

The Limb of the Redemption

The Practice, the Play, the Love, the Choice and the People in the Afterlife

Psychic and Out-of-Body States in some Recallment
An Out-of-Body Travel Book on True Resurrection
By Marilyn Hughes

The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation
<http://outofbodytravel.org>



The Resurrection, Mormon Painting, 1840's

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

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INTRODUCTION

A Vision of Ascension – The Practice

Hovering before the white and cloudy portal, I inherently knew that the galactic heavens were inside. Colors of Red, Yellow, Blue and Orange swirled in the mists. A voice from within beckoned me to leave such spaces, for I was not allowed to go yet, it was not yet my time to leave the physical embodiment of the earthly sphere.

Suddenly, I stood within a very snowy sphere. It was my own hometown hidden inside the mountain ranges of the continental divide. It was protected from the world in a way that many other places could not be done, and it was reflected to me as divinely guarded by not only beings of light but by the snowy ranges which protected its midst. A huge shadowbox was in the center of the village, a mystical

sign of Our Lady of Perpetual Adoration, a convent which was now silent and alone. Only I remained there to praise God in its shadowy presence.

And my spirit was heralded to the location in the mystic realms of Mother Angelica's tomb, a Poor Clare Nun who had come earlier to consecrate my soul within her order. It was an honor to kneel at the site, knowing that she had taken me under her consecration just two weeks prior.

In the silence, wordless energies of wisdom and knowledge fluttered about and entered within my spirit. Everything about me embodied a very holy stillness. As I took this expression upon myself, I was released into the next phase of my journey.

Suddenly and within an instant, I was certain I had crossed over because I was siphoned into a whirlwind of liturgical history which held such significance and awakens that it seemed impossible to enter it before having parted with the earthly realm.

But as had happened many times before, I was not dead, only exploring the worlds of the living who remain beyond the veil of death.

I found myself walking with some of the most holy men from all of Christian history . . . and yet, some of them were quite notorious.

In a windswell of wisdom, a breeze entered me which filled my soul with the knowledge that everything

goes back to the liturgy . . . everything. In that moment, I knew that all religious history, history itself, and even the answer to the extraterrestrial situation . . . all went back to the liturgy.

My soul was flying through history and walking with those who had followed the many different liturgies which emerged during the time of the early church. Although, I was told, I would always go back to the Catholic Liturgy, it was necessary that I visit some of these others.

First, my spirit was taken into four liturgies of the Roman Catholic Church. With each liturgy, I was to be taken to the historical time frame from which it emerged, meet the writers of those liturgies and witness some of the historically relevant and doctrinally important issues of each one. And then the books themselves would be presented to me in huge and massive volumes which I would hold and carry on with me to the next destination.

Ironically, one of the first that was presented to me were the writings of St. John of the Cross. Although he did not write liturgies, as far as I know, it was clear that his writings were as liturgies in their relevance, holiness and importance to the spiritual progression of the soul.

I acknowledged this and went to the next.

Again, in another irony which defies explanation, Pope Benedict XVI was presented to me as a second

liturgy. And although, again, it is not known to me that he wrote liturgies, it was absolutely clear in the mirror of holiness which emerged from his eminent domain that he was a very holy pope, and his writings also were as liturgies in their relevance, holiness and importance to the spiritual progression of the soul.

I acknowledged this and went to the next.

The third liturgy related to exorcisms, demons and spiritual warfare, and the element of discernment and warfare required for the soul to achieve anything of significance. It was laid out before me as an integral part of the spiritual journey, the liturgy of the soul, so to speak. Without it, progress could not be made in the journey of the soul.

I acknowledged this and went to the next.

The fourth liturgy encompassed me as a holy and living remembrance of death. It was presented to me as a hidden liturgy, one that souls must seek, but cannot be easily grasped in the true and sacred manner in which it demonstrates itself. It was unknown, but knowable; hidden, but with the right prayer and constancy, could be found.

I acknowledged this and went to the next.

Amongst these four liturgies of the church, I felt holiness and held my silence as the white energies of the purity surrounded and enmeshed within me.

And in a millisecond, the actual liturgies of the church came in like a monsoon rainstorm and pelted within my spirit, as I became aware of the fact that many existed in the early church and moved and traveled with the apostles and others who reconciled the world to Our Lord Jesus Christ. (The first liturgy had emerged in Jerusalem, the Liturgy of St. James. Others came such as the Roman Liturgy, the Roman Breviary, the Liturgy of Mari and Adai, the Syrian Daily Office, the Coptic Liturgy, the Armenian, the Old Catholic, the Divine Liturgy of St. John Chrysostom, the Divine Liturgy of the Presanctified of St. Gregory the Dialogist, the Mozarabic, the Ancient Gallican, the Orthodox Liturgies, the Byzantine, the Hieratikon and the Ambrosian Liturgy, among the few.) I vowed to obtain, study and pray every one of these liturgies, and to allow my soul to inhale their breath.

I acknowledged this and turned to find myself in a different space and time.

It was made known to me as my soul travelled at the effervescent speed of liturgical history, that there were two other liturgies of the Roman Catholic tradition which would remain unknown to me this eve. They were hidden in every possible way, for what reason I did not know. But they were extremely holy.

Tsunami's of energy whirled again around me as I heard that I was now going to travel the path of four

heretical liturgies which were very, very sacred despite their status as heresies.

And then I found myself standing before a Nestorian altar. Candles were lit on each side, long golden candlesticks with a single, slim and tall burning edifice. A table with a deep burghundy plush fabric embroidered in gold etchings. The room was dark and I inherently understood that this was an Eastern Liturgy of some kind which was presented to me as very, very holy.

It was not until later that I would find that Nestorian Liturgies are still practiced in some churches today, and that Nestorianism was considered a heresy in its day. One of its primary differences to the Roman Catholic Doctrine appeared to be a Christological doctrine that emphasized a difference between the human and divine natures of Jesus. They also took issue with the title 'Mother of God' for the Blessed Virgin Mary. Nestorius lived from 386-450 A.D . . . there was something else that seemed of profound importance.

Present day Nestorians occupied the same part of India where Jesus, Mary and Mary Magdalene have been rumoured to have lived after the crucifixion and resurrection. According to these legends, the Essenes saved Jesus Christ through tunnels in the tomb of Joseph of Arimathea. Eventually, the three joined the Apostle Thomas on his journey to India (The Apostle Thomas's Journey to India is common knowledge.) where tombs of all four of them are known to exist.

He had come to be known as Issa, a great prophet, and there are instances in both Hindu and Buddhist ancient sacred texts which are attributed to having been written and spoken by him. At his tomb, there is a sculpture of his feet which bears the scars of nails that may have been from the crucifixion. He is venerated in that small little town, and the tomb is protected by a long line of 'guardians of the tomb', people who are said to go all the way back to Issa's time.

If the story is true, it is actually possible that Jesus himself had a hand in setting the tradition for the future written Nestorian Liturgy.

The overwhelming and ominous nature of that possibility swept through me like a breath of holiness.

However, it could be equally true that St. Thomas, who was called 'the twin' of Christ because they apparently looked so much alike, could have been mistaken for Christ as the Prophet Issa, because we know that even Church History acknowledges that St. Thomas was sent to India.

This theory would not explain away the tombs of Mary, Mother of God or Mary Magdalene. And there is another tradition relating to Rennes le Chateau in France, indicating the possibility that Mary Magdalene may be buried there. So equal evidence seems to point to both possibilities. So there are many questions, and no completely inerrant answers. We

can only follow the trail of the liturgies, the sacred texts, and the tombs.

I found myself dumbfounded because I knew little of this Nestorian liturgy except of its heretical status. But here in this sphere, I could feel the absolute holiness of the man, Nestorius, and his liturgy. In a glimpse, a curtain was set aside, and behind it he stood. Wearing a long deep but rusty red robe to his feet, golden etchings similar to the altar cloth were above his waist. He was hiding, he had to be careful. But our eyes met and a knowledge was transferred. I bowed and was swept away.

Another time, another man . . . he was in hiding. His name was Marcion. Because he was on the run and had to keep his writings hidden, I followed him on a lengthy journey through what seemed to be ancient alleyways and small rooms made of sandstone or rock. He was wearing the garb of white with a cape that also seemed to have that rusty red appearance. He had long white hair and a gallant beard.

His situation seemed even more dangerous and dire than Nestorius, but yet, despite its obvious heretical status, the energy of its holiness shone through as if by an advent of heavenly light. There was no denying it, even though I had never prior really heard of this heresy or paid it much mind.

When I reached a hidden hovel in the rocks, Marcion handed me his book and what turned out to be the very first New Testament ever written. I had not

known this, and was astonished to hear that there was a pre-nicene New Testament. For some reason, when I held his writings, I began to feel afraid for my safety and tucked them tightly under my garments and sought out an escape from this ancient time. Marcion looked deeply into my eyes and conveyed his unique understanding of the revelation of God. I knew its holiness, but not its content.

And again, as I was swaying in the energetic impulses which surrounded me, the message returned to me. Everything goes back to the liturgy, and somehow it also explains and goes back to the extraterrestrial presence.

"The main points of Marcion's teaching were the rejection of the Old Testament and a distinction between the Supreme God of goodness and an inferior God of justice, who was the Creator and God of the Jews. He regarded Christ as the messenger of the Supreme God . . . The Old and New Testaments, Marcion argued, cannot be reconciled to each other. The code of conduct advocated by Moses was 'an eye for an eye', but Christ set this precept aside. Elisha had had children eaten by bears; Christ said, 'Let the little children come to me'. Joshua had stopped the sun in its path in order to continue the slaughter of his enemies; Paul quoted Christ as commanding, 'Let not the sun go down on your wrath'. In the Old Testament divorce was permitted and so was polygamy; but in the New Testament neither is allowed. Moses enforced the Jewish Sabbath and Law; Christ has freed believers from both."

*The Development of the Canon of the New Testament, Metzger, Bruce
M. Clarendon Press. Oxford. 1987*

“Marcion, we may conclude, was important for two reasons. He rejected the Old Testament as the document of an alien religion; and he taught that Jesus had come to save humankind from the control of the evil Creator to whom the Old Testament witnesses. These are precisely the two aspects of his work on which patristic condemnations, from Tertullian onwards, focus. In the process he denied the validity of allegorical interpretation of the Old Testament, which he saw as a means of accommodating it to Christian belief.”

The Canon Debate, Lee Martin McDonald, James A. Sanders, Editors

Marcion’s writings went on to take more Gnostic dimensions as the centuries went by . . .

But yet, the meaning of this obviously holy and profound mystical experience could not be understood by me at this time. I could only conjecture.

And there were two other heresies and their liturgies which remained out of my view. But I was not allowed to remember their energies . . .

Suddenly, I was again swept away, to grandiosely awake in the earthly realm not knowing how I could have taken such a conscious journey and yet to have done so while still alive in the body.

And a voice pierced the silence saying:

“Of either Buddha mind
Is it This One Extreme Bodh Gaya

(A village in central Bihar, Northeastern India. The Site of the tree under which Siddhartha became the Buddha.)

Or is it really the other?

Is it the opposite?"

And whoosh, the spirit swept me into the ethereal winds with a gathered burst. In the cloudy skies, I saw Pope Francis coming to my church, pleading my case against the all too common accusations that had been made against me as a heretic for about five years hence. "We seek the truth, do we not?" He said. "God is the embodiment of all truth. Does the truth change God? Or does it enhance and glorify? Do not speak of heresies, speak of the truth . . . for it was Christ who said the truth will set you free." Pausing, he garnered his thoughts. "Do you need Church?" His pause became pregnant. "In this jumbled mess . . . is all so beautiful. Be not afraid, as my predecessor Pope John Paul II so often spoke. And let it be." As his image began to disintegrate into the heavens, fragrance began to enter the atmosphere through his prayer.

*"Jesus: "Do to others as you would have them do to you."
Luke 6:31*

Buddha: "Consider others as yourself." Dhammapada 10:1

Jesus: "If anyone strikes you on the cheek, offer the other also." Luke 6:29

Buddha: "If anyone should give you a blow with his hand, with a stick, or with a knife, you should abandon any desires and utter no evil words." Majjhima Nikaya 21:6

Jesus: "Truly I tell you, just as you did not do it to one of the least of these, you did not do it to me." Matthew 25:45

Buddha: "If you do not tend to one another, then who is there to tend you? Whoever would tend me, he should tend the sick." Vinaya, Mahavagga 8:26.3

Jesus: "Put your sword back into its place; for all those who take the sword will perish by the sword." Matthew 26:52

Buddha: "Abandoning the taking of life, the ascetic Gautama dwells refraining from taking life, without stick or sword." Digha Nikaya 1:1.8

Jesus: "Those who want to save their life will lose it, and those who lose their life for my sake will save it." Mark 8:35

Buddha: "With the relinquishing of all thought and egotism, the enlightened one is liberated through not clinging." Majjhima Nikaya 72:15

Jesus: "Go therefore and make disciples of all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit, and teaching them to obey everything that I have commanded you." Matthew 28:19-20

Buddha: "Teach the dharma which is lovely at the beginning, lovely in the middle, lovely at the end. Explain with the spirit and the letter in the fashion of Brahma. In this way you will be completely fulfilled and wholly pure." Vinaya Mahavagga 1:11.1"

***Jesus and Buddha: The Parallel Sayings, Edited by Marcus Borg,
published by Ulysses Press***

"When Buddha was travelling and living in this world, there was an old Brahman priest who wore white robes who asked the Buddha, "How will all men and all Brahmins continue in their merit-making so as to escape the results of sin?" The Buddha answered, "Even though all of you give

alms according to the 5 precepts, the 8 precepts, the 10 precepts, or the 227 precepts for 9 trillion years and you raise your hands and offer yourselves as a burnt offering, or you pray 5 times a day, you will still not escape the results of your sins. If you do this every day, your merit gained will only be equal to the smallest strand of hair of an unborn infant which is extremely small. You shall not enter heaven's doors."

The old Brahman priest asked further, "What are we all to do to be saved?" The Buddha answered the old Brahman priest, "The results of sin and karma are very great, heavier than the sky, thicker than the earth, and so high that it would be like an angel dusting the corner-posts of the temple compound with a cloth post that are 18 inches high - dusting them one time per year - until the posts were worn down to the ground. When the posts are worn down, that's how long it would take to end your sins."

The Buddha said further, "I have given up my high position and entered the priesthood. I considered that even though I am good, I would have only a very small amount of merit at the end of the year. If I was given this same amount of merit for 100,000 epochs and live 10 more lifetimes, I would not be saved from sin's results even once. The old Brahman priest asked further, "So what should we all do?" The Buddha answered, "Keep on making merit and look for another Holy One who will come and help the world and all of you in the future."

Then the old Brahman priest asked, "What will the characteristics of the Holy One be like?" The Buddha answered him, "The Holy One who will keep ??? the world in the future will be like this: in the palms of his hands and

in the flat of his feet will be the design of a disc, in the side will be a stab wound; and his forehead will have many marks like scars. This Holy One will be the golden boat who will carry you over the cycle of rebirths all the way to the highest heaven (Nirvana).

Do not look for salvation the old way; there is no salvation in it for sure. Quit the old way. And there will be a new spirit like the light of a lightning bug in all of your hearts and you will be victorious over all your enemies. Nobody will be able to destroy you. If you die, you will not come back to be born in this world again. You will go to the highest heaven (Nirvana)."

Buddha was correct about the uselessness of trying to earn merit. It is impossible. What the Holy One Buddha has said would come has come. About 500 years after Buddha left this world, the prophecy was fulfilled. When Jesus Christ died on the cross to take away human sin, each hand and foot was pierced with a large nail leaving a disk shape. (John 20:20), his side was pierced with a spear (John 19:34); and his forehead had many marks on it from the crown of thorns the Romans put on him (John 19:2). Jesus Christ opened up a new way of faith to relate to God so that the old ways of merit could be left behind. Through Jesus alone, one can find escape from the impossibility of doing merit. Through Jesus alone, one can find perfect assurance that the highest heaven is opened by God's grace."

Permission was granted to copy these Buddhist Scriptures regarding the prophecy of the Holy One (Jesus) from Wat Phra Sing in Chiang Mai Province. The person who gave permission was Phra Sriwisutthiwong in Bangkok. It is guaranteed that this copy is accurate according to the original, that there is no error in transmission, which is in the book of the district headman, the religious encyclopedia, volume 23, book #29. This inquiry was made on October 13, 1954 A.D. (Buddhist era 2497).

Phra Sriwisutthiwong is the Deputy Abbot and Director of Wat Pho Museum, Wat Pho Temple, Thailand.

And I was granted again to see the many manifestations of humanity, the degradation and wretchedness along with the perfection and glory that I've described in so many experiences before. As symphonies played sacred music, I saw defilements and demons flee the world as I heard a voice say, "Our purpose is to live out the life we were meant to live with the people for which we were meant to live it in peace." And I realized that the sacred music had cleansing qualities. I vowed to play it more openly in my own home.

I began to clean up places which had been defiled by wiping them away and writing liturgies upon their walls, placing holy objects in their stead and observing the times and seasons of places throughout the parallel universes of life. The quantum hologram contained a multiplicity and such things were purified by the writing down, singing, chanting, and praying of the liturgies.

Nuns passed by in full dress, unobserved by the people of their time. But they continued their work, their daily recitation of the Liturgy of the Hours. Their work remained unseen, although profoundly important (as with the monks, priests and other religious) in the purification of humankind and our world.

Angelic hierarchies surrounded me and removed negative influences from my person, including two

alien greys who vomited on me to try to keep me from pursuing this mission of great importance.

Then, I observed atheists and the people of the world who had spent no time in preparation for eternity going to a secret confessional in the stars while remaining unconscious of it in their bodies. God was working on their souls in mysterious ways . . . beautiful. Animals were appearing in the skies surrounded by lights.

A young man broke down the walls of a barn looking for something valuable. But golden books peered through and shattered the world with their lights. The young man was mad, it was not what he was looking for . . . he was looking for earthly, not heavenly, treasure.

I had to begin climbing the mountains of the stars . . . others with me were hiding things of the earth, things of vice, in their midst. I told them they could not climb with me unless they were to discard such relics of a world past and gone. After they discarded their useless implements, I used my arms, and was able to generate light which mobilized our spirits upward towards a house in the heavens, a house containing some type of mysterious knowledge. We got in.

As we entered, we were all disbursed into the cyclonic energies of the work of God above on the world below. They were healing accelerations. We were gathered to travel many realms, beautifying and organizing them. We did 'the menial work' which I

was told made me the most happy; cleaning, arranging things, disbursing the garbage and the trash, the unhappy or unwilling thoughts of humanity . . . and we incited the liturgies.

Continuing to place relics, write liturgies on walls, shatter darkness with holy water and holy salt; we travelled through an aeon (literally thousands) of images of Our Lady. These were not just the apparitions as they've been seen by the people of earth, but by many other extraterrestrial races on other planets and in other galaxies. It was literally infinite. We organized the images and placed in a realm of honor wherein all beings in all worlds could benefit from their purifying effects.

Our Lady of Perpetual Adoration descended wearing a brown robe with brown rose lace on the hood of her veil. She reminded me of my consecration to the Poor Clare's and my new duty to stand in perpetual silence and honor of God in retreat and seclusion.

Dangers of the world were shown to me, as a blanket was displayed that protected and covered my space in the world disallowing defiled energies to enter. "Leave things as they are," she said, "cloistered and protected. Do not venture out into the world."

I was shown in an expectant vision what would happen if I did not follow this direction, my living space would become contaminated, words would be altered and distorted and the people would misunderstand that which was coming through. I was

to retain a verbal silence in this regard to protect the work being wrought in my soul.

She handed me a small green book which contained within it sacred mysteries about my cat. In the physical realm, I had named her Pangur Ban, after St. Colomba's mystical kitty cat who had lived with him as a hermit. In Gaelic, Pangur Ban meant White Panther.

In the mystical realms, her name was Secret Snow. In this small green book, it was described how Secret Snow was a mystical cat who had come from the heavens, incarnated and found her way to me to assist in processing things of the world. She was a mystical gift from God. I was honored.

The book further instructed to keep my heart and hearth pure, not to allow defilements which could interfere with the mission of silence, and the continuing disbursement of the liturgy into the etherical spheres of the earth.

My spirit was given to see what could happen if I allowed for those who wished to serve no purpose in this life to violate my sphere. Urine, trash, feces, vomit, blood and dead bodies appeared all over the house. And those who had brought such things with them refused to help in cleaning it up, processing it, altering the future potential of the human race. Our Lady of Perpetual Adoration looked with a calm deliberation upon the defilement . . . and it all caught fire and burned to ash before my eyes.

And within this mystical cathedral of silence in my heart, that which was Catholic and that which was Zen merged into one.

A worldly priest and his congregation had entered from below, those who had falsely accused me of heresy before began to again cause a raucous. "You are getting what you deserve, heretic." They thought they knew me, but didn't know me at all. Our Lady of Perpetual Adoration drove them out of the sanctuary without a single word of utterance.

Suddenly, my spirit was swept throughout my entire lifetime. Traveling through all of my life, I realized one thing stood out above all things. It was all very perfect.

Experiencing all the events of my life, there were many crime scenes. Such scenes represented any event wherein someone I had known or loved had suffered unjustly. But this, too, was perfect.

Many people had made lots of promises which they never intended to keep and did not. Many hardships came out of such things in the world. I relived all the mixed meanings, the hopes and the subsequent dashed hopes. Lots of corruption, sadness, politics and unjust events swirled through my mind like a sword. But it was ALL perfect.

Standing on a precipice, I was both happy and sad to see the perfection of our lives. Imperfection is perfect.

And then I was given to look at the mountains and valleys we had crossed throughout our journeys. We had been lucky to live amongst them.

Suddenly, I knew something was going to happen, something was wrong. I didn't know what it was. I saw my loved ones as old people; watching the things they had conquered and the things that would remain with them until the end.

Several of them came into the adoration chapel. I wanted to tell them all I had seen, but they were tired. So I grabbed them each individually and said 'You have to promise me that no matter what happens you know I love you with all my heart.' They didn't necessarily believe me. Something was coming, I could feel it, but I didn't know what. It seemed that something was coming personally, but also there were intimations of a huge world event that would change everything.

Despite all these revelations, I was still very happy and I felt a faint presence of my mother. She had been very sick but living on the other side of the country. Because I'd also been sick, I hadn't been able to see her in quite a few years. Neither of us could travel.

As I was observing, I was shown a home which was related to my loved ones. There was clutter everywhere. I was trying to put everything away, but their thoughts were just too exhausting. These thoughts continued to generate more and more things, more and more stuff, and there was no way to

really help to ever complete cleaning it up. It was like a chaos realm in and of itself. I was saddened, but enlightened in the role I could and could not play in this drama which played out in their psychic constructs.

It became evident that each and every one of us must become conscious of these for ourselves and begin to process them out of our realities. For to live in such unconsciousness provides no processing of these meandering constructs which are born of self-delusion, vice, meaninglessness or just simple disinterest in the matters and workings of God. It becomes almost like huge landfill of wasted thoughts, far reaching negativities and gross neglect of mind and thus, soul.

Swiftly, I broke through the walls and entered into alternate realities which were so expansive, I experienced such a prolific revisionment of my master plan that I no longer could stay. I couldn't wait to find my way out of these earthly prisons created in the heart of humankind and those I loved.

Still others realities I was given to travel, to those within my sphere who were keeping their spiritual houses very nicely.

And then the being of the snow came, a lighted spirit covered in the ice and snow of my particular region. A being of silence, and a being of atonement and resolution.

He transported me to my mother's bedside. It was as if she was going through a life review

My mother and I traveled through her life crying uncontrollably through some of it, laughing uncontrollably through others. We had much that had been left unresolved before she had entered the cruel world of dementia and could no longer resolve that which had remained unprocessed and unforgiven. But here, in this space we were preparing her for her passing which still seemed to me as if it could be a long time away.

Singers in white were singing songs about Christ in the background which was very purifying for my mother.

And I specifically remember holding hands and dancing with her when she was about eighteen in the fields of Germany where she had grown up and laughing together as if we were joining our younger selves into a unity. My mother had needed to see me . . . and God had made it happen despite the difficulties.

And then the ancient sacred texts from throughout the world and throughout time appeared all around me. My mother stood in the midst of them. It was shown to me that although she had been an atheist her whole life and had never known God, that her life was an ancient sacred text and served purposes that I could not yet understand. Her life was a holy ignorance, and I was in awe.

As my spirit was being prepared to leave, I was given specific prayers to offer for my mother as she went through this process; they were specific devotions to Jesus and to Jesus through Mary. I began those devotions immediately . . .

And suddenly, a huge world event was being prophesied somehow . . . I was surrounded by extraterrestrial babies, helping one to incubate. It was interesting to see the tiny larvael cells which were their beginning, turning into the extraterrestrial life forms which they were to become. But they had landed, they were here.

Again, the accusations of heresy . . . I disinterestedly continued my work. But the dark side was fighting against me, they were making constant moves to convey a false dominance so that people like myself would give up the fight.

But Our Lady of Perpetual Adoration again appeared to say, "Too many people are very easily overcome . . . and are not willing to fight for others."

In a flash of light, , Our Lady showed showed me two priests of whom she was extremely pleased. Cardinal James Flannaghan and Cardinal James O'Malley. The first was deceased and the second still living, but both had fought battles in the church over corruption and sexual abuse. She hovered over them, around them and encompassed them. She morphed into all the hundreds of iconographic of manifestations of herself, as I held myself in awe of the holiness of these two

men. Springs of living water began to flow over their images and all around them.

Shift . . . scene changed. I had prayed to Our Blessed Mother that I be allowed to go through my purgatory while still on earth. All around me was a world where everything appeared slightly off from what it should have been in all truth; a purgatory where souls work through the sin of white lies. But isn't this what happens when little white lies are told? Indiscrepancies upon indecision, and suddenly, nothing appears as it really is? When merged all together, everything in this purgatorial world became something different than that which it really was . . . a potpourri of misperception. In gratitude, I thanked her for this insight. She responded by saying, "The whisperers, be careful of the whisperers."

And in a rapid sweep of sorrowful insight, that which I had felt coming, but was unable to identify, occurred with the suddenness that death affords to us all. My mother passed from this realm into eternal life . . . that's what was coming, that's what was going to happen that I could not discern. And thus, the purification and afterlife journey would begin . . .

She hid silently in a sandy aqueduct, while I called out to her, "Mom, I'm here," repeatedly. But she had gone through a life review and was afraid I would be angry with her. There was no anger, I just wanted to help her with what I did best, her afterlife journey.

And the cluttered reality was presented again . . . to one who would have to choose between continuing to live a surface existence with no eternal thrust or perhaps to go forward into a destiny, an existence with eternal purpose.

The vastness demonstrated here between these two realities was shocking, harsh and a dichotomy of worlds. It was presented in a matter which represented these two worlds as being completely divergent from one another; different universes within the same reality. To stay in the realm of surface existence was in a very worldly sphere, but to choose 'destiny' . . . it was a completely different universe, they were millions of light years apart. It appeared as a portal to a vast galactic realm of cosmic light, so small as an entrance and barely visible to those still captured by their worldly concern. But you could feel its emanation into worlds so very far beyond what could be imaged in the portal which simply hovered in the sky, a small reminder to those captured below, that there is an above which could equally captivate their spirits if they would but let it.

Furniture papers, books and other random items were thrown into a waterlogged reality which consistently and continually refilled itself. It was like the sea after a tsunami wherein debris and dead bodies were scattered everywhere. But there were also living dead bodies, the walking dead, so to speak.

There was no end to the contamination of thoughts and pointless acts which manifested in the mystical

realms as garbage, trash, rotting and molding antiquities, and the souls of the senseless walking around as if dead and rotting corpses.

It was truly a chaotic thing to live without God, there was no movement, like a pond without a source of fresh water. And it didn't take long to get exhausted when trying to clean it up, with a fresh new source of contamination ever ready and at the helm to recontaminate.

At first, it seemed to her that living a surface existence without God could be fun, but she had never before seen the actual mystical reality that living such an existence created in the mystical realms. After all, she'd never acknowledged such realms existed. She was kind of between a rock and a hard place. She had died but remained alive in a completely new world and decisions had to be made.

"No," she thought, "a new path will begin." And as we joined hands in order to leave this death behind, I noticed that something was gleaming in the water below the surface. "Hold on, Mom," I said, "I think I see something." Reaching underneath the murky waters, I picked up a golden key . . . the key to heaven which had miraculously manifested as soon as my mother had generated this new thought. I placed it in both of our hands which we held together. Our spirits were lifted up and out, moving forward and into a place where destiny could begin and proceed. We looked each other in the eyes and laughed as we

soared upwards towards a destination yet unknown but now a surety of its finding.

How ineffable had 'destiny' become to me in this worldly display of surface landscaping. 'Destiny' held a secret, a destination. It was a place. It was a decision. And it bore no resemblance to its opposite which wasn't a decision, it was a place of not coming to a resolution in the mind towards anything at all. Rather, a choosing not to decide, to remain in a chaotic, voidless absence of God of your own making; a mess which was generally not visible to those who were making it until after their own death.

How grateful I was to be traveling towards this secret now, rather than standing still, away from the tomb and ever closer to eternal life.

"In the country of Wei lived Wang P'ou, a very dutiful child, whose mother, when alive, was much afraid of thunder. After her death her grave was dug in the hilly forest; and whenever it blew and rained furiously . . . he hastened immediately to the grave, and, reverently kneeling, besought her with tears, saying: "I am here, dear mother; do not be alarmed." If his kind mother, when alive, always dreaded the voice of Heaven's majesty, how much more will she now, when lying alone in the depths of the wild forest! If P'ou was with his mother, he knew she would be comforted; and he thinks that if in the green hills she has a companion, she will not be terrified."

The Book of Filial Duty, By Iven Chen, 1908

- “1. The tomb in which they laid the body of the Lord was in a garden, rich with flowers, the garden of Siloam, and Joseph's home was near.*
- 2. Before the watch began Caiaphas sent a company of priests out to the garden of Siloam that they might be assured that Jesus' body was within the tomb.*
- 3. They rolled away the stone; they saw the body there, and then they placed the stone again before the door.*
- 4. And Pilate sent his scribe who placed upon the stone the seal of Rome, in such a way that he who moved the stone would break the seal.*
- 5. To break this Roman seal meant death to him who broke the seal.*
- 6. The Jewish soldiers all were sworn to faithfulness; and then the watch began.*
- 7. At midnight all was well, but suddenly the tomb became a blaze of light, and down the garden walk a troupe of white-clad soldiers marched in single file.*
- 8. They came up to the tomb and marched and countermarched before the door.*
- 9. The Jewish soldiers were alert; they thought the friends had come to steal the body of the Nazarene. The captain of the guard cried out to charge.*
- 10. They charged; but not a white-clad soldier fell. They did not even stop; they marched and countermarched among the frightened men.*
- 11. They stood upon the Roman seal; they did not speak; they unsheathed not their swords; it was the Silent Brotherhood.*
- 12. The Jewish soldiers fled in fear; they fell upon the ground.*
- 13. They stood apart until the white-clad soldiers marched away, and then the light about the tomb grew dim.*

14. *Then they returned; the stone was in its place; the seal was not disturbed, and they resumed their watch.*

15. *Now, Jesus did not sleep within the tomb. The body is the manifest of soul; but soul is soul without its manifest.*

16. *And in the realm of souls, unmanifest, the Lord went forth and taught.*

17. *He opened up the prison doors and set the prisoners free;*

18. *He broke the chains of captive souls, and led the captives to the light;*

19. *He sat in council with the patriarchs and prophets of the olden times;*

20. *The masters of all times and climes he met, and in the great assemblies he stood forth and told the story of his life on earth, and of his death in sacrifice for man,*

21. *And of his promises to clothe himself again in garb of flesh and walk with his disciples, just to prove the possibilities of man;*

22. *To give to them the key of life, of death, and of the resurrection of the dead.*

23. *In council all the masters sat and talked about the revelations of the coming age,*

24. *When she, the Holy Breath, shall fill the earth and air with holy breath, and open up the way of man to perfectness and endless life.*

25. *The garden of Siloam was silent on the Sabbath day; the Jewish soldiers watched and no one else approached the tomb; but on the following night the scene was changed.*

26. *At midnight every Jewish soldier heard a voice which said, Adon Mashich Cumi, which meant, Lord Christ arise.*

27. *And they supposed again that friends of Jesus were alert, were coming up to take the body of their Lord away.*

28. *The soldiers were alert with swords unsheathed and drawn, and then they heard the words again.*

29. *It seemed as though the voice was everywhere, and yet they saw no man.*
30. *The soldiers blanched with fear, and still to flee meant death for cowardice, and so they stood and watched.*
31. *Again, and this was just before the sun arose, the heavens blazed with light, a distant thunder seemed to herald forth a coming storm;*
32. *and then the earth began to quake and in the rays of light they saw a form descend from heaven. They said, Behold an angel comes.*
33. *And then they heard again, Adon Mashich Cumi.*
34. *And then the white-robed form tramped on the Roman seal and then he tore it into shreds; he took the mighty stone in hand as though it were a pebble from the brook, and cast it to the side.*
35. *And Jesus opened up his eyes and said, All hail the rising sun; the coming of the day of righteousness!*
36. *And then he folded up his burial gown, his head bands and his coverings and laid them all aside.*
37. *He rose, and for a moment stood beside the white-robed form.*
38. *The weaker soldiers fell upon the ground, and hid their faces in their hands; the stronger stood and watched.*
39. *They saw the body of the Nazarene transmute; they saw it change from mortal to immortal form, and then it disappeared.*
40. *The soldiers heard a voice from somewhere; yea, from everywhere, it said,*
41. *Peace, peace on earth; good will to men.*
42. *They looked, the tomb was empty and the Lord had risen as he said."*

From a member of the Out-of-Body Travel Foundation one week after my mother's death.

Marilynn

I saw your mom and you in a dream, Marilyn, just now. It was a picture of you and her. She looked really beautiful, but had an 80's style. Anyway, the picture of you two was on a Mass Card from the church. Then you had written an update where you mentioned news of the Foundation's Saved Souls number growing almost 10x over.

The new number was in the millions. I surmise that your mother is now realizing where she was off in understanding your mission when she was here. In the next realm, Her realization of the misunderstanding she had of your mission is leading to energetic assistance, and it's going to cause your foundation to thrive. The exact number was upward 400-500 million."

And the words were spoken to me quietly in my ear as I entered the frequential obligation of the mystical realms. "Take charge of the child for the Reaper will be here for but a moment. He will produce considerable persuasion . . ."

As a woman sang the opera 'La Boheme' in the background, she stood in a long dress on a small boat in a river. Her mournful song lamented into the graduated night . . .

CHAPTER ONE

A Vision of Purgatory – The Play

But that was not where it had begun . . . at the time of her passing much had remained unresolved.

Her purgatorial crossing had gone through many mansions before she was able to traverse through that beautiful portal. It had begun in a long sleep, and emerged in the venomous anger of a life unexamined.

Beginning at a small and tightly enclosed reminiscence of her home when she was married the second time, she was going through a period of time where she just wanted some peace. She had taken care of kids her whole life, gone through a divorce, married another man and had a beautiful decade with him. But then he got seriously ill and she spent the next twenty years caring for him. She was tired.

But purgatories are not meant for the sheer enjoyment, there is always something we must see that we have been missing, and so, unbeknownst to her I was lying in an upstairs room laying on the bed of my childhood, dying.

Poison began to come out of me in the form of a clear liquid with tiny little bugs infesting it all. Every pore was pouring out literally gallons of this liquid, I was

soaked in it and it was soaking the bed and anything with which my body came into contact.

As the black sheep of the family, I had taken on the energy of a lot of the anger in the household. So within the poison were falsehoods, accusations and false views about who I was which were very strongly encountered in my life from the family.

In my youth, I had always believed in Christ, my mother and siblings were atheists at the time. For some reason, this was a source of a lot of anger. My Father had been very violent and I had been the one to call the police when things got dangerous, but the anger was directed at me for calling the police, not at him for pulling out the rifle.

This poison was literally killing me and I knew it, and I had to get down the stairs to ask my mother for help or I would die. Unable to stand, I grasped my hands and began dragging my body down the staircase before my body stopped on a linoleum entrance to the home. In my mind, I was begging my mother for help, asking her to call 911. I knew she would help . . .

But when I saw her I knew things were going to go very differently than I had hoped. She was not happy to see me, having created this little house reminiscent of a short time in her life where she had some peace, she was absolutely burned out.

But beyond this, the anger, rage and what was most disturbing, the hatred, that she had towards me came

out of her in a violently coherent manner. There was a viciousness in the hatred which was important for me to experience, witness and understand. For not one moment, did she think about calling 911, but began dragging my now unconscious spiritual body through the house, into the living room and onto a couch. She was going to wait for me to die there and then figure out what to do. Under no circumstances, was she going to call for help.

At that moment, I realized how much my mother really had disliked and sometimes hated me throughout her life. Of course, this made me very sad, but she had been the type of person who never spoke about or resolved anything. When she got dementia, it was too late. But after death, it is never too late, we all have to undergo purgation.

A wise remembrance for those who carry on arguments, disagreements and misunderstandings without trying to reconcile them with one another. Just do it . . . it's that simple. And if you have not been able to reach a purificatory result, keep doing it . . . until you can.

As a result of her dragging me into the living room and onto the couch, my mother lost out on what would've been a great opportunity to disburse some of this karmic thrust more readily. Had she called 911 when I was at the linoleum entryway, the cleanup would've been so much simpler; a simple mopping and sweeping. And others, heavenly intercessors, would have arrived to help to work through these

things. But because she had dragged me through carpet and onto another cloth surface to die, the couch, the poisons were now being literally absorbed into those fabrics and it would be much harder to clean it up.

Leaving me on the couch to die, it was made known to me that the poisons would all drain out of me and return to where they had come from . . . my mother would have to process them.

My spirit was gently pulled from the receptacle in the realm, but I knew just the fact that the poisons were now in the open would mean that the next time I might see her, she may very well have disbursed much of these and she might be doing much better. In the meantime, it was my task to pray for her ardently to get through this poison, so she could disburse it and enter yet another mansion.

Yet, another two weeks later, and a lot of ardent prayer, I saw my mother doing very much better. But she was moving into an old home we had lived in when one of our children was younger. Her and her second husband had some issues to work out, and she was going to now (that she had worked through quite a lot of the vestiges of her anger with me) stay with us while she and her husband were a little angry with one another.

Her husband had passed about a decade before, and already gone through his own quite harrowing journey to purification and peace, but these journeys

often involve individual purifications which arise with the crossing of another soul with which were entwined during life. But she was doing much better . . . and I was grateful I could help her by letting her stay where we had once lived. She was surrounded by the souls of all of us, our children, her children, her grandchildren - her family - to support her in this time. Everyone was present, but manifesting in various levels of consciousness.'

In essence, these were things happening with quantum aspects of the individual souls, aspects which would remain present in all of time and space, regardless of whether they yet lived or had died from the earth. Unconscious to most, the quantum states have much to do with creating the constant influx and inflow of the world beyond the veil of life to the world of formation and manifestation below.

But yet, every single human being and every form of life has these quantum states which will operate in a multitude of dimensions all at the same time. While their conscious awareness may only be aware of one point of light or life, in one world, we are all multiworld beings. All life is multidimensional and crosses all boundaries in various frequential manifestations.

And I knew she and him were going to work things out.

During life, he had been quite jealous and oftentimes difficult. He, too, had not been a believer during his

life and almost ended up in hell. But due to a specific battle waged on his behalf, he was given the chance to enter the purgatorial journey shortly after his own death. As a result, he had already gone through much of these issues, seeing their destructive capabilities and purified of them years before. What remained was mostly related to my mothers anger about the events.

Yet, another week later, I saw her climbing a stairway, her husband following her about ten steps below. The stairway was pitch black darkness at the bottom, but about halfway up became light. My mother ascended quickly, with her husband happily following her and they were going higher. More mansions lay ahead.

Yet, another week later, she was resting comfortably in an old home we had lived within when our children were small. All of them were present, it was necessary for her to experience my soul and theirs all in a new way, to make up for lost time, to make up for things we were unable to experience together due to the previous poisons, but also due to illnesses that she and I had suffered; and other circumstances which had kept us apart for several years before her death.

Yet, another week later, we entered a new mansion together wherein it was just she and I. Again, we were surrounded by the time we had lost with one another due to both of our illnesses and misunderstandings. Clutter was everywhere, which I knew to be thoughts, misunderstandings and just

basically other crap. Much of the crap were obstacles placed in our path by others, by circumstances. We would have to carefully go through it, and remove these fetters between us.

In order to do so, my mother had to look upon them, understand them and to accept them: the circumstances of my marriage, having three young children, being so, so ill, and carrying the load of a young family.

I knew it was deftly important that my mother and I finally touch again after all these years. Though I had spent much time holding her hand after her death in her casket, we had been unable to do this during her illness or her crossing over (primarily due to my own illness which made travel impossible) and we needed to touch.

Staying with her the whole night, I was unwilling to leave her in these impurities of the past. And it was not necessary to do so because many of these things had gone on to be changed in the manifest world, as well, which meant she was visiting an energetic construct of what once was, not how things currently energated within the physical realm. Much purification had taken place . . .

In a far away corner, we found a small place which was clear. As we were running towards it, I touched my mother on the back as she was reaching to sit down in this lighted and pure place. Feeling such relief and warmth, we began talking openly about all

the misunderstandings, misperceptions, things done and left undone, many apologies for all that remained between us. Everything was brought to a healthy conclusion, and it didn't take long, just five or ten minutes.

How much we could do if we were to become conscious, aware and live in this manner? Holding nothing back, setting out to resolve even the smallest of misunderstandings, apologizing for the things of the past and the present, and choosing not to hold on to that which could not be undone, yet only understood?

And these were painful, hard memories . . . not just white-washed minor inflictions of hurt. These were serious crimes against one another that everyone among us has committed and most of us have also experienced; things with serious consequences like rape, untimely deaths, abandonment, suicide and more.

My mother and I were both victims and perpetrators of one another, and in order to reach peace, it was so important we were both in a space to accept this truth which is so adamant and prevalent among families and the human condition in this world, this conscious state, we call life.

Before we knew it, all of that was just gone. We sat silently, peacefully, holding one another's hands in a place of total love for one another. None of it mattered anymore . . .

And it was then that we stood before the portal . . . wherein my mother looked upon the defilement of a life without God and had chosen to enter within.

We took the key to heaven I had found in the waters and flew through the tiny gateway to aeons of worlds.

Whoosh . . .

My mother was no longer with me, but I knew she was now of this world. My peace was full. Feeling her presence overriding the realm, my children were presented to me, and I was shown things about them they would need to know, things I would need to teach them still, even as adults, who were struggling to gather 'Destiny' into their own hands. The call of the world was still strong in some of them, and the call of the spirit stronger in others.

My mother had to go now, but she would not fully leave until she had made certain that I knew she was also full, but that I had work to do in that other realm . . . she was a mother, she understood the importance now of this path which must be trod.

Much of it would be without her, but not really because these worlds were intertwined. She saw this now, and knew in a way that reached beyond human understanding that I lived in both worlds, and must continue to do so to fulfill the work of my Master and Lord. But we both knew we would continue to see one another within the context of her journey as God

may so deign. Our journey was not over, simply because another journey must begin or continue.

I had to begin climbing the mountains of the stars . . .

“Patrick in his time ordered the observance of the following ceremonies by all penitents before their entrance into the original cave on Saints' Island; and for a long time they were strictly carried out:--'The visitor must first go to the bishop of the diocese, declare to him that he came of his own free will, and request of him permission to make the pilgrimage. The bishop warned him against venturing any further in his design, and represented to him the perils of his undertaking; but if the pilgrim still remained steadfast in his purpose, he gave him a recommendatory letter to the prior of the island. The prior again tried to dissuade him from his design by the same arguments that had been previously urged by the bishop. If, however, the pilgrim still remained steadfast, he was taken into the church to spend there fifteen days in fasting and praying. After this the mass was celebrated, the holy communion administered to him and holy water sprinkled over him, and he was led in procession with reading of litanies to the entrance of the purgatory, where a third attempt was made to dissuade him from entering. If he still persisted, the prior allowed him to enter the cave, after he had received the benediction of the priests, and, in entering, he commended himself to their prayers, and made the sign of the cross on his forehead with his own hand. The prior then made fast the door, and opened it not again till the next morning, when, if the penitent were there, he was taken out and led with great joy to the church, and, after fifteen days' watching and praying, was dismissed. If he was not found when the door was opened, it was understood that he had perished in his

pilgrimage through purgatory; the door was closed again, and he was never afterwards mentioned'.

An enormous mass of literary and historical material was recorded during the mediaeval period, in various European vernaculars and in Latin, concerning St. Patrick's Purgatory; and all of it testifies to the widespread influence of the rites which already then as now attracted thousands of pilgrims from all parts of Christendom. In the poem of Owayne Miles, which forms part of this material, we find a poetical description of the purgatorial initiatory rites quite comparable to Virgil's account of Aeneas on his initiatory journey to Hades.

The poem records how Sir Owain was locked in the cave, and how, after a short time, he began to penetrate its depths. He had but little light, and this by degrees disappeared, leaving him in total darkness. Then a strange twilight appeared. He went on to a hall and there met fifteen men clad in white and with heads shaven after the manner of ecclesiastics. One of them told Owain what things he would have to suffer in his pilgrimage, how unclean spirits would attack him, and by what means he could withstand them. Then the fifteen men left the knight alone, and soon all sorts of demons and ghosts and spirits surrounded him, and he was led on from one torture and trial to another by different companies of fiends. (In the original Latin legend there were four fields of punishment.) Finally Owain came to a magic bridge which appeared safe and wide, but when he reached the middle of it all the fiends and demons and unclean spirits raised so horrible a yell that he almost fell into the chasm below. He, however, reached the other shore, and the power of the devils ceased. Before him was a celestial city, and the perfumed air which

was wafted from it was so ravishing that he forgot all his pains and sorrows. A procession came to Owain and, welcoming him, led him into the paradise where Adam and Eve dwelt before they had eaten the apple. Food was offered to the knight, and when he had eaten of it he had no desire to return to earth, but he was told that it was necessary to live out his natural life in the world and to leave his flesh and bones behind him before beginning the heavenly existence. So he began his return journey to the cave's entrance by a short and pleasant way. He again passed the fifteen men clad in white, who revealed what things the future had in store for him; and reaching the door safely, waited there till morning. Then he was taken out, congratulated, and invited to remain with the priests for fifteen days.

Here we have clearly enough many of the essential features of the underworld: there is the mystic bridge which when crossed guarantees the traveller against evil spirits, just as in Ireland a peasant believes himself safe when fairies are pursuing him if he can only cross a bridge or stream. The celestial city is both like the Christian Heaven and the Sidhe world. The eating of angel food by Owain has an effect quite like that of eating food in Fairyland; but Owain, by Christian influence, is sent back on earth to die 'that death which the King of Heaven and Earth hath ordained,' as Patrick said of the prince whom he saved from the Sidhe-folk.

A curious story, in which King Arthur himself is made to visit St. Patrick's Purgatory, published during the sixteenth century by a learned Frenchman, Stephanus Forcatulus, shows how real a relation there is between Purgatory and the Greek or Roman Hades.

Arthur, it is said, leaving the light behind him, descended into the cave by a rough and steep road. 'For they say that this cave is an entrance to the shades, or at least to purgatory, where poor sinners may get their offences washed out, and return again rejoicing to the light of day.' But Forcatulus adds that 'I have learnt from certain serious commentaries of Merlin, that Gawain, his master of horse, called Arthur back, and dissuaded him from examining further the horrid cave in which was heard the sound of falling water which emitted a sulphureous smell, and of voices lamenting as it were for the loss of their bodies!'"

The Fairy-Faith in Celtic Countries, Part III, Section X, The Testimony of Christianity, by W.Y. Evans-Wentz, 1911

"WHEN Jesus, after uttering a loud cry, expired, I saw his heavenly soul under the form of a bright meteor pierce the earth at the foot of the Cross, accompanied by the angel Gabriel and many other angels. His Divine nature continued united to his soul as well as to his body, which still remained hanging upon the Cross, but I cannot explain how this was, although I saw it plainly in my own mind. The place into which the soul of Jesus entered was divided into three parts, which appeared to me like three worlds; and I felt that they were round, and that each division was separated from the other by a hemisphere.

I beheld a bright and beautiful space opposite to Limbo; it was enamelled with flowers, delicious breezes wafted through it; and many souls were placed there before being admitted into Heaven after their deliverance from Purgatory. Limbo, the place where the souls were waiting for the Redemption, was divided into different compartments, and encompassed by a thick foggy

atmosphere. Our Lord appeared radiant with light and surrounded by angels, who conducted him triumphantly between two of these compartments; the one on the left containing the patriarchs who lived before the time of Abraham, and that on the right those who lived between the days of Abraham and St. John Baptist. These souls did not at first recognise Jesus, but were filled nevertheless with sensations of joy and hope. There was not a spot in those narrow confines which did not, as it were, dilate with feelings of happiness. The passage of Jesus might be compared to the wafting of a breath of air, to a sudden flash of light, or to a shower of vivifying dew, but it was swift as a whirlwind. After passing through the two compartments, he reached a dark spot in which Adam and Eve were standing; he spoke to them, they prostrated and adored him in a perfect ecstasy of joy, and they immediately joined the band of angels, and accompanied our Lord to the compartment on the left, which contained the patriarchs who lived before Abraham. This compartment was a species of Purgatory, and a few evil spirits were wandering about among the souls and endeavouring to fill them with anxiety and alarm. The entrance through a species of door was closed, but the angels rapped, and I thought I heard them say, 'Open these doors.' When Jesus entered in triumph the demons dispersed, crying out at the same time, 'What is there between thee and us? What art thou come to do here? Wilt thou crucify us likewise?' The angels hunted them away, having first chained them. The poor souls confined in this place had only a slight presentiment and vague idea of the presence of Jesus; but the moment he told them that it was he himself, they burst out into acclamations of joy, and welcomed him with hymn of rapture and delight. The soul of our Lord then wended its way to the right, towards that part which really constituted Limbo; and there he met the

soul of the good thief which angels were carrying to Abraham's bosom, as also that of the bad thief being dragged by demons into Hell. Our Lord addressed a few words to both, and then entered Abraham's bosom, accompanied by numerous angels and holy souls, and also by those demons who had been chained and expelled from the compartment.

This locality appeared to me more elevated than the surrounding parts; and I can only describe my sensations on entering it, by comparing them to those of a person coming suddenly into the interior of a church, after having been for some time in the burial vaults. The demons, who were strongly chained, were extremely loth to enter, and resisted to the utmost of their power, but the angels compelled them to go forward. All the just who had lived before the time of Christ were assembled there; the patriarchs, Moses, the judges, and the kings on the left-hand side; and on the right side, the prophets, and the ancestors of our Lord, as also his near relations, such as Joachim, Anna, Joseph, Zacharias, Elizabeth, and John. There were no demons in this place, and the only discomfort that had been felt by those placed there was a longing desire for the accomplishment of the promise; and when our Lord entered they saluted him with joyful hymns of gratitude and thanksgiving for its fulfilment, they prostrated and adored him, and the evil spirits who had been dragged into Abraham's bosom when our Lord entered were compelled to confess with shame that they were vanquished. Many of these holy souls were ordered by our Lord to return to the earth, reënter their own bodies, and thus render a solemn and impressive testimony to the truth. It was at this moment that so many dead persons left their tombs in Jerusalem; I regarded them less in the light

of dead persons risen again than as corpses put in motion by a divine power, and which, after having fulfilled the mission intrusted to them, were laid aside in the same manner as the insignia of office are taken off by a clerk when he has executed the orders of his superiors.

I next saw our Lord, with his triumphant procession, enter into a species of Purgatory which was filled with those good pagans who, having had a faint glimmering of the truth, had longed for its fulfilment: this Purgatory was very deep, and contained a few demons, as also some of the idols of the pagans. I saw the demons compelled to confess the deception they had practised with regard to these idols, and the souls of the poor pagans cast themselves at the feet of Jesus, and adored him with inexpressible joy: here, likewise, the demons were bound with chains and dragged away. I saw our Saviour perform many other actions; but I suffered so intensely at the same time, that I cannot recount them as I should have wished.

Finally, I beheld him approach to the centre of the great abyss, that is to say, to Hell itself; and the expression of his countenance was most severe.

The exterior of Hell was appalling and frightful; it was an immense, heavy-looking building, and the granite of which it was formed, although black, was of metallic brightness; and the dark and ponderous doors were secured with such terrible bolts that no one could behold them without trembling. Deep groans and cries of despair might be plainly distinguished even while the doors were tightly closed; but, O, who can describe the dreadful yells and shrieks which burst upon the ear when the bolts were unfastened and the doors flung open; and, O, who can

depict the melancholy appearance of the inhabitants of this wretched place!

The form under which the Heavenly Jerusalem is generally represented in my visions is that of a beautiful and well-regulated city, and the different degrees of glory to which the elect are raised are demonstrated by the magnificence of their palaces., or the wonderful fruit and flowers with which the gardens are embellished. Hell is shown to me under the same form, but all within it is, on the contrary, close, confused, and crowded; every object tends to fill the mind with sensations of pain and grief; the marks of the wrath and vengeance of God are visible everywhere; despair, like a vulture, gnaws every heart, and discord and misery reign around. In the Heavenly Jerusalem all is peace and eternal harmony, the beginning, fulfilment, and end of everything being pure and perfect happiness; the city is filled with splendid buildings, decorated in such a manner as to charm every eye and enrapture every sense; the inhabitants of this delightful abode are overflowing with rapture and exultation, the gardens gay with lovely flowers, and the trees covered with delicious fruits which give eternal life. In the city of Hell nothing is to be seen but dismal dungeons, dark caverns, frightful deserts, fetid swamps filled with every imaginable species of poisonous and disgusting reptile. In Heaven you behold the happiness and peaceful union of the saints; in Hell, perpetual scenes of wretched discord, and every species of sin and corruption, either under the most horrible forms imaginable, or represented by different kinds of dreadful torments. All in this dreary abode tends to fill the mind with horror; not a word of comfort is heard or a consoling idea admitted; the one tremendous thought, that the justice of an all-powerful God inflicts or, the damned nothing but

what they have fully deserved is the absorbing tremendous conviction which weighs down each heart. Vice appears in its own grim disgusting colours, being stripped of the mask under which it is hidden in this world, and the infernal viper is seen devouring those who have cherished or fostered it here below. In a word, Hell is the temple of anguish and despair, while the kingdom of God is the temple of peace and happiness. This is easy to understand when seen; but it is almost impossible to describe clearly.

The tremendous explosion of oaths, curses, cries of despair, and frightful exclamations which, like a clap of thunder, burst forth when the gates of Hell were thrown open by the angels, would be difficult even to imagine; our Lord spoke first to the soul of Judas, and the angels then compelled all the demons to acknowledge and adore Jesus. They would have infinitely preferred the most frightful torments to such a humiliation; but all were obliged to submit. Many were chained down in a circle which was placed round other circles. In the centre of Hell I saw a dark and horrible-looking abyss, and into this Lucifer was cast, after being first strongly secured with chains; thick clouds of sulphureous black smoke arose from its fearful depths, and enveloped his frightful form in the dismal folds, thus effectually concealing him from every beholder. God himself had decreed this; and I was likewise told, if I remember right, that he will be unchained for a time fifty or sixty years before the year of Christ 2000. The dates of many other events were pointed out to me which I do not now remember; but a certain number of demons are to be let loose much earlier than Lucifer, in order to tempt men, and to serve as instruments of the divine vengeance. I should think that some must be loosened even in the present day, and others will be set free in a short time.

It would be utterly impossible for me to describe all the things which were shown to me; their number was so great that I could not reduce them sufficiently to order to define and render them intelligible. Besides which my sufferings are very great, and when I speak on the subject of my visions I behold them in my mind's eye portrayed in such vivid colours, that the sight is almost sufficient to cause a weak mortal like myself to expire.

I next saw innumerable bands of redeemed souls liberated from Purgatory and from Limbo, who followed our Lord to a delightful spot situated above the celestial Jerusalem, in which place I, a very short time ago, saw the soul of a person who was very dear to me. The soul of the good thief was likewise taken there, and the promise of our Lord, 'This day thou shalt be with me in Paradise,' was fulfilled.

It is not in my power to explain the exact time that each of these events occurred, nor can I relate one-half of the things which I saw and heard; for some were incomprehensible even to myself, and others would be misunderstood if I attempted to relate them. I have seen our Lord in many different places. Even in the sea he appeared to me to sanctify and deliver everything in the creation. Evil spirits fled at his approach, and cast themselves into the dark abyss. I likewise beheld his soul in different parts of the earth, first inside the tomb of Adam, under Golgotha; and when he was there the souls of Adam and Eve came up to him, and he spoke to them for some time. He then visited the tombs of the prophets, who were buried at an immense depth below the surface; but he passed through the soil in the twinkling of an eye. Their souls immediately reëntered their bodies, and he spoke to them, and explained the most wonderful mysteries. Next I saw him, accompanied by a

chosen band of prophets, among whom I particularly remarked David, visit those parts of the earth which had been sanctified by his miracles and by his sufferings. He pointed out to them, with the greatest love and goodness, the different symbols in the old law expressive of the future; and he showed them how he himself had fulfilled every prophecy. The sight of the soul of our Lord, surrounded by these happy souls, and radiant with light, was inexpressibly grand as he glided triumphantly through the air, sometimes passing, with the velocity of lightning, over rivers, then penetrating through the hardest rocks to the very centre of the earth, or moving noiselessly over its surface.

I can remember nothing beyond the facts which I have just related concerning the descent of Jesus into Limbo, where he went in order to present to the souls there detained the grace of the Redemption which he had merited for them by his death and by his sufferings; and I saw all these things in a very short space of time; in fact, time passed so quickly that it seemed to me but a moment. Our Lord, however, displayed before me, at the same time, another picture, in which I beheld the immense mercies which he bestows in the present day on the poor souls in Purgatory; for on every anniversary of this great day, when his Church is celebrating the glorious mystery of his death, he casts a look of compassion on the souls in Purgatory, and frees some of those who sinned against him before his crucifixion. I this day saw Jesus deliver many souls; some I was acquainted with, and others were strangers to me, but I cannot name any of them.

Our Lord, by descending into Hell, planted (if I may thus express myself), in the spiritual garden of the Church, a

mysterious tree, the fruits of which--namely, his merits--are destined for the constant relief of the poor souls in Purgatory. The Church militant must cultivate the tree, and gather its fruits, in order to present them to that suffering portion of the Church which can do nothing for itself. Thus it is with all the merits of Christ; we must labour with him if we wish to obtain our share of them; we must gain our bread by the sweat of our brow. Everything which our Lord has done for us in time must produce fruit for eternity; but we must gather these fruits in time, without which we cannot possess them in eternity. The Church is the most prudent and thoughtful of mothers; the ecclesiastical year is an immense and magnificent garden, in which all those fruits for eternity are gathered together, that we may make use of them in time. Each year contains sufficient to supply the wants of all; but woe be to that careless or dishonest gardener who allows any of the fruit committed to his care to perish; if he fails to turn to a proper account those graces which would restore health to the sick, strength to the weak, or furnish food to the hungry! When the Day of Judgment arrives, the Master of the garden will demand a strict account, not only of every tree, but also of all the fruit produced in the garden."

The Dolorous Passion of Our Lord Jesus Christ, by Anne Catherine Emmerich, CHAPTER LIX, A Detached Account of the Descent into Hell, 1862

"AFTER DEATH

DEATH is the laying aside of the physical body; but it makes no more difference to the ego than does the laying aside of an overcoat to the physical man. Having put off his physical body, the ego continues to live in his astral body until the force has become exhausted which has been

generated by such emotions and passions as he has allowed himself to feel during earth-life. When that has happened, the second death takes place; the astral body also falls away from him, and he finds himself living in the mental body and in the lower mental world. In that condition he remains until the thought-forces generated during his physical and astral lives have worn themselves out; then he drops the third vehicle in its turn and remains once more an ego in his own world, inhabiting his causal body.

There is, then, no such thing as death as it is ordinarily understood. There is only a succession of stages in a continuous life--stages lived in the three worlds one after another. The apportionment of time between these three worlds varies much as man advances. The primitive man lives almost exclusively in the physical world, spending only a few years in the astral at the end of each of his physical lives. As he develops, the astral life becomes longer, and as intellect unfolds in him, and he becomes able to think, he begins to spend a little time in the mental world as well. The ordinary man of civilized races remains longer in the mental world than in the physical and astral; indeed, the more a man evolves the longer becomes his mental life and the shorter his life in the astral world.

The astral life is the result of all feelings which have in them the element of self. If they have been directly selfish, they bring him into conditions of great unpleasantness in the astral world; if, though tinged with thoughts of self, they have been good and kindly, they bring him a comparatively pleasant though still limited astral life. Such of his thoughts and feelings as have been entirely unselfish produce their results in his life in the mental world; therefore that life in the mental, world cannot be other than

blissful. The astral life, which the man has made for himself either miserable or comparatively joyous, corresponds to what Christians call purgatory; the lower mental life, which is always entirely happy, is what is called heaven.

Man makes for himself his own purgatory and heaven, and these are not planes, but states of consciousness a man who lives foolishly may make for himself a very unpleasant and long enduring purgatory. Neither purgatory nor heaven can ever be eternal, for a finite cause cannot produce an infinite result. The variations in individual cases are so wide that to give actual figures is somewhat misleading. If we take the average man of what is called the lower middle class, the typical specimen of which would be a small shopkeeper or shop-assistant, his average life in the astral world would be perhaps about forty years, and the life in the mental world about two hundred. The man of spirituality and culture, on the other hand, may have perhaps twenty years of life in the astral world and a thousand in the heaven life. One who is specially developed may reduce the astral life to a few days or hours and spend fifteen hundred years in heaven.

Not only does the length of these periods vary greatly, but the conditions in both worlds also differ widely. The matter of which all these bodies are built is not dead matter but living, and that fact has to be taken into consideration. The physical body is built up of cells, each of which is a tiny separate life animated by the Second Outpouring, which comes forth from the Second Aspect of the Deity. These cells are of varying kinds and fulfil various functions, and all these facts must be taken into account if the man wishes to understand the work of his physical body and to live a healthy life in it.

The same thing applies to the astral and mental bodies. In the cell-life which permeates them there is as yet nothing in the way of intelligence, but there is a strong instinct always pressing in the direction of what is for its development. The life animating the matter of which such bodies are built is upon the outward arc of evolution, moving downwards or outwards into matter, so that progress for it means to descend into denser forms of matter, and to learn to express itself through them. Unfoldment for the man is just the opposite of this; he has already sunk deeply into matter and is now rising out of that towards his source. There is consequently a constant conflict of interests between the man within and the life inhabiting the matter of his vehicles, inasmuch as its tendency is downward, while his is upward.

The matter of the astral body (or rather the life animating its molecules) desires for its evolution such undulations as it can get, of as many different kinds as possible, and as coarse as possible. The next step in its evolution will be to ensoul physical matter and become used to its still slower oscillations; and as a step on the way to that, it desires the grossest of the astral vibrations. It has not the intelligence definitely to plan for these; but its instinct helps it to discover how most easily to procure them.

The molecules of the astral body are constantly changing, as are those of the physical body, but nevertheless the life in the mass of those astral molecules has a sense, though a very vague sense, of itself as a whole--as a kind of temporary entity. It does not know that it is part of a man's astral body; it is quite incapable of understanding what a man is; but it realizes in a blind way that under its present conditions it receives many more waves, and much

stronger ones, than it would receive if floating at large in the atmosphere. It would then only occasionally catch, as from a distance, the radiation of man's passions and emotions; now it is in the very heart of them, it can miss none, and it gets them at their strongest. Therefore it feels itself in a good position, and it makes an effort to retain that position. It finds itself in contact with something finer than itself--the matter of the man's mental body; and it comes to feel that if it can contrive to involve that finer something in its own undulations, they will be greatly intensified and prolonged.

Since astral matter is the vehicle of desire and mental matter is the vehicle of thought, this instinct, when translated into our language, means that if the astral body can induce us to think that we want what it wants, it is much more likely to get it. Thus it exercises a slow steady pressure upon the man--a kind of hunger on its side, but for him a temptation to what is coarse and undesirable. If he be a passionate man there is a gentle but ceaseless pressure in the direction of irritability; if he be a sensual man, an equally steady pressure in the direction of impurity.

A man who does not understand this usually makes one of two mistakes with regard to it: either he supposes it to be the prompting of his own nature, and therefore regards that nature as inherently evil, or he thinks of the pressure as coming from outside--as a temptation of an imaginary devil. The truth lies between the two. The pressure is natural, not to the man but to the vehicle which he is using; its desire is natural and right for it, but harmful to the man, and therefore it is necessary that he should resist it. If he does so resist, if he declines to yield himself to the feelings suggested to him, the particles within him which

need those vibrations become apathetic for lack of nourishment, and eventually atrophy and fall out from his astral body, and are replaced by other particles, whose natural wave-rate is more nearly in accordance with that which the man habitually permits within his astral body.

This gives the reason for what are called promptings of the lower nature during life. If the man yields himself to them, such promptings grow stronger and stronger until at last he feels as though he could not resist them, and identifies himself with them--which is exactly what this curious half-life in the particles of the astral body wants him to do.

At the death of the physical body this vague astral consciousness is alarmed. It realizes that its existence as a separated mass is menaced, and it takes instinctive steps to defend itself and to maintain its position as long as possible. The matter of the astral body is far more fluidic than that of the physical, and this consciousness seizes upon its particles and disposes them so as to resist encroachment. It puts the grossest and densest upon the outside as a kind of shell, and arranges the others in concentric layers, so that the body as a whole may become as resistant to friction as its constitution permits, and may therefore retain its shape as long as possible.

For the man this produces various unpleasant effects. The physiology of the astral body is quite different from that of the physical; the latter acquires its information from without by means of certain organs which are specialized as the instruments of its senses, but the astral body has no separated senses in our meaning of the word. That which for the astral body corresponds to sight is the power of its molecules to respond to impacts from without, which come

to them by means of similar molecules. For example, a man has within his astral body matter belonging to all the subdivisions of the astral world, and it is because of that that he is capable of "seeing" objects built of the matter of any of these subdivisions.

Supposing an astral object to be made of the matter of the second and third subdivisions mixed, a man living in the astral world could perceive that object only if on the surface of his astral body there were particles belonging to the second and third subdivisions of that world which were capable of receiving and recording the vibrations which that object set up. A man who from the arrangement of his body by the vague consciousness of which we have spoken, had on the outside of that vehicle only the denser matter of the lowest subdivision, could no more be conscious of the object which we have mentioned than we are ourselves conscious in the physical body of the gases which move about us in the atmosphere or of objects built exclusively of etheric matter.

During physical life the matter of the man's astral body is in constant motion, and its particles pass among one another much as do those of boiling water.

Consequently at any given moment it is practically certain that particles of all varieties will be represented on the surface of his astral body, and that therefore when he is using his astral body during sleep he will be able to "see" by its means any astral object which approaches him.

After death, if he has allowed the rearrangement to be made (as from ignorance, all ordinary persons do) his condition in this respect will be different. Having on the surface of his

astral body only the lowest and grossest particles, he can receive impressions only from corresponding particles outside; so that instead of seeing the whole of the astral world about him, he will see only one-seventh of it, and that the densest and most impure. The vibrations of this heavier matter are the expressions only of objectionable feelings and emotions, and of the least refined class of astral entities. Therefore it emerges that a man in this condition can see only the undesirable inhabitants of the astral world, and can feel only its most unpleasant and vulgar influences.

He is surrounded by other men, whose astral bodies are probably of quite ordinary character; but since he can see and feel only that which is lowest and coarsest in them, they appear to him to be monsters of vice with no redeeming features. Even his friends seem not at all what they used to be, because he is now incapable of appreciating any of their better qualities. Under these circumstances it is little wonder that he considers the astral world a hell; yet the fault is in no way with the astral world, but with himself--first, for allowing within himself so much of that cruder type of matter, and, secondly, for letting that vague astral consciousness dominate him and dispose it in that particular way.

The man who has studied these matters declines absolutely to yield to the pressure during life or to permit the rearrangement after death, and consequently he retains his power of seeing the astral world as a whole, and not merely the cruder and baser part of it.

The astral world has many points in common with the physical; just like the physical, it presents different appearances to different people, and even to the same

person at different periods of his career. It is the home of emotions and of lower thoughts; and emotions are much stronger in that world than in this. When a person is awake we cannot see that larger part of his emotion at all; its strength goes in setting in motion the gross physical matter of the brain. So if we see a man show affection here, what we can see is not the whole of his affection, but only such part of it as is left after all this other work has been done. Emotions therefore bulk far more largely in the astral life than in the physical. They in no way exclude higher thought if they are controlled, so in the astral world as in the physical a man may devote himself to study and to helping his fellows, or he may waste his time and drift about aimlessly.

The astral world extends nearly to the mean distance of the orbit of the moon; but though the whole of this realm is open to any of its inhabitants who have not permitted the redistribution of their matter, the great majority remain much nearer to the surface of the earth. The matter of the different subdivisions of that world interpenetrates with perfect freedom, but there is on the whole a general tendency for the denser matter to settle towards the centre. The conditions are much like those which obtain in a bucket of water which contains in suspension a number of kinds of matter of different degrees of density. Since the water is kept in perpetual motion, the different kinds of matter are diffused through it; but in spite of that, the densest matter is found in greatest quantity nearest to the bottom. So that though we must not at all think of the various subdivisions of the astral world as lying above one another as do the coats of an onion, it is nevertheless true that the average arrangement of the matter of those subdivisions partakes somewhat of that general character.

Astral matter interpenetrates physical matter precisely as though it were not there, but each subdivision of physical matter has a strong attraction for astral matter of the corresponding subdivision. Hence it arises that every physical body has its astral counterpart. If I have a glass of water standing upon a table, the glass and the table, being of physical matter in the solid state, are interpenetrated by astral matter of the lowest sub-division. The water in the glass, being liquid, is interpenetrated by what we may call astral liquid--that is, by astral matter of the sixth subdivision; whereas the air surrounding both, being physical matter in the gaseous condition, is entirely interpenetrated by astral-gaseous matter--that is, astral matter of the fifth sub-division.

But just as air, water, glass and table are alike interpenetrated all the time by the finer physical matter which we have called etheric, so are all the astral counterparts interpenetrated by the finer astral matter of the higher subdivisions which correspond to the etheric. But even the astral solid is less dense than the finest of the physical ethers.

The man who finds himself in the astral world after death, if he has not submitted to the rearrangement of the matter of his body, will notice but little difference from physical life. He can float about in any direction at will, but in actual fact he usually stays in the neighbourhood to which he is accustomed. He is still able to perceive his house, his room, his furniture, his relations, his friends. The living, when ignorant of the higher worlds, suppose themselves to have "lost" those who have laid aside their physical bodies; but the dead are never for a moment under the impression that they have lost the living. Functioning as they are in

the astral body, the dead can no longer see the physical bodies of those whom they have left behind; but they do see their astral bodies, and as those are exactly the same in outline as the physical, they are perfectly aware of the presence of their friends. They see each one surrounded by a faint ovoid of luminous mist, and if they happen to be observant, they may notice various other small changes in their surroundings; but it is at least quite clear to them that they have not gone away to some distant heaven or hell, but still remain in touch with the world which they know, although they see it at a somewhat different angle.

The dead man has the astral body of his living friend obviously before him, so he cannot think of him as lost; but while the friend is awake, the dead man will not be able to make any impression upon him, for the consciousness of the friend is then in the physical world, and his astral body is being used only as a bridge. The dead man cannot therefore communicate with his friend, nor can he read his friend's higher thoughts; but he will see by the change in colour in the astral body any emotion which that friend may feel, and with a little practice and observation he may easily learn to read all those thoughts of his friend which have in them anything of self or of desire.

When the friend falls asleep the whole position is changed. He is then also conscious in the astral world side by side with the dead man, and they can communicate in every respect as freely as they could during physical life. The emotions felt by the living react strongly upon the dead who love them. If the former give way to grief, the latter cannot but suffer severely.

The conditions of life after death are almost infinite in their variety, but they can be calculated without difficulty by any one who will take the trouble to understand the astral world and to consider the character of the person concerned. That character is not in the slightest degree changed by death; the man's thoughts, emotions and desires are exactly the same as before. He is in every way the same man, minus his physical body; and his happiness or misery depends upon the extent to which this loss of the physical body affects him.

If his longings have been such as need a physical body for their gratification, he is likely to suffer considerably. Such a craving manifests itself as a vibration in the astral body, and while we are still in this world most of its strength is employed in setting in motion the heavy physical particles. Desire is therefore a far greater force in the astral life than in the physical, and if the man has not been in the habit of controlling it, and if in this new life it cannot be satisfied, it may cause him great and long-continued trouble.

Take as an illustration the extreme case of a drunkard or a sensualist. Here we have a lust which has been strong enough during physical life to overpower reason, common sense and all the feelings of decency and of family affection. After death the man finds himself in the astral world feeling the appetite perhaps a hundred times more strongly, yet absolutely unable to satisfy it because he has lost the physical body. Such a life is a very real hell--the only hell there is; yet no one is punishing him; he is reaping the perfectly natural result of his own action. Gradually as time passes this force of desire wears out, but only at the cost of terrible suffering for the man, because to him every day seems as a thousand years. He has no measure of time

such as we have in the physical world. He can measure it only by his sensations. From a distortion of this fact has come the blasphemous idea of eternal damnation.

Many other cases less extreme than this will readily suggest themselves, in which a hankering which cannot be fulfilled may prove itself a torture. A more ordinary case is that of a man who has no particular vices, such as drink or sensuality, but yet has been attached entirely «to things of the physical world, and has lived a life devoted to business or to aimless social functions. For him the astral world is a place of weariness; the only thing for which he craves are no longer possible for him, for in the astral world there is no business to be done, and, though he may have as much companionship as he wishes, society is now for him a very different matter, because all the pretences upon which it is usually based in this world are no longer possible.

These cases, however, are only the few, and for most people the state after death is much happier than life upon earth. The first feeling of which the dead man is usually conscious is one of the most wonderful and delightful freedom. He has absolutely nothing to worry about, and no duties rest upon him, except those which he chooses to impose upon himself. For all but a very small minority, physical life" is spent in doing what the man would much rather not do; but he has to do it in order to support himself or his wife and family. In the astral world no support is necessary; food is no longer needed, shelter is not required, since he is entirely unaffected by heat or cold; and each man by the mere exercise of his thought clothes himself as he wishes.

For the first time since early childhood the man is entirely free to spend the whole of his time in doing just exactly what he likes.

His capacity for every kind of enjoyment is greatly enhanced, if only that enjoyment does not need a physical body for its expression. If he loves the beauties of Nature, it is now within his power to travel with great rapidity and without fatigue over the whole world, to contemplate all its loveliest spots, and to explore its most secret recesses. If he delights in art, all the world's masterpieces are at his disposal. If he loves music, he can go where he will to hear it, and it will now mean much more to him than it has ever meant before; for though he can no longer hear the physical sounds, he can receive the whole effect of the music into himself in far fuller measure than in this lower world. If he is a student of science, he can not only visit the great scientific men of the world, and catch from them such thoughts and ideas as may be within his comprehension, but also he can undertake researches of his own into the science of this higher world, seeing much more of what he is doing than has ever before been possible to him. Best of all, he whose great delight in this world has been to help his fellow men will still find ample scope for his philanthropic efforts.

Men are no longer hungry, cold, or suffering from disease in this astral world; but there are vast numbers who, being ignorant, desire knowledge--who, being still in the grip of desire for earthly things, need the explanation which will turn their thought to higher levels--who have entangled themselves in a web of their own imaginings, and can be set free only by one who understands these new surroundings and can help them to distinguish the facts of the world from

their own ignorant misrepresentation of them. All these can be helped by the man of intelligence and of kindly heart. Many men arrive in the astral world in utter ignorance of its conditions, not realizing at first that they are dead, and when they do realize it fearing the fate that may be in store for them, because of false and wicked theological teaching. All of these need the cheer and comfort which can only be given to them by a man of common sense who possesses some knowledge of the facts of Nature.

There is thus no lack of the most profitable occupation for any man whose interests during his physical life have been rational; nor is there any lack of companionship. Men whose tastes and pursuits are similar drift naturally together there just as they do here; and many realms of Nature, which during our physical life are concealed by the dense veil of matter, now lie open for the detailed study of those who care to examine them.

To a large extent people make their own surroundings. We have already referred to the seven subdivisions of this astral world. Numbering these from the highest and least material downwards, we find that they fall naturally into three classes--divisions one, two and three forming one such class, and four, five and six another; while the seventh and lowest of all stands alone. As I have said, although they all interpenetrate, their substance has a general tendency to arrange itself according to its specific gravity, so that most of the matter belonging to the higher subdivisions is found at a greater elevation above the surface of the earth than the bulk of the matter of the lower portions.

Hence, although any person inhabiting the astral world can move into any part of it, his natural tendency is to float at

the level which corresponds with the specific gravity of the heaviest matter in his astral body. The man who has not permitted the rearrangement of the matter of his astral body after death is entirely free of the whole astral world; but the majority, who do permit it, are not equally free--not because there is anything to prevent them from rising to the highest level or sinking to the lowest, but because they are able to sense clearly only a certain part of that world.

I have described something of the fate of a man who is on the lowest level, shut in by a strong shell of coarse matter. Because of the extreme comparative density of that matter he is conscious of less outside of his own subdivision than a man at any other level. The general specific gravity of his own astral body tends to make him float below the surface of the earth. The physical matter of the earth is absolutely non-existent to his astral senses, and his natural attraction is to that least delicate form of astral matter which is the counterpart of that solid earth. A man who has confined himself to that lowest subdivision will therefore usually find himself floating in darkness and cut off to a great extent from others of the dead, whose lives have been such as to keep them on a higher level.

Divisions four, five and six of the astral world (to which most people are attracted) have for their background the astral counterpart of the physical world in which we live, and all its familiar accessories. Life in the sixth subdivision is simply like our ordinary life on this earth minus the physical body and its necessities while as it ascends through the fifth and fourth divisions it becomes less and less material and is more and more withdrawn from our lower world and its interests.

The first, second and third sections, though occupying the same space, yet give the impression of being much further removed from the physical, and correspondingly less material. Men who inhabit these levels lose sight of the earth and its belongings; they are usually deeply self-absorbed, and to a large extent create their own surroundings, though these are sufficiently objective to be perceptible to other men of their level, and also to clairvoyant vision.

This region is the summerland of which we hear in spiritualistic circles--the world in which, by the exercise of their thought, the dead call into temporary existence their houses and schools and cities. These surroundings, though fanciful from our point of view, are to the dead as real as houses, temples or churches built of stone are to us, and many people live very contentedly there for a number of years in the midst of all these thought-creations.

Some of the scenery thus produced is very beautiful; it includes lovely lakes, magnificent mountains, pleasant flower gardens, decidedly superior to anything in the physical world; though on the other hand it also contains much which to the trained clairvoyant (who has learned to see things as they are) appears ridiculous--as, for example, the endeavours of the unlearned to make a thought-form of some of the curious symbolic descriptions contained in their various scriptures. An ignorant peasant's thought-image of a beast full of eyes within, or of a sea of glass mingled with fire, is naturally often grotesque, although to its maker it is perfectly satisfactory. This astral world is full of thought-created figures and landscapes. Men of all religions image here their deities and their respective conceptions of paradise, and enjoy themselves greatly among these dream-

forms until they pass into the mental world and come into touch with something nearer to reality.

Every one after death--any ordinary person, that is, in whose case the rearrangement of the matter of the astral body has been made--has to pass through all these subdivisions in turn. It does not follow that every one is conscious in all of them. The ordinarily decent person has in his astral body but little of the matter of its lowest portion--by no means enough to construct a heavy shell. The redistribution puts on the outside of the body its densest matter; in the ordinary man this is usually matter of the sixth subdivision, mixed with a little of the seventh, and so he finds himself viewing the counterpart of the physical world.

The ego is steadily withdrawing into himself, and as he withdraws he leaves behind him level after level of this astral matter. So the length of the man's detention in any section of the astral world is precisely in proportion to the amount of its matter which is found in his astral body, and that in turn depends upon the life he has lived, the desires he has indulged, and the class of matter which by so doing he has attracted towards him and built into himself. Finding himself then in the sixth section, still hovering about the places and persons with which he was most closely connected while on earth, the average man, as time passes on, finds the earthly surroundings gradually growing dimmer and becoming of less and less importance to him, and he tends more and more to mould his entourage into agreement with the more persistent of his thoughts. By the time that he reaches the third level he finds that this characteristic has entirely superseded the vision of the realities of the astral world.

The second subdivision is a shade less material than the third, for if the latter is the summerland of the spiritualists, the former is the material heaven of the more ignorantly orthodox; while the first or highest level appears to be the special home of those who during life have devoted themselves to materialistic but intellectual pursuits, following them not for the sake of benefiting their fellow men, but either from motives of selfish ambition or simply for the sake of intellectual exercise. All these people are perfectly happy. Later on they will reach a stage when they can appreciate something much higher, and when that stage comes they will find the higher ready for them.

In this astral life people of the same nation and of the same interest tend to keep together, precisely as they do here. The religious people, for example, who imagine for themselves a material heaven, do not at all interfere with men of other faiths whose ideas of celestial joy are different. There is nothing to prevent a Christian from drifting into the heaven of the Hindu or the Muhammadan, but he is little likely to do so, because his interests and attractions are all in the heaven of his own faith, along with friends who have shared that faith with him. This is by no means the true heaven described by any of the religions, but only a gross and material misrepresentation of it; the real thing will be found when we come to consider the mental world.

The dead man who has not permitted the rearrangement of the matter of his astral body is free of the entire world, and can wander all over it at will, seeing the whole of whatever he examines, instead of only a part of it as the others do. He does not find it inconveniently crowded, for the astral world is much larger than the surface of the physical earth,

while its population is somewhat smaller, because the average life of humanity in the astral world is shorter than the average in the physical.

Not only the dead, however, are the inhabitants of this astral world, but always about one-third of the living as well, who have temporarily left their physical bodies behind them in sleep. The astral world has also a great number of non-human inhabitants, some of them far below the level of man, and some considerably above him. The nature-spirits form an enormous kingdom, some of whose members exist in the astral world, and make a large part of its population. This vast kingdom exists in the physical world also, for many of its orders wear etheric bodies and are only just beyond the range of ordinary physical sight. Indeed, circumstances not infrequently occur under which they can be seen, and in many lonely mountain districts these appearances are traditional among the peasants, by whom they are commonly spoken of as fairies, good people, pixies or brownies.

They are protean, but usually prefer to wear a miniature human form. Since they are not yet individualized, they may be thought of almost as etheric and astral animals; yet many of them are intellectually quite equal to average humanity. They have their nations and types just as we have, and they are often grouped into four great classes, and called the spirits of earth, water, fire and air. Only the members of the last of these four divisions normally confine their manifestation to the astral world, but their numbers are so prodigious that they are everywhere present in it.

Another great kingdom has its representatives here--the kingdom of the angels (called in India the devas). This is a

body of beings who stand far higher in evolution than man, and only the lowest fringe of their hosts touches the astral world--a fringe whose constituent members are perhaps at about the level of development of what we should call a distinctly good man.

We are neither the only nor even the principal inhabitants of our solar system; there are other lines of evolution running parallel with our own which do not pass through humanity at all, though they must all pass through a level corresponding to that of humanity. On one of these other lines of evolution are the nature-spirits above described, and at a higher level of that line comes this great kingdom of the angels. At our present level of evolution they come into obvious contact with us only very rarely, but as we develop we shall be likely to see more of them--especially as the cyclic progress of the world is now bringing it more and more under the influence of the Seventh Ray. This Seventh Ray has ceremonial for one of its characteristics, and it is through ceremonial such as that of the Church or of Freemasonry that we come most easily into touch with the angelic kingdom.

When all the man's lower emotions have worn themselves out--all emotions, I mean, which have in them any thought of self--his life in the astral world is over, and the ego passes on into the mental world. This is not in any sense a movement in space; it is simply that the steady process of withdrawal has now passed beyond even the finest kind of astral matter; so that the man's consciousness is focussed in the mental world. His astral body has not entirely disintegrated, though it is in process of doing so, and he leaves behind him an astral corpse, just as at a previous stage of the withdrawal he left behind him a physical

corpse. There is a certain difference between the two which should be noticed, because of the consequences which ensue from it.

When the man leaves his physical body his separation from it should be complete, and generally is so; but this is not the case with the much finer matter of the astral body. In the course of his physical life the ordinary man usually entangles himself so much in astral matter (which, from another point of view, means that he identifies himself so closely with his lower desires) that the indrawing force of the ego cannot entirely separate him from it again. Consequently, when he finally breaks away from the astral body and transfers his activities to the mental, he loses a little of himself, he leaves some of himself behind imprisoned in the matter of the astral body.

This gives a certain remnant of vitality to the astral corpse, so that it still moves freely in the astral world, and may easily be mistaken by the ignorant for the man himself--the more so as such fragmentary consciousness as still remains to it is part of the man, and therefore it naturally regards itself and "speaks of itself as the man. It retains his memories, but is only a partial and unsatisfactory representation of him. Sometimes in spiritualistic seances one comes into contact with an entity of this description, and wonders how it is that one's friend has deteriorated so much since his death. To this fragmentary entity we give the name "shade".

At a later stage even this fragment of consciousness dies out of the astral body, but does not return to the ego to whom it originally belonged. Even then the astral corpse still remains, but when it is quite without any trace of its

former life we call it a "shell". Of itself a shell cannot communicate at a seance, or take any action of any sort; but such shells are frequently seized upon by sportive nature-spirits and used as temporary habitations. A shell so occupied can communicate at a seance and masquerade as its original owner, since some of his characteristics and certain portions of his memory can be evoked by the nature-spirit from his astral corpse.

When a man falls asleep, he withdraws in his astral body, leaving the whole of the physical vehicle behind him. When he dies, he draws out with him the etheric part of the physical body, and consequently has usually at least a moment of unconsciousness while he is freeing himself from it. The etheric double is not a vehicle and cannot be used as such; so when the man is surrounded by it, he is for the moment able to function neither in the physical world nor the astral. Some men succeed in shaking themselves free of this etheric envelope in a few moments; others rest within it for hours, days or even weeks.

Nor is it certain that, when the man is free from this, he will at once become conscious of the astral world. For there is in him a good deal of the lowest kind of astral matter, so that a shell of this may be made around him. But he may be quite unable to use that matter.

If he has lived a reasonably decent life he is little in the habit of employing it or responding to its vibrations, and he cannot instantly acquire this habit. For that reason, he may remain unconscious until that matter gradually wears away, and some matter which he is in the habit of using comes on the surface. Such an occlusion, however, is scarcely ever complete, for even in the most carefully made

shell some particles of the finer matter occasionally find their way to the surface, and give him fleeting glimpses of his surroundings.

There are some men who cling so desperately to their physical vehicles that they will not relax their hold upon the etheric double, but strive with all their might to retain it. They may be successful in doing so for a considerable time, but only at the cost of great discomfort to themselves. They are shut out from both worlds, and find themselves surrounded by a dense grey mist, through which they see very dimly the things of the physical world, but with all the colour gone from them. It is a terrible struggle for them to maintain their position in this miserable condition, and yet they will not relax their hold upon the etheric double, feeling that that is at least some sort of link with the only world that they know. Thus they drift about in a condition of loneliness and misery until from sheer fatigue their hold fails them, and they slip into the comparative happiness of astral life. Sometimes in their desperation they grasp blindly at other bodies, and try to enter into them, and occasionally they are successful in such an attempt. They may seize upon a baby body, ousting the feeble personality for whom it was intended, or sometimes they grasp even the body of an animal. All this trouble arises entirely from ignorance, and it can never happen to anyone who understands the laws of life and death.

When the astral life is over, the man dies to that world in turn, and awakens in the mental world. With him it is not at all what it is to the trained clairvoyant, who ranges through it and lives amidst the surroundings which he finds there, precisely as he would in the physical or astral worlds. The ordinary man has all through his life been

encompassing himself with a mass of thought-forms. Some which are transitory, to which he pays little attention, have fallen away from him long ago, but those which represent the main interests of his life are always with him, and grow ever stronger and stronger. If some of these have been selfish, their force pours down into astral matter, and he has exhausted them during his life in the astral world. But those which are entirely unselfish belong purely to his mental body, and so when he finds himself in the mental world it is through these special thoughts that he is able to appreciate it.

His mental body is by no means fully developed; only those parts of it are really in action to their fullest extent which he has used in this altruistic manner. When he awakens again after the second death, his first sense is one of indescribable bliss and vitality--a feeling of such utter joy in living that he needs for the time nothing but just to live. Such bliss is of the essence of life in all the higher worlds of the system. Even astral life has possibilities of happiness far greater than anything that we can know in the dense body; but the heaven-life in the mental world is out of all proportion more blissful than the astral. In each higher world the same experience is repeated. Merely to live in any one of them seems the uttermost conceivable bliss; and yet, when the next one is reached, it is seen that it far surpasses the last.

Just as the bliss increases, so does the wisdom and the breadth of view. A man fusses about in the physical world and thinks himself so busy and so wise; but when he touches even the astral, he realizes at once that he has been all the time only a caterpillar crawling about and seeing nothing but his own leaf, whereas now he has spread his

wings like the butterfly and flown away into the sunshine of a wider world. Yet, impossible as it may seem, the same experience is repeated when he passes into the mental world, for this life is in turn so much fuller and wider and more intense than the astral that once more no comparison is possible. And yet beyond all these there is still another life, that of the intuitional world, unto which even this is but as moon-light unto sunlight.

The man's position in the mental world differs widely from that in the astral. There he was using a body to which he was thoroughly accustomed, a body which he had been in the habit of employing every night during sleep. Here he finds himself living in a vehicle which he has never used before--a vehicle furthermore which is very far from being fully developed--a vehicle which shuts him out to a great extent from the world about him, instead of enabling him to see it. The lower part of his nature burnt itself away during his purgatorial life, and now there remain to him only his higher and more refined thoughts, the noble and unselfish aspirations which he poured out during earth-life. These cluster round him, and make a sort of shell about him, through the medium of which he is able to respond to certain types of vibrations in this refined matter.

These thoughts which surround him are the powers by which he draws upon the wealth of the heaven-world, and he finds it to be a storehouse of infinite extent, upon which he is able to draw just according to the power of those thoughts and aspirations; for in this world is existing the infinite fullness of the Divine Mind, open in all its limitless affluence to every soul, just in proportion as that soul has qualified itself to receive. A man who has already completed his human evolution, who has fully realized and unfolded

the divinity whose germ is within him, finds the whole of this glory within his reach; but since none of us has yet done that, since we are only gradually rising towards that splendid consummation, it follows that none of us as yet can grasp that entirety.

But each draws from it and cognizes so much of it as he has by previous effort prepared himself to take. Different individuals bring very different capacities; they tell us in the East that each man brings his own cup, and some of the cups are large and some are small, but small or large every cup is filled to its utmost capacity; the sea of bliss holds far more than enough for all.

A man can look out upon all this glory and beauty only through the windows which he himself has made. Every one of these thought-forms is such a window, through which response may come to him from the forces without. If during his earth-life he has chiefly regarded physical things, then he has made for himself but few windows through which this higher glory can shine in upon him. Yet every man who is above the lowest savage must have had some touch of pure unselfish feeling, even if it were but once in all his life, and that will be a window for him now.

The ordinary man is not capable of any great activity in this mental world; his condition is chiefly receptive, and his vision of anything outside his own shell of thought is of the most limited character. He is surrounded by living forces, mighty angelic inhabitants of this glorious world, and many of their orders are very sensitive to certain aspirations of man and readily respond to them. But a man can take advantage of these only in so far as he has already prepared himself to profit by them, for his thoughts and

aspirations are only along certain lines, and he cannot suddenly form new lines. There are many directions which the higher thought may take--some of them personal and some impersonal. Among the latter are art, music and philosophy; and a man whose interest lay along any one of these lines finds both measureless enjoyment and unlimited instruction waiting for him--that is, the amount of enjoyment and instruction is limited only by his power of perception.

We find a large number of people whose only higher thoughts are those connected with affection and devotion. If a man loves another deeply or if he feels strong devotion to a personal deity, he makes a strong mental image of that friend or of the deity, and the object of his feeling is often present in his mind. Inevitably he takes that mental image into the heaven-world with him, because it is to that level of matter that it naturally belongs.

Take first the case of affection. The love which forms and retains such an image is a very powerful force--a force which is strong enough to reach and to act upon the ego of his friend in the higher part of the mental world. It is that ego that is the real man whom he loves--not the physical body which is so partial a representation of him. The ego of the friend, feeling this vibration, at once and eagerly responds to it, and pours himself into the thought-form, which has been made for him; so that the man's friend is truly present with him more vividly than ever before. To this result it makes no difference whatever whether the friend is what we call living or dead; the appeal is made not to the fragment of the friend which is sometimes imprisoned in a physical body, but to the man himself on his own true level; and he always responds. A man who has a hundred

friends can simultaneously and fully respond to the affection of every one of them, for no number of representations on a lower level can exhaust the infinity of the ego.

Thus every man in his heaven-life has around him all the friends for whose company he wishes, and they are for him always at their best, because he himself makes for them the thought-form through which they manifest to him. In our limited physical world we are so accustomed to thinking of our friend as only the limited manifestation which we know in the physical world, that it is at first difficult for us to realize the grandeur of the conception; when we can realize it, we shall see how much nearer we are in truth to our friends in the heaven-life than we ever were on earth. The same is true in the case of devotion. The man in the heaven-world is two great stages nearer to the object of his devotion than he was during physical life, and so his experiences are of a far more transcendent character.

In this mental world, as in the astral, there are seven subdivisions. The first, second and third are the habitat of the ego in his causal body, so the mental body contains matter of the remaining four only, and it is in those sections that his heaven-life is passed. Man does not, however, pass from one to the other of these, as is the case in the astral world, for there is nothing in this life corresponding to the rearrangement. Rather is the man drawn to the level which best corresponds to the degree of his development, and on that level he spends the whole of his life in the mental body. Each man makes his own conditions, so that the number of varieties is infinite.

Speaking broadly, we may say that the dominant characteristic observed in the lowest portion is unselfish family affection. Unselfish it must be, or it would find no place here; all selfish tinges, if there were any, worked out their results in the astral world. The dominant characteristic of the sixth level may be said to be anthropomorphical religious devotion; while that of the fifth section is devotion expressing itself in active work of some sort. All these--the fifth, sixth and seventh sub-divisions--are concerned with the working out of devotion to personalities (either to one's family and friends or to a personal deity) rather than the wider devotion to humanity for its own sake, which finds its expression in the next section. The activities of this fourth stage are varied. They can best be arranged in four main divisions: unselfish pursuit of spiritual knowledge; high philosophy or scientific thought; literary or artistic ability exercised for unselfish purposes; and service for the sake of service.

Even to this glorious heaven-life there comes an end, and then the mental body in its turn drops away as the others have done, and the man's life in his causal body begins. Here the man needs no windows, for this is his true home and all his walls have fallen away. The majority of men have as yet but very little consciousness at such a height as this; they rest dreamily unobservant and scarcely awake, but such vision as they have is true, however limited it may be by their lack of development. Still, every time they return, these limitations will be smaller, and they themselves will be greater; so that this truest life will be wider and fuller for them.

As this improvement continues, this causal life grows longer and longer, assuming an ever larger proportion as

compared to the existence at lower levels. And as he grows, the man becomes capable not only of receiving but also of giving. Then indeed is his triumph approaching, for he is learning the lesson of the Christ, learning the crowning glory of sacrifice, the supreme delight of pouring out all his life for the helping of his fellow-men, the devotion of the self to the all, of celestial strength to human service, of all those splendid heavenly forces to the aid of the struggling sons of earth. That is part of the life that lies before us; these are some of the steps which even we who are still so near the bottom of the golden ladder may see rising above us, so that we may report them to those who have not seen as yet, in order that they too may open their eyes to the unimaginable splendour which surrounds them here and now in this dull daily life. This is part of the gospel of Theosophy--the certainty of this sublime future for all. It is certain because it is here already, because to inherit it we have only to fit ourselves for it."

***A Textbook of Theosophy, H.W. Leadbeater, After
Death, 1912***

"The Church Fathers on Purgatory and Prayers for the Dead with Commentary

PRAYERS FOR THE DEAD AND PURGATORY

Comments from the Catholic Encyclopedia (1913), article on "purgatory":

"The proofs for the Catholic position, both in Scripture and in Tradition, are bound up also with the practice of praying for the dead. For why pray for the dead, if there be no belief in the power of prayer to afford solace to those who as yet are excluded from the sight of God? So true is this position that prayers for the dead and the existence of a place of

purgation are mentioned in conjunction in the oldest passages of the Fathers, who allege reasons for succouring departed souls. Those who have opposed the doctrine of purgatory have confessed that prayers for the dead would be an unanswerable argument if the modern doctrine of a 'particular judgment' had been received in the early ages. But one has only to read the testimonies hereinafter alleged to feel sure that the Fathers speak, in the same breath, of oblations for the dead and a place of purgation; and one has only to consult the evidence found in the catacombs to feel equally sure that the Christian faith there expressed embraced clearly a belief in judgment immediately after death."

Comments from the Catholic Encyclopedia (1913), article on "purgatory":

"The Fathers in general are clear in their affirmation of the existence of purgatory. This is not to deny that some time was needed to formulate a clear and definitive idea of the purification to take place in the other world, for varying eschatological views prevented in the early centuries a uniform presentation of its nature. The witness of the Fathers to the fact of such purification after death, therefore, is beyond doubt; their explanation of the purifying process has as much validity as the reasons advanced by each one. One thing is certain: the primitive Church never accepted the belief that in each and every instance the eternal beatitude of the just began immediately after death....In addition, prayers and other good works were offered for the departed souls as a matter of common practice. There can be no doubt, then, that the widespread belief of the early Church, as shown by many of the Fathers (see Tertullian, Origen, Cyprian, Ephraem, Ambrose,

Augustine, Chrysostom, Caesarius of Arles, and Gregory the Great...) and as evidenced by the liturgy, demanded the existence of a state after death in which the souls of the just would be fully purified from any remains of sin before entering heaven." (NCE, volume 11, page 1035-6)

Comments by Jacques Le Goff, author of *The Birth of Purgatory* [University of Chicago Press, 1984]

Excerpts from chapter 2 "The Fathers of Purgatory" -- these I find to be highly relevant passages from this chapter: From the Old Testament, Clement [of Alexandria] and Origen took the notion that fire is a divine instrument, and from the New Testament the idea of baptism by fire (from the Gospels) and the idea of a purificatory trial after death (from Paul). The notion of fire as a divine instrument comes from commonly cited interpretations of Old Testament passages [e.g. Lev 10:1-2; Deut 32:22; Jer 15:14; cf. Luke 3:16].... (page 53)

Origen's conceptions were more detailed and far reaching than Clement's. As we have seen, Origen thought that all men, even the righteous, must be tried by fire, since no one is absolutely pure. Every soul is tainted by the mere fact of its union with the flesh....Origen and Clement agree that there are two kinds of sinners, or, rather, that there are the righteous, whose only taint is that inherent in human nature (rupos, later translated into Latin as sordes), and the sinners properly so called, who bear the extra burden of sins that in theory are mortal (pros thanaton amartia, or peccata in Latin).... (page 54,55)

For Clement of Alexandria, the 'intelligent' fire that enters into the sinner's soul was not a material thing...but neither

was it a mere metaphor: it was a 'spiritual' fire (Stromata 7:6 and 5:14)...what is involved [in Origen's view] is a purificatory fire, which, though immaterial, is not merely a metaphor: it is real but spiritual, subtle....Origen's eschatological notions were highly personal...He believed that the souls of the righteous would pass through the fire of judgment in an instant and would reach Paradise on the eighth day after Judgment Day.... (page 55,56)

Thus, if Origen glimpsed the future Purgatory, still his idea of Purgatory was so overshadowed by his eschatology and his idea of Hell as a temporary abode that ultimately it vanishes from view. Nevertheless, it was Origen who clearly stated for the first time the idea that the soul can be purified in the other world after death. For the first time a distinction was drawn between mortal and lesser sins. We even see three categories beginning to take shape: the righteous, who pass through the fire of judgment and go directly to heaven; those guilty of the lesser sins only, who sojourn in the 'fire of combustion' is brief; and 'mortal sinners,' who remain in the flames for an extended period. Origen actually develops the metaphor introduced by Paul in 1 Corinthians 3:10-15.... (page 56,57)

In this period [of the fourth century] Christian thought concerning the fate of the soul after death was based mainly on the vision of Daniel (Dan 7:9) and on a passage from Paul (1 Cor 3:10-15), and less frequently on Tertullian's idea of refrigerium and Origen's concept of a purifying fire....Lactantius (d. after 317) believed that all who died, including the righteous, would be tried by fire, but not until the Last Judgment [cites Instit 7:21 Migne PL 6:800]...Hilary of Poitiers (d. 367), Ambrose (d. 397), Jerome (d. 419/420), and the unidentified writer known as

Ambrosiaster, who lived in the second half of the fourth century, all had ideas on the fate of the soul after death that make them heirs of Origen. (page 58,59)

[Ambrose] also clearly stated that the prayers of the living could help to relieve the suffering of the dead, that suffrages could be of use in mitigating the penalties meted out in the other world...[cites Ambrose on the Emperor Theodosius]... (page 60)

Ambrosiaster, if he adds little to what Ambrose has already said, is important because he is the author of the first real exegesis of 1 Corinthians 3:10-15. As such he had considerable influence on the medieval commentators on this passage, which played a key role in the inception of Purgatory, and in particular on the early scholastics of the twelfth century. Like Hilary and Ambrose, Ambrosiaster distinguishes three categories: the saints and the righteous, who will go directly to heaven at the time of the resurrection; the ungodly, apostates, infidels, and atheists, who will go directly into the fiery torments of Hell; and the ordinary Christians, who, though sinners, will first pay their debt and for a time be purified by fire but then go to Paradise because they had the faith...[then quotes Ambrosiaster on 1 Cor 3:15]... (page 61)

It was the role of Augustine, who left so deep an imprint on Christianity and who, in the Middle Ages, was regarded as probably the greatest of all the Christian 'authorities,' to have been the first to introduce a number of ingredients that later went to make up the doctrine of Purgatory....Augustine's importance in the history of Purgatory stems first from the terminology he introduced, which remained current through much of the Middle Ages.

There are three key terms, the adjectives *purgatorius*, *temporarius*, or *temporalis*, and *transitorius*. 'Purgatorius' figured in the phrase 'poenae purgatoriae': I prefer to translate this as 'purgatorial punishments' rather than 'purificatory punishments,' the latter being too precise for Augustine's way of thinking (the phrase occurs in *City of God* 21:13 and 21:16). We also find *tormenta purgatoria*, purgatorial torments (in *City of God* 21:16), and *ignis purgatorius*, purgatorial fire (in *Enchiridion* 69).

Temporarius is used, for example, in the expression *poenae temporariae*, temporary punishments, which is contrasted with *poenae sempiternae*, eternal punishments (*City of God* 21:13). *Poenae temporales* is found in Erasmus's edition of the *City of God* (21:26).... (page 61, 63)

Now for the Church Fathers on prayers for the dead, purgatory, and the development of the doctrine.

The Acts of Paul and Thecla

"And after the exhibition, Tryphaena again received her [Thecla]. For her daughter Falconilla had died, and said to her in a dream: 'Mother, you shall have this stranger Thecla in my place, in order that she may pray concerning me, and that I may be transferred to the place of the righteous'." (Acts of Paul and Thecla [c. AD 160] or ANF VIII:490)

Abercius

"The citizen of a prominent city, I erected this while I lived, that I might have a resting place for my body. Abercius is my name, a disciple of the chaste Shepherd who feeds his sheep on the mountains and in the fields, who has great eyes surveying everywhere, who taught me the faithful

writings of life. Standing by, I, Abercius, ordered this to be inscribed: Truly, I was in my seventy-second year. May everyone who is in accord with this and who understands it pray for Abercius." (Epitaph of Abercius [c. AD 190])

The Martyrdom of Perpetua and Felicity

"That very night, this was shown to me in a vision: I [Perpetua] saw Dinocrates going out from a gloomy place, where also there were several others, and he was parched and very thirsty, with a filthy countenance and pallid color, and the wound on his face which he had when he died. This Dinocrates had been my brother after the flesh, seven years of age, who died miserably with disease....For him I had made my prayer, and between him and me there was a large interval, so that neither of us could approach to the other....and [I] knew that my brother was in suffering. But I trusted that my prayer would bring help to his suffering; and I prayed for him every day until we passed over into the prison of the camp, for we were to fight in the camp-show. Then....I made my prayer for my brother day and night, groaning and weeping that he might be granted to me. Then, on the day on which we remained in fetters, this was shown to me: I saw that the place which I had formerly observed to be in gloom was now bright; and Dinocrates, with a clean body well clad, was finding refreshment....[And] he went away from the water to play joyously, after the manner of children, and I awoke. Then I understood that he was translated from the place of punishment." (The Martyrdom of Perpetua and Felicity 2:3:4 [c. AD 202] or ANF III:701-702)

Origen of Alexandria

"For if on the foundation of Christ you have built not only gold and silver and precious stones [1 Corinthians 3]; but

also wood and hay and stubble, what do you expect when the soul shall be separated from the body? Would you enter into heaven with your wood and hay and stubble and thus defile the kingdom of God; or on account of these hindrances would you remain without and receive no reward for your gold and silver and precious stones; Neither is this just. It remains then that you be committed to the fire which will burn the light materials; for our God to those who can comprehend heavenly things is called a cleansing fire. But this fire consumes not the creature, but what the creature has himself built, wood, and hay and stubble. It is manifest that the fire destroys the wood of our transgressions and then returns to us the reward of our great works." (Homilies on Jeremias [c. AD 244] or Migne PG 13:445,448)

St. Clement of Alexandria

"Accordingly the believer, through great discipline, divesting himself of the passions, passes to the mansion which is better than the former one, viz., to the greatest torment, taking with him the characteristic of repentance from the sins he has committed after baptism. He is tortured then still more -- not yet or not quite attaining what he sees others to have acquired. Besides, he is also ashamed of his transgressions. The greatest torments, indeed, are assigned to the believer. For God's righteousness is good, and His goodness is righteous. And though the punishments cease in the course of the completion of the expiation and purification of each one, yet those have very great and permanent grief who are found worthy of the fold, on account of not being along with those that have been glorified through righteousness." (Stromata 6:14 [c. post AD 202] or ANF II:504)

Tertullian of Carthage

"That allegory of the Lord [Matt 5:25,26] which is extremely clear and simple in its meaning, and ought to be from the first understood in its plain and natural sense...Then, again, should you be disposed to apply the term 'adversary' to the devil, you are advised by the (Lord's) injunction, while you are in the way with him, 'to make even with him such a compact as may be deemed compatible with the requirements of your true faith. Now the compact you have made respecting him is to renounce him, and his pomp, and his angels. Such is your agreement in this matter. Now the friendly understanding you will have to carry out must arise from your observance of the compact: you must never think of getting back any of the things which you have abjured, and have restored to him, lest he should summon you as a fraudulent man, and a transgressor of your agreement, before God the Judge (for in this light do we read of him, in another passage, as 'the accuser of the brethren,' or saints, where reference is made to the actual practice of legal prosecution); and lest this Judge deliver you over to the angel who is to execute the sentence, and he commit you to the prison of hell, out of which there will be no dismissal until the smallest even of your delinquencies be paid off in the period before the resurrection. What can be a more fitting sense than this? What a truer interpretation?" (A Treatise on the Soul 35 [c. AD 210] or ANF III:216)

"All souls, therefore; are shut up within Hades: do you admit this? (It is true, whether) you say yes or no: moreover, there are already experienced there punishments and consolations; and there you have a poor man and a rich...Moreover, the soul executes not all its operations with the ministrations of the flesh; for the judgment of God

pursues even simple cogitations and the merest volitions. 'Whosoever looketh on a woman to lust after her, hath committed adultery with her already in his heart.' Therefore, even for this cause it is most fitting that the soul, without at all waiting for the flesh, should be punished for what it has done without the partnership of the flesh. So, on the same principle, in return for the pious and kindly thoughts in which it shared not the help of the flesh, shall it without the flesh receive its consolation. In short, inasmuch as we understand 'the prison' pointed out in the Gospel to be Hades, and as we also interpret 'the uttermost farthing' to mean the very smallest offence which has to be recompensed there before the resurrection, no one will hesitate to believe that the soul undergoes in Hades some compensatory discipline, without prejudice to the full process of the resurrection, when the recompense will be administered through the flesh besides." (A Treatise on the Soul 58 [c. AD 210] or ANF III:234-235)

"We offer sacrifices for the dead on their birthday anniversaries [the date of death or their birth into eternal life]." (The Crown 3:3 [c. AD 211] or ANF III:94)

"A woman, after the death of her husband....prays for his soul and asks that he may, while waiting, find rest; and that he may share in the first resurrection. And each year, on the anniversary of his death, she offers the sacrifice." (Monogamy 10:1:2 [c. AD 216] or ANF III:66-67)

St. Cyprian of Carthage

"The strength of the truly believing remains unshaken; and with those who fear and love God with their whole heart, their integrity continues steady and strong. For to adulterers even a time of repentance is granted by us, and

peace [or reconciliation] is given. Yet virginity is not therefore deficient in the Church, nor does the glorious design of continence languish through the sins of others. The Church, crowned with so many virgins, flourishes; and chastity and modesty preserve the tenor of their glory. Nor is the vigor of continence broken down because repentance and pardon are facilitated to the adulterer. It is one thing to stand for pardon, another thing to attain to glory; it is one thing, when cast into prison, not to go out thence until one has paid the uttermost farthing; another thing at once to receive the wages of faith and courage. It is one thing, tortured by long suffering for sins, to be cleansed and long purged by fire; another to have purged all sins by suffering. It is one thing, in fine, to be in suspense till the sentence of God at the day of judgment; another to be at once crowned by the Lord" (Letters 51[55]:20 [c. AD 253] or ANF V:332)

Apostolic Constitutions

"Let us pray for our brethren that are at rest in Christ, that God, the lover of mankind, who has received his soul, may forgive him every sin, voluntary and involuntary, and may be merciful and gracious to him, and give him his lot in the land of the pious that are sent into the bosom of Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, with all those that have pleased Him and done His will from the beginning of the world, whence all sorrow, grief, and lamentation are banished." (Apostolic Constitutions 8:4,41 [c. third Century] or ANF VII:497)

St. Lactantius

"But also, when God will judge the just, it is likewise in fire that he will try them. At that time, they whose sins are uppermost, either because of their gravity or their number, will be drawn together by the fire and will be burned.

Those, however, who have been imbued with full justice and maturity of virtue, will not feel that fire; for they have something of God in them which will repel and turn back the strength of the flame." (Divine Institutes 7:21:6 [c. AD 307] or ANF VII:217)

St. Cyril of Jerusalem

"Then we make mention also of those who have already fallen asleep: first, the patriarchs, prophets, Apostles, and martyrs, that through their prayers and supplications God would receive our petition; next, we make mention also of the holy fathers and bishops who have already fallen asleep, and, to put it simply, of all among us who have already fallen asleep; for we believe that it will be of very great benefit to the souls of those for whom the petition is carried up, while this holy and most solemn sacrifice is laid out."

"For I know that there are many who are saying this: 'If a soul departs from this world with sins, what does it profit it to be remembered in the prayer?'...[we] grant a remission of their penalties...we too offer prayers to Him for those who have fallen asleep though they be sinners. We do not plait a crown, but offer up Christ who has been sacrificed for our sins; and we thereby propitiate the benevolent God for them as well as for ourselves." (23 [Mystagogic 5], 8, 9, 10 [c. 350 AD] or NPNF2 VII:154-155)

St. Basil the Great

"I think that the noble athletes of God, who have wrestled all their lives with the invisible enemies, after they have escaped all of their persecutions and have come to the end of life, are examined by the prince of this world; and if they are found to have any wounds from their wrestling, any stains or effects of sin, they are detained. If, however they are found

unwounded and without stain, they are, as unconquered, brought by Christ into their rest." (Homilies on the Psalms 7:2 [c. ante AD 370])

St. Ephraem of Syria

"Lay me not with sweet spices: for this honour avails me not; Nor yet incense and perfumes: for the honour benefits me not. Burn sweet spices in the Holy Place: and me, even me, conduct to the grave with prayer. Give ye incense to God: and over me send up hymns. Instead of perfumes of spices: in prayer make remembrance of me." (His Testament [c. ante AD 373] or NPNF2 XIII:135)

St. Epiphanius of Salamis

"Useful too is the prayer fashioned on their behalf [of the deceased], even if it does not force back the whole of guilty charges laid to them. And it is useful also, because in this world we often stumble either voluntarily or involuntarily, and thus it is a reminder to do better." (Panarion 75:8 or Medicine Chest Against All Heresies [c. AD 375])

St. Gregory of Nyssa

"If a man distinguish in himself what is peculiarly human from that which is irrational, and if he be on the watch for a life of greater urbanity for himself, in this present life he will purify himself of any evil contracted, overcoming the irrational by reason. If he has inclined to the irrational pressure of the passions, using for the passions the cooperating hide of things irrational, he may afterward in a quite different manner be very much interested in what is better, when, after his departure out of the body, he gains knowledge of the difference between virtue and vice and finds that he is not able to partake of divinity until he has been purged of the filthy contagion in his soul by the

purifying fire." (Sermon on the Dead [c. AD 382] or Migne PG 13:445,448)

St. John Chrysostom

"Let us help and commemorate them. If Job's sons were purified by their father's sacrifice [Job 1:5], why would we doubt that our offerings for the dead bring them some consolation? Let us not hesitate to help those who have died and to offer our prayers for them." (Homilies on First Corinthians 41:5 [c. AD 392])

"Weep for those who die in their wealth and who with all their wealth prepared no consolation for their own souls, who had the power to wash away their sins and did not will to do it. Let us weep for them, let us assist them to the extent of our ability, let us think of some assistance for them, small as it may be, yet let us somehow assist them. But how, and in what way? By praying for them and by entreating others to pray for them, by constantly giving alms to the poor on their behalf. Not in vain was it decreed by the apostles that in the awesome mysteries remembrance should be made of the departed. They knew that here there was much gain for them, much benefit. When the entire people stands with hands uplifted, a priestly assembly, and that awesome sacrificial Victim is laid out, how, when we are calling upon God, should we not succeed in their defense? But this is done for those who have departed in the faith, while even the catechumens are not reckoned as worthy of this consolation, but are deprived of every means of assistance except one. And what is that? We may give alms to the poor on their behalf." (Homilies on Philippians 3:4-10 [c. AD 402] or NPNF1 XIII:197)

St. Ambrose of Milan

"Give, oh Lord, rest to Thy servant Theodosius, that rest Thou hast prepared for Thy saints....I love him, therefore will I follow him to the land of the living; I will not leave him till by my prayers and lamentations he shall be admitted unto the holy mount of the Lord, to which his deserts call him." (De Obitu Theodosii [c. AD 395] or Migne PL 16:1397)

St. Augustine of Hippo

"The man who has cultivated that remote land [Gen 3:17] and who has gotten his bread by his very great labor is able to suffer this labor to the end of this life. After this life, however, it is not necessary that he suffer. But the man who perhaps has not cultivated the land and has allowed it to be overrun with brambles has in this life the curse of his land on all his works, and after this life he will have either purgatorial fire or eternal punishment [habebit vel ignem purgationis vel poenam aeternam]." (De Genesi contra Manich 2:20:30 [c. AD 389])

"'Lord, rebuke me not in Your indignation, nor correct me in Your anger' [Psalm 38:1]...In this life may You cleanse me and make me such that I have no need of the corrective fire, which is for those who are saved, but as if by fire...for it is said: 'He shall be saved, but as if by fire' [1 Cor 3:15]. And because it is said that he shall be saved, little is thought of that fire. Yet plainly, though we be saved by fire, that fire will be more severe than anything a man can suffer in this life." (Explanations of the Psalms 37:3 [c. AD 392])

"There is an ecclesiastical discipline, as the faithful know, when the names of the martyrs are read aloud in that place at the altar of God, where prayer is not offered for them. Prayer, however, is offered for other dead who are

remembered. It is wrong to pray for a martyr, to whose prayers we ought ourselves be commended." (Sermons 159:1 [c. AD 411])

"But by the prayers of the holy Church, and by the salvific sacrifice, and by the alms which are given for their spirits, there is no doubt that the dead are aided, that the Lord might deal more mercifully with them than their sins would deserve. The whole Church observes this practice which was handed down by the Fathers: that it prays for those who have died in the communion of the Body and Blood of Christ, when they are commemorated in their own place in the sacrifice itself; and the sacrifice is offered also in memory of them, on their behalf. If, then, works of mercy are celebrated for the sake of those who are being remembered, who would hesitate to recommend them, on whose behalf prayers to God are not offered in vain? It is not at all to be doubted that such prayers are of profit to the dead; but for such of them as lived before their death in a way that makes it possible for these things to be useful to them after death." (Sermons 172:2)

"Temporal punishments are suffered by some in this life only, by some after death, by some both here and hereafter; but all of them before that last and strictest judgment [ante iudicium illud severissimum novissimumque]. But not all who suffer temporal punishments after death will come to eternal punishments, which are to follow after that judgment." (The City of God 21:13 [c. AD 413-426])

"The prayer either of the Church herself or of pious individuals is heard on behalf of certain of the dead; but it is heard for those who, having been regenerated in Christ, did not for the rest of their life in the body do such wickedness

that they might be judged unworthy of such mercy, nor who yet lived so well that it might be supposed they have no need of such mercy." (The City of God 21:24:2)

"That there should be some such fire even after this life is not incredible, and it can be inquired into and either be discovered or left hidden whether some of the faithful may be saved, some more slowly and some more quickly in the greater or lesser degree in which they loved the good things that perish -- through a certain purgatorial fire [per ignem quemdam purgatorium]." (Enchiridion of Faith, Hope, and Love 18:69 [c. AD 421] or NPNF1 III:260)

"The time which interposes between the death of a man and the final resurrection holds souls in hidden retreats, accordingly as each is deserving of rest or of hardship, in view of what it merited when it was living in the flesh. Nor can it be denied that the souls of the dead find relief through the piety of their friends and relatives who are still alive, when the Sacrifice of the Mediator [Mass] is offered for them, or when alms are given in the Church. But these things are of profit to those who, when they were alive, merited that they might afterward be able to be helped by these things. There is a certain manner of living, neither so good that there is no need of these helps after death, nor yet so wicked that these helps are of no avail after death." (Enchiridion of Faith, Hope, and Love 29:109)"

*The Church Fathers on Purgatory, Catholic and Christian Apologetics
Articles, Anonymous*

*"OF THE FIVE KINDS OF MEN WHO SHALL
APPEAR AT THE JUDGMENT
Five kinds of men shall appear before this Judge.*

The first, and the worst, are those Christians who have died in mortal sin, without repentance and without regret; for these have despised the death of Christ and His sacraments, or else they have received them unworthily and in vain. And they have not practised the works of mercy, showing charity toward their neighbours, as God has commanded. And for this they are doomed to the depths of hell.

The second kind are the unbelievers, Pagans and Jews. These must all appear before Christ, though they were damned already during their lives; for, in their time, they possessed neither Divine grace nor Divine love, and for this reason they have always dwelt in the eternal death of damnation. But these shall have less pain than the evil Christians; for, since they received fewer gifts of God, they owed Him less loyalty.

The third kind are those good Christians who, from time to time, fell into sin, and rose again through contrition and penance; but who have not made full satisfaction for their sins according to justice. These belong to purgatory.

The fourth kind consists of those men who have kept God's commandments; or, when they broke them, they have returned to God with contrition and with penance, and with works of charity and mercy and so have made satisfaction; so that their souls coming forth from their mouths go straight to heaven, without passing through purgatory.

The fifth kind are all those who, above all outward works of charity, have their sojourn in heaven, and are noughted and lost in God, and God in them, so that there is no other thing between God and them but time and their mortal

nature. When these men are made free from their bodies, they enjoy, in that very moment, eternal bliss; and they are not judged, but shall themselves judge other men, with Christ, in the Day of Doom. And then all mortal life, and all temporal sorrows, both on earth and in purgatory, shall end, and all the souls of the damned, together with the Fiend and his companions, shall sink and disappear in the deeps of hell, in a corruption and everlasting horror without end. And in the twinkling of an eye the blessed shall be with Christ their Bridegroom in eternal glory; and they shall see and taste and enjoy the fathomless riches of the Being of God, eternally and for ever.

This is the third coming, which all of us await, and which is still to happen. The first coming, when God became man and lived in humility among us, and died for the love of us, this coming we should imitate, outwardly by fulfilling the perfect moral virtues, inwardly by the practice of charity and true humility. In the second coming, which happens in the present time, He comes with grace within each loving heart; and this coming we should long for and pray for every day, that we may remain steadfast and grow in new virtues. The third coming, at the Judgment, or in the hour of death, we should expect with longing, with trust, and with awe; that we may be set free from this misery and enter into the house of glory.

This coming in its three ways is the second point of the four chief points, wherein Christ says: Sponsus venit, The Bridegroom cometh.

OF A SPIRITUAL GOING OUT WITH ALL VIRTUES

Now understand and mark this: Christ says, at the beginning of this precept, Behold; and this is done through

charity and a pure conscience, as you have heard before. Then He has shown us what we shall see, that is, the threefold coming.

Now He commands us what we shall do next, and says: Go ye out. If you possess the first point, that is, if you are able to see, through grace and through charity; and if, further, you have gazed well upon your pattern Christ and His going out; then, there arises within you, out of charity, and out of the loving observation of your Bridegroom, a righteousness, namely, that thereafter you long to follow Him in the virtues. Then Christ is saying within you: Go ye out. This going out must be done in three ways: we must go out towards God, towards ourselves, and towards our neighbours, and this we must do by means of charity and righteousness. For charity ever strives towards the height, towards the kingdom of God, which is God Himself; for He is the source from which unmediated charity flows forth, and wherein it abides in the Unity. And righteousness, which is born of charity, wills the perfection of all the moral and all the other virtues which are honourable and proper to the kingdom of God, that is the soul.

Charity and Righteousness: these two lay the foundation of the kingdom of the soul where God would dwell. And this foundation is humility.

These three virtues prop and bear the whole weight and the whole edifice of all the other virtues and of all transcendence. For charity always confronts man with the unfathomable goodness of God, from which it has flowed forth, that thereby he may live worthily and remain steadfast before God, and grow in true humility and all other virtues. And righteousness places man face to face

with the eternal truth of God, that he may know truth, and become enlightened, and may fulfil all virtue without erring. But humility brings man face to face with the most high mightiness of God, that he may always remain little and lowly, and may surrender himself to God, and may not stand upon his selfhood. This is the way in which a man should hold himself before God, that thereby he may grow continually in new virtues."

The Adornment of the Spiritual Marriage, Chapter X and XI, By Jan VVan Ruuysbroeck, 1916

"HE SHALL GO OUT TOWARDS HIS FRIENDS IN PURGATORY

At times the man shall behold his friends in purgatory, and shall consider their misery and their yearnings and their heavy pains. Then shall he pray and beseech the pity, the mercy, and the generosity of God; and shall plead their good-will, and their great misery, and their yearning after the rich goodness of God, and he shall bring to God's remembrance that they died in love, and that their only refuge is in His passion and mercy.

Now understand this: it may sometimes happen that this enlightened man is specially urged of the Spirit of God to pray for a certain thing, for some sinner, or for some soul, or for some ghostly benefit, in such a way that he feels and understands it to be the work of the Holy Ghost, and not of his own choice, or self-will, or nature. Then the man sometimes becomes so intense and so ardent in his prayer that he receives in ghostly wise the answer that his prayer has been heard. And with the coming of this sign the thrust of the Spirit and the prayer abate."

*The Adornment of the Spiritual Marriage, Chapter XLI, By Jan VVan
Ruysbroeck, 1916*

CHAPTER TWO

A Vision of 'Destiny' – The Love

Standing before the mountain of stars, I perched my eyesight on the snowy mountain peak that lay high, high above it. About thirty beautifully garnished angelic hosts were hovering, all of them wearing a gown of a different infinite pastel shade: purples, pinks, blues, yellows, whites, etc.

The white clouds above us were as a mist which permeated every sphere of this peaceful, tranquil, lumination to the heavens.

They began to show me things of importance for the people of the world who were all struggling in one way or another to maintain, preserve and cultivate a proper spiritual path within the context of a physical existence.

For a short period of time, I was shown some important things about the souls of the people of the world; obstacles that they were allowing into their lives which stifled spiritual movement.

Or this eve, I was to be shown the souls of about a handful of people of the world. Three of them were present in this spiritual acclimation, which indicated

some openness to the spirit world. One was absent, and this absence was indicative of a lack of openness to the spirit world. Two young ones were present, and their presence was indicative of some openness to the spirit world.

One of these people of the world was sitting at the bottom on a bench next to what appeared to be an outhouse with a pretty profound force of energy holding her spirit literally down. This was a spirit of distraction which was all too common in the world. In order to please others, she was being held back from doing anything of significance in this life and engaging in frivolous activities which diminished any sort of spiritual formation. The powerful force over her head came from the person of the world who had not entered this sphere of spiritual recognizance. By allowing this person to form her destiny, she had given it up . . . at least for now.

The other person of the world was struggling a bit, but moving. Both of these people of the world were spiritually lazy, and this had become a significant obstacle to both. They both really needed to step it up a bit; life is short, time is meaningful, and spiritual progress is essential.

The other person of the world was shown as being unusually open to the spirit world, although not yet manifesting it upon the ground, but it was shown to me that he would help them both in time to come.

One of the young people of the earth was a child of 'Destiny.' She was to become a mystic in time, and had been dressed for that potentiality in a gorgeous little girl's dress.

Having ascended about twenty meters up the mountain, we both looked back at the other person of the world who remained held down on the bench. It was her mother. She couldn't come, she couldn't move due to the repressive force which hovered above her like an invisible migraine.

The young person of the world's dress had little poop stains all over it, indicating the defilements which were already beginning to affect that gift and how it would eventually manifest and possibly alter this profoundly important 'Destiny' if something did not change in the way she was being brought up.

Looking towards her mother, the angels and I encouraged her to come and clean her up; change her dress and renew her spirit, so to speak. It was clear, however, that some of these defilements came from a lack of knowledge being imparted to her by her other parent who was not present in this spiritual realm. Because he didn't hold God firmly in his breast, or even lukewarmly, he held many false views about God. His influence could be very detrimental to her. And as it was that he was not even able to be present in the spiritual realms, it became her mother's God-given responsibility to protect the 'Destiny' of her child. But she couldn't . . . she was allowing an

inferior energy to take precedence in her household, thus, destroying that very 'Destiny.'

Reaching towards the young girl, I spoke up to the angelic hosts standing nearby, saying "I'll do it, I'll clean her up." But they replied, "You cannot, it must be her mother." Looking towards her, I sighed in frustration knowing that this particular task was not mine to do and I took the hand of the angels who beckoned me to further ascend the mountain to the stars.

Another person of the world appeared to take the rest of the journey with me. I realized that these other two people of the world could not come, but the one who was unusually open would come part of the way.

Caught up in the things of the world which held him below, this person of the world would accompany us, but not participate in the frequent undertakings which were about to take place as he was unable to 'see' the grand splendor yet to come. His frequency would not allow it. But I was grateful for the company.

And it must be noted that potentialities can be seen in the spiritual realm, but in order to attain to significance, those potentials must reach the ground.

In other words, this person of the world who showed much openness to the spiritual realms was not necessarily bringing that to fruition in the physical world. All life on earth, being born with great

potentiality, can only reach the summit if they bring that interior openness into their own external existence in physicality.

It must also be noted that 'seeing' is a frequential undertaking. What we are able to 'see' is entirely dependent upon the frequency and vibration we have attained in the physical vessel below and within the spiritual receptacle above.

In other words, potentialities can be seen within the spirit realm of those who may not manifest any of it on earth. Their existence alone does not make these potentials significant, but rather, an internal thrust which rises upwards to bring them into being.

So . . . in other words, this one person of the world being open to the spirit gives him no more potential than these other two who were being spiritually lazy. Upward thrust would determine that . . .

Potential is something that all human life is given. Remember, potentials unrealized have no meaning, whereas potentials realized are eternal. Potential is then determined by focus and action to bring it in.

As we climbed the mountain peak, the crowd of angels began to do something quite spectacular. Windows of eternity would open up in the icy mass of the sequential peak; a sheer curtain lying between its destination and our world, a cloudy image of the world beyond emanated through the shadow mist.

Through a huge hole in the ice and snow of the mountain, a thin curtain-like veil could be seen. Angelic beings parted the shadowy veil between this world and the next. I was shown in a manner indescribable in human terms how the conscious waking world of a physical human life could be seen as one half of a circle. Whereas, the whispers of eternity, or 'the All' was revealed as the celestial servants parted the veil like they would have a curtain. The other side was the other half of that circle.

In an ideal way of 'seeing,' 'a "soul could let it's shadow stretch and land on either side." (From 'Nexus', By Dan Fogelberg)

The whole of our human existence was overshadowed by the other world; merged and transcendant in every possible way. There was absolutely no separation.

Entering into the inner sphere of the heavenly etheric was an experience of absolute and total bliss. Colors vibrated with a frequency undefineable in its height and allure. And within that frequency I was able to see how every human action below, was overshadowed by a spiritual action from above.

Unfortunately, the opposite would also then be true. Certain human actions could not be mirrored by the light, but rather, would be overshadowed by a less precise spiritual action resonating from the cloudy,

darker and/or evil realms which would then manifest as different shades of a similar sphere.

As I had seen with these people of the world below, there are many spheres of influence residing in action. And in this understanding of the spherical realm of influence, a soul could understand that much as the moon might pass by the sun during a total eclipse, various frequencies of knowledge pass through our own world below, and we choose - which world, which sphere, upon which our souls will resonate. Every soul has 'Destiny' offered unto it, but only the very few choose it.

Why do so many souls bypass the light?

Because it is the light configuration, the upper part of the sphere of physical life, which allows us to live within the confines of physical reality as it manifests before us.

What opens the potential of 'Destiny'?

Each life opens this potential, but often takes the more common world view. Thus, consciousness descends into a series of containers which hold many spheres below it. Only the few merge and contain the higher spheres.

An average person of the world honestly doing the best that they can could, would reside at the 'veil' level, having the physical manifest below and the immediate light of heaven above. Both semi-circles

would merge and be joined. This interconnection occurs despite the fact that most people of the world on this side of the veil would rarely or never part it during their lives to witness the interconnection.

Those on the other side of the veil, however, would be given the fuller view in stages and steps according to their post-crossing development.

This interconnectedness remains intact, as nothing on earth has not yet first happened in heaven . . . unless . . . unless a soul were traveling downwards, wherein the influx from 'above' would become that which was coming from 'below.'

But at this moment, the focus remained upon the veil to the higher worlds, the veil as it revealed itself to the immediate worlds above; or as the angels called it, 'The All.'

Progressing up the mountain this eve with the decad or triad of angelic spirits, tremendous breaks in the ice were to be seen. Over the night, we would travel through another decad or triad of these wide-angled holes which presented within them a thin, but white, white, white veil, which could be opened like a curtain. Beyond them, in their transparency, you could see worlds beyond number, aeons of worlds, higher frequencies, vibrations and existences. To see them was to gasp in reverential respect. Each subsequent veil held a higher frequency than the former.

The icy holes in the rocks were like windows, separated by about twenty meters up the mountain each, and held within them a veil. Every glass enclosed peak held within it another sequentially more infinite vibration than the previous.

For a moment, I was allowed to see that a new group had formed. These other people of the world could not 'see' through these veils as they were so attached to the material world below. When I looked in their direction, they appeared as if babbling to someone or something that was holding their 'sight' from the world below. Even though they were there, they were present at this great mystery, they could not 'see.' And in this lies a great mystery . . .

The mystery of 'seeing' is contained in frequency and vibration. You can lead a horse to water, but you can't make him drink. The Holy Spirit descends for all, but faith is a gift given and received.

The Holy Spirit can be received in many ways. Not all are called to mystical union, as not all are called to scientific genius. However, all 'seeing' is contained within frequency and vibration. The only path to attain it, is through this reception.

Faith is a gift we must receive from the Holy Spirit. Everything beyond it must be received, as well, and it all comes down from the higher into the lower as frequency.

We are given to bring heaven to earth. This is done by allowing frequency and vibration to descend thus unto our physical receptacles introducing pattern. Jesus incarnated into human form, he made the pattern accessible to all.

Continuing to ascend up the mountain, there was little exertion in the effort as the angels seemed to lighten the steep depth of the climb. All worlds were opened in the ascending ice bank window as each veil was revealed as a sheer curtain which they cast aside with the simple swoop of their angelic hands.

As each world was revealed to me, an ecstasy was contained within my soul. I absorbed the high pastel pinks, blues, purples, yellows and whites of these higher spheres of existence into my 'marrow and bones' (as the Buddhists would call it). But each pulsation was of a higher quality than the previous, and a higher frequency was to come with the next.

With each rapture of the spirit, I experienced this merging, melding and blending of the two worlds; the two semi-circles. The angels said to me, "This is the world of 'the All', of God." Repeating themselves at every new window, they said, "This is the world of 'the All', of God. This is the world of 'the All', of God

Then the angels started repeating, "This is 'the All', of God. You belong to 'the All.' You belong to God."

Again, "This is 'the All', of God. You belong to 'the All.' You belong to God."

Again, "This is 'the All', of God. You belong to 'the All.' You belong to God."

"This is 'the All', of God. You belong to 'the All.' You belong to God."

I knew 'the All' to be God in his highest, most potent forms, in in His multi-dimensional manifestations, in His greatness and lowliness . . . in all that He had created everywhere; all times, places and beings.

And with each repetition, "This is 'the All', of God. You belong to 'the All.' You belong to God." I fell into a higher, finer frequency of God and was showered in an absorption into a more profound light. I was literally just vibrating . . . higher and higher and higher.

And the angels repeated, "This is 'the All', of God. You belong to 'the All.' You belong to God.", frequency and vibration.

All became frequency.

We were about to reach the summit, and the angels motioned us to stop. It would be the final ascent and only a very few people of the world would be allowed to proceed there with me as it was a place of great holiness. The rest of the people disappeared with no fanfare into the ether.

The angels began showing me old photographs; which held upon them images of regular and

ordinary human lives; a family sitting to table and holding hands for prayer at dinner in the 1950's, a family portrait of a family all dressed in the regalia of the late 1800's . . . many, many portraits. It was the usual slew of posed photographs marking momentous events in the lives of family and friends during their earthly sojourns upon the earth.

And in each image I could 'see' and feel how both worlds had completely overlapped. Every time, in every moment . . .

I was being taught how to 'see' the whole view, the spirit world was always interacting, the world of 'the All' was never missing from that fragmentation. Even in the most mundane of life's circumstances, 'the All' was always overlapping the physical realms, in every human life. It remained accessible to everyone in some mysterious way.

Each photograph held within it a knowing, a seeing of a different kind. This veil was sheer, excruciatingly thin . . . and the otherworld spheres were ineffably linked to every moment of human life, even though much of it was to remain unseen by those who could not 'see.'

I began to weep, as if I was suddenly being given some type of profound insight into each of these individual lifetimes, these moments. Some of the old pictures held images which involved the faith of the people in them. And this made my weeping more interior and profound.

In that moment, I understood the supreme importance of every life lived, each of these lives held such a deep importance. Each of these moments and acts of faith were regarded with such honor, respect and . . . really just tears. It was as if the profundity of these lives, these photographs . . . were being poured into my soul. And without knowing the why, I just knew the importance.

For a moment, my spirit was lifted into the photographs, and I awakened in an old, old mansion. Inside it were the belongings of many who had gone before. As I would touch the old sewing machine or the desk of a family long since passed, I would weep. And as I started to noticed old rosaries, medals, statues and other sacramental hidden behind other antiques, I found myself rushing in and trying to find more because as I touched them, I felt what could only be described as a genuine weeping from God.

When you take a moment to really think about how many lives are born and die every day in our world alone . . . think not only of human life, but of every other form of life . . . ponder on the fact that so many different forms of life exist together in one space; between human, animal, atomic, etc.

The bird perched outside your window lives in an entirely different universe than your own.

Multiply this by how many universes must exist within the mind of God.

And I felt God weeping interiorly, inside my soul, for every life that had been, and every act of faith made by those people. Long since forgotten, long since passed . . .

I could only think - as I tried to contain my ever flowing tears with the movement from one room to the next touching into yet another person's life, or another family's struggles - God is weeping for every life He has created.

In this moment, I could only try to fathom what this indicated? If you've ever pondered suicide, think deeply on this. God was weeping inside me, through me, and in my soul for every life that had ever been.

Honestly, in a world where life and death comes and goes in a moment, I could not really take the meaning of this moment to its fullest conclusion. It would be something I would have to contemplate because I had a very strong realization of the importance of each and every life, and felt it very emotionally.

My soul was swiftly struck from behind by a power of 'the All' I could not define. My spirit fell to its knees and miraculously had traveled to the summit of the mountain. The stars were all around me in an infinite kaleidoscope of light, and my garment had transformed into a gown of great whiteness with many layers of soft flowing dress. It fell just below my knees but was soft and fragrant. Garnered by its lightness, it blew in the spirit wind as I stood in the midsts of mists of white and the icy patch of summit

before a handsome priest who also kneeled before me.

“Are you ready to renew your vows?” He said, and as he did I instinctively knew he was not speaking of renewing my wedding vows that I had taken thirty two or so years before, but of repeating the vows I had taken with Mother Angelica just six months prior to become a Poor Clare Nun of Perpetual Adoration.

There was a little bit of concern in his voice, because I had been going through some sexual temptations recently of which would challenge such a vow.

Another priest appeared with a horse below a cliff face off the mountaintop, both of whom had manifested in the ether. He introduced himself to me as Father Thomas, saying that he had been a Marist Priest during his life. Remaining above him on the steep ice edge, I didn’t know how to help him to ascend this upright cliff face.

But my thinking was much adieu about nothing, he said, because he wanted to demonstrate something to me. Imagine how hard it would be to get a horse up top of a straight cliff like this . . . but as he spoke of the temptations which I had recently undergone, he and the horse began to lift up off the ground and float up towards me on the mountaintop ledge.

They didn’t have to climb the cliff, because they were accepting help from the Lord. Fr. Thomas and the horse were able to scale the cliff as if lifted up by

some heavenly source which demonstrated the power of grace in our prayer life and during times of temptation. I understood that he was showing me that you must not only ask, but receive of grace when it is given. Grace was stronger than temptation, if asked for and received by the one who would so entreat of the Lord. The horse disappeared . . .

Fr. Thomas now stood majestically upon the mountain top. Accepting the grace, I, still kneeling, now turned towards him. "Are you ready to repeat your vows" He repeated the words of the other priest who was now quietly kneeling at his side.

There was quiet for a few moments as although I wished to renew my vows, I realized I did not know them. I'd never actually read them. Interiorly, I realized there was significance in me being asked to take the vows a second time, as most nuns will take a set of three vows. The first vows will bring them into the order as a postulant (which means candidate), the second vow is that of a novice (which means a beginner) and the third are perpetual (which is the defining set of permanent vows which are meant to be life-long). I was intrigued that I was being asked to follow what seemed to be the set rule of the church in this mystical space outside of time.

But again, I didn't know the vows. I'd never actually read them.

Before I could wince, a female voice began reciting the vows in my ear and I started to repeat them after her.

Fr. Thomas generated such a big smile on his face as this happened, because he knew it was 'the sign' they were looking for to know that I was really and truly ready to take them.

And in beautiful words I would not be able to remember upon return to the body, I made vows to live as a Nun in the Order of the Poor Clare's of Perpetual Adoration.

But what did this mean? How would I live out such a calling in the world, in my own home, in the state of life my circumstances presented?

What held interest about this was that all nuns will take the vows of obedience, chastity and poverty, but the Poor Clare's also take a vow of enclosure; which is specifically intended for their life as contemplative nuns who remain in prayer before the Lord at all times.

And the angel's began pronouncing very loudly and with holy acclaim, "You belong to God, you belong to the All!" They acclaimed it across what now seemed like a horizon of many worlds. "You belong to God, you belong to the All!"

Repeatedly, they shouted, "You belong to God, you belong to the All!"

And two of the angels came out of the many towards me in an unexpected rush of wind. In their hands, they each carried a sword, but the ends of them were more of a single point than a regular sword. Before I knew what was happening, I was crying out in pain as the angels had pushed the swords through both of my shoulders.

Under their breath, they continued to whisper, "You belong to God, you belong to the All!" I rested in bliss.

"Ecstasy and Rapture"

Since the object of all contemplation is the production of that state of intimate communion in which the mystics declare that the self is "in God and God is in her," it might be supposed that the orison of union represented the end of mystical activity, in so far as it is concerned with the attainment of a transitory but exalted consciousness of "oneness with the Absolute." Nearly all the great contemplatives, however, describe as a distinct, and regard as a more advanced phase of the spiritual consciousness, the group of definitely ecstatic states in which the concentration of interest on the Transcendent is so complete, the gathering up and pouring out of life on this one point so intense, that the subject is more or less entranced, and becomes, for the time of the ecstasy, unconscious of the external world. In ordinary contemplation he refused to attend to that external world: it was there, a blurred image, at the fringe of his conscious field, but he deliberately left it on one side. In ecstasy he cannot attend to it. None of its messages reach him: not

even those most insistent of all messages which are translated into the terms of bodily pain.

All mystics agree in regarding such ecstasy as an exceptionally favourable state; the one in which man's spirit is caught up to the most immediate union with the divine. The word has become a synonym for joyous exaltation, for the inebriation of the Infinite. The induced ecstasies of the Dionysian mysteries, the metaphysical raptures of the Neoplatonists, the voluntary or involuntary trance of Indian mystics and Christian saints – all these, however widely they may differ in transcendental value, agree in claiming such value, in declaring that this change in the quality of consciousness brought with it a valid and ineffable apprehension of the Real. Clearly, this apprehension will vary in quality and content with the place of the subject in the spiritual scale. The ecstasy is merely the psycho-physical condition which accompanies it. "It is hardly a paradox to say," says Myers, "that the evidence for ecstasy is stronger than the evidence for any other religious belief. Of all the subjective experiences of religion, ecstasy is that which has been most urgently, perhaps to the psychologist most convincingly asserted; and it is not confined to any one religion. . . . From the medicine man of the lowest savages up to St. John, St. Peter, and St. Paul, with Buddha and Mahomet on the way, we find records which, though morally and intellectually much differing, are in psychological essence the same."

There are three distinct aspects under which the ecstatic state may be studied: the physical, the psychological, the mystical. Many of the deplorable misunderstandings and still more deplorable mutual recriminations which

surround its discussion come from the refusal of experts in one of these three branches to consider the results arrived at by the other two.

A. Physically considered, ecstasy is a trance; more or less deep, more or less prolonged. The subject may slide into it gradually from a period of absorption in, or contemplation of, some idea which has filled the field of consciousness: or, it may come on suddenly, the appearance of the idea – or even some word or symbol suggesting the idea – abruptly throwing the subject into an entranced condition. This is the state which some mystical writers call Rapture. The distinction, however, is a conventional one: and the works of the mystics describe many intermediate forms.

During the trance, breathing and circulation are depressed. The body is more or less cold and rigid, remaining in the exact position which it occupied at the oncoming of the ecstasy, however difficult and unnatural this pose may be. Sometimes entrancement is so deep that there is complete anaesthesia, as in the case which I quote from the life of St. Catherine of Siena. Credible witnesses report that Bernadette, the visionary of Lourdes, held the flaming end of a candle in her hand for fifteen minutes during one of her ecstasies. She felt no pain, neither did the flesh show any marks of burning. Similar instances of ecstatic anaesthesia abound in the lives of the saints, and are also characteristic of certain pathological states.

The trance includes, according to the testimony of the ecstasies, two distinct phases – (a) the short period of lucidity and (b) a longer period of complete unconsciousness, which may pass into a death like catalepsy, lasting for hours; or, as once with St. Teresa, for

days. "The difference between union and trance," says Teresa, "is this: that the latter lasts longer and is more visible outwardly, because the breathing gradually diminishes, so that it becomes impossible to speak or to open the eyes. And though this very thing occurs when the soul is in union, there is more violence in a trance, for the natural warmth vanishes, I know not how, when the rapture is deep, and in all these kinds of orison there is more or less of this. When it is deep, as I was saying, the hands become cold and sometimes stiff and straight as pieces of wood; as to the body if the rapture comes on when it is standing or kneeling it remains so; and the soul is so full of the joy of that which Our Lord is setting before it, that it seems to forget to animate the body and abandons it. If the rapture lasts, the nerves are made to feel it."

Such ecstasy as this, so far as its physical symptoms go, is not of course the peculiar privilege of the mystics. It is an abnormal bodily state, caused by a psychic state: and this causal psychic state may be healthy or unhealthy, the result of genius or disease. It is common in the little understood type of personality called "sensitive" or mediumistic: it is a well-known symptom of certain mental and nervous illnesses. A feeble mind concentrated on one idea – like a hypnotic subject gazing at one spot – easily becomes entranced; however trivial the idea which gained possession of his consciousness. Apart from its content, then, ecstasy carries no guarantee of spiritual value. It merely indicates the presence of certain abnormal psycho-physical conditions: an alteration of the normal equilibrium, a shifting of the threshold of consciousness, which leaves the body, and the whole usual "external world" outside instead of inside the conscious field, and even affects those physical functions – such as breathing – which are almost entirely

automatic. Thus ecstasy, physically considered, may occur in any person in whom (1) the threshold of consciousness is exceptionally mobile and (2) there is a tendency to dwell upon one governing idea or intuition. Its worth depends entirely on the objective value of that idea or intuition.

In the hysterical patient, thanks to an unhealthy condition of the centres of consciousness, any trivial or irrational idea, any one of the odds and ends stored up in the subliminal region, may thus become fixed, dominate the mind, and produce entrancement. Such ecstasy is an illness: the emphasis is on the pathological state which makes it possible. In the mystic, the idea which fills his life is so great a one – the idea of God – that, in proportion as it is vivid, real, and intimate, it inevitably tends to monopolize the field of consciousness. Here the emphasis is on the overpowering strength of spirit, not on the feeble and unhealthy state of body or mind. This true ecstasy, says Godferneaux, is not a malady, but “the extreme form of a state which must be classed amongst the ordinary accidents of conscious life.”

The mystics themselves are fully aware of the importance of this distinction. Ecstasies, no less than visions and voices, must they declare, be subjected to unsparing criticism before they are recognized as divine: whilst some are undoubtedly “of God,” others are no less clearly “of the devil.” “The great doctors of the mystic life,” says Malaval, “teach that there are two sorts of rapture, which must be carefully distinguished. The first are produced in persons but little advanced in the Way, and still full of selfhood; either by the force of a heated imagination which vividly apprehends a sensible object, or by the artifice of the Devil. These are the raptures which St. Teresa calls, in various

parts of her works, Raptures of Feminine Weakness. The other sort of Rapture is, on the contrary, the effect of pure intellectual vision in those who have a great and generous love for God. To generous souls who have utterly renounced themselves, God never fails in these raptures to communicate high things."

All the mystics agree with Malaval in finding the test of a true ecstasy, not in its outward sign, but in its inward grace, its after-value: and here psychology would do well to follow their example. The ecstatic states, which are supreme instances of the close connection between body and soul, have bodily as well as mental results: and those results are as different and as characteristic as those observed in healthy and in morbid organic processes. If the concentration has been upon the highest centre of consciousness, the organ of spiritual perception – if a door has really been opened by which the self has escaped for an instant to the vision of That Which Is – the ecstasy will be good for life. The entrancement of disease, on the contrary is always bad for life. Its concentration being upon the lower instead of the higher levels of mentality, it depresses rather than enhances the vitality, the fervour, or the intelligence of its subject: and leaves behind it an enfeebled will, and often moral and intellectual chaos. "Ecstasies that do not produce considerable profit either to the persons themselves or others, deserve to be suspected," says Augustine Baker, "and when any marks of their approaching are perceived, the persons ought to divert their minds some other way. It is the difference between a healthy appetite for nourishing food and a morbid craving for garbage. The same organs of digestion are used in satisfying both: yet he would be a hardy physiologist who

undertook to discredit all nutrition by a reference to its degenerate forms.

Sometimes both kinds of ecstasy, the healthy and the psychopathic, are seen in the same person. Thus in the cases of St. Catherine of Genoa and St. Catherine of Siena it would seem that as their health became feebler and the nervous instability always found in persons of genius increased, their ecstasies became more frequent; but these were not healthy ecstasies, such as those which they experienced in the earlier stages of their careers, and which brought with them an access of vitality. They were the results of increasing weakness of body, not of the overpowering strength of the spirit: and there is evidence that Catherine of Genoa, that acute self-critic, was conscious of this. "Those who attended on her did not know how to distinguish one state from the other. And hence on coming to; she would sometimes say, 'Why did you let me remain in this quietude, from which I have almost died?'" Her earlier ecstasies, on the contrary, had in a high degree the positive character of exaltation and life-enhancement consequent upon extreme concentration on the Absolute; as well as the merely negative character of annihilation of the surface-consciousness. She came from them with renewed health and strength, as from a resting in heavenly places and a feeding on heavenly food: and side by side with this ecstatic life, fulfilled the innumerable duties of her active vocation as hospital matron and spiritual mother of a large group of disciples. "Many times," says her legend, "she would hide herself in some secret place and there stay: and being sought she was found upon the ground, her face hidden in her hands, altogether beyond herself, in such a state of joy as is beyond thought or speech: and being called – yea, even in a loud voice – she heard not. And at

other times she would go up and down. . . . as if beyond herself, drawn by the impulse of love, she did this. And certain other times she remained for the space of six hours as if dead: but hearing herself called, suddenly she got up, and answering she would at once go about all that needed to be done even the humblest things. And in thus leaving the All, she went without any grief, because she fled all selfhood (la propriet ) as if it were the devil. And when she came forth from her hiding-place her face was rosy as it might be a cherub's; and it seemed as if she might have said, 'Who shall separate me from the love of God?' "Very often," says St. Teresa, describing the results of such rapturous communion with Pure Love as that from which St. Catherine came joyous and rosy-faced, "he who was before sickly and full of pain comes forth healthy and even with new strength: for it is something great that is given to the soul in rapture."

B. Psychologically considered, all ecstasy is a form – the most perfect form – of the state which is technically called "complete mono-ideism," That withdrawal of consciousness from circumference to centre, that deliberate attention to one thing , which we discussed in Recollection, is here pushed – voluntarily or involuntarily – to its logical conclusion. It is (1) always paid for by psycho-physical disturbances; (2) rewarded in healthy cases by an enormous lucidity, a supreme intuition in regard to the one thing on which the self's interest has been set.

Such ecstasy, then, is an exalted form of contemplation, and might be expected in appropriate subjects to develop naturally from that state. "A simple difference of degree," says Maury, "separates ecstasy from the action of forcibly fixing an idea in the mind. Contemplation implies exercise

of will, and the power of interrupting the extreme tension of the mind. In ecstasy, which is contemplation carried to its highest pitch, the will, although in the strictest sense able to provoke the state, is nevertheless unable to suspend it."

In "complete mono-ideism" then, the attention to one thing and the inattention to all else, is so entire that the subject is entranced. Consciousness has been withdrawn from those centres which receive and respond to the messages of the external world: he neither sees, feels, nor hears. The Ego dormio et cor meum vigilat of the contemplative ceases to be a metaphor, and becomes a realistic description. It must be remembered that the whole trend of mystical education has been toward the production of this fixity of attention. Recollection and Quiet lead up to it. Contemplation cannot take place without it. All the mystics assure us that a unification of consciousness, in which all outward things are forgot, is the necessary prelude of union with the Divine; for consciousness of the Many and consciousness of the One are mutually exclusive states. Ecstasy, for the psychologist, is such a unification in its extreme form. The absorption of the self in the one idea, the one desire, is so profound – and in the case of the great mystics so impassioned – that everything else is blotted out. The tide of life is withdrawn, not only from those higher centres which are the seats of perception and of thought, but also from those lower centres which govern the physical life. The whole vitality of the subject is so concentrated on the transcendental world – or, in a morbid ecstatic, on the idea which dominates his mind – that body and brain alike are depleted of their energy in the interests of this supreme act.

Since mystics have, as a rule, the extreme susceptibility to suggestions and impressions which is characteristic of artistic and creative types, it is not surprising that their ecstasies are often evoked, abruptly, by the exhibition of, or concentration upon, some loved and special symbol of the divine. Such symbols form the rallying-points about which are gathered a whole group of ideas and intuitions. Their presence – sometimes the sudden thought of them – will be enough, in psychological language, to provoke a discharge of energy along some particular path: that is to say, to stir to life all those ideas and intuitions which belong to the self's consciousness of the Absolute, to concentrate vitality on them, and introduce the self into that world of perception of which they are, as it were, the material keys. Hence the profound significance of symbols for some mystics: their paradoxical clinging to outward forms, whilst declaring that the spiritual and intangible alone is real.

*For the Christian mystics, the sacraments and mysteries of faith have always provided such a point d'appui; and these often play a large part in the production of their ecstasies. For St. Catherine of Siena, and also very often for her namesake of Genoa, the reception of Holy Communion was the prelude to ecstasy. Julian of Norwich and St. Francis of Assissi became entranced whilst gazing on the crucifix. We are told of Denis the Carthusian that towards the end of his life, hearing the *Veni Creator* or certain verses of the psalms, he was at once rapt in God and lifted up from the earth.*

Of St. Catherine of Siena, her biographer says that "she used to communicate with such fervour that immediately afterwards she would pass into the state of ecstasy, in

which for hours she would be totally unconscious. On one occasion, finding her in this condition, they (the Dominican friars) forcibly threw her out of the church at midday, and left her in the heat of the sun watched over by some of her companions till she came to her senses." Another, "catching sight of her in the church when she was in ecstasy, came down and pricked her in many places with a needle. Catherine was not aroused in the least from her trance, but afterwards, when she came back to her senses, she felt the pain in her body and perceived that she had thus been wounded."

It is interesting to compare with this objective description, the subjective account of ecstatic union which St. Catherine gives in her "Divine Dialogue." Here, the deeper self of the mystic is giving in a dramatic form its own account of its inward experiences: hence we see the inward side of that outward state of entrancement, which was all that onlookers were able to perceive. As usual in the Dialogue, the intuitive perceptions of the deeper self are attributed by St. Catherine to the Divine Voice speaking in her soul.

"Oftentimes, through the perfect union which the soul has made with Me, she is raised from the earth almost as if the heavy body became light. But this does not mean that the heaviness of the body is taken away, but that the union of the soul with Me is more perfect than the union of the body with the soul; wherefore the strength of the spirit, united with Me, raises the weight of the body from the earth, leaving it as if immoveable and all pulled to pieces in the affection of the soul. Thou rememberest to have heard it said of some creatures, that were it not for My Goodness, in seeking strength for them, they would not be able to live; and I would tell thee that, in the fact that the souls of some

do not leave their bodies, is to be seen a greater miracle than in the fact that some have arisen from the dead, so great is the union which they have with Me. I, therefore, sometimes for a space withdraw from the union, making the soul return to the vessel of her body . . . from which she was separated by the affection of love. From the body she did not depart, because that cannot be except in death; the bodily powers alone departed, becoming united to Me through affection of love. The memory is full of nothing but Me, the intellect, elevated, gazes upon the object of My Truth; the affection, which follows the intellect, loves and becomes united with that which the intellect sees. These powers being united and gathered together and immersed and inflamed in Me, the body loses its feeling, so that the seeing eye sees not, and the hearing ear hears not, and the tongue does not speak; except as the abundance of the heart will sometimes permit it, for the alleviation of the heart and the praise and glory of My Name. The hand does not touch and the feet walk not, because the members are bound with the sentiment of Love."

A healthy ecstasy so deep as this seems to be the exclusive prerogative of the mystics: perhaps because so great a passion, so profound a concentration, can be produced by nothing smaller than their flaming love of God. But as the technique of contemplation is employed more or less consciously by all types of creative genius – by inventors and philosophers, by poets, prophets, and musicians, by all the followers of the "Triple Star," no less than by the mystic saints – so too this apotheosis of contemplation, the ecstatic state, sometimes appears in a less violent form, acting healthily and normally, in artistic and creative personalities at a complete stage of development. It may accompany the prophetic intuitions of the seer, the lucidity

of the great metaphysician, the artist's supreme perception of beauty or truth. As the saint is "caught up to God," so these are "caught up" to their vision: their partial apprehensions of the Absolute Life. Those joyous, expansive outgoing sensations, characteristic of the ecstatic consciousness, are theirs also. Their greatest creations are translations to us, not of something they have thought, but of something they have known, in a moment of ecstatic union with the "great life of the All."

We begin, then, to think that the "pure mono-ideism," which the psychologist identifies with ecstasy, though doubtless a part, is far from being the whole content of this state, True, the ecstatic is absorbed in his one idea, his one love: he is in it and with it: it fills his universe. But this unified state of consciousness does not merely pore upon something already possessed. When it only does this, it is diseased. Its true business is pure perception. It is outgoing, expansive: its goal is something beyond itself. The rearrangement of the psychic self which occurs in ecstasy is not merely concerned with the normal elements of consciousness. It is rather a temporary unification of consciousness round that centre of transcendental perception which mystics call the "apex" or the "spark of the soul." Those deeper layers of personality which normal life keeps below the threshold are active in it: and these are fused with the surface personality by the governing passion, the transcendent love which lies at the basis of all sane ecstatic states. The result is not merely a mind concentrated on one idea nor a heart fixed on one desire, nor even a mind and a heart united in the interests of a beloved thought: but a whole being welded into one, all its faculties, neglecting their normal universe, grouped about a new centre, serving a new life, and piercing like a single

flame the barriers of the sensual world. Ecstasy is the psycho-physical state which may accompany this brief synthetic act.

C. Therefore, whilst on its physical side ecstasy is an entrancement, on its mental side a complete unification of consciousness, on its mystical side it is an exalted act of perception. It represents the greatest possible extension of the spiritual consciousness in the direction of Pure Being: the "blind intent stretching" here receives its reward in a profound experience of Eternal Life. In this experience the departmental activities of thought and feeling the consciousness of I-hood, of space and time – all that belongs to the World of Becoming and our own place therein – are suspended. The vitality which we are accustomed to split amongst these various things, is gathered up to form a state of "pure apprehension": a vivid intuition of – or if you like conjunction with – the Transcendent. For the time of his ecstasy the mystic is, for all practical purposes, as truly living in the supersensual world as the normal human animal is living in the sensual world. He is experiencing the highest and most joyous of those temporary and unstable states – those "passive unions" – in which his consciousness escapes the limitations of the senses, rises to freedom, and is united for an instant with the "great life of the All."

Ecstasy, then, from the contemplative's point of view, is the development and completion of the orison of union, and he is not always at pains to distinguish the two degrees, a fact which adds greatly to the difficulties of students. In both states – though he may, for want of better language, describe his experience in terms of sight – the Transcendent is perceived by contact, not by vision: as, enfolded in

darkness with one whom we love, we obtain a knowledge far more complete than that conferred by the sharpest sight the most perfect mental analysis. In Ecstasy, the apprehension is perhaps more definitely "beatific" than in the orison of union. Such memory of his feeling-state as the ecstatic brings back with him is more often concerned with an exultant certainty – a conviction that he has known for once the Reality which hath no image, and solved the paradox of life – than with meek self-loss in that Cloud of Unknowing where the contemplative in union is content to meet his Beloved. The true note of ecstasy, however, its only valid distinction from infused contemplation, lies in entrancement; in "being ravished out of fleshly feeling," as St. Paul caught up to the Third Heaven, not in "the lifting of mind unto God." This, of course, is an outward distinction only, and a rough one at that, since entrancement has many degrees: but it will be found the only practical basis of classification.

Probably none but those who have experienced these states know the actual difference between them. Even St. Teresa's psychological insight fails her here, and she is obliged to fall back on the difference between voluntary and involuntary absorption in the divine: a difference, not in spiritual values, but merely in the psycho-physical constitution of those who have perceived these values. "I wish I could explain with the help of God," she says, "wherein union differs from rapture, or from transport, or from flight of the spirit, as they call it, or from trance, which are all one. I mean that all these are only different names for that one and the same thing, which is also called ecstasy. It is more excellent than union, the fruits of it are much greater, and its other operations more manifold, for union is uniform in the beginning, the middle, and the end, and is so also

interiorly; but as raptures have ends of a much higher kind, they produce effects both within and without [i.e. , both physical and psychical]. . . . A rapture is absolutely irresistible; whilst union, inasmuch as we are then on our own ground, may be hindered, though that resistance be painful and violent."

From the point of view of mystical psychology, our interest in ecstasy will centre in two points. (1) What has the mystic to tell us of the Object of his ecstatic perception? (2) What is the nature of the peculiar consciousness which he enjoys in his trance? That is to say, what news does he bring us as to the Being of God and the powers of man?

It may be said generally that on both these points he bears out, amplifies, and expresses under formulae of greater splendour, with an accent of greater conviction, the general testimony of the contemplatives. In fact, we must never forget that an ecstatic is really nothing else than a contemplative of a special kind, with a special psychophysical make-up. Moreover, we have seen that it is not always easy to determine the exact point at which entrancement takes place, and deep contemplation assumes the ecstatic form. The classification, like all classifications of mental states, is an arbitrary one. Whilst the extreme cases present no difficulty, there are others less complete, which form a graduated series between the deeps of the "Quiet" and the heights of "Rapture." We shall never know, for instance, whether the ecstasies of Plotinus and of Pascal involved true bodily entrancement, or only a deep absorption of the "unitive" kind. So, too, the language of many Christian mystics when speaking of their "raptures" is so vague and metaphorical that it leaves us in great doubt as to whether they mean by Rapture the abrupt

suspension of normal consciousness, or merely a sudden and agreeable elevation of soul.

“Ravishing,” says Rolle, “as it is showed, in two ways is to be understood. One manner, forsooth, in which a man is ravished out of fleshly feeling; so that for the time of his ravishing plainly he feels nought in flesh, nor what is done of his flesh, and yet he is not dead but quick, for yet the soul to the body gives life. And on this manner saints sometime are ravished, to their profit and other men’s learning; as Paul ravished to the third heaven. And on this manner sinners also in vision sometime are ravished, that they may see joys of saints and pains of damned for their correction. And many other as we read of. Another manner of ravishing there is, that is lifting of mind into God by contemplation. And this manner of ravishing is in all that are perfect lovers of God, and in none of them but that love God. And as well this is called a ravishing as the other; for with a violence it is done, and as it were against nature.”

It is, however, very confusing to the anxious inquirer when – as too often – “lifting of mind by contemplation” is “as well called a ravishing as the other,” and ecstasy is used as a synonym for gladness of heart. Here, so far as is possible, these words will be confined to their strict meaning, and not applied generally to the description of all the outgoing and expansive states of the transcendental consciousness.

What does the mystic claim that he attains in this abnormal condition – this irresistible trance? The price that he pays is heavy, involving much psycho-physical wear and tear. He declares that his rapture or ecstasy includes a moment – often a very short, and always an indescribable

moment – in which he enjoys a supreme knowledge of or participation in Divine Reality. He tells us under various metaphors that he then attains Pure Being, his Source, his Origin, his Beloved: “is engulfed in the very thing for which he longs, which is God.” “Oh, wonder of wonders,” cries Eckhart, “when I think of the union the soul has with God! He makes the enraptured soul to flee out of herself, for she is no more satisfied with anything that can be named. The spring of Divine Love flows out of the soul and draws her out of herself into the unnamed Being, into her first source, which is God alone.”

This momentary attainment of the Source, the Origin, is the theme of all descriptions of mystic ecstasy. In Rulman Merswin’s “Book of the Nine Rocks,” that brief and overwhelming rapture is the end of the pilgrim’s long trials and ascents. “The vision of the Infinite lasted only for a moment: when he came to himself he felt inundated with life and joy. He asked, ‘Where have I been?’ and he was answered, ‘In the upper school of the Holy Spirit. There you were surrounded by the dazzling pages of the Book of Divine Wisdom. Your soul plunged therein with delight, and the Divine Master of the school has filled her with an exuberant love by which even your physical nature has been transfigured.’” Another Friend of God, Ellina von Crevelsheim, who was of so abnormal a psychic constitution that her absorption in the Divine Love caused her to remain dumb for seven years, was “touched by the Hand of God” at the end of that period, and fell into a five-days’ ecstasy, in which “pure truth” was revealed to her, and she was lifted up to an immediate experience of the Absolute. There she “saw the interior of the Father’s heart,” and was “bound with chains of love, enveloped in light, and filled with peace and joy.”

In this transcendent act of union, the mystic sometimes says that he is "conscious of nothing." But it is clear that this expression is figurative, for otherwise he would not have known that there had been an act of union: were his individuality abolished, it could not have been aware of its attainment of God. What he appears to mean is that consciousness so changes its form as to be no longer recognizable or describable in human speech. In the paradoxical language of Richard of St. Victor, "In a wondrous fashion remembering we do not remember, seeing we do not see, understanding we not understand, penetrating we do not penetrate." In this indescribable but most actual state, the whole self, exalted and at white heat, is unified and poured out in one vivid act of impassioned perception, which leaves no room for reflection or self-observation. That aloof "somewhat" in us which watches all our actions, splits our consciousness, has been submerged. The mystic is attending exclusively to Eternity, not to his own perception of Eternity. That he can only consider when the ecstasy itself is at an end.

*"All things I then forgot,
My cheek on Him Who for my coming came,
All ceased, and I was not,
Leaving my cares and shame
Among the lilies, and forgetting them."*

This is that perfect unity of consciousness, that utter concentration on an experience of love, which excludes all conceptual and analytic acts. Hence, when the mystic says that his faculties were suspended, that he "knew all and knew nought," he really means that he was so concentrated on the Absolute that he ceased to consider his separate existence: so merged in it that he could not perceive it as an

object of thought, as the bird cannot see the air which supports it, nor the fish the ocean in which it swims. He really "knows all" but "thinks" nought: "perceives all," but "conceives nought."

The ecstatic consciousness is not self-conscious: it is intuitive not discursive. Under the sway of a great passion, possessed by a great Idea, it has become "a single state of enormous intensity." In this state, it transcends our ordinary processes of knowledge, and plunges deep into the Heart of Reality. A fusion which is the anticipation of the unitive life takes place: and the ecstatic returns from this brief foretaste of freedom saying, "I know, as having known, the meaning of Existence; the sane centre of the universe – at once the wonder and the assurance of the soul." "This utter transformation of the soul in God," says St. Teresa, describing the same experience in the official language of theology, "continues only for an instant: yet while it continues no faculty of the soul is aware of it, or knows what is passing there. Nor can it be understood while we are living on the earth; at least God will not have us understand it, because we must be incapable of understanding it. I know is by experience."

The utterances of those who know by experience are here of more worth than all the statements of psychology, which are concerned of necessity with the "outward signs" of this "inward and spiritual grace." To these we must go if we would obtain some hint of that which ecstasy may mean to the ecstatic.

"When the soul, forgetting itself, dwells in that radiant darkness," says Suso, "it loses all its faculties and all its qualities, as St. Bernard has said. And this, more or less

completely, according to whether the soul – whether in the body or out of the body – is more or less united to God. This forgetfulness of self is, in a measure, a transformation in God; who then becomes, in a certain manner, all things for the soul, as Scripture saith. In this rapture the soul disappears, but not yet entirely. It acquires, it is true, certain qualities of divinity, but does not naturally become divine. . . . To speak in the common language, the soul is rapt, by the divine power of resplendent Being, above its natural faculties, into the nakedness of the Nothing.”

Here Suso is trying to describe his rapturous attainment of God in the negative terms of Dionysian theology. It is probable that much of the language of that theology originated, not in the abstract philosophizings, but in the actual ecstatic experience, of the Neoplatonists, who – Christian and Pagan alike – believed in, and sometimes deliberately induced, this condition as the supreme method of attaining the One. The whole Christian doctrine of ecstasy, on its metaphysical side, really descends from that great practical transcendentalist Plotinus: who is known to have been an ecstatic, and has left in his Sixth Ennead a description of the mystical trance obviously based upon his own experiences. “Then,” he says, “the soul neither sees, nor distinguishes by seeing, nor imagines that there are two things; but becomes as it were another thing, ceases to be itself and belong to itself. It belongs to God and is one with Him, like two concentric circles: concurring they are One; but when they separate, they are two. . . . Since in this conjunction with Deity there were not two things, but the perceiver was one with the thing perceived, if a man could preserve the memory of what he was when he mingled with the Divine, he would have within himself an image of God. . . . For then nothing stirred within him, neither anger, nor

desire, nor even reason, nor a certain intellectual perception nor, in short, was he himself moved, if we may assert this; but being in an ecstasy, tranquil and alone with God, he enjoyed an unbreakable calm." Ecstasy, says Plotinus in another part of the same treatise, is "another mode of seeing, a simplification and abandonment of oneself, a desire of contact, rest, and a striving after union." All the phases of the contemplative experience seem to be summed up in this phrase.

It has been said by some critics that the ecstasy of Plotinus was different in kind from the ecstasy of the Christian saints: that it was a philosophic rhapsody, something like Plato's "saving madness," which is also regarded on somewhat insufficient evidence as being an affair of the head and entirely unconnected with the heart. At first sight the arid metaphysical language in which Plotinus tries to tell his love, offers some ground for this view. Nevertheless the ecstasy itself is a practical matter; and has its root, not in reason, but in a deep-seated passion for the Absolute which is far nearer to the mystic's love of God than to any intellectual curiosity, however sublime. The few passages in which it is mentioned tell us what his mystical genius drove him to do: and not what his philosophical mind encouraged him to think or say. At once when we come to these passages we notice a rise of temperature, an alteration of values. Plotinus the ecstatic is sure whatever Plotinus the metaphysician may think, that the union with God is a union of hearts: that "by love He may be gotten and holden, but by thought never." He, no less than the mediaeval contemplatives, is convinced – to quote his own words – that the Vision is only for the desirous; for him who has that "loving passion" which "causes the lover to rest in the object of his love." The simile of marriage, of conjunction as

the soul's highest bliss, which we are sometimes told that we owe in part to the unfortunate popularity of the Song of Songs, in part to the sexual aberrations of celibate saints, is found in the work of this hardheaded Pagan philosopher: who was as celebrated for his practical kindness and robust common sense as for his transcendent intuitions of the One.

The greatest of the Pagan ecstasies then, when speaking from experience, anticipates the Christian contemplatives. His words, too, when compared with theirs, show how delicate are the shades which distinguish ecstasy such as this from the highest forms of orison. "Tranquil and alone with God" – mingled for an instant of time "like two concentric circles" with the Divine Life," "perceiver and perceived made one" – this is as near as the subtle intellect of Alexandria can come to the reality of that experience in which the impassioned mono-ideism of great spiritual genius conquers the rebellious senses, and becomes, if only for a moment, operative on the highest levels accessible to the human soul. Self-mergence, then – that state of transcendence in which, the barriers of selfhood abolished, we "receive the communication of Life and of Beatitude, in which all things are consummated and all things are renewed" – is the secret of ecstasy, as it was the secret of contemplation. On their spiritual side the two states cannot, save for convenience of description, be divided. Where contemplation becomes expansive, out-going, self-giving, and receives a definite fruition of the Absolute in return, its content is already ecstatic. Whether its outward form shall be so depends on the body of the mystic, not on his soul . . .

This ineffable "awareness," en dio stando rapito, this union with the Imageless Good, is not the only – though it is the purest – form taken by ecstatic apprehension. Many of the visions and voices described in a previous chapter were experienced in the entranced or ecstatic state; generally when the first violence of the rapture was passed. St. Francis and St. Catherine of Siena both received the stigmata in ecstasy: almost all the entrancements of Suso and many of those of St. Teresa and Angela of Foligno, entailed symbolic vision, rather than pure perception of the Absolute. More and more, then, we are forced to the opinion that ecstasy, in so far as it is not a synonym for joyous and expansive contemplation, is really the name of the outward condition rather than of any one kind of inward experience.

Rapture

In all the cases which we have been considering – and they are characteristic of a large group – the onset of ecstasy has been seen as a gradual, though always involuntary process. Generally it has been the culminating point of a period of contemplation. The self, absorbed in the orison of quiet or of union, or some analogous concentration on its transcendental interests, has passed over the limit of these states; and slid into a still ecstatic trance, with its outward characteristics of rigid limbs, cold, and depressed respiration.

The ecstasy, however, instead of developing naturally from a state of intense absorption in the Divine Vision, may seize the subject abruptly and irresistibly, when in his normal state of consciousness. This is strictly what ascetic writers mean by Rapture. We have seen that the essence of

the mystic life consists in the remaking of personality: its entrance into a conscious relation with the Absolute. This process is accompanied in the mystic by the development of an art expressive of his peculiar genius: the art of contemplation. His practice of this art, like the practice of poetry, music, or any other form of creation, may follow normal lines, at first amenable to the control of his will, and always dependent on his own deliberate attention to the supreme Object of his quest; that is to say, on his orison. His mystic states, however they may end, will owe their beginning to some voluntary act upon his part: a deliberate response to the invitation of God, a turning from the visible to the invisible world. Sometimes, however, his genius for the transcendent becomes too strong for the other elements of character, and manifests itself in psychic disturbances – abrupt and ungovernable invasions from the subliminal region – which make its exercise parallel to the “fine frenzy” of the prophet, the composer, or the poet. Such is Rapture: a violent and uncontrollable expression of genius for the Absolute, which temporarily disorganizes and may permanently injure the nervous system of the self. Often, but not necessarily, Rapture – like its poetic equivalent – yields results of great splendour and value for life. But it is an accident, not an implicit of mystical experience: an indication of disharmony between the subject’s psychophysical make-up and his transcendental powers.

Rapture, then, may accompany the whole development of selves of an appropriate type. We have seen that it is a common incident in mystical conversion. The violent uprush of subliminal intuitions by which such conversion is marked disorganizes the normal consciousness, overpowers the will and the senses, and entails a more or

less complete entrancement. This was certainly the case with Suso and Rulman Merswin, and perhaps with Pascal: whose "Certitude, Peace, Joy" sums up the exalted intuition of Perfection and Reality – the conviction of a final and unforgettable knowledge – which is characteristic of all ecstatic perception.

In her Spiritual Relations, St. Teresa speaks in some detail of the different phases or forms of expression of these violent ecstatic states: trance, which in her system means that which we have called ecstasy, and transport, or "flight of the spirit," which is the equivalent of rapture. "The difference between trance and transport," she says, "is this. In a trance the soul gradually dies to outward things, losing the senses and living unto God. But a transport comes on by one sole act of His Majesty, wrought in the innermost part of the soul with such swiftness that it is as if the higher part thereof were carried away, and the soul were leaving the body."

Rapture, says St. Teresa in another place, "comes in general as a shock, quick and sharp, before you can collect your thoughts, or help yourself in any way; and you see and feel it as a cloud, or a strong eagle rising upwards and carrying you away on its wings. I repeat it: you feel and see yourself carried away, you know not whither." This carrying-away sensation may even assume the concrete form which is known as levitation: when the upward and outward sensations so dominate the conscious field that the subject is convinced that she is raised bodily from the ground. "It seemed to me, when I tried to make some resistance, as if a great force beneath my feet lifted me up. I know of nothing with which to compare it; but it was much more violent than the other spiritual visitations, and I was

therefore as one ground to pieces . . . And further, I confess that it threw me into a great fear, very great indeed at first; for when I saw my body thus lifted up from the earth, how could I help it? Though the spirit draws it upwards after itself, and that with great sweetness if unresisted, the senses are not lost; at least I was so much myself as to be able to see that I was being lifted up ."

So Rulman Merswin said that in the rapture which accompanied his conversion, he was carried round the garden with his feet off the ground:and St. Catherine of Siena, in a passage which I have already quoted, speaks of the strength of the spirit, which raises the body from the earth.

The subjective nature of this feeling of levitation is practically acknowledged by St. Teresa when she says, "When the rapture was over, my body seemed frequently to be buoyant, as if all weight had departed from it; so much so, that now and then I scarcely knew that my feet touched the ground. But during the rapture the body is very often as it were dead, perfectly powerless. It continues in the position it was in when the rapture came upon it—if sitting, sitting." Obviously here the outward conditions of physical immobility coexisted with the subjective sensation of being "lifted Up."

The self's consciousness when in the condition of rapture may vary from the complete possession of her faculties claimed by St. Teresa to a complete entrancement. However abrupt the oncoming of the transport, it does not follow that the mystic instantly loses his surface-consciousness. "There remains the power of seeing and hearing; but it is as if the things heard and seen were at a great distance far

away. "They have retreated, that is to say, to the fringe of the conscious field, but may still remain just within it. Though the senses may not be entirely entranced, however, it seems that the power of movement is always lost. As in ecstasy, breathing and circulation are much diminished.

"By the command of the Bridegroom when He intends ravishing the soul," says St. Teresa, "the doors of the mansions and even those of the keep and of the whole castle are closed; for He takes away the power of speech, and although occasionally the other faculties are retained rather longer, no word can be uttered. Sometimes the person is at once deprived of all the senses, the hands and body becoming as cold as if the soul had fled; occasionally no breathing can be detected. This condition lasts but a short while, I mean in the same degree, for when this profound suspension diminishes the body seems to come to itself and gain strength to return again to this death which gives more vigorous life to the soul."

This spiritual storm, then, in St. Teresa's opinion, enhances the vitality of those who experience it: makes them "more living than before." It initiates them into "heavenly secrets," and if it does not do this it is no "true rapture," but a "physical weakness such as women are prone to owing to their delicacy of constitution." Its sharpness and violence, however, leave considerable mental disorder behind: "This supreme state of ecstasy never lasts long, but although it ceases, it leaves the will so inebriated, and the mind so transported out of itself that for a day, or sometimes for several days, such a person is incapable of attending to anything but what excites the will to the love of God; although wide awake enough to this, she seems asleep as regards all earthly matters."

But when equilibrium is re-established, the true effects of this violent and beatific intuition of the Absolute begin to invade the normal life. The self which has thus been caught up to awareness of new levels of Reality, is stimulated to fresh activity by the strength of its impressions. It now desires an eternal union with that which it has known; with which for a brief moment it seemed to be merged. The peculiar talent of the mystic – power of apprehending Reality which his contemplations have ordered and developed, and his ecstasies express – here reacts upon his life-process, his slow journey from the Many to the One. His nostalgia has been increased by a glimpse of the homeland. His intuitive apprehension of the Absolute, which assumes in ecstasy its most positive form, spurs him on towards that permanent union with the Divine which is his goal. “Such great graces,” says St. Teresa, “leave the soul avid of total possession of that Divine Bridegroom who has conferred them.”

Hence the ecstatic states do not merely lift the self to an abnormal degree of knowledge: they enrich her life, contribute to the remaking of her consciousness, develop and uphold the “strong and stormy love which drives her home.” They give her the clearest vision she can have of that transcendent standard to which she must conform: entail her sharpest consciousness of the inflow of that Life on which her little striving life depends. Little wonder, then, that – though the violence of the onset may often try his body to the full – the mystic comes forth from a “good ecstasy” as Pascal from the experience of the Fire, humbled yet exultant, marvellously strengthened; and ready, not for any passive enjoyments, but rather for the struggles and

hardships of the Way, the deliberate pain and sacrifice of love.

In the third Degree of Ardent Love, says Richard of St. Victor, love paralyses action. Union (copula) is the symbol of this state: ecstasy is its expression. The desirous soul, he says finely, no longer thirsts for God but into God. The pull of its desire draws it into the Infinite Sea. The mind is borne away into the abyss of Divine Light; and, wholly forgetful of exterior things, knows not even itself, but passes utterly into its God. In this state, all earthly desire is absorbed in the heavenly glory. "Whilst the mind is separated from itself, and whilst it is borne away into the secret place of the divine mystery and is surrounded on all sides by the fire of divine love, it is inwardly penetrated and inflamed by this fire, and utterly puts off itself and puts on a divine love: and being conformed to that Beauty which it has beheld, it passes utterly into that other glory."

Thus does the state of ecstasy contribute to the business of deification; of the remaking of the soul's substance in conformity with the Goodness, Truth, and Beauty which is God, "Being conformed to that Beauty which it has beheld, it passes utterly into that other glory"; into the flaming heart of Reality, the deep but dazzling darkness of its home."

Mysticism, By Evelyn Underhill, Ecstasy and Rapture, 1911

CHAPTER THREE

A Vision of the Way – The Choice

“Sage was the trip to send carefully.” The Buddhist Monk said very quietly. Wearing an orange tunic, the bald monk was very peaceful, calm, fragrant and aromatic. To be in his presence was a matter of bliss.

And for this eve, he was going to prepare us dinner.

For many moments, he walked around his little cell and showed me many succulent dishes that he had cooked; and they were all very beautiful, in perfect alignment, colorful, arranged in dynamic order, healthful and profoundly creative.

Twenty or thirty beautifully prepared dishes were shown us with great pleasure and peace, and then the monk brought us again back to the beginning and began to explain in very simple yet profound terms how to cook each dish according to the Way. Each entrée was filled with steps which graduated the soul through renunciation and enlightenment.

As he spoke and moved through so many dishes, I realized that I was being asked to live my daily life according to the Way; according to renunciation and enlightenment.

"Differing somewhat from the Buddhists many orthodox Taoist priests forsake their temples and brotherhoods to marry and live the ordinary life of the world."

Lao Tsu's Tao and Wu Wei, Translated by James Goddard, 1939

As many souls while they are learning the way are very involved in being and doing; he was demonstrating through the cooking of these meals that there comes a time when a renunciant must actually live out the Way - and the being and doing take a back seat to simply living deliberately . . . there is a mystery in living - while awake, while conscious, while apologetically aware.

There is a Samadhic way to live . . .

The peace that filled my frequencies was aerodynamic and uplifting. With each instruction my vibrations continued to expand deeper and further; into a place of non-doing, which manifested within my essence; as higher and grander states of peace, more superior stipulations of contentment, and a more gloried honor for the simple holy experience of living the Way on a daily basis.

Though his dishes looked scrumptious, I was not allowed to taste them, only to observe the Way in which they had been prepared and cooked.

"This is the way I look at the matter: both he who has passion and he who is free from passion have the same wish, that his food, whether hard or soft, should be good;

neither wishes for what is bad . . . (but) he that is not free from passion experiences both the taste of that food, and also passion due to that taste; while he who is free from passion experiences the taste of that food, but no passion due to that taste."

Buddhism in Translations, Milindapañha, Translated by Henry Clarke Warren, Harvard University, 1896

The Buddhist Monk nodded to me as we reached the end of the meals which he had prepared, and I returned to a nod to him. And each of those dishes which had been created with such care were beautiful. They'd been made of the natural foods of the earth; so many colors, so many combinations of understanding.

For a moment, it was as if the prepared foods before me entered into my soul like the words of profound ancient sacred text, a frequency of undefined simplicity. The monk smiled in my appreciation of his work. The joy on my face would have been similar had I been given the opportunity to look upon one of the sand mandalas that the monks create, knowing that it will subsequently be destroyed. They do this to show the impermanence of things in this world. This monk's food had a similar impact, because you knew it would be consumed, it would not last, but there was great wisdom hidden within this simple act of creating good food for the body to eat, knowing that in its nascency was an entirely different body of work relating to living a simple life in the freedom of practice of the Way.

Contentment, peace, compassion, renunciation, enlightenment: of all these consist the Way.

"The Valley of Contentment

In this valley he (the traveller) discovers the breezes of Divine Contentment, which waft from the desert of the Spirit, and consume the veils of poverty.

There he witnesses the day wherein 'God will make all independent out of His abundance.'

(He will witness this day) with his outward and inward eye in the visible and invisible parts of things. He passes from sadness to joy; and he changes depression and dejection into gladness and cheerfulness.

Though the travellers in this valley outwardly dwell on the earth, yet inwardly they recline on the high couch of Significances, and they partake of ideal, imperishable benefits, and quaff pure, spiritual wines.

The tongue is unable to give an account of these three (last) valleys, and utterance falls exceeding short. The pen cannot step into this court, and the ink gives no result but blackness.

Concerning these states the nightingale of the heart has other melodies and mysteries which set the heart in agitation and the spirit in uproar.

But this enigma of Significances must be only revealed from heart to heart, and confided from breast to breast.

Heart alone can communicate to heart the state of the knower (of divine secrets); this is not the work of a messenger, nor can this be contained in letters. On many points I keep silent because of my inability; to state them is beyond speech, and if I say them my words would be insufficient.

Not until thou reachest the garden of these Significances wilt thou taste of the immortal wine of this valley. If thou tastest thereof thou wilt close thine eyes to all strangers, and drink from the wine of contentment. Thou wilt sever thyself from all, and become united with Him; give up thy life in His Way, and pour out thy soul freely; – although there is no stranger in this station, that thou shouldest close thine eyes; 'There was but God, but there was nothing with Him.' Because, in this stage, the traveller beholds the beauty of the Friend in everything.

In fire he sees the Face of the Beloved; in unreality perceives the sign of the Reality; and through the attributes he witnesses the Mystery of the Divine Substance (or Essence), for he has consumed the veils with a mere sigh, and removed the coverings with a single gaze.

He looks upon the new creation with a discerning sight; and comprehends subtle signs with a pure heart.

'At that Day we will make thy sight discerning,' – is an evidence of this saying, and is sufficient for this instance."

*The Splendour of God, The Valley of Contentment, By Eric Hammond,
1909*

“OF FOUR THINGS WHICH BRING GREAT PEACE

"My Son, now will I teach thee the way of peace and of true liberty."

2. *Do, O my Lord, as Thou sayest, for this is pleasing unto me to hear.*

3. *"Strive, My Son, to do another's will rather than thine own. Choose always to have less rather than more. Seek always after the lowest place, and to be subject to all. Wish always and pray that the will of God be fulfilled in thee. Behold, such a man as this entereth into the inheritance of peace and quietness."*

4. *O my Lord, this Thy short discourse hath in itself much of perfectness. It is short in words but full of meaning, and abundant in fruit. For if it were possible that I should fully keep it, disturbance would not so easily arise within me. For as often as I feel myself disquieted and weighed down, I find myself to have gone back from this teaching. But Thou, Who art Almighty, and always lovest progress in the soul, vouchsafe more grace, that I may be enabled to fulfil Thy exhortation, and work out my salvation.*

A PRAYER AGAINST EVIL THOUGHTS

5. *O Lord my God, be not Thou far from me, my God, haste Thee to help me, (1) for many thoughts and great fears have risen up against me, afflicting my soul. How shall I pass through them unhurt? how shall I break through them?*

6. *"I," saith He, "will go before thee, and make the crooked places straight." (2) I will open the prison doors, and reveal to thee the secret places.*

7. *Do, Lord, as Thou sayest; and let all evil thoughts fly away before Thy face. This is my hope and my only comfort, to fly unto Thee in all tribulation, to hope in Thee, to call upon Thee from my heart and patiently wait for Thy loving kindness.*

A PRAYER FOR ENLIGHTENMENT OF THE MIND

8. *Enlighten me, Blessed Jesus, with the brightness of Thy inner light, and cast forth all darkness from the habitation of my heart. Restrain my many wandering thoughts, and carry away the temptations which strive to do me hurt. Fight Thou mightily for me, and drive forth the evil beasts, so call I alluring lusts, that peace may be within Thy walls and plenteousness of praise within Thy palaces,(3) even in my pure conscience. Command Thou the winds and the storms, say unto the sea, "Be still," say unto the stormy wind, "Hold thy peace," so shall there be a great calm.*

9. *Oh send forth Thy light and Thy truth,(4) that they may shine upon the earth; for I am but earth without form and void until Thou give me light. Pour forth Thy grace from above; water my heart with the dew of heaven; give the waters of devotion to water the face of the earth, and cause it to bring forth good and perfect fruit. Lift up my mind which is oppressed with the weight of sins, and raise my whole desire to heavenly things; that having tasted the sweetness of the happiness which is from above, it may take no pleasure in thinking of things of earth.*

10. *Draw me and deliver me from every unstable comfort of creatures, for no created thing is able to satisfy my desire and to give me comfort. Join me to Thyself by the inseparable bond of love, for Thou alone art sufficient to him that loveth Thee, and without Thee all things are vain toys. (1) Psalm lxxi. 12. (2) Isaiah xlv. 2. (3) Psalm cxxii. 7. (4) Psalm xliii. 3."*

*The Imitation of Christ, by Thomas a Kempis, tr. by William Benham.
1895*

"The waves of the Divine Love come dashing against my body. The swell of the Sea of Love causes the fall of the unrighteous; nay, it drowns the whole universe . . . "

The Gospel of Sri Ramakrishna, By Swami Abhedananda, 1907

“Compassion as the Pillar of World Peace

According to Buddhist psychology, most of our troubles are due to our passionate desire for and attachment to things that we misapprehend as enduring entities. The pursuit of the objects of our desire and attachment involves the use of aggression and competitiveness as supposedly efficacious instruments. These mental processes easily translate into actions, breeding belligerence as an obvious effect. Such processes have been going on in the human mind since time immemorial, but their execution has become more effective under modern conditions. What can we do to control and regulate these 'poisons' -- delusion, greed, and aggression? For it is these poisons that are behind almost every trouble in the world.

As one brought up in the Mahayana Buddhist tradition, I feel that love and compassion are the moral fabric of world peace. Let me first define what I mean by compassion. When you have pity or compassion for a very poor person, you are showing sympathy because he or she is poor; your compassion is based on altruistic considerations. On the other hand, love towards your wife, your husband, your children, or a close friend is usually based on attachment. When your attachment changes, your kindness also changes; it may disappear. This is not true love.

Real love is not based on attachment, but on altruism. In this case your compassion will remain as a humane response to suffering as long as beings continue to suffer.

This type of compassion is what we must strive to cultivate in ourselves, and we must develop it from a

limited amount to the limitless. Undiscriminating, spontaneous, and unlimited compassion for all sentient beings is obviously not the usual love that one has for friends or family, which is alloyed with ignorance, desire, and attachment. The kind of love we should advocate is this wider love that you can have even for someone who has done harm to you: your enemy.

The rationale for compassion is that every one of us wants to avoid suffering and gain happiness. This, in turn, is based on the valid feeling of 'I,' which determines the universal desire for happiness. Indeed, all beings are born with similar desires and should have an equal right to fulfill them. If I compare myself with others, who are countless, I feel that others are more important because I am just one person whereas others are many. Further, the Tibetan Buddhist tradition teaches us to view all sentient beings as our dear mothers and to show our gratitude by loving them all. For, according to Buddhist theory, we are born and reborn countless numbers of times, and it is conceivable that each being has been our parent at one time or another. In this way all beings in the universe share a family relationship.

Whether one believes in religion or not, there is no one who does not appreciate love and compassion. Right from the moment of our birth, we are under the care and kindness of our parents; later in life, when facing the sufferings of disease and old age, we are again dependent on the kindness of others.

If at the beginning and end of our lives we depend upon others' kindness, why then in the middle should be not act kindly towards others?

The development of a kind heart (a feeling of closeness for all human beings) does not involve the religiosity we normally associate with conventional religious practice. It is not only for people who believe in religion, but is for everyone regardless of race, religion, or political affiliation. It is for anyone who considers himself or herself, above all, a member of the human family and who sees things from this larger and longer perspective. This is a powerful feeling that we should develop and apply; instead, we often neglect it, particularly in our prime years when we experience a false sense of security.

When we take into account a longer perspective, the fact that all wish to gain happiness and avoid suffering, and keep in mind our relative unimportance in relation to countless others, we can conclude that it is worthwhile to share our possessions with others. When you train in this sort of outlook, a true sense of compassion -- a true sense of love and respect for others -- becomes possible. Individual happiness ceases to be a conscious self-seeking effort; it becomes an automatic and far superior by-product of the whole process of loving and serving others.

Another result of spiritual development, most useful in day-to-day life, is that it gives a calmness and presence of mind. Our lives are in constant flux, bringing many difficulties. When faced with a calm and clear mind, problems can be successfully resolved. When, instead, we lose control over our minds through hatred, selfishness, jealousy, and anger, we lose our sense of judgment. Our minds are blinded and at those wild moments anything can happen, including war.

Thus, the practice of compassion and wisdom is useful to all, especially to those responsible for running national affairs, in whose hands lie the power and opportunity to create the structure of world peace."

The Human Approach to World Peace, Compassion as the Pillar to World Peace, H.H. the Dalai Lama, 1984

"Nothing can be achieved in the path of spirituality without discrimination (between the Real and the unreal) and renunciation (non-attachment to riches, honor, sensual pleasures). Renunciation is of many kinds. One kind springs from the acute pain due to worldly misery. But the better kind of renunciation arises from the realization that all worldly blessings are unreal even when they are within reach. Thus, having all, the man renounces everything for the sake of God . . . There are different stages of spirituality. First, there is the state of being struck speechless at the thought or realization of the Absolute Brahman, – Existence, Knowledge and Bliss. This is the utmost point as regards love of God that can be reached by ordinary mortals. Second, there is the state of ecstatic love. This is attainable only by a few. They are human beings with extraordinary, original powers and entrusted with a Divine commission. Being heirs of Divine powers and glories, they form a class of their own. To this class belong the Incarnations of God like Christ, Krishna, Buddha, and Chaitanya and their devotees of the highest order.

Ecstatic love. The two characteristics of ecstatic love are, first, the forgetfulness of the external world, and second, the forgetfulness of one's own body which is so dear to one. The first is like the unripe mango, the second is like the ripe mango. Ecstatic love of God is like a string in the hands of the Bhakta which binds God. The devotee holds the Lord

under his control, so to speak. The Lord must come to him whenever he calls out to Him. In Persian books it is written that within the flesh are the bones, within the bones is the marrow, within the marrow, the last and innermost of all, is this ecstatic love . . .

Chaitanya Deva was the incarnation of Divine Love or Bhakti. He came to teach mankind true Bhakti. He used to have three states of consciousness in ecstasy. First, consciousness of the gross and subtle body. At this time he would repeat the Name of the Lord and sing His praises in Sankirtan. Second, consciousness of the causal body alone. In this state he would become intoxicated with ecstatic joy, and retaining partial consciousness of the external, he would dance in company with other Bhaktas. Third, consciousness of the Absolute. In this state he would enter into the highest realm of Samâdhi, and rising above all sense-consciousness, his body would remain apparently lifeless. These states correspond to the five sheaths of the soul in Vedânta. According to Vedânta the gross body includes the material form which is the outermost sheath and the sheath of Prâna or the sense-organs and sense-powers. The subtle body includes two sheaths, mental and intellectual. The causal body is the sheath of joyfulness. Beyond these five is the true Self, the Absolute. When the mind reaches this state, the highest. Samâdhi or God-consciousness is the result."

The Gospel of Sri Ramakrishna, By Swami Abhedananda, 1907

"THE PRAISE OF THE THOUGHT OF ENLIGHTENMENT

REVERENTLY bowing before the Blessed Ones, their Sons, the Body of the Law, and aft the worshipful ones (1),

I will briefly set forth in accordance with Holy Writ the way whereby the sons of the Blessed Ones enter the godly life. Nothing new will be told here, nor have I skill in writing of books; therefore I have done this work to hallow my own thoughts, not designing it for the welfare of others. By it the holy impulse within me to frame righteousness is strengthened; but if a fellow-creature should see it, this my book will fulfil another end likewise.

This brief estate, which once gotten is a means to all the aims of mankind, is exceeding hard to win; if one use it not for wholesome reflection, how shall it ever come again to his lot? As in the night, amidst the gross darkness of the clouds, the lightning shows for an instant its radiance, so by the grace of the Enlightened it may hap that the mind of man turn for an instant to holy works. Thus righteousness is feeble, and the power of evil is constant, mighty, and dire; by what righteousness could it be overcome, if there were not the Thought of Enlightenment? (2) Pondering through many æons, the Supreme Saints have found this blessing, whereby a swelling joy sweeps in sweetness down the boundless waters of mankind. They who would escape the hundreds of life's sorrows, who would end the anguish of living creatures, and who would taste hundreds of deep delights, must never surrender the Thought of Enlightenment. 'The wretch held in thrall by Life's minions (3) is declared a son of the Blessed Ones straightway when the Thought of Enlightenment arises in him, and he becomes worshipful to the worlds of men and gods. This foul form that he has taken he makes into the priceless jewel of a Conqueror's form; oh, grasp firmly the Thought of Enlightenment, that exceedingly potent elixir! Ho, ye who are exiles in the marts of bodied being, grasp firmly the precious jewel of the Thought of Enlightenment,

which the immeasurably wise sole Guides of the world's caravan have well assayed I Like the plantain-tree (4), all other righteousness fades away after its fruit is cast; but the tree of the Thought of Enlightenment bears everlasting fruit and fades not, but Ls ever fecund. Though he have wrought most grievous sins, a man by taking refuge therein escapes them straightway; as ignorant beings under the guardianship of a mighty man escape sore terrors, why seek they not their refuge in this? . . .

Eager to escape sorrow, men rush into sorrow; from desire of happiness they blindly slay their own happiness, enemies to themselves; they hunger for happiness and suffer manifold pains; whence shall come one so kind as he who can satisfy them with all manner of happiness, allay all their pains, and shatter their delusion—whence such a friend, and whence such a holy deed? He who repays good deed with good deed is praised; what shall be said of the Son of Enlightenment, who does kindness unsought? He who sets a banquet before a few is called a "doer of righteousness," and is honoured by the world, because in his pride he entertains men for half a day with a brief largesse of mere food; but what of him who bestows on a measureless number of creatures a satisfaction of all desires unbounded in time and perishing not when the world of heaven perishes? Such is the Master of the Banquet, the Son of the Conqueror; whosoever sins in his heart against him, saith the Lord, shall abide in hell as many ages as the moments of his sin. But he whose spirit is at peace with them shall thence get abundant fruit; and truly, wrong to the Sons of the Conqueror can he done only by great effort, but kindness towards them is easy. I do homage to the bodies of them in whom has arisen the choice jewel of the

Thought, and even the ill-treatment of whom leads to happiness (5); in these mines of bliss I seek my refuge."

The Four Great Vows, Translated by Pravin K. Shah, Jain Study Center of North Carolina, 1993

"FOUR GREAT VOWS

Ordinary-beings are innumerable I vow to liberate them all

Defilements are endless I vow to eliminate them all

Buddha's teachings are unlimited I vow to learn them all

The ways of enlightenment are supreme

I vow to achieve them all

I vow to liberate all ordinary-beings from my mind

I vow to eliminate all defilements from my mind

I vow to embrace every teaching of my self-nature

I vow to achieve the way of enlightenment from my self-nature"

The Path of Light, By L.D. Barnett, 1909

"Verse 1 – The Song of the Realization of the Way.

There is the leisurely one ...

*There is the leisurely one,
Walking the Tao, beyond philosophy,
Not avoiding fantasy, not seeking truth.*

*The real nature of ignorance is the Buddha-nature itself;
The empty delusory body is the very body of the Dharma.*

*When the Dharma body awakens completely,
There is nothing at all.
The source of our self-nature
Is the Buddha of innocent truth.
Mental and physical reactions come and go
Like clouds in the empty sky;
Greed, hatred, and ignorance appear and disappear
Like bubbles on the surface of the sea.*

*When we realize actuality,
There is no distinction between mind and thing
And the path to hell instantly vanishes.
If this is a lie to fool the world,
My tongue may be cut out forever.*

*Once we awaken to the Tathagata-Zen,
The six noble deeds and the ten thousand good actions
Are already complete within us.
In our dream we see the six levels of illusion clearly;
After we awaken the whole universe is empty.*

*No bad fortune, no good fortune, no loss, no gain;
Never seek such things in eternal serenity.
For years the dusty mirror has gone uncleaned,
Now let us polish it completely, once and for all.*

*Who has no-thought? Who is not-born?
If we are truly not-born,
We are not un-born either.
Ask a robot if this is not so.
How can we realize ourselves*

By virtuous deeds or by seeking the Buddha?

*Release your hold on earth, water, fire, wind;
 Drink and eat as you wish in eternal serenity.
 All things are transient and completely empty;
 This is the great enlightenment of the Tathagata.*

*Transience, emptiness and enlightenment --
 These are the ultimate truths of Buddhism;
 Keeping and teaching them is true Sangha devotion.
 If you don't agree, please ask me about it.
 Cut out directly the root of it all, --
 This is the very point of the Buddha-seal.
 I can't respond to any concern about leaves and branches.*

*People do not recognize the Mani-jewel.
 Living intimately within the Tathagata-garbha,
 It operates our sight, hearing, smell, taste, sensation,
 awareness;
 And all of these are empty, yet not empty.*

*The rays shining from this perfect Mani-jewel
 Have the form of no form at all.
 Clarify the five eyes and develop the five powers;
 This is not intellectual work, -- just realize, just know.
 It is not difficult to see images in a mirror,
 But who can take hold of the moon in the water?*

*Always working alone, always walking alone,
 The enlightened one walks the free way of Nirvana
 With melody that is old and clear in spirit
 And naturally elegant in style,
 But with body that is tough and bony,
 Passing unnoticed in the world.*

*We know that Shakya's sons and daughters
 Are poor in body, but not in the Tao.
 In their poverty, they always wear ragged clothing,
 But they have the jewel of no price treasured within.*

*This jewel of no price can never be used up
 Though they spend it freely to help people they meet.
 Dharmakaya, Sambogakaya, Nirmanakaya,
 And the four kinds of wisdom
 Are all contained within.
 The eight kinds of emancipation and the six universal
 powers
 Are all impressed on the ground of their mind.*

*The best student goes directly to the ultimate,
 The others are very learned but their faith is uncertain.
 Remove the dirty garments from your own mind;
 Why should you show off your outward striving?*

*Some may slander, some may abuse;
 They try to set fire to the heavens with a torch
 And end by merely tiring themselves out.
 I hear their scandal as though it were ambrosial truth;
 Immediately everything melts
 And I enter the place beyond thought and words.*

*When I consider the virtue of abusive words,
 I find the scandal-monger is my good teacher.
 If we do not become angry at gossip,
 We have no need for powerful endurance and compassion.
 To be mature in Zen is to be mature in expression,
 And full-moon brilliance of dhyana and prajna
 Does not stagnate in emptiness.*

*Not only can I take hold of complete enlightenment by myself,
But all Buddha-bodies, like sands of the Ganges,
Can become awakened in exactly the same way.*

*The incomparable lion-roar of doctrine
Shatters the brains of the one hundred kinds of animals.
Even the king of elephants will run away, forgetting his pride;
Only the heavenly dragon listens calmly, with pure delight.*

*I wandered over rivers and seas, crossing mountains and streams,
Visiting teachers, asking about the Way in personal interviews;
Since I recognized the Sixth Founding Teacher at Ts'ao Ch'i,
I know what is beyond the relativity of birth and death.*

*Walking is Zen, sitting is Zen;
Speaking or silent, active or quiet, the essence is at peace.
Even facing the sword of death, our mind is unmoved;
Even drinking poison, our mind is quiet.*

*Our teacher, Shakyamuni, met Dipankara Buddha
And for many eons he trained as Kshanti, the ascetic.
Many births, many deaths;
I am serene in this cycle,--there is no end to it.*

*Since I abruptly realized the unborn,
I have had no reason for joy or sorrow
At any honor or disgrace.*

I have entered the deep mountains to silence and beauty;

*In a profound valley beneath high cliffs,
I sit under the old pine trees.
Zazen in my rustic cottage
Is peaceful, lonely, and truly comfortable.*

*When you truly awaken,
You have no formal merit.
In the multiplicity of the relative world,
You cannot find such freedom.
Self-centered merit brings the joy of heaven itself,
But it is like shooting an arrow at the sky;
When the force is exhausted, it falls to the earth,
And then everything goes wrong.*

*Why should this be better
Than the true way of the absolute,
Directly penetrating the ground of Tathagata?*

*Just take hold of the source
And never mind the branches.
It is like a treasure-moon
Enclosed in a beautiful emerald.
Now I understand this Mani-jewel
And my gain is the gain of everyone endlessly.*

*The moon shines on the river,
The wind blows through the pines,--
Whose providence is this long beautiful evening?
The Buddha-nature jewel of morality
Is impressed on the ground of my mind,
And my robe is the dew, the fog, the cloud, and the mist.*

*A bowl once calmed dragons
And a staff separated fighting tigers;*

*The rings on this staff jingle musically.
 The form of these expressions is not to be taken lightly;
 The treasure-staff of the Tathagata
 Has left traces for us to follow.*

*The awakened one does not seek truth--
 Does not cut off delusion.
 Truth and delusion are both vacant and without form,
 But this no-form is neither empty nor not empty;
 It is the truly real form of the Tathagata.*

*The mind-mirror is clear, so there are no obstacles.
 Its brilliance illuminates the universe
 To the depths and in every grain of sand.
 Multitudinous things of the cosmos
 Are all reflected in the mind,
 And this full clarity is beyond inner and outer.*

*To live in nothingness is to ignore cause and effect;
 This chaos leads only to disaster.
 The one who clings to vacancy, rejecting the world of
 things,
 Escapes from drowning but leaps into fire.*

*Holding truth and rejecting delusion--
 These are but skillful lies.
 Students who do zazen by such lies
 Love thievery in their own children.*

*They miss the Dharma-treasure;
 They lose accumulated power;
 And this disaster follows directly upon dualistic thinking.
 So Zen is the complete realization of mind,
 The complete cutting off of delusion,*

The power of wise vision penetrating directly to the unborn.

*Students of vigorous will hold the sword of wisdom;
The prajna edge is a diamond flame.
It not only cuts off useless knowledge,
But also exterminates delusions.*

*They roar with Dharma-thunder;
They strike the Dharma-drum;
They spread clouds of love, and pour ambrosial rain.
Their giant footsteps nourish limitless beings;
Sravaka, Pratyeka, Bodhisattva--all are enlightened;
Five kinds of human nature all are emancipated.*

*High in the Himalayas, only fei-ni grass grows.
Here cows produce pure and delicious milk,
And this food I continually enjoy.
One complete nature passes to all natures;
One universal Dharma encloses all Dharmas.*

*One moon is reflected in many waters;
All the water-moons are from the one moon.
The Dharma-body of all Buddhas has entered my own nature,
And my nature becomes one with the Tathagata.*

*One level completely contains all levels;
It is not matter, mind nor activity.
In an instant eighty-thousand teachings are fulfilled;
In a twinkling the evil of eons is destroyed.*

*All categories are no category;
What relation have these to my insight?*

*Beyond praise, beyond blame, --
Like space itself it has no bounds.*

*Right here it is eternally full and serene,
If you search elsewhere, you cannot see it.
You cannot grasp it, you cannot reject it;
In the midst of not gaining,
In that condition you gain it.*

*It speaks in silence,
In speech you hear its silence.
The great way has opened and there are no obstacles.
If someone asks, what is your sect
And how do you understand it?
I reply, the power of tremendous prajna.*

*People say it is positive;
People say it is negative;
But they do not know.
A smooth road, a rough road --
Even heaven cannot imagine.
I have continued my zazen for many eons;
I do not say this to confuse you.*

*I raise the Dharma-banner and set forth our teaching;
It is the clear doctrine of the Buddha
Which I found with my teacher, Hui Neng,
Mahakashyapa became the Buddha-successor,
Received the lamp and passed it on.
Twenty-eight generations of teachers in India,
Then over seas and rivers to our land
Bodhi Dharma came as our own first founder,
And his robe, as we all know, passed through six teachers
here,*

*And how many generations to come may gain the path,
No one knows.*

*The truth is not set forth;
The false is basically vacant.
Put both existence and non-existence aside,
Then even non-vacancy is vacant,
The twenty kinds of vacancy have no basis,
And the oneness of the Tathagata-being
Is naturally sameness.*

*Mind is the base, phenomena are dust;
Yet both are like a flaw in the mirror.
When the flaw is brushed aside,
The light begins to shine.
When both mind and phenomena are forgotten,
Then we become naturally genuine.*

*Ah, the degenerate materialistic world!
People are unhappy; they find self-control difficult.
In the centuries since Shakyamuni, false views are deep,
Demons are strong, the Dharma is weak, disturbances are many.*

*People hear the Buddha's doctrine of immediacy,
And if they accept it, the demons will be crushed
As easily as a roofing tile.
But they cannot accept, what a pity!*

*Your mind is the source of action;
Your body is the agent of calamity;
No pity nor blame to anyone else.
If you don't seek an invitation to hell,
Never slander the Tathagata's true teaching.*

*In the sandalwood forest, there is no other tree.
 Only the lion lives in such deep luxuriant woods,
 Wandering freely in a state of peace.
 Other animals and birds stay far away.*

*Just baby lions follow the parent,
 And three-year-olds already roar loudly.
 How can the jackal pursue the king of the Dharma
 Even with a hundred-thousand demonic arts?*

*The Buddha's doctrine of directness
 Is not a matter for human emotion.
 If you doubt this or feel uncertain,
 Then you must discuss it with me.
 This is not the free rein of a mountain monk's ego.
 I fear your training may lead to wrong views
 Of permanent soul or complete extinction.*

*Being is not being; non-being is not non-being;
 Miss this rule by a hair,
 And you are off by a thousand miles.
 Understanding it, the dragon-child abruptly attains
 Buddhahood;
 Misunderstanding it, the greatest scholar falls into hell.*

*From my youth I piled studies upon studies,
 In sutras and sastras I searched and researched,
 Classifying terms and forms, oblivious to fatigue.
 I entered the sea to count the sands in vain
 And then the Tathagata scolded me kindly
 As I read "What profit in counting your neighbor's
 treasure?"
 My work had been scattered and entirely useless,*

For years I was dust blown by the wind.

*If the seed-nature is wrong, misunderstandings arise,
And the Buddha's doctrine of immediacy cannot be
attained.*

*Shravaka and Pratyeka students may study earnestly
But they lack aspiration.*

*Others may be very clever,
But they lack prajna.*

*Stupid ones, childish ones,
They suppose there is something in an empty fist.
They mistake the pointing finger for the moon.
They are idle dreamers lost in form and sensation.*

*Not supposing something is the Tathagata.
This is truly called Kwan-Yin, the Bodhisattva who sees
freely.*

*When awakened we find karmic hindrances fundamentally
empty.*

But when not awakened, we must repay all our debts.

*The hungry are served a king's repast,
And they cannot eat.*

The sick meet the king of doctors;

Why don't they recover?

The practice of Zen in this greedy world --

This is the power of wise vision.

The lotus lives in the midst of the fire;

It is never destroyed.

Pradhanashura broke the gravest precepts;

But he went on to realize the unborn.

The Buddhahood he attained in that moment

Lives with us now in our time.

*The incomparable lion roar of the doctrine!
How sad that people are stubbornly ignorant;
Just knowing that crime blocks enlightenment,
Not seeing the secret of the Tathagata teaching.*

*Two monks were guilty of murder and carnality.
Their leader, Upali, had the light of a glow-worm;
He just added to their guilt.
Vimalakirti cleared their doubts at once
As sunshine melts the frost and snow.*

*The remarkable power of emancipation
Works wonders innumerable as the sands of the Ganges.
To this we offer clothing, food, bedding, medicine.
Ten thousand pieces of gold are not sufficient;
Though you break your body
And your bones become powder, --
This is not enough for repayment.
One vivid word surpasses millions of years of practice.*

*The King of the Dharma deserves our highest respect.
Tathagatas, innumerable as sands of the Ganges,
All prove this fact by their attainment.
Now I know what the Mani-jewel is:
Those who believe this will gain it accordingly.*

*When we see truly, there is nothing at all.
There is no person; there is no Buddha.
Innumerable things of the universe
Are just bubbles on the sea.
Wise sages are all like flashes of lightning*

However the burning iron ring revolves around my head,
 With bright completeness of dhyana and prajna
 I never lose my equanimity.
 If the sun becomes cold, and the moon hot,
 Evil cannot shatter the truth.
 The carriage of the elephant moves like a mountain,
 How can the mantis block the road?

The great elephant does not loiter on the rabbit's path.
 Great enlightenment is not concerned with details.
 Don't belittle the sky by looking through a pipe.
 If you still don't understand,
 I will settle it for you."

Cheng- Tao-Ko, *The Song of the Realization of the Way*,
 Zhengdaoge, Translated by R. Aitken and the Diamond
 Sangha, 1991

"Nan-ch'üan's Serenity
 Drinking tea, eating rice,
 I pass my time as it comes;
 Looking down at the stream, looking up at the mountains,
 How serene and relaxed I feel indeed!"

Essays in Zen Buddhism, First Series 264

"How wondrous this, how mysterious! I carry fuel, I draw
 water."

Zen and Japanese Culture, 16

"Govern a great nation as you would cook a small fish."

The Sayings of Lao Tsu, Translated by Lionel Giles, 1905

CHAPTER FOUR

A Vision of God – The People

“If untamed, I think of a God.” Mother, I cried, as the voice echoed into the night. A single flower emerged from the ground in front of me. I watched as the spirits of God poured water upon it and each drop of water instigated the growth of stems and greenery growing out of that flower into the ground, the air, the ether around me. It was such a beautiful act of creation, that my soul became enraptured in watching the growth which emerged so fast it was literally unfolding in aeons around my spirit. One flower literally extended as if into the universe, the greenery flushing against it as if by osmosis.

An invisible hand touched my face and pushed it up.

The stars were alit with a mystical wonder, I gazed at them and allowed their hypnotic trance to instill me anew.

“Hello?” The interior locution came from within my spirit with such a strong vibrato that it pounded me out off the vibrational state. “Mother?” I hailed. The voice had a very slight accent.

In an instant beyond waking, my spirit was swept into many a purgatorial realm, observing the configurations of human vice. Traveling with my mother in some of them, I was with entirely different souls in others.

The first realm was that of noise. My mother had gathered herself into a really nice small place here. Inside, it was clean and tidy. Outside, there was water seeping slowly into the place from a floodwater in the front yard and termites had eaten all the way through the wood. People were wandering around the place in various states of unconsciousness. It was very noisy, random sounds and voices talking about irrelevant matter. Even inside my mother's place you could not escape the noise. It seemed nice enough . . . except the noise, it barraged into the psyche like a battering ram and no peace could come of it.

The rooms in this home were chosen according to how big of a place in the heart of the deceased you had held. My mother had chosen a very small bedroom for me and one about four times the size for my brother. I saw this and smiled. I, it made sense, she had lived near my brother her whole life. But of course, I worried that I would not be able to get my entire library into the bedroom which had been chosen for me so I could do my work. An odd and giggly thought to have at such a moment. And again, the noise . . . you couldn't escape it.

I asked my mother if she was really content here for a time, and she nodded 'yes.' My spirit was urged to travel.

The next destination was a purgatorial zone wherein sexual vice and sexual vanity was outwardly apparent. A young priest had literally come here with many prostitutes, and one of them was sitting with her clitoris on his face. Another young girl had bared her breasts for him, but had put on a transparent shirt because she didn't want it to look as though she had bared them. Interestingly, for the young priest, there was a motherly older figure who was trying to redirect him from his vice and teach him virtue, and several younger whores; but both images caused lust to arise in him. The young girl with the breasts exposed was also here in a purgatorial state trying to garner lustful attention for herself. It was a sad sight for all involved. But they were eerily unaware of their plight, and were smiling in a sort of glee at their temptations being arranged in such a doleful manner before them.

Whispered to what appeared to be an island, it was literally covered in bodies. Half of the island was underwater, and the other half was filled with corpses which bled, dripped fluids and just lay there in a status of absolute death. These were the souls of those lived in death, those who gathered dust in pointless endeavors and those who never looked up to acknowledge their creator. Their lives had been a living death and remained so to this hour . . . a putrid smell overtook me in this realm.

Courted to yet another location, I observed a series of steep climbs up and down cliffs and mazes made of all sorts of woods, and waterfalls. Souls were here who were trying to find their way home. What was home? It seemed that these were souls who had lost touch with their roots, the roots given them in life by God, the roots of their immediate families upon birth. They'd lost touch with those to whom they'd been entrusted and to whom they were also given to entrust.

It was like an endless maze of up and down, back and forth . . . and although home was always in sight, it was always another obstacle course, cliff or waterfall away.

One thing to remember about these purgatories is that souls can travel through them and into others very quickly or very slowly, depending upon our prayers, their own impetus and the will of the Almighty God. So you will see movement within souls, and as you see them in one place, you can never be certain (unless ye be shown) whether they've transcended and moved onto the next or if they continue to remain.

These are stages and steps we all take in varying degrees during life, after death and beyond this.

Running and running, I was looking for somebody, I didn't yet know who. My own place of origin was within my grasp, but so many new pathways kept

emerging, popping up, gathering and sorting new obstacles for me to traverse.

Having seen my own place of origin within view in the distance for quite some time and throughout continuing to unravel manifold obstacles - out of sheer exhaustion - I pulled out of the maze and stood by its side. I realized it wouldn't be found here.

Hundreds of souls were continuing to move through my vision, through the obstacles, in various states of consciousness. Suddenly, I noticed my mother going towards the ethereal remnant of our origin and I reached out to wave towards her, calling her name, shouting in glee . . . but she could not recognize me at this moment. She did not know who I had been in her life for this moment. I turned to go . . . the steep climbs up and down the waterfalls, cliffs and wooden courses would continue without me.

My spirit was given to observe a young girl named Marie in the early 1900's. She was washing clothes in a river nearby her home completely oblivious to her imminent demise. She was going to drown in a few moments; for the river waters were preparing for an imminent and sudden rising that she would be caught up in and not survive.

For a moment, I was given to experience the simplicity and playfulness of that time. I was given to know that she had reincarnated but not yet passed through the imprinting of that former death on her

soul, and thus, had taken her own life already again through asphyxiation in the present day.

It was imminently important for souls, it was suggested to me by the invisible spirit who trod with me, to work through karmic and cellular memories of moments of death which held significant energetic impetus in our memory. If we were unwilling or simply unaware of these thrusts, they could lead souls into former habitual patterns which inhibited the express purpose of the reincarnation to move beyond an event of former thrust.

In her case, she had actually not known how to live beyond a young age. Sudden death at a young age was imprinted within her, so she played it out again rather than having to learn to live into different aspects of life which were unfamiliar to her - the aging and growth beyond young adulthood.

This could apply to someone who had died in battle being drawn again to wartime. It could apply to a soul drawn to the same type of man in previous existences, carrying that again into future incarnations and following a habitual attraction, rather than an eternal step which could be taken to go to something higher. Nodding in understanding, we moved again.

And then I saw another family, who had lost sight of the importance of humor, hugs and laughter in the purification process on earth. I was given to also see how the willingness of others to process the energetic

messes of others, even if its not their own, can oftentimes end up being the only hope for progress in families and cultural dynamics.

Seeing a family, in the spirit, several members appeared to me in the forms of previous incarnations, although I interiorly knew who they were in the current family dynamic of the age.

A father and two of his sons were making horrific messes and the mother was the only one in the family with the energetic capacity to actually clean them up. If she had not taken that torch, although it was not hers to carry, there was no other hope for these other members of her family. So I began to help her, but the angels aside again pointed out what had been shown to me prior. Sometimes, there is only one person who can actually do this particular service for specific souls in their own family. It is often a mother or a father. I could not help her clean it up, but was given entry to assist in another way.

This understanding showed the unique importance of the calling of parents.

In this case, the father and sons were literally helpless without her and had no hope of advancement. They didn't know how to clean up anything energetically, they had no ability to discern that which was inferior to that which was superior, and they were truly lost in what was an amalgam of anger, pride, stupidity and well-wasted blessings.

Meanwhile, there was a turkey in the oven, but the oven was not turned on. I turned to the father and two sons. My hand was turning on the oven. "If you don't let it cook," I said, "you can never eat it." This remained an allegory to accepting and receiving spiritual nourishment. "If this is so, you can certainly never complain that you are hungry, is this not so?" They all three looked at me bewildered.

The husband had formerly been a samurai, a very honorable man in previous incarnations, but had lost touch with that honor in his current incarnation.

There were floodwaters and debris all over the kitchen floor, sewage was mingling with it. Even food, like meats and sauces, were being thrown into the mess on the floor by the husband and the sons, which was an indication that they had not properly honored spiritual nourishment that had been given to them, but literally thrown it away as if it were equal to sewage.

I'd made a beautiful new curtain for their kitchen and had installed and placed it on the wall. The husband literally took his fists and smashed them into the new curtain, breaking it, but at the same time embedding the new bluidsh mantle into the wall. "This must be done," I said to him, as he continued to refuse to allow me or his wife to alter anything despite the putrid nature of he and his sons outflowings.

As he shoved it back into the wall, I looked at it and decided we would leave it like this, because that

would be acceptable, as the curtain even being battered into the wall demonstrated a bit of movement. We would accept this tiny alteration for now. "That will be fine," I stated.

They kept eating from their bounty, they had several pot roasts from which they were eating, but they wouldn't yet share.

"Let it cook," I said, "or it will never be finished." They kept eating the good stuff and throwing the rest in the pile of trash and sewage on the floor. Blaming me for the mess they were making, I spoke to them of cause and effect. But they kept taking it out, taking what they wanted and throwing everything else away into this pile of putrid filth. "Let it cook . . . or it will never be finished." I said again.

But they didn't yet understand, so I engaged them by saying, "I will go ahead and accept responsibility for this mess, it is now mine." As I did this, a power was funneled through me into the mother and wife to give her more impetus in the messes she now diligently tried to erase.

I took the father and sons out of the kitchen allowing for his wife to begin to clean up. Energetic inflow was coming from my hands to them for a very, very long time. And I was losing force, because I was tired and hungry. The three of them refused me food or sustenance because for a time they were angry at my presence. The wife was unallowed to offer it. But as

time marched on, changes began to emerge in their spirits in ways I could not have expected.

There were a lot of hugs given and received, and we started making light of their faults, their angers, their hindrances. Humor abounded, and it became clear as time went on that this was exactly what they needed. They had become defensive about their faults, and in so doing, not allowed the inflow of the reality of their human condition to override their inherent need to be right, to hold onto a fault for the sake of being right rather than allow transcendent and honorable energies to flow in to create alteration into a more harmonic station of being.

Cooperation replaced defiance and by the time it all came to an end, we were all literally singing and dancing. We were all very huggy, hugging a lot, and that was exactly what they had needed, a loving suggestion toward movement, rather than a tugging moralistic appeal.

My spirit became literally a rainbow . . . but my light was diminishing because I needed food. I had given them all of my energies, and I was starting to fail.

Because they had previously refused and still wouldn't allow me to share in their bounty of food, we all began staring at one another. They were being faced with the reality that I was fading because they were unwilling to share in their bounty, so that I might continue to share with them in mine.

This was a pivotal lesson for them, that they could not only receive . . . they must learn to be energetically malleable, so that in their interactions with family and others they would become mutually nourishing, rather than parasitic.

That would be a necessary and vital movement for this entire family to stretch forward.

And thus, it was finished. The father had reached forward to offer me sustenance, but it hadn't come in time.

In my weakness, an attack came from the dark side and my spirit was whisked away to a faraway and unknown location.

Holding onto a fast moving, old and black train, satanic forces now had full hold of me. I could barely hold on as I'd been in such a weakened state from gathering and harnessing all of the energies available to me to energize transformation within that family. We'd succeeded with them for their purpose, but the dark side had taken advantage of that moment before I'd had a chance to re-energize.

In that moment, I knew it was over. There was no chance I would escape their grasp. I didn't have it within me to fight this battle, they knew it, I knew it . . . it was over.

Holding onto a turret hanging over the black train, it was going so very fast across miles of city and

underground tunnels, so I prayed to make peace with God knowing there was no way to even find my way back from where I'd been swooped away. It had happened so fast, and I'd traveled so far . . . no strength, none left. It was over.

In the corner of my right eye's vision, I could see the ogre, satan; laughing hysterically, his red flaming face incredulously victorious, as ashes and burnt black remnants of his skin, fell untowardly in his absolute glee that he had garnered such a win over his counterpart, the all holy God.

But before I knew what had hit me, a samurai warrior of unimagineable strength literally came heralding in with a mighty impact, as he swung his samurai sword and released my spirit from the turret's grasp. Holding me tightly within his hands, the samurai had once again emerged within this father and gathered my soul to a final safety. What an ominous turn the events had taken.

Yay, it was the father who had come to my aid and utilized the energies I had given to garner such a triumphant exchange within his own, that he was able to rekindle that honorable samurai within and rescued me in death's wake.

An F-16 awaited, the sign of my eldest son, to gather my remnants to my home. The father and two sons apologized humbly before me for relenting so foolishly to having refused me spiritual nourishment

and allowing for such a rambunctious diminishing of my substance.

A fiery substance began to emerge within my spirit, as again, I became a rainbow of many lights.

The everflowing process of creation giving back to itself had played itself out in a way I could not have envisioned or fathomed this tarried eve.

As I stepped into the F-16 to be drawn homeward, the invisible spirit, who accompanies me on much of my journeying, handed me a small prayer book. It was my mother's, he said. And for a moment, I had to gather my memories to a time long past when indeed she did have this prayer book. With a smile, I grasped it, and took it with me hither.

The invisible spirit suddenly became visible. He was a giant guardian angel with perfunctorious wings, white and amiable. "My name is Wade," he said, "I am he who guides you invisibly, I am your guardian angel."

Nodding to Wade, I entered the aircraft and was hastened home . . . or so I thought I would be.

But heedless to say, he took me to yet another purgatorial ground of malcontent, the purgatory of haste.

As I entered, I noticed that souls were just rushing around, haste was like a wind within them. Asking

them what they were doing, they would say, "I'm keeping myself busy." Their eyes seemed focused on something just ahead, as if keeping themselves busy actually led to 'some' thing. When indeed, doing nothing hastily leads to 'no' thing. They were all like vaped souls, categorically wandering, doing anything to continue their wild-eyed distractions into vapor. As vaporous souls, they almost appeared like lines in the ether, constantly moving, arriving nowhere. Haste was very nonsensical.

Wade beckoned to me with his hands, that I must go elsewhere. He took me to what he called the ascendant and descendant.

Here was something that almost looked like a musical score of some type, except that it was not so, but rather, the ascendant and descendant pattern of incarnate life. My drawing is a meager comparison to what I saw which included, like music, many symbols and instructions. And the upward strike point of every consolation, is a consalion - which meant in my experience, that the consalion is the moment where enlightenment comes into potential to take place for that level or that pinnacle which began at the deceleration and desolation.

In incarnation, the soul reaches upwords for a time and then is often plunged into a deep. Then again, the soul much reach again for a circumspect ascendant to rise higher in his next algorithm of existential life. In the process of such ascendant/descendant cycles, the soul can rise upwords towards higher ascendants

(making progress), he can stay the same and relegate himself to a random pattern of habitual and repetitive patterns (stagnate), or he can descend (descendant thrusts). Most souls, except for those partitioned towards evil, will NOT go downward. However, the problem in the evolutionary pathway of the soul is that many do choose to remain in a static relevance. And by so doing, do not progress and remain stagnant.

The almighty God gives all souls in their incarnation consolations and desolations, which are ideally intended to raise the soul on each peak point as you will see in the diagram I have created to raise the entire system to a continually elevating system of ascendants. However, as is also shown, many souls will not do so, and will utilize the ascendant and descendant to remain in one position, which is counterintuitive to the evolutionary nature of what the soul must do in an earthly lifetime towards forward thrust.

“The Lord makes these energies operative in those who believe in Him. That these energies, which are meant by the sending of the Holy Spirit, are made operative by the Lord in those who believe in Him, that is, that such are reformed, regenerated, renewed, vivified, sanctified, justified, purified from evils, and at length are saved by the Lord.”

True Christian Religion, Emanuel Swedenborg, 1771, Translated by John Ager, 1906

Incessant pointless activity leads to such stagnant states, wherein the proper use of the ascendant and

descendant along with the consolations and desolations given by God to all forms of human life allows for the soul to continue on a pattern of rising which is the actual purpose of these functions in the evolutionary spectrum of incarnate life. If this is happening within a soul pattern, it would be called a 'consolium.'

In other words, use the tragedies and joys of life well . . . for they both contain within them the codes of the ascendant. In the codes of the descendant are the secrets to rising again in a higher glory. In our deepest sorrow and our highest joy, lie vibrations of infinite magnitude which relegate the soul to a pattern of merit and demerit.

"You are given not only to suffer with our dear Saiour, but you will be joyful with Him too. But remain always submissive and childlike."

St. Therese of Lisieux to Therese Neumann

Remember, then to observe that in these ascendant/descendant patterns there are movements of a sudden nature.

Wade bid me to look upon a soul within the realms of the earth below.

This young woman had spent her short life in service to others. In what seemed like a split second, her soul entered into unconsciousness, she was asleep.

What seemed like moments later, she awoke and rolled over on a very cold surface, in a drawer. Her spirit had jumped out of her body in anger, rage and fear as she looked upon a morgue filled with the bodies of the dead, all who had succumbed in an instant to the bullet of a sniper who in a descendant moment had taken the lives of many in an instant. In what would be deemed a horrendous use of the desolation which he had been traveling.

She was in shock. Sudden death had come upon her like a thief in the night. She was sorely unprepared. She was so mad, who had the right to do this to her? She had no idea where she was or to whence she should go.

In my heart, I could feel all that she was feeling. But it was the perfect example of the shortness of human life, and the ardour with which our soul will race to the finish line whence our bodies have been taken from us by illness, violence, war, terror or accident. It was a total shock to her, she was violently unprepared.

Wade very quietly turned my way and said, "Well, Carrie, I'd like you to meet Marilynn. Let us go back to 1967, shall we?"

Of course, the year of her birth. All now holding hands, we traveled to what Wade called 'The Purgatory of Many Worlds.'

Many souls had gathered in this purgatory and were dressed from the late 1800's to the many era's of the 1900's. There were rooms, I'd say thousands of rooms in what was like a huge mansion world. Each room held images, items, moments and gathered thoughts from the moments of people's lives. People were traveling not only through one life, but many lives; not just their own, but those of others. It was a fascinating world wherein there were teaching moments from the lives of many to travel within and learn from.

It seemed that the most important memories were often from the formative years of a soul's life in the human world, from childhood, and then from the prime of life. People remembered certain pivotal events in their formation from their lives, and whether they were good or bad, they remembered them with a sort of revelry. There was honor given to all such moments; ascendant/descendant, consolations/desolations.

Hundreds and thousands of configurations were in this one huge mansion, a room dedicated to every single one. Habitual behaviors were highlighted upon, as well as, the issues of nature (being that which inherent in the soul at birth) versus the nurture, or the manner of their upbringing.

The major difference in these mansions was that everything was out in the open for all to see, there were no longer any hidden motivations or

masquerades as to true intentions. For the wolves in sheeps clothing, the masquerade was off.

But again there was a particular quality of incessant pointless activity found active in so many purgatorial realms I'd wandered through this eve.

I yearned for the silence of the world's of God where everything falls away, and you stand in peace above creation itself - pure space. Standing 'in' love. Eternally present without awareness.

Again, Wade took my hand with great care, but we were hit with a rhythmic taunting of an energy blast beyond my scope.

Entering into a very big home, there were children who had not been properly taken care of, they were wading through rising waters with all manner of injuries upon their persons; broken limbs, bleeding wounds, sicknesses and the like. They were trying to get out but the waters were just too high. Reminiscent of my own experience as a younger person when I faced similar odds.

Taking one child at a time, I assisted many of them out to dry ground where they could finally catch their breath, assess their situation and accept that it was okay that they needed help. I say this again because it is so very important, they were caught between worlds because they felt it would be wrong to accept help. But they absolutely needed help, they couldn't

survive without it. These children needed a lot of hugs, and Wade and I gave out as many as we could.

What was truly interesting as regards the dynamic in this experience along with the troubled family was how much power could be transmitted in a singular hug. I'd had no idea, but it was a profoundly healing thing for all these children and had been for the previous family, as well.

The waters continued to rise, since this was a purgatory, it seemed that would likely not change. So we focused on pulling the kids out of the waters where they could get a more secure footing to begin their journey to the next worlds.

And then I was led into a series of aeons.

My mother and father had gone through some tribulations in their lives, and it was now time for them to deal with some of the energies behind these bizarre manifestations.

Entering a seedy motel, my mother was wandering around agitated. She knew my father was there, and she was angry at him for the sneaky ways he did things, how his issues kept bringing him back into her life, and the everpresence of the things he had done which had left permanent and lifelong scars.

Just outside, I was waiting for my mother to find his room and then I would follow.

But this place was very seedy, very rough and I knew it wasn't the safest of places. My father had brought some of this into our lives while growing up, and although it was uncomfortable, I knew I had to go in.

As I entered, I saw a group of people who were obviously in the process of kidnapping a young girl. For just a moment, I thought to myself, 'uh oh.' But before I had much further time to think out my plan, I saw a gun in one of their hands. Because I had seen what they had done, a single shot rang out and landed on the right side of my head.

I went down, I was shot in the head, it was over. I knew it was over, there was no coming back from this. I was dead, gone, done . . . it was over.

I lay in my own blood quietly.

After all, my father's actions were, in essence, 'death.'

He had brought death down upon us all, although he probably had no idea. And here in this purgatorial realm, he still played out the creepy, seedy side of his personality oblivious to the harm it would cause the rest of us, oblivious to my dead spirit lying in the hallway. He would likely never even have noticed.

And this was the true death, this is why it was over. Because it WAS death.

Suddenly, I opened my eyes. Scattered on the floor all around me were what looked to be hundreds of pamphlets. How had they gotten there?

Even though I should not have been able to, I reached out to look at some of these pamphlets and realized that they were all small excerpts of ancient sacred texts. Gathering them towards me, I could not contain my excitement.

Still lying on the floor in a pool of blood from the bullet wound to my head, I sat up. The sacred texts moved into me. And the seedy motel became my living room. My ceiling became open sky looking upon a mountain canyon. And I was completely healed.

In the canyon, I saw aeons of souls; gunfighters, young ladies, ranch hands, horse riders . . . they all gazed upon me in a ghostly manner. And as they turned their gaze which had been eye to eye with mine downwards, they walked off into the east and disappeared.

There are no words for what happened next, but I will use them anyway.

God came rumbling in like thunder in the mountains, an ominous roaring sound that touched and vibrated the horizon like a harp on the night sky. There was no fear as the rumbling continued to move closer, but a genuine thrill and excitement. This was God's thunder, and you knew it without question.

I was to undergo a series of visions. Each vision was preceded by this thunder of God. It rustled and rumbled until it was right at your footsteps and then barreled into you in a vibration of pure stillness. But LOUD, God's thunder was very LOUD.

In what seemed like a vision overlapping physical reality, I was on the phone with a friend. But when I saw and heard God's thunder rolling in from the northwest I said, "Can't talk right now, I'm having a vision." Inbetween each vision, I would catch that phone call and have to say the same thing as the next vision began to arise.

In the sky over the mountain canyon which had opened so majestically over my living room appeared four visions.

The first vision consisted of angels, who were wearing light blue gowns, had very large white wings, but who's aura's consisted of white and yellow light that formed perfect ovals around them.

Interestingly, as in several of these visions, only one angel appeared first and then others would open up the sky until there were hundreds and then thousands.

I understood these angels to be an integral part of the protection afforded me in my earthly life, in my home.

As this vision faded, I grabbed the phone to tell my friend, but immediately began to hear the roaring thunder of God and had to excuse myself again.

Another majestic oracle was to appear, again appearing with only one at first and then hundreds and then thousands. This time, they were extraterrestrial spacecraft. I was delighted to note that there were at least five different races of craft in the sky above my home, and again, I knew they were protecting me. By the time they had all manifested visually, you could barely see the sky through them. I was ecstatically excited and honored to know, and so thrilled to know there were many races working together with me.

The vision was majestic beyond words.

And again as the vision passed, I grabbed the phone to tell my friend, but heard God's thunder coming over the canyon and again excused myself.

This time, a vision of great sorrow appeared and encompassed the entire canyon overhead. The Blessed Virgin Mary, with tears of blood running down her face, was wearing a garment of deep red and blue with tiny golden four cornered stars. The blood from her tears stood out in a way I cannot describe, as if in technicolor. And they fell to the earth, soaked into the earth, and were borne unto the earth.

"Psalm 51 – The Miserere

Prayer of Repentance (A psalm of David when Nathan the prophet came to him after his sin with Bathsheba.)

1. *Have mercy on me, O God, in your goodness; in your abundant compassion blot out my offense.*
2. *Wash Me thoroughly from mine iniquity; and cleanse me from my sin.*
3. *For I acknowledge my transgressions: and my sin is ever before me.*
4. *Against Thee, Thee only, have I sinned, and done this evil in Thy sight; that Thou mightiest be justified when Thou speakest, and be clear when Thou judgest.*
5. *Behold, I was shaped in iniquity; and in sin did my mother conceive me.*
6. *Behold, Thou desirest truth in the inward parts; and in the hidden part Thou shalt make me to know wisdom.*
7. *Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean; wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.*
8. *Make me to hear joy and gladness; that the bones which Thou hast broken may rejoice.*
9. *Turn away Thy Face from my sins; and blot out all mine iniquities.*
10. *Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me.*
11. *Cast me not away from Thy Presence; and take not Thy Holy Spirit from me.*
12. *Restore unto me the joy of Thy salvation; and uphold me with Thy free Spirit.*
13. *Then will I teach transgressors Thy ways; and sinners shall be converted unto Thee.*

14. *Deliver me from blood guilt, O God, thou God of my salvation; and my tongue shall sing aloud of Thy justice.*

15. *O Lord, open Thou my lips; and my mouth shall proclaim Thy praise.*

16. *For Thou desires not sacrifice else would I give it; Thou delights not in burnt offerings.*

17. *My sacrifice, O God, is a contrite spirit; a heart contrite and humbled, O God, Thou wilt not despise.*

18. *Be bountiful, O Lord, to Sion in Thy kindness; by rebuilding the walls of Jerusalem.*

19. *Then shalt Thou be pleased with sacrifices of righteousness, with burnt offerings and holocausts; then shall they offer bullocks upon Thine altar."*

The Miserere, Psalm 51, Old Testament, The Holy Bible

For a moment, I was given to see some of the meaning behind the Blessed Virgin's tears, private revelations were given to me regarding a persecution which could come towards me unless I followed her instructions precisely. And I had gotten myself too closely involved with certain people of the earth, which could cause great pain if not hindered.

I saw my car go over a cliff, but the angels caught the car, and allowed me to put it in rear and back up.

Inherently, I realized that when I had myself fallen off of a cliff recently, quite literally (not in my car, but while walking), it was these angels who had lifted me up despite my injuries and made it possible for me to climb back up despite the darkness of night and my

sprained ankle. They had protected me from something which could have and should have been a lot worse.

I felt gratitude and a bit of awe and wonder at the protection I'd been afforded.

I could say nothing.

"While she was alone in a room she saw a beautiful woman who wore a violet dress and a white veil around the head suddenly arise. She looked very sad and had tears in his eyes tears that fell on the floor. Three large swords pierced her breast. "

The beautiful lady said only three words, moreover, what the Church since Christ has repeated insistently:

"Prayer – Penance – Reparation".

By saying these words she remained silent. Tears fell from her eyes sparkling in big drops. Shortly after she disappeared."

Pope John Paul II blessed the statue of Rosa Mystica in Rome on more than one occasion. He kept a statue in his private chapel during his pontificate Many of the Pilgrim Madonna statues worldwide have cried human tears – or tears of blood . . . The Holy Father's concern and urgency is understandable considering that it is alleged that presently more than 70 Rosa Mystica statues are weeping worldwide.

Pope John Paul II told Fr. Laux:

"I am receiving many reports from Cardinals, Bishops and Missions...reports of Rosa Mystica statues shedding tears, reports of cures and conversions through the Rosa Mystica, reports that people return to prayer and penance through the Rosa Mystica statue of Montichiari."

Messages of Rosa Mystica, Published on December 8, 2010 by Franz Sepeckbacher in Marian Private Revelation

"While she was praying in the chapel of the local hospital in Montichiari, the Blessed Virgin Mary appeared to nurse Pierina Gilli, dressed in mauve, very sad and with tears in Her eyes. Her heart was pierced by three swords."

The first sword symbolized the unworthy celebration of Holy Mass and Communion unworthily received; the second sword symbolized those who were unfaithful to, or gave up, their vocation as a priest or a religious; the third sword symbolized the betrayal of the Faith. Our Lady asked for "Prayer, Sacrifice, and Penance." These were her only words."

Messages of Rosa Mystica, Published on December 8, 2010 by Franz Sepeckbacher in Marian Private Revelation

Finally, after having again tried to tell my friend what was happening and excusing myself for yet another round of God's thunder, I saw clouds.

They appeared in the sky, white and fluffy, but they began forming words in some type of hieroglyphic language. Many words passed by my vision, it was a vibrational event to take them in, but I had no idea what meaning they held, only that they were holy.

In the final sorrow, the clouds began forming a word in English. And it was in CAPS.

The word was LEAVE . . .

I needed to stay away for a week or so in order to allow God's angels to correct an energetic imbalance which was quickly coming to a less than favorable outcome. And I needed to also leave these situations of which I had gotten myself too closely involved with people on the earth, which could cause great pain if not hindered.

A thunderous sound peeled before my eyes.

I put my friend on hold and got up to leave.

My mother came in the room and wanted to talk to me, but my mission was clearly embedded in my soul. "Can't talk right now, I'm having a vision." I said as I whisped on my way out to leave. I ran past my father on the way . . . I felt badly because I had to do this, and I also knew my parents could not understand what it was I had to do.

But I had to LEAVE . . . after all, I had been called to a life of prayer and solitude. And it had to happen right now because the Blessed Mother was crying tears of blood in her sorrow for the sins of the world. And I had to leave behind worldly attachments which were a hindrance to my calling of prayer.

"Awake, ye drunkards, and weep - All sin stupefies the sinner. All intoxicate the mind, bribe and pervert the judgment, dull the conscience, blind the soul and make it insensible to its own ills. All the passions, anger, vain glory, ambition, avarice and the rest are a spiritual drunkenness, inebriating the soul, as strong drink doth the body. : "They are called drunkards, who, confused with the love of this world, feel not the ills which they suffer. What then is meant by, "Awake, ye drunkards and weep," but, 'shake off the sleep of your insensibility, and oppose by watchful lamentations the many plagues of sins, which succeed one to the other in the devastation of your hearts?" God arouse those who will be aroused, by withdrawing from them the pleasures wherein they offended Him. Awake, the prophet cries, from the sottish slumber of your drunkenness; awake to weep and howl, at least when your feverish enjoyments are dashed from your lips. Weeping for things temporal may awaken to the fear of losing things eternal."

Notes on the Bible, Albert Barnes, Joel 1:5, 1902

"It happened one day, when the Saviour, our Master, God, and Saviour Jesus Christ, was sitting along with His disciples, and they were all assembled on the Mount of Olives, that He said to them: O my brethren and friends, sons of the Father who has chosen you from all men, you know that I have often told you that I must be crucified, and must die for the salvation of Adam and his posterity, and that I shall rise from the dead. Now I shall commit to you the doctrine of the holy gospel formerly announced to you, that you may declare it throughout the whole world. And I shall endow you with power from on high, and fill you with the Holy Spirit. And you shall declare to all nations repentance and remission of sins. For a single cup

of water, if a man shall find it in the world to come, is greater and better than all the wealth of this whole world. And as much ground as one foot can occupy in the house of my Father, is greater and more excellent than all the riches of the earth. Yea, a single hour in the joyful dwelling of the pious is more blessed and more precious than a thousand years among sinners: inasmuch as their weeping and lamentation shall not come to an end, and their tears shall not cease, nor shall they find for themselves consolation and repose at any time for ever. And now, O my honoured members, go declare to all nations, tell them, and say to them: Verily the Saviour diligently inquires into the inheritance which is due, and is the administrator of justice . . . O Death! who makest all knowledge to vanish away, and raisest so many tears and lamentations."

Ante-Nicene Fathers, Vol. VIII, The Twelve Patriarchs, Excerpts and Epistles, The Clementina, Apocrypha, Decretals, Memoirs of Edessa and Syriac Documents, Remains of the First Ages

"IN THE PRONAOS OF THE TEMPLE OF THE TRUE ROSY CROSS.

Our salvation is the life of Christ in us.

THE place or state wherein the true Rosicrucian lives is far too exalted and glorious to be described in words. When we enter the vestibule of the temple of the true Rosy Cross, we enter into a region of unalloyed bliss and happiness. There is an effulgence of super-terrestrial light, where all laborious thinking and exercise of the imagination for the purpose of drawing logical inferences about the unknown, ceases, for in that light is the realm of pure knowledge; to live there is to perceive, and to perceive is to know. Into .that paradise of celestial consciousness nothing impure can

enter. No room is there for terrestrial flesh and blood; but the spiritual beings which inhabit that realm are made of the flesh and body of "Christ," in other words, of the substance of the spiritual soul.

H. P. Blavatsky, in her "Key to Theosophy," says that there are beings having attained a state of spiritual consciousness which would entitle them to enter the state of Nirvana; nevertheless, out of compassion for mankind, they still remain residents of this earth, inhabiting invisibly for mortal eyes the astral plane of our planet. In that, she describes the true order of the Golden and Rosy Cross as a spiritual Brotherhood, and if one of these superior beings, for some purpose or other, reincarnates in a human body upon this planet, then will there be a real Rosicrucian in a visible form upon this earth.

The "history" of that "brotherhood" is the history of the evolution of the world, and that of the spiritual regeneration of the soul and the body of man; for although each of these individual beings had its own terrestrial history and experiences in passing through many incarnations upon this planet, nevertheless, in its essential points the history of all is alike, and consisted in the conquering of the low and the unfoldment of the high. They all had to bear the Cross of suffering before they could become crowned with victory; they all had to crucify their selfish and personal will, and die in regard to all that attracts the soul to the sphere of earthly desires and illusions before they could have the spiritual faculties of their souls unfolded like the Rose whose leaves are unfolded by the rays of the rising sun."

In the Pronaos of the Temple of Wisdom, by Franz Hartmann, 1890

"I am where I was before I was created: that place is purely God and God. There are neither angels nor saints, nor choir, nor this nor that. Many people speak of eight heavens and of nine choirs. They are not where I am. You should know that everything stated in such a way and presented to people in images is but an incitement to seek God. Realise that in God is nothing but God. You must also understand that no soul may come unto God before it has become God as it was before it was created. No one may come into the naked Godhead except the one who is naked as he was when he flowed out of God. The masters say that no one may enter here as long as he has any attachment to lower things, even if it is only as much as the tip of a needle can carry."

Sister Catherine Treatise: Trans Elvira Borgstaedt. Paulist Press 1986

*"Creation is a book. Who wisely reads its lines
Revealed therein completely the great Creator finds."*

Angelus Silesius, 1624 -1677

CHAPTER FIVE

A Vision of Creation - The Defilements

The strident souls marched forward in a never ending quest to receive their due . . . as doing the will of the Father had become quite defined and almost guaranteed as to outcome in a sense in their minds. If they were to do God's will, it seemed to them, they should surely receive recompense owed for such a gesture of mighty humility.

However, in God's estimation, such ends were never parlayed forth just for the effort, but rather, to the beneficence of the Universe as it readily handed out judgements and pardons according to its own infallible and elastic will.

In my view, was such a one who had practiced the tradecraft of law. In his own estimation, a guilty verdict against the one prosecuted in this matter would be a rather expected recompense for his efforts.

After all, had he not seen the vision of God which had announced His very will, "Complete the mission, complete the trial." If he was to do so, then, would it not indicate a certain victory? Did not the glorious cross which had been displayed in the heavens to his interiors shining in an absolute cycle of lights indicate

such victory? Or had he taken the words of Mission and enjoined upon them a victory which had not been foretold?

But as he conceded that things were not going in this manner, regardless of the guilt of man charged with such an dastardly offence, he became so angry that he literally picked up the 'child' which was being born of his efforts.

This child was not an ordinary child, so to speak, but rather an estimation of the new birth that was sparking due to this man's efforts, a new construct out of the world of the ethers to create for future residence.

But it did not make sense to the man that such a guilty man would be exonerated of such charges. It was not a correct outcome in proportion to his efforts.

Without any adieu, he took the 'child' (the construct) by the legs, and started banging its head against the floor.

Immediately, in a soul styled form, I intervened. I stopped him.

But still, he remained so distraught by the will of God, he went into another room and immediately began to drown himself.

Again, I stopped him.

“Stop drowning yourself in your own expectations of how God should weave,” I said, “Allow yourself to simply be the vessel of these works and surrender the outcome to the Lord Almighty, for He is the only knower of souls.”

But he felt in the deepest part of his heart, or so he thought (because it came from his egoic persuasion, not his love), that the only outcome which could possibly be conceived as the will of God could be victory.

Thus, he kept drowning himself in higher and broader expectations, doing more and more to vindicate and exonerate himself in the eyes of his peers, rather than to examine his own intentions and motives which had become corrupted due to his own inability to reckon with the standard of the cross.

Although the construct was just a babe, his blindness had bade him to see not the exquisiteness of the creation which had laid before him of what would come of these efforts through this construct which was entirely different than he'd thought it should be.

But as it is so . . . the man accepted that God's Will in this instance would contradict what might have been perceived as the correct outcome.

He felt that he hadn't received his due; been allowed to receive the accolades of a victory, seen justice in a clear cut case of something that had clearly been embarked upon by the defendant.

But what he didn't realize was that there were others who did not receive their due on earth, they were all around him.

Following the will of God is not a vindicator to 'success' in a worldly sense, but only the vain assumption that our actions – even if done for the holy purpose of the One Great Creator – are accursed and blessed for reasons of our own making.

The will of God would always lean towards mercy, when appropriate, even when justice might demand otherwise.

“Once when I was totally exhausted, I felt that Jesus was not with me. Frightened, I started to cry. ‘My Jesus, where are You?’ Then Jesus answered. ‘I am always where you are, but you are not always where I am. Think about that!’ I thought about it and said: ‘My Jesus, blessed be Your true words.’ . . .

Jesus answered ‘If a soul lives in Me, then I am the perfection in it.’

Fiat.

Jesus said, ‘While on earth I repeated many times. ‘My Father, Thy will be done,’; thus you have no other task then to repeat what I said. What I did as a man I do even now in My divinity.’

When Jesus said this, ‘In my divinity’, He let me know the hidden meaning of the words. Only those who live in Him can perceive the meaning of this, because the hidden

meaning of this concept cannot be expressed in human terms. But I with His infinite grace, could rasp how He in Himself constantly lives this Fiat to which He often referred. At the moment when He says this Fiat [Latin = let it be done], I saw that His humanity and His divinity say it simultaneously; the whole Trinity is united with the Father's will at this moment. I saw clearly that the will of God would be carried out even if He had not created any creatures (since creatures are only the tools of His will), I saw that God's Fiat has no beginning nor end. I know that this Fiat originated with God and it is in Him. This Fiat is the incarnation of His will and power, which is nothing else but love. In one word I saw the work of the Most Holy Trinity (although it is impossible to describe it in human terms).

I saw that this Fiat is a connecting thread to the creatures which originate from the will of God and that this Fiat had two separate lines. This ramification was made by the power of God and His will. In connection with souls, it means eternal salvation or eternal damnation. But the two were not achieved in the same way. While God pronounced freely the Fiat of eternal salvation, He pronounced reluctantly, and as if somewhat forced, the Fiat of Eternal damnation.

In connection with the Fiat the Saviour said the following: 'My daughter: I wanted to show you how the soul should carry out this Fiat. If a soul says it not only with words but with his whole life, then I unite Myself with it in the same manner as the three Persons of the Trinity are united. If I unite thus with a soul, such souls do not want to know, to see, to own, to love and enjoy anything outside of Myself. If such a soul stands by Me loyally, I will communicate

Myself to that soul. In such communication, a soul can know Me as I know Myself. Such a soul will see heaven and taste it, because I am heaven itself, and wherever I am and live, I will find My glory there. I will share My happiness and joy with those who are My glory”

The Victorious Queen of the World, Sr. Natalia of Hungary, Two Hearts Books & Publishers, Mountain View, CA 1992

Looking elsewhere, I saw the mechanisms of a couple who were in the process of hiring someone to kill their own daughter. Perhaps it was a wanton act of abortion, or a more deviously planned attempt to avoid conception with the aid of contraceptive devices; but the evil of their acts was unwarranted and unfathomable in this sphere of influence.

Trying to fashion their own method of redemption, rather than allowing God to determine that which would gather their insights into a more fruitful sphere, they successfully thwarted the birth of female child who’s advent would have altered the course of their spiritual ascent with rapidity.

They succeeded in their intentions, God’s will in their lives was completely averted. And they were none the wiser for it.

“When I prayed before the tabernacle on day in 1944, I saw once again the Queen of the World. On her face I saw unspeakable pain, as she looked at our country, her clothes were white, and over them she wore a scarlet mantle. Her whole figure was covered with a transparent black veil. On her head, instead of the crown that I had seen before, was a

crown of thorns. Her bare feet were also covered with thorns. Under them I saw the crushed head of the serpent. Her hands were folded in prayer, while tears rolled from her eyes. On either side stood a majestic angel. They were dressed in black. Their eyes were downcast and they cried silently. Their beauty was so majestic it cannot be compared to that of any earthly person. The Holy Virgin said, "The Church should make a place for me where I can descend to call the people and tell the whole world to convert, to do penance."

The Victorious Queen of the World, Sr. Natalia of Hungary, Two Hearts Books & Publishers, Mountain View, CA 1992

Flash . . . and my spirit was elsewhere. Standing at the top of a very tall skyscraper, I was given to lie down and crawl to the side of the building. Looking over the side, I saw that down below on a ledge laid the body of my mother. It was dismembered demonstrating a certain prescribed purification of such a state in the spirit.

Sometimes such dismemberment is just disjointed thoughts and thinking. It can also happen at times to be reminiscent of hypocritical intentions which jar all souls during their lives as they try to live in accordance with a certain belief, a certain way of life; battling their human nature along the way. Dismemberment can also just be ill-united elements of the spirit along the earthly journey which must needs be rectified and recompensed.

"I have come to thee, that I may purify thee, that I may cleanse thee,. that I may revivify thee, that I may assemble

for thee thy bones, that I may collect for thee thy flesh, that I may assemble for thee thy dismembered limbs."

The Pyramid Texts, 1684a - c, Translation by Samuel B. Mercer, 1959

I wished so much to reach her, but was not given permission to go further. Having turned to head back, I was preparing to attend her funeral in the spirit realms. But someone had stolen all of my clothing and I had nothing appropriate to wear to such an occasion. So I went naked.

As I awaited the funereal events in the mystical church, I turned to my right side.

Flows of souls were moving towards the applied altar as I was praying the Chaplet of the Divine Mercy. They turned upright, forward and up . . . and another subsequent forward and up into heaven.

"Disciple. But it is very hard to be always looking forwards into eternity; and consequently to attain to this single eye, and simplicity of divine vision. The entrance of a soul naked into the will of God, shutting out all imaginations and desires, and breaking down the strong partition which you mention, is indeed somewhat very terrible and shocking to human nature, as in its present state. O what shall I do, that I may reach this which I so much long for?

Master. My son, let not the eye of nature with the will of the wonders depart from that eye which is introverted into the divine liberty, and into the eternal light of the holy majesty: But let it draw to thee those wonders by union with that heavenly internal eye, which are externally

wrought out and manifested in visible nature. For while thou art in the world, and hast an honest employment, thou art certainly by the order of providence obliged to labour in it, and to finish the work given thee, according to thy best ability, without repining in the least; seeking out and manifesting for God's glory, the wonders of nature and art. Since let the nature be what it will, it is all the work and art of God: And let the art also be what it will, it is still God's work; and his art, rather than any art or cunning of man. And all both in art and nature serveth but abundantly to manifest the wonderful works of God; that he for all, and in all, may be glorified. Yea, all serveth, if thou knowest rightly how to use them, but to recollect thee more inwards, and to draw thy spirit into that majestic light, wherein the original patterns and forms of things visible are to be seen. Keep therefore in the centre, and stir not out from the presence of God revealed within thy soul; let the world and the devil make never so great a noise and bustle to draw thee out, mind them not; they cannot hurt thee. It is permitted to the eye of thy reason to seek food, and to thy hands, by their labour, to get food for the terrestrial body: But then this eye ought not with its desire to enter into the food prepared, which would be covetousness; but must in resignation simply bring it before the eye of God in thy spirit, and then thou must seek to place it close to this very eye, without letting it go. Mark this lesson well.

Let the hands or the head be at labour, thy heart ought nevertheless to rest in God. God is a Spirit; dwell in the Spirit, work in the Spirit, pray in the Spirit, and do everything in the Spirit; for remember thou also art a spirit, and thereby created in the image of God: Therefore see thou attract not in thy desire matter unto thee, but as much as possible abstract thyself from all matter whatever; and so,

standing in the centre, present thyself as a naked spirit before God, in simplicity and purity; and be sure thy spirit draw in nothing but spirit.

Thou wilt yet be greatly enticed to draw matter, and to gather that which the world calls substance, thereby to have somewhat visible to trust to: But by no means consent to the tempter, nor yield to the lustings of thy flesh against the spirit. For in so doing thou wilt infallibly obscure the divine light in thee; thy spirit will stick in the dark covetous root, and from the fiery source of thy soul will it blaze out in pride and anger; thy will shall be chained in earthliness, and shall sink through the anguish into darkness and materiality; and never shalt thou be able to reach the still liberty, or to stand before the majesty of God. Since this is opening a door for him who reigneth in the corruption of matter, possibly the devil may roar at thee for this refusal; because nothing can vex him worse than such a silent abstraction of the soul, and introversion thereof to the point of rest from all that is worldly and circumferential: But regard him not; neither admit the least dust of that matter into thee which he may pretend any claim to. It will be all darkness to thee, as much matter as is drawn in by the desire of thy will: It will darken God's majesty to thee; and will close the seeing eye, by hiding from thee the light of his beloved countenance. This the serpent longeth to do; but in vain, except thou permittest thy imagination, upon his suggestion, to receive in the alluring matter; else he can never get in. Behold then, if thou desirest to see God's light in thy soul, and be divinely illuminated and conducted, this is the short way that thou art to take; not to let the eye of thy spirit enter into matter, or fill itself with anything whatever, either in heaven or earth; but to let it enter by a naked faith into the light of the majesty; and so receive by

pure love the light of God, and attract the divine power into itself, putting on the divine body, and growing up in it to the full maturity of the humanity of Christ."

The Signature of All Things, Jacob Boehme, 1575-1624, Translated in 1912

Having been laden with heavy burdens this eve, my soul was thrust into something yet unexpected on such a starry and profound night of investiture.

With the circular wave of a hand, the angel aside me thrust my spirit into a vision of my own lusts and vanities which still remained on my spirit despite my many years of fighting against it.

Two things were brought out to me in great fervor, 1.) it was shown to me that my daughters were watching, and I felt so ashamed of this, and 2.) what was most disturbing was that I was enjoying it so much.

Observing that my spirit was demonstrated as if in a hospital awaiting another surgical intervention regarding a recurrent physical problem I'd had. I had glued two identical icons of Sophia, Lady Wisdom, on my front teeth.

I was very quickly made aware that these symbols were indicative of me having utilized wisdom in a vain manner, to entertain the attention of a particular individual for whom I'd developed some inordinate feelings.

My heart literally sank to the ground and then below it to see what I had done.

As I looked at myself in the hospital bearing the signs of such a blasphemous use of wisdom in the pursuit of vain phantasms, an older woman all dressed in white rode by on a white horse going back to win the heart of the man she loved.

Noticing how old she looked and realizing the ridiculousness of this same vain search, the lack of nobility in the same, I ripped the icons off of my teeth to notice that this action had just caused big gaping holes in the front of my teeth.

At that moment, I realized the pointless nature of the pursuit. Age waits for no one, we all age and decay as we get older and anything based on false appearances cannot last.

I felt a bit of disgust at myself, for I was being vain about spiritual accomplishments. There was something very gross about that . . . even in this moment of my own foggy eyed disturbance.

But as I trembled at the thought of what I had done, my spirit flew towards a symphonic stage. My mother waited for me behind the orchestra and I was joining her in death. Flying towards a certain crevasse behind the conductor's podium, I could hear my mother's thoughts reiterating how short our lives on earth remain and that no time should be wasted on vanity.

Quiet ensued, a cosmic quiet, as if all the stars had been suddenly turned off . . . mists fell, and my attentions were drawn elsewhere.

An angel came to me. She wore a pale blue, glittering with silver gown, had the large white light type wings, and wore a huge smile. She was blonde, and her hair came down just below her shoulders, it was curly like mine is She had penetrating blue eyes, and she exuded a very loving and joyful type of vibration.

She looked towards me, raised her hand which disbursed a lot of silvery glittery light towards me. "Marilyn," she said, "tell them, I've never met a grudge worth keeping." Then she winked at me with her left eye and smiled.

"In the eyes of my Heavenly Father, the life of a person is only an empty page if that person does not strive to save souls."

The Victorious Queen of the World, Sr. Natalia of Hungary, Two Hearts Books & Publishers, Mountain View, CA 1992

Hours were passed in cleaning out voodoo camps, troves of souls caught up in some type of parasitic afterlife experience.

When suddenly, a Satan and a Lucifer appeared.

They were two definitively distinct beings of destruction moving around purgation realms tearing

everything apart. The destruction was so intense, I feared the possibility of being possessed.

Turning to my left, I asked for help from some very deeply religious souls, but they would not help anyone. I could hear them saying over and over to themselves, "If you don't see it, it doesn't exist. If you don't see it, it doesn't exist. If you don't acknowledge it, it still does not exist. If you don't look, it doesn't exist."

My soul felt rather disappointed and also a bit disgusted by the passive nature of these souls who should, according to their own leanings, have been among the first to help in cleaning up this purgatorial realm.

As previously stated, there were two evil spirits, one was referred to as 'a Satan,' the other as 'the Lucifer.' The Lucifer had long dirty blonde hair, wore a red dusty burgundy veil and cape, and I found it very scary to be in the presence of his energy. The Satan was an equally quantifiably terrifying creature, but a little more reptilian and pith than his counterpart. I remember seeing ash follow him wherever he would go.

There was little that could be done for the souls residing here as they could not differentiate between good and evil OR God and Lucifer. Traps had been laid in every nook and cranny of this wretched and torn up whirlwind of ruination. And souls fell for them left and right. It was as if all hellish elements

went in circles. Destruction kept on going on everywhere, it continued to destroy. And that which had been destroyed would then be empowered to also destroy, it was a pointless cyclone of absolute horrific chaos. But it was black and dark brown, too. There was no light. It was darkness incarnate; and there was no end to its embittered cyclonic and circular annihilation of all that was good. And there was not a single soul that would do anything to empower the good, or to salvage that which was lost. Souls accepted little piddly ruminations from the demons in place of graces, not unlike accepting an ash in place of gold or diamonds. It was awful.

And then several souls started arguing about Christ's nature. Whether He was human or divine became the embittered struggle of the beasts for the hour.

Lucifer reappeared and took it all over. He loved it when these souls argued about abstractions regarding the Messianic Saviour who could've and did all that could be done to save them had they not gotten lost in the forest for the trees. They continued arguing about Gnosticism and natures as I wandered away slowly as if in a dream, tortured by this experience and drifting away almost as if it had made me catatonic for a time.

From a distance now, I could see that the anti-Christ had now appeared to them and was discoursing to all of them about the very same thing. They had no idea who he was, I watched in horror. The anti-Christ spewed false theology as if it were true, and they knew it not.

My spirit, in its fatigue, was to receive no rest.

Gathered for a moment in a new place, I stood in a lightswirl in the center of it. Outside of my quarters and down below was a circling bog of filth. Souls were gathered in its cyclonic rage, many of them grabbed a hold of my garment and tried to hold onto me for dear life.

But from my vantage point I could see that the swirling bog only went out for approximately seven feet. It was imperative that they let go and take the two to three steps through the bog in order to climb out to what appeared to be a calm and sunny meadow.

Shouting to them, I had received instructions from a young man orbiting higher than my lightswirl. "You must gather yourselves, let go, and take two to three steps to your liberation!" The souls were unable to see how close they were to the edge of the darkness. But, heeding my words, several began to conquer their fear and tally forth into the indignities of the contamination in order to seek to a higher place.

My lightswirl became more and more like a wooden bedroom above the bog, as it slowly morphed into a mobile space mimicking in exact detail my own bedroom on earth. It was portrayed as a sort of launch pad rather than a bedroom, a holy cell from whence I could do my work. Turning to look behind me, I saw my mother as she might have looked at about thirty five years of age. She was lying in my bed watching

me at my computer desk, observing how the spirit world was infusing me with information. It was something she had never seen before, and she looked with deep interest.

Again, a flash of light . . . my soul traveled through several purgatory schools, and it wandered into a purgatory of stupid interests followed by a purgatory of pointless interests.

It was very chaotic but colorful, there seemed to be almost a blurry movement of activity that also went in circles as had the previous purgatory which held so much of that which was black and brown. A young man with dark hair approached me, grabbed my hand and led me beyond it.

“One night Jesus asked me to care for the souls in Purgatory. It was 4:30 a.m. and I wanted to finish writing my diary when Jesus called on me. ‘My child! Although I respect your tiredness, I want to ask you not to go to sleep until you have written down the state of the suffering souls in Purgatory. I want My priest brothers to join the life of sacrifice and prayer crusade for the suffering souls. Now I want to help those who during their life often asked Me and My Mother, often in prayer, to have pity on them when they die and go to the place of suffering.

He brought me to a huge place, the end of which I could see, and although it was dark, the souls there seemed calm. Countless souls were there. They wore black robes and huddled, packed close to each other. They all were alike, motionless, speechless and very sad. My heart almost broke on seeing them. I learned that these souls had not received

any help from anybody on earth (prayer, sacrifice). They knew the hour of help had not yet arrived for them. But they hoped that help would not be delayed very long.

After that Jesus led me to another similar place. The souls similarly shivered side by side in their black robes, but when I entered with Jesus, all started to move. I have had a rosary in my hand to pray for them. When they saw the beads, all started to cry: 'Pray for me, pray for me dear sister, pray for me!' They tried to out-shout each other as they solicited my prayers, like bees coming toward you in cloud formation. Although all cried at one time, yet you could hear the voice of each one separately. I recognized many, those with whom I was in contact while they were alive. I saw some Sisters from orders other than mine. I was shocked when a Mother Superior turned to me, and asked me meekly to pray for her. After that a Sister of my acquaintance came toward me with her hand joined: she grabbed the rosary and begged me: 'For me, for me!' I do not know how, whether in soul or in body, but perspiration ran all over her.

Then Jesus went to a third place and I went after Him. Countless Sisters stood there motionless. As in the first room the perspiration just ran from all of them. They turned toward me. They asked me to say the Rosary for them. In this room there was light. I started to think, why do they ask only for the rosary? Then Jesus showed me a rosary, the beads of which were flowers. In each flower I saw a drop of Jesus' blood shining. When we pray the rosary, the blood of Jesus will fall on the person for whom we offer it. The inhabitants of Purgatory implored the saving blood of Jesus."

*The Victorious Queen of the World, Sr. Natalia of Hungary, Two Hearts
Books & Publishers, Mountain View, CA 1992*

Suddenly, I was hanging out with a deceased musician in a calm and peaceful cemetery. In the distance, I saw the Dalai Lama burying Buddhist monks at a distance back.

The musician told me to see my music as a fun thing, not as a performance art. If I were to use it in the future, it would be at the church and to record; which would require overlapping tracks, etc., rather than live performance. He told me to view my writing as he would view his live performance; both as artful ventures, but different expressions of a similar spirit of creation.

He then changed the subject to spiritual things I had written about in my books of which he held great interest. We exchanged pleasantries, smiled at one another and prepared for me to again be whisked away into the afterwind of the night.

A familiar mountain was looming in the foreground as I found my soul gliding rapidly towards the snow-capped monument in the sky.

Coming in towards the locality, my spirit came down from high speed into a low hover as I noticed that a huge rack of ancient sacred texts the size of a building was looming up ahead. I could see it but it was off in the distance.

As the spirit of flight let go of my soul, I began to walk through what became almost a dozen monasteries. Monks were praying in a standing position all about the grounds in their drab brown robes. Each prayed in different directions towards the sky, the galactic night sky was filled with their quiet but profound praise.

After passing through and observing this for a fortnight, I came upon the rack of huge books that indeed was a building.

At this juncture, I assumed when I entered, I would find more monks praying to the all holy God in various formations. But as I slowly opened a very large double door ornamented with iron, my eyes were hit with a color of resplendency that for a moment all I could see was this color against a backdrop of light.

But as my eyes adjusted, I realized that there was a community of dozens of women all wearing a very transcendent gown of a high frequency bluish, sea-blue - iridescent in every way - like the blue poinsettias of a light blue shade which come out near Christmastime.

Without any words being exchanged, I instantly knew that this was a community of women who had been consecrated to the Blessed Mother. But it was not a nun's habit, but rather, a very modest but intricately designed gown made with many fabrics, laces and glittery and starry elements I had never seen before.

The 'mother' came forward towards me, and put her hands on my shoulders.

Another one of the women came forward with a stack of ancient sacred texts which she gently placed into my hands after a very stately bow.

Bowing back, I also nodded in appreciation.

The 'mother' said, "You found us."

And as she did, my spirit was taken at the speed of light on a journey of infinite proportions back to my body.

"In God's design this is the Age of Mary! I saw the Holy Trinity talk about the fate of the world now immersed in sin. Angels, saints, and all of heaven prostrated this time, worshipped them in deep quiet.

The Heavenly Father said, 'The world immersed in sin has to be destroyed according to My justice.'" Then I saw Jesus, the Merciful Love, close to the Father, supplicating; He prostrated Himself before the Father and though united to Him, He still was a separate being, and said:

'My Father, I am your Son. You ordered Me to die for this world!' Then He showed His wounds that burned like fire.

The hand of the Heavenly Father – which now seemed not as a Fatherly hand, but as a heavy, just and punishing hand weighed heavily on the world. Then Jesus put His wounded hand under His Father's and asked:

'Please have mercy for a while . . . '

'No, My Son. Sin is crying out for vengeance!'

This was a terrible vision, because it seemed like justice would prevail over Merciful Love. Then Jesus glanced at His Mother at His side and shouted"

'My Immaculate Mother, come help Me to hold up the hand of My Heavenly Father. My hand is not enough!'

At the moment when the Blessed Virgin put her hand under Jesus, the Heavenly Father lifted up His hand and said:

'My Son! Mercy has prevailed. The sinful world has gained mercy on account of the supplication of the Immaculate Mother of God. We will entrust the saving work of the world to her.

'To save the world, she needs power. Therefore we endow the Immaculate Mother of God with the powers of Queen. Her title will be: the Victorious Queen of the World. As Co-Redemptrix of the world, mankind, which is condemned to die because of its sins, will receive grace and salvation through her. We place under her command the host of angels."

As the Heavenly Father pronounced these words, the heavenly hosts shouted with joy, celebrating Mary. The Virgin Mother was decorated with her three greatest virtues when she appeared: Immaculate purity, flaming love, and deep humility. Seeing it – although He gave it to her – even God was amazed.

Her heart was filled with happiness that the words, 'the humble will be exalted' which as an unknown little girl from Nazareth she pronounced in the Magnificat, had been fulfilled in her. The Holy Trinity crowned her. The glittering crown had three pieces, signifying the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit.

When her royal mantle was brought, I saw that there was a life in its decorated buckle. This also signified her relationship with the Holy Trinity. It contained the following: Daughter of the Father, Mother of the Son and Spouse of the Holy Spirit.

God in Three Persons worked in the Immaculate Mother, as if the Holy Spirit had overshadowed her again, that she might give Jesus to the world again. The Heavenly Father showered her with a flood of graces. From the son, unspeakable happiness and love radiated toward her, as if He would congratulate her while He said:

'My Immaculate Mother, the Victorious Queen of the World, show your power! This time you will be the savior of humanity. As you were part of My saving work as Co-Redemptrix according to My will, so I want to share with you My power as King. With this I entrust you with the saving work of sinful humanity; You can do it with your power as Queen. It is necessary that I share with you everything, that you become comparable to Me. You are the Co-Redemptrix of humanity.'

Then I saw that her mantle was saturated with the blood of Jesus, and this gave it a scarlet color. My attention then was drawn to the angels, who surrounded their Queen with great reverence. The angels wore white, red and black. I

understood that white symbolized the future purity of the world, red the martyrdom of cleansing in blood, black the mourning over the fate of the damned souls.

Then the Virgin Mother started to walk gently and yet stately, toward the world. I could not see the end of her train, but I knew it was with the Father. I saw the world as a giant sphere that was squeezed by a crown of thorns, and was full of sin. Satan, as a serpent coiled around it and all sin and dirt came out of him.

The Virgin Mother stood on the globe as the Victorious Queen. Her first act as Queen was to cover it with her mantle, saturated with the blood of Jesus. Then she blessed the world, and I saw that at the same time the Holy Trinity also blessed the world.

The satanic serpent then attacked her with terrible hatred and determination: flames came out of its open mouth. I was afraid that her mantle would catch on fire and burn, but the flame was not even able to touch it. The Virgin Mother was calm, as if she were not in a fight, and quietly stepped on the serpent's neck. The serpent did not cease to spew forth flames, the symbol of hatred and revenge, but he was not able to do any more damage, while the crown of thorns, made of sin, had disappeared from around the world, and from the center a lily came forth and started to bloom.

I saw also that the blessing of the Virgin Mother had fallen on every nation and person. Her voice was indescribably gentle and majestic when she said:

'I am coming!

'I will help!

'I will bring discipline and peace! I will save you!''

*The Victorious Queen of the World, Sr. Natalia of Hungary, Two Hearts
Books & Publishers, Mountain View, CA 1992*

“Ember Hold Stature,” were the words were left in my spirit as the dimensions of creation and the mysterious women disappeared from my view, and faded to three dimensional space within the earthly realm of spheres.

“If My priests could see the world in the light of truth, they would see that I maintain the world only because of the reparation of the just. The prayers and reparations of the just move My Heart to have mercy on My people and shorten the well-deserved sufferings and chastisement.”

*The Victorious Queen of the World, Sr. Natalia of Hungary, Two Hearts
Books & Publishers, Mountain View, CA 1992*

“It is necessary that a soul recognize who it is without Me.”

*The Victorious Queen of the World, Sr. Natalia of Hungary, Two Hearts
Books & Publishers, Mountain View, CA 1992*

CHAPTER SIX

A Vision of Mary - The Purification

Floating about in the ethereal winds, my spirit was being drawn into an energy that could not be described but only felt as an inner space of being beyond all treasure. The Blessed Mother was taking me on this journey in order to teach me further of the laws of alteration and the heightened states of it.

Flowing into what I understood to be the Rosicrucian Mysteries, my spirit became almost totally still. But yet, within that stillness lay a vibration which would pulse without ceasing at ever heightened rates of frequency.

Mary continued to look deeply into my eyes as I continued to go deeper into this trancelike state of total submission and quiet.

My eyes were tightly closed as if I were asleep. Yet my internal vision was clear and focused. I could see all that lay around me in every sphere which meant multidimensionally.

The Blessed Mother directed me towards several souls who had been gathered in their own subconscious sleeping this night and taken here for

alteration. She gently took my hand and placed it on the heart of the soul.

As I did so, alterations began to be made upon these souls without effort; without movement, suggestion, communication, words, thoughts, ideas, etc. It was a different level of alteration and it was resplendent in its results.

It also was a less harmful way to accede an alteration by being able to do so without suppression and aggression from the souls themselves.

When we were finished, the Blessed Lady took me deeply into the line of the Old Testament Queens as if I were an heir to them; their energy, their purpose, their destiny, their vibration.

It was an energy superfluous to anything I had ever before experienced. Filled with the power and rule of fate, the energies were defined by lines of evolution and spiritual progress.

There was a single thread which ran through all of them which had to do with their purpose as a line of destiny.

Interestingly, great focus was placed on teaching me how to rule, how to be a matriarch, how to hold fast the crown.

And a royal wedding took place . . . Mary smiled at me and vanished. I recalled that in the Old Testament,

the king did not consider his wife to be the queen, but yet, his mother.

Suddenly, I was given to enter into the reality of a man who was surrounded by clutter. This was his purpose and life, and he wasn't bringing anything to a conclusion.

Directed forward to assist this soul, I noticed there was a mountain which had been only partially painted among his four lines of destiny. Sitting quietly, I painted his mountain and gathered his articles, placing them in order and finally directing them to an acceptable conclusion to the Lord. His work was important, it could not be lost in cluttered thinking . . . or missing the forest for the trees.

When I was finished, the four lines were now clear. They had all turned a light blue. The mountain was painted and represented one line. The second line had become a book by the revered Bishop Fulton Sheen. The third and fourth were summarized and brought to conclusion. My work was finished here, the soul would be pre-empted in his thinking to finalize the conclusion by cleaning up on the ground.

*"Love is a mutual self-giving which ends in self-recovery . . .
 . Show me your hands. Do they have scars from giving?
 Show me your feet. Are they wounded in service? Show me
 your heart. Have you left a place for divine love? . . .
 "Patience is power.
 Patience is not an absence of action;
 rather it is "timing"
 it waits on the right time to act,*

*for the right principles
and in the right way."*

Bishop Fulton Sheen

Suddenly, I was swept into what seemed like a maze or something . . . my soul got lost in the spirit world, many cities, towns, trails, mountains and valleys which kept flickering into other places.

In this instance, I was being given to experience how it felt for a soul who could not make progress or move forward. It was a very frustrating, but at times almost terrifying, sense.

In the maze of thousands of worlds, I stayed within a single vibration; earthly physical delusion. With each hop, skip and jump from one reality to yet another, I would find myself again in something of equal caliber, as if I no longer knew how to escape the maze of worlds.

It almost seemed like something was lacking, like a switch had been flipped to off without which no one could ever actually see clearly to the answers they of which they were in such desperate need.

"In Heaven, God handed me a pair of glasses. I put them on and then God said, 'Now Look.' For the first time in my life I could see . . . "

Dying to Fit in, Erica McKenzie BSN, RN Createspace, 2016

"Be careful not to assume that the mind and the brain, while exceedingly intricate, are one and the same, because

my NDE taught me that, while each is important, they are very different . . . The brain sides with the body and the mind sides with the spirit. The mind encapsulates and flows freely throughout the limited compartments of the brain. In fact, they each have very different jobs which are both vital components to sustain authentic human life. "

Dying to Fit in, Erica McKenzie BSN, RN Createspace, 2016

"In Amos Comenius' 1631 'Labyrinth of the World' the Saviour appears in person to the pilgrim at the end of his wanderings: 'I saw you when you wandered; but, my dear son, I wanted no longer to wait for you; so I brought you to yourself and into your own heart.' So that he may now see the world from the correct perspective, he is given a new pair of spectacles. 'Its frame was the word of God, the glass was the Holy Spirit.'"

D.A. Freher, Paradoxa Emblemata, manuscript 18th Century, From Alchemy & Mysticism, The Hermetic Museum, Compiled by Alexander Roob, Taschen Publishers, London, 2011

Before I could reckon to despair over my newfound situation, the Blessed Mother returned and in a flash of light I was delivered into something spectacular.

Looking around me, I was in awe of what had just transpired. My spirit stood upon a trail in a high mountain . . . but this was not just any mountain, this was the Mountain of Mary.

Her voice was again with me as she told me that this was the mountain I had built due to the rosaries I had been praying . . . I was astonished, really. It was a beautiful mountain with a long trail which traveled

the ascent. Upon the trail were many caverns, and at the mountain's top was a pristine meadow of high country trees and flowers.

“Elizabeth also, hearing that her son John was about to be searched for, took him and went up unto the mountains, and looked around for a place to hide him; And there was no secret place to be found. Then she groaned within herself, and said, O mountain of the Lord, receive the mother with the child. For Elizabeth could not climb up. And instantly the mountain was divided and received them. And there appeared to them an angel of the Lord, to preserve them.”

The Lost Books of the Bible, The Protoevangelion; or, An Historical Account of the Birth of Christ, and the Perpetual Virgin Mary, his Mother, by James the Lesser, Cousin and Brother of the Lord Jesus, chief Apostle and first Bishop of the Christians in Jerusalem, Chapter XVI, 1926

Nothing more was said or spoken. Alone, I walked up the mountain to its height. I reveled in the air of purity and grace, leaping through the meadows and reaching my hands to heaven. It motivated me in realizing what praying the rosary, which was a true prayer on the Gospel of Our Lord had created in this mystical realm. It was so beautiful, a true monument to the power of prayer. And this praying on the Gospel had indeed created an icon to the Holy Spirit which I knew I could travel in the mystical realms at will.

And then I saw that the trail would be descending back into the valleys yet again and I would need to go. Just for this moment, I stayed at the pinnacle, the

peak, and allowed the vibrations of this higher world to flow into my spirit.

*"From the heights we leap and flow
To the valleys down below
Sweetest urge and sweetest will,
To go lower, lower still.*

Suddenly, she understood. She was beholding a wondrous and glorious truth; 'A great multitude whom no man could number' brought like herself by the King to the Kingdom of Love and to the High Places so that they could now pour out their lives in gladdest abandonment, leaping down with him to the sorrowful desolate places below, to share with others the life which they had received. She herself was only one drop among that glad, exultant throng of Self-givers, the followers of the King of Love, united with him and with one another, each one equally blessed and beloved as herself."

Hinds Feet on High Places, Hannah Hurnard, Living Books, Tyndale House Publishers, 1975, Wheaton, Illinois, USA

Taking the equally beautiful trail to descend the Mountain of Mary; as I reached the bottom, a singular hand manifested out of the ether and handed me a book which contained the secret knowledges of Mary. I accepted it with a bow.

"Peter said to Mary, "Sister, we know that the Savior loved you more than other women [cf. John 11:5, Luke 10:38-42]. Tell us the words of the Savior which you have in mind since you know them; and we do not, nor have we heard of them."

Mary answered and said, "What is hidden from you I will impart to you." And she began to say the following words to them. "I," she said, "I saw the Lord in a vision and I said to him, 'Lord, I saw you today in a vision.' He answered and said to me, 'Blessed are you, since you did not waver at the sight of me. For where the mind is, there is your countenance' [cf. Matt. 6:21]. I said to him, 'Lord, the mind which sees the vision, does it see it through the soul or through the spirit?' The Savior answered and said, 'It sees neither through the soul nor through the spirit, but the mind, which is between the two, which sees the vision, and it is...'"

"...and Desire said, 'I did not see you descend; but now I see you rising. Why do you speak falsely, when you belong to me?' The soul answered and said, 'I saw you, but you did not see me or recognize me; I served you as a garment and you did not recognize me.' After it had said this, it went joyfully and gladly away. Again it came to the third power, Ignorance. This power questioned the soul: 'Whither are you going? You were bound in wickedness, you were bound indeed. Judge not' [cf. Matt. 7:1]. And the soul said, 'Why do you judge me, when I judged not? I was bound, though I did not bind. I was not recognized, but I recognized that all will go free, things both earthly and heavenly.' After the soul had left the third power behind, it rose upward, and saw the fourth power, which had seven forms. The first form is darkness, the second desire, the third ignorance, the fourth the arousing of death, the fifth is the kingdom of the flesh, the sixth is the wisdom of the folly of the flesh, the seventh is wrathful wisdom. These are the seven participants in wrath. They ask the soul, 'Whence do you come, killer of men, or where are you going, conqueror of space?' The soul answered and said, 'What seizes me is

killed; what turns me about is overcome; my desire has come to an end and ignorance is dead. In a world I was saved from a world, and in a "type," from a higher "type" and from the fetter of the impotence of knowledge, the existence of which is temporal. From this time I will reach rest in the time of the moment of the Aeon in silence.'"

When Mary had said this, she was silent, since the Savior had spoken thus far with her . . . The Savior said, "All natures, all formed things, all creatures exist in and with one another and will again be resolved into their own roots, because the nature of matter is dissolved into the roots of its nature alone. He who has ears to hear, let him hear." [cf. Matt. 11:15, etc.]"

Excerpts from the Gospel of Mary, The Apocryphal New Testament, This fragment, of disputed authenticity, puts the relationship between Mary Magdalen, Jesus and the Apostles in a radically different perspective than traditional beliefs.

And as I walked forward, again the energy of the Rosicrucians furrowed deeply into my soul as two books were handed to me regarding their wisdom.

"THE VISIBLE AND INVISIBLE WORLDS

(Occultism is defined as the study of secret worlds.)

THE first step in Occultism is the study of the invisible Worlds. These Worlds are invisible to the majority of people because of the dormancy of the finer and higher senses whereby they may be perceived, in the same way that the Physical World about us is perceived through the physical senses. The majority of people are on a similar footing in regard to the superphysical Worlds as the man who is born

blind is to our world of sense; although light and color are all about him, he is unable to see them. To him they are non-existent and incomprehensible, simply because he lacks the sense of sight wherewith to perceive them. Objects he can feel; they seem real; but light and color are beyond his ken. So with the greater part of humanity. They feel, and see objects and hear sounds in the Physical World, but the other realms, which the clairvoyant calls the higher Worlds, are as incomprehensible to them as light and color are to the blind man. Because the blind man cannot see color and light, however, is no argument against their existence and reality. Neither is it an argument, that because most people cannot see the super-physical Worlds no one can do so. If the blind man obtains his sight, he will see light and color. If the higher senses of those blind to the super-physical Worlds are awakened by proper methods, they also will be able to behold the Worlds which are now hidden from them.

THE VISIBLE AND INVISIBLE WORLDS

While many people make the mistake of being incredulous concerning the existence or reality of the supersensuous Worlds, there are also many who go to the other extreme, and, having become convinced of the verity of invisible Worlds, think that when a person is clairvoyant all truth is at once open to him; that when one can "see," he at once "knows all about" these higher Worlds. This is a great mistake. We readily recognize the fallacy of such a contention in matters of everyday life. We do not think that a man who was born blind, but has obtained his sight, at once "knows all about" the Physical World. Nay, more; we know that even those of us who have been able to see the things about us all our lives are far from having a universal knowledge of them. We know that it requires arduous study

and years of application to know about even that infinitesimal part of things that we handle in our daily lives, and reversing the Hermetic aphorism, "as above, so below," we gather at once that it must be the same in the other Worlds. At the same time it is also true that there are much greater facilities for acquiring knowledge in the superphysical Worlds than in our present dense physical condition, but not so great as to eliminate the necessity for close study and the possibility of making a mistake in observation. In fact, all the testimony of reliable and qualified observers prove that much more care in observation is needed there than here. Clairvoyants must first be trained before their observations are of any real value, and the more proficient they become the more modest they are about telling of what they see; the more they defer to the versions of others, knowing how much there is to learn and realizing how little the single investigator can grasp of all the detail incident to his investigations. This also accounts for the varied versions, which superficial people think are an argument against the existence of the higher Worlds. They contend that if these Worlds exist, investigators must necessarily bring back identical descriptions. If we take an illustration from everyday life, the fallacy of this becomes apparent. Suppose a newspaper sends twenty reporters to a city with orders to "write it up." Reporters are, or ought to be, trained observers. It is their business to see everything and they should be able to give as good descriptions as can be expected from any source. Yet it is certain that of the twenty reports, no two would be exactly alike. It is much more likely that they would be totally different. Although some of them might contain leading features in common, others might be unique in quality and quantity of description. Is it an argument against the existence of the city that these reports

differ? Certainly not! It is easily accounted for by the fact that each saw the city from his own particular point of view and instead of these varying reports being confusing and detrimental, it is safe to say that a perusal of them all would give a fuller, better understanding and description of the city than if only one were read and the others were thrown in the wastebasket. Each report would round out and complement the others. The same is true regarding accounts made by investigators of the higher Worlds. Each has his own peculiar way of looking at things and can describe only what he sees from his particular point of view. The account he gives may differ from those of others, yet all be equally truthful from each individual observer's viewpoint. It is sometimes asked, Why investigate these Worlds? Why is it not best to take one World at a time; to be content for the present with the lessons to be learned in the Physical World, and, if there are invisible Worlds why not wait until we reach them before investigating? "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof!" Why borrow more? If we knew without doubt that at some time, sooner or later, each one of us must be transported to a far country where, under new and strange conditions, we must live for many years, is it not reasonable to believe that if we had an opportunity to learn of that country in advance of our removal to it we would gladly do so? Knowledge would render it much easier for us to accommodate ourselves to new conditions. There is only one certainty in life and that is – Death! As we pass into the beyond and are confronted by new conditions, knowledge of them is sure to be of the greatest help. But that is not all. To understand the Physical World, which is the world of effects, it is necessary to understand the super-physical World, which is the world of causes. We see street cars in motion and we hear the clicking of telegraph instruments, but the mysterious force

which causes phenomena remains invisible to us. We say it is electricity, but the name gives us no explanation. We learn nothing of the force itself; we see and hear only its effects. If a dish of cold water be placed in an atmosphere of a sufficiently low temperature ice crystals immediately begin to form and we can see the process of their formation. The lines along which the water crystallizes were in it all the time as lines of force but they were invisible until the water congealed. The beautiful "frost flowers" on a windowpane are visible manifestations of currents of the higher Worlds which operate upon us all the time, unrecognized by most of us, but none the less potent. The higher Worlds are thus the worlds of causes, of forces; and we cannot really understand this lower World unless we know the others and realize the forces and causes of which all material things are but the effects. As to the reality of these higher Worlds compared with that of the Physical World, strange as it may seem, these higher Worlds, which to the majority appear as mirages, or even less substantial, are, in truth, much more real and the objects in them more lasting and indestructible than the objects in the Physical World. If we take an example we shall readily see this. An architect does not start to build a house by procuring the material and setting the workmen to laying stone upon stone in a haphazard way, without thought or plan. He "thinks the house out." Gradually it takes form in his mind and finally there stands a clear idea of the house that is to be – a thought-form of a house. This house is yet invisible to all but the architect. He makes it objective on paper. He draws the plans and from this objective image of the thought-form the workmen construct the house of wood, iron, or stone, accurately corresponding to the thought-form originated by the architect. Thus the thought-form becomes a material reality. The materialist would assert

that it is much more real, lasting and substantial than the image in the architect's mind. But let us see. The house could not have been constructed without the thought-form. The material object can be destroyed by dynamite, earthquake, fire, or decay, but the thought-form will remain. It will exist as long as the architect lives and from it any number of houses similar to the one destroyed may be constructed. Not even the architect himself can destroy it. Even after his death this thought-form can be recovered by those who are qualified to read the memory of nature, which will be dealt with later. Having thus seen the reasonableness of such Worlds existing around and about us, and having satisfied ourselves of their reality, their permanency, and of the utility of a knowledge concerning them, we shall now examine them severally and singly, commencing with the Physical World.

CHEMICAL REGION OF THE PHYSICAL WORLD

In the Rosicrucian teaching the universe is divided into seven different Worlds, or states of matter, as follows: 1 – World of God. 2 – World of Virgin Spirits. 3 – World of Divine Spirit. 4 – World of Life Spirit. 5 – World of Thought. 6 – Desire World. 7 – Physical World. The division is not arbitrary but necessary, because the substance of each of these Worlds is amenable to laws which are practically inoperative in others. For instance, in the Physical World, matter is subject to gravity, contraction and expansion. In the Desire World there is neither heat nor cold, and forms levitate as easily as they gravitate. Distance and time are also governing factors of existence in the Physical World, but are almost non-existent in the Desire World. The matter of these worlds also varies in density, the Physical World being the densest of the seven.

Each World is subdivided into seven Regions or subdivisions of matter. In the Physical World, the solids, liquids and gases form the three denser subdivisions, the remaining four being ethers of varying densities. In the other Worlds similar subdivisions are necessary, because the matter of which they are composed is not of uniform density. There are still two further distinctions to be made. The three dense subdivisions of the Physical World – the solids, liquids and gases – constitute what is termed the Chemical Region. The substance in this Region is the basis of all dense Form. The Ether is also physical matter. It is not homogeneous, as material science alleges, but exists in four different states. It is the medium of ingress for the quickening spirit which imparts vitality to the Forms in the Chemical Region. The four finer or etheric subdivisions of the Physical World constitute what is known as the Etheric Region. In the World of Thought the three higher subdivisions are the basis of abstract thought, hence they, collectively, are called the Region of Abstract Thought. The four denser subdivisions supply the mind-stuff in which we embody and concrete our ideas and are therefore termed the Region of Concrete Thought. The careful consideration given by the occultist to the characteristics of the Physical World might seem superfluous were it not that he regards all things from a viewpoint differing widely from that of the materialist. The latter recognizes three states of matter – solids, liquids, and gases. These are all chemical, because derived from the chemical constituents of Earth. From this chemical matter all the forms of mineral, plant, animal, and man have been built, hence they are as truly chemical as the substances which are commonly so termed. Thus whether we consider the mountain or the cloud that envelops its top, the juice of the plant or the blood of the animal, the spider's thread, the wing of the butterfly or the bones of the

elephant, the air we breathe or the water we drink – all are composed of the same chemical substance. What is it then which determines the conformation of this basic substance into the multiplex variety of Forms which we see about us? It is the One Universal Spirit, expressing Itself in the visible world as four great streams of Life, at varying stages of development. This fourfold spiritual impulse molds the chemical matter of the Earth into variegated forms of the four Kingdoms – mineral, plant, animal, and man. When a form has served its purpose as a vehicle of expression for the three higher streams of life, the chemical forces disintegrate that form so that the matter may be returned to its primordial state, and thus made available for the building of new forms. The spirit or life which molds the form into an expression of itself is, therefore, as extraneous to the matter it uses as a carpenter is apart from and personally independent of the house he builds for his own occupancy. As all the forms of mineral, plant, animal, and man are chemical, they must logically be as dead and devoid of feeling as chemical matter in its primitive state, and the Rosicrucian asserts that they are. Some scientists contend that there is feeling in all tissue, living or dead, to whatever kingdom it belongs. They include even the substances ordinarily classed as mineral in their category of objects having feeling, and to prove their contentions they submit diagrams with curves of energy obtained from tests. Another class of investigators teach that there is no feeling even in the human body, except in the brain, which is the seat of feeling. They say it is the brain and not the finger which feels the pain when the latter is injured. Thus is the house of Science divided against itself on this as on most other points. The position taken by each is partly right. It depends upon what we mean by “feeling.” If we mean simply response to impacts, such as the rebound of a rubber

ball that is dropped to the ground, of course it is correct to attribute feeling to mineral, plant, and animal tissue; but if we mean pleasure and pain, love and hate, joy and sorrow, it would be absurd to attribute them to the lower forms of life, to detached tissue, to minerals in their native state, or even to the brain, because such feelings are expressions of the self-conscious immortal spirit, and the brain is only the keyboard of the wonderful instrument upon which the human spirit plays its symphony of life, just as the musician expresses himself upon his violin. As there are people who are quite unable to understand that there must be and are higher Worlds, so there are some who, having become slightly acquainted with the higher realms, acquire the habit of undervaluing this Physical World. Such an attitude is as incorrect as that of the materialist. The great and wise Beings who carry out the will and design of God placed us in this physical environment to learn great and important lessons which could not be learned under other conditions, and it is our duty to use our knowledge of the higher Worlds in learning to the best of our ability the lessons which this material world has to teach us. In one sense the Physical World is a sort of model school or experiment station to teach us to work correctly in the others. It does this whether or not we know of the existence of those other worlds, thereby proving the great wisdom of the originators of the plan. If we had knowledge of none but the higher Worlds, we would make many mistakes which would become apparent only when physical conditions are brought to bear as a criterion. To illustrate: Let us imagine the case of an inventor working out his idea of a machine. First he builds the machine in thought, and in his mind he sees it complete and in operation, performing most beautifully the work it is designed to do. He next makes a drawing of the design, and in doing so perhaps finds that

modifications in his first conception are necessary. When, from the drawings, he has become satisfied that the plan is feasible, he proceeds to build the actual machine from suitable material. Now it is almost certain that still further modifications will be found necessary before the machine will work as intended. It may be found that it must be entirely remodeled, or even that it is altogether useless in its present form, must be discarded and a new plan evolved. But mark this, for here is the point: the new idea or plan will be formulated for the purpose of eliminating the defects in the useless machine. Had there been no material machine constructed, thereby making evident the faults of the first idea, a second and correct idea would not have been formed. This applies equally to all conditions of life—social, mercantile, and philanthropic. Many plans appear excellent to those conceiving them, and may even look well on paper, but when brought down to the actual test of utility they often fail. That however, should not discourage us. It is true that “we learn more from our mistakes than from our successes,” and the proper light in which to regard this Physical World is as a school of valuable experience, in which we learn lessons of the utmost importance.

THE ETHERIC REGION OF THE PHYSICAL WORLD

As soon as we enter this realm of nature we are in the invisible, intangible World, where our ordinary senses fail us, hence this part of the Physical World is practically unexplored by material science. Air is invisible, yet modern science knows that it exists. By means of instruments its velocity as wind can be measured; by compression it can be made visible as liquid air. With ether, however, that is not so easy. Material science finds that it is necessary to account in some way for the transmission of electricity,

with or without wires. It is forced to postulate some substance of a finer kind that it knows, and it calls that substance "ether." It does not really know that ether exists, as the ingenuity of the scientist has not, as yet, been able to devise a vessel in which it is possible to confine this substance, which is altogether too elusive for the comfort of the "wizard of the laboratory." He cannot measure, weigh, nor analyze it by any apparatus now at his disposal. Truly, the achievements of modern science are marvelous. The best way to learn the secrets of nature, however, is not by inventing instruments, but by improving the investigator himself. Man has within himself faculties which eliminate distance and compensate for lack of size to a degree as much greater than the power of telescope and microscope as theirs exceeds that of the naked eye. These senses or faculties are the means of investigation used by occultists. They are their "open sesame" in searching for truth. To the trained clairvoyant ether is as tangible as are the solids, liquids, and gases of the Chemical Region to ordinary beings. He sees that the vital forces which give life to the mineral forms of plant, animal and man flow into these forms, by means of the four states of ether. The names and specific functions of these four ethers are as follows. (1) Chemical Ether – This ether is both positive and negative in its manifestation. The forces which cause assimilation and excretion work through it. Assimilation is the process whereby the different nutritive elements of food are incorporated into the body of plant, animal and man. This is carried on by forces with which we shall become acquainted later. They work along the positive pole of the chemical ether and attract the needed elements, building them into the forms concerned. These forces do not act blindly nor mechanically, but in a selective way (wellknown to scientists by its effects) thereby accomplishing their purpose, which is the growth and

maintenance of the body. Excretion is carried on by forces of the same kind, but working along the negative pole of the chemical ether. By means of this pole they expel from the body the materials in the food which are unfit for use, or those which have outlived their usefulness in the body and should be expurgated from the system. This, like all other processes independent of man's volition, is also wise, selective, and not merely mechanical in its operation, as seen, for instance, in the case of the action of the kidneys, where only the urine is filtered through when the organs are in health; but it is known that when the organs are not in health, the valuable albumen is allowed to escape with the urine, the proper selection not being made because of an abnormal condition. (2) Life Ether – As the chemical ether is the avenue for the operation of the forces the object of which is the maintenance of the individual form, so the life ether is the avenue for the operation of the forces which have for their object the maintenance of the species – the forces of propagation. Like the chemical ether, the life ether also has its positive and negative pole. The forces which work along the positive pole are those which work in the female during gestation. They enable her to do the positive, active work of bringing forth a new being. On the other hand the forces which work along the negative pole of the life ether enable the male to produce semen. In the work on the impregnated ovum of the animal and man, or upon the seed of the plant, the forces working along the positive pole of the life ether produce male plants, animals and men; while the forces which express themselves through the negative pole generate females. (3) Light Ether – This ether is both positive and negative, and the forces which play along its positive pole are the forces which generate the blood heat in the higher species of animal and in man, which makes them individual sources of heat. The forces

which work along the negative pole of the light ether are those which operate through the senses, manifesting as the passive functions of sight, hearing, feeling, tasting, and smelling. They also build and nourish the eye. In the cold-blooded animals the positive pole of the light ether is the avenue of the forces which circulate the blood, and the negative forces have the same functions in regard to the eye as in the case of the higher animals and man. Where eyes are lacking, the forces working in the negative pole of the light ether are perhaps building or nourishing other sense organs, as they do in all that have sense organs. In plants the forces which work along the positive pole of the light ether cause the circulation of the juices of the plant. Thus in winter, when the light ether is not charged with sunlight as in summer, the sap ceases to flow until the summer sun again invests the light ether with its force. The forces which work along the negative pole of the light ether deposit the chlorophyll, the green substance of the plant and also color the flowers. In fact, all color, in all the kingdoms is deposited by means of the negative pole of the light ether. Therefore animals have the deepest color on the back and flowers are deepest colored on the side turned towards the light. In the polar regions of the earth, where the rays of the sun are weak, all color is lighter and in some cases is so sparingly deposited that in winter it is withdrawn altogether and the animals become white. (4) Reflecting Ether – It has heretofore been stated that the idea of the house which has existed in the mind can be recovered from the memory of nature, even after the death of the architect. Everything that has ever happened has left behind it an ineffaceable picture in this reflecting ether. As the giant ferns of the childhood of the Earth have left their pictures in the coal beds, and as the progress of the glacier of a bygone day may be traced by means of the trail it has left upon the

rocks along its path, even so are the thoughts and acts of men ineffaceably recorded by nature in this reflecting ether, where the trained seer may read their story with an accuracy commensurate with his ability. The reflecting ether deserves its name for more than one reason, for the pictures in it are but reflections of the memory of nature. The real memory of nature is found in a much higher realm. In this reflecting ether no thoroughly trained clairvoyant cares to read, as the pictures are blurred and vague compared to those found in the higher realm. Those who read in the reflecting ether are generally those who have no choice, who, in fact, do not know in what they are reading. As a rule ordinary psychometrists and mediums obtain their knowledge through the reflecting ether. To some slight extent the pupil of the occult school in the first stages of his training also reads in the reflecting ether, but he is warned by his teacher of the insufficiencies of this ether as a means of acquiring accurate information, so that he does not easily draw wrong conclusions. This ether is also the medium through which thought makes an impression upon the human brain. It is most intimately connected with the fourth subdivision of the World of Thought. This is the highest of the four subdivisions contained in the Region of Concrete Thought and is the homeworld of the human mind. There a much clearer version of the memory of nature is found than in the reflecting ether.

THE DESIRE WORLD

Like the Physical World, and every other realm of nature, the Desire World has the seven subdivisions called "Regions," but unlike the Physical World, it does not have the great divisions corresponding to the Chemical and

Etheric Regions. Desire-stuff in the Desire World persists through its seven subdivisions or regions as material for the embodiment of desire. As the Chemical Region is the realm of form and as the Etheric Region is the home of the forces carrying on life activities in those forms, enabling them to live, move and propagate, so the forces in the Desire World, working in the quickened dense body, impel it to move in this or that direction. If there were only the activities of the Chemical and Etheric Regions of the Physical World, there would be forms having life, able to move, but with no incentive for so doing. This incentive is supplied by the cosmic forces active in the Desire World and without this activity playing through every fiber of the vitalized body, urging action in this direction or that, there would be no experience and no moral growth. The functions of the different ethers would take care of the growth of the form, but moral growth would be entirely lacking. Evolution would be an impossibility, both as to form and life, for it is only in response to the requirements of spiritual growth that forms evolve to higher states. Thus we at once see the great importance of this realm of nature. Desires, wishes, passions, and feelings express themselves in the matter of the different regions of the Desire World as form and feature express themselves in the Chemical Region of the Physical World. They take forms which last for a longer or shorter time, according to the intensity of the desire, wish, or feeling embodied in them. In the Desire World the distinction between the forces and the matter is not so definite and apparent as in the Physical World. One might almost say that here the ideas of force and matter are identical or interchangeable. It is not quite so, but we may say that to a certain extent the Desire World consists of force-matter. When speaking of the matter of the Desire World, it is true that it is one degree less dense than the

matter of the Physical World, but we entertain an entirely wrong idea if we imagine it is finer physical matter. That idea, though held by many who have studied occult philosophies, is entirely erroneous. The wrong impression is caused principally by the difficulty of giving the full and accurate description necessary for a thorough understanding of the higher worlds. Unfortunately, our language is descriptive of material things and therefore entirely inadequate to describe the conditions of the super-physical realms, hence all that is said about these realms must be taken tentatively, as similes, rather than as accurate descriptions. Though the mountain and the daisy, the man, the horse, and a piece of iron, are composed of one ultimate atomic substance, we do not say that the daisy is a finer form of iron. Similarly it is impossible to explain in words the change or difference in physical matter when it is broken up into desire-stuff. If there were no difference it would be amenable to the laws of the Physical World, which it is not. The law of matter of the Chemical Region is inertia – the tendency to remain in status quo. It takes a certain amount of force to overcome this inertia and cause a body which is at rest to move, or to stop a body in motion. Not so with the matter of the Desire World. That matter itself is almost living. It is in unceasing motion, fluid, taking all imaginable and unimaginable forms with inconceivable facility and rapidity, at the same time coruscating and scintillating in a thousand ever-changing shades of color, incomparable to anything we know in this physical state of consciousness. Something very faintly resembling the action and appearance of this matter will be seen in the play of colors on an abalone shell when held in the sunlight and moved to and fro. That is what the Desire World is – ever-changing light and color – in which the forces of animal and man intermingle with the forces of

innumerable Hierarchies of spiritual beings which do not appear in our Physical World, but are as active in the Desire World as we are here. Some of them will be dealt with later and their connection with man's evolution described. The forces sent out by this vast and varied host of Beings molds the ever-changing matter of the Desire World into innumerable and differing forms of more or less durability, according to the kinetic energy of the impulse which gave them birth. From this slight description it may be understood how difficult it is for a neophyte who has just had his inner eyes opened to find his balance in the World of Desire. The trained clairvoyant soon ceases to wonder at the impossible descriptions sometimes brought through by mediums. They may be perfectly honest, but the possibilities of getting the parallax out of focus are legion, and of the subtlest nature, and the real wonder is that they ever communicate anything correctly. All of us had to learn to see, in the days of our infancy, as we may readily find by watching a young babe. It will be found that the little one will reach for objects on the other side of the room or the street, or for the Moon. He is entirely unable to gauge distances. The blind man who has been made to see will, at first, often close his eyes to walk from one place to another, declaring, until he has learned to use his eyes, that it is easier to walk by feeling than by sight. So the one whose inner organs of perception have been vivified must also be trained in the use of his newly acquired faculty. At first the neophyte will try to apply to the Desire World the knowledge derived from his experience in the Physical World, because he has not yet learned the laws of the world into which he is entering. This is the source of a vast amount of trouble and perplexity. Before he can understand, he must become as a little child, which imbibed knowledge without reference to any previous experience. To

arrive at a correct understanding of the Desire World it is necessary to realize that it is the world of feelings, desires, and emotions. These are all under the domination of two great forces—Attraction and Repulsion, which act in a different way in the three denser Regions of the Desire World from that in which they act in the three finer or upper Regions, while the central Region may be called neutral ground. This central Region is the Region of feeling. Here interest in or indifference to an object or an idea sways the balance in favor of one of the two previously mentioned forces, thereby relegating the object or idea to the three higher or the three lower Regions of the Desire World, or else they will expel it. We shall see presently how this is accomplished. In the finest and rarest substance of the three higher Regions of the Desire World the force of Attraction alone holds sway, but it is also present in some degree in the denser matter of the three lower Regions, where it works against the force of Repulsion, which is dominant there. The disintegrating force of Repulsion would soon destroy every form coming into these three lower Regions were it not that it is thus counteracted. In the densest or lowest Region, where it is strongest, it tears and shatters the forms built there in a way dreadful to see, yet it is not a vandalistic force. Nothing in nature is vandalistic. All that appears so is but working towards good. So with this force in its work in the lowest Region of the Desire World. The forms here are demoniac creations, built by the coarsest passions and desires of man and beast. The tendency of every form in the Desire World is to attract itself all it can of a like nature and grow thereby. If this tendency to attraction were to predominate in the lowest Regions, evil would grow like a weed. There would be anarchy instead of order in the Cosmos. This is prevented by the preponderating power of the force of

Repulsion in this Region. When a coarse desire form is being attracted to another of the same nature, there is a disharmony in their vibrations, whereby one has a disintegrating effect upon the other. Thus, instead of uniting and amalgamating evil with evil, they act with mutual destructiveness and in that way the evil in the world is kept within reasonable bounds. When we understand the working of the twin forces in this respect we are in a position to understand the occult maxim, "A lie is both murder and suicide in the Desire World." Anything happening in the Physical World is reflected in all the other realms of nature and, as we have seen, builds its appropriate form in the Desire World. When a true account of the occurrence is given, another form is built, exactly like the first. They are then drawn together and coalesce, strengthening each other. If, however, an untrue account is given, a form different from and antagonistic to the first, or true one, is created. As they deal with the same occurrence, they are drawn together, but as their vibrations are different they act upon each other with mutual destructiveness. Therefore, evil and malicious lies can kill anything that is good, if they are strong enough and repeated often enough. But, conversely, seeking for the good in evil will, in time, transmute the evil into good. If the form that is built to minimize the evil is weak, it will have no effect and will be destroyed by the evil form, but if it is strong and frequently repeated it will have the effect of disintegrating the evil and substituting the good. That effect, be it distinctly understood, is not brought about by lying, nor denying the evil, but by looking for the good. The occult scientist practices very rigidly this principle of looking for good in all things, because he knows what a power it possesses in keeping down evil. There is a story of Christ which illustrates this point. Once when walking

with His disciples they passed the decaying and ill-smelling carcass of a dog. The disciples turned in disgust, commenting upon the nauseating nature of this sight; but Christ looked at the dead body and said "Pearls are not whiter than its teeth." He was determined to find the good, because He knew the beneficial effect which would result in the Desire World from giving it expression. The lowest Region of the Desire World is called "the Region of Passion and Sensual Desire." The second subdivision is best described by the name of "Region of Impressionability." Here the effect of the twin forces of Attraction and Repulsion is evenly balanced. This is a neutral Region, hence all our impressions which are built of the matter of this Region are neutral. Only when the twin feelings, which we shall meet in the fourth Region, are brought to bear, do the twin forces come into play. The mere impression of anything, however, in and of itself, is entirely separate from the feeling it engenders. The impression is neutral and is an activity of the second Region of the Desire World, where pictures are formed by the forces of senseperception in the vital body of man. In the third Region of the Desire World, the force of Attraction – the integrating, upbuilding force – has already gained the upper hand over the force of Repulsion, with its destructive tendency. When we understand that the mainspring in this force of Repulsion is self-assertion, a pushing away of all others that it may have room, we shall understand that it gives way most easily to a desire for other things, so that the substance of the third Region of the Desire World is principally dominated by the force of Attraction towards other things, but in a selfish way, and therefore this is the Region of Wishes. The Region of Coarse Desires may be likened to the solids in the Physical World; the Region of Impressionability to the fluids; and th e fluctuating,

evanescent nature of the Region of Wishes will make that compare with the gaseous portion of the Physical World. These three Regions give the substance for the forms which make for experience, soul growth and evolution, purging the altogether destructive and retaining the materials which may be used for progress. The fourth Region of the Desire World is the "Region of Feeling." From it comes the feeling concerning the already described forms and upon the feeling engendered by them depends the life which they have for us and also their effect upon us. Whether the objects and ideas presented are good or bad in themselves is not important at this stage. It is our feeling, whether of Interest or Indifference that is the determining factor as to the fate of the object or idea. If the feeling with which we meet an impression of an object or an idea is Interest, it has the same effect upon that impression as sunlight and air have upon a plant. That idea will grow and flourish in our lives. If, on the other hand, we meet an impression or idea with Indifference, it withers as does a plant when put in a dark cellar. Thus from this central Region of the Desire World come the incentive to action, or the decision to refrain therefrom (though the latter is also action in the eyes of the occult scientist), for at the present stage of our development the twin feelings, Interest and Indifference furnish the incentive to action and are the springs that move the world. At a later stage these feelings will cease to have any weight. Then the determining factor will be duty. Interest starts the forces of Attraction or Repulsion. Indifference simply withers the object or idea against which it is directed, so far as our connection with it is concerned. If our interest in an object or an idea generates Repulsion, that naturally causes us to expurgate from our lives any connection with the object or idea which roused it; but there is a great difference between the action of the force of

Repulsion and the mere feeling of Indifference. Perhaps an illustration will make more clear the operation of the twin Feelings and the twin Forces. Three men are walking along a road. They see a sick dog; it is covered with sores and is evidently suffering intensely from pain and thirst. This much is evident to all three men – their senses tell them that. Now Feeling comes. Two of them take an “interest” in the animal, but in the third there is a feeling of “indifference.” He passes on, leaving the dog to its fate. The others remain; they are both interested, but each manifests it in a quite different way. The interest of one man is sympathetic and helpful, impelling him to care for the poor beast, to assuage pains and nurse it back to health. In him the feeling of interest has aroused the force of Attraction. The other man's interest is of a different kind. He sees only a loathsome sight which is revolting to him and wishes to rid himself and the world of it as quickly as possible. He advises killing the animal outright and burying it. In him the feeling of interest generates the destructive force of Repulsion. When the feeling of Interest arouses the force of Attraction and it is directed toward low objects and desires, these work themselves out in the lower Regions of the Desire World, where the counteracting force of Repulsion operates, as previously described. From the battle of the twin forces – Attraction and Repulsion – results all the pain and suffering incident to wrongdoing or misdirected effort, whether intentional or otherwise. Thus we may see how very important is the Feeling we have concerning anything, for upon that depends the nature of the atmosphere we create for ourselves. If we love the good, we shall keep and nourish as guardian angels all that is good about us; if the reverse, we shall people our path with demons of our own breeding. The names of the three upper Regions of the Desire World are “Region of Soul-Life,”

“Region of Soul-Light,” and “Region of Soul-Power.” In these abide Art, Altruism, Philanthropy, and all the activities of the higher soul-life. When we think of these Regions as radiating the qualities indicated by their names, into the forms of the three lower Regions, we shall understand correctly the higher and lower activities. Soul-power, however, may for a time be used for evil purposes as well as for good, but eventually the force of Repulsion destroys vice and the force of Attraction builds virtue upon its shattered ruins. All things, in the ultimate, work together for GOOD. The Physical and the Desire Worlds are not separated from each other by space. They are “closer than hands and feet.” It is not necessary to move to get from one to the other, nor from one Region to the next. Just as solids, liquids, and gases are all together in our bodies, interpenetrating one another, so are the different Regions of the Desire World within us also. We may again compare the lines of force along which ice-crystals form in water to the invisible causes originating in the Desire World, which appear in the Physical World and give us the incentive to action, in whatever direction it may be. The Desire World, with its innumerable inhabitants, permeates the Physical World, as the lines of force do the water – invisible, but everywhere present and potent as the cause of everything in the Physical World.

THE WORLD OF THOUGHT

The World of Thought also consists of seven Regions of varying qualities and densities, and, like the Physical World, the World of Thought is divided into two main divisions – the Region of Concrete Thought, comprising the four densest Regions; and the Region of Abstract Thought, comprising the three Regions of finest substance.

This World of Thought is the central one of the five Worlds from which man obtains his vehicles. Here spirit and body meet. It is also the highest of the three Worlds in which man's evolution is being carried forward at the present time, the two higher Worlds being practically in abeyance as yet, so far as man is concerned. We know that the materials of the Chemical Region are used in building all physical forms. These forms are given life and the power of motion by the forces at work in the Etheric Region, and some of these living forms are stirred into activity by means of the twin Feelings of the Desire World. The Region of Concrete Thought furnishes the mind-stuff in which ideas generated in the Region of Abstract Thought clothe themselves as thought-forms, to act as regulators and balance wheels upon the impulses engendered in the Desire World by impacts from the phenomenal World. Thus we see how the three Worlds, in which man is at present evolving, complement one another, making a whole that shows forth the Supreme Wisdom of the Great Architect of the system to which we belong, and Whom we reverence by the holy name of God. Taking a more detailed view of the several divisions of the Region of Concrete Thought we find that the archetypes of physical form no matter to what kingdom they may belong, are found in its lowest subdivision, or the "Continental Region." In this Continental Region are also the archetypes of the continents and the isles of the world, and corresponding to these archetypes are they fashioned. Modifications in the crust of the Earth must first be wrought in the Continental Region. Not until the archetypal model has been changed can the Intelligences which we (to hide our ignorance concerning them) call the "Laws of Nature," bring about the physical conditions which alter the physical features of the Earth according to the modifications designed by the Hierarchies in charge of

evolution. They plan changes as an architect plans the alteration of a building before the workmen give it concrete expression. In like manner are changes in the flora and fauna due to metamorphoses in their respective archetypes. When we speak of the archetypes of all the different forms in the dense world it must not be thought that these archetypes are merely models in the same sense in which we speak of an object constructed in miniature, or in some material other than that appropriate for its proper and final use. They are not merely likenesses nor models of the forms we see about us, but are creative archetypes; that is, they fashion the forms of the Physical World in their own likeness or likenesses, for often many work together to form one certain species, each archetype giving part of itself to build the required form. The second subdivision of the Region of Concrete Thought is called the "Oceanic Region." It is best described as flowing, pulsating vitality. All the forces that work through the four ethers which constitute the Etheric Region are there seen as archetypes. It is a stream of flowing life, pulsating through all forms, as blood pulsates through the body, the same life in all forms. Here the trained clairvoyant sees how true it is that "all life is one." The "Aerial Region" is the third division of the Region of Concrete Thought. Here we find the archetype of desires, passions, wishes, feelings, and emotions such as we experience in the Desire World. Here all the activities of the Desire World appear as atmospheric conditions. Like the kiss of summer breeze come the feelings of pleasure and joy to the clairvoyant sense; as the sighing of the wind in the tree-tops seem the longings of the soul and like flashes of lightning the passions of warring nations. In this atmosphere of the Region of Concrete Thought are also pictures of the emotions of man and beast. The "Region of Archetypal Forces" is the fourth division of the Region of

Concrete Thought. It is the central and most important region in the five Worlds wherein man's entire evolution is carried on. On the one side of this Region are the three higher Regions of the World of Thought, the World of Life Spirit and the World of Divine Spirit. On the other side of this Region of Archetypal Forces are the three lower Regions of the World of Thought, the Desire and the Physical Worlds. Thus this Region becomes a sort of "crux," bounded on one side by the Realms of Spirit, on the other by the Worlds of Form. It is a focusing point, where Spirit reflects itself in matter. As the name implies, this Region is the home of the Archetypal Forces which direct the activity of the archetypes in the Region of Concrete Thought. From this Region Spirit works on matter in a formative manner. Diagram 1 shows the idea in a schematic way, the forms in the lower World being reflections of the Spirit in the higher Worlds. The fifth Region, which is the one nearest to the focusing point on the Spirit side, reflects itself in the third Region, which is nearest the focusing point on the Form side. The sixth Region reflects itself in the second and the seventh reflects itself in the first. The whole of the Region of Abstract thought is reflected in the World of Desire; the World of Life Spirit in the Etheric Region of the Physical World; and the World of Divine Spirit in the Chemical Region of the Physical World. Diagram 2 will give a comprehensive idea of the seven Worlds which are the sphere of our development, but we must carefully keep in mind that these Worlds are not placed one above another, as shown in the diagram. They interpenetrate – that is to say, that as in the case where the relation of the Physical World and the Desire World was compared, where we likened the Desire World to the lines of force in freezing water and the water itself to the Physical World, in the same way we may think

of the lines of force as being any of the seven Worlds, and the water, as in our illustration, would correspond to the next denser World in the scale. Another illustration may perhaps make the subject clearer. Let us use a spherical sponge to represent the dense earth – the Chemical Region. Imagine that sand permeates every part of the sponge and also forms a layer outside the sponge. Let the sand represent the Etheric Region, which in a similar manner permeates the dense earth and extends beyond its atmosphere. Let us further imagine this sponge and sand immersed in a spherical glass vessel filled with clear water, and a little larger than the sponge and sand. We place the sponge and sand in the center of the vessel as the yolk is placed in the center of an egg. We have now a space of clear water between the sand and the vessel. The water as a whole will represent the Desire World, for just as the water percolates between the grains of sand, through every pore of the sponge, and forms that clear layer, so the Desire World permeates both the dense Earth and the ether and extends beyond both of these substances. We know there is air in water, and if we think of the air in the water (in our illustration), as representing the World of Thought, we shall have a fair mental picture of the way in which the World of Thought, being finer and more subtle, interpenetrates the two denser Worlds. Finally, imagine that the vessel containing the sponge, sand and water is placed in the center of a large spherical vessel; then the air in the space between the two vessels would represent that part of the World of Thought which extends beyond the Desire World. Each of the planets in our solar system has three such interpenetrating Worlds, and if we think of each of the planets consisting of three Worlds as being individual sponges, and of the fourth World, the World of Life Spirit, as being the water in a large vessel where these

threefold separate sponges swim, we shall understand that as the water in the vessel fills the space between the sponges and percolates through them, so the World of Life Spirit pervades interplanetary space and interpenetrates the individual planets. It forms a common bond between them, so that as it is necessary to have a boat and be able to control it, if we wish to sail from America to Africa, so it is necessary to have a vehicle correlated to the World of Life Spirit under our conscious control in order to be able to travel from one planet to another. In a manner similar to that in which the World of Life Spirit correlates us to the other planets in our own solar system does the World of Divine Spirit correlate us to the other solar systems. We may regard the solar systems as separate sponges, swimming in a World of Divine Spirit, and thus it will be apparent that in order to travel from one solar system to another it would be necessary to be able to function consciously in the highest vehicle of man, the Divine Spirit."

The Rosicrucian Cosmo-Conception, By Max Heindel, The Rosicrucian Fellowship, Oceanside, CA and England, 1909, L.N. Fowler & Co., Ltd., London

My spirit was gathered with five other souls to bring statues of St. Francis, the Child Jesus and four others to a shrine in New Mexico, and then light them up. We were to do this in the ethers at night to keep the shrine alive.

The Shrine was dedicated to a female saint and silent Monks lived within its walls. I did not know where this special place might be in the physical worlds.

It was important to come into the shrine very quietly at night as the monks who lived there would get very upset if we were loud. We went back throughout the night every few days or so bringing back and lighting up the statues in the ethereal realms.

On a sojourn to the shrine, one of our members had been accidentally left behind. The other members of our spirit group wished to leave her behind, but I refused to let them do this. Planning a rescue, we got there in what seemed like an hours time. But in the time we had been gone, she and the monks had been working to install a beautiful new shrine to the saint of whom I still could not discern.

They had installed a beautiful statue of this young saint, a girl who was in dancing posture with red lights all around her and the room; like stars in a night sky. Her blue dress was half a length long, being halfway down her calves, and there were gold stars on it. There was a white cowl at the top of the dress and her hair was mid shoulder, a deep brown. She looked towards heaven, her arms were up and out, and only one foot touched the ground as she was portrayed as dancing.

Turning to our spiritual partner who had been left behind, I asked, "How long have you been here?" She quietly replied, "Twenty One days."

We looked at her accomplishments in awe and all tarried in the question of how this could have been done in what seemed like an hour.

After our work in trying to help[with the preservation of a shrine, the six of us were asked to show our special retreat places in the stars to a group of souls who wanted to film and preserve them.

We all had these beautiful cavernous apartments which all shared a common thread in that the hallways were created out of rivers and they all led to a beautiful master bedroom, which denoted the launch pad for souls like these.

The apartments were also at the very top of high rise buildings, and this was somehow a necessary part of their function. Most of the apartments were done in a wilderness type theme with the exception of one spirits launch pad which had solemn tones of white and tan shielding a very simple design.

Some of the apartments had half an acre yards of which you could not see the end of; traversing into wilderness or meadows. There was a holographic nature to them.

You could not hear anything, or any other people, when you were inside the cavernous launch pad units.

My launch pad was not shown, as it had been erased. It was secret.

“Then he said, “Now you may go home and make your preparations for leaving. You are not to take anything with

you, only leave everything in order. Do not tell anyone about it, for a journey to the High Places needs to be a secret matter. I cannot now give you the exact time when we are to start for the mountains, but it will be soon, and you must be ready to follow me whenever I come to the cottage and call. I will give you a secret sign. I shall sing one of the Shepherd's songs as I pass the cottage, and it will contain a special message for you. When you hear it, come at once and follow me to the trysting place."

Hinds Feet on High Places, Hannah Hurnard, Living Books, Tyndale House Publishers, 1975, Wheaton, Illinois, USA

Suddenly, without warning, my spirit leapt through a series of mazes. There was a man helping me to get through them. And once I did, he turned into a woman.

Huge apocalypses occurred all around me, a high rise building was falling into the river. Everything had turned gray; lightning, thunder . . . all became a stormy thought form.

All I had with me was a bike, and I had to get back to my launch pad in order to work on the energies of these cataclysmic events. I was exhausted and unsure I could make it.

And suddenly, I was back, I was there at the launch pad. But only for a moment as my soul was swept into an ancient mansion which would hold secrets I had not yet fathomed.

In the old house which appeared to have been built sometime in the 1800's and yet remodeled several times in the 1900's (probably in the 1930's and the 1980's based on décor) I was wandering quietly through the dark rooms observing that the bedrooms were of many different colors.

It seemed so empty, I doubted that there was anything here for me to do. So I began looking for the exit so that I might tarry elsewhere.

But then it started . . . one soul materialized, then two, then three . . . they came in spurts. So, I thought I was alone in the house before the ghosts of many people began to appear.

Each one was so polite I was a bit shocked, because usually when I go into purgatories, I anticipate being abused a bit before the work is done. But these were really good people; kind, charitable, thoughtful, and they were so well-mannered.

One was talking about her shampoo, she really loved her 'Vidal Sassoon,' and I knew she had been here since about the 1980's. She continued to wash her hair over and over and over again.

Another woman was quietly cleaning up her kitchen . . . over and over and over again.

There was one exception to the good behavior, but it was a little old lady who had suffered from dementia when she neared her death. She was in a very tiny

bedroom in a dark blue. Repeating to herself over and over and over again, "Nothing ever works out, nothing ever works out."

As it unraveled, people began penetrating and becoming visible by the tens and then hundreds. I'd say that in the end there about 300 souls in the mansion. It started with the one person, and then I'd start seeing more and more people.

There were a bunch of men who were working on large and heavy equipment, there were cowboys who had obviously been there at least 150 years. There was a singular woman from Jamaica in her early thirties. Everyone else was white, some of them had matted down hair in the style I would expect in the 1930's.

At first, I thought they were all from the same family, but then as more and more appeared, I didn't think so anymore.

The mansion was unkempt. Necessary maintenance had not been done. The spirits were abuzz with conversation, with one another and with me. There were holes in some of the floorboards, you could actually fall through them if you weren't careful. And there had been a huge fire.

The people from these parts told me that after the fire, the families had abandoned the house because it was beyond repair. But some of these places were being worked on by groups of men who appeared to be from the early 1900's. Others who were in less

favorable parts of the mansion knew nothing of such works.

But there was a huge portion of the mansion which had been through an unfathomably huge fire, those rooms were uninhabitable even to the spirits.

The spirits told me, "So they had to let the place go (sell it or abandon it) because there was not enough money to restore it after the fire and you could fall through the floor."

Watching these souls, I noticed that they were each doing something specific in a cyclic fashion over and over and over again. There was no room for movement forward. But they were kind and polite to me and to one another. These were very good people.

But these were good people who had never had God in their life.

In this 'Limbo of the Lost', God was absolutely absent. Without God, there is no movement forward, they could not progress. God IS movement.

They were stagnant, vaporous and I cannot even muster the words which would be required to describe the level of tragedy I felt for these souls in this moment.

And thence the darkness which carried a continuous gray, smoky, hazy, icky feeling . . .

There was a young man who was chipping off the ice over and over and over again on one corner of the mansion.

Other women and men stood gaily in the ballroom experiencing a lovely dance . . . over and over and over again.

A baby, thought to have been put in a crib, had actually been put in a bathtub and submerged. She seemed to have died, but I pulled her out and she lived. It seemed to be a reference to the life inherently contained within Baptism, but it was mysterious and bold.

'Limbo of the Lost?' This seemed to be a place where good souls, really good people, very kind, polite, caring - not scary at all, went. They had never been interested in God, in death, they remained in a very circular pattern which was quite the same as what they had done in life. Just kept doing the same things over and over and over again.

It felt overwhelming, how could we possibly help so many in such a pointless situation? But then Mary descended, it was Christmas Eve. "You and I will go into this limbo tomorrow, and release them." She said. We will offer them 'The Office of the Dead.'"

Pointing to the exit of this odd purgatorial realm, I saw that the only way to exit required each soul to go through a 'Christ Room,' which was heavenly laden with art and images of Our Lord. In going through

this room, God would enter into their souls and they would have that switch turned back on which would allow for forward movement. That switch was the presence of Christ and the Holy Spirit within them and it was literally a darkness which nothing else could fill.

Bowing to the Blessed Virgin, I took two souls with me through the Christ Room, and as we exited the mansion, we were gathered into a small rowboat with other souls leaving this hallowed Christmas Eve.

A young girl sat in front of me. As she began speaking and telling stories of redemption, she said, "You are a mother to souls. You must bring the souls of the children to birth." I was a mother, but not of these. It was an ethereal thing . . .

The boat began moving downstream, the little girl continued to speak. "I never lost a moment," she said, "because I never walked without God. These souls had many moments which remained empty because they never walked with God."

Turning to my side, there was now a bulletin board in the boat with news clippings of the Dalai Lama's from throughout time. For a moment, I remembered the holiness of the moment when I was given to touch the gilded casket held within the initiatory portals in the mystical dimension years ago and how I had bowed in such honor.

And then a thunderous crashing sound occurred as I saw a giant golden foot step into the water. Looking upwards, the Golden Buddha soared about 300 meters high, standing in the river waters. Suddenly, the Buddha lost his footing and began to fall creating a massive swell in the riverbed. As his entire body submerged underneath the waters, one golden hand came above and rested in its slumber. The rest of his body was submerged.

An interior locution was offered to me indicating that this meant that the Buddha had given a hand in salvation, but his teachings were not the body of salvation.

Holding tight to the few we had gotten out tonight, I prepared to return and to do the Office of the Dead. In Mary's demeanor, I knew inherently of the importance of praying for the souls of those who have passed. And I was in awe of her mercy and desire to empty out the Limbo of the Lost I had wandered into this night.

I began to pray the Office of the Dead . . .

"Catholic tradition has defended the existence of the limbus patrum as a temporary state or place of happiness distinct from Purgatory."

Patrick Toner, (1910). Limbo. The Catholic Encyclopedia. New York: Robert Appleton Company, Volume 9

CHAPTER SEVEN

A Vision of Color – The Movement of God

Returning after a night and day of prayer with the Office of the Dead, my spirit was returned to the Limbo of the Lost with the Blessed Mary in order that we might get to work on the underlying problems of the realm and those who inhabited it.

There was a basic foundational problem in this dreary mansion. Part of the building was hanging over the river and looked as if it could fall into the water at any moment.

But we focused on those things which we could change, and in essence, we started painting everything in, around, outside of the mansion and did so in the brightest of colors. We were painting with our minds and hearts, not with paint brushes. Where there was dead wood, we replaced it with new. Where water had come in and flood, dried it out and rebuilt it. Where the grass was dead, we enlivened it with thought and green in its fullest color. It was as if things were going from black and white to color. But yet, the foundational problem was not something we could fix, and I retained concern about this issue. Because the lack of the presence of God in life, is a foundational problem.

“In the Pythagorean tetractys--the supreme symbol of universal forces and processes--are set forth the theories of the Greeks concerning color and music. The first three dots represent the threefold White Light, which is the Godhead containing potentially all sound and color. The remaining seven dots are the colors of the spectrum and the notes of the musical scale. The colors and tones are the active creative powers which, emanating from the First Cause, establish the universe. The seven are divided into two groups, one containing three powers and the other four a relationship also shown in the tetractys. The higher group--that of three--becomes the spiritual nature of the created universe; the lower group--that of four--manifests as the irrational sphere, or inferior world.”

The Secret Teachings of All Ages, Manly P. Hall, the Pythagorean Theory of Music and Color, 1928

As the house was changing color to a bright pink, I looked at all we had done just by projecting brighter, happier thoughts into the this limbo. Horses were now stabled in a beautiful blue barn with white trim. There were playhouses which erupted in a sunny yellow, even though I don't recall seeing any children there to play in them.

The foundation was not something I was given to solve, but everything else had been redone to reflect a joy and colorfulness which permeated the soul's of the lost who remained here. Frowns became smiles, dimness became light, a languid sorrow became a playful joy.

So our reciting of the Office of the Dead had opened a pathway within them to embrace this energizing, this enlivenment, this vibrational surge into their realm.

The edge of the mansion, of this limbo, still dangled over the river with nothing to support it. But everything else had been rethought into full color.

It was not given me to do more yet at this time; but I enjoyed seeing the once sullen and hopeless faces which had been circling in repetitive patterns now smiling with an interior joy and happiness previously unseen in this place. And the inhabitants were now thinking new thoughts, creating new ideas, bringing forward happiness . . . and thus, it was my time to traverse elsewhere.

In an instant, my spirit had been transported into what was almost like a blacked out hotel skyscraper.

This purgatorial realm was a place of aloneness. Souls were all sitting alone in the darkness unable to reach out or speak to anybody else there, even though they could see that they were there. I was not given to speak to them, but rather sent to yet another realm.

Suddenly standing in a high-rise office building, there was a woman sitting behind a desk of high position. Several underlings were sitting before her desk. Pictures were on the wall which had written in exquisite detail her misdeeds. She had been given power over others in her earthly life, and had misused it.

Ordering the others to cover up the pictures, she manifested various random images which had no words upon them, but rather, with plain images. It was done without anyone saying a word in dispute.

She continued to boss the others around in a merry go round of pointless pursuit of inherent worth; a worth she would never find until she embraced the humility which she would find when someday she had the courage to remove the false images and read of the deeds she had done for her own gain rather than utilizing the gifts God had given her for the betterment of all.

But again, I was not given any power to assist, just to observe.

Taken yet to another place, I saw a soul who had been given all God's gifts in her life to finally end her cycle of reconstructions into the material plane. She could have served an eternal function had she accepted the gifts with gratitude rather than arrogance. But she had not, a formerly chosen soul who had fallen from grace, she was . . .

A sad sight indeed, until I saw what could only make it more ugly.

The fallen soul had taken into her alignment two other souls who were chosen yet above and beyond herself. They were greater than she could ever have been. But she had deceived them through their youth and naivette and brought them into her fold.

Her artifice was so complete, that these souls who had once been under my care, would no longer hear me.

This was a serious sin in the eyes of God. I could only bow my head. In an instant, I looked behind me . . .

There he was, the plant that had been placed within one of the chosen soul's paths. He was a good guy, a good person, did good things with his life. But he didn't believe in God. In fact, there was almost a hatred of God within his soul so perfunctory that it emanated from him very quietly so that only a mystic could hear. For a mystic, however, it was loud, dark, black and foul.

Without even his own knowledge, he'd been deceived into luring one of these chosen souls off of her path. And it had worked. She was now willing to give up everything God had given her for what amounted in the eternal sense to 'nothing.'

But I couldn't help them anymore, they were gone. They could yet save themselves, if they would choose to do so, but I could no longer intervene.

My mother and father were now waiting for me in one of the homes we lived in when we were growing up. There was a record player in the room and I went over to it almost instinctually. I saw a playlist of songs and music yet to be written or played, and instinctively began to record everything I saw onto

the record. My mother pointed out the piccolo I had recently acquired along with other instruments, many of them exotic and said, "You should continue this path." In this moment, I knew there was purpose to all that was coming to pass with my experimentation with sound and tone.

Another young man entered the room. He had drawn a perfect image of my mother; a line drawing which depicted her as one would see her had they known her as she lived upon the earth.

But I turned around and realized I, too, had been doing my own artwork on my mother. There was a lot of fuchsia and pink in it, very modern art, it was . . . abstract. I had painted my mother's psychedelic self, her multidimensional being.

We compared our works, both were extremely accurate, but we chuckled at how we were given the gift to see entirely different aspects of who she had been, who she was now, and who she would always be.

"The story of a woman is a thing to behold." He said quietly, as I smiled in acknowledgement of its truth.

My spirit was suddenly plummeted into the spirit of Mary, after she stepped out of my ethereal form, she turned around and looked at me. I felt her at the core of my being. And then . . .

St. James appeared, his coming so honorable that I could only mark his dreary robe which had so many holes in it which had been patched up. He said something, but I was so entranced by his coming, I couldn't recall his words.

Insistent, he shook my shoulders and repeated his words, telling me I must remember them and bring them back to the physical realm.

But again, I was still processing the fact that it was St. James who stood before me. This happened a few more times, until the sixth time, I really focused on his words and prepared to write them down.

"The Support of Faith
Is the Pillar of Life
The Support of the Soul
Is the Pillar of Freedom"
St. James

Mary and St. James remained quietly.

I was sitting in a circle of sound. There was a bass sound that was reminiscent of a certain tone I had heard coming from my Russian Bayan. A lithe little spirit, like a faerie, appeared over my eyes and said, 'This sound keeps the 'wild animals' away.'" Inherently, I knew the 'wild animals' were the untamed spirits, the souls in the purgatories and lower realms who had not banished the chaos from their peace.

Fascinated by this, I took note that this sound had a prayerful purpose, but it also had energetic alteration capability.

The faerie acknowledged how difficult it was to set up such a circle, and that I had worked very hard to create this circle of protection. "The circle of protection," she said, "is called an 'Ocarina.'" I almost gasped in shock as I had just begun to play the Ocarina, one of the oldest flutes in the world - an ancient wind musical instrument. The Ocarina had a very lithe and timbrous tone. It was a medieval sound, because it was an original sound, conceived from honing holes in the body of nut casings millennia ago. It was a high pitched twill, that apparently also held protective, energetic significance.

My circle of sound was called an 'Ocarina.' Now I had two tones which I knew had protective qualities to souls upon the earth, which could set up a circle of protection from all these invasions from 'wild animals' that were causing the fall of many souls, even the chosen ones.

Remembering the liturgies of the church, it occurred to me that they were prayed with both words and chant, in tones . . . I realized that the liturgical music utilized tones to bring the earthbound soul into a higher frequency of sound and light which could eventually accellerate its vibration and that a single tone could have significant hidden energetic impetus.

"Harmony is the manifesting expression of the Will of the eternal Good . . . The most sublime but least known of all the Pythagorean speculations was that of sidereal harmonics. It was said that of all men only Pythagoras heard the music of the spheres. Apparently the Chaldeans were the first people to conceive of the heavenly bodies joining in a cosmic chant as they moved in stately manner across the sky. Job describes a time "when the stars of the morning sang together," and in The Merchant of Venice the author of the Shakesperian plays writes: "There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st but in his motion like an angel sings.""

The Secret Teachings of All Ages, Manly P. Hall, the Pythagorean Theory of Music and Color, 1928

"Pythagoras conceived the universe to be an immense monochord, with its single string connected at its upper end to absolute spirit and at its lower end to absolute matter--in other words, a cord stretched between heaven and earth. Counting inward from the circumference of the heavens, Pythagoras, according to some authorities, divided the universe into nine parts; according to others, into twelve parts. The twelvefold system was as follows: The first division was called the empyrean, or the sphere of the fixed stars, and was the dwelling place of the immortals. The second to twelfth divisions were (in order) the spheres of Saturn, Jupiter, Mars, the sun, Venus, Mercury, and the moon, and fire, air, water, and earth. This arrangement of the seven planets (the sun and moon being regarded as planets in the old astronomy) is identical with the candlestick symbolism of the Jews--the sun in the center as the main stem with three planets on either side of it.

The names given by the Pythagoreans to the various notes of the diatonic scale were, according to Macrobius, derived from an estimation of the velocity and magnitude of the planetary bodies. Each of these gigantic spheres as it rushed endlessly through space was believed to sound a certain tone caused by its continuous displacement of the æthereal diffusion. As these tones were a manifestation of divine order and motion, it must necessarily follow that they partook of the harmony of their own source. "The assertion that the planets in their revolutions round the earth uttered certain sounds differing according to their respective 'magnitude, celerity and local distance,' was commonly made by the Greeks. Thus Saturn, the farthest planet, was said to give the gravest note, while the Moon, which is the nearest, gave the sharpest. 'These sounds of the seven planets, and the sphere of the fixed stars, together with that above us [Antichthon], are the nine Muses, and their joint symphony is called Mnemosyne.'" (See The Canon.) This quotation contains an obscure reference to the ninefold division of the universe previously mentioned.

The Greek initiates also recognized a fundamental relationship between the individual heavens or spheres of the seven planets, and the seven sacred vowels. The first heaven uttered the sound of the sacred vowel A (Alpha); the second heaven, the sacred vowel E (Epsilon); the third, H (Eta); the fourth, I (Iota); the fifth, O (Omicron); the sixth, Y (Upsilon); and the seventh heaven, the sacred vowel Ω (Omega). When these seven heavens sing together they produce a perfect harmony which ascends as an everlasting praise to the throne of the Creator. (See Irenæus' Against Heresies.) Although not so stated, it is probable that the planetary heavens are to be considered as ascending in the

Pythagorean order, beginning with the sphere of the moon, which would be the first heaven.

Many early instruments had seven Strings, and it is generally conceded that Pythagoras was the one who added the eighth string to the lyre of Terpander. The seven strings were always related both to their correspondences in the human body and to the planets. The names of God were also conceived to be formed from combinations of the seven planetary harmonies. The Egyptians confined their sacred songs to the seven primary sounds, forbidding any others to be uttered in their temples. One of their hymns contained the following invocation: "The seven sounding tones praise Thee, the Great God, the ceaseless working Father of the whole universe." In another the Deity describes Himself thus: "I am the great indestructible lyre of the whole world, attuning the songs of the heavens. (See Nauman's History of Music.)

The Pythagoreans believed that everything which existed had a voice and that all creatures were eternally singing the praise of the Creator. Man fails to hear these divine melodies because his soul is enmeshed in the illusion of material existence. When he liberates himself from the bondage of the lower world with its sense limitations, the music of the spheres will again be audible as it was in the Golden Age. Harmony recognizes harmony, and when the human soul regains its true estate it will not only hear the celestial choir but also join with it in an everlasting anthem of praise to that Eternal Good controlling the infinite number of parts and conditions of Being.

The Greek Mysteries included in their doctrines a magnificent concept of the relationship existing between

music and form. The elements of architecture, for example, were considered as comparable to musical modes and notes, or as having a musical counterpart. Consequently when a building was erected in which a number of these elements were combined, the structure was then likened to a musical chord, which was harmonic only when it fully satisfied the mathematical requirements of harmonic intervals. The realization of this analogy between sound and form led Goethe to declare that "architecture is crystallized music."

In constructing their temples of initiation, the early priests frequently demonstrated their superior knowledge of the principles underlying the phenomena known as vibration. A considerable part of the Mystery rituals consisted of invocations and intonements, for which purpose special sound chambers were constructed. A word whispered in one of these apartments was so intensified that the reverberations made the entire building sway and be filled with a deafening roar. The very wood and stone used in the erection of these sacred buildings eventually became so thoroughly permeated with the sound vibrations of the religious ceremonies that when struck they would reproduce the same tones thus repeatedly impressed into their substances by the rituals.

Every element in Nature has its individual keynote. If these elements are combined in a composite structure the result is a chord that, if sounded, will disintegrate the compound into its integral parts. Likewise each individual has a keynote that, if sounded, will destroy him. The allegory of the walls of Jericho falling when the trumpets of Israel were sounded is undoubtedly intended to set forth the arcane significance of individual keynote or vibration . . . In the Pythagorean concept of the music of the spheres, the

interval between the earth and the sphere of the fixed stars was considered to be a diapason--the most perfect harmonic interval. "

The Secret Teachings of All Ages, Manly P. Hall, the Pythagorean Theory of Music and Color, 1928

Outside my circle of protection, I was suddenly given to notice that something was going on. Some very official looking people had gone into the woods to find some extraterrestrials that they believed had fled from among them. But I was guided by the faerie to look at my feet.

At my feet were two beings who looked like a mix between a mouse and a hamster. One was brown and white, the other was pink and white and told me his name was 'Fameron.' They spoke to me in perfect English, telling me that they lived and nested in fluids on their home planet, and that was one thing that made them different from similar species on our earth who usually lived and nested in wooden chips.

Fameron motioned for me to follow him, and I ran after him with glee as he was so cute and adorable. I couldn't help thinking how funny it was that the others had gone into the forest to find the extraterrestrials primarily because they did not expect them to be so small and look like hamsters.

Fameron led me to a small cove below the earth wherein I immediately saw about sixteen archives, rusty colored reels which contained within them

something of great importance that Fameron expected me to save and resurrect.

“The world of delay asks your pardon.” Fameron said. Suddenly, I understood what he was trying to get across. There were so many souls in need of prayer, of help, of guidance, of vibration . . . but they could not achieve that of themselves. The world of delay, wherein these archives had come, knew that there could be no further delay in resurrecting the Record of the Books of God.

Blessed Mary and St. James still stood silently by my circle as I picked up an archive and held it in my hand. It was rusty as if it had taken many aeons to get them here safely into my care. But they weren’t mine, they belonged to the ages.

As they stood there, and Fameron waited on all fours for me to take them from his hands, to take this torch, so to speak . . . I instantly just understood. Grasping hold of the archives, the reality around me began to swirl as if a mirage of wind undulating within the sands of time.

The winds picked me up into their torrential and circular flow. Within moments, my spirit was dropped at a place of pilgrimage. That place of pilgrimage was my own cell, my launch pad, my bedroom . . . the Record of the Books of God fell open before me as I began to pray the words. The ancients had received them, and modern man had rejected them.

A force held me fast in a position of steady prayer; the prayers for the sick, the dying and the dead hadn't been lost, just forgotten by too many. It became evidently clear to my spirit how powerful these prayers were - a single focused soul praying in a holy manner - for those who were in need of them.

Although it had seemed that I was alone when arriving here at my holy place of prayer, souls began to manifest in and out of reality all around me, tens, then hundreds, then thousands . . . several began coming forward.

Those souls who came forward were ready to receive a singular grace, that of focus.

And for each one who came forward to receive that grace, a deep blue rose would fall upon my singularly white garment like medal of honor, or a triumphant hymn of praise.

Before long, the beautiful deep blue roses were showering upon me. I saw the movement within the multitudes of souls. Some were coming forward, and receiving focus, moving onward. Others were stirring, although yet unready to gather.

And in that moment, I realized that the 'movement' had been restored. And I also realized that praying - in a holy and focused manner - from the Record of the Books of God, was the manner in which it had been revived.

These were the ancient Western Books of the Dead, the Divine Liturgy . . . Catholic Funerary Texts, the Office of the Dead, and the Prayers for the sick, the dying and funereal.

St. Paul said, that to pray for the dead is a good thing. Blessed Mary had shown us why, for as Co-Redemptrix and Mother to Our Beloved Lord, she IS the Limb. Prayer is also the limb, because this is how we reach for her hand. Tone is also the limb because it transports our consciousness elsewhere, to a mystical world.

Focus is the means by which souls may attain forward and on towards salvation. Knowing, loving and serving God provides the movement, for all things move only in Him, with Him, for Him or through Him.

We end with prayers to lead you into service. For the Mystical Body of Christ consists not only of the living, but of the dead.

“The Church came into being when Christ died on the Cross, but it was formally inaugurated on Pentecost, when He sent the Holy Spirit as He had promised. St. Paul speaks of all Christians as members of Christ, so that with Him, they form one Mystical Body (Cf. 1 Cor 12:12-31; Col 1:18; 2:18-20; Eph. 1:22-23; 3:19; 4:13) . . . The Church, the Mystical Body, exists on this earth, and is called the Church militant, because its members struggle against the world, the flesh and the devil. The Church suffering means the souls in Purgatory. The Church triumphant is the Church in heaven. The unity and cooperation of the

members of the Church on earth, in Purgatory, in Heaven is also called the Communion of Saints."

*The Basic Catholic Catechism, PART FIVE: The Apostles' Creed IX-XII,
Ninth Article: "The Holy Catholic Church; the Communion of Saints",
William G. Most, 1990*

"My God, I believe, I adore, I hope and I love Thee! I ask pardon for those who do not believe, do not adore, do not hope and do not love Thee . . . Oh My Jesus, forgive us our sins, save us from the fires of Hell, lead all souls to Heaven, especially those in most need of Thy mercy."

Prayers from Fatima

"PRAISES

Here are begun the Praises which the most blessed Father Francis composed; and he said them at all the Hours of the day and night and before the Office of the Blessed Virgin Mary, beginning thus: "Our Father, most holy, who art in heaven," etc., with "Glory be to the Father." Then the Praises, Holy, Holy, etc., are to be said.

Our Father, most holy, our Creator, Redeemer, and Comforter.

Who art in heaven, in the angels and in the saints illuminating them unto knowledge, for Thou, O Lord, art light; inflaming them unto love, for Thou, O Lord, art Love; dwelling in them and filling them with blessedness, for Thou, O Lord, art the highest Good, the eternal Good from whom is all good and without whom is no good.

Hallowed be Thy Name: may Thy knowledge shine in us that we may know the breadth of Thy benefits, the length of

Thy promises, the height of Thy majesty, and the depth of Thy judgments.

Thy Kingdom come, that Thou mayest reign in us by grace and mayest make us come to Thy Kingdom, where there is the clear vision of Thee, the perfect love of Thee, the blessed company of Thee, the eternal enjoyment of Thee.

Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven, that we may love Thee with the whole heart by always thinking of Thee; with the whole soul by always desiring Thee; with the whole mind by directing all our intentions to Thee and seeking Thy honor in all things and with all our strength, by spending all the powers and senses of body and soul in the service of Thy love and not in anything else; and that we may love our neighbors even as ourselves, drawing to the best of our power all to Thy love; rejoicing in the good of others as in our own and compassionating [them] in troubles and giving offence to no one.

Give us this day, through memory and understanding and reverence for the love which He had for us and for those things which He said, did, and suffered, for us, – our daily bread, Thy Beloved Son, our Lord Jesus Christ.

And forgive us our trespasses, by Thy ineffable mercy in virtue of the Passion of Thy Beloved Son, our Lord Jesus Christ, and through the merits and intercession of the most Blessed Virgin Mary and of all Thy elect.

As we forgive their that trespass against us, and what we do not fully forgive, do Thou, O Lord, make us fully forgive, that for Thy sake we may truly love our enemies and devoutly intercede for them with Thee; that we may

render no evil for evil, but in Thee may strive to do good to all.

And lead us not into temptation, hidden or visible, sudden or continuous.

But deliver us from evil, past, present, and to come. Amen. Glory be to the Father, and to the Son and to the Holy Spirit, as it was in the beginning, is now and will be forever. Amen.

St. Francis of Assisi

*“Knock,
And He’ll open the door.
Vanish,
And He’ll make you shine like the sun.
Fall,
And He’ll raise you to the heavens.
Become nothing,
And He will turn you into everything!”*

Rumi

“In the solitude and silence of the wilderness..., for their labor in the contest, God gives his athletes the reward they desire: a peace that the world does not know and joy in the Holy Spirit.”

St. Bruno, Founder of the Carthusian Order

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Prayers from Fatima

The Limb of the Redemption

The Practice, the Play, the Love, the Choice
and the People in the Afterlife

Psychic and Out-of-Body States in some Recallment

An Out-of-Body Travel Book on True Resurrection

By Marilyn Hughes

The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation

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THE LIMB OF THE REDEMPTION: The Practice, the Play, the Love, the Choice and the People in the Afterlife, Psychic and Out-of-Body States in some Recallment - An Out-of-Body Travel Book on True Resurrection contains the journeys of the mystical and out of-body traveler as she confronts the various states of the dead in the afterlife and then presents the manner of assisting them in both the mystical and the physical realms. As we know, many people do not complete their required spiritual work while alive, and those who do may still have purification to undergo in the purgatorial realms. Thus, the limb, the branch of prayer that is held out to those souls who have neglected this duty or have fulfilled it imperfectly and have passed from this world to the next and need assistance. Take the ride.

