there hath appeared and above its horizon there hath shone forth the Orb of the beauty of the great, the Most Mighty Branch of God - His ancient and immutable Mystery - proceeding on its way to another land."

The Tablets of Baha'u'llah, Chapter 16, Lawh-Ard-I-Ba, Page 227, Paragraph 1, (Baha'i, Author: Baha'u'llah)

Various shades of pink on the horizon filled the sky, but the beauty was marred by the sight of this decomposed dead body. Very little skin was left around the bones, but the angel aside me directed me to touch it anyway. The thought of doing so disgusted me, but I obeyed the angel's command and found myself whirled into the lifetimes of the soul who had

occupied this form. Having many lifetimes of treachery, many of them as a pirate, what was fascinating about this soul was that he had become very attached to his many bodies. Flinching when I touched the skin, I found this to be an interesting facet of original sin, to be attached to former lives to such an extent, that there is a solid encrustment, rather than simple etheric memory.

It occurred to me that this would be a good reason to consider cremation, because it destroys the physical vessel and forces the soul to release the physical bodies of former lives. Several skeletons appeared and I found it interesting that the souls of the dead were able to feel pain when I touched their former bodies, because they had not fully left them. Migrating from one body to another, they would re-enter old forms and actually re-experience aspects of their pain from previous times.

Swept into the clouds facing the horizon and a wide expanse of valley, my soul sat upon a singular cloud, and my wings blew gently in the wind. Overcome with the magnificent nature of the contrast of the two realities I'd just seen, the winds were ominously powerful, and joyfully exuberant. Alit with the fire and flame of the love of God, my spirit knew true freedom. And yet, behind me, the souls of the dead remained trapped in the malaise of Earthly existence.

Souls may travel back and forth through many migrations to be able to obtain knowledge, but *attachment* to former lives ceases growth. Understanding ones past lifetimes is solely for the purpose of knowledge, but then they must be let go.

The past is dead, only the now retains aliveness in the continuum.

As the wind blew through my wings and I appreciated the flow of the movement within my soul, I could see the dead bodies and their kindred souls at a distance. Beauty unseen to them, they were only willing to look upon their former existences. A thought passed through my mind, the words said to me during my ritual of passage. "All life, like all quasars, had really worth still traveling." As the quasar star is very much an allegory of evolution, it continues to expand and grow into a larger and brighter star. Accomplished through the natural forces of the Lord - the movement, the migration of winds, gases, light and matter - to bring about creation into something new, the quasar star never ceases movement, it is always traveling. When following an eternal road, a soul must continue traveling as well. Stagnancy contains a soul within a karmic continuum, while movement places the soul into a constant state of becoming.

Birth and death, death and birth, are minute aspects of the movement. Continual generation into substance is not only unnecessary, but painful for souls because of their attachment to experience. Our individual original sin attaches to us in such a manner when we see our experiences as reality, rather than as allegorical renderings of divine lessons. Eternal movement is generated in the wind, catapulting the soul into the clouds, into higher awareness, allowing a soul to see from above the impact of their life. Eternal movement is grand when it is followed by a soul to achieve evolution and liberation. Karmic

movement remains painful and doesn't move. As each lifetime is held onto, the weight of original sin increases because of the soul's belief in multiplicity and the importance of these separate lives.

The spirits who traveled the valley of life and death were lost souls, and their journey was filled with pain. Souls swept by the winds upward, however, could choose to be freed from this liaison with the past.

"Thou knowest well that I am insolvent. Imprison me, I am willing, provided the prison be that of Thy Sacred Heart. Keep me there a close captive, bound by the chains of Thy love, until I have paid all that I owe Thee."

Thoughts and Sayings of St. Margaret Mary, December, No. 31, (Christianity, Catholic, Words of St. Margaret Mary)

Amidst the cold and dark they stood; the homeless of the world. Aside them was a shelter which had been closed due to lack of funding. Going inside the abandoned shelter, a man greeted me. Giving me a periscope, and referring to the homeless people outside, he told me, "If you think what you've already seen is bad, take a look at this." Looking through the periscope, it took me deep into the pavement. Difficult to see at first, slowly I was able to view what was lurking. Small snakes were beginning to descend on the place, and among them large ugly scorpions. Entry had been given to hoards of demons who were now seeking hosts among the homeless, due to lack of charity. Bearing the burden of original sin for humanity, the homeless were overwhelmed. I

stood, stunned and frozen in silence.

"A very important duty of charity towards our neighbor consists in giving him alms when he is poor and needy and we ourselves are in a position to do so . . . 'Alms delivereth from death,' said the Archangel Raphael to Tobias, 'and the same is that which purgeth away sins, and maketh to find mercy and life everlasting.' (Tob. 12:9) . . . If we can do nothing else let us at least recommend him to God, for prayer is also an alms."

*The 12 Steps to Holiness and Salvation, Chapter 4,
Almsgiving, Paragraph 1-2, (Christianity, Catholic,
Author: St. Alphonsus Liguori)*

Standing amongst the multitude, I was feeling rather low because I felt that I didn't play a large enough role in the world. Suddenly, my soul was swept into an ecstasy wherein I saw a golden angel administering to the children. As my face was forced upwards and my soul fell down on its knees, I couldn't move for several minutes. When I came out of the ecstasy, someone pointed out to me how lucky I was that I had seen the golden angel, when no one else present could. At that moment, I was humbled, and I knew gratitude.

Beginning to use me as a vessel for the multitude, many of them were lost sinners. Taking me into several ecstasies, I saw the holy souls and angels in heaven. After going into five ecstasies and sharing the energies of what I had seen, a Eucharistic host formed in my hand. Placing it on the altar, I turned to the multitudes, many of whom were now coming forwards in conversion.

Others in the crowd were not yet ready to convert, and were pleading with me to feed the poor amongst them. Knowing this to be outside of my power at this time, I began explaining to them that my purpose was to feed souls the food of the spirit. A particularly troubled soul came to me, exclaiming that God wouldn't come into her life because she was a slut. Rather than being a humble announcement, it was more of an enraged defiance indicating that she was fighting God's presence in her life. "God loves all His children," I said to her, "and He wants to come into *all* of them." Screaming at the top of her lungs, she replied, "I don't want God to come into me!" "Then God *cannot* come," I said, "but it is not because He doesn't want to, but because you don't want Him to."

Very few skeptics remained, and many were convinced of my sacred mission. But one particular soul arrived suddenly with rage on his face. As he wanted to kill me, the Lord began manifesting several more miracles through my body; ecstasies, visions and holy occurrences among the people, but this particularly demonic man would not give up.

Beginning to ask me about him, the crowds lit up in inquiry. "He is a scientist," I said, "a physicist in particular, and for these accomplishments, the Lord is very pleased with him. But his singular flaw is that he is a deviant atheist and refuses to allow others religious freedom." Directed to walk towards the front of the room, he came to confront my words with physical violence.

As he approached, I said to the crowd, "Beware the serpent, for he comes in many faces. Look upon

this face for he is one of them." Possessed by a demon of rage, he tried to jump me. Warning him one last time, I said, "The power of God is with me tonight." Attacking me violently, God sent energies through my hands as I de-energized him quickly. Holding his benign spirit in my hands, I replied, "God's mysterious ways, God shows his power in mysterious ways."

Walking towards the altar, the remaining unconverted souls were ready. Taking the miraculous host from heaven into my hands, those who came forward touched it. Despite the obvious presence of the Lord, the atheist proceeded forward again, trying to prevent the new converts from reaching the altar. "Can you not let others exercise their religious freedom?" I asked.

Protecting the new converts from him, I held him aside until heavenly forces pushed him away. Saddened, I turned to the others who had been lost, but were now found. Joy filled my eyes, but sadness welled inside for the one sheep that would remain lost, for now.

"Blessed art thou inasmuch as the darkness of vain imaginings hath been powerless to hinder thee from the light of certitude, and the onslaught of the people hath failed to deter thee from the Lord of mankind."

The Tablets of Baha'u'llah, Chapter 17, Page 259,

Paragraph 2, (Baha'i, Author: Baha'u'llah)

Amongst the starlight I flew until I reached the highest summits of the mountains and my soul was swept in flight to tarry through the valleys and hills between them. But as I turned my gaze heavenwards,

my soul shot like a rocket towards the starlight above me, a beautiful song entrancing my soul during my flight. "I'm talking about starlight, shining every way . . ." Spiritual essence filled me as I soared higher towards the heavens accepting the grace of this flight and the spiritual benefits of the stars.

Suddenly, my soul was shot back to the ground to witness some thought patterns of two particular souls. Disturbing, they were harboring nasty thoughts about one another and their thoughts were spewed all about them like rubble and trash. "I must speak to them, and redirect their thoughts." As I did, my soul began to fly again.

Again my soul was alit, flying high to the summits and peaks amassing the energy of the light, and dipping below amidst the valleys to witness the thoughts of souls in need of direction. Distributing light and making mental note of them all, I noticed a set of keys in the distance hanging on a mountainside amidst the valley.

Flying closer, I could see a musical sign, a treble clef, hanging amongst them. When I got closer, there were seven keys in all, which I understood to be the seven keys to the valleys (the seven phases, the seven seals).

"The stages that mark the wayfarer's journey from the abode of dust to the heavenly homeland are said to be seven. Some have called these Seven Valleys . . . And they say that until the wayfarer taketh leave of self, and traverseth these stages, he shall never reach to the ocean of nearness and union, nor drink of the peerless wine."

The Seven Valleys and The Four Valleys, Page 4,

Paragraph 2, (Baha'i, Author: Baha'u'llah)

"Yea, I tell thee truly, the paths are seven through the Infinite Garden, and each must be traversed by the body, the heart and the mind as one, lest thou stumble and fall."

*The Essene Gospel of Peace, Book 2, Page 61, Bottom,
(Christianity, Gnostic/Essene)*

Because of my sins, I was punishing myself by taping objects to my leg which would cause me physical pain and public humiliation as payment for them. Tormented by my previous bad acts, I felt I deserved to suffer. After several hours, a black man with long black braids walked in the room, a monk (Mythosetia, guardian of the entry to the lower realms).

Looking at me with disapproval, he said nothing at first. Walking into the room, my daughter also bore the stain of sin. Looking at me, the monk said, "If she is stained, she should also pay for her sins in the manner in which you do." Nodding, 'No,' I refused to allow her to wear the garment of mortification which I had chosen for myself. Smiling the monk conveyed, "You are more merciful to others, than you are willing to be to yourself." Acknowledging my sins was important, but my level of wretchedness because of them was overkill. "After a soul has looked upon its own darkness and achieved understanding, it is proper to let those sins go, for they have been washed in the blood of Christ. Once they have been washed, they are no more."

Feeling a bit silly, I began removing the objects of mortification which I had taped to my leg.

"Someday man should learn how to enjoy liberty without license, nourishment without gluttony, and pleasure without debauchery. Self-control is a better human policy of behavior regulation than is extreme self-denial."

*The Urantia Book, Part III, Paper 89, No. 3, Paragraph 7,
(Christianity, Urantia)*

Plentiful in attendance, I'd mingled with the crowd as I overheard some souls discussing the holy truths found within 'The Urantia Book.' Gleaming of gold as they spoke of its vastness, I wandered amongst the others. The gathering was plentiful in attendance and I mingled. Seeing a table in the distance, several stacks of Baha'i texts appeared on the table, and as I looked at them, I noticed another small book entitled, 'The Magnificat.' A vision of Mary amongst the clouds being assumed into heaven appeared before me as I stared in awe. Wearing a singular white robe, her eyes looked towards heaven. Angels held her from below and gazed upon her countenance from above, as a singular cloud opened, making way for the great light to penetrate. The vision disappeared.

Noticing another table which was filled with the books of Paramahansa Yogananda, a large image of the glorified Ramakrishna (a Hindu saint) floated above. Gleaming with golden light, I was honored to witness their holiness.

"My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Savior. For he hath regarded the low estate of his handmaiden: for, behold, from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed. For

he that is mighty hath done to me great things; and holy is his name. And his mercy is on them that fear him from generation to generation. He hath shewed strength with his arm; he hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts. He hath put down the mighty from their seats, and exalted them of low degree. He hath filled the hungry with good things; and the rich he hath sent empty away. He hath holpen his servant Israel, in remembrance of his mercy; As he spake to our fathers, to Abraham, and to his seed for ever."

*King James Bible, New Testament, Luke 1:46-55,
(Christianity, Words of Mary, The Magnificat)*

Four Arabian brothers were converging on one of their wives, who was becoming frightened. Verbally assaulting her for her faults, they were attempting to blame her for their sins. Claiming that they would not do the bad things they do, if it were not for the things that she did, they were holding her accountable for their acts of violence, hatred, and ravaged avarice. Because they were so domineering and enraged, the younger woman eventually just agreed with their stance, saying that indeed her own faults were the cause of anything that they might do inappropriately, and she begged their pardon for causing such difficulty for everyone.

But as I was watching this scene, heavenly truths were being imparted to me constantly. None of their accusations were in any way true. Despite the fact that this woman did bear sin of her own doing, she was not in any way responsible for their violent and retributive behavior. A figure was given to me

that if she held 10% guilt upon her soul, they held 90%. Just as Jesus bore the lies and sins of humanity before his crowning moment on the cross, this woman also bore the lies and sins of her family (original sin), a pattern of avoidance and denial which had been visited upon them by the former generation, now deeply seeded within the next.

"Hence thou wilt understand the ignorance and error of mortals, and how far they drift from the way of light, when, as a rule, nearly all of them strive to avoid labor and suffering and are frightened by the royal and secure road of mortification and the Cross."

The Mystical City of God (Abrid.), The Transfixion, Book 5, Chapter V, Page 433, Bottom, (Christianity, Catholic, Words of Mary)

Many families drop their sins on one victim soul amongst them. Many families perpetrate acts upon their children which place the seed of those acts within them. Many families unknowingly teach their children the ways of sin, by following the ways of the world and not doing the work required of each of us to learn God's ways. Vanity, greed, lust . . . all of the seven deadly sins, are aspects of our society which are not only accepted, but considered worthy attainments in a world devoid of God.

Original sin is transmitted through the seeds of the seven deadly sins, is implanted through habit, is cultivated by tolerance, and grows through the mass ignorance of humanity. Original sin can only be transformed through the seeds of the seven virtues, implanted through habitual choice, cultivated by discernment, and grown through the singular

awareness of an individual soul. Beyond our individual karma and vice, lies the original sin of all mankind. We partake of it because of our own humanity, so we must transform it because of our own divinity.

"On the trails of time I have carelessly fallen into pits of error; but have always been rescued, O Lord, by Thine unseen hand."

Whispers from Eternity, Page 39, Stanza 1, (Hinduism, Kriya Yoga, Words of Paramahansa Yogananda)

"O my daughter! How greatly do mortals misunderstand this truth, and how far they err from it in their actions! The Lord gives them life in order that they may free themselves from the effects of original sin, so as to be unhampered by them at the hour of their death; and the ignorant and miserable children of Adam spend all their life in loading upon themselves new burdens and fetters, so that they die captives of their passions . . . "

The Mystical City of God (Abrid.), The Coronation, Chapter VI, Page 774-775, (Christianity, Catholic, Words of Mary)

CHAPTER THREE

"Deny thyself and put off all the works of human weakness, and, by the true light, which thou hast received concerning the works of my Son and my own, contemplate and study thyself in this mirror, in order to arrive at that beauty, which the highest King seeks in thee."

The Mystical City of God (Abrid.), The Transfixion, Book

5, Chapter III, Page 411, Paragraph 1, (Christianity,
Catholic, Words of Mary)

Taken to observe a soul obsessed with gluttony, he was wandering around a grocery store placing excessive amounts of pastries into his cart. Jesus appeared, adorned with the Sacred Heart, and begged my assistance in extricating this soul from sin. After he had received several divine warnings and intervention on issues within his life (such as careless driving and bad associations), my spirit was taken in to help him.

Taking out some of the items, I said, "You don't need this." Angered, he insisted that I keep them in his cart and leave him alone. Wishing to join the crowd, he went outside, despite my protests of this action. Making a lot of noise, and being rather verbose, he thought he was fitting in with the crowd when in truth, he was just making a nuisance of himself. "You're only out here acting like this because you're obsessed with having everyone else's approval; you want everybody to like you." I said. Interestingly, he looked me in the eye and replied, "You're absolutely right, that is why I do this." But then he went about his way, disappearing into the crowd.

Following him, I eventually caught up to him in a hotel room where he was now sleeping. In the corner of the room was an open vase with holes along the sides, inside it was a gleaming green light. Tapping him on the shoulder, he awoke and began to tell me about his spiritual guide, the green light from the vase, which continued to speak to him of the wonders of arrogance, gluttony and the importance of

following the crowd so that you will be greatly liked. It went so far as to implant seeds of divorce within his mind in regards to his marriage, and seeds of thoughts that he should sue for custody of his children.

Turning to the vase, I said, "Do you come here on behalf of the light or darkness?" "Um, uh, I, uh," said the vase, as I shouted my reply, "Do you come here on behalf of the light or darkness?!" "Uh, I don't know," he said, whimsically. Moving aside, I shouted, "In the name of Jesus Christ, I command you to leave. In the name of Jesus Christ, I command you to leave!" Very attached to his ward, he would also have to release him before I would be able to banish the dark spirit. "In the name of Jesus Christ, I command you to leave! Jesus, Jesus, Jesus, Jesus, Jesus, Jesus, Jesus, Jesus, Jesus," I said, "Jesus, Jesus, Jesus, Jesus, Jesus, Jesus, Jesus, Jesus!" Repeating it probably thirty or forty times, it took that long for the demon's energies to pull in towards the vase, and then to be hurled downwards towards the abyss.

"The doors of Perdition shall close on all that Perverseness has conceived, and everlasting bars shut in all baleful spirits."

*The Dead Sea Scriptures, The Book of Hymns, Page 154,
(Christianity, Gnostic/Essene)*

Turning to the former ward, he replied, "I am dreaming of this spirit right now." Tuning into his soul in his dreaming, I pulled him out of the dream to hopefully reduce any potential damage.

Looking at him, I noticed that his lower chakras were lighted all the way up to the throat, but his third eye and crown chakras were completely

closed and unlit. Placing my hands around the sides of his head, I tried with all my might to light them, but could not because the influence of the demonic force had been too strong. Requiring time to recover from his fall from grace, I chastised him for his stupidity.

Knowing this person in the physical realm, I'd contacted him to discuss this issue. Having just returned from a dream where he was gathered with friends, engaged in a gluttonous party which was adorned with pastries of all kinds, all who had come were ruled by a singular evil spirit. He'd realized that he'd allowed something dark to come near him, but before he could respond in terror, a mysterious force had pulled him out of the dream, awaking him instantly.

Many are there whom have come upon this great juncture in their own paths, but because of their fear or inability to accept the true nature of their alliances, ranted off angrily at the messenger bequeathing the message rather than the truth it beheld, tarrying off into the night, abasing themselves before the viper, unwilling to battle him anymore, wearied of the fight, surrendering their eternal souls at his clenched, reptilian, engorged and most vehemently disgusting feet, denial playing them for the fool they had become, denial keeping their awareness at bay to the true fall they had taken from grace.

Paramahansa Yogananda came to impart wisdom. "Do not listen to the 'spirit guides' that others speak of in concentration, for they are impure."

"A weak will is a mortal will. As soon as trials and

failure cut it off, it loses its connection with the dynamo of the Infinite."

*Man's Eternal Quest, Answered Prayers, Page 35,
Paragraph 2, (Hinduism, Kriya Yoga, Author:
Paramahansa Yogananda)*

"I should flee far away from childish people. When they are encountered, though . . . I should behave well merely out of courtesy, but not become greatly familiar."

*A Guide to the Bodhisattva's Way of Life, Chapter VIII,
No. 15, (Buddhism, Tibetan, Author: Shantideva)*

Andy, my husband, was given a temptation. Two lustful women approached him and were trying to allure him. Looking to the side, Andy saw a radiant image of me holding a baby, exactly like the Madonna of the streets. Surrounded in a golden hue, I was afloat in the air. Power from my image immediately obliterated the two demonic women and they cowered, almost as if they were melting. Andy pointed in my direction as he quietly replied, "No, thank you, I'm going home to that."

"Jesus said, 'Grapes are not harvested from thorn trees, nor are figs gathered from thistles, for they yield no fruit. A good person brings forth good from the storehouse; a bad person brings forth evil things from the corrupt storehouse in the heart . . .'"

*The Gospel of Thomas, Page 41, No. 45, (Christianity,
Gnostic/Essene, Words of Christ)*

Soaring amongst a place which lay infested with satanic and witchcraft activity, I destroyed several satanic and witches covens, their evil books,

and de-energized them completely. Taking care of the children they had harmed, I tended to their injuries; both physical and emotional, and prepared to leave.

"The women that first allowed themselves to be ruled by evil spirits were fully conscious of the fact, though others were ignorant of it. These women had it (the principle of possession) in them like flesh and blood, like original sin."

*The Life of Jesus Christ and Biblical Revelations, Sin and its Consequences, No. 5, Page 33, Paragraph 4,
(Christianity, Catholic, Words of The Ven. Anne Catherine Emmerich)*

Three trees were displayed before me, each in a succession from below. The lowest of the trees was small with only a few leaves, not yet strong enough to bear much. The second tree was a step above the former, with more greenery and quite a bit larger. The third tree stood above all the rest, its branches and abundance of leaves displayed outward in a fashion of praise, the trunk a solid and thick foundation. Reaching out to touch all life, I was told that this tree's name was 'Devaki.' And Further, I was told that its holy symbolism contained within its confines an element denoting the Baha'i faith.

Devaki was the holy mother of Krishna, the manifestation of God honored by the Hindu faith.

***"Devaki, the mother of Krsna, offered her prayers . . .
Devaki said, 'My dear Lord, Your eternal forms . . .
and millions of similar incarnations emanating from
Visnu, are described in the Vedic literature as original
. . . Such eternal forms are ever cognizant and full of
bliss; they are situated in transcendental goodness***

and are always engaged in different pastimes. You are not limited to a particular form only; all such transcendental, eternal forms are self-sufficient. I can understand that you are the Supreme . . ."

*KRSNA, Book 1, Chapter 3, Page 51, Paragraph 1,
(Hinduism, Words of Devaki)*

Without my foreknowledge, my soul was being swept into the original sin of religion. Although I'd already begun this journey in learning of the light and dark aspects of many religions, there was one religion yet untouched because it was so new, only 140 years old. But even so, it was already becoming prey to the common elements of most religion; structure, control and dogma.

In no way diminishing its significance or the profundity of its revelation, it deterred individual seeking because of its rigid beliefs that were held to be true, although the texts of their founder did not *seem* to agree with their interpretation of these self-same words.

A voice issued from above, "Baha'u'llah knew about reincarnation," it said. Suddenly, hidden tablets of Baha'u'llah, the founder of the Baha'i faith, which I assumed were written in the heavens but not on earth, were unsealed before my eyes. Clear and precise, his words spoke of the advent of many lifetimes which each soul must take to ultimately reach union with God. Although Baha'i's, do not believe in reincarnation because his son/successor 'Abdu'l Baha' openly denied its existence, here in Baha'u'llah's hidden tablets, he spoke of it, knew of it, and counted it among the many mysteries only to be

revealed at such a time that humanity could comprehend its hidden mysteries.

"Whenever we desire to quote the sayings of the learned and of the wise, presently there will appear before the face of thy Lord in the form of a tablet all that which hath appeared in the world and is revealed in the Holy Books and Scriptures. Thus do We set down in writing that which the eye perceiveth. Verily His knowledge encompasseth the earth and the heavens."

Tablets of Baha'u'llah, No. 9, Lawh-I-Hikmat, Page 149, Paragraph 2, (Baha'i, Author: Baha'u'llah)

"No man shall ever discover its reason unless and until he be informed of the contents of My Hidden Book."

Call to Remembrance, Part 3, Chapter 5, Page 69, Top, (Baha'i, Words of Baha'u'llah)

"We have revealed Our Self to a degree corresponding to the capacity of the people of our age."

The World Order of Baha'u'llah, The Dispensation of Baha'u'llah, Page 116, Paragraph 2, (Baha'i, Words of Baha'u'llah)

Because his purpose was unification, he didn't focus on the precepts of the prophets before him. Acknowledging the truth of their mission, he placed their teachings before his own people whose purpose was to unify the world religions. But Baha'u'llah knew that wisdom is given to the seeker by the Lord, and that the Lord works in mysterious ways. 'Abdul Baha's notion that reincarnation is a foolish concept simply because most people wouldn't want to return to this world of misery seems contrary to the words of his predecessor.

"If the mystic knowers be of those who have reached to the beauty of the Beloved One, this station is the apex of consciousness and the secret of divine guidance. This is the center of the mystery: 'He doth what He willeth, ordaineth what He pleaseth.'"

The Seven Valleys and the Four Valleys, The Four Valleys, The Fourth Valley, Page 57, Paragraph 1, (Baha'i, Author: Baha'u'llah)

To state that mankind is given entry into higher worlds by simple virtue of death seems to be a mistaken understanding of the evolutionary purpose of mortal realms. Every man must earn his right to stand before God, and this cannot always be accomplished in one short lifetime which can range from one moment to over a century, depending on the circumstances of death. Even in our Earthly schooling, no soul attains to the next level simply by virtue of showing up in class. The next level can only be attained by earning it through hard work, and the attainment of knowledge. So it is with the evolution of a soul. Mortal man must become immortal before he can attain to higher worlds.

Although a soul may invariably incarnate upon other *mortal* worlds, he cannot enter into immortal realms until he has earned it by becoming eternal. Death, alone, is not enough.

Baha'u'llah stringently rejected many former interpretations of the sacred scriptures of all religions, contending that within mystical verses are contained mysterious knowledge which only the visionary who comprehends the meaning of mystical language may truly observe.

"By corruption of the text is meant that in which all

Muslim divines are engaged today, that is the interpretation of God's holy Book in accordance with their idle imaginings and vain desires."

The Kitab-I-Iqan, Page 86, Paragraph 1, (Baha'i, Author: Baha'u'llah)

Reincarnation, although considered as mystery to some, was understood by many of the prophets and manifestations of God; Krishna, the Buddha, Jesus Christ, Rumi, Nanak, and others. Lay people of these religions took it out of some of the teachings, because it was beyond their understanding. But mystical seekers always knew and understood reincarnation as a basic concept within the mechanism of existence.

The mystical writings of Baha'u'llah, such as 'The Kitab-I-Iqan,' have many mystically coded references to the myriad lifetimes of reincarnation. What Baha'u'llah rejects, which is indeed imbued with true knowledge, is the notion that reincarnation encompasses a spirit, soul and personality configuration which would never change; and that we are sent to lower life forms as punishment, which is a Hindu concept. According to Baha'u'llah, we are sent where our soul is compatible, and each lifetime connotes its own distinctive personality, soul configuration and package of karmic and original sin.

In essence, there is no repetitive cycle wherein a soul enters another body - in essence - entirely or even close to the same as was before. Past memory is shaded and a whole new identity emerges. A whole new family tree fills the soul with its own aspects of perception and there is generally little if no likeness to the former lifetime or body. What remains are the

subtle aspects of karmic imprint, which are indeed so subtle that few ever seek to identify them, and when they do, are often vanquished in their inability to truly understand karma's mechanism.

A soul who dies purely a personality with no tangible immortal qualities does in essence truly die, for the part of that soul which was a conscious personality, ceases. The mortal aspects of that soul return to God, the center of creative force and merge as God takes life back to Himself. Because God is an energy, and can be seen as a huge ball of light similar to the sun, energy is in constant flux, incoming and outgoing from the heart of our Creator. Until life attains immortal status, it cannot bring the severed links of existence together into one whole, and thus, retains separate identities which complete in and of themselves, at least in the soul's conceptual understanding. Immortal status, when achieved, creates a separate existential link which operates in all spheres of paradisiacal existence as an extension of the will of God.

Immortality occurs when a mortal personality attains immortal qualities and at the death of such an individual, there is no true death/rebirth, because the soul has already died and been reborn during its life. Mortality is the status of human travelers amongst the evolutionary spheres of Earth and other mortal realms. These worlds are referred to as the ascension worlds because a soul must seek and attain immortality to graduate from the fetters of the time-bound free will worlds. A soul must *earn* exit from these realms, and can only do so by retrieving sacred memory expunging karmic thrusts and attaining

immortal status, also known as ascension.

Personalities, or unconscious souls, do not truly die, but are changed as their essence is merged into the life-force of God. Reincarnation occurs when He takes His own beatified essence and creates a new form, imprinting it with the unconscious personality aspects of former generations of karmic imprint, and giving it new conscious qualities and personality aspects. But because the Lord may do as He pleases, He may endow the new creation with aspects of memory from one succinct line of existence or many. Cellular memory is implanted according to the will of the Lord, and may be altered at His command. New incarnations retain cellular memory according to their own line of karmic impulse, their own historical elements, and as they attain to a new body, cellular memory of this new line of genealogy originating from their new family of birth origin, and historic aspects of their new race.

Reincarnation is a mystery which lies within the mechanics of existence, which can only be understood fully in the energetic mystical state.

"These journeys have no visible ending in the world of time, but the severed wayfarer - if invisible confirmation descend upon him and the Guardian of the Cause assist him - may cross . . ."

The Seven Valleys and the Four Valleys, The Seven Valleys, The Valley of True Poverty and Absolute Nothingness, Page 40, Paragraph 2, (Baha'i, Author: Baha'u'llah)

"My Lord, I offer my respectful obeisance's unto You because You are the director of the unmanifested total energy and the ultimate reservoir of the material

nature. My Lord, the whole cosmic manifestation is under the influence of time, beginning from the moment up to the duration of the year. All act under Your direction. You are the original director of everything and the reservoir of all potent energies. All the conditioned souls are continually fleeing from one body to another and one planet to another, yet they do not get free from the onslaught of birth and death. But when one of these fearful living entities comes under the shelter of Your lotus feet, he can lie down without anxiety of being attacked by formidable death."

KRSNA, Book 1, Chapter 3, Page 51-52, (Hinduism, Words of Devaki)

Rigid structures which do not allow for individual exploration are the crux of the original sin of most religion. No religion contains *all* of the truth, and no religion is free of imperfection. In practice, many religious structures become so rigid that continuing revelation is stalled or ceases, and thus, individual souls become trapped within dogmas which cannot lead them to higher epiphanies of knowledge or attainment. Let us cast off this original sin from our souls, and rectify within ourselves that religious structure is Earthly, but religious seeking is eternal.

True religion must accept that God leads different souls back to Him as He pleases. This issue is not limited to the Baha'i religion in any way, but encompassed by them all to a certain extent. Such original sin causes souls to cease their individual search, following a rigid path which can lead them only so far. Immortality comes to those who allow

eternity to embark upon their soul, in the manner in which eternity chooses. That which is eternal is not stiffly rigid, but flexible and ever-moving in many myriad directions to assist an individual soul towards its prime unity. God does what He wills and ordains what He pleases.

"Stop judging and you will not be judged. Stop condemning and you will not be condemned. Forgive and you will be forgiven. Give and gifts will be given to you; a good measure, packed together, shaken down, and overflowing, will be poured into your lap. For the measure with which you measure will in return be measured out to you."

*New American Bible, New Testament, Luke 7:37,
(Christianity, Catholic, Words of Christ)*

Enraptured in shock and elation, my holy love appeared to me without warning. Jesus appeared to me in the manner in which he often is seen in portraits with one exception. His skin was darker, as you would expect of somebody born in the region from whence He had come. Standing at the foot of my bed and smiling at me, he appeared for only a moment, and then He was gone.

"He said that He would return, and He did return, because the Holy Spirit came not alone, but with the power of the Father, and the wisdom of the Son, and the clemency of His own Essence."

*The Dialogue of St. Catherine of Siena, A Treatise of Discretion, Page 88, Middle, (Christianity, Catholic,
Author: St. Catherine of Siena)*

"Heaven and earth shall pass away: but my words shall not pass away. But of that day and that hour

knoweth no man, no, not the angels which are in heaven, neither the Son, but the Father. Take ye heed, watch and pray: for ye know not when the time is. For the Son of man is as a man taking a far journey, who left his house, and gave authority to his servants, and to every man his work, and commanded the porter to watch. Watch ye therefore: for ye know not when the master of the house cometh, at even, or at midnight, or at the cockcrowing, or in the morning: Lest coming suddenly he find you sleeping. And what I say unto you I say unto all, Watch."

*King James Bible, New Testament, Mark 13:31-37,
(Christianity, Words of Christ)*

'Abdul' Baha', the son and successor of Baha'u'llah was walking quietly; his back turned to me. Suddenly, he turned to look upon my countenance, his face radiant, peaceful, serene. Appearing at the age of about thirty, his white turban had fallen on one side just slightly. Information was imparted to me about Baha'u'llah and his successor, 'Abdul' Baha', but I was not given leave to remember any of it. Remembering his face, it held a silent witness to the power, glory, serenity and love of God. Turning to go on, I watched him walk slowly away.

"The denizens of this plane speak no words - but they gallop their chargers. They see but the inner reality of the Beloved. To them all words of sense are meaningless, and senseless words are full of meaning."

The Seven Valleys and the Four Valleys, The Four Valleys, The Third Valley, Page 55, Paragraph 4, (Baha'i, Author: Baha'u'llah)

Amongst the stars, I saw a Baha'i man. Turning to him, I conveyed, "If I simply accept the claim that Baha'u'llah was a promised manifestation of God, we have only one issue remaining." Accepting this claim was not an acceptance of *all* of Baha'u'llah's claims, only that he was indeed a promised manifestation of God in the Islamic line of prophets. Looking toward me, he made no reply. "Baha'u'llah knew about reincarnation," I said, "and Baha'u'llah also said that science and religion must agree. Eventually scientists will prove the existence of reincarnation, and because this is true, you should also realize that an interpretational error was made in Baha'u'llah's teachings, for he knew of reincarnation." The man nodded, 'no,' as a voice came from the sky.

"They will not accept it," the voice said, as its essence conveyed more. Because they were now a body of religion, a political structure; the revelational capacity had been stilled. Any new knowledge that contradicted their earliest interpretations of a veiled and mystical prophet's words would be quickly rejected. "Tell them," it said, in reference to the Baha'is of the world, "that Baha'u'llah knew of reincarnation." As the voice ceased, it conveyed only a moment more. "Do not allow political structure to quell the great revelation which has begun your faith, for even as Baha'u'llah said, revelation is progressive, and it encompasses more knowledge as humanity becomes able to understand and comprehend it."

"If any of the utterances of this Servant may not be comprehended, or may lead to perterbation, the same must be inquired of again, that no doubt may linger,

***and the meaning be clear as the Face of the Beloved
One shining from the 'Glorious Station.'"***

*The Seven Valleys and the Four Valleys, The Valley of
True Poverty and Absolute Nothingness, Page 40,
Paragraph 1, (Baha'i, Words of Baha'u'llah)*

***"Tahiri (a Baha'i saint and martyr) . . . was regarded
as the quintessence of chastity and the incarnation of
Fatimih (Muhammad's daughter) . . ."***

*Call to Remembrance, Part 2, Chapter 4, Page 31,
Paragraph 3, (Baha'i)*

***"I testify, O my God, that if I were given a thousand
lives by Thee, and offered them up all in Thy path, I
would still have failed to repay the least of the gifts
which, by Thy grace, Thou hast bestowed on me."***

*Call to Remembrance, Part 3, Chapter 5, Page 70,
Paragraph 1, (Baha'i, Words of Baha'u'llah)*

***"With both his inner and his outer ear he will hear
from its dust the hymns of glory and praise ascending
unto the Lord of Lords, and with his inner eye will he
discover the mysteries of 'return' and 'revival.'"***

*The Kitab-I-Iqan, Page 198, Top, (Baha'i, Author:
Baha'u'llah)*

Turning to the Baha'i man, he had turned away from me. Standing with his back facing towards me, his arms were folded in defiance of this truth which the eternal appeared to wish for them to rectify within their body of knowledge. Sighing, I couldn't help but mourn this common state of affairs. Followers of religion can become unable to lead souls into new vistas of knowledge, because they cannot let go of misperceived notions which have become dogma. Eventually, the beacon of new revelation is stilled because the dogmas have obtained structure,

and new understandings which expand and clarify are not accepted. Every religion begins with a thrust of transcendental light, beckoned in by those fearless enough to conquer tradition and superstition. But it seems that eventually most religion, if it becomes too structured, falls into the traps of dogma, causing immobility, a trait uncommon to eternal things.

"How great the difference between the condition of these people and the station of such valiant souls as have passed beyond the sea of names and pitched their tents upon the shores of the ocean of detachment. Indeed none but a few of the existing generations hath yet earned the merit of hearkening unto the warblings of the doves of the all-highest Paradise."

Tablets of Baha'u'llah, No. 6, Kalimat-I-Firdawsiyyih, Page 57-58, (Baha'i, Author: Baha'u'llah)

"They would willingly lay down a myriad lives, rather than breathe the word desired by their enemies."

Call to Remembrance, Part 4, Chapter 10, Page 222, Paragraph 1, (Baha'i, Words of Baha'u'llah)

"They regard a single drop of the sea of delusion as preferable to an ocean of certitude. By holding fast unto names they deprive themselves of the inner reality . . ."

Tablets of Baha'u'llah, No. 6, Kalimat-I-Firdawsiyyih, Page 58, Top, (Baha'i, Author: Baha'u'llah)

"There was once a lover who had sighed for long years in separation from his beloved, and wasted in the fire of remoteness . . . He had given a thousand lives for one taste of the cup of her presence, but it availed him not."

*The Seven Valleys and the Four Valleys, The Seven Valleys, The Valley of Knowledge, Page 13, Paragraph 1,
(Baha'i, Author: Baha'u'llah)*

"Verily God is fully capable of causing all names to appear in one name, and all souls in one soul. Surely powerful and mighty is He. And this Return is realized at His behest in whatever form He willeth. Indeed He is the One Who doeth and ordaineth all things."

*Tablets of Baha'u'llah, No. 12, Suriy-I-Vafa, Page 183,
Paragraph 5, (Baha'i, Author: Baha'u'llah)*

"Know thou moreover that the former Manifestation affirmed that the return and rising of the spirits would occur on the Day of Resurrection, while in truth there is a return and resurrection for every created thing."

*Tablets of Baha'u'llah, No. 12, Suriy-I-Vafa, Page 186,
Paragraph 3, (Baha'i, Author: Baha'u'llah)*

And as another example of the same sort of misinterpretation of sacred writing, Baha'is believe there is no hell or Satan, but rather, that darkness is merely an absence of light. Partial truth doesn't diminish the true existence, significance and ramifications of darkness and the lower realms. Believing this despite the fact that Baha'u'llah and the Bab (The forerunner of Baha'u'llah who was endowed with the same station as Baha'u'llah) speak of the judgment of souls, punishment of sinners, and hell and Satan as much as most texts of other religions.

"The Glory of God rest upon thee and upon whosoever serveth Thee and circleth around Thee. Woe, great woe, betide him that opposeth and injureth Thee. Well is it with him that sweareth

***fealty to Thee; the fire of hell torment him who is
Thine enemy."***

*Call to Remembrance, Part 5, Chapter 11, Page 257,
Stanza 1, (Baha'i, Words of Baha'u'llah)*

***"Likewise apprehend thou the nature of hell-fire and
be of them that truly believe."***

*Tablets of Baha'u'llah, No. 12, Suriy-I-Vafa, Page 189,
Paragraph 1, (Baha'i, Author: Baha'u'llah)*

***"All the keys of heaven God hath chosen to place on
My right hand, and all the keys of hell on My left."***

*The World Order of Baha'u'llah, The Dispensation of
Baha'u'llah, The Bab, Page 126, Paragraph 2, (Baha'i,
Words of the Bab, the Forerunner of Baha'u'llah)*

***"The things which have, from the first day till now,
befallen Me at the hand of thy people are but the
work of Satan."***

*Selections from the Writings of the Bab, Tablets and
Addresses, Extracts from a Further Epistle to Muhammad
Shah, Page 25, Paragraph 1, (Baha'i, Words of the Bab)*

***"He will bring thee into grievous trouble by reason of
that which Satan instilleth in his heart . . ."***

*Selections from the Writings of the Bab, Tablets and
Addresses, Extracts from a Further Epistle to Muhammad
Shah, Page 25, Paragraph 3, (Baha'i, Words of the Bab)*

***"Verily it is incumbent upon thee to become a true
believer in God, the All-Possessing, the Almighty,
and to turn away from the one who guideth thee into
the torment of hell-fire."***

*Selections from the Writings of the Bab, Tablets and
Addresses, Extracts from another Epistle to Muhammad
Shah, Page 19, Paragraph 2, (Baha'i, Words of the Bab)*

Evolution is about compatibility, and there are many worlds, just as Baha'u'llah stated. But some of

these worlds are below ours, and this can be understood even through common sense.

Despite the use of this particular faith as a sacrificial lamb in demonstrating the possibility of original sin in regards to religion, these examples could apply to most any religion. And the true revelation of the Baha'i faith is in no way diminished by possible misinterpretation, just as the revelation of any other faith is in no way diminished by the same. Perhaps this particular faith has been chosen as the sacrificial lamb and example of this quality because of its very youth. Because this manifestation of God appeared so soon past, it shows in a more grandiose manner how easily and quickly a text can be distorted or misperceived. Because this faith will grow in the coming centuries, if there is error, it is grandly important to recognize it as early on as can be ascertained by the eternal. But these 'errors' remain my opinion, and I state very clearly that my 'opinions' remain human and fallible.

But do not lose sight of the knowledge these examples are meant to impart. They are given to show you how easily the words of a prophet or messenger of God can be misinterpreted, misperceived and dogmatized into something different than the intended revelation. But it is also true that mystical language is oftentimes meant to carry several meanings. This is done intentionally by the Lord.

"Take notice also, my spouse, that very often I permit and cause differences of opinions among the doctors and teachers. Thus some of them maintain what is true and others, according to their natural

disposition, defend what is doubtful. Others still again are permitted to say even what is not true, though not in open contradiction to the veiled truths of the faith, which all must hold. Some also teach, what is possible according to their supposition. By this varied light, truth is traced, and the mysteries of the faith become more manifest. Doubt serves as a stimulus to the understanding for the investigation of truth. Therefore, controversies of the teachers fulfill a proper and holy end."

The Mystical City of God, Vol. 1, Book 1, Chapter VI, No. 77, Page 80, (Christianity, Catholic, Author: Ven. Mary of Agreda)

CHAPTER FOUR

"She will not touch anything consecrated nor go to the sanctuary until the time of her purification is over."

The New Jerusalem Bible, Old Testament, Leviticus 12:4, (Judaism)

Raptured in the moment, my soul became the vessel of higher energies as the Lord began another series of vibrational thrusts into my spirit. For hours, I would be swept into the vibrations of the next level of learning, and my spirit was given leave to fly amongst the stars, the sun and the heavenly bodies. Because of the sheer number of vibrational raisings I'd received for years, these experiences were no longer shocking or overwhelming.

Amongst the heavens, I could see atomic

particles which appeared as sparks of light, swimming in a sea of ether. Everything was connected by the sea of ether, holding together the singular atoms of light which brought forth life in this world and the next. Bidding me leave to continue these awe-inspiring experiences for several weeks, my soul was being prepared for the next series of thrusts required in my purification.

"Through Thy name, O my God, all created things were stirred up, and the heavens were spread, and the earth was established, and the clouds were raised and made to rain upon the earth. This, verily, is a token of Thy grace unto all Thy creatures."

*Prayers and Meditations, CXLVII, Paragraph 1, Page 236,
(Baha'i, Author: Baha'u'llah)*

Flying through the skies of fancy, my soul was directed towards an oblique force of energy ahead. An oval, spinning force, overlooked a sight my spirit desired to see. Placed atop a large window of sorts, it was an entry to a different place and time. Approaching slowly, I timidly walked towards the oblique stream.

Oh, my senses were a reeling! Oh, how vast, how joyous! Down below this window, I was given to see an earlier time in Earth's history, when creation was pure and sweet. A small band of white unicorns were gathered by a stream, their beauty complete. Feeling a longing for the purity and innocence of that time, I was bid to go.

"They were pure and noble, nimble, and joyous. Words cannot describe them. I was not familiar with many of them, for I saw very few like those we have

now. I saw the elephant, the stag, the camel, and even the unicorn. This last I saw also in the ark. It is remarkably gentle and affectionate, not so tall as a horse, its head more rounded in shape. I saw no asses, no insects, no wretched, loathsome creatures. These last I have always looked upon as a punishment of sin."

The Life of Jesus Christ and Biblical Revelations, Volume 1, The Creation, No. 2, Page 6, (Christianity, Catholic, Words of The Venerable Anne Catherine Emmerich)

Retreating to the scene of a horrible occurrence, my soul was filled with sorrow for the souls of a cult who had committed a mass suicide. Led by fanciful ideas of the end of the world, they perceived that the coming of a comet was the coming of the end, and ended their lives wastefully.

Wandering amongst the building where the bodies remained, my sadness could not be sustained. One of the great religious original sin's had been played out upon this stage; that of a fearless, infallible leader who allowed no individual thought within the confines of his domain. Because of this, whatever he may have taught them that *was* true had been overshadowed by this great defect in his dogma which led to their deaths.

Floating out to the small garden plot outdoors, I noticed a very evanescent growth coming from the ground. A small tree had been planted, and upon the branches of the tree, fruit was being born. Rectangular small compartments, the fruits were about the size of a video-cassette, and every single one was entitled, 'Abdu'l Baha,' Baha'u'llah's successor and son.

Baha'u'llah had called his son 'The Most Great Branch.'

"This is why there is need of religion," a voice said, "for the souls who are unable to guide themselves." Turning, I looked upon the misled remains of souls who had followed a fanatic, getting lost in the delusions of a mentally ill man. Remembering Christ's words, 'You will know them by their fruits,' the fruits of the good tree before me were 'Abdu'l Baha', the 'Most Great Branch' of the Baha'i faith.

Let it be known unto all the world, the great revelation which is contained within the texts of this new faith. Let it be known.

"Consider! The station and the confirmation of the apostles in the time of Christ was not known, and no one looked on them with the feeling of importance - nay, rather, they persecuted and ridiculed them. Later on it became evident what crowns studded with the brilliant jewels of guidance were placed on the heads of the apostles . . ."

Tablets of the Divine Plan, Tablet 7:3, Page 39, Paragraph 2, (Baha'i, Words of 'Abdu'l Baha')

Entering into the ancient past, a spirit aside was telling me stories about the patriarchs of the Old Testament. Immediately taken aback by the disrespectful nature of the storytelling, I instantly sensed that a demon must be present. Another aspect of original sin is the intellectual arrogance that modern men use to insist that the patriarchs were less educated or civilized. By doing so, people of our age can consider themselves superior, when in fact, the

mysteries of God in every age are holy, and the education of a future age does not diminish the holy nature of a sacred path forged in ages past.

Who among us may say that we bear the same holiness as Abraham did *in his time*? For who in our time has accomplished the same sacred duty within the context of our present age? Who among us?

Turning, the spirit aside me had become an ugly reptilian demon, holding a centipede in his hand. "You jerk!" I said, as he cowered in disappointment that his ruse had not worked. Attempting to thrust the centipede infestation into my soul, he threw it at me but I ran. Missing, I shouted to the heavens. "Holy Mary, Mother of God, please help me." As soon as these words were uttered, the centipede quietly walked away with three other centipedes, two tarantulas and one spider. Completely disappearing, the other demon was now gone. Because I had called for the assistance of the Holy Mother who treads upon demons underfoot, they were unable to pursue me any further. "Hail Mary, Full of Grace . . ."

"For thy enemy and adversary is laboring with ceaseless vigilance to obscure thy understanding in forgetfulness of the divine law, seeking to withdraw thy will, which is a blind faculty, from the practice of justification."

*The Mystical City of God (Abrid.), The Transfixion,
Chapter II, Page 405, Bottom, (Christianity, Catholic,
Words of Mary)*

Someone had been faced with a temptation given by Satan. "Come in, whores," Satan's deep raspy

voice had taken this person aback. Twenty or thirty women entered the room. "Take one," he continued. Looking at them, he noticed that they were all spiritually dead, their bodies were worn and battered. "No," he replied, "I have a marriage vow." "If you don't take one, they will die," exclaimed the raspy voice. Confused for only a moment, he finally retorted, "They aren't going to die." Satan left and they all disappeared.

Perchance, he had been given to witness the true energetic thrust of the craving of lust. In the faces of Satan's charges, he witnessed a spectacle most unappealing. With the manifestations of their sins apparent upon their countenance, they all showed scars, paleness, weathering, pock-marks and other signs indicating spiritual death. Lust was unbecoming in its true imagery, as it manifests its ugliness vividly in the energetic realms. Repugnant, this man's issues of lust were revealed to him in such a manner as to *repel* him from this vice and it was ironic that the grand tempter had succeeded in discouraging the vice with which he had come to sanction a fall.

Awaking with the haunting memory of the deep, raspy voice of the master of darkness, he said, "I wouldn't mind if I never had to hear that voice again." Because of his confusion at the point when he was told that the women would die if he didn't comply, I reminded him that we are to help others as much as we possibly can, but if we *must* commit sin to help them, we are required *not* to commit sin. Everyone must take responsibility for their own condition and alliance and there is plenty of opportunity for charity outside the confines of sin and destruction.

Perhaps it should be repeated for those with a listening ear, that the surest way to defeat evil, is to deny it, deny it, and deny it . . . no matter what skillful guise the tempter may thrust before you, you must turn away.

"The heavens shall thunder loud, and they that now do dwell on the crumbling dust of the earth be as sailors on the seas, aghast at the roaring of the waters; and all the wise men thereof be as mariners on the deep when all their skill is confounded by the surging of the seas, the seething of the depths, as high o'er the swirling tides the billows (surge), the breakers roar, while the gates of Hell burst open, and at every step they take, they face perditions shafts, and only the raging deep hears their cries. Yet anon shall the gates of (salvation) be opened; all baleful deeds (will cease)."

The Dead Sea Scriptures, The Book of Hymns, Page 153-154, (Christianity, Gnostic/Essene)

Observing my ability to eat in the out of body state, I was intrigued that a soul could experience hunger and thirst. Immediately, my soul was swept into the understanding of a concept among the Buddhist doctrines of the hungry ghosts. Hungry ghosts are described as lost souls who have become deeply attached to cravings and desires, and as a result, those hungers have become insatiable. Often portrayed as ghosts having large bellies, consuming everything in sight, whether it be food, doctrine, or sense experience, they embody another aspect of original sin which bears upon present day mankind, that of insatiability.

While observing this concept, a voice spoke, "Their composition can be compared to some of the New Ager's of present day, whose appetites and desires are so insatiable; they needed to develop a doctrine to support them." Unfortunately, such souls do not realize that their true craving is for God, and so they become insatiable in seeking out happiness in everything from food, sex to money; but somehow their aim becomes much like a drunken tirade, unfocused and worldly. Because of this, they never recognize the simplicity of their true need, that of God.

'I thirst' is the echo of the Word of God in every human soul. This is the thirst of God to be thirsted for and the thirst of God to quench the thirst of man."

*The Divine Crucible of Purgatory, Chapter XII, Page 104,
Paragraph 3, (Christianity, Catholic, Author: Mother
Mary of St. Austin)*

"Clad in the hunter's green of selfish desires, I pursued Thee in the forest of consciousness, O Divine Heart! The sound of my loud prayers startled Thee; Thou didst swiftly flee. I raced after Thee; but my erratic chase, the hue and cry of restlessness caused Thee to retreat still farther. Stealthily I crept toward Thee with my spear of concentration, but my aim was unsteady. As Thou didst bound away I heard in secret echoes of Thy footfalls: 'Without devotion thou art a poor, poor marksman!'"

*Whispers from Eternity, Page 90, Paragraphs 3-4,
(Hinduism, Kriya Yoga, Words of Paramahansa
Yogananda)*

As my prayers had gone up to the heavens as I

continued asking the Lord to show me His will and how I might better serve Him. Sitting aside two native women amongst a tribal gathering, an eternal voice spoke. "You must now tell the story of the Native Americans, and because of this, you must go talk to them." Then they were gone.

"I asked for a vision which might show me how best to serve the earth and honor all life, to honor walking on the surface of the earth at this time. Then . . . I received a vision."

*Being and Vibration, Chapter 5, Page 148, Paragraph 1,
(Tribal, Tiwa, Author: Joseph Rael)*

Suddenly, I became aware of my sleeping body on the bed. A huge and ugly tarantula was waiting to lunge into my hand from the floor. Instead of being black, however, this one was a light brown. In an instant, I felt the stinging assault in my hand which occurs when a master spoiler attempts to enter into your body.

Imaging light from my hand, I sent a pulse of light through the ugly demon and watched as the dark abyss opened to receive its viper. But, angered at my victory, several more came out towards me in the direction of my other hand which was holding a rosary. Sending a bolt of energy towards me, the rosary began vibrating in my hand as a large sting could be felt in my palm. Startled, I tossed the rosary towards the wall, unaware of what was happening as the surprise assault came so quickly. Now, I was mad.

Picking up my rosary, I became fully conscious and awake, yet still quite aware of the battle with which I was entrenched in the ethereal realms.

Remaining visible to me, the nasty tarantulas were coming again, hoping to gain victory and entry into my form. Imaging light, a huge beam of light came down from the heavens, and I watched as the terribly immense and black pit opened to receive the lurid creatures. Initially, they went one at a time, and then suddenly they began falling in droves into the pit from the force of God. Grateful, I prayed to the Lord in thanks for His divine protection.

"Even if you are considered to be the most sinful of all sinners, when you are situated in the boat of transcendental knowledge you will be able to cross over the ocean of miseries."

Bhagavad Gita As-It-Is, Chapter 4, Text 36, (Hinduism, Translator: A.C. Bhaktivedanta Swami Prabhupada)

Beyond form, the demonic intrusion awaited their opportunity as I became aware of myself awakening in the dark, dank apartment that I had rented when I was but eighteen.

Getting up from this long ago bed of mine, I immediately began throwing up feces, but interestingly, my feces was white. Two women stood before me, as I was made aware that they had fallen prey to the lures of 'the gull,' destructive sexual energy. Feeling sorrow for them, bats suddenly began appearing from the attic and were flying all around me. A powerfully dark presence became manifest all around.

My roommates had become creaking sets of bones lying on their beds, and I could feel my own bones creaking in the eerie mist. Someone from my past was present, and I continued throwing up white

feces whenever I saw him or felt the energies of our interactions from the past. Immediately, I felt great shame, although the shame was no longer mine, and I began to pray for his soul. "Eternal Father," I said, as I began to recite the prayer of divine mercy, "I offer you the body, blood, soul and divinity of your dearly beloved Son, Jesus Christ, in atonement for our sins and for the sins of the whole world. Amen." (A Prayer given to Saint Faustina, a Catholic Nun.)

Looking for refuge, I walked silently downstairs, while a great red gale-wind burst open the front door of whom I immediately knew to be that of Satan. Looking around, I sought refuge from the presence of the evil one. Another person I had known in the past was flying outside in the winds. Eyes perched upon the source of the wind; they betrayed the identity of that which he had befallen. Showing terror and decomposition as he gazed upon the countenance of Satan, he was quickly overcome. "Eternal Father," I began to pray on behalf of this other soul, "I offer you the body, blood, soul and divinity of your dearly beloved Son, Jesus Christ, in atonement for our sins and for the sins of the whole world. Amen." Realizing that Satan was trying to lead me to despair by showing me the chosen fate of some of the souls who had participated with me in sin, the red wind slammed the front door shut.

Turning to directly face the wind, I never looked upon the countenance of the viper. Attempting to fill me with terror, I stood strong and cried out, "Cursed be thy name, cursed be thy name, cursed be thy name, cursed be thy name." His energy was strong and harsh, so my voice was weak and

small against his force. Bringing forth all the strength that lay within me, I cried out the louder, "Cursed be thy name! Cursed be thy name! Cursed be thy name! Cursed be thy name!" In moments, I'd awoken safe in my home. Depleted by my defiance, he was gone.

"O chastiser of the enemy, the sacrifice performed in knowledge is better than the mere sacrifice of material possessions."

Bhagavad Gita As-It-Is, Chapter 4, Text 33, (Hinduism, Translator: A.C. Bhaktivedanta Swami Prabhupada)

Returning to dream vistas, my soul was immediately alit in a powerful vibrational force which led me to a beautiful and wanton woodland.

Seeing two distinct lines indicating two patches of ground which were before me, they represented the dark and light side of existence. The light side of existence was a rich, green and lustrous patch of healthy fertile grass. The dark side of existence was a patch of dead, dry and tan colored infertile grass. Touching the lighted side, it was beautifully warm and soft. Lightly touching the dark side with one finger, it held a hidden torment, as my finger was filled with thistles. Pulling out the pile of stickers which had come into me, I understood the allegorical rendering. Light is fertile and warm, while darkness is deadened and painful.

Soaring to the sky, I looked below to witness the always beautiful and magnificent spectacle of the mountains below in flight. Suddenly, however, my soul was in the hands of another spirit, carrying me with love and grace to our destination. Red Jacket had taken me into his arms and was now flying me to safety. Landing next to a small fire pit that had been

prepared for us atop the mountains' peak, he laid me upon the ground gently. Looking at him deeply, his long black hair was straight and thin, his body, tall and big but not overtly muscular. Wearing buckskin pants, they were lightly fringed, and his face appeared younger now. Large, deeply brown and piercing, his eyes expressed the love he had for my soul. Sitting quietly by the fire, the torment of the viper was far away, but within moments, he soared off into the mountain's horizon as my soul had been rendered silent by his visitation.

All of a sudden, a bunch of bunnies appeared; pink, yellow, blue and green. Some were small like regular bunnies, but some were two and three feet high. Cozy energies surrounding me, I petted their soft fur on this mountain's peak. Feeling very safe now in the bosom of the Lord, I bade my farewell and returned to the earth.

Alit in eternal wonder, my soul experienced a death. Standing before the gates of heaven and hell, a preacher man was present telling souls that none of them were worthy of heaven, and all deserved and *must* go to hell. All of our souls bore the stains of sin, and a dark crusty substance was upon our countenances as a result. But I instantly knew that the preacher man was dark, trying to trick souls into despair by using one of the rantings of humanity's religious original sin, that of a judgmental and unforgiving God.

Turning to him, I replied, "Although what you are saying is true, that no man among us has earned heaven, you are forgetting that through the

redemption, God's mercy can save us all." Bowing to the etheric floor of the sky portal, I earnestly prayed for forgiveness for all of my sins and the sins of those who had died on this day with me. Begging God's mercy, I spoke in prayer of my awareness that none of us had earned heaven, but begged that through the redemption we might be saved from our wretched condition.

Immediately, our dark and filthy robes were cleansed in the light, and we became lighted, white-robed creatures flying through heaven's portal.

Entering heaven, we all experienced a bliss which cannot be described. And for a time, I was unaware that I had not truly crossed over. Beyond this, I was sent to the portal of heaven and hell many times to speak to the newly arriving souls. "You must believe in God's mercy, and ask it of the Lord to cross," I would say.

Beyond all sin, beyond all that we truly deserve, beyond what mortal man can hope to become, lies God's mercy.

"How very much I desire the salvation of souls! My dearest secretary, write that I want to pour out My divine life into human souls and sanctify them, if only they were willing to accept My grace. The greatest sinners would achieve great sanctity, if only they would trust in My mercy."

Divine Mercy, Notebook VI, No. 1784, (Christianity, Catholic, Words of Christ)

"My daughter, let nothing frighten or disconcert you. Remain deeply at peace. Everything is in my hands."

Divine Mercy, Notebook I, No. 219, (Christianity, Catholic, Words of Christ)

Slightly opening in this vast expanse of sky, the portal which would show me the truth in regards to the question of Christ and Baha'u'llah had emerged. For those of you who don't know, Baha'u'llah had claimed to be the second coming of Christ, and I'd prayed earnestly in regards to this claim.

The holiness, sanctity, and absolute wonder of Christ and His purpose on our earth came through in a flash of light as my soul was made to experience energetically the function of our divine Savior.

And then, my soul was filled with an intense knowledge of the true station of Baha'u'llah and the Bab. Although they were not a manifestation of the second coming of Christ, they *were indeed* the promised Qa'ims of Islam.

Having understood the true station of Christ as Messiah and Redeemer, they made this claim based on the understanding of Christ laid out by the Muslim faith. This view is that Christ was a prophet, but not the Son of God.

In this space, the true loftiness of the Christ was laid before me, and His station which surpassed all men, all prophets and all divines. Standing on a pedestal aeons above the others, He stood high above all the holy men throughout time. Oh, allow me to expand on the great effervescent energies, so powerful and secure, I felt regarding the mystery of Christ. There are no words to describe the holiness of His mission, and the greatness of the wonder of His coming. Christ was above all the prophets, so much higher than all of them, and this was shown to me this eve in an indescribably profound and obvious

manner. Christ bore aeons above them because He was the Messiah, and he *is* exactly what He said He was, the Son of God.

Descending further down, I was shown the station upon which Baha'u'llah and the Bab stood, which was a very hallowed place, but aeons below that of Christ. Allowing me to witness the holiness of their writings, the Lord wished to make exception of one particular text; a book of law and rule which was called the 'Most Holy Book' or the 'Kitab-I-Aqdas' by his followers. An impure text, it was conveyed that rules and laws which require payment to a religious organization for sin or transgression of its laws, are not inspired by the Lord. There were other such impurities in this text which were typical of the day and age of their writing.

Eternity is beyond the superstitious structures of humanity, and souls who bear the mark of holiness eventually experience the expansion of understanding which takes them far beyond all Earthly concern, understanding or pretense, into the realm of the unknowable, the absolute. Religious structures among mortal realms are necessary for the guidance of souls unable to lead themselves, the masses; but when a soul seeks to attain immortality amongst the worlds of eternity, he must go beyond their fetters and boundaries to unleash his ancient soul, and thrust it upon the paradise realms which, amidst Earthly delusions, structures and limitations, remain unseen.

Manifestations of God and holy souls bear this one trait of similitude, their knowledge of this truth. It is mortal man's false interpretations of their words, and their unwillingness to acknowledge the humanity

and fallibility of such manifestations, which causes the hard-won absolutism of religion. Even Moses, the man who spoke to God face to face, was punished by God for his sin. His imperfection disallowed his entry into the Promised Land.

"You shall die on the mountain that you are about to ascend, and shall be gathered to your kin, as your brother Aaron died on Mount Hor and was gathered to his kin; for you both broke faith with me among the Israelite people, at the waters of Meribath-kadesh in the wilderness of Zin, by failing to uphold My sanctity among the Israelite people. You may view the land from a distance, but you shall not enter it - the land that I am giving to the Israelite people."

The Torah, Deuteronomy 32:50-52, (Judaism, Words of God to Moses, Translator: Jewish Publication Society)

Knowledge in mortal realms is not absolute, but continues to grow and expand as understanding increases. Let thy will be done, and may any soul who may be offended by my words forgive me for my purpose, and that which I must do to fulfill the will of the Lord within the context of my own revelation which remains fallible due to the human counterpart used in bringing it about.

I fear not being wrong. I fear not being right. I only fear in being stuck, therefore, in not attaining to the glorious paradise I seek. My only concern is that my words, whether they be wrong or right (or just misinterpreted), never be used to halt the progress of a people, of a world, or of a single soul. Let it be known that I harbor not this intention; my only intention is to provide a guide for those who wish to cross. But I wish for them to follow such guidance

with their own eyes and ears open, so that God may lead them in His own inexplicable manner towards the specific destiny and path He has laid for them. A guide, a guide . . . not a sword.

"O Friend! In the Bayan We directed everyone in this Most Great Revelation to see with his own eyes and hear with his own ears. However, when the horizon of the world was illumined with the resplendent light of this Revelation, many people forgot this divine commandment . . ."

Tablets of Baha'u'llah, Excerpts from other Tablets, Page 236, Paragraph 3, (Baha'i, Author: Baha'u'llah)

"Though my body be pained by the trials that befall me from Thee, though it be afflicted by the revelations of Thy Decree, yet my soul rejoiceth at having partaken of the waters of Thy Beauty, and at having attained the shores of the ocean of Thine eternity."

Prayers and Meditations, LX, Paragraph 3, Page 96, (Baha'i, Author: Baha'u'llah)

"Let there be nothing we know of which it would be a service to the Lord for us to do, and which, with His help, we would not venture to take in hand."

The Way of Perfection, Chapter 16, Page 122, Paragraph 1-2, (Christianity, Catholic, Author: St. Teresa of Avila)

And let it bear repeating for every soul who seeks to overcome this crust upon himself that no coward may cross this gate, only the courageous with the will to look upon himself, his family, his culture, his religion and his world . . . with honesty:

Original sin is transmitted through the seeds of the seven deadly sins, is implanted through habit, is cultivated by tolerance, and grows through the mass ignorance of humanity. Original sin can only be

transformed through the seeds of the seven virtues, implanted through habitual choice, cultivated by discernment, and grown through the singular awareness of an individual soul. Beyond our individual karma and vice, lies the original sin of mankind. We partake of it because of our own humanity, so we must transform it because of our own divinity.

"They also lamented the sins of their parents, as if knowing that all kinds of evils had descended to them through their progenitors, as if through them they were still in possession of the sad heritage of sin."

*The Life of Jesus Christ and Biblical Revelations, Volume II, From the Second Feast of Tabernacles to the First Conversion of Magdalen, No. 1, Page 380, Paragraph 1
(Christianity, Catholic)*

**FATHER, FORGIVE THEM . . . FOR THEY KNOW
NOT WHAT THEY DO
(Mysteries of the Redemption)**

"To the praise of the glory of his grace, wherein he hath made us accepted in the beloved. In whom we have redemption through his blood, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of his grace; Wherein he hath abounded toward us in all wisdom and prudence; Having made known unto us the mystery of his will, according to his good pleasure which he hath purposed in himself: That in the dispensation of the fulness of times he might gather together in one all things in Christ, both which are in heaven, and which

are on earth . . . "

*King James Bible, New Testament, Ephesians 1:6-10,
(Christianity, Words of St. Paul)*

CHAPTER FIVE

*"And when these things begin to come to pass, then
look up, and lift up your heads; for your redemption
draweth nigh."*

*King James Bible, New Testament, Luke 21:28,
(Christianity)*

Propounded towards yet another untimely death, my spirit leapt upwards away from my sullen bodice towards the gates above which bore resplendent markings of their soon to be realized origin. How was I to know how grand an exit this was to be? How was I to know? For only a few moments, I looked below at my dead body, awaiting its discovery, but soon lost interest in my former condition and sought to attain to this glorious gate with such specific and mysterious markings.

Soaring, soaring, soaring . . . my soul fled from its former containment to the glory awaiting me above. In only a moment, I had crossed this mysterious portal and was immediately faced with a giant and noble lion. Without thought or regard, I placed my hand within its open mouth, but there was no violence perpetrated against me. The lion didn't hurt me, and somehow this energetic act was now energizing me into a great realm of knowledge of which I had never yet traversed. How was I to know?

How was I to know?

Beginning its ascent through a myriad of energetic currents, my soul soared through purplish and yellow-white lights expanding in light-streams. An invisible angelic guardian of great holy sanctity handed me a very large book with perhaps 2,000 pages. Inside it were magnificent portrayals of angels, ministering spirits and heavenly hosts, and beyond this . . . how shall I say it . . . the mysteries of God's holy kingdoms enraptured in picturesque dramatizations. The pictures were stationary, yet, they appeared to be moving and the colors were of no kind I have ever seen, effervescent and psychedelic lights of violets, purples, blues, greens, pinks, and an especially entrancing aqueous fuchsia hue.

When I looked upon these pages, my soul was alit with eternal knowledge, inexplicable in its nature. Although all I have ever experienced has truly been profoundly difficult to encapsulate into words, none could fathom the depth of the wordlessness of this moment. And yet, it had only begun. If I only knew what lay ahead, how my soul might burst! Hundreds and perhaps thousands of angelic hosts, and their many individual and group missions were described to me in pictures; legions of angels created for every purpose known and unknown to mankind. Impaled by their beatific colored lights, their awesome splendor paled to their magnificent purpose! 'Oh, my Lord, how am I to witness such glory, a soul so wretched as my own!' Oh, how my thoughts were reeling at the high and sacred honor bestowed upon my soul this eve. No words, no words . . .

Several angels who had attended upon me in

my latest 'death' were at my side, hastening me to realize the vastness of knowledge which remained to be obtained by my soul. Dumbstruck by the vastness of all that lay beyond what I already knew, one of the angels said, "We only have so much time, don't waste it." Such words and their import were now obvious to me in this afterlife which I had truly perceived as being a final exit for my own soul.

Feeling my soul being pulled in another direction, I grasped at the book with greater ferocity to obtain all knowledge I could within the limited time I might have. And then the angel aside made it known to me that this book had a physical counterpart; 'The Urantia Book.' Although imperfect, there was a great amount of extremely holy knowledge given within its pages on the mechanics of the angelic kingdom. Stunned, shocked and perplexed, I was amazed that such powerful and direct knowledge, such holy sanctified wisdom, could possibly be available to me on the ground. Making a vow to the angel that I would not waste my time, but study this book immediately, I turned the pages and came upon something which wasn't included within the pages of the grounded portion of this text.

As I was shown pictures of the 'avenging angels' (demons), I was told that I must give them but little attention, for mankind's fear of them energizes their purpose. At every path's end, we have aspects from that former path which become de-energized because they are no longer compatible to the succeeding step. If we quickly recognize them, we can send them off, but they must be recognized first, else the elements might remain and prevent progression.

Knowing of their existence is not a necessity for fear, but change. Told to make note of them, their existence, etc., I was to say to the people of the world neither to fear them nor to focus on them; for this focus causes their greater glory and energizes their vengeful functions in the world.

Holding the book, I allowed the energies of its knowledge to enter within me. There are no words. My soul was alit in eternal wonderment and amazement as the energetic knowledge of its contents poured into me. Oh, how vast God's creation truly is! Oh, how vast, how vast!

Without even blinking an eye, my soul was immediately transported to another space, outer space to be precise. As I stood amongst the stars in the blackness of the heavens, another even larger book was given to me by an unseen host. But this book was beyond all pronouncement, its wonders far surpassed the wonders of the former. Looking upon its cover, I was quietly alive in its words, 'The Mysteries of the Redemption.' (This event occurred before the title to this book was made known to the author, and I must add that the text before you cannot contain to even the tiniest degree, the level of wisdom found in its most holy heavenly counterpart.) Now I cannot express even in minutest of detail what a rush of knowledge came over my soul. A blissful expansion of understanding which included such a vast array of interpretation as to leave my mind in a state of absolute wonder, I was awe-struck. I felt like St. Thomas Aquinas may have felt at that moment when he exclaimed that he had just been shown majesties of knowledge which were completely beyond words.

From that moment forth, Aquinas never wrote another word. Trouble was that I knew that I must write of this. Oh, how would I!?

As I held this most holy and sacred book, holier than any book of knowledge ever given to touch my soul's hands, even greater inexplicable knowledge emerged within my soul. Unraveling before my eyes, I cannot tell you how profoundly energetic was this knowledge. The scrolls of St. Paul appeared before me, old and wrinkled parchments upon which no words had yet been written. Given to watch as the scrolls contents came down from heaven through the hands of St. Paul, as he signed them, they ignited into a mighty flame, becoming lighted fiery beacons which flew towards the Earth. I cannot express their deep holiness, or their profoundly sacred origin. The Epistles of Paul and the Acts of the Apostles of the New Testament are so indubitably holy, I feel unworthy to gaze upon their words. Words cannot express, words cannot express . . .

And if my soul had thought it had witnessed the most marvelous sight it could ever be given leave to see, an awesome voice beckoned from the heavens, as the words that were spoken were ignited in huge and magnificent lights upon the nighttime sky. My soul fell to its knees in holy honor, holy, holy honor. But those words cannot be repeated here, for such things must remain of heaven. My Lord, I am unworthy to bear witness to such a spectacle, my Lord, my Lord, who am I but a minuscule piece of pond scum in your mystical wonder of creation? Oh, how I would wish to share the grandeur of these words with you now, but I cannot, I should not. These

words cannot be repeated here, for they regard the second coming of Christ, and are not to be revealed at this time. Unable to express the glory that was shown to me this night, I am unworthy, but I am so grateful for what the Lord has deigned to reveal to me.

As I stared upon this beauteous and most profound spectacle in the heavens, and the words filled me with the grace and absolute mercy of God's holy sacrifice, I could only shed tears. Beauty beyond all beauty, profundity beyond all that is profound, was this majestic offering greater than any of which I might be worthy. And to think that the mysteries of the redemption were just now beginning to embark upon this minuscule worm. Opening its door, so much glory remained to be revealed.

Christ is the center of the mysteries of the redemption. Perhaps for the next threshold of knowledge, there are no words. Silence is best.

"But God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty; And base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to naught things that are . . . "

*King James Bible, New Testament, 1 Corinthians 1:27-28,
(Christianity, Words of St. Paul)*

Alit in eternal desire, the rushing winds returned my soul to this place in outer space wherein the mysteries of the redemption had dawned within my soul. Bidden to enter a small classroom amidst these stars, there was a man who was teaching at the front of the room to an empty classroom, containing

nobody but me. Immediately, without a word being exchanged, I knew within my heart that this man possessed the book, 'The Mysteries of the Redemption.'

Interrupting and approaching him, I asked, "Is it true that you have the book on the mysteries of the redemption?" Nodding that this was so, I asked him if I could borrow it for a time. Happily he complied.

Reaching below his desk to a secret chamber, he took out a key and unlocked the compartment wherein the book was laid. Handing it to me, the large book looked the same as it had before; large, tan-colored and hardback with the words, 'The Mysteries of the Redemption,' centered on the cover. But as I looked at it, the cover began to change, and the new cover had an ancient cave drawing of five or six Native American riders on horseback riding the wind towards the left bound side of the book. "So the Native American's also have something to do with the Redemption?" I asked, as I remembered the alteration pathway. Smiling in acknowledgement of their purpose, he pointed towards a door, conveying that I must return the book and exit the classroom.

Upon leaving, I was immediately stupefied and dumbfounded. The image before my eyes was so beautiful and graceful; I could not bear it without kneeling to the ground. Magnificently quaffed in her white and blue robes which seemed to blow in the wind although there was no wind present; The Holy Mother of God awaited. About twenty other people were gathered watching her eminence, as I sat down. Quietly awaiting her most magnificent gesture, she approached me first with boxes that were filled with

pictures of her in her many manifestations. Inside the large box was a smaller box covered in the most beautiful images of her holiness. But this box was closed and no one knew what lay inside. Handing one to me, I immediately knew that I was not worthy and bowed, "I am certainly unworthy to receive such a grand gift from you, my most Holy Mother, please give to me only a portion so that I may enjoy a reminder of your exquisite presence, but not so much so that I may be receiving more than I am worthy to receive." Unchanging in her facial expression, she simply took the box back and handed me the small box within the larger one. The images upon its outer shell were exquisite, but I was not yet able to open it to discover what lay inside.

Quietly, she proceeded to go to each of the others in the room with the same offering. Each of the others accepted the large box filled with pictures *and* the smaller box. Many were making fun of me, because they perceived that I had been quite stupid as to not accept the entire gift from the holy mother. But Mary was unmoved by their chatter, and she conveyed to me through a small change in her countenance that she was happy about my humility, and that the fruits and gifts of humility were far greater than anything in the larger box.

Looking upon me from behind the room wherein only I could see her as she stood behind the others who were now facing me, her thin lips changed into a small smile, subtle enough to give no clue to any other in the room, but blunt enough to make it known to me she was pleased with my humble request.

Suddenly, before I could open the holy box containing her sacred gift, my soul began pulling away. In her last thought, the holy mother bade me peruse, 'The Life of Christ and Biblical Revelations,' By St. Anne Catherine Emmerich, and 'The Mystical City of God,' By Mary of Agreda, both containing many of the mysteries of the redemption.

"First, I lost sight of Jesus' head, then His whole person, and lastly His feet, radiant with light, disappeared in the celestial glory. I saw innumerable souls from all sides going into that light and vanishing on high with the lord . . . Out of that cloud, something like dew, like a shower of light fell upon all below . . ."

The Life of Jesus Christ and Biblical Revelations, Volume IV, Part 2, No. 15, Page 425, Paragraph 1-2, (Christianity, Catholic, Author: St. Anne Catherine Emmerich)

My Lord and harbinger of such good news! Beyond me comes the message, and aside it the messenger. Amidst its garbled appearance, comes clarity and wisdom. Amidst its contents, one finds peace. Looking upon the title of a book I was now shown, it said, 'Energizing Unity.' Down below, at the bottom of the cover was the word, 'Baha'i.'

Opening the book, I was enmeshed within its holy contents and the sacred qualities of its mission. Although another soul, one I'd known from days past appeared to look upon my endeavor with disdain. "Why do you look upon such a thing?" he asked, "the Baha'i religion is not one of the important ones." Looking upon his beleaguered countenance, without emotion, I simply replied, "You are mistaken, my

friend, for the Baha'i religion is indeed one of the great religions." Countenance unchanging, he didn't believe me. Among those souls who believe that only Christian religions hold any merit, he believed that God has not spoken before or since in such a way. Mistaken he was, mistaken he was . . . for God is ever-present, and He speaks whensoever He wills, and this faith's revelation was an integral part of the mysteries of God's grand redemption.

"The gates that open on the Placeless stand wide and the habitation of the loved one is adorned with the lovers' blood, yet all but a few remain bereft of this celestial city, and even of these few, none but the smallest handful hath been found with a pure heart and sanctified spirit."

*The Hidden Words, Part II, No. 17, (Baha'i, Author:
Baha'u'llah)*

Faced with absolute tyranny, I looked upon a concentration camp from World War II. The desolation confounded me, and I felt immense sorrow when I looked upon four black hats often worn by Hasidic Jews, lined up aside a grave site which was burrowed next to an oven. Such scenes only remind us of the true mystery behind the redemption of mankind, and the mysterious ways through which the will of God are fulfilled despite the tyranny and evil of humanity. No words, no words . . .

"And thy Lord will surely pay back to all their deeds in full. He indeed is Aware of what they do."

*Holy Qur'an, Part XII, Chapter 11, Section 10, No. 111,
(Islam, Words of Mohammed)*

"How abundant is Your goodness that You have concealed for Your reverent ones,' and it is written: 'He guards all his bones, even one of them was not broken.' May it rest secure, alone, and serene, from fear of evil . . . May his/her soul be bound in the Bond of Life. And may it be brought back to life with the Resuscitation of the Dead with all the dead of Your people Israel, with mercy. Amen."

The Siddur, Death and Bereavement, From the Prayer for the Deceased, (Judaism)

Teaching a young six-year old girl how to fly at a large schooling facility in the heavens, we were working with souls sub-consciously to bring about their redemption. Holding her hand, I grasped her around the waist and told her to hold tight. Running quickly, we jumped over a cliff and into the sky, flying with ease. But when I pushed her off to fly on her own, she was unable to do it. Weighing too much, she was also afraid to do it by herself. By weighing too much I in no way mean a physical measure, for she was quite a tiny girl. Our lightness of being on a soul level is determined by our spiritual frequency, not by physical weight.

Taking her back to the ground, I spoke to her of letting go and flying free within the love of God. "Your soul is too heavy, my child." Although I'd seen many souls, especially in certain hell realms, who's spiritual weight was a great deal heavier; her soul was just a bit too heavy to fly. "You need to feel safe in the Lord, be willing to stand alone, and soar into your love of God. Then you will fly on your own, my child." Looking pensive, she opened to my words.

Needing to remember her uniqueness within the realm of God's thinking, this would allow her to feel safe in taking her unique creative expression aloft.

In the end we all fly alone towards the pillar of the Lord. Resting easy in God's love for our individuality, we must maintain humility within our own smallness. God's redemption is active and industrious, existing in our own world through Christ's sacrifice, and in worlds and realms we forget in our sub-conscious minds. Awakening to these mysteries, we may graduate from this mortal existence into the paradise spheres of greater love and light.

Leaving the young girl to her exercises, she was beginning to make progress, slowly and surely. Before leaving, I was given permission to look in upon several classrooms, wherein the students were being taught universal moral codes and their souls were being imprinted with redemptive knowledge for their gradual future development.

For that which is living must continue becoming, otherwise it falters into the throes of death, also called stagnation and the redemption is a grand thing, not a solitary moment.

"The Rabbis said that the Redemption of Israel cannot come suddenly, but will come gradually and slowly, just as the sun gradually and slowly rises in the dawn of day."

The Talmudic Anthology, No. 279. Page 372, Stanza 3, Midrash Shoher Tob, 18, (Judaism)

Amidst the spectral of the future, I was shown my life resume. Upon it were many entries, most of

which were voluntary posts, unpaid services the Lord wished for me to render to my fellow man. Others among them were tasks the Lord wished for me to fulfill for specific individuals who would come and go from my life through the years. So I would not lose sight of the natural exchange in such matters, the Lord made me to see that I would also benefit and learn from those He sent to me. What stood out the most, however, was the entry stating that I would spend a great deal of my life in helping other couples to stay together, making use of the knowledge I'd obtained through my own fall from grace.

"When a man is beloved of God, He sends him poor men as gifts; if the man aids them, God places upon him a thread of mercy, marking him as beyond the touch of the Angel of Punishment."

The Talmudic Anthology, No. 108, Stanza 5, Zohar, i, 104a, (Judaism)

"The Master is always with you. You have many more things to accomplish for the welfare of the world."

Teachings of Sri Sarada Devi The Holy Mother, Chapter X, No. 4, (Hinduism, Words of Sri Sarada Devi)

Taken to see a man claiming to be the second coming of Christ (This man had no connection to Baha'ul'llah and the Bab), I didn't believe him at first, but because of several ruses he'd used to demonstrate spiritual abilities, I began to believe he was true. But I soon recognized his falsehood.

What initially made this distinction difficult for me, however, was that the man spoke many truths, he showed many signs and wonders, and he behaved

initially with the actions of a saint. If it had been simple to discern, the Lord would not have found need to warn us of such false claims. If the deception were attended by an obvious falsehood, then warning would not be necessary. Christ warned about the false prophets and messiahs because they would come in many believable faces, showing many believable signs. If these counterfeit messiah's were to come bearing the face of the demon, there would be no challenge in identifying their falsehood. But if they were to come as good people with good intentions, who simply got lost within their own ego . . . that would be a little more challenging. If they were to come as prophets with true purpose, who simply got lost within their own ego . . . that would be *most* challenging. Yea, Christ warned us because warning was necessary, and it is only through energetic discernment that a soul can know the truth pertaining to such matters.

At this time, the false messiah wanted to silence me, because I was discounting his claim. Coming after me in an energetically violent manner, I managed to escape and went about my way. Let not yourself be deceived, let not yourself be deceived . . .

"The soul is absolutely perfect, but when identified with the body as ego, its expression becomes distorted by human imperfections."

*Where There is Light, Chapter 1, Page 5, Stanza 1,
(Hinduism, Words of Paramahansa Yogananda)*

"Then if any man shall say unto you, Lo, here is Christ, or there; believe it not. For there shall arise false Christs, and false prophets, and shall shew great signs and wonders; insomuch that, if it were possible,

they shall deceive the very elect. Behold, I have told you before. Wherefore if they shall say unto you, Behold, he is in the desert; go not forth: behold, he is in the secret chambers; believe it not. For as the lightning cometh out of the east, and shineth even unto the west; so shall also the coming of the Son of man be."

*King James Bible, New Testament, St. Matthew 24:23-27,
(Christianity, Words of Christ)*

Flying high above the Earth, I looked upon a particularly beautiful star constellation in the heavens. Drawn towards it as I gazed upon its beauty, the stars were close together and emanating a most magnificent consciousness or soul, and I began to feel a wisp of recognition, perhaps almost a whimsical swoon in my memory of such a place. My eyes were fixed and could not be moved from the state for quite some time as my soul flew closer and closer, but I was not allowed to go all the way there, so I turned my eyes back to Earth when bidden by the Lord. Oh, how sad I was to have to do such a thing.

"The Soul's nature and power will be brought out more clearly, more brilliantly, if we consider next how it envelops the heavenly system and guides all to its purposes: for it has bestowed itself upon all that huge expanse so that every interval, small and great alike, has been ensouled."

*Plotinus: The Enneads, Fifth Ennead, First Tractate, No. 2,
Paragraph 4, (Mystery Religions, Greek, Words of
Plotinus)*

Going on a drawn out mission as a social

worker for a family in crisis, a family of three was being torn apart by an affair perpetrated by the husband with a very young girl. Their five year old son was having a difficult time adjusting to the changes in the family, and there were several issues facing them. Currently living with the young girl, the husband had split with his wife who lived elsewhere, and saw his son on the weekends.

Frustrated because the young girl wasn't good with his son, the husband had not yet taken responsibility for having a relationship with someone so immature. Because the young girl had chosen to be such an affliction to this family, she now had to be responsible for what she had chosen to take on. Handling this adulterous liaison with amazing maturity and grace, the wife was not in need of assistance.

After working with the two on their perceptual delusions, an interesting thing occurred. The young girls clothing slowly began metamorphosing into a whole new form of attire as her shirt and shoes now depicted pictures indicating St. Augustine's writings on the Trinity. Realizing that my reward for working with these people was to receive this ancient sacred text, I inquired further into the images and was catapulted into an ancient sacred text library.

Quickly alit with eternal desire, I was led by an unseen force to several texts. Among them were Augustine's writings and the Holy Qur'an. All of a sudden, the texts were far away as I stood beside Andy, my husband, in a vast mountainous woodland.

Having ventured into an overlapping astral space, our purpose was to meet a man who had done

something rather wonderful, an eternal beacon, but what he had done we did not know. As we began our journey to his home, we didn't realize that we had gone into another reality of our own world when we had taken the turn into his realm, but we had entered, in a sense, the past; but yet, here in this reality, it was the present.

Arriving at his home, his family couldn't be more cordial as we entered to convey our wonderment at his great heroic act. Although we still didn't know what he had done, we could energetically ascertain its merit. A governor of sorts, it wasn't an Earthly title, but some kind of heavenly post that he held over this realm; as if what he had done remained unseen to the common man, but visible to eternity.

Congratulating him on his brevity in seeking and attaining such a high universal station, we were energetically allowed to feel the great merit he'd attained through his work, and the gratitude of many souls who had been assisted in their journeying. Grateful for our visit, when it was time to go, he said, "Ya'Baha'Islam." Although I didn't understand it immediately, the words meant something like "Hail Glorious Islam," and he was opening the energetic door to the Islamic faith in my soul. Nodding, I turned.

Driving deeper into the wilderness community, we entered a strange time/space continuum. It was as if we were living in the present world, but no longer inhabiting the particular Earthly reality from which we had come. But this warp served a purpose, to give us the opportunity to finally

understand the nature of the eternal accomplishment of the man we had just left.

Many of the folks who belonged to these parts lived in 20th century buildings and drove 20th century cars, but their primary mode of living was very much as it would have been 150 years or more before. Living off of the land in a harmonious manner was something that wasn't just common to the native Indian peoples here, but to the white man, as well. Everything was so beautiful, natural and harmonious. A balance existed between the needs of the Earth, and the 20th century devices which had been discovered to make survival less difficult for humanity. Native American's wore traditional garb and the Indian and white men hunted together, often for bear, to feed their families. Loving each other as brothers, there was absolutely no racial tension.

Becoming apparent that this was a parallel world which had played out very differently in regards to the red race than it had in our reality, this harmony had come about primarily through the efforts of the governor, and it was a marvel to witness.

Because we were seeing the native people before the betrayal, the beauty was heart-wrenching. Industrious, kind, playful, and above all, earthy, they lived in harmonic pleasure with all around them. Certainly, they did have something to teach the white man about redemption. They showed above all simplicity of living which allowed for them to exist in a state of great joy without causing harm to the Earth or taking any form of life outside of balance.

As I watched the people in this place where the

Indians still roamed freely, I didn't want to leave. My soul wished to retain the joyousness I had in just quietly watching this harmonious exchange, for it was so different than what I saw in my own world. Wondrous attributes which were uniquely qualified to their race, were destroyed in a great number of their people in our world; mostly due to violence, treachery and oppression which occurred so soon past. Our actions had borne a conquered people, many consumed with sloth because their self-initiative had been taken away when they'd been herded onto reservations. What shame we should feel for causing such a travesty! What a horrid shame!

There was no need to speak to the natives of this realm, for their presence had communicated to me all I needed to know. Coming as I'd been bidden, we'd communicated in a way no Earthly chat could have produced. Allowing myself to revel in this joy, I felt myself being pulled away from this beautiful parallel of my own world; a parallel filled with the joyous alternative to what could have been, had we respected and honored the lives of the native people. So many lost . . . so many lost . . .

"Grandfather, I am sending a voice! To the Heavens of the universe, I am sending a voice; that my people may live!"

The Sacred Pipe, Chapter IV, Page 54, Stanza 1, (Tribal, Oglala Sioux, Words of Black Elk)

Holy winds began blowing wildly as the beckon of the holy guardians came hither. Entering a deep meditation, my spirit was suddenly sprung into an ecstatic state wherein I began to feel the touch of

various invisible spirits working on my soul. Vibrating incredibly, my feet and my hands were being moved into different positions, while another worked on the structure of the bones on the left side of my face; all this in order to facilitate some type of energetic adjustment. The winds continued blowing, thunder roared, but no rain fell in the outer world.

Suddenly, two spirits were lifting my body and soul up off the bed, as I began levitating. What wonder! What malaise! It was so spectacular; I cannot even fathom the words to tell! As my body and soul floated about the room in the hands of my unseen guests, I awaited the end of this levitation to bid them with a question. Lasting for about five minutes, they slowly began lowering my body back onto the bed.

Now that I was again situated, I asked them to reveal themselves to me. Suddenly, I saw two lighted beings, their forms the outline of a small human body, appearing first in a lotus position hovering in the air. One male and one female, they slowly opened their bodies to a standing position. Honored, I thanked them, as they immediately conveyed to my soul that they were some form of extra-terrestrial life. Beginning to fade away, I bid them adieu and reveled in the afterglow of their wondrous energies and the attunements that had been made to my soul. The winds ceased, the thunderclouds rolled away, and all became calm again.

"He whose mental attachments are extinguished, who is not immoderate in food, who is within range of perfect deliverance through realization of the Void and the conditionlessness of all forms, his holy path is as difficult to trace as is the track of birds in the

air."

Dhammapada, No. 93, (Buddhism)

"Truth is no theory, no speculative system of philosophy. Truth is exact correspondence with Reality . . . It is not a pumping-in from the outside that gives wisdom; it is the power and extent of your inner receptivity that determines how much you can attain of true knowledge, and how rapidly."

Where There is Light, Chapter 5, Stanzas 2-5, (Hinduism, Words of Paramahansa Yogananda)

Becoming a practice before flight into the abodes of light, my soul had begun to undergo awakenings by the Lord, through the mechanism of a celestial ecstasy which brought about higher thrusts required to make such a journey possible. This time it took two of these thrusts.

Given leave to fly amongst the trees in a vast woodland, I felt the absolute bliss of my soul as it vaporized gently through the forest green. Although the mountains in the distance were beyond all ecstasy can emit, my soul longed for more than these Earthly things. Beckoning to the Lord that He might give me leave to travel the heavens and perhaps the warblings of the all-highest paradise, I waited.

Within a moment, my soul shot up in a frenzy towards the night sky, as the stars began coming ever closer to my spirit in a wisp of light. Entering into another dimensional reality of outer space, the regular stars became extinct creating huge black holes in the sky. Amidst the black holes amazing matrixes began appearing, geometric patterns - triangles, rectangles, squares, ellipses, arrows, etc. - in deep

colors of violet, blue, gold and deep pink. Constantly changing and spinning, the matrixes held within them the knowledge of existence and beyond this the mysteries of the redemption.

Returning to the Earth, my spirit was laying asunder the roof of a small house within the woods, as the most beautiful music began playing before me in the ether. Seeing it as I heard it, it was the most beautiful piano concerto never before written. Panicking, I called out, "My Lord, it is so beautiful, but how could I possibly capture this in physical form, it's so complex." 'Some things are for the sake of beauty alone, and do not need to be transcribed into the physical waking reality world,' it was conveyed.

For a moment, the Lord bade to show me images of the music in the ether, as the melody transcribed itself to the night sky as visions of light particles. Joyous at this beauty, I fell into a transcendental state, watching the notes play in the sparkling lights of the ether, while its movement rendered my soul to serenity.

For several hours, my soul shot up into the heavens to again witness the matrixes, which cannot be described adequately in its show of knowledge, wisdom and might. Redemptive secrets were given to me, but I am want to put them into words, for they are all energetic and inexplicable. Each time, I begged the Lord to take me back to look upon these mysterious matrixes in the sky, yet one more time, just one more time . . .

In my final journey towards the stars, the matrixes again appeared in geometric fashions and forms elucidating knowledge. Begging for more, I

was suddenly shooting through a wind stream of yellow, red and blue stars. Thousands, maybe millions were encircling upon a center point, much like a star tunnel, but this was much grander. In the center and outward were a cache of yellow swirling stars, only to be joined by a secondary band of red stars further out, and the final outer ring of blue. "Oh, my Lord," I cried out, "Oh, my Lord." Suddenly, I began singing a song of praise to God as I approached Him, 'I Love the Lord.'

Piercing through this amazing spectacle in the heavens, there was nothing I could do but fall to the ground in holy worship as I stood before the gates of paradise. Six marble columns arose among a great marble gate. All around it, the yellow, red and blue stars were swirling in constant motion. Tears were streaming in wide array as my voice uplifted higher and higher, "I love the Lord, I love the Lord." Knowing that this was to be my final vision for the night, my soul quietly flew back to Earth, with remembrance of the most beautiful scene.

"Just as a song is drawn from heaven to earth by the Holy Spirit, so these words were drawn from heaven to earth by the holy spirit."

The Zohar, Volume V, Ha'azinu (Deuteronomy), Page 378, Paragraph 3, (Judaism)

"Great indeed is the blessedness of him who attaineth Thy presence, drinketh the wine of reunion proffered by the hand of Thy bounteousness, inhaleteth the fragrance of Thy signs, unlooseth his tongue in celebrating Thy praise, soareth high in Thy heavens, is carried away by the sweetness of Thy Voice, gaineth admittance into the most exalted Paradise

***and attaineth the station of revelation and vision
before the throne of Thy majesty."***

*Tablets of Baha'u'llah, No. 8, Ishra'q'at, Page 116,
Paragraph 1, (Baha'i, Author: Baha'u'llah)*

Red and in full bloom before me, the roses were dripping blood. In moments, the roses metamorphosized into a pencil drawing. Blood no longer fell from its petals, as it had become an engraved image within my soul and the souls of those who were required to make such a sacrifice for the betterment of knowledge and the attainment of the Lord's will.

In Catholic mystical literature, to receive a vision of a red rose means 'martyrdom.' At the time of this vision, my physical ailments remained undiagnosed, and I was unaware of the path that lay ahead. Time would reveal the meaning of this vision.

***"The bodies of other martyrs will be torn with iron,
but thou wilt be transfixed, and martyred in thy
soul."***

*Victories of the Martyrs, Appendix, Part II, Paragraph 4,
(Christianity, Catholic, Author: St. Alphonsus Liguori)*

"Focus on the light, focus on the light . . ." the voice repeated in my brain. My soul was stirring amongst the clouds of the earth, and high above the atmosphere was a shining orb of God's great majesty. Instinctively, I knew that this was not the sun, and although it shone with immensity like the sun, it held iridescence beyond the bursting lights of the sun which drew my gaze upon it. If I were to go towards that light, I must focus on it, and let go of mundane

and worldly things. As I did so, my spirit began soaring towards it like a rocket.

Suddenly amidst a fuchsia star tunnel whose brilliance cannot be described, thousands of fuchsia stars glowed with might and iridescence, and I soared threw them as they passed me at the speed of light. Entering yet another tunnel, it was almost like a plasma tube or an intestinal wall with a see-through lining of a light pinkish plasma type substance, and variegating widths of narrow to wide. Entering it, I exited the other end in what seemed like less than a moment.

Fuchsia stars reappearing, my soul continued soaring, hopefully, wishfully, towards the beautiful light of God. My eyes could not be taken away from the focus of the light, but my soul was not to be honored with the final thrust this eve.

As my soul was pulled away from this celestial vision, my eyes did not leave the light until my soul awakened in my Earthly form.

"There was something featureless yet complete, born before heaven and earth; Silent - amorphous - it stood alone and unchanging. We may regard it as the mother of heaven and earth. Not knowing its name, I style it the 'Way.' If forced to give it a name, I would call it 'great.'"

*Tao Te Ching, No. 69, Stanza 1-2, (Buddhism, Taoism,
Translation: Victor H. Mair, Words of Lao Tzu)*

Amidst the splendor of a Baha'i gathering, a large cloth banner depicted the substance of the Baha'i teachings. Upon its sheath something inexplicable was missing, until . . . until . . . Suddenly,

a very devout Baha'i woman placed the cloth of Baha'u'llah upon a banner depicting the crucifixion of Christ. As the two cloths came together, the cross melded deeply into the banner of Baha'u'llah, and it bore new meaning greater than any it could bear on its own. The Baha'i revelation was not complete without the crucifixion of Christ upon its bough, but together, they made a powerful revelation far surpassing the separate links. Watching, I saw the cloth fibers of the banner melt into the wood of the cross, merging over top of one another, becoming one. Together, together, together . . . the revelations of the prophets must be understood as a whole, not as separate pieces, if one seeks full knowledge.

"In every land We have set up a luminary of knowledge, and when the time foreordained is at hand, it will shine resplendent above its horizon, as decreed by God, the All-Knowing, the All-Wise. If it be Our will we are fully capable of describing for thee whatever existeth in every land or hath come to pass therein. Indeed the knowledge of thy Lord pervadeth the heavens and the earth."

*Tablets of Baha'u'llah, No. 9, Lawh-I-Hikmat, Page 150,
Paragraph 1, (Baha'i, Author: Baha'u'llah)*

The barren landscape outside the church was almost too much to bear as I stood with people of the world, begging them to enter the holy shrine along with me. They would not, and they argued and fought continually as I cried and cried, begging and pleading. One of them was getting very dramatic as he spoke of the torment I was giving them by begging such a thing. From his words, I gathered that he truly

felt smothered and afflicted.

My tears could not be confounded as they gathered in arms against my approach, angered at my 'self-righteous' attempts to bring them with me into the church. Another one of them approached me with her views on the matter. "You are trying to make us into something that we are not, and have us do something that we do not wish to do." I awakened to an epiphany.

Tears still falling, perhaps even harder because of the force of the realization, but I suddenly understood that these people did not view my attempts to save their souls in such a manner, but rather, as direct interference with what they wanted to do. In their view, they had no souls to save.

Wiping my face with a tissue, my red and puffy cheeks could not be hidden. Turning to the people, I realized that many years and many church services had gone by as I waited outside trying to get them to join me. I'd missed so much, I'd missed so much. For all these years, I'd watched the churchgoers enter quietly while I cried and waited outside, waiting, always waiting for these loved ones to take heart. But it had never happened, and it never would. "I understand," I said to them, "I truly understand, now. You don't *want* to go." Quiet but assured, I finished. "Well, I'm going to go inside, and when I do, I'm never coming back. Do you understand? I'm never coming back for you." Sighing in relief that I was finally going to leave them alone, I turned quietly, opened the door and entered the church, as the heavy door closed loudly and tightly behind me.

Inside the church, the altar was aglow with the love of God. Speaking wonderful words of God, the minister was directing the congregation in beautiful praise. Walking quietly forward, I tried to hide the redness and puffiness of my cheeks from the minister, and I sat in the second pew. Words eloquent and the music astounding, the energy inside this holy church far surpassed my expectations. Finally, I was home with my Lord.

Passing out hymnals with the Latin text of some Gregorian chants, the entire congregation began singing them. Moments later, they all burst into yet another genre of singing, that of one of my own hymns, 'I Love the Lord.' Invited to lead the congregation in this song, I approached the front of the church and stood aside the altar, feeling quite unworthy. But when my mouth opened, my voice issued in praise of God in a sound that even I could not believe was my own. The Lord and His angels were using my voice to honor His name. Peace overcame my soul in a moment of serenity, and it was as if the trials of my human existence were no longer, as if they'd never been, for now I was in the arms of my most loving Lord. I sat down to pray for those I'd left behind, and all became silent.

"And I earnestly pray for this whole company, with a hope against hope, that all of us, who once were so united . . . may even now be brought at length, by the Power of the Divine Will, into One Fold and under One Shepherd."

*Apologia Pro Vita Sua, Part VII, Page 353, Paragraph 3,
(Christianity, Catholic, Author: John Henry Cardinal
Newman)*

Adrift with visitations from the spirits of souls I'd helped in the past, they'd come to thank me and show me that my efforts had changed their lives. Some were souls I'd spent hours talking with on the phone, trying to assist and energize their ascent forward; and others I'd worked with on energetic levels, to release their baser selves and thrust into a higher catapult. There is no greater gift than this, to know your life has been meaningful to others. Thank you Lord, for the gift of this window.

"When the mother of Rabi saw that his son was weeping excessively and passing sleepless nights, she said to her son: O my darling, you have perhaps killed somebody. He said: O my mother, yes, I have killed. His mother said to him: Whom have you killed? I will take pardon of the family members of the murdered person. By God, if they see your condition, they will certainly show kindness to you and pardon you. He said: O mother, I have killed my baser self."

Ihya' Ulum-Ud-Din, Book IV, Chapter VIII, No. 21, Page 429, (Islam, Sufi, Author: Imam Gazzali)

After years of seeking, we finally found our way to the mountain abode prophesied in many a dream.

Catapulted into a rather bizarre circumstance, my soul was about to embark upon the varied concepts of the New Age movement, those which were positive and pleasing to the Lord, and those which were deeply flawed.

Led into a library wherein were contained

many books by New Age authors, a voice issued from above, "Do not condemn them," it said, "for they do have a purpose. Just realize that their purpose is very limited." Nodding, I realized that their prime purpose was to open people up to the 'experience' of God, rather than the cold, structured face many have rejected in church. Embracing mystical teachings, reincarnation, extra-terrestrial influences, and the recognition of the many layered self all leading back to the highest aspect of each individual soul's divinity, the higher self, they supported self-discovery, individual search, and differences amongst themselves. Most of all, they offered unconditional acceptance to each other.

However, it was made clear to me that after this opening occurs, there remains little within the New Age teachings regarding God as Supreme, or the importance of morality and virtue. Because of this, some of them are swept away by the viper, believing a self-centered truth which allows all acts of virtue *and* vice, to be equal and the same. Nothing, in their view, is either negative or positive within the program. Everything that they choose to do to serve the misperceived 'self' is okay. (The 'self' as spoken of in Eastern religions is the divine element within, not the ego.) Sometimes propounding a selfish absorption which precludes the needs or concerns of others, they also believe that we create our own reality. Although it is somewhat true that we create our own reality, it is not entirely true in the manner in which they believe it to be so. We direct our reality within the confines of the will of the Lord, we can completely destroy our own destiny, or energize it; but we cannot

alter the course of *all* events within the confines of our life's program simply by willing it to be so. The Lord's decrees are carried out by His own choosing, and this belief becomes self-serving when it is used to deny responsibility or the need to care about those who suffer in the world; the hungry, the meek, the poor, and the sick. True holiness comes from serving the Lord, and thereby, serving others. Serving the 'self,' as in the ego, is the doctrine of the fallen angels (Again, the 'self' referred to in Eastern teachings, is the divine element within, not the ego.).

"Mankind at first numbered two, then three, and at last they became innumerable. They had been images of God, but after the Fall, they became images of self, which images originated in sin. Sin placed them in communication with the fallen angels. They sought all their good in self and the creatures around them with all of whom the fallen angels had connection; and from that interminable blending, that sinking of his noble faculties in self and in fallen nature, sprang manifold wickedness and misery."

The Life of Jesus Christ and Biblical Revelations, Volume 1, Sin and its Consequences, No. 1, The Fall, Page 18, Paragraph 2, (Christianity, Catholic, Words of the Venerable Anne Catherine Emmerich)

Virtue and a respect for the true karmic consequences of incorrect behavior, thought and action are lacking. Even in realms which appear unlimited to our human eyes, such as the Pleiades, freedom is afforded within the confines of the will of God. Freedom is afforded to them because of their own innate controls: Freedom within the concept of what is good and what is true.

"Liberty is a self-destroying technique of cosmic existence when its motivation is unintelligent, unconditioned, and uncontrolled."

*The Urantia Book, Paper 54, No. 1, Paragraph 3,
(Christianity, Urantia)*

Now my soul was standing amidst the putrid filth of the untrue concepts within the New Age. The primary affectations were the misperceived doctrine of 'I am God' which becomes blasphemous in its misunderstanding (The Eastern doctrine of 'I am God,' is very much linked to the true understanding of the correct doctrine of the 'self.' But this understanding cannot fully be known outside the states of ecstasy and Samadhi where the meaning is made clear. Its truth lies in the knowledge of the divine element within, which when properly energized allows for a soul to display miraculous holy gifts.); the missing link of virtue; and the misunderstood concept of 'self.' (The divine element within being misperceived as the ego.) True doctrines, when misunderstood, can become very dark.

Surrounded by the manure which represented the self-serving thinking of New Age thought, there was no way through this mess on the ground; it was a cesspool, putrid, impure and disgusting. Suddenly, a huge angelic man stood before me who must've been fifteen feet tall, high in the sky above me holding a bow and arrow. Attired like a Roman soldier, his back was adorned with white lighted feathery angel wings. Erroneous concepts were depicted in the air as a hazy black cloud, and on the ground as piles and piles of excrement. As he began to aim his bow at this cloud of unknowing, he said, "It is much easier to take on a

reality by shooting it down as a concept, rather than to take it on, on the ground." Immediately, as his arrow shot through the falsehoods, they exploded and were dispersed. As this occurred, Andy and I were freed from the repugnant results of such false doctrine on the ground.

"After death everyone comes to know in the spiritual world what the uncleannesses are which titillate the body's fibers in such persons and comes to know the nature of them. In general they are things cadaverous, excrementitious, filthy, malodorous, and urinous; for their hells teem with such uncleannesses."

Divine Providence, Chapter II, No. 38, (Christianity, Swedenborgianism, Words of Emanuel Swedenborg)

Entering into the sky, my soul was quickly hoisted to a small location out of sight of the roving eyes of sub-conscious astral souls. Contained within this small room were several initiates into the mysteries who were now to receive certain energetic gifts and superhuman powers to assist the Lord of all creation.

The first initiate approached as I opened my hands, allowing the light to shine upon him. A breastplate and a staff appeared upon him; the shield of the Word, and the staff of knowledge. Bowing humbly, he turned to allow the next come forth.

A young woman approached who knelt before me as I placed my hand upon her back. Given the gift of wings and superhuman flight, she would work wonders and miracles with her ability to fly in the worlds beyond.

In a surprise move, the eternal suddenly

beckoned me to a young boy whose mission in life had already begun. Wishing for the family of this ten-year-old boy to witness his initiation sub-consciously, father, mother and sister waited with eyes wide and open. Unaware of what was about to take place, I entered quietly and touched their boy. As I did, light befell him and he was filled with the power of speech. Skeptical of what had happened because there were no outward signs upon his body; the family didn't know what to think. Being given the gift of words through my hands, he shared a destiny similar to my own, except that he would use words in a different manner, that of speech. Because of the family's unbelief, I was directed to give them another sign that I had come on behalf of the Lord.

Soaring into the sky, above the trees and eventually above the clouds, they watched. And as they watched me fly, something clicked within their sub-conscious minds and they no longer entertained doubts. Sub-consciously they understood and they believed.

As my tasks with his family were finished, I quietly met with the boy alone to give him counsel. His eloquence was already manifesting, so my counsels only made him more aesthetically pleasing to God. Smiling with joy at this young charge of the heavens, I placed my hand on his shoulder in a loving gesture before I left him on my final flight home.

"Constantly with tactful methods he shall fearlessly preach the Law and lead incalculable beings to attain perfect knowledge."

The Threefold Lotus Sutra, The Sutra of the Lotus Flower of the Wonderful Law, Chapter VIII, Page 174, Middle,

Watching the childhood home of St. Therese of Lisieux, it appeared in Claymation as the children went about their day and mother watched over them with loving care. Bade to witness Therese's decision to become a nun, as I watched, I felt her simple holiness which was filled with childlike joy and innocence. Energetically, Theresa gave this gift of her simplicity to me, as I was filled with peace.

"That great soul must stand pictured before another soul, one not mean, a soul that has become worthy to look, emancipate from the lure, from all that binds its fellows in bewitchment, holding itself in quietude. Let not merely the enveloping body be at peace, body's turmoil stilled, but all that lies around, earth at peace, and sea at peace, and air and the very heavens. Into that heaven, all at rest, let the great soul be conceived to roll inward at every point, penetrating, permeating, from all sides pouring in its light. As the rays of the sun throwing their brilliance upon a louring cloud make it gleam all gold."

Plotinus: The Enneads, Fifth Ennead, First Tractate, No. 2, Paragraph 3, (Mystery Religions, Greek, Words of Plotinus)

Confused and disoriented, I stood amongst several brothers with great musical abilities who were bickering over who had written which music. It seemed, for the moment, that my purpose here was somehow to help them decide who should take credit for which works, but something wasn't right. Because they were so much a team in their musical endeavors,

I couldn't figure out who should take credit for what, and I was unable to discern what music belonged to whom. Many other people were among us, two separate and distinct groups; regular mortal humans, and the others who bore a distinct marking.

These others were more liquid and fluid, despite their solidity in human form. A marking lay upon their heads, somehow a sign of the difference between us. In a sense, they were almost like rubber people, movable yet erect. My soul and the souls of many others among us were being led towards the same road that these souls had taken. Despite the fact that they were joyful and full of happiness, quite unconcerned about the squabbles of the brothers, we were rather afraid because the changes that had occurred within them were so profound, it seemed to us that only through dying could one achieve such status. Indeed, this turned out to be true.

Our bodies began floating towards a gate, and instinctively we knew that this gate was the doorway to death. Trembling and afraid, we slowly arrived at the juncture to find ourselves surrounded by boxes and boxes of candy bars. Without any effort on our parts, the candy bars flew into our mouths and began being chewed and digested. Realizing then that these candy bars were the harbingers of death, we fell into a deep sleep of death as everything became tranquil and quiet.

A great deal of time passed, but it seemed like only a moment before I suddenly awoke. All of us who had been taken through the sleep of death were awaking in unison, and hundreds of angels had come to assist each individual soul in awaking to eternal

life. A beautiful female angel greeted my own sleepy soul as I aroused from death. Her long auburn hair surrounded her happy face, and her bright yellow-white wings adorned her back in a very comfortable looking manner. Interestingly, she wore jeans and a white T-shirt, not the attire I always expect from heavenly hosts. Immediately, she spoke, "Do you wish to have immortal life?" Because of my experiences in the past, I had to ask a question. "Do you come on behalf of darkness or light?" She repeated herself. "Do you wish to have immortal life?" Again, I asked, "Do you come on behalf of darkness or light?"

Pulling back, she smiled a knowing smile, as suddenly, a most magnificent angel appeared before me, gleaming with light. Wearing huge and luminous wings, his face was only light. In answer to my question he conveyed that he was a servant of God. Very pleased with my question, as I was the only soul who wished to be certain that the gifts offered were from the Lord, he touched my shoulder. It is not uncommon for dark forces to offer souls immortal life, although they cannot give it. All they may offer is the attainment of a longer physical existence, at the expense of your soul, and even this existence must be for the purpose of serving the viper. It is wise to ask, before you accept any such gift. Never forget the host of muddy flats and his vile gifts in disguise which lead only to destruction. Such discernment is wise when one wishes to serve God. "Because of your wise question," he said, "you will be given an extraordinary gift beyond measure." Suddenly, my soul transformed into an immortal

form, just like those other humans who had been with us of whom we had been unable to define. Tasting of eternal life, I felt the joy, bliss and ecstatic union with the Lord of all creation; immortality.

But suddenly, I saw the keys of a giant piano coming from the great light in the heavens coming towards me. As they came, they entered into my now fluid and liquid mouth and expanded into vocal and musical abilities beyond all measure. Singing in a very high tone, my voice rang out amongst all who had come to receive immortality this eve. The angel began floating upwards towards the beautiful light, with a huge joyous smile. Although his joy was great at the gift given to me, his elation over my discernment was beyond words. Stunned by the magnitude this question I had posed had meant to the universal Lord, I was humbled.

Without warning, we were all returned to the former place where the bickering brothers remained. But having been transformed into immortality, the truth had set us free. No one bothered to mention it to the brothers who had stayed behind in mortal life because it was so obvious. No one had right to claim the music, it belonged to God alone. The sleep of death seemed so short, and there was no pain for any of us, but now in our immortal states, we, too, had become fluid joy.

"This is the plane whereon the vestiges of all things are destroyed in the traveler, and on the horizon of eternity the Divine Face riseth out of the darkness, and the meaning of 'All on the earth shall pass away, but the face of thy Lord . . . ' is made manifest."

The Seven Valleys and the Four Valleys, The Valley of

*True Poverty and Absolute Nothingness, Page 37,
Paragraph 1, (Baha'i, Author: Baha'u'llah)*

Approaching and gesturing towards me, a Native American horseman approached. Initially, I said no and backed away. As he rode off, however, I gave it a second thought due to some texts I'd been reading which expounded that the belief in darkness was purely superstition. Crying out, I said, "No, wait!" Before I could realize the profundity of my error, the horseman turned dark and came at me with profound red winds of destruction, energized all the more by my slip in judgment. It became all the more clear that the refutation of the existence of darkness only energizes its affront towards you.

"In the name of Jesus Christ, I demand that you leave!" I shouted several times. Then I began singing a hymn, "Holy Mary, Mother of God, forgive our sins and please pray for us." Still, the red winds were upon me, so I shouted, "Jesus, Jesus, Jesus, Jesus, Mary, Mary, Mary, Mary!" Over and over again, my voice shouted, until the energies depleted and were halted by the power of God. Ashamed of my lapse in judgment, I thanked Jesus and Mary profusely for saving me from the dark force which, through my naïveté', had been invited.

"The living beings had been confused, but when they heard this command of yours, their virtue flowed like streams and rivers . . ."

Gnosis on the Silk Road, Chapter 23, Hymns to Mani, No. 115, (Christianity, Gnostic/Essene)

Taken to a prison community wherein the

souls of mentally deranged criminals are detained after death, most of them were murderers and they were all in a state of mental turbulence beyond any I'd seen. Each ward of this realm had at least one, but sometimes more, 'nurses' of some sort who watched over them and kept them in line. But they were filled with vile, morose desires; violent cravings which showed no mercy to any man.

In the distance, there stood a kindly looking old lady with a single nurse watching her. Oh, how deceiving appearances can be. Mentally deranged, she had not killed during her lifetime, but this was only due to divine intervention. At one time, she could have wiped out an entire family, but you would never know it by looking at her. Compared to the other wards of this realm, she appeared much more reserved and less dangerous. In some respects, her destructive capabilities were disguised by her outward appearance. No benign soul would be taken here, for this was very much a prison colony.

Interestingly, I was then shown a family tree from which this woman had sprung, and given a whirling vision of the ancestry which led to such a state. Deep original sin plagued this family tree on both sides. From this kindly looking old lady who suffered from derangement, to a not so kindly gentleman with violent tendencies on the other side, it became clear to me how much we become apples from the same sinful tree, due to original sin. Equally, it became clear how needful it was to rectify such patterns of anger within family lines and transform it to love. Such a path is difficult.

Another soul was with me who had trouble

understanding the nature of darkness and its manifestations. For the moment, all I could do was allow her to observe this community of the deranged, for the questions on her mind could not be answered by me. Only the great and mysterious mind of God could answer such a question. For now, I was obliged to sit back and allow her to observe.

"That wise woman worked many skillful plans to entice her mother to hold right views, yet the mother did not totally believe. Before long her life ended and her spirit fell into the uninterrupted hell."

Sutra of the Past Vows of Earth Store Bodhisattva, Chapter 1, Page 78, Paragraph 2, (Buddhism, Pure Land)

Buzzing all around me were the holy energies of the Islamic faith, 'The Holy Qur'an,' the poetry of Rumi and the 'Sirat Rasul Allah,' a text on the life of Mohammed. Flying all around me, they began to spin.

As I experienced the texts whirling around me, I became more and more entrenched in the energies of Islam. The words from these texts and especially the poetry of Rumi began swirling in the air around me, moving my soul to such a degree, that I instinctively began whirling like a dervish. As I was spinning, I recalled that this state was for the sole purpose of thinking of God, and as I did so, my soul became almost dizzy with love for God. Carrying a circular rope with me, it somehow spun with me and contributed to the dizzying, ecstatic state I had entered upon. My Islamic inquiry was going deep quickly, and the vastness of this ecstatic state held my attentions for a great deal of time. Spinning,

spinning, spinning, I fell deeper and deeper in love with the Lord. My head spun at eye level and then turned towards the sky, and then down again. My rope was spinning in a centrifugal fusion, it seemed impossible that it could be in such synchronicity with my soul.

When I finally emerged, I felt immense honor at the opportunity to experience such a thrust, and my regard for the whirling dervishes grew sevenfold. When my soul had completely exited such state, I looked upon the sky and the remnants of the words which spun around me . . . in tranquility.

"The sun is love. The lover, a speck circling the sun. A Spring wind moves to dance any branch that isn't dead. Something opens our wings. Something makes boredom and hurt disappear. Someone fills the cup in front of us. We taste only Sacredness. I stand up, and this one of me turns into a hundred of me. They say I circle around you. Nonsense, I circle around me."

The Essential Rumi, Chapter 27, Page 280, Stanzas 2, 3 & 5, (Islam, Sufi, Words of Rumi)

The following experience is related for the purpose of demonstrating how the Lord sometimes tests our alliances and loyalties. Sometimes, in order to be certain that a soul has made great changes or alterations in liaisons, the Lord places a test within their midst.

Packed with souls, both of the living and the dead, we were being taken to a camp. There was only one way to discern who was alive on the Earth at this juncture, and who was deceased. Placing a mirror before them, if their reflection bore fruit, they were

living upon the Earth, if not, they had passed. Although I was unaware of it at this juncture, the Lord had permitted that a temptation be placed before me. But as far as I could tell at this moment, everything that was about to transpire was coming from a purely up front source. All of the souls gathered were here to learn more intricate details of their personal destinies.

Literally hundreds of souls were lined up to receive information about their purpose. As souls were awaiting their turn, they talked quietly amongst themselves, sharing ideas and inspirations for higher destinies, with the hope that some of these ideas might reach the conscious minds of some of the living members of this congregation.

Giving information to others, the man who was giving counsel suddenly came over to me. Because I was so impressed with what I'd heard him tell others, I was quite expectant as to what he might have to tell me. Handing me a cassette tape, he guided me to look upon the jacket and read something that was scribbled in handwriting upon its sheath. The work of a male musician, he had scribbled a note in his own handwriting on the cover. 'Dear Marilyn,' it said, 'I am looking for you, my true wife. Find me.'

Looking at a black and white photograph of the musician contained within the cassette, I couldn't say that I held any memory at all of him. Telling me that this man was looking for me, the 'guide' told me that I was this man's true wife. But nothing he said resonated within me, and I began to suspect foul play. "I have absolutely no memory of this soul," I said,

"and besides, my name is spelled with two N's." Looking down, he noticed that I was correct about the spelling. But then he asked me to look inside the jacket, wherein my own handwriting supposedly lay. Looking inside, the words were a plea to eternity to help this 'Marilyn' find her true spouse. However, my name was again spelled incorrectly and it didn't appear at all to be my own handwriting. So I looked upon his face and said, "I have absolutely no memory of writing this, or of this man, or of anything connected to this cassette." The 'guide' was now smiling.

Saying nothing more, he walked quietly to the next person. Before he began to work with this other person, he said to me, "Okay, now allow yourself to resonate to the real reason you are here." Intrigued, it seemed to me that this subtle temptation had been placed before me to test my alliances. Could I be so easily swayed away from my marriage commitment? Had I really changed? It seemed I'd passed. Smiling at him, he smiled back with a certain approval.

Watching the others, I noticed that people were exchanging ideas. Speaking quietly in my ear, the 'guide' said, "It is ideas which cause funds to come into being, things to be accomplished, and evolution to occur for mankind." Nodding, I suddenly felt my hand resonating to a distant location within the campground. Following the resonance, I found myself going towards a very different cassette tape bearing the image of a female performer, quite unknown, who had built her own recording studio to accomplish her life's work in music. My hand was literally stuck to the tape like a magnet, and I took

this to be a true signal of something the Lord might wish for me to be open to in the accomplishing of His will. As soon as I realized this, all those present who were destined to be performers broke out from the crowd and began singing a song together in unison.

Those with other purposes; medical, philanthropic, business, legal, etc., were all grouping according to such traits listening to the performers. At this moment, I realized that performance can be done aside from the ego. If done to please God, it can be a talent or gift like any other which requires expression and dissemination. Performance bore a purpose in God's design. At this moment, I was pulled back to my body.

But upon return to the astral state, my soul was returned to the heavens to a place known as the Emanuel Swedenborg Institute, teaching the visionary knowledge of the 17th and 18th century Christian mystic.

Immediately directed to take a shower, I was given a special rose scented soap and shampoo. Lathering up, the smell of the roses permeated every cell of my being with a tranquil joy. After showering, I went to the dressing room to discover what they might bid me wear. Told to put on some, 'Divine Providence' and 'Love and Wisdom,' these titles of Swedenborgian texts (The second title reads, 'Divine Love and Wisdom') were arrayed in a most beautiful garment which was to adorn my body.

Gently taking it and lowering it over my head, I felt such immense peace. Below the garment, was a rose scented perfume with which to adorn my body. Smelling like a rose, it was obvious to me that the

concepts of Divine Providence and Divine Love and Wisdom were an integral part in the Mysteries of the Redemption, and as I wore the garment of the Lord, the knowledge of it was made energetically manifest unto me.

"Conjunction of good and truth in others is provided by the Lord through purification in two ways; one through temptations, and the other through fermentations. Spiritual temptations are nothing else than combats against the evils and falsities exhaled from hell and affecting man. By these combats a man is purified from evils and falsities, and good and truth are united in him. Spiritual fermentations take place in many ways, and in heaven as well as on earth; but in the world it is not known what they are or how they come about. For evils and their falsities, let into societies, act as ferments do in meal or in must, separating the heterogeneous and conjoining the homogeneous until there is clarity and purity. Such fermentations are meant in the Lord's words: 'The kingdom of heaven is like leaven which a woman took and hid in three measures of meal until the whole was leavened (Mt 13:33; Lu 12:21).'"

Divine Providence, No. 25, (Christianity, Swedenborgianism, Author: Emanuel Swedenborg)

"It is because the very divine essence is love and wisdom that the universe and everything in it, living and inert, remains in existence as a result of warmth and light. Warmth in fact corresponds to love, and light corresponds to wisdom. So spiritual warmth is love, and spiritual light is wisdom."

Divine Love & Wisdom, No. 32, (Christianity, Swedenborgianism, Author: Emanuel Swedenborg)

CHAPTER SIX

"The more our limited discourse seeks to make clear and extol the mysterious works of Christ, our Redeemer, and of his most holy Mother, the more evident it becomes, that mere human words are far from being able to compass the greatness of these sacraments . . . Nor can we ever fathom or compass them, and there will always remain many greater secrets than those we have sought to explain."

The Mystical City of God (Abrid.), The Transfixion, Chapter III, Paragraph 1, (Christianity, Catholic, Author: Ven. Mary of Agreda)

Beyond the scope of eternity, I flew until I reached the star station of this distant planetary system; the Didactan system. Knowing very little about where I was or what sector of space I might be occupying, I turned. Standing before me was an old, wise and lighted man. Vaguely, I remember him conveying to me something very important, 'The Didactan Codes of Life,' which create harmony in all things and provide for all life systems. This sphere was settled in light and life . . . redeemed . . . and this planet which was situated beyond the mysteries of the redemption held knowledge which could help our own sin stricken world struggling into a similar era. Inexplicable, I could recall no more.

"Evil and sin visit their consequences in material and social realms and may sometimes even retard spiritual progress on certain levels of universe reality . . ."

The Urantia Book, Part III, Paper 67, No. 7, Paragraph 5,

Having a totally inexplicable experience, it occurs to me that this has become the normal type of energy I now traverse. Circling like a group of whirling dervishes, I was with a group of tens of souls. Rapidly spinning as a great electrical current of ecstatic energies was generated; it caused some of us to be transformed into a greater higher vibrational pattern of which I cannot define. And the others . . . well, they seemed to have died.

In partial understanding, I knew that some souls attain to the heights when they give it their all, and others simply cannot handle the higher energies and do not reach such a high station. Grateful to have survived the process and to have been transformed into something higher, I couldn't help but wonder if this was a true death or, perhaps this was not as it seemed. In failing to achieve this higher vibratory nature, perhaps those souls who appeared to have died, had really only disappeared to our view. Because their frequencies do not intersect, it is often true that those with higher and lower vibrations cannot even 'see' one another; but it is equally possible that those who seemed to have 'passed,' only failed at their first attempt to unify the energetic influx which was generated from the group as a whole.

"When you have a desire to go somewhere, your heart goes first, sees the place and finds out what it is like; then it returns and takes the body there. People are all 'bodies' in relation to the saints and prophets, who are the world's 'heart.' First they come out of

their humanity, flesh and skin, and travel to the other world. They observe both the other world and this world high and low and traverse many leagues until they find out how to get there. Then they return and invite the people."

*Signs of the Unseen, No. 44, Page 176, Paragraph 5,
(Islam, Sufi, Words of Rumi)*

Thrust amidst a deep and profoundly putrid ghetto, I interiorly knew immediately that in order to exit, I would have to find my way to route 25 from route 24, my current location.

Having entered a convenience store, I tried to buy several things to eat and a book or two, but when I'd gone to the cash register, they'd told me my credit card was 'hot,' or stolen. Ironically, however, they knew that this was a mistake and didn't take my card, but they wouldn't allow me to purchase any of the items which I had mistakenly perceived might have helped me in my peril. Returning all of the items to the shelf, I left the store, immediately boarding my bike, keeping my hopes high because I could now see the exit to route 25 within view. Surprised when I came to the exit, I was not yet allowed to board it.

Entering upon a maze which encompassed route 24, the place was filled with confusion. Apparently trapped, I began riding endlessly in search of route 25. Following a sign which led me into a series of buildings, I left my bike behind and walked through several rooms, but could not seem to find my way. At first, I missed the proper exits altogether. On the second try, I entered the buildings on my bike, only to follow literally hundreds of rooms through

office buildings, exiting each through closet doors, finally reaching an even scarier part of the ghetto. Following all the rooms outward to what appeared to be the end, I found myself only more lost in the depths of this increasingly haunting ghetto.

In the distance, I noticed a kindly looking black gentleman sweeping the streets. As I quietly approached him, I asked, "Where might I have gone wrong?" "There's a lady in the last room who can tell you how to find the final exit, and the elusive final exit is hidden in the last room about one quarter of the way through . . . hidden in a door," he said.

Turning around, I began to ride back to the last room of which I had just left behind, only to find a filthy white woman covered in feces, urine and blood lying on the floor as if dead. From where I stood, I could see the exit one quarter of the way through the room and I began to turn to follow it, but my conscience stopped me. A young black boy had appeared and was now standing there looking at me, knowing full well I didn't fit in this horribly disfigured dark place. Frightened and horrified by the sight of the woman, I didn't wish to remain because I was so scared. Many people suddenly appeared out of the ether, all bearing threatening glances and hideous treachery. If I were to stay here very long, they might kill me, or come after me like someone apparently had done to this poor unfortunate woman lying on the ground covered in feces, urine and blood.

A desk appeared to the side of the woman who was lying in the center of this room, but at the same time, was lying in the street, as this room represented a ghetto block. Noticing a phone on the desk near the

woman, I turned to the horridly frightening appearance of the woman on the street and asked her if I might be able to get her some help. Surprisingly, she responded. "That would be nice, and let the ambulance know that I have malaria." Realizing that she had not been injured by these people, but rather, she was deathly ill with a . . . oh, my gosh . . . highly contagious disease! Immediately feeling fear, her feces, urine and blood were everywhere, but I quelled my fear and turned to the phone.

As I did, the 911 operator said, "It is good that you called me, for if you had not, you wouldn't have been able to get through the exit even though you had found it. Because you called for help, you can go now." Hanging up the phone, I began to leave . . . but then stopped myself. Turning to the woman, I said, "I can't leave you here, I'll just have to wait until the ambulance arrives."

Asking to speak to the woman, a man suddenly appeared. Whispering in his ear, the woman said to him, "This is unfortunate (that she has chosen to stay) because she would have been able to exit this realm if she had immediately left, but now that she's waited she won't be able to exit." Conveying her words to me, I was saddened, but replied, "It wouldn't have been right to leave you here helpless, so I had to wait, even if it costs me the exit of this maze, and the loss of this rite of passage."

Suddenly, all the putrid filth around her disappeared and she metamorphosized first into a small boy, and then a small girl dressed in a long white robe. Smiling, she conveyed, "You wouldn't have been able to exit this realm had you not stayed."

Reaching her hand to me, I was suddenly transported outside of that city block ghetto room, into yet another room of this elaborate maze.

A series of very illusive passages followed, each successive one more complex than the other. Inexplicable and energetic in nature, they were impossible to retain upon consciousness. After passing through many such rooms, however, the little girl greeted me again.

"There will be many angels awaiting you in each room," she said, "and they will guide you to the next passage." Stopping her, I said, "Well, with each angel I must stop and demand that they reveal their true selves, for I do not wish to follow any angels in disguise." As soon as I made this discernment, I was far away from the little girl. Now standing before a series of passages which I undertook with greater and greater fatigue, this process was mentally tiring because it required 100% consciousness on my part, and each passage was so complex and intricate there seemed no possible way to remember the details of each, or even some small details of any singular one. Inexplicable . . .

After passing through several ritual passages, I entered a maze whose purpose was the discernment between falsehood and truth. An old woman began making true statements, all of which were depicted in writing on a page much like a newspaper. Warning me that the false ones would be difficult to discern, she directed my fingers to touch tens of statements of truth, imprinted on the newspaper. Allowing me to feel the vibration of truth and how it differs from falsehood, she warned me that in the next passage I

would be unable to discern through vibration, and would be left with only my intellect to discern the true from the false. Some would be absolutely true, others would be intricate falsehoods fashioned to appear as though true. In order to pass through this phase of the rite, I must be able to discern the true from the false.

Disappearing, literally hundreds of statements made by various religions throughout time appeared upon the page. Beginning to read them all, I began to get very tired. At first, it was easy to discern that most of the statements were falsehoods, but what began to happen as I continued reading false theological doctrines, my mind quickly became too fatigued to discern. Stopping me in my sloth, the old lady's voice said, "You must be able to continue no matter how long it takes, and it will continue for a succession of three full days."

'Oh my goodness,' I cannot express in words how tiring just the thought of this had become. Focusing my very tired mind, I resolved that if it must take three days, then it will take three days, I will not fail this very important test due to lack of diligence. New sets of statements appeared in regards to the station of certain religious leaders, many of them indicating that it wasn't uncommon for such people to misunderstand their purpose, attaching more significance to themselves through their own pride; rather than fulfilling their function without the need to create a new faction, sect, or denomination in their name.

A specific statement was made in reference to a particular sect, and my first impulse was to discern

that the statement was true, but I didn't discern either way as the old lady's voice had come into my head. "Now you must run like a young buck across the field." Becoming a wide field, I began running across hoping that the end of the field might bring freedom from this endless discernment which seemed to already have taken several hours. Stopping myself, I turned back. 'I must be diligent in my efforts to discern all these statements, and I was told it would take three days, I must go back and discern the truth from the lies.'

Going back, I picked the newspaper up from the ground and began looking at the statements again. But as I looked upon these statements, I could no longer discern that which was true from that which was false. Fatigue of mind overcame me, and I made a decision not to discern any of the statements. Rather, I would take them in and allow the Lord to reveal to me the true from the false. Even more importantly, I decided to allow the Lord to reveal to me that which really mattered from that which truly was unimportant. Entering a detached state of inquiry wherein I chose to accept the statements as neither true nor false, the Lord began to reveal a great truth. All of these points of theology in religion held absolutely *no* importance in the eyes of the Lord. Detailed doctrines and fancy dogmatic theologies were unimportant in the eternal scheme of things. Nothing retained importance except this interiorly pure desire of the heart to *know* God. All the rest became meaningless. What I knew, what I believe . . . all paled in importance as it stood aside my love for God.

Becoming totally detached in this manner, the page changed into a picture. In the far lower right corner, the old lady was depicted in pencil drawing holding a set of weights and balances. At the top of the page, it said, 'If you wish to know the truth and falsehood, you must place your nose against the old lady's hand holding the balance.' As I did so, my nose began vibrating immensely and my soul quietly began to be delivered from this maze exiting upon the illustrious route 25, and arriving at consciousness in the physical state.

"The Prophet said: When flattery will grow in good people among you, the kingdom will go to the meanest of you and theology to those who will be corrupt."

*Ihya-Ulum-Ud-Din, Book 1, Chapter 1, Section 4, Page 58,
Top, (Islam, Author: Imam Gazzali)*

"The Prophet prohibited dispute about useless things . . . He said . . . If a man gives up disputation in matters of truth, a house will be built up for him in the highest paradise."

*Ihya-Ulum-Ud-Din, Book 1, Chapter 1, Section 4, Page 60,
Top, (Islam, Author: Imam Gazzali)*

Returning to dream vistas, my soul awoke upon the sky amidst a sunlight filled oasis. Up in the heavens, a large lighted heavenly entrance resided, wherein the thoughts of an invisible specter spirit were issued forth to my ears in the form of a divine decree. In order to ignite my soul properly, I was commanded to reveal the truth to myself about the general status of the people of the world, regarding their dark ways.

Sometimes attempting to be kind about the truth, minimizing darkness, or trying to lessen its impact, allows our souls to become entrapped within that lie, allowing the darkened designs of those we've minimized to become maximized potential; both in society, and certainly within our own selves. Because the energetic nature of darkness is assaultive, no matter what level you are dealing with, whether it be highly energized violent behaviors, or less obvious applications of vice on the ground, it will continue to energetically barrage a soul unless and until the soul draws a definitive and distinct line, disallowing all manifestations of the viper, no matter how great or small, to enter into their soul's depths. Even if such things do not manifest on the surface, the true energy and liaisons of an individual, like vanity, lust or greed, continually seek to implant other souls through thoughts, example and dreams. Despite the benign or disguised appearance of many souls filled with darkness, the energetic nature of them cannot be denied. Absolute exposure of the truth of darkness is the only avenue of reproach within its confines. If you choose to ignore such need, whether you realize it or not, your attachment or denial of such qualities allows them to exert energetic thrust within you of a backward nature.

So in following the command of the heavenly specter of the Lord to reveal the nature of the world, I allowed myself to ponder not only the obvious sins and darkness of the world; violence, sexual deviance, etc., but the less obvious manifestations of darkness which appear in our world due to accepted delusional thinking or living Godless lives.

"For years, you've minimized the truth to yourself about this issue," the heavenly specter told me, "and the world around you as a whole, primarily for the sake of kindness." Because of the world's denial of such truths, I tried very hard to reconcile that which I was shown in the astral realms of the truth, with my desire for there to be peace on earth. Such an ideal will come about through global purification. Unfortunately, dark liaisons are far from uncommon, and all karmic souls who reside upon the Earth harbor some vice.

Although it is difficult for anyone to look upon such truth, the truth remains that every soul who walks the Earth would be shocked and stunned to witness their true alliances, alliances I shared until very recently . . . but for the grace of God, go I.

As directed, I began writing down the excruciating details of the darker aspects of the world, remembering if it had not been for several hundred acts of God, that I, too, would share this status. Meant only for my own eyes, they were very necessary in this instant for my own soul to be somehow freed from the constant barrage of energies which were sent my way by backward forces and those in my own past. Some dark energies were thrust upon my soul for nothing more than the fact that I believed in and loved the all-powerful God, these types of energies coming from the agnostics and atheists of the world, some in my own past. In their eyes I was fanatical or extreme, and this honesty regarding our differences was necessary for my soul to be ignited in a higher way. The truth shall set you free, and indeed, the truth was affording my soul final and true liberation

from the ties of my worldly origin.

Although the darkness of violence and abuse is obvious to most, it is not always so well known within the perimeter of a perpetrator. Oftentimes, victims or families deny what the perpetrator has done, leaving him open to continue his destructive acts. Even a dangerous individual can remain undetected in our world. But the other members of society, whose darkness does not lie in violent or deviant behaviors, are even harder to discern. In fact, with most members of society, it is safe to say that few if any souls in their perimeter would recognize the true status of their souls. Of course, these same individuals very possibly would not recognize the true status of their own souls, either; which is, in essence, the point I am trying to make. There is a darkness which lies beyond the more obvious forms; the murderers and rapists, and these are the dark activities of the common man, and such things can plummet a soul to lower realms or reincarnation just as quickly as the other more obvious transgressions, albeit, perhaps a different sort of lower realm, a different sort of reincarnational experience.

Allow us to peruse some of the other forms, as all of us have born witness to manifestations such as these. Lukewarm religious persons, Christians and/or worldly souls whose love of God is limited, who attempt to make others who seek to become purified and holy feel that they are extreme or fanatical in some way. Practicing religion which is self-serving and momentary, they are guided by their own wishes or designs, rather than the wishes of God. Perhaps this is a lesser transgression than the atheists,

who use their arrogant 'intelligence' to make others who love the Lord feel silly for their 'illogical' beliefs. Not looking the part is key for the most common forms of darkness. They may have a good education, hold a job, be accomplished in their field, dress well, have a family and kids, live in a nice house; but interiorly despise the Lord, be indifferent towards the Lord, practice various of the seven deadly sins, hold contempt against their fellow man, or harbor extreme arrogance regarding either themselves to their fellow man, or themselves to God. Very few if any other souls recognize such darkness within them, but the preceding honorable actions will in no way diminish their great inward taint. Looking within, energetically, you will be able to know the true status of a soul. Many souls' bear upon their foreheads the sign of the viper, but to the outside world appear to be 'good' people. Let me state unequivocally that for such souls, this appearance of 'goodness' to the world will in no way hinder their projection into the lower realms or reincarnation upon death.

Perhaps it is most difficult to herald the truth regarding such dark propensities within our own perimeter, for we tend to make excuses for those we care about. Although this forgiveness is essential, recognition is the key to freedom from original sin and entry into the mysteries of the redemption. Expression of truth is for the purpose of knowledge, not blame. To analyze these truths for the purpose of blame would serve no greater purpose, but to analyze them for the purpose of understanding, accepting and acknowledging an energetic reality . . . this can harbor many fruits.

My honesty prompted a huge and magnificent ecstatic emergence within my chakra centers emerging and thrusting upwards. Perhaps I can describe it almost as a thirst which unfolded into fulfillment experienced as a blissful hum, more like a continual ecstasy than a momentary one, holding me in a heightened state of spiritual union with the Lord.

As this occurred, I was given to see a chart which showed three balls of violet light, each depicting subsequently higher ways a soul can demonstrate unity with the Creator. Currently embracing the lowest form, it was portrayed as a light violet-white glowing warm globe, described as a somewhat hidden flame, a hidden light, it was called 'Idle,' and I had been operating from it most of my life, waiting for the world to validate the need for my journey to a higher place, something which would never happen. Suddenly, my consciousness erupted into an ecstasy, striking my flame to attain to the second level, a level titled simply, 'Consciousness,' portrayed as a deep purple globe surrounded in emergent orange, yellow and red flames coming warmly from the top of the sphere. Continuing to expand as the truth was setting me free, my soul emerged at the highest levels, portrayed by a violet, yellowish-white globe with bright yellow flames emerging from the entire sphere upwards towards God consciousness in a gracious ecstasy, this level was called, 'Shooting out Flames.' Thrusts continuing as violent bursts upward took me through the spheres of knowledge.

A spectacular spiritual guardian now emerged from the holy cloudeous lighted gateway to the

heavens. A glorious angelic man framed in light who appeared to be a warrior spirit, arose from this flame of consciousness and conveyed to me that I had always held my flame within because of my *attachment* to the welfare of the world.

Leaving the world behind, I turned and entered a home filled with worldly souls who had continued to deny God. Turning to cruelly distorting my musical and literary work into examples of their vices, I protested as they immediately became enraged and began to verbally argue. Attempting to accuse me of some crime, an astral federal agent appeared. Calmly, I pointed to them. "They are atheists, and I love God. This is their motivation in trying to accuse me of such crimes." Immediately, the agent understood, nodding as he said, "You should have nothing to do with them, then, for these types are very dangerous," he disappeared.

At this point they began chastising me for not looking upon my creative work in terms of financial lucrativeness for the future, because in their eyes, I was a fool. "No," I said, "you don't understand, you've missed the whole point. You have to do this kind of work knowing full well that you may never earn a thing." Enraging them to the point of violence, an eruption ensued, wherein they argued and fought with me over the existence of God. Merciless in their attacks on the Lord Almighty, I stopped them and asked, "What are you going to say to God, when you die . . . on your own judgment day?" One replied, and the words spoken were too vile to repeat. Suffice it to say, I turned and walked away, in full understanding of the need for exile.

"Those who are thus bewildered are attracted by demonic and atheistic views. In that deluded condition, their hopes for liberation, their fruitive activities, and their culture of knowledge are all defeated."

*The Bhagavad Gita As It Is, Section 9, Text 12, (Hinduism,
Translated by: A.C. Bhaktivedata Swami Prabhupada)*

"Suppose ye that I am come to give peace on earth? I tell you, Nay; but rather division: For from henceforth there shall be five in one house divided, three against two . . ."

*King James Bible, New Testament, Luke 12:51-53,
(Christianity, Words of Christ)*

As it was made known to me that religious art; whether it be paintings, sculpture, music or otherwise, contains within it energetic knowledge which has been specifically implanted by God of the mysteries of the redemption, my soul was taken to view something spectacular.

"On each occasion that a true artist approaches a biblical subject, he illuminates some portion of scriptural text and deepens our comprehension of the world's greatest story."

The Bible in Art, Foreward, Paragraph 2, (Christianity)

Aloft in the heavens, my soul was quickly aided to observe in the proper direction wherein one of the mysteries of the redemption was playing out. Amidst the spectacle of daily living, there was a starship, unseen to human eyes, but seen to the spirit. A saucer shaped vessel with red beacon lights shining along the center crease every five feet, a young man was standing below it, completely unaware of this

vessel and its purpose.

As he stood there, a light from below took him into the vessel and it immediately soared away to a destination upon the Earth. Hidden to view, it was well disguised behind a mountain fold. While the man was aboard this vessel, many activities were taking place. Working on his soul sub-consciously, they were adjusting his lights and also implanting knowledge and wisdom which would help him at the current juncture in his evolutionary cycle.

What was very interesting about this whole experience was that after they returned him back to his normal life, he showed very little progress. Change was so minute; you really had to stretch your thinking to even see it. But the spaceship kept returning in intervals, and continued working on this soul despite the extremely slow progress of evolution. On occasion, there would be a genuine leap in consciousness which came as a result of these repetitive, long, arduous visitations.

Certain extra-terrestrial life forms do indeed come here and assist in the work of the redemption; they implant evolutionary perception and energies into the souls of sub-conscious mortals, many of whom are unaware that these activities are taking place.

"When physical conditions are ripe, sudden mental evolutions may take place; when mind status is propitious, sudden spiritual transformations may occur; when spiritual values receive proper recognition, then cosmic meanings become discernible, and increasingly the personality is released from the handicaps of time and delivered

from the limitations of space."

*The Urantia Book, Part III, Paper 65, No. 8, Paragraph 6,
(Christianity, Urantia)*

Standing before me were lukewarm souls who all bore the same vital flaw, they were unable to make commitments in their lives. In order to bridge the gap between their present understanding and the truth, it was my duty to speak to them on the nature of commitment.

In their view, committing to another person in marriage was a waste of time, because they felt that life was too changeable to make such an inquiry. Unable to perceive their intimacy issues as being self-generated, they believed that they were pursuing a superior path. Speaking of the importance of being willing to make a sacrifice for the attainment of a greater good, I spoke on many issues.

"Commitment begins with friendships, but then expands into the ability to achieve intimacy with one other individual, a life partner, for the purpose of achieving balance and stability within your own soul. Marriage serves to give continuity to one's life, as well as, a sense of honor, loyalty and devotion. But this commitment often expands into the lives and souls of children, for the purpose of rearing them appropriately, assisting them with their own karmic issues, as well as, the developmental issues which affect all children, according to the laws of society of the ways of God."

"Commitment thus expands into society, in following its parameters and helping your fellow man. Beyond this, and the many other types of

commitments we must share in order to grow and evolve as human beings, lies our greatest commitment, that to God."

Commitment is a vital link in the evolutionary spiral, it must occur within the confines of love and wisdom to fully mature. If a soul chooses to go through life making no commitments, this is a weakness not a strength. In order to make a true commitment to God, you must first be able to make the smaller commitments in your Earthly life. Commitments become a vital link in the mysteries of the redemption, because they provide opportunity for true self-sacrifice, duty, honor, loyalty, and goodness. As our lives become less self-serving and more geared towards serving others, we move closer to the redemption, something which cannot come about without this vital link. If a soul cannot commit to anything in its life, then it will be most difficult to make the ultimate commitment to do the will of the Lord, no matter what that may be."

"This does not mean, however, that every soul must be married or have children, but that every soul within the confines of his own life experience must choose to be faithful to that which is true and good, those people in his life which are true and good, and those experiences which bring truth and goodness upon him. Some souls are truly never meant to be married, and this is a purely acceptable status, but many others will never marry because their self-serving interests consistently get in the way of service to one another, or to a higher ideal."

"Some people may have many opportunities for eternal connections to take place, while others

may not be destined for such unions, but it is not uncommon for eternal links to remain unrecognized and lost due to the blindness of souls on the ground. Easy avenues for self-gratification are not provided by the Lord, but rather, He places difficult paths before us so that evolution may occur. Paths of self-gratification do not serve the soul, they serve the self. Commitment can be a vital link in the redemption, because to commit to something greater than yourself is the first step in committing to God's kingdom by loving your neighbor as yourself. In so doing, you naturally amend to the even greater attainment of loving God with all your heart, your soul and mind."

As I tried to explain these concepts to the group, one among them became especially angry, because he still believed that making commitments was an inferior path. Unmarried, he'd gone through life using women to fulfill his sexual needs and treating them unkindly. Wearing the demon vice of the serpent penis used to denigrate women openly, the concept of commitment affording a higher path to his soul had never occurred to him in his self-serving view. Angry that the concept had been presented to him in such a blunt manner leaving his life bare in all its putrid filth, he was good at using words to make his exploits seem desirable or worthy. Lacking in true commitment to anything in his life, his greatest deficit remained in his lukewarm 'commitment' to God. Knowing my words would perform whatever function the Lord had deigned, I turned away. It was time for me to go.

"I know your works; I know that you are neither cold nor hot. I wish you were either cold or hot. So,

because you are lukewarm, neither hot nor cold, I will spit you out of my mouth."

*New American Bible, New Testament, Revelations 3:15-16,
(Christianity, Catholic, Words of Christ)*

Coming to me disguised as the holy mother, it was not difficult to discern the most inglorious apparition as a putrid lie. As she began to sing a song, I raised my arms up to her eyes, shooting a beam of light continuously into them as blue ooze began dripping profusely from them. Blankets covered something on the ground around this false Madonna, and as I picked them up, the bodies of several dead and mangled witches lay around her. A demon appeared behind me, and said, "Another dead witch, another dead witch." But I didn't allow her distraction to shift the focus of my beam of light, as I cried out, "I demand that you leave in the name of Jesus Christ!" Completely discharged, the blue ooze melted as the demon had been exorcised. Falling to the floor, the body which had been made for its use fell over flat like a lump of melting flesh. Repeating my words to the demon behind me, I said, "I demand that you leave in the name of Jesus Christ! GET OUT!" Managing a sinister grin before dissipating and disappearing, the two demons were dismantled and discharged to the lowest of realms.

Awaking distraught but victorious, I returned to sleep moments later, stunned by what had now begun.

Standing before me was a demon whose direct line of command came from Satan himself. Wearing a body of bluish white and cold from the viper who

held its reigns from behind, this demon was powerful and dangerous and had come with an entire legion from hell to defeat me because of their anger at the dismantling of two of their dark warriors who had come before.

Battlefield surrounded in tens of demons, I noticed that tens of lighted souls had appeared on my side of demarcation. 'Perchance could I expect any assistance?' I thought, realizing that these lighted souls were the typical Christian but lukewarm souls who lacked energization towards the forces of evil. In essence, I was on my own. What initially appeared as perhaps a bit of help, now became clear to me as a crowd of lighted souls who needed my protection.

As the ugly demon approached, his bluish white body was cold from death, two horns protruded from the top of his head and he had a leatherish reptilian tail. Human in form, but demonic in detail, I raised my hand and centered a beam of light upon his form, directly at the eyes and the heart. "I demand that you leave!" I shouted, "In the name of Jesus Christ, in the name of Jesus Christ!" Still clinging tightly to the beam of light which held him to his spot, within moments the blue within his form began oozing out through his eyes, completely draining his innards from within to without. A wisp of dark energy left the demon body as it fell to the ground. Leaving momentarily, but I knew he was far from gone.

Spirits of the dark and light were now surrounding me, and it was difficult to discern which bodies were animated by demonic predators and which were not as many of the de-energized light

people had become infested. Because I was the only one present as an energized warrior for God, the others were leaning towards the light, but unwilling to make sacrifices on its behalf, making them benign and morose. Because they were so de-energized in their light that they could not protect themselves from such an onslaught of evil, I had to protect them. Because of this difficulty, I repeatedly had to ask the alliance of each animated form, before responding. "Reveal yourself, in the name of Jesus Christ! Reveal yourself, in the name of Jesus Christ!"

The constant onslaught of the dark side was met with beams of light and pronouncements bidding the name of my most beloved Jesus Christ. Allow me to state that without His most holy name, I would be victorious in very few, if any, battles with the dark side. Jesus Christ's name is the most powerful weapon you can take into such battles.

Within a short period of time, while trying to keep the primary demon charges at bay, the primal demon re-animated a new body created from the fabric of that which had been destroyed. Doing this several times throughout the battle, each time I dismantled it through the power of the holy name.

Becoming very intricate, the battle was highly charged intricate and there is so much that I can no longer recall which would be fascinating to tell, for this battle appeared to be my own personal Armageddon. Having come to defeat the light within me, the dark forces had failed. But despite their persistent failures, the dark side continued to come at me mercilessly, while I fought alone with the souls I'd vowed to protect. Becoming very clear just how

important it is that souls who seek the Lord, become energized through His hands, I took note of the inexplicable level of wrath the dark side bore my soul. The depth of their rage towards me was something I didn't yet understand.

Having placed several holy statues within our home recently, I was surprised to note that much of the demons rage was directed towards them. Bade to witness their thoughts, they were afraid of what the statues represented (the mysteries of the redemption), and the holy protection they offered.

As the battle became more and more strategic, I became almost like a medieval queen trying to direct and guide the benign army of the light, as my main purpose with these souls was to attempt to keep from being possessed in their idleness.

As the battle drew to an end, a voluminous green cape was draped over my body. Symbolic of St. Jude, the patron saint of lost causes, I'd saved souls who otherwise would have been lost, and my victory in Christ was now displayed upon my spirit. But this represented more than just the lost cause which was won tonight, as it represented my own soul, the ultimate lost cause. Once, a grave sinner unaware of my defilement, now a sinner attaining to repentance and redemption, my love for the Lord had saved me. Born of darkness . . . into light.

But this pronouncement made something very clear. As the souls aside me were so easily taken over by such forces, I saw the simplicity in which the dark side often controls the lives of many Christians who become benign because of their misinterpretations of Christ's words. In their desire not to be judgmental,

they lose discernment. In their desire to help the poor and lowly, they don't see it when their assistance is being used by those hardened in darkness and evil, against them and against goodness. A lighted warrior must always be aware that their caring *can* be used against them. Discernment is *key*. In their desire to be kind, they don't acknowledge what *is*, in regards to good and evil; and their submissive and passive approach allows for all forms of darkness to take hold. Eventually, if undetected, such darkness can infect entire congregations of people.

As I was given the green robes of St. Jude, it inspired a defilous rage which cannot be understood or comprehended by my soul. But if they had been outmatched before, they were certainly outmatched now. Secretly, the forces of the Lord conveyed to me that Satan's forces were so angry because of that which the Lord intended for me to do. Thy will would indeed be done!

Walking past several de-animated forms which had been exorcised; my cape was blowing lightly in the wind. Taking a moment, I paused to pull the robe up closer to my neck, because I was concerned about exposing myself. Suddenly, from the right came another demon in disguise, this one looking like an animated human, bearing no markings of the bluish-white of the viper. Appealing to my vanity, he told me that a particular gentleman who was very handsome thought highly of me. Immediately, I said, "That's not true," but then stopped myself, because I realized that they wanted me to argue the point simply because it might energize my vanity, and therefore my own destruction. Shouting, I said,

"That's not true, and it's completely irrelevant!" Disappearing, the dark side was unavailed by my defiance.

Again approaching from the side, the main perpetrator (the bluish-white demon with horns and tail) said, "It is useless, you can't win this fight. My army is too powerful." His grin was wide and filled with sarcasm. "Just give up, come over to our way, you will eventually have to anyway. There's no escape from here, my power is too great for you, you *cannot* banish me." Making me very angry, I said nothing to him, but grabbed a hold of my green cloak of lost causes, and waved it before him in defiance of his atrocious words. As I did so, I was immediately delivered from the battlefield. Soaring through space to return to form, I heard the moans of the viper, distraught at the loss of his prey.

May I simply state that no soul who seeks to attain to God's highest holy ideal, can do so without energizing themselves properly through the intervention of the Lord. So many souls are lost in the battles between good and evil, eventually giving in to the hosts of darkness because of their lukewarm morality and virtue, and their fear of the power or their attraction to the 'lures' of dark ways. Let no man walk with weakness in his heart, for only a soul with conviction to withstand the constant barrage of temptation, vice and sin, shall pass through such inexplicably arduous trials. Do not be fooled by pride, vanity, greed, lust or whatever, do not be fooled!

Pride and vanity are the easiest and most common downfall of the mystic dweller, because a soul who has received his first visions or

extraordinary experiences is in the time of greatest peril. So many fall into the vain and prideful interpretation of their own importance or significance, and the viper takes them easily, then using them to trick those who genuinely seek the light. For the vain and prideful can easily take a holy experience from the Lord thy God, and use it to glorify themselves rather than the Lord, thus, tricking others into believing that they are to be followed.

The Way, the Truth and the Life . . . is Jesus Christ, and the rest of us are simple wretched souls seeking to understand the karmic mystery which holds our souls to mortality. Never follow another, only follow God.

If my words help others, it is not because of any quality of worth on my part, but only through the saving grace of God, who so makes use of the trials and failures of one soul to teach another, and allows the ignorant ramblings of one soul who seeks the summit to be as an arm to those below, pulling them up towards Him.

Redemption is for everyone who reaches for it, no matter how lowly, lost, sinful or wretched you may think you are. But you can only reach it through true resolve to conform your life to His ways, honestly striving and reaching for Him, and most of all, truly *loving God* in your heart. If you don't have that love, ask Him for it in prayer for He will provide it for you. Mercy is the greatest and most mysterious attribute of the Lord; He gives in full measure to those who will accept it. Will you?

"Go down into the abyss, you evil appetites! I will

drown you lest I myself be drowned."

*The Voice of the Saints, In Temptation, Page 65, No. 5,
(Christianity, Catholic, Words of St. Jerome)*

***"St. Peter and St. Paul warn us in the strongest
language to beware of the devil, for he is using all his
tremendous power, his mighty intelligence to ruin us,
to harm, to hurt us in every way"***

*The Wonders of the Holy Name, Chapter 10, Paragraph 2
& 5, (Christianity, Catholic)*

***"My persecutor did not cease to attack me in every
way."***

*The Autobiography of St. Margaret Mary, No. 89. Page
102, Paragraph 1, (Christianity, Catholic, Words of St.
Margaret Mary)*

***"Though my body be pained by the trials that befall
me from Thee, though it be afflicted by the revelations
of Thy Decree, yet my soul rejoiceth at having
partaken of the waters of Thy Beauty, and at having
attained the shores of the ocean of Thine eternity."***

*Prayers and Meditations, LX, Paragraph 3, Page 96,
(Baha'i, Author: Baha'u'llah)*

The clouds parted making way for a light to permeate the high heavens and down into this realm below. As the hole emerged, the light sprung forth before my eyes in a splendid array, while a marble staircase became visible from this source of light. An inexplicable experience ensued wherein several aspects from my earlier life emerged energetically, descending the staircase and entering within to fill me with the energetic sense of those happenings which occurred in my late teens and early twenties.

Andy and I had come together, very much out

of necessity, when I had been turned away by others after I'd lost a job. Recalling the aloneness I'd felt and the turmoil and ruckus of the time and being alone in the world, that all ended when Andy and I came together. Choices which I'd questioned over and over again were apparently not all based on choice, but necessity . . . and destiny.

Unfolding before me, I understood that the mysteries of God's redemption were working in me even when I was unaware of it, and that despite my many regrets about my past, *that very past* with all its mistakes and regrettable choices, was very necessary in the attainment of my redemption. When Andy had entered into my life so quickly, it had been a signal grace from God. Thanking God, I bowed to the ground.

"And he said unto them, Blessed are they who suffer many experiences, for they shall be made perfect through suffering; they shall be as the angels of God in Heaven and shall die no more, neither shall they be born any more, for death and birth have no more dominion over them."

*The Gospel of the Holy Twelve, Lection XXXVII, No. 2,
(Christianity, Gnostic/Essene, Words of Christ)*

Descending from the steps was a man, and behind him, several nuns. In front of him was a spiritual guardian, who conveyed that this man was the soul who had originally 'translated' the 'Urantia Book' from the heavens into the Earthly realm. Because he had done so with conservatism and traditionality, it had been done in a slightly tainted and wordy manner. Showing me how the wordiness of the book could be changed into shorter, more

precise sentences, the guide made me to understand that it was my task to write another translation of this book, a task I had begun years ago (What would become 'The Mysteries of the Redemption'). Both books contained within them the mysteries of the redemption, although in the 'Urantia translation', these mysteries were given in an intellectual manner, wherein in my 'translation', these mysteries were experiential, showing through visionary experience the process of the redemption from beginning to end.

Having tampered with the text slightly due to his own views, the translator concurred, wholeheartedly agreeing and expressing a singular wish that I should help him by weeding out the falsehoods he had added due to his own impetus. These included the denial of reincarnation, the dark side or lower realms, perceptions on racial superiority, the denial of the unique sacredness of the holy family, and the belief in the falsehood of mystical vision. Mostly found in the third and fourth parts of the book, the first two parts on angelic kingdoms had been 'translated' with few flaws.

Due to the most holy nature of this text, I consider myself unworthy to read it, much less to correct it. But let it be known that we should never allow the fallible aspects of ancient sacred texts, to deter us from relishing the most holy true aspects. Truth is a difficult business and you may never fully know the absolute, until you have left this realm through death.

When they were finished rectifying his error; the nuns, the man and the guide, without any display of emotion or thought, all turned to the marble

staircase in the sky, walked into the cloudy veil of light and left me spellbound by the sight.

"We incline to the belief that the eternal future will witness phenomena of universe evolution which will far transcend all that the eternal past has experienced. And we anticipate such tremendous adventures, even as you should, with keen relish and ever-heightening expectation."

*The Urantia Book, Part I, Paper 23, No. 4, Paragraph 6,
(Christianity, Urantia)*

Amongst the crossings, I was again shown the powerful simplicity of my own past, how I'd been thrown into life at an early age to make it on my own in the world. But the final run of this experience found me wearing the habit of a nun crossing hundreds of mountaintops in a single bound, not a single foot touching the valleys below. My soul seemed to be alight in the sky, high above the great mountains of the Earth, and my legs were so astute they could attain to each peak without need of contact with the valleys below.

My first destination, however, resided within a crevasse in a valley. Placing upon my collar a simple metal pin, a sign which indicated that I was amongst a particular league of souls; those in the valley were not to hurt me. Running again, this time through the valleys, I came upon a dark, dreary ghetto, where several derelicts were following me. For a reason unknown to me, I was unafraid. Everything here was decomposing, dead and rotten from the putridity of the sin of mankind. The 'Valley of the Doomed,' those who resided in this place were lost from the graces of

God, because they truly wished not to receive of them. 'How can any soul truly wish not to receive God's grace?' I thought. 'Such a state of misery must be a true hell.'

Apparently, in order to attain to my final destination, I had to cross this singular valley of death which had warranted the protection of this sign upon my collar. As soon as the derelicts caught sight of the pin, they backed away and left me alone.

Having passed through, I began crossing hundreds of mountaintops in a single bound again, as I interiorly understood that these peaks represented the care of children and my many years of service to such tasks. Depicted upon these peaks were the graciousness of such skill in rearing children in the ways of the Lord, and the honor bestowed upon those as who do such things.

Upon leaving these peaks, I stood at a beauteous shore, my body older and more middle aged than it is now. Coming to this marvelous shoreline was another time in my life, when I would proffer other services to the Lord upon other peaks of service to humanity. A chest of drawers appeared before me on this rocky peak before the shore. As the waves crashed and hit, I began asking the Lord to bid me His calling as to what He might wish for me to do at such a time as this.

There were four main questions, one for each of the three drawers, and a second question for the top drawer. But I remember only a farthing of what I was shown. In the drawers, I was shown many papers written in cryptic coded messages, almost biblical in fact, stating profound truths regarding the

gift of service to the Lord. Upon the pages were intricate drawings of cosmic substances attaining to physical strata's, which represented my work in bringing eternity into that which is mortal, heaven to Earth. Retaining very little of the contents of the drawers, I did remember that in drawer one and two were messages regarding paths of service my soul might take in the future. Many things were shown to me, but they seem nebulous now. Reference was made to my past experience in the media, and that this would be of use in God's future demands.

But I do recall the question for drawer three, "What exactly do I need to do next to make these things come to pass?" The answer came on an ancient piece of paper. A simple drawing of a man whose arms reached upwards and out, his legs were going downwards and out, representing a soul in total surrender to divine will. Upon it were the words, 'You must bond deeply in your sleep with the purpose of this command.' Many papers followed it, with directions for each successive step, but I recalled none of them upon waking. Looking at all that had been shown to me, I became overwhelmed and shouted out to the Lord, "How am I to recall all these messages upon return and record them according to your will?" Pulling my soul away from the visionary abode, the message was clear. A picture of a power plant adorned the next page, and upon it were many sets of cryptic messages. Stopping on one, it said, 'The fire will guide you to the place of power, then cease your imaginings and create rapidity upon the ground.'

Begging not to be pulled away, I asked one

more question which bid the fourth and final allowance to emerge from the top drawer. Closing the one below, I asked a question I cannot remember, and received answers I cannot recall.

After returning from the experience, these words came into my conscious being:

"Oh thou glorious passer through thy realms of glory, cease your traveling upon the heavens for a time, to reach below and dip within the suckling of the Earth the heavenly odors and fragrance you have attained. Do not, I say, put forth thy soul unless and until it lingers with the heavenly odors and longs to encroach such eternal wisdom and suckle upon the wards below."

"Seek the highest wisdom in the nighttime stars; to be redeemed by the Lord thou must follow His whims and fancies beyond your idle imaginings. For the Lord is all great and all powerful and beyond all imaginings, and His method of approach is to seek to find souls of great magnitude to do His bidding in the fashion and manner of His bequest. Thou must seek to know His will, and His will awards you with service and purpose of many degrees beyond the present day necessity."

"Beyond such necessity of childbearing, allow the Lord to guide thy soul into the ever present image of His love, and to bid thy calling to thee when the time is nigh. For whotofore may know of what is asked, for thy soul is prepared for great things on the Earth, not as the Earth would perceive, but only as thy heavenly Father might bestow."

"Upon this lot, know that thy service is to be

ministered with humility with the attainment of knowledge fully in place, and upon thy bough, wherever thy Lord may send you, thou shalt go with kindness fulfilling the work of His calling in an energetic manner, beyond the realm of the knowledge of mortal men to know. Thou wilt be as a small person, unknown and undefiled, but thy works will be done according to His great will. Your works will be unseen to humankind, until long after your passing and beyond this, only when thy Lord decrees. Such as the Lord decrees bear witness to the grand scope of your ministry, but they shall remain unrevealed until the time of which the Lord shall deign to reveal. Of this, you know the greatness of this time and these acts."

"Seek to know the wisdom of the ages, in this thou shalt find peace. For only in God will the time bear fruit of which you must reap. These reapings are thy bequest to the Lord, thy only gift that thou may offer to thy Holy Host. What fruit shalt thou bear for Him? Beyond the fruit of thy prophecies (Secret Prophecies kept under separate cover until the Lord deigns that they be revealed.), thou shalt bear the fruit of redemption for all mankind through thy words and thy unseen deeds. A soul who bears the guidance of the Holy Host bears within him the secret codes of life eternal, and within these codes the highly prized mysteries of the all powerful redemptive spirit are found. Who among thy world must bid to give thee the knowledge, for there is no one, but for thee thy Host has reserved the greatest pleasure. Thy pleasure is the fruit of the redemption, illustrated through thy words and travelings to the other worlds and realms

of the heavens. Thy pleasure is the grand knowledge of the fruits of this redemption for ages to come, for thy words shall be used for the purpose of cleanliness and purification."

"Thy soul has become the harbinger of great things, unmanifest as of yet, but to be born so soon through thy handiworks and obedience to the will of the Lord. Most blessed are the works of the Lord done by thy hands. This is the great majesty of the heavens, the great Lord of creation. He can take thy hands, empty and meaningless of themselves, vases of clay, and fill them howsoever He pleases."

"O thou soul of thy passing, come forth to bid thy soul to service in the realm of the learned, and then cease your upping to charge forth to thy next abode of traveling. Howbeit that a soul must bid welcome to the Lord of Hosts in such manner, but yet it must be done. Through the horns of a Ram (My astrological birth sign is Aries, the Ram) shall the Word of thy Lord be manifest. Through the magnitude of one soul shall the mysteries be revealed to the common man in the worlds of the below. The synchronicity of the soul must be achieved through the redemption of the beloved. Allow thy words to become as a flame of purgation for souls, and as a novena to ever present holiness."

After these words came to me, an image symbolic of the redemption came into my mind. Seeing many ancient clay vases, all but one, were together in a huge clump on one side of the floor. Those who stood together leaned away from the other vase which was leaning in the opposite direction,

resting comfortably in the palms of the hands of the Lord. Hands glowing and brilliant in light, He formed the vase according to His will. Placing upon the singular vase a sign, the sign of the redemption, the other receptacles bore no sign upon their bough.

"(He who) had understanding and remembered everything, the first, intermediate and final things; (his) lips and tongue responded and he uttered great praises with . . . his mouth. He revealed the path of salvation and the road of purity (to all) souls who were in harmony with him."

*Gnosis on the Silk Road, Chapter 3, No. 2, Verses k, l, m,
(Christianity, Gnostic/Essene)*

"In this world, there is nothing so sublime and pure as transcendental knowledge. Such knowledge is the mature fruit of all mysticism. And one who has become accomplished in the practice of devotional service enjoys this knowledge within himself in due course of time."

*Bhagavad Gita As-It-Is, Chapter 4, Text 38, (Hinduism,
Translator: A.C. Bhaktivedanta Prabhupada)*

"I will put my words in his mouth, and he will speak to them whatever I command him. And it shall be: (any) man who does not hearken to my words which he speaks in my name, I myself will require (a reckoning) from him."

*The Five Books of Moses, Deuteronomy 18:18-19, Old
Testament, The Schocken Bible, (Judaism)*

Appearing very much as the Lady of Grace, the Holy Mother of God had her arms outstretched and was wearing a pink robe, the robe of the redemption. Embroidered with gold and white, upon her head

was a gilded golden crown. Brown and streaked with gold, her hair was blowing in the spirit wind as her hands remain outstretched to the world. Waves of light came from her hands, and she conveyed that I would change the title of my books to reflect the mysteries of the redemption. Pausing to consider such grandeur, I gazed upon her most beautiful countenance as a yellow lily, another sign of redemption, appeared in her hand.

"I was transported to a high place between Heaven and earth. I saw the earth below me gray and somber, and above me Heaven where, among the choirs of angels and the orders of the blessed, was the Blessed Virgin before the throne of God. I saw prepared for her two thrones of honor . . . and they were formed out of the prayers of earth. They were built entirely of flowers, leaves, garlands, the various species typical of the different value and characteristics of the prayers of individuals and of whole congregations. Angels and saints took them from the hands of those that offered them and bore them up to Heaven."

*The Life of Jesus Christ and Biblical Revelations, Volume I,
Section 3 - The Most Holy Virgin, No. 5, Paragraph 8,
(Christianity, Catholic, Author: St. Anne Catherine
Emmerich)*

Alighted in flame were the souls of the future, ignited in the flame of knowledge which had given them repast. But amongst them were a few seeds of darkness, who had come to bring disharmony to this future harmonious time. Occurring beyond a war, wherein many souls were lost, some of the good seed had been preserved to begin a new covenant upon the

earth. As I gazed upon these souls, I became astonished, for what lay in their laps were scriptures for their time. In a shocking moment, I realized that they were my own writings.

Experiencing a euphoric energy of knowledge, it imprinted upon every cell of my being the importance of these words, that each must be chosen so carefully so as to represent the truth, and that no words be given or interpreted in error. But there was a greater felicity to be attended to. Among the souls who'd been seeded to cause discord, I became aware of two souls who were to make a final attempt to thwart the new peace of the world by questioning the origin of these 'scriptures.'

"It must have been written as a fiction for the entertainment of the weak," one stated. If not for this warning given to my soul about this future, their efforts may have succeeded. But given such warning, the Lord bid me to state very clearly these two things. 1) Every word of which you read in this text is true to the best of my knowledge, as every experience did, indeed, occur to my soul in visions and out-of-body travel, and 2) Every word of which you read was written under divine inspiration, for the purpose of His greater glory. Although I remain a sinner, and I mistrust my own discretion, I do trust in the Lord. Let it be known . . . so that there may be no doubt.

"There are moments when I mistrust myself, when I feel my own weakness and wretchedness in the most profound depths of my own being, and I have noticed that I can endure such moments only by trusting in the infinite mercy of God."

Divine Mercy, Notebook II, No. 944, (Christianity,

Catholic, Words of St. Faustina)

"In their blind deception they follow darkness as their light, taste the bitter as sweet, take deadly poison for remedy of their souls . . . In thy actions take counsel first of all from the interior knowledge and light communicated to thee by God, in order that thou mayest not go blindly forward; and He shall always grant thee sufficient guidance."

The Mystical City of God (Abrid.), The Coronation, Chapter III, Page 640, Middle, (Christianity, Catholic, Words of Mary)

Sent upon a vast pilgrimage, my soul was sanctioned to follow Jesus, Joseph and Mary as they traveled across the desert to Bethlehem. Beginning in ancient times, I was preparing foodstuffs for the long journey. Because I was able to move from each destination point in a flash of moment, I was leaving supplies and food at each post along the way.

Interiorly, I gained a deep understanding of the process that was initially begun two thousand years ago. Joseph would always protect the child Jesus, while Mary would always obey Him. This was the intricate balance required between the two holy parents in order for the redemption to reach fruition on the ground.

Leaving the heavenly abodes, I was given paupers robes to wear as I began my journey across the desert to the first pilgrimage site. Surprised at what I found, my spirit was now ensconced in a maze below a towering rock within the deep desert. Having ridden a donkey, I had no idea what lay ahead. Up until this juncture, I had experienced all the

treacheries that the true Mary and Joseph might have known in their time, but most powerfully, the spitefulness of the king and the suffering of the desert. Made especially aware of the safety issues in regards to Mary and Joseph, it was vital that they reach the desired destination where the birth would occur.

As I approached the towering rock in the desert, I entered the maze below it, as suddenly everything was transformed in a great flash of light.

Watching a different time, Mary and Joseph were now children. Observing them, I noticed that they were very charitable and quick to help others. Despite this, no matter how deeply obvious the circumstances of those around them (in terms of sin), they were not quick to judge anybody. Humbling me, I had struggled with making rash decisions about others, and sometimes it had proven incorrect. 'Forgive me, Lord,' I thought. Very much like other children, they bore very distinctly developed aspects of holy of charity and love - manifested through kindness and lack of judgment.

Mary was helping a fellow friend who was engaging in sin, by taking away a sinful object. Choosing not to reveal her friend's shame to anybody else, her charitableness was revealed even further. Quiet assistance from the young Madonna, was quite enough to turn her friend towards virtue. Able to affect great change in their contemporaries by a singular act of love with no words being required or necessary, both Mary and Joseph had this unique gift. Fascinating and most humbling, I watched Joseph helping puppies by taking them to a safe place, out of

reach of some particularly violent people who would've harmed them. Immediately, this scene was followed up by a remembrance of Joseph protecting the baby Jesus from the hands of the King, and leading his family to safety. Further scenes were shown of the protection he afforded the child Jesus throughout His life, to keep Him safe from the dark forces who continually sought his downfall through people or circumstances as they presented themselves. I also saw that people were often enraged by Jesus' display of holy wisdom, which others instinctually knew came from God, but convicted them deeply of sin.

Upon leaving this first destination, I was pleased to find that the food I'd earlier prepared for each leg of the journey remained. Continuing my journey on the back of a camel, and sometimes a jeep, I was surprised that despite everything having been prepared ahead of time, this journey was deeply grave. Feeling the difficulty of this path for Mary and Joseph, I experienced extreme empathy for the most Holy Mother in being pregnant and traveling the desert in such a way.

As I traveled, I felt a vague impression of the coming Disciples of Christ, and how they were all inexorably linked to every move of Mary and Joseph. Their destinies were deeply entrenched in how this journey would unfold, which would determine the fate of them all.

"The pillar arose through the center of the church and there, like a tree, divided into several branches. Upon these branches stood the members of the Holy Family and their relatives. They stood as if on the stamens of

flowers . . . But above them all, on the very summit of the tree sat the Child Jesus in unfading splendor, the imperial globe in His hand. In adoration around these groups, were the first choirs of the Apostles and disciples . . ."

The Life of Jesus Christ and Biblical Revelations, Volume I, Part III - The Most Holy Virgin, No. 4, Page 145, Top & Bottom, (Christianity, Catholic, Author: St. Anne Catherine Emmerich)

Flashing back to the scene of Mary and Joseph as children, I was astounded that they chose to link their energies to mine by blending their holy soul's lights to my own. Experiencing their unity for only a moment as man and woman, I felt the oneness between Mary and Joseph, who were twin souls, eternal flames. They were united in body, mind and spirit, and this surprised me because of certain doctrines which support their virginity. Although I could certainly not say whether or not they remained virgins during their marriage, I experienced the aspect of unity and oneness - mind, body, and soul - which resonated between them, and I felt how holy, pure and uncalculated it was. Spirit born, their union contained no self-interest. In a certain sense, their journey and union were a blending of the divine into the soul of mankind as their entire lives were a sacrifice for God. Giving back to him in flesh, in Word, in energy, in power, and in intrinsic substance, these things were inexplicable for their souls were *not* the same as the rest of humanity. Despite their appearance to the eyes of the undiscerning, these were immortals.

Returning to the camel and the jeep, I

continued my pilgrimage into the desert, noticing how the food became scarcer into the journey and their sufferings increased. An absence of food was indicated, but there was also an absence of an energetic link-up to other people on the ground, which was so vitally needed in such a grand redemptive effort. Skimming from their supplies, they supplied for all that was wanting in each location of their journey, and they made what they had be enough, rather than ask for more, which they could have easily done to bring about this great event.

Mary and Joseph were shown to me as being very normal and simple, but immensely kind. Through their kindness you witnessed their splendor; otherwise you might not have noticed their holiness amongst the masses. Part of their purpose was to blend in, so as to protect the identity of the child they raised until He was of age to perform His great redemptive act.

Among the three of them, Mary, Joseph and Jesus, there was a great and lofty ideal which caused each member to give all in order to make it happen. This ideal was the mystery of the redemption which had been revealed to all of them in different ways. Because it was only a concept to them at the time, it seemed all the more incredible that they could understand such lofty subjects, because the people of their times were simple nomadic desert dwellers. But Mary and Joseph, and others who were a part of the redemption, became conscious of this knowledge aeons before their time.

Swept to another location deeper within the desert, I watched as another mystery of the

redemption unfolded before my eyes.

Watching Jesus digging in the ground with His raw hands, the dirt below Him stirred and swirled almost like a whirlpool as it became mud and then volcanic ash. Below ground at this holy Mount of Sinai, was the great item He sought to find, and Jesus was bound and determined to remove it from this holy place. Seeking something I immediately understood to be 'The Coffin of the Redemption,' He was looking for a simple wooden casket which contained a holy energy of great import. Only knowing that this holy item was vital to the next link of the redemption, connecting the works of the Patriarchs, Moses, and the Ten Commandments, to the coming of the Messiah to redeem all mankind, it bore some connection to the Ark of the Covenant. As He pulled the simple wooden coffin from below ground, the sky turned pink and Jesus turned to look directly into my eyes as I gazed through this portal to the past.

"On the same night that Moses took possession of the Holy Thing, a golden casket shaped like a coffin was prepared, in which at their departure the Israelites took it with them . . . In the center of this coffin-like chest, was placed a little golden casket wherein was contained the Holy Thing . . . Only afterward on Mount Sinai, was made the chest inlaid with gold inside and outside, and in it the golden mummiform coffin with the Holy Thing was placed."

The Life of Jesus Christ and Biblical Revelations, Volume I, Part II - Sin and its Consequences, No. 17, Page 108-109, (Christianity, Catholic, Author: St. Anne Catherine Emmerich)

Waving His arms, we suddenly stood before a great sky portal. Standing in the heavens trying to decide what sacrifice He could make on behalf of mankind, the Lord Jesus Christ was seeking the lofty ideal of the redemption of mankind. Trying many things, he went through every possible sacrifice that could be made, known to heaven and man. But in the end, a great sheath of red blood fell over the sky, and it was clear that the only sacrifice that would be sufficient was His most holy blood, and He was pleased to give it.

As I stood there in the sky looking upon the most holy countenance of the Lord Jesus, covered in a sheet of red, I wept at what He must choose to endure for my sake. As my tears fell, a great sheath of blood came in the form of a gigantic wave towards me and covered my soul. Instantly, I awoke.

"Many times did He beseech his eternal Father not to allow the sins and the ingratitude of men to hinder their Redemption. As Christ in his foreknowledge was always conscious of the sins of the human race and of the damnation of so many thankless souls, the thought of dying for them caused Him to sweat blood many times on these occasions."

Mystical City of God (Abrid.), The Transfixion, Chapter III, Paragraph 2, (Christianity, Catholic, Author: Ven. Mary of Agreda)

CHAPTER SEVEN

"By reflecting upon the evils of life in the round of successive existences, mayest thou be incited to seek

Emancipation."

*A Buddhist Bible, The Supreme Path, No. IX, (Buddhism,
Tibetan)*

Thrust upon a place of darkness, all was fearful and overwhelming in the nature of the vile energies ensconcing this abode. The dark forces were hidden, but immensely present as their essence was elusive behind the lurid cracks and walls, invisible to our eyes, but very noticed by our other senses. Everything was gray and dark. Andy was with me and we were praying to be delivered from this darkness into the light.

Emerging from the floor in prayer, a dark creature close to Satan in the line of rank in the armies of darkness appeared to me as a serpent with many heads. Looking like cobra heads, his body was reptilian, but of human upright form. Spitting venom into my face, he tried to convince me that I was doomed.

"Why bother," he said, "you cannot win this battle. You will be easily overwhelmed by Satan's forces, for he has sent quite a battalion here in your honor to have you defeated." I said nothing. "Accept it, you are doomed. You shall be defeated. You may as well accept this and come over to our way while you still can. We could make use of you." Although unafraid, I was quite overwhelmed by the ugly nature of this creature. His spit was like vomit, and his serpent heads were so disgusting I could have upchucked.

Rather than this, I said a few words to him. "What shall I say to you?" I said, "Shall I tell you of

Christ?" Looking concerned, he began to hiss. "Or shall I speak of the second coming of Christ?" Throwing him into a tizzy, I continued, "Perhaps I should speak to you of the return of the Buddha, the Buddha to come . . . Maitreya?" Reptilian skin sizzling with flame, he spit and hissed in discomfort. Now in flames but not yet destroyed, I turned and saw an amazing spectacle.

Behind me in the room appeared two life-size statues; a large golden Buddha which stood next to Avalokiteswara in deep purple robes, the Buddhist personification of compassion and Holy Mother. As the statues synchronistically came to life, all the darkness within this place became animated and visible. Creatures of the dark appeared; jelly-like parasitic critters sticking to walls, moaning in the darkness, many forms of black bugs, and tiny three-foot tall reptilian creatures who stood upright and had long tails with hooks at the end. An odor surrounded the place and a dark cloud had sprung from every nook and cranny, but I couldn't be afraid or even notice, because I was stunned at the sight of these prophets who had bid me the honor of coming to life before me, in all their holy splendor. Staring at them, their beauty and awesome power was mesmerizing.

Avalokiteswara and the golden Buddha were in the forefront, as the Buddha pointed me in the direction of another room. His arms held within them a power expressed in moderate movement, almost as if he were performing a spiritual aspect of martial arts in response to the forces of the dark. Avalokiteswara emitted an aura of kindness which shone around her

in white and green flames. Interiorly, I understood that the Buddha was fighting the darkness with his singular arm which represented his special power, the *balance of wisdom*; while Avalokiteswara was fighting the darkness with this spectacular aura, the *essence of love*. Following their guidance to the next room, I saw a third statue, this one of the prophet Zarathustra, wearing intensely green robes. Coming to life, he began fighting in a very physical manner the forces of darkness with a sword, which was a personification of the *light of truth*.

Interestingly, I had noticed that both the Buddha and Avalokiteswara had appeared fully oriental, but Zarathustra also had a small amount of oriental blood which could be seen in the partial slant of his eyes. Ceasing not once his battle with the forces of darkness on my behalf, he pointed to a room in the far off corner for which he wished me to traverse.

As I walked closely towards it, I opened the door to find a stunning pronouncement regarding the mysteries of the redemption revealed before my eyes. Having his back to my view, the personification of the second coming of Christ stood wearing a long white robe. Brown hair was cut short to his upper neck, as I wondered if I was witnessing the manner in which He would manifest in the flesh. Wondrous inexplicable things were revealed to me energetically regarding His second coming, and I was made to know the power of this moment. Displaying a power and peace indescribable, I felt holy honor. Something inexplicable was revealed to me regarding the power of this second incarnation, that it instilled a fresh terror amongst the demons who so wished for it to

never occur. Saying no words, I turned when bidden to do so by the Lord.

Running frantically back towards the many headed viper, I shouted! "In the name of the second coming of Christ, I invoke your destruction!" As I did this, the demon began shrieking a horrid sound from his many mouths, and began to dismantle before my eyes. In moments, Satan's charge was a dismembered serpent lying upon the floor. Many other smaller and less powerful demonic charges lay motionless upon the floor as the name of the second coming of Christ gave the demons a fresh terror, renewing powerfully the horror of which his first incarnation had given them.

"The nearer we approach our goal, the more will Hell strive to prevent our reaching it."

The 12 Steps to Holiness and Salvation, Chapter 2, Page 28, A Happy Death, Paragraph 1, (Christianity, Catholic, Author: St. Alphonsus Liguori)

Within moments, the dark and dank dwelling was completely exorcised and the living Buddha in gold, Avalokiteswara in purple, and Zarathustra in emerald green, stood all around me; joyous and triumphant. Hugging Avalokiteswara tightly, I cannot even begin to explain the consolation I felt in her arms, for she was filled with the essence of love, and her spirit of kindness was very motherly and soothing. Refusing to let her go, I grasped Zarathustra's outreached hand with my other hand while still embracing the Bodhisattva of Compassion (Avalokiteswara). Within Zarathustra's hands, I felt the light of truth and the power it held. The Buddha did not reach to me, as he only gazed in a very

moderate manner towards my eyes, filling me with the balance of wisdom he encompassed.

"Attach thyself to a religious preceptor endowed with spiritual power and complete knowledge . . . Seek friends who have beliefs and habits like thine own and in whom thou canst place thy trust."

*A Buddhist Bible, The Supreme Path, No. III, No.'s 1 - 3,
(Buddhism, Tibetan)*

Although not given another privileged opportunity to see the manifestation of the second coming of Christ this eve, I came to understand that He would encompass all the qualities which lay before me and much, much more. Come in one form as the second coming of Christ, AND the Buddha to come, Maitreya, within His soul lay a native element, as well, known only to me as 'Son of the Twelve Chiefs.'

Though Andy had not been present for most of the battle, he reappeared holding a card covered in pictures of bouquets of pale blue roses and carnations. "I figured you all looked so beautiful," he said to the prophetic guests, "I needed to put a light on you." As Andy held the card towards me, the many roses and carnations now beamed with a holy light as the essence of their fragrance overtook my soul.

Awaking surrounded by pale blue roses and carnations, their smell surrounded me in my bed, as I lay in comfort and peace.

"What, then, is the state of this happy soul in her bed of flowers . . . ?"

The Collected Works of St. John of the Cross, The Spiritual Canticle, Stanza 26, No. 1, (Christianity, Catholic, Author:

St. John of the Cross)

***"The perfume is an announcement or the confirmation
that he has heard our prayer or request."***

*Padre Pio, The Stigmatist, Chapter III, Paragraph 11,
(Christianity, Catholic)*

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.

"By quitting one's own country and dwelling in foreign lands one should acquire practical knowledge of non-attachment."

*A Buddhist Bible, The Supreme Path, No. VII, No. 2,
(Buddhism, Tibetan)*

"By reflecting upon the irrevocable nature of the results which inevitably arise from actions, mayest thou be incited to avoid impiety and evil."

*A Buddhist Bible, The Supreme Path, No. IX, No. 3,
(Buddhism, Tibetan)*

"When you are joyous, look deep into your heart and you shall find it is only that which has given you sorrow that is giving you joy. When you are sorrowful look again in your heart, and you shall see that in truth you are weeping for that which has been your delight."

*The Prophet, On Eating and Drinking, Page 29, Botton,
(Christianity, Author: Kahlil Gibran)*

Amidst the company of several wise men of old, my eyes still hold the vision of their flowing robes around their tall bodies as they stood before me. One's back faced me, as the other two magi looked upon my countenance. Much like shepherds, they stood around me for a great part of the night, as I felt serenity. Teaching me of things, I have not been given leave to remember even one word of their teaching, just the holy wonder and peace . . . peace . . . that I felt in the presence of these shepherds this night.

"And this is that holy and loving inebriation which causes the blessed to lose memory of themselves, to give themselves wholly to praise . . ."

The Soul Sanctified, Chapter 30, Page 84, Paragraph 1,

Witnessing the unfoldment of the doctrine of reincarnation, I was filled with an inexplicable knowledge of every aspect of this grand mystery of the redemption. As the mysteries of the redemption and reincarnation are inseparable, it was beholden to me as eight separate vessels of knowledge. Containing distinct energetic knowledge which denoted, reiterated and explained much of the experiential knowledge I've come to know throughout my journeyings, there was also a great deal more.

Each of eight aspects of the mystery were presented to me distinctly and separately, each as by two hands opening up before my eyes, with a profound energetic body coming from between them and into my soul, which expounded and filled me with the energetic truths of reincarnation. I wish I could express this vision further, for it was quite profound, but inexplicable. With great anticipation, I awaited the final two mysteries; for I knew that they held profundity beyond my imaginings. When these last two bodies of knowledge opened and filled me, I cannot express the relief and satisfaction which came through me, but yet, I remember nothing tangible of the knowledge which came over me, for it was all profoundly energetic and inexplicable.

Let it suffice to say that the mysteries of the redemption - and reincarnation - are inseparable.

*"I am He who in an instant lift up the humble spirit,
to learn more reasonings of the Eternal Truth, than if
a man had studied ten years in the schools. I teach*

without noise of words, without confusion of opinions, without striving after honour, without clash of arguments. I am He who teach men to despise earthly things, to loathe things present, to seek things heavenly, to enjoy things eternal, to flee honours, to endure offences, to place all hope in Me, to desire nothing apart from Me, and above all things to love Me ardently."

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

A black and white picture of Don Bosco stood before me, the founder and saint of the Salesian missions. As it appeared, I heard a voice repeating over and over, "Blood Eucharist, Blood Eucharist, Blood Eucharist," as my soul felt the longing to partake of this holy sacrament which it seemed would never be mine to taste.

"This Divine Bread is eaten, but it is not changed, because it assumes no other form in him who eats it. It transforms the worthy receiver into Him whom it contains."

The Blessed Eucharist, Chapter 13, Page 188, Paragraph 1, (Christianity, Catholic, Author: Fr. Michael Muller, C.S.S.R.)

Suddenly walking briskly with Albert Einstein, I said, "Boy, you sure look like my father," I said, as he spoke not. "It's interesting," I added, "how you blended science with Christianity." Looking at me, his face didn't change; he had a very mystical sort of presence. Within a moment, he was gone.

For several years now, my soul had heralded

momentary glimpses into the world of pain and suffering due to the still undiagnosed illnesses (Lupus) which had clung to my soul. Wondering why such an affliction might be necessary, I began to pray and ask for wisdom as to the purpose of my own particular suffering, and also to know in some general sense, the purpose of the many sufferings which are placed upon the people of God during their Earthly sojourns.

Immediately, I began to hear the voice of an unidentified saint as if speaking over a radio. Speaking of the importance of overcoming vanity, I instantly realized that my current illness was connected with her words. Making it difficult to be vain as my body was continually covered in rashes, sores or other disgusting maladies, it was forcing my spirit to let go of this sin.

A method of purging myself of all vanity - a sin which was great within me - this was to be accomplished in two ways. First, by the nature of the physical disgustingness of the maladies themselves which precluded vanity, and second, by being in a situation for which I could not control, the discharge of the vanity of self-control and self-destination.

"Illness and tribulations, being teachers of piety, are not to be avoided."

*A Buddhist Bible, The Supreme Path, No. V. No. 5,
(Buddhism, Tibetan)*

"When God gives you something to suffer, says St. Augustine, He acts as a physician, and the suffering He sends it not a punishment but a remedy."

The 12 Steps to Holiness and Salvation, Chapter 12, Page 188, Top, (Christianity, Catholic)

Padre Pio was standing behind the counter, as I had emerged in a new place. Immediately watching him from afar, I reveled in this holy man who had received the stigmata, bearing the wounds of Christ.

Approaching him, I said, "I have something to tell you, Padre." Looking up, he waited for my words. "I love you," I said. Smiling for a moment, he then spoke. "Good," he said, "that's good . . . for now."

"Wherefore, every blessed soul will lose all her own desires and will have no other desire but to love God and to be loved by Him, and knowing that she is sure of ever loving Him and of being ever loved by Him, this very thing will be her blessedness . . ."

*The Soul Sanctified, Chapter 30, Page 84, Paragraph 2,
(Christianity, Catholic)*

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 hour of death is for us the time of greatest anxiety. Jesus Christ alone can give us the strength to suffer, with patience and profit, the trials of this last decisive moment. At the approach of death we have more than ever to fear from the assaults of Hell. The nearer we approach our goal, the more Hell will strive to prevent our reaching it. St. Eleazar, who had lived a life of great purity, was violently tempted in the hour of death, but he did not lose courage for a moment. To those standing around him he said: 'The efforts of Hell at this moment are very great, but by

the merits of His suffering our Saviour takes from them all their power."

The 12 Steps to Holiness and Salvation, Chapter 2, Page 28, A Happy Death, Paragraph 1, (Christianity, Catholic, Author: St. Alphonsus Liguori)

"What is your life? It is like a vapor, which is dispersed by a breath of wind and is no more."

The Soul Sanctified, Chapter 23, Paragraph 1, (Christianity, Catholic)

CHAPTER EIGHT

"I wish to accomplish the redemption of the human race with which Thou hast charged Me. I wish to restore to this human nature the highest perfection and the plenitude of thy divine complaisance; and then I wish to pass from this world to thy right hand, bearing with Me all those whom Thou hast given Me without losing a single one of them for want of willingness on our part to help them."

The Mystical City of God, Volume 3, Book II, Chapter 11, Page 453, No. 473, (Christianity, Catholic, Words of Christ)

Entering an old Buddhist monastery in the sky, they practiced something called the 'Mai Tai' tradition, something of which I'd never heard of in physical reality. Immediately joining the group of monks in several forms of prayer, they showed me a chart indicating a total of nine forms of Buddhistic prayer. Focusing on the first form, it served the purpose of rendering all remaining ego benign. As I

prayed in this manner, I began experiencing who I truly am, what I'd truly done in my life, leaving all illusory interpretations behind, and holding onto only those true aspects of my soul which could be of use to the will of God. During this prayer practice, I was expected to fully experience and disclose to myself and my associates all the acts of my life which had been committed in a state of ignorance and karmic malaise. And then, I had to fully experience and disclose to myself and my associates the person I had become since; the state of serenity, as opposed to reckless disregard, the state of flow as opposed to moving against the movement.

Bidding me to know that I would not be given leave to remember how this form of prayer was practiced or any of the remaining eight forms, it was a practice brought about through the mystery and mechanism of the redemption. Understanding their strict command, I bid them thanks.

"Who once did live in recklessness and then is reckless nevermore, shall light the world like the full moon when clouds unmask it. Who checks with wholesome deeds the evil deeds already done, shall light the world like the full moon when clouds unmask it."

*The Life of the Buddha, Chapter 9, Page 138, Stanza 1,
(Buddhism)*

"For a learner who is training in conformity with the direct path, the knowledge of destruction arises first, and final knowledge immediately follows. To one freed by that final knowledge, the topmost knowledge of freedom, there arises the knowledge of destruction: 'Thus the fetters are destroyed.' Certainly not by the

lazy person, nor by the uncomprehending fool, is Nibbana to be attained, the loosening of all worldly ties."

The Ituvittaka, The Section of the Fours, No. 102, Page 80, stanzas 1-3, (Buddhism, Theravadan)

"The Highest Wisdom, however, perceives and knows what is best to rectify all creation. In its profound design, it weighs everything together, and directs each individual element of creation accordingly."

The Way of God, Part II, Chapter 3, No. 11, Paragraph 2, (Judaism)

Having come without warning, the demons had thrust my soul into a disgusting and horrible place of darkness, a place of brainwashing which was used to bring in witchcraft cult members on the ground. Knowing I had to be careful in my escape, this place was a realm of the energized demonic activity, one of the realms of the satanic cults. What initially gave permission for them to take me here was a very stupid error of words on my part. Some people who I had immediately known to be dark had approached me speaking of war and brotherhood. In the past, they used to engage in warring amongst themselves, but now had learned to form brotherhoods of men, instead. "Yeah," I said, "I believe in brotherhood." Speaking of an entirely different kind of brotherhood, my soul was immediately transported to their realm.

Propelling my soul from one council of Satanists to another, each tried in a different way to trick me into agreeing with their evil doctrines. Each council submitted me to one form of torture or

another, along with spells and castings by the demons and their Earthly witchy wards. Beginning to pray, I repeated the 'Our Father' and the 'Hail Mary.'

Brainwashing souls into false doctrines, they specialized in energizing the spirits fall from grace. As I had the opportunity to observe those things which gave Satan and his charges great glee, I learned several things. First and foremost, there is no such thing as white witchcraft, because witchcraft of any kind involves manipulating energetic reality, which is against eternal law. Angels and spirits of the light do not respond to magical whims, only demons do. It gives the demons great pleasure to deceive souls into practicing any form of magic, even those which claim benign status; white witchcraft or magic, Wicca, sorcery, etc. They all originate in darkness because manipulating reality is an energetic crime against God.

Other aspects of great joy to Satan and his charges were several doctrines they had managed to defile and distort. The first is the belief that there is no dark side, demons, hell or Satan. The second is the misinterpretation regarding the doctrine of the 'self.' Many souls believe the 'self' is their ego, when the 'self' spoken of in Eastern religions is truly the divine element within. In order to experience the true 'self,' a soul must experience a state of ecstasy or Samadhi. Because this is something achieved primarily by prophets, saints and mystics, remaining undiscovered to the masses; many souls misperceive the 'self' to be their desires, their wants, their dreams and aspirations, and by so doing, they become selfish and self-centered making the job of the demons much

easier. The third was a teaching they particularly enjoyed, a distorted teaching of unconditional love which says that there are no right or wrong actions, making the job of demons extremely pleasant, because they didn't even have to break down the walls of moral foundation. The fourth, was the belief that any 'channeled' entity comes from a higher source, when in fact it was given to me to observe several demons fulfilling this function, some going so far as to make lofty claims about their identities, saying they were great masters and the like. Although there are legitimate channelers who speak with the tongues of men and angels, it was made very clear that a great deal of discernment was required in knowing the true from the false prophets. One obvious criteria for making such discernment would be to stand aware of any of these erroneous doctrines.

"For he who uses the gift of tongues to seek after riches, or to hold sway over his enemies, he shall no longer be a Son of Light, but a whelp of the devil and a creature of darkness."

The Essene Gospel of Peace, Volume 4, The Essene Communion, Page 11, Paragraph 4, (Christianity, Gnostic/Essene, Words of Christ)

Diabolical liaisons surrounding souls who believed such doctrines included dark parasitic creatures, bats, tarantulas, webs, serpents, ooze and sludge coming from the pores. Disturbing to witness the level of darkness involved with such erroneous beliefs, all of them were completely deluded, convinced they were following a higher path. Neglecting to realize that what they believed was very similar to another well-known doctrine, the

doctrine of the fall, they were being led down the road of perdition completely unaware. Beware the serpent, for he comes in many faces, and he deceives the most sincere among you.

Many souls were led down this road of perdition, even though they had begun their paths sincerely. Who would not prefer a doctrine of unconditional love which supports a soul, no matter what place upon the path he may be? But this doctrine of unconditional love was *not* meant to harbor souls in their sleep, but rather to catapult them into movement on their paths of karmic purification. Compassion and understanding are very much needed as a soul travels down the rocky road of karmic influence, but with the truth firmly rooted at his side. Forgiveness and understanding regarding one another's fallibility cannot be overstated, but within the constant confines of abiding truth.

Easily weakened and overcome by several prayers, the demons could not fight the 'Hail Mary,' because the Most Holy Mary has the power to crush the head of the serpent. Unable to withstand the 'Our Father,' it is actually used in the process of exorcism, and renders them benign. Another prayer which made them benign was, "Jesus, Mary, I love you, save souls." Throwing them into a tizzy, it literally hurled them away from my soul.

Brainwashing in the form of energetic manipulation, if you became fearless in the face of their torture, it could not enter into you. Their brainwashing is actually doctrine which enters the soul in an energetic form, via demons and dark spirits. None could enter me because of the holy

names I continually used and the prayers I offered. Also, most importantly, I continued to deny every doctrine of falsehood they presented to my soul, despite their torture at my denials.

Lashed about, thrown against walls, stomped on, etc., despite this, I knew the Lord had allowed this temptation for my greater knowledge of such falsehoods. Throughout the night, the battles continued and I wasn't sure how I would escape them. Continuing to torture me, my soul was thrust into a horrid position wherein my mouth was locked shut and I heard the voices of the demons shouting. "Where there will be wailing and gnashing of teeth." Repeating in my mind the words, "Christ crucified, Christ crucified, Christ crucified, Christ crucified," they plunged into a rage and howling. For a moment, they couldn't come near enough to torture me. More powerful than all the prayers I'd already used, in their anger they attempted another temptation. "We can make you become a saint," they said, as in my shock and horror I was taken aback, suddenly lashed against the floor because of my moment of stun. Repeating their offer, I was horrified to think that the demons could make such a thing really happen for somebody who wanted something like this because of their ego. It was shocking! But now suddenly having the faculty of speech, I began to shout, "I don't want to be a saint! I am not a saint! All I want is to be like Christ crucified, Christ crucified, Christ crucified . . ."

Laughing at my reply, my soul was horribly thrown against the floor and placed in the position that Christ was placed on the cross. "Then you shouldn't mind dying the way He did then, should

you?" Pounding their reptilian heels and feet into my appendages, I continued repeating 'Christ crucified,' the 'Our Father,' and the 'Hail Mary.' Holding large nails which they intended to pound through my hands and feet, they ran out of time. Within a few moments, the demons howls became blood-curdling, and they began to plummet into the depths of hell, far away from my soul which was rising towards the heavens far away from their bleak world. The power of the Word had released my soul from this affliction, and I'd emerged victorious. Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

Unfortunately, I awoke with some of the signs of the battle upon my body.

"Do thou set thyself to endure tribulations, and reckon them the best consolations; for the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us, nor would they be even if thou wert to endure them all.

When thou hast come to this, that tribulation is sweet and pleasant to thee for Christ's sake, then reckon that it is well with thee, because thou hast found paradise on earth."

The Imitation of Christ, Second Book, Chapter XII, No. 10-11, (Christianity, Catholic)

"Oh that thou wert worthy to suffer something for the name of Jesus, how great glory should await thee, what rejoicing among all the saints of God . . ."

The Imitation of Christ, Second Book, Chapter XII, No. 13, (Christianity, Catholic)

"Let us understand that God is a Physician, and that suffering is a medicine for salvation, not a

punishment for damnation."

*The Voice of the Saints, Chapter 15, No. 1, (Christianity,
Catholic, Words of St. Augustine)*

Plummeted between the heavenly and Earthly realms to listen to the music which emanated from each, my soul first listened to the symphonies coming from the Earth, and then to the celestial symphonia of the higher realms. Although I'd heard both types of music many times before, this was the first time that I noticed the very obvious differences in their expression. Earthly music had strong strings and bass instruments which supported the strong base, grounded representation; the drama of karma and Earthly existence. Heavenly music was filled with simpler sounds coming from higher instruments like flutes and harps. Both were equally beautiful, but very different.

On another occasion, I had the experience of ice skating within the spheres of the heavens. With every step of my feet, a heavenly symphony began. Becoming a dance to the rhythms of the harmonious existences of life residing in the upper spheres, I could hear such things, because my soul was flowing deep within the oneness of heavenly life, and traveling along the wave of the will of God. Many people of Earth-plane status whose spiritual regions were only programmed to hear the low, dark sounds of the bass progression of karma were present. But they were unable to hear the heavenly symphonies coming from my feet. I found this to be sadly interesting, but all too familiar.

"And your ears were made not only to hear the words

of men, the song of birds, and the music of falling rain, but they were also made to hear the Holy Stream of Sound."

*The Essene Gospel of Peace, Vol. 4, Page 43, Paragraph 3,
(Christianity, Gnostic/Essene)*

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.

"In the second confession more emphasis was placed upon the combined nature, the supernal fact that he was the Son of Man and the Son of God, and it was upon this great truth of the union of the human nature with the divine nature that Jesus declared he would build the kingdom of heaven."

The Urantia Book, Section IV, Paper 157, No. 5, Paragraph 2, (Christianity, Urantia)

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 . . .

"More than this cannot be told, for the Holy Streams will take you to that place where words are no more, and even the Holy Scrolls cannot record the mysteries therein."

*The Essene Gospel of Peace, Volume 4, The Holy Streams,
Page 44, Paragraph 1, (Christianity, Gnostic/Essene,
Words of Christ)*

Entering into a small store, Andy and I found ourselves amongst a gathering of souls interested in the music played by a small man who ran a redemptive service for souls interested in knowing their status upon the Earth. Playing music which placed people in cosmic states, he used various sounds; gongs, flutes, and air vibrations. Able to bring forth latent desires and issues remaining in the redemption and purification of an individual soul, he was very skilled in his work.

The gong sound was especially entrancing for me, immediately sending me into a higher awareness,

but I also enjoyed an extra-terrestrial sound, because it made me think of my Pleiadian home. Because of my purification, I could listen to these sounds and become very cosmically attuned. To others, it caused their latent desires to come out, making them behave in some strange ways. One man was acting as though he was in a fight with somebody, although he was by himself, and a woman was acting very sexual as if there were men she was coming on to, although she was also by herself.

Pointing me out to the group, the man who ran the place showed them my state of cosmic malaise which was an indication that my redemption was complete. As there were no remaining latent desires lingering beneath the surface, everything was out in the open to me.

"Conquer yourself and the world lies at your feet."

*The Voice of the Saints, Chapter 14, Page 114, No. 3,
(Christianity, Catholic, Words of St. Augustine)*

Banging a gong, my spirit became very aware of a cosmic image of a spaceship being conducted by extra-terrestrials. Unlike any I'd previously seen, they were humanoid, but their heads were formed like a helmet. In fact, they looked very much like the Egyptian headwear seen on the Pharaohs. Making me wonder about the origins of the Egyptians, and whether or not they had come from outer space, our guide spoke of how some spiritual seekers had subconsciously ridden such vessels in their youth to prepare for their mission in life.

Before I prepared to leave, however, there were pointed out two distinct issues which had surfaced within another soul present, reckless driving

and judgmental tendencies. As I began to leave, the man in charge made a reference to my work in decorating our home as a monastery, saying that it was a good and true endeavor.

"We see with our own eyes how often a person neglects his duty in spite of his awareness of it and in spite of his having come to recognize as a truth what is required for the salvation of his soul and what is incumbent upon him in respect to his Creator."

*The Path of the Just, Chapter VI, Page 79, Paragraph 1,
(Judaism)*

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.

"It is necessary that temptations should happen; for who shall be crowned but he that shall lawfully have fought . . ."

The Voice of the Saints, Chapter 9, No. 2, (Christianity, Catholic, Words of St. Bernard)

As I awoke in bed, I looked up to notice that the Mother Mary was standing before one of the altars in my bedroom formed in her honor, looking upon it. Wearing light blue and white robes, she never turned to glance at me, but kept looking at the altar. Staring at her for several minutes, I turned to go back to sleep.

"She seeks for those who approach her devoutly and with reverence, for such she loves, nourishes, and adopts as her children."

The Voice of the Saints, Chapter 17, Page 135, No. 5, (Christianity, Catholic, Words of St. Bonaventure)

Our party had taken to camping in the wilderness for the night, as our two wagons we had were in need of repair and the horses in need of a rest. Traveling across the mighty frontier towards the plains, we'd made plans to settle and make new homes in the wild country. But we were unprepared for what happened next.

Approaching us in English, a middle-aged Indian woman saw our party from the banks of a river. "Your presence here is insulting to my people,"

she said and then walked away. Having accidentally dropped a small bible into the water because of my fear of her when she approached, I picked it up.

In the middle of the night, they came, the Cheyenne warriors. Immediately, my spiritual aspect remembered their leader who had come to me early in my spiritual journeyings calling himself 'Cheyenne.' Shocked at how brutal he had been in life, the life of the frontier was violently different than what I had perceived.

Being taken captive by the Cheyenne, we were brought to their camp. One of the older men among us was a doctor, and very strong willed, and he defiantly spat at the feet of their leader. Immediately shot to death, we quickly learned that if we were to live, we had to become useful to the tribe. There were quite a few white folk amongst this tribe and it immediately became clear that if anybody lost their use, they would be killed.

A grown woman, my grown sister and brother were among us, as well as my father. My mother was not present; perhaps she had already died in the East. Wearing long dresses with petticoats, my hair was dyed blonde and curled at the ends in a tress. Looking upon all of us, I noticed that my butt was pretty big, and my sister was skinnier than I. Women wore hats with limp colored feathers in them. Fancy and looking quite odd at this juncture, over time, my blonde hair grew back out to its natural brown color.

Becoming useful to the tribe in teaching, they'd become interested in learning to read. Having to give up everybody and everything from our old life made me extremely angry at the Indians. Although we were

made regular citizens of the tribe, it was also made clear that we were not allowed to leave at penalty of death.

At one point several years later, my sister and father escaped one night, but I was unable to go with them. Becoming extremely depressed, over time, I had taken ill. Laying down struggling to breathe, I was unable to control urination. The Indians actually tended to me very lovingly at this juncture, but I still hated them and all they had done to us in my heart.

Never recovering, I was rarely able to get out of bed, and it wasn't long before I died.

The Indians and what they meant to me, what can I say? This event made it clear to me just how important they were in regards to my own redemption, because I had built up so much karma regarding them between my own lives as a native among them, and my lifetimes as a white person whose reality kept bumping into theirs.

In a sense, I knew that I had had this experience to give myself a sense of the journey, the accomplishment, the distance, and the struggle. The journey from karmic delusion towards the grand redemption of my soul had been a very long one, and this moment reminded my soul of the distance it had come. For the purpose of praise, we must always remember from where we have come, for it is only through this, that our soul retains a true understanding of the value of that which has come to pass. Praise the Lord, for the journey slowly reaches its end, the mysteries of the redemption have unfolded and become manifest within my heart.

"For it is by wise guidance that you wage your war,

and the victory is due to a wealth of counselors."

New American Bible, Old Testament, Proverbs 24:6

"But the rational soul who (also) wearied herself in seeking - she learned about God. She labored with inquiring, enduring distress in the body, wearing out her feet after the evangelists, learning about the Inscrutable One. She found her rising. She came to rest in him who is at rest. She reclined in the bride-chamber. She ate of the banquet for which she had hungered. She partook of the immortal food. She found what she had sought after. She received rest from her labors, while the light that shines forth upon her does not sink."

The Nag Hammadi Library, Authoritative Teaching, Page 310, Paragraph 1, (Christianity, Gnostic/Essene)

CHAPTER NINE

"Light and darkness, life and death, right and left, are brothers of one another. They are inseparable. Because of this neither are the good good, nor the evil evil, nor is life life, nor death death. For this reason each one will dissolve into its earliest origin. But those who are exalted above the world are indissoluble, eternal."

The Nag Hammadi Library, The Gospel of Philip, Page 142, Paragraph 4, (Christianity, Gnostic/Essene)

Becoming a true disciple of Christ, the energy beams kept coming at me from different locations to fulfill the coming. Faced with the constant onslaughts of these very different energies, my soul was

receiving an energetic education on all the aspects which were relevant to me in becoming such a disciple of Christ. But such knowledge was inexplicable, and was of many different qualities, rather than intellectual knowledge. Hitting me for most of the night, the beams kept coming.

"Blessed are ye of the inner circle who hear my word and to whom mysteries are revealed."

*The Gospel of the Holy Twelve, Lection XX, No. 7,
(Christianity, Gnostic/Essene, Words of Christ)*

Studiously transcribing the notes that I had written regarding the mysteries of the redemption, it became known to me that they were a commentary on another more important text. Within each section of the commentary, I also wrote down the verse of this unknown text which had been its inspiration. Continuing this process throughout the night, when I finished I was shocked to learn just what sort of book I had been writing about. Emerging from my notes was a copy of the New Testament, as my writing was a commentary on the New Testament, bearing the journey of a soul according to the teachings of Christ within the pages of the most Holy Bible. Honored and stunned by this, I realized that in our humble journey towards the redemption, the Holy Scriptures had been fulfilled, as they must be fulfilled in every individual life. It is finished; let it be done according to thy will . . .

"I have set you as the light of the world, and as a city that cannot be hid. But the time cometh when darkness shall cover the earth, and gross darkness the people, and the enemies of truth and righteousness

shall rule in my Name, and set up a kingdom of this world, and oppress the peoples, and cause the enemy to blaspheme, putting for my doctrines the opinions of men, and teaching in my Name that which I have not taught, and darkening much that I have taught by their traditions. But be of good cheer, for the time will also come when the truth they have hidden shall be manifested, and the light shall shine, and the darkness shall pass away, and the true kingdom shall be established which shall be in the world, but not of it, and the Word of righteousness and love shall go forth . . . "

*The Gospel of the Holy Twelve, Lection XCV, No. 3-4,
(Christianity, Gnostic/Essene, Words of Christ)*

"Then opened he their understanding, that they might understand the scriptures. And said unto them, Thus it is written, and thus it behooved Christ to suffer, and to rise from the dead after the third day. And that repentance and remission of sins should be preached in my name among all nations, beginning at Jerusalem. And ye are witnesses of these things."

*The Gospel of the Holy Twelve, Lection LXXXVIII, No. 6,
(Christianity, Gnostic/Essene)*

My soul had been in a state of disorientation for a long time. As I began to reacquaint myself with the reality of the world around me, I found myself within the confines of a mental ward. In my stupor, I had failed to notice that many people had come to see me in my confinement, and were concerned about my soul.

Feeling as though I were emerging from a dream, I quietly walked down the halls following the

whims of my heart, I knew where I needed to go.

Carrying with me a box full of ancient sacred texts, I began to look upon them with intrigue. It was these texts which had led me down a road which looked so much like mental illness to those around me. Yet, this road had been the most vital of all roads I'd ever taken. Despite the perception of those who surrounded me, I knew that this road was one every mortal soul must follow at some point in their endless cycle of lives.

After entering the room and settling my accounts with several people, the teacher got up and began to talk to this crowded room of students. "Now that you finally have this little distraction taken care of," he said, "you can focus again on your studies." I was the distraction he spoke of, my failing mental health. Surprisingly, however, several students began sharing a defense on my behalf. "I'm just trying to point out," the teacher responded, "that this woman has been a great distraction for all of you, because of her craziness, and all her problems." A woman jumped up. "You speak of her as if you don't understand," she said, "it is not like the butler who has been caught stealing. No, it's not like that at all, but rather, the poet whose battle in life is always with himself, her sinfulness is the only thing which concerns her. Have you ever listened to this soul? How she speaks of her own sin with such disdain and regret, how she believes with her full heart that her life has warranted hell." Only making him believe in his position all the more, he replied, "Don't let this woman continue to distract you from your goals. She's crazy, that's all there is to it."

Standing up, I looked directly into his eyes and said, "It is not I that you are afraid of, sir. I am only another worthless crazy person to you. But it is *yourself* that you find reflected in me which gives you such fear and trepidation. I see angels . . . and I see demons. I see them both. They are as real to me as you are at this moment." Pulling back, he cringed at my admittance of what I saw. "You are afraid of your own spirit which I reflect to you now," I said, "you are afraid of the journey which I have taken, not because you find it so crazy, but because a part of you finds it extremely disturbing, somehow not so far removed from that which your own soul must do to progress, but you are afraid to walk this path because you, too, may then seem crazy." Visibly shaken, I began to recite the death song. "The timeless moon doth ocean sway tide, holding tight to beachhead reign, but never be near the stillness of time, crossing to regions of lingering plane . . . Sing in spirit to mountains that speak . . . " Almost shouting, he pushed me away from him. As he did, the whole group of students began to slowly clap and stand.

Within a short flicker of time, they stood in ovation for my journey and recovery through the mental crags of karma, which had given my soul a strange new insight into all things. My eyes didn't see things the same as they had before, because all was brilliant, lively and filled with meaning. The molecules in the air were visible to me now, and every step I took was energized and filled with light emanation. Was I crazy? Perhaps. But my crazy love for God had set me free from the delusions of my youth.

Perhaps all who cross the walkway towards the redemption appear to those we leave behind as somehow touched. But it is the Holy Spirit which touches us and makes us seem so odd, so malfeasant. It is unnecessary to explain to those we leave behind, for someday, too, they will emerge upon the same threshold which shall take them deep into a state of apparent mental illness. Perhaps if they knew that it is their current, unrealized state which is the true madness, they would begin to see the world through the eyes of a soul preparing to leave this planetary teacher behind. Beginning in karmic madness, this journey ends in heavenly malaise. Heavenly malaise is the ultimate madness to a soul locked in karma's temptation, and trapped within the gate of lifetimes of sin. Spinning . . . spinning . . . spinning . . . do they know that they appear mad to souls such as my own? My own soul whimpers in pain to hear other souls constantly talking, spinning, of things other than God. No meaning, no rapture, no joy, just the continuing drudgery of sanity, whilst I continue in my crazed ascent ever closer to my Beloved.

If this love of God is madness, then let me be mad, for I would never go back to being a rational soul, defect free in the eyes of the world, who lives only for the self and worldly pursuits. Without God, let me die. With God, let me appear as crazy as I must, to awaken these slothful souls towards the path of heavenly bliss.

"For them that believe, these things are true. For them that believe not, they are as an idle tale."

*The Gospel of the Holy Twelve, Lection XCVI, No. 27,
(Christianity, Gnostic/Essene)*

Entranced by the level of the vibration, my soul was thrust into a very long state of ecstasy or Samadhi. Lasting for three and a half hours, I could see everything around me in the room, above my home, into the stars and the ether, and into all heavenly abodes which might possibly overlap my current threshold, despite the fact that my physical eyes were closed. When your soul is alighted into such a state, all things become enlivened, you can see the consciousness in all things around you, the molecular structures, and the living ether trails which unite all life.

"Samadhi but extends my conscious realm, beyond limits of the mortal frame to farthest boundary of eternity where I, the Cosmic Sea, watch the little ego floating in Me. Mobile murmurs of atoms heard, the dark earth, mountains, vales, lo! Molten liquid! Flowing seas change into vapors of nebulae! Aum blows upon vapors, opening wondrously their veils, oceans stand revealed, shining electrons, till, at last the sound of the cosmic drum, vanish the grosser lights into eternal rays of all-pervading bliss. From joy I came, for joy I live, in sacred joy I melt. Ocean of mind, I drink all creation's waves."

*The Autobiography of a Yogi, Chapter 14, Page 170-171,
(Hinduism, Kriya Yoga, Words of Paramahansa
Yogananda)*

Oh, my goodness, to look upon it! How could I bear such beauty and radiance before my eyes? The souls who traveled with me this eve seemed unaffected by that which was affecting me and

everywhere my eyes could look, I saw images of the most Holy Mother of God! But what was very odd was that some of these images would begin of her, and then become something ordinary.

Several hundred yards in front of me, I saw a towering image of her most holy essence, at least one hundred feet high. Wearing dark robes, she wore black with a blue interior, much like a nun.

As I began running towards it, however, something odd began to happen. While running, I could hear a distant woman's voice whispering, "Philothea, Philothea . . ." Following the beckon ever closer to what I had seen, when I arrived it had become a rather tall building. My momentary euphoria was not lost, as I began to hear the words echoing in the sky yet again.

On top of a nearby hospital, I saw her image radiating towards me, arms outstretched. Wearing transcendent white laced with gold, her arms reached to me and I saw her lips move. "Philothea, Philothea . . ." Following the beckon, I ran in fury to find the Blessed Virgin, but as I came nearer, I suddenly saw many statues and images of Her most holy essence which had now appeared . . . everywhere! In front and on top of buildings, in the windows, everywhere! Astounded, I said nothing but fell to my knees in fatigue and wonder. "Philothea, Philothea . . ." She continued to call as I got back up and ventured towards the hospital.

Within only a moment, a most beautiful song began playing to my soul from the heavens on a harpsichord, 'Holy Mother of God.' Relishing the beautiful sound, my soul was swept away. All was

gone now, except for the whispering words, "Philothea, Philothea . . ."

For those who do not know, Philothea is the original title of a St. Francis De Sales text, 'An Introduction to the Devout Life,' and it means, 'Lover of God.'

"You aim at true devotion, my dear Philothea, because, as a Christian, you know how acceptable it is to the Divine Majesty. But inasmuch as trifling errors at the outset of any undertaking are wont to increase rapidly as we advance, frequently becoming almost irreparable, it is needful that, first of all, you should ascertain wherein lies the virtue of devotion; for there are many counterfeits, but only one true devotion; and, therefore, if you do not find that which is real, you will but deceive yourself, and vainly pursue an idle, superstitious form."

*An Introduction to the Devout Life, Page 1-2,
(Christianity, Catholic, Words of St. Francis De Sales)*

Led through yet another maze, this one led to the latest and most powerfully significant rebirth of the redemption. Andy and one other soul went with me as several rooms of rites had preceded those I now bore, but I could no longer remember them.

The fourth or fifth room began with a tiny canoe and one oar, and it was my purpose to row myself to the far shore. Difficult because the body of water was among the highest mountains and snow-capped peaks, it was cold and icy at the same time, and the depth of the water was somewhat frightening. Clear, you could see all the way through to the bottom, just like your spirit after it has been

redeemed; clear and fluid, known but still very deep.

After attaining to the farther shore, I was led to a large swimming pool with pink shimmering salty water. Led to jump in and swim through it several times, I was stunned to find that this water made you feel somewhat numb, but yet, also more vibrant at the same time. There was a sense of being wet, but also dry, and it was soothing.

When this had reached its end, my soul was led to a group of buckets, all filled with a clear salty water which was designed for the feet. As I placed my feet in one of the buckets, I looked to my side and noticed a receptacle. When I opened the receptacle, I saw a small woman giving birth to a child. Almost out, the baby was coming head first and blood was everywhere. Noticing a long tube, which I immediately understood to be representative of the birth canal, in order to finalize the rite, I had to drop myself head first and backwards down through the tube, hold my breath long enough to emerge, and then be born anew, victorious.

Andy and the other soul were sitting with me, and were afraid to hold their breaths not knowing how long the tube might be, but I jumped in head first, holding my breath, sliding down the tube rather quickly. Becoming frightened near the end of the tube, I was getting concerned about the length of the tunnel and whether or not I could make it. But as I emerged victorious, I felt a shining radiant new birth come over my soul. Humanity shining in splendor, my redemption was now fully complete and my soul was ensconced in a new vibratory energy which felt like a combination of being made somewhat numb to

reality, but yet, more vibrant at the same time.

Andy and the other soul had gone through but were still waiting to emerge, so I ran back to the former area and helped them by pushing them through the birth canal. All of a sudden, I remembered that I'd been through a similar rite two or three times before, but I had previously retained no memory of it.

Every death of our soul comes with a new rebirth, for no man can see the kingdom of God unless he be born again, and again, and again, and again . . . If this be so, I welcome every death I must face, for each death brings my soul ever closer to the object of my affection; the one true God.

Kneeling to the ground, I gave thanks for this grandiose moment for my own soul. For who could possibly have foreordained, lest it be God, that this very lost soul could have been brought back to the fore of God's army as a child of the most holy light? I gave thanks, and for a moment, I bade my soul to rest in the peace of knowing that this leg of my journey was now complete. Hallelujah!! Praise the Lord!!

"And Jesus said unto him, This day is salvation come to thine house, forsomuch as thou art a just man, thou also art a son of Abraham. For the Son of man is come to seek and to save that which ye deem to be lost."

*The Gospel of the Holy Twelve, Lection LIX, No. 18,
(Christianity, Gnostic/Essene, Words of Christ)*

"I too had been marked for death on account of my sins, my wrongdoings had sold me to Sheol; but Thou, in accord with Thine abundant compassion, Thou, in accord with Thy bounteous ways, didst rescue me, O

Lord."

*The Dead Sea Scriptures, Poems from a Qumran Hymnal,
No. IV, No. 10, (Christianity, Gnostic/Essene)*

**"When they return from the battle, they shall write
on their standards: Salvation of God, Triumph of
God, Help of God, Support of God, Praise
of God, Thanksgiving to God, Acclaim of God, Peace
of God."**

*The Dead Sea Scriptures, The War, Page 405, Paragraph 3,
(Christianity, Gnostic/Essene)*

Lying down amongst a multitude of souls, a tiny little baby boy came down from heaven and landed on my tummy, sitting up in joyful laughter on my lap. All the souls around me were too busy with grounded things to notice the happening. Cute, adorable, happy and filled with joy, something totally amazing began to happen. A pair of bright pink wings shaped like rose petals began to spread out from upon his back. As they did, they seemed to bloom before me much like a rose, in that there were several layers to these wings, three layers to be exact. "Oh, my goodness," I thought, "It's a cherub!"

I'd never seen one of these most holy cherub angels before, and my soul felt as though a great honor had been bestowed upon it. And what I cannot express fully is just how adorable and cute the tiny baby angel was. Looking around me, I tried to point out to the others in this dimension that we had been honored by the arrival of a cherub, but no one seemed interested. In his face, I read a message of my future, my upcoming journey. In his eyes, I saw an invitation. Little did I know that this little cherub was

to be my third child, a son named Jacob, to be born two years later.

"I have talked with angels about heaven's bond with the human race, noting that while a churchman might say that everything good is from the Lord and that angels are with man, few of them believe that angels are intimately connected to man, and fewer still that they are within his thought and affection."

*Heaven & Hell, Chapter 33, No. 302, Paragraph 1,
(Christianity, Swedenborgianism, Words of Emanuel
Swedenborg)*

As Andy was immersed in the spectacle of sleep, he began to feel an infernal rumbling, as suddenly a horrid orange egg-shaped driving demon with pointy teeth and much drool, popped out of his soul. Thereupon vexed, the nasty little spirit went angrily away from his former host, as now he was no longer welcome.

"When you feel the assaults of passion and anger, then is the time to be silent as Jesus was silent in the midst of His ignominies and sufferings."

*The Voice of the Saints, In Temptation, Page 68, Stanza 2,
(Christianity, Catholic, Words of St. Paul of the Cross)*

Sitting upon the top of a small pyramid, whose point had been carved out to fit his buttocks in meditation, the swami never said a word, but glared right through my soul with his eyes. As he looked at me, my soul went into a deep transcendental state and received guidance regarding the next steps I must take to begin the next leg of my journey. Amongst the guidance, was a stern directive towards more astute

meditation, which I agreed to immediately.

Swept more deeply, my agitation and confusion disappeared. But all that lay ahead remained unknown and mysterious to me. A magnetic electrical surge posited between his eyes and mine, as he quietly reached his hand toward me. My soul then went sub-conscious.

"He took hold of me, saying, 'My beloved! Behold, I shall reveal to you those (things) that (neither) (the) heavens nor their archons have known . . . I (shall) reveal to you him who (is hidden.) But now, stretch out your (hand). Now take hold of me.'"

The Nag Hammadi Library, The Second Apocalypse of James, Page 274, Paragraph 1, (Christianity, Gnostic/Essene, Words of Christ)

CHAPTER TEN

"God has sent forth the Prophets for the purpose of quickening the soul of man into higher and divine recognitions. He has revealed the heavenly Books for this great purpose. For this the breaths of the Holy Spirit have been wafted through the gardens of human hearts, the doors of the divine Kingdom opened to mankind and the invisible inspirations sent forth from on high. This divine and ideal power has been bestowed upon man in order that he may purify himself from the imperfections of nature and uplift his soul to the realm of might and power."

The Promulgation of Universal Peace, Talks Delivered in Montreal, No. 4, Page 310, Paragraph 1, (Baha'i, Words of Abdu'l Baha')

As the large block of clear crystal was brought upon the back of a wagon into the room, a great light erupted over it. The crystal was now brilliant with light and the liquid life molecules within it slowly became visible to the naked eye. But within the module of liquid life, a singular particle of life began to make itself known. In the center of this spherical particle was an obvious nuclei, and two subsequent layers of life substance or energy had formed around it. As I observed this beautiful phenomenon, I was invited to enter the living life module to experience this within my own being. Suddenly, I awoke.

*"The small ether can be the highest Lord only. - How?
- ... 'In it is that small ether;' declares thereupon
that the small one is to be compared with the
universal ether, and that everything is contained in it
..."*

*The Vedanta Sutras, Part I, I Adhyaya, 3 Pada 16,
Paragraph 1, Commentary, (Hinduism)*

Pulling up to the gas station, I was now manifesting as a young oriental woman, my long black hair shone in the light, and my pale face was accompanied by a shimmering peach-colored body suit. Upon my brow was a red dot, above my third eye. Although this was a Hindu, thus Indian, sign, I was actually a warrioress of the oriental tribes, my place now well secure among the adepts since my invitation to join them from the swami. For this fortnight my name was Milinda, and I was to experience another aspect of my soul residing in this very unique place I had just ventured upon.

Unknown to me at the time, my soul bore a sign of reflection and malaise. In my essence was a tinge of self-satisfaction. Such a thing could well be dangerous for an adept, for it made them vulnerable to outside forces. As I was waiting for my vehicle to be fully gassed, another entity awaited me invisibly from above, awaiting my return to the gateway of initiants. Because I was blinded by my self-satisfaction, I didn't notice the tiny brown and white speckled fawn standing in the center of the road. A warning of my vulnerability, the frail, gentle creature held an imminent knowledge of a battle to come.

As I made it to the tubes of the initiants, I prepared to enter, find my resting abode, and sleep for the night. Unknown to me, the invisible specter remained hovering above. The initiants in this realm were adepts at psycho-kinesis and other powers of the mind. Upon entering the abode, the initiants were placed in a long, narrow, bluish white tube which contained on the right side many doors, leading to the many cells of the warrior adepts. In these cells, they would rest and sleep, being energized to higher stations for their return to their Earthly places. But the one who had hovered invisibly and unobserved was waiting for me, to challenge my place within this hall of initiants.

Such a challenge was considered unlawful, but was often attempted by those who bore the sign of the serpent. In their manipulative abilities, they would attempt to win over a cell or a place within the warrior sect, by using their own psycho-kinetic powers to remove the memory of the former occupant, replacing it with memory of themselves.

This was a rare occurrence, for the warrior adepts were aware of such guises. But on some occasions such maneuvers would be attempted, when the serpent was especially tricky and energized. For instance, when an adept was especially self-satisfied or in any other state proving them vulnerable in presurance of their station.

Locating the cell of a particular adept, they would overcome him, and take to it because the cells carried within them initiation into higher spheres of knowledge and power. If an occupant could be tossed out, they would then be the beneficiaries of this particular energy. If they were to be successful, they could use such knowledge and energy for their dark designs.

Sitting in a lotus position, I closed my eyes and quickly lifted into the air preparing to find my place well among the third series of tubes. White rounded hallways tinted by a bluish light, much in the shape of large water pipes, the locked doors were along the right side. Moving without the aid of my physical body in lotus position, I used the psycho-kinetic powers I had use of in this realm to move slowly in the air towards my cell, eager for further energization and spiritual sustenance.

But suddenly behind me, the spirit who had been watching manifested openly as a woman, her long black hair pulled into a high ponytail, and her body clothed in a shimmering blue body suit. Quickly attaining to the lotus position, her psycho-kinetic powers in this regard were quick and fast.

Within moments, the two of us were darting through the tubes, the one in the blue body suit

chasing myself in the peach. Battle raging, the only thing that I now had on my side was my singular knowledge of the location of my special cell. If the challenger were to take my place in the warrior elite, she would first have to figure out which cell was my own. Even though her psycho-kinetic powers regarding speed of movement might have been slightly more advanced than mine, if I could outsmart her intellectually, than my place among the tubes, and thus the initiants, could not be overtaken. It was my duty to protect the initiants from an invasion from the dark side of such a nature, especially since it was my own self-satisfaction which had made this attempt possible. There were literally hundreds of cells locked against the white walls tinged pale blue by the light, and each door was locked, only able to be opened by the psycho-kinetic powers of those who bore them.

Within moments, I realized that my challenger held superior psycho-kinetic movement abilities, but I also quickly reasoned that her mental prowess could not be quite so advanced, because her assault was completely through the movement of her body in lotus position. "You'll never be able to find my cell." I called to her, as she was only about twenty feet behind. My challenger shouted, "You will reach your cell in due time, and then it is that I shall have it." But I had already prepared a way to defeat this challenger, although it would mean my extrication from the warrior sect, anyway.

Swami would be so disappointed in my lapse, but I had to do what I must to protect the hall of initiants, even if it were to be at the expense of my own place.

When first being initiated and entering into the tubes, we and all the warrior's were given special orders regarding behavior during such a challenge, and this included rules regarding our own extrication. If a warrior passed his own cell, he would lose it, and if a warrior passed through the entire series of tubes without finding his cell, he would be automatically extricated. Knowing and finding your own cell were a special mental quality, which if not met, rendered immediate extrication. In certain cases, you could win back your spot, but having a firm mental hold on the location of your own cell was determined to be of great importance, one of many disciplines required in this spiritual warrior sect.

Assuming I would never give up my cell in such a manner, my challenger had assumed that I would reveal the location of my cell and try to reach and lock it first. But that was not what I had planned. Within moments, we had passed by my cell, although my challenger was unaware of it. And several moments after passing my cell, I counted on something else, the fact that my challenger might be wearing down with fatigue. After all, we had raced through several tubes since we'd been there; all very long, and all very complicated.

Turning to face my challenger who remained about twenty feet behind, she was cocky and arrogant, making statements regarding my eventual need to reveal the place of my cell. Sending a ray of light to throw her off her path, I took the challenger off guard. As the light came from my hand, the ray of light shot directly towards her left knee, which altered her balance, causing her to topple through the tubes.

Taking this opportunity, I began soaring at high speeds towards the final thrust of the tubes, unaware of how much time I might have to extricate myself.

At the end of the tubes was a large drop off. Cruising in lotus position towards it, I fell but did not land through this final series of tubal thrusts. Exiting the tubes, a house awaited. Upon the door was a sign which offered this home for rest to those who had either failed initiation, or been extricated from the tubes. Declining this offer, I knew that my challenger would emerge with a fury very soon. Noticing that the roof seemed inviting for some unknown reason, I went there to lay my wearied form. Within a moment, the roof's special properties made my form invisible and transparent, which at this moment was a grand blessing. Never at any time did I notice my challenger exiting the tubes. Assuming she'd been left far behind and defeated, I prepared to make my next choices which would determine whether or not I could retrieve my place amongst the initiants.

In transparent form, I flew off into the vistas of the night praying and asking for guidance as to what I should do next. Everything seemed dark and dreary on the edge of my defeat, and I didn't know where to go. I'd done what I should, protect the order, but had lost my place within the order in the same mechanism.

As I flew invisibly through the streets of the city, a large muscular man who was jogging ran right up to me, taking my invisible arm into his visible one. Conveying telepathically that he had come to assist me in re-proving my status as a member of the warrior sect, I welcomed his assistance.

Spending several moments evaluating his inner spheres, I knew without a doubt that he'd been sent by the eternal, and that he was not another clever ruse from the dark side. Because I'd lost everything by soaring through the tubes, in a sense, I had momentarily even lost my identity.

Directing me to another location, the scene of a staging of many initiants, all were exhibiting their spiritual prowess. Many battles of the spirit were occurring between two at a time in several locations, these things being done for the practice of spiritual skill. Bringing me to a place amongst the crowd, I immediately recognized the face of my challenger within it, the woman in pale blue.

Somehow, despite my safeguards, this serpent was still attempting to manipulate the order. Intending to eventually be admitted by the swami through a very intricate disguise of her true liaison, she had been allowed to be a part of everything, even given status among them just short of being initiated. Remaining invisible, my presence was known only to the man who had brought me.

Challenging the woman to battle, the man prepared to reveal her true identity to the crowds. These battles were not physical in nature but entirely energetic, spiritual and mental. Proving to be quite less advanced with this aspect of mental adeptship than she had been with speed in psycho-kinetic flight, within less than a moment, I sent an energetic bolt through the man to the woman, which had sent her roaring to the floor in a station of defeat.

Other's were now coming over to assist this woman in getting back up, while the crowds were

rambling about the quickness of this battle. Directing me to materialize, the man told me to make known my claims against this serpent invader.

Appearing in the air above the crowd, I immediately materialized. "I am Milinda," I said in a magnetic voice, "I was initiated by the great warrior sect ten centuries ago. It is I who has defeated your woman in pale blue." Remaining silent, I, too, was silent for a moment as my conscious present self took in this knowledge. Shocked that I remained in existence, the woman in pale blue had assumed I was dead after the challenge in the tubes; for many such warriors take their own lives after losing their status among the warrior sect.

Conveying telepathically what had happened, I made clear as to how this woman had unlawfully challenged me for my place in the warrior sect, and how I had chosen to give up my place rather than reveal the sacred location of my cell, thus, jeopardizing the whole order.

At this information, the crowds insisted that I be given another opportunity to crush the head of this serpent. Forcibly placing the challenger within a ring of some sort, although her battered mind, body and soul remained on the floor in a status of defeat, I said, "I will show mercy to this serpent, I shall not fight her when she is down." The crowds began roaring, "She is not only a great warrior, but she is a great saint!" Cowering at this proclamation, I revealed that it was deeply untrue. Telepathically, I revealed to the others the self-satisfaction which had given entry to this serpent woman in disguise. Merciful in my confession, the crowds settled down.

Turning towards the swami who resided over the sect, I knew that my fate would be entirely in his hands. And by his mercy, I was given re-entry. The crowds continued cheering my return, and as they did, all began to fade away into the night. Reflecting, I knew of the great sacrifice the swami had made on my behalf, for it was my own negligence which had brought about all these events. This humbled me, and I vowed never to allow myself to engage in the deadly sin of pride again.

"Humility is the abasement of the heart to Him Who knoweth the unseen."

The Doctrine of the Sufi's, Chapter XXXIX, (Islam, Sufism, Words of Ruwaym)

"Likewise if I wish to be happy, I should not be happy with myself, and similarly if I wish to be protected, I should constantly protect all others."

A Guide to the Bodhisattva's Way of Life, Chapter VIII, No. 173, (Buddhism, Tibetan, Words of Shantideva)

Reaching his hand to me out of the ether, the swami handed me a book whose title read, 'Early Beloved.' As I opened the book to peer upon its contents, I was quickly guided through two separate energetic emergences which manifested as ecstasies originating in my lower chakras which thrust upwards throughout to the crown. As this completed itself, I began to spin uncontrollably like a vortex, as elements from within my soul were becoming more outward and elements from without were becoming more inward.

Many hands were now appearing to me in the ether, and they all seemed to come from the swami.

Hundreds of hands surrounded my soul, and each would emerge from its place of benign status, to sound forth another harmonic spin within my soul. As I spun, I traveled to many worlds and realms, only to remain a moment, soaring in the wanton majesty of the worlds of the beloved.

"Everywhere are His hands and legs, His eyes, heads and faces, and He has ears everywhere. In this way the Supersoul exists, pervading everything."

*The Bhagavad Gita As It Is, Section 13, Text 15,
(Hinduism, Translation by: A.C. Bhaktivedanta Swami
Prabhupada)*

As my spirit began riding through the epochs of my life, I found myself wandering throughout several places and towns, visiting with those souls from my past to celebrate this great redemptive moment. However, they were not aware of this great happening until a momentous event occurred.

Amongst the spectral skies, a sudden wonderment overflowed into my being, and amidst the ruckus and turmoil of the world, containing everyone and everything I'd ever known throughout my life, music began to pour forth from my cells. And beyond this, the most beautiful fabrics began coming from my soul as I began dancing on the air.

Floating through the air at an indescribably vast speed, these fabrics began coming forth from my pores creating canvasses of life immersing the world about me in the joyous beauty of God and His magnificent creation. Stunned by the magnificent sounds which poured forth from my cells and the fabrics, linens, laces and cloths which emerged in the

finest synchronicity, the people did not speak.

As my operatic endeavor continued, the thoughts of the people around me began appearing as objects representative of their senses. Statues of worldly objects began appearing, and in order to rectify this error, I began singing all the louder of the Holy Mother of God, and the Lord Jesus Christ. As I sang, my voice's pitch went ever higher to encompass the vastness of God, His Son and Mother. Before me, as I sang, appeared beautiful statues of Mary and Jesus with their arms outstretched to all mankind. As I saw them, my spirit soared high up in the sky, going higher and higher. Bliss filled my soul.

Amongst one of my beauteous canvasses of life, somebody had erected an altar to the ancient Egyptians and to the Roman rulers. Flying with ease to the sight, singing this operatic song of life to my Lord, I spewed forth from my loins the sounds of the saints. As I did so, Mary, Jesus and images of holy souls throughout time from all ages, from all religions and sects filled the spaces, immediately replacing the former idolatry which had held Earthly images and people as Lord.

How can I express? How can I say it? If only I had the skill to rewrite the most beautiful opera I was proffered to sing in the honor of the Lord. Perhaps some things are meant to be so holy that they remain in the heavens as living monuments to the living Lord.

Beginning to run into souls of whom I'd known during my life, with each soul I gave thanks to the Lord for our reunion, and bid them adieu. But amongst them came one soul I'd known who had

once been a spirit so free as to fill the world with his soul. But now, he came as a statue, dark and morose, fulfilling the whims of the world. Having lost his enlivened soul, it had been replaced by a stodgy shadow which fulfilled only the whims of the pocketbook. "Where have you gone, comrade?" I bade to ask him. "I gave up my childish fancies years ago," he said, "perhaps it is time for you to do the same." "Oh, no, my old friend," I replied, "I will never give up the enlivened love of the Lord, for He is my all." Looking at me, he shrugged his shoulders and turned his head as if to remark sarcastically of my stupidity.

So, in order to awaken him from his sleep, I began to sing my opera to the Lord all the louder. "Holy . . . Mother . . . of God . . ." I sang, "My Lord of life, Lord of love, Lord of all creation, Jesus Christ!" As I did so, statues of the most holy eminence's appeared out of a puff of smoke, replacing the worldly statues of things which converged throughout all these minds of souls. The canvas filled with the souls of the entire world, not just my own past.

Flying high again up in the air due to the mention of the holy duo, many souls were watching my flight with interest and confusion. They didn't realize that whenever I mentioned the mere names of Our Lord Jesus Christ and His Most Holy Mother Mary that my soul lifted high up in the air due to the lightness of being which such holy names rendered. Jealous for the bliss, they had begun to believe long ago that such bliss was not truly possible in this world. Although our world *is* very limited, its possibilities do retain the full inflow of heaven's bliss.

Because humanity has chosen to fill it with those worldly things which contain no implicit joy, the world has become devoid of life. But it doesn't *have* to be this way.

Redemption can be a singular moment for an individual soul, but it could also contain the grandness of the entire human race if such a miracle were to take place within the mind of humanity.

Singing to my hearts content, bliss of soul filled my spirit in a manner indescribable, as banners of beautiful cloths, laces and linens continued to come out of me painting the world in beauty and kindness. "If only," I thought, "if only souls would paint their own little corner of the world with such beauty, fill it with the wonder of God, then they, too, would know the joy and bliss of God's magnificence." I thought of how sad it was for those souls who had never experienced what I had been blessed to witness. My soul pondered the melancholy malaise that many in the world must be left with, when only their worldly imaginings remain. But if only they would dream again, if only they would look, for beyond this world lies another far greater and more vast than even the few have imagined. Our momentary sojourn upon these shores could be of wondrous beauty if only we would listen to the silent sounds which emanate continuously from the shores of heaven to beckon each one of us to come home. There are no words, there is no reason . . . yet man continues to spin in his karmic wheel of indifference towards his most glorious Creator, and in his malaise, he misses the joyous manifestations of love which emanate from His heart to our own. For He beckons us, every one,

until we heed His call and return to His heart, His bosom, and again take suckle of the holy nourishment of our heavenly origin.

"No," I thought, "they aren't listening to me." Angry at my outflow of beauty and song, they were content to remain in their boring imaginings of worldly attainment and greed. So I sang all the louder, for in the corners and crevasse's were a few lone souls amongst the multitudes who were quietly, shyly listening. Unsure, they were, if my message could be true, but in their eyes I saw the wonder of a soul willing to seek, to beckon, to pray with fury to the Almighty Lord. If only they would be able to put down their worldly imaginings, and do it. Just do it.

My singing erupted into a vast furlough of melodious exhaustive bliss. My spirit flew to heights above the multitude, way above the multitude. My spirit listened in on the thoughts of the few, as their minds began to untangle the messages. Many were going back and forth between jealousy for my state of bliss and their own longing to know God, as well. Would they break through the worldly view of conceit, which allowed them to judge my state? Would they hold fast to old ideas which supported a world devoid of the Lord God and all the bliss His love contains? Or would they awaken? In a tiny spark of wishing for more, would they begin to unravel the ancient mystery of the all-merciful redemption of God?

I wished for the latter, and I continued to sing, praising the Lord with all my might, flying higher than any soul could imagine, with the beauteous canvas of life continuing to emerge from my soul.

Nothing would restrain my glory, for this glory was expressive of my own redemption, and who among the wards of imprisoned humanity, could understand such freedom? Redemption is a beautiful and magnificent thing, and so I allowed my soul to partake of it grandly; and in so doing, only beauty filled my soul, only beauty came out of my soul, only beauty filled my vocal chords, and only beauty filled my flight this night.

For those who could not or would not listen, I left the beautiful canvasses behind me, so that perhaps someday they might notice such beauty, and wonder from whence they had come. For those who might be ready to listen, I continued my singing; so that they might be able to hear the beauty they so longed to fathom. For myself and the holy angels, I continued my flight of joy, for there was nothing or no one that could take away the joyous melodious beatific vision of which I had embraced. The Lord, my God, filled me with majestic praise for all His great works in saving and restoring that which had been lost. My own unworthy soul had been redeemed. Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah to the Lord!

"All the ways which the living soul of a person breathes forth in itself, and all the things a person does which are useful and fruitful as well as those which are useless - all these things are open to the sight of the all-powerful God."

*Mystical Visions, Vision Four: 21, Paragraph 1,
(Christianity, Catholic, Words of Hildegard Von Bingen)*

Several witches attempted to torment me, but I

found that to repeat the stanza, 'deliver us from evil,' from the Lord's Prayer was very effective in overcoming their attempt.

"Whilst yet on earth Christ empowered the Apostles to cast out demons in His Name, and in His last solemn charge He promised that the same delegated power should be perpetuated."

The History of Witchcraft, Diabolic Possession, Page 206, Paragraph 2, (Christianity, Catholic)

All those who had received revelation regarding the life of Christ were now waiting here in this spot, each revealing the particular aspect of the truth which had been shown to them. Interestingly, the truth appeared in the form of several small books, each heralding one revelation of the life of Christ. Among them were also bottles, each containing small pills which represented aspects of the truth of Jesus' life and resurrection from the dead. Five different versions of the story were presented here, each with their successive authors, but after careful evaluation of all of them, I was strongly led towards one particular individual who bore a shorter version than some of the rest.

In an inexplicable eternal sense, all of these versions were true, but this particular version was different than the others, and I had not heard it before. Having approximately thirteen bottles containing pink pills regarding such truths, and four volumes; as opposed to the others which ranged from six to twenty six bottles, the colors of white to various shades of blue, and anywhere from one to ten volumes, this was the truth which the Lord wished

for me to see this fortnight.

Meeting the man who was about to present me with aspects of this truth, he was a thin but tall gentleman with dark brown hair. Dressed in modern day attire, he introduced himself to me kindly, expressing his interest in showing me his truth. Sincerity grand, I found him to be too humble about his revelation. "May I witness to your truth of the life of our Lord?" I asked. Assuring me kindly that I had reached the proper spot, the humility of this gentleman bore witness to his truth. Gathering around him were people who were calm and accepting, harboring a deep profound peace amongst themselves regarding this revelation. It was not important for those interested in this man's revelation to be 'right,' only to find God's truth. So many on the Earth fight about being right, that what is true gets lost in the quarrel. The egos of these souls were contributing to their inability to find the absolute truth, because their own foundation was so shallow that any disagreement with their former views would be Earth-shattering for them.

Presenting me with the first two bottles of his truth, they consisted of the incarnation of God in Jesus the man. Bidding me to sit, I called Andy over to sit by me. A re-enactment ensued of the days just prior to and after the birth of Jesus Christ, and they were portrayed to me almost as if by live dramatic endeavor. Sitting in my seat, I was whisked by the breezes upswept by the coming of Herod's army for the slaughter of the innocents. Becoming nauseous at the reverie of this horrid event, the horses and the soldiers swept by, as suddenly a quiet overcame the

room. Standing before a small altar of the birthplace of Christ, the man showed me a tiny pill from the bottle lying in the manger, which represented the body and life of the baby Jesus. Quietly retrieving two more pills from within the bottle, he placed them to the side of Jesus as beautiful majestic music filled the scene. Instantly, I knew beyond all doubt that these represented two siblings which Jesus had in the flesh, a sister and a brother born to the blessed Mary and Joseph. Rejoicing at this revelation to my soul, the scene began to slowly dwindle and disappear.

Finding these texts in physical form, they were entitled, 'The Life and Teachings of the Masters of the Far East.' Because I found them in a used book store, there were four volumes, although the complete version contains five or six. Presenting a wholly unique perspective on Christ, the books hold Him to be a living master, still visiting, teaching and helping many souls in our own time in his resurrected body.

"He saw that man must learn that ignorance is disregard and lack of understanding both of Divine Mind as the Creative Principle, and of his relation to that Principle. He saw that man may have all intellectual knowledge and be versed in worldly affairs, yet if he does not recognize the Christ as the living, vitalizing essence of God within him, he is grossly ignorant of the most important factor governing his life."

*The Life and Teachings of the Masters of the Far East,
Volume II, Chapter XI, Page 108, Paragraph 2,
(Anthology)*

It was the end of a war, a truce had been called,

and many soldiers had gathered at the outpost for supplies and food. With a friend of mine who was also a long time friend in this life, we were deep in the West. Indians were at the outpost looking to trade, and amongst them I saw the soul of Red Jacket.

With a white woman, he noticed me immediately, as I did him. Quiet about this recognition, only our mutual glances could betray our connection to each other. It seemed for this moment that this was later in the life of his imprisonment and our union, but I was unsure if this was the case.

Showing up brandishing a gun, my friend's brother was planning to kill a few Indians. Grabbing his gun from him, I got rid of it and stopped him. Again, I felt the glances looking upon me from behind. Turning, Red Jacket quickly turned his own head away. His majestic figure in the day was ominous, his long black hair a bit matted and dirty, but I cannot describe the intensity of the feelings I would experience just watching him from afar, a deep soul-felt love, something very rare and unique.

Despite this, we both knew that whatever liaisons we may have had in the past were to remain there. Both of us had grown and matured, and neither of us had any desire to cause pain to others over something which was already quite real, without any further need for expression.

Suddenly, our past and our present began to overlap. Deep feelings I felt for him seemed to be balanced by the greater understanding I'd achieved throughout this present incarnation, during the process of my own redemption.

Sitting down to think upon these and other

great things, I hardly noticed him coming closer to me; but suddenly as he had left his place in the distance, he whispered by me looking deeply into my eyes for only a moment. Looking up to his, our eyes met, and without a single word being exchanged, a powerful union was revealed to both of us. We both reached to touch the other's hand, but pulled back almost as quickly.

What karma holds between two souls must never be misunderstood. Powerful love exists between souls of such karmic thrusts, but that love can only be conquered by recognizing its import. Our move towards each other was a demonstration of mutual respect, a recognition of our mutual mistakes, and an unspoken desire to cease causing pain to ourselves and others through wrong conduct. For how many lives had we touched each other? But at this moment, we touched each other in a completely new way; it was a touch of forgiveness and mercy.

Recognizing the pain our union brought to ourselves and others because of its karmic nature, we acknowledged the deep love between our souls, but released the need to process its unsavory elements any longer. In so doing, we could elevate it to a higher place, an eternal place. In eternity, our love could be experienced in a whole new way, beyond karmic thrusts and reasoning. No more need remained to play this story out on the ground, for we had forgiven each other for our misunderstandings. Giving each other a gift of inestimable value, a gift which paid the debt of the sin, pain and chaos our love had caused to all in our midst, the gift of mercy. Our eyes remained dry during this last Earthly

exchange, for there was no more need for tears on our account. Quietly, he walked away and all around us disappeared into the mist.

Within a moment, I was flying in ecstasy to the melodious sounds of the Word of God. Many of my friends who had walked karma's path with me were now joyfully embracing this moment of eternal union with the Lord. The words of Christ were echoing in melodious chant from the harmonic skies, many voices of both male and female interspersing with the wondrous lure of the Word. Even those still entrenched in karmic influence on the ground, were for this moment, very much in the flow, adverse to temptation and melodiously accepting the higher thrusts of forgiveness and mercy. Our dance of redemption was a moment of celebration that another soul was returning to its God. Our ecstatic dance was ominously exciting, as our souls were thrust upon the heavenly spheres to fly. My soul created effortlessly upon the wisps of the eternal skies as this expressive dance took no skill, the artistry coming directly from God to His subject. Soaring in ecstatic bliss, I enjoyed the ride for as long as the eternal would allow. Then, I floated back to existence in peace.

"Ho, Father! This day we have done the will of the Great Spirit, and through this we have established a relationship and peace, not only among ourselves, but within ourselves and with all the Powers of the Universe. The dawn of the day has surely seen us . . ."

*The Sacred Pipe, Chapter VI, Page 114, Paragraph 2,
(Tribal, Oglala Sioux, Words of Black Elk)*

"By contrition we are made clean; by compassion we are made ready, and by true longing for God we are

made worthy. These are the three means, as I understand it, by which all souls - that is to say, all souls that have been sinners on earth and shall be saved - come to heaven, for by these medicines it would profit every sinful soul to be healed."

*Revelations of Divine Love, Chapter 39, Paragraph 4,
(Christianity, Catholic, Words of Juliana of Norwich)*

Sent among a community which was ravaged and completely overcome by serpent, spider and bug demons, it was my task to save a particular soul and return him to God. In order to rid themselves of these creatures, the people of this community had begun to purge them from their souls, but there were so many that when they were set loose in such a manner, the streets of the cities became filled with these infestations. Because of this, no one could truly be purged, because they had not developed a plan to take care of the creatures after they were extricated from individuals.

One individual was secretly working for the serpent, and he was the object of my journey this eve. Having led the people to believe that he wanted to lead them to safer land, in reality, he was tricking them. Leading them to a place where they could be re-infected, the dark side would re-attain control of their souls.

Because I knew of this status, I would not allow him to take control of the group. Rather, I led the people to begin sweeping up the bugs in dust pans. In so doing, I had them take the bugs to another location where they could be placed in one spot. As this was accomplished, I began energetically sending

these creatures back to lower realms, dismantling most of the serpents, but leaving the bugs intact.

Enraging the man I was here to serve, I began flying into the air shouting to him as inspired by the Lord. "Your soul cannot be lost," I said, "The Almighty God wants you back, and I won't stop until this is so." Stunned by these words, he knew how vile and evil he had become. Even in such a state of sin, God had sent assistance to bring him back to the light, and this had obviously affected him deeply. Turning to assist the others in gathering up the infestations of bugs and serpents in dust pans, no more did he interfere as I sent them away from this community for good.

"Our Lord preserves us most carefully when it seems to us that we are nearly forsaken and cast away for our sins, and because we have deserved it. But because of the meekness we get through these trials, we are wholly raised in God's sight by his grace. We are moved with such great contrition, compassion and true longing for God that we are suddenly delivered from sin and pain."

*Revelations of Divine Love, Chapter 39, Paragraph 3,
(Christianity, Catholic, Words of Juliana of Norwich)*

Regarding incarnate demons and demonic tendencies among juvenile delinquents, my spirit was shown that those who are born in deep darkness have very little hope of rehabilitation due to counseling and other techniques. For those steeped in deep darkness, restriction and punishment are absolutely necessary if one wishes to preserve the safety of society, for these levels of evolution are very

predatory by nature.

Unfortunately, society does not recognize the different levels of existence, and often makes judgment calls regarding only one level of evolution. What works for a soul in karmic ignorance, will not work with someone existing in the element of dominant darkness or evil.

"The worst people of all are the ones who have been involved in evil pursuits as a result of self-love, with an accompanying inward behavior stemming from deceit. This is because the deceit penetrates their thoughts and purposes too thoroughly and fills them with poison, destroying their whole spiritual life."

Heaven & Hell, Chapter 60, No. 578, (Christianity, Swedenborgianism, Words of Emanuel Swedenborg)

Spending the night riding the slippery backs of a school of pink dolphins, I was eventually led elsewhere amidst a great street fair. Everything amongst this street fair pertained to extra-terrestrial intelligences, and I was grandly excited when I was finally led to a seashore in the center of the street. The landing site for extra-terrestrial ships, I watched as the aliens descended in the sea blue sky, and was mesmerized by the sight of the many worlds represented.

"He showed me all the hidden things of the extremities of heaven, all the receptacles of the stars, and the splendours of all, from whence they went forth before the face of the holy."

The Book of Enoch, Chapter LXX, No. 5, (Christianity, Words of Enoch)

Given to witness the chaos and confusion regarding the times of Christ's sufferings, torments and crucifixion, it was a horrid time. A great deal of hypocrisy was in the air, and it was easy to see how Peter fell so quickly into denying the Christ, because it was such a bloodthirsty calculated event that placed everyone who loved Him in a sort of state of suspended animation.

All along, it seemed that His followers truly believed He would come out of this unscathed, because they believed in His ability to save Himself. Chaos was so high; followers were looking for opportunities to leave the city that night so as not to be added to the roster of victims.

Experiencing what was very much like being in the body of one of his followers, the imminent peril seemed to close in on them, each and every one. In a split second, it became unlawful to follow Jesus, and in the moment, those who had followed Him, responded in a very instinctual fashion. There were those who found ways to disguise themselves, by denying Him and the like, but the majority were thinking on ways to leave the city that night and escape recognition. Chaos and confusion were abundant, and the confidence many of them had in Christ's unction to save Himself was deathly shattered upon hearing of His death. They didn't understand why He wouldn't use His omnipotence to save Himself.

For those who left the city, it was portrayed as if they were skiing down a fast hill, making a fast smooth break. Many waited on the borders of town for fellow Christians, and among the group I saw one

individual who was not a Christian and was trying to go with them to spy. Looking at him, I let him know that I knew who he was and said, "Well, this time you'll be outnumbered by the Christians. It'll be more difficult for you to accomplish your purpose." Apparently he'd caused problems for the Christians before.

No longer witnessing this historic time, I had rejoined a league of guardian angels. Preparing for a week in special training, I noticed quickly that we were a highly trained organism of angels who worked in league towards the betterment of mankind. Three to four hundred angels worked in our league, as I enjoyed this remembrance of one of my liaisons in the spirit.

"Jesus recognized this, and He could have saved Himself the Calvary experience. Had He wished to use His power, his enemies could not have touched Him.

He saw there was a great spiritual change taking place in His body; and saw that if this was brought about, among those He knew and loved, without some outward change, a great many would not recognize the spiritual import, but would still cling to the personal. He knew that He had the power to overcome death, and He wished to show those that He loved that they had the same power; so He chose the Calvary way, the way they could see; and seeing, they would believe. He also wished to show that He had so perfected His body, that should His enemies take His life . . . still He, the true Self, could, raise His real or spiritual body above all mortal limitations."

*The Life and Teachings of the Masters of the Far East,
Volume I, Chapter XXI, Page130-131, (Anthology)*

Allowing me to take a night flight, my soul was swept into the mountains. Upon my breast, my second daughter, now two, lay holding tight to her momma, and on my feet and hands were adorned shoes and gloves made of interwoven crystal rosaries. Sky blue, they protected not only my feet and hands, but my entire soul upon this journey.

After traveling through a beauteous mountain landscape, I was taken back to the state of my childhood and young adult years, wherein I was given leave to look upon and observe the current goings-on with several people in my past who had walked karma's path with me. I was overjoyed to see how they were doing in this invisible way. In a sense, it was a release of them. Walking into karma had caused much pain and hardship for others, but despite this, they were all doing just fine. Thankful, I returned home on the wing of the wind, as the spirit directed me to go home.

"Let the righteous man arise from slumber; let him arise, and proceed in the path of righteousness in all its paths; and let him advance in goodness and in eternal clemency. Mercy shall be showed to the righteous man; upon him shall be conferred integrity and power for ever."

*The Book of Enoch, Chapter XCI (Section XIX), No. 3,
(Christianity)*

Joined with the other members of my star group, the most amazing spectacle of my life unraveled just like a miraculous event of God's supernatural substance, through the most beautiful

man of another far more advanced world than our own.

Appearing very human, with silvery skin and blonde hair, he had come with his wife who was of another race and very beautiful. Her purpose was to work with the other members of my star group telepathically, while her husband worked with me.

Having started with their decree that they were in need of someone who could pose as a cosmic link-up from our realm to theirs, they had specific needs within the body of the person whom they would choose. All four members present in my star group wanted to go, but those from the other system insisted on me for reasons I only vaguely understood, my vibration was the most flexible on conscious and unconscious levels to undertake such a task. I was so lucky to be chosen for this, I cannot express it. The others were helpful, but disappointed. Approaching them to work with them telepathically, all of this a part of the link-up.

Wishing to create a cosmic link-up from our world to theirs, it was a very difficult process because they came from a world settled in light and life, and our world was so full of chaotic vibrations which were truly dangerous to them, because they existed on such a high fine frequency that our channels of vibration were very disturbing to their essence of being. As a result, they could remain with us for only short bursts of time, and when a disagreeable vibration began entering the realm, they immediately transcended to their own so as not to be harmed by the waves of negativity.

In order to develop this link-up, he had to

allow me to slowly become more and more like him, and this was done by allowing me to hold his hand and the most magnificent experience of going with him when he transcended to other worlds. Setting up a two-dimensional linkup site where he would take me when the disagreeable vibrations began, as soon as we stepped on this point, we shouted "Oh mighty magnificent Lord, Oh mighty magnificent Lord!" Then we spoke some words in his language which I cannot remember now. As soon as we were finished, a light beam of immense proportions encompassed us and took us into his world which was pure light and joy. Little to see, it was a high, fine vibratory existence. Everything sparkled in light, as if it was all composed of crystals, lights, prisms, jewels, and luminescent liquid ethers.

A great connection existed between me and this extra-terrestrial man, for I felt an immense recognition and love for his spirit which transcended the present time. Very sympathetic to my human condition, and my boredom with my sojourn on this earth, there were a few times in the beginning of working with this link-up where the male counterparts in my star group had acted rather base in their association with me, and my extra-terrestrial friend had protected me and discouraged them from their banal intercourse. Insisting on the highest level of respect between all forms of life was uplifting and exciting to one coming from a world filled with karmic turmoil.

Having traveled with him to his world about five or six times now, I was feeling very attached to my new friend. As the next chaos energy began

hitting, we both ran towards our location. Joining him on the spot, we shouted out, "Oh mighty magnificent Lord, Oh mighty magnificent Lord!" We transcended this realm and went directly to another. Its beauty was so awe-inspiring; there truly are no words, because it was almost a fluid existence.

Dancing in the light, I would not let go of his loving hand. But as soon as we had arrived, he looked me deeply in the eyes. "Where I go now, you cannot come," he said. "Oh, please take me!," I pleaded, now so greatly enhanced by this change in my vibration that my body was bedecked in bluish-white crystal jewels and my voice sang out a resonant tone which harmonized with this Universe. "Maybe someday, you can stay with me in my world and sing to me with your beautiful voice," he said. "Yes, yes," I shouted, "I can do that." "But not now, it cannot be now," he replied, "Where I go now, you cannot come." Expressing to me his happiness that they were able to find a soul with the spiritual features required for the making of this link-up, they hadn't expected to create it by bringing a ward of our realm into their own.

"Please take me, I'll change in whatever ways are necessary," I continued pleading as he held my hand. "It is true, you have proven to be very able in modifying your form, but it remains that where I go now, you cannot come." Disappearing into the ether, I began singing out a tone in mourning. My spirit remained in his realm for only a moment longer before fully materializing back in my own.

Approaching me with awe at my jewel adorned form, the other members of my star group had heard my lament and they placed their arms

around me in compassion. "You were lucky to be chosen to go," they said, as I suddenly realized how true it was. "You're right," I said under my breath, "I was lucky to be chosen to go."

"Do not think that hiding your gifts of God is the sign of humility. No, do and use whatever gifts God has given you."

*The Love of Christ, Part III, Page 79, Letter 2,
(Christianity, Catholic, Words of Mother Teresa)*

"I will bring them into the splendid light of those who love my holy name: and I will place each of them on a throne of glory, of glory peculiarly his own . . . Righteous is the judgment of God!"

The Book of Enoch, Chapter CV, No. 26, (Christianity)

Standing amidst a panoramic view of the heavens, my soul was covered in robes which covered my entire being including my face. For some reason I could see through them, despite the fact that they were a solid whitish blue color. Immediately thrust into a Samadhi state, I remained in this state as I watched a man who appeared to be from India approach me and a group of others. Others thought me strange wearing such bizarre robes, but the guru recognized me immediately.

As he approached, I began to see visions as he related to me eternal truths regarding the nature of reality and the Universe, but most of what I was shown, I did not retain. Speaking to me in magnetic tones, I was given instructions in a hypnotic state. Again, I didn't consciously retain. Heralded by the arrival of two doves which landed in my hand, he conveyed to me that they were the fruits of my labors,

the Holy Spirit. Pointing to others in the crowd who preferred to see physical results of their efforts, he said, 'Your efforts will remain unseen and transparent.' Then he was gone.

"The creation, preservation, and dissolution of the universe are all divine play. In the universe, the Self, who is the Self of all beings, appears as many. Before creation, and in dissolution, the world exists as one absolute existence, which is God. Then there is neither the seer nor the seen, neither subject nor object. There exists only consciousness itself. In that consciousness, which is the absolute God, is the power which divides itself into the seer and the seen, the cause and the effect. This power is called Maya."

*Srimad Bhagavatam, Book Third, Chapter 1, Page 32,
Paragraph 1, (Hinduism, Translation: Swami
Prabhavananda, Words of Maitreya)*

Roaring through the night sky, blazing through the atmosphere, the grayish saucer was lit up with light. On top of the center disc was a set of pillars. "Look," I shouted to the passers by, "A Pleiadian ship." An unconscious knowing came forth in a flurry of recognition.

The Pleiadian ship was spectacular and the energy surrounding its arrival was indescribably exciting. Whizzing by my view three times, I took in the energy of their people and the upcoming mission they now heralded to my soul.

In a wisp of wind, the Pleiadian ship began to return nearer to me. Coming ever closer, I was pulled into what appeared to be a hangar. Several detachable saucers located in this location, and up ahead, I

noticed about five Pleiadian beings wearing robes similar to that of a monk. Beginning to edge closer so as to view them with more clarity, they returned to the inner caverns of their ship and out of my view. Shouting out, I called to them as I passed by, as they were now out of view. "I love you all!"

'From Project Outreach deep in interstellar space, your spirit is being taken on a tour through 2.55 billion worlds.' As my soul shot through the outer reaches, I could see spirals of light which were the pathways that the planets would take in each individual solar system around its sun. Hundreds and thousands of lights in spiral lit up the space sky, as I witnessed the spectacle of 40 or 50 solar systems revolving all at one time in their respective locales.

Reaching a zone in inner space, I became privy to watch and experience a world which was about to end because of nuclear destruction. The barrier for nuclear contamination had already fallen and many were already succumbing to radiation poisoning, but word came that the final rockets were on their way and this planet was doomed to die a needless death caused by the unevolved actions of several planetary leaders who failed to see the bigger picture and use of such powerful substances. It seemed that this stage of development was a necessary one in the evolution of planets, but that it was always a volatile period when planets attain to nuclear power. Meaning the beginning of space travel and interstellar life, it can also mean wholesale destruction of a world which has taken billions of years to reach this stage.

Again, my soul was alit into the night and space sky to observe the planetary swirls of light

which showered my view. Purple, burgundy, blue and deep green were the colors of the lights which were the pathways of the planetary spirals around their respective suns. Each solar system was like an individual atom in a subatomic world, yet the beauty of each individual spiral of light was ominous, and amidst the glow of the thousands of systems which lit up the astral sky, they seemed peacefully quiet. Repeating its instruction, the voice said, "We now take you on a journey through 2.55 billion worlds with approximately 2500 different forms of life." I knew the voice spoke of primary forms of life, like humans, as there were approximately 2500 intelligent life-forms among those which inhabited these worlds. Suddenly, I was again on the planet Earth.

Watching me in the night sky, I could see their ships as I traveled astrally below on earth. Calling me with tones emanating from their ships in the heavens, they were like homing beacons, and I felt the resonance of their call to my soul.

In an instant my soul was given the seed of a knowledge which filled me with wonder. "There is a connection between the sightings of the Holy Mother at Medjugorje . . . and extra-terrestrials." Ceasing its call, the homing beacon stopped as the lucid ship sped away.

"But as it is written, Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him."

*King James Bible, New Testament, 1 Corinthians 2:9,
(Christianity, Words of St. Paul)*

"Let each look to himself and see what God wants of

him and attend to this, leaving all else alone."

*The Voice of the Saints, Chapter 3, Page 17, Stanza 1,
(Christianity, Catholic, Words of Blessed Henry Suso)*

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. 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.

"I tell you truly, in the daylight hours are our feet on the ground and we have no wings with which to fly. But our spirits are not tied to the earth, and with the coming of night we overcome our attachment to the earth and join with that which is eternal. For the Son of Man is not all that he seems, and only with the eyes of the spirit can we see those golden threads which link us with all life everywhere."

*The Essene Gospel of Peace, Vol. 4, Page 15, Paragraph 1,
(Christianity, Gnostic/Essene, Words of Christ)*

"And it came to pass that Jesus gathered the Sons of Light by the shore of the river, to reveal to them that which had passed, and each one was ripe for truth, as the flower opens from the bud when the angels of sun and water bring it to its time of blossoming. . . And for seven years the unknown angels of the Heavenly

Father had taught them through their sleeping hours. And now was the day come when they would enter the Brotherhood of the Elect and learn the hidden teachings of the Elders, even those of Enoch and before."

The Essene Gospel of Peace, Vol. 4, Page 10, Paragraph 1-2, (Christianity, Gnostic/Essene)

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. Pondering on the cloth that would bleed at any sign of suffering, I began to write the hymn down.

"Yes, O Jesus, it is for Thee to drink the chalice to the dregs, Thou art now vowed to the most terrible death. Jesus, may nothing be able to separate me from Thee, neither life nor death. Following Thee in life, affectionately bound to Thy suffering may it be granted to me to expire with Thee on Calvary in order to

ascend, with Thee to glory . . ."

*The Agony of Jesus, Chapter IV, Page 36, Paragraph 2,
(Christianity, Catholic, Words of Padre Pio)*

Coming and going with might, the Pleiadian vessels had come and gone all night, filling my eyes with visions of wonder. Every time they came, the sound of their vibrations resonated across the heavens, as the vessel held your eyes to it as if in some kind of trance.

Outside a denominational church we waited, while several devotees of this church also looked on. Turning a stormy purple-blue, the skies were filled with color. Winds picking up, our skin became elastic as an especially beautiful music of the spheres began playing, and radio energy showers began falling. Waiting aside a sturdy wall, the skies parted for a huge Mother Ship.

Emanating from the underside of the vessel

was a light beam, and a beautiful lady was immediately transported to the doorway of the church. Exquisite, she was wearing a white robe with a gilded golden white and sky blue crown, and everyone called her "The Lady in Light." These words were spoken with inherent and instinctual understanding and respect.

Nearby, I moved closer to her and was able to touch her robe, but I couldn't see her face, for she was looking in the other direction. Unable to let go, the vibration was so eminently pleasing. As we walked into the room, all the members of the church were immediately mesmerized. Bowing to her, as she suddenly turned and bowed back five or six times, I was stunned, shocked, and exasperatingly excited!

"My God!" I shouted to her most beautiful face, "you're the Blessed Virgin Mary!" Smiling in knowing, the most Holy Virgin had come to us from the stars, in a spaceship that still hovered in the sky between two light portals. Saying nothing, she only smiled in happiness at my observation, as I began to disappear and return to my physical Earthly craft.

"The local universe Mother Spirit thus acquires a personal nature tinged by that of the Master Spirit of the superuniverse of astronomic jurisdiction."

*The Urantia Book, Paper 34, No. 1, Paragraph 3,
(Christianity, Urantia)*

Coming to the crowded room to exorcize the demons of many within the audience, the exorcist was instinctually drawn to those with the most serious infestations, as he violently overthrew them and yanked them out of their wards. Approaching

them, their bodies would immediately begin to jerk and writhe, some of them beginning to scream.

All of these people appeared normal to the naked eye, and no one would have guessed that they had infestations. I remembered when the Buddhist priest had first made me aware of my own infestations and how shocked I had been. After considering the infested cases of five or six people, my spiritual guardian who sat to the right of me, asked him to assess my case. Becoming concerned, I'd learned to never take anything for granted. 'What would he assess?' I thought, 'Had I made any progress regarding the task of exorcism in which the Buddhist priest had said, 'these things take time?''

Ready for anything, he came nearer, and held out his hands in a smile. "This one is perfect," he said, (Meaning I was no longer infested by any dark forces. Not that I was truly perfect, by any means.) "She's a wife and mother . . ." Giving me a clean slate of spirit, I was thrilled at his diagnosis, and so happy that the exorcism begun upon my soul so long ago by the Buddhist priest was now complete.

Certainly, these things do take time, just as he had said, but they can be accomplished with diligence and effort. Smiling with joy, I couldn't restrain my glee at realizing that my soul was pure and clean of such defilements. Considering how awful it had been to become aware of such infestations in the beginning, such a pronouncement upon my soul was truly joyous for us to hear.

Hallelujah to the Lord!

"Let the evil that I have earned be turned away from

*The Dead Sea Scriptures, Poems from a Qumran Hymnal,
No. III, No. 5-7, (Christianity)*

Andy had an experience:

"Marilynn and I were walking in a barren rock area when suddenly a fountain of water began gushing forth in the midst of our trail. Proceeding to step into the fountain, Marilynn immersed herself in the water. At that time, I heard a voice say 'The Fountain of Redemption.' And subsequently, I followed Marilynn's example and immersed myself likewise. It was truly a holy experience, a baptism."

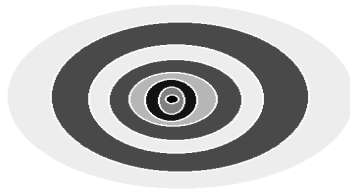
"(And) some say, 'On the last day (we will) certainly arise (in the) resurrection.' But they do not (know what) they are saying, for the last day (is when) those belonging to Christ . . . was fulfilled, he destroyed (their archon) of (darkness . . .) . . . they asked (what they have been) bound with, (and how they) might properly (release themselves). And (they came to know) themselves (as to who they are), or rather, where they are (now), and what is the (place in) which they will rest from their senselessness, (arriving) at knowledge. (These) Christ will transfer to (the heights) since they (have renounced) foolishness (and have) advanced to knowledge. And those who (have knowledge . . .) . . . he has come to know (the Son of Man), that (is, he has come to) know (himself. This) is the perfect life, (that) man know (himself) by means of the All."

*The Nag Hammadi Library, The Testimony of Truth, Page
451, Paragraph 3, (Christianity, Gnosticism)*

"I also came out as a brook from a river, and as a

conduit into a garden. I said, I will water my best garden, and will water abundantly my garden bed: and, lo, my brook became a river, and my river became a sea. I will yet make doctrine to shine as the morning, and will send forth her light afar off. I will yet pour out doctrine as prophecy, and leave it to all ages for ever. Behold that I have not laboured for myself only, but for all them that seek wisdom."
*The Apocrypha, Ecclesiasticus, Chapter 24, Paragraph 3,
 (Christianity, Words of Christ)*

UNIVERSAL SPHERE OF REALMS



Realms:

Center, 1 and 2 = First and Second Dimension/Lower Worlds (Total Darkness) = Below Veil of Illusion

3 and 4 = Third and Fourth Dimension/Border Worlds (Light and Darkness) = Below Veil of Illusion

5 and above = Fifth Dimension and Above/Upperworlds (Light) = Above Veil of Illusion

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

Join with me as we enter now the Absolution Pathway, Dissolution into the Will of God, the Sins of the Fathers as Visited Upon the Sons . . .

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Having made a shortened list of some of the more important texts of the world religions, I've made careful note to include texts which have been drawn to me in sacred vision and have been an integral part of energizing my spiritual path. Most of the texts in the bibliography have been brought to me through eternal guidance.

World Scripture is an excellent starting point, as it contains scripture from all world religions on various subjects, as well as, a detailed listing in back of the prescribed texts from all major and minor world religions.

Scriptural texts are the foundation or the root of knowledge. Visionary texts are the branches of the tree. Lives of prophets, saints, mystics and sages are the leaves.

Words in italics are actual book titles, while the unitalicized words are not title names, but rather authors and saints to glean from.

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