

Spiritual Warfare, Angels and Demons

Combat

Class Outline

By Marilyn Hughes

Spiritual Warfare, Angels and Demons, Combat as Outlined by Mystic, Marilyn Hughes in her books 'Spiritual Warfare, Angels and Demons: The Mystic Knowledge Series,' 'The Mysteries of the Redemption: A Treatise on Out-of-Body Travel and Mysticism', 'Galactica: A Treatise on Death, Dying and the Afterlife,' 'Angelology: An Overview' and 'Demonology: An Overview,' By Marilyn Hughes along with other essential teachings regarding the battle and the combat between principalities and powers of good and evil and how souls are called to participate in them. Beyond this, how to fight against the powers of evil when they are in pursuit or embattling you or another soul. (Produced by Brian Mahlum, Mysteries Productions)

Discover the Manner and Specific Prayers that Actually Work Against Evil Forces in the Mystical Realms and How to Deploy Them.

Examine Holy Spirit Infused Prayer, Being 'In the Spirit' and Moving within the Will of God in Spiritual Warfare.

Learn about 'The Combat' and the particular methods which must be employed when confronted with evil in the mystical worlds and here in the physical realm.

Explore Actual Out-of-Body Experiences Involving Spiritual Warfare.

Prayers and Methods of Combat

Many of the prayers I am going to share with you are Catholic Prayers, and some of them are not. One is a portion of the Lord's prayer which has been shown to me in mystical experience time and time again to be one of the most powerful exorcism prayers we can use. All of the prayers I will share with you are prayers that have been shown to me 'in the spirit' to be the most powerful exorcism and spiritual warfare combat prayers that we can use. Let's begin with the first stanza of the 'Our Father.'

It's important to realize that when these incidents occur 'in the mystical,' the out of body traveler is acting 'in the spirit' which means they do not act under their own volition or own will, but under the will of God which moves in and through them. The actions prescribed are not their own, but the movement of the Holy Spirit of God within them. It comes completely outside of

the will of the spiritual warrior. If it does not, if the mystic traveler is acting on his or her own volition, he is not acting as an emissary of the holy spirit or on behalf of God, and thus, is not a true spiritual warrior. Such a thing can only occur through the actions of the Holy Spirit upon individual souls, it cannot be forced to come into being.

Just as with the states of Samadhi and Ecstasy, which come upon the soul, these actions rise up through the chakric tree by the power of the Holy Spirit not generated by any action or thoughts of the bearer. The spiritual warrior becomes a participant in a process as a chosen servant, but only as a vessel for the Holy Will of God to move as He pleases, not as the individual soul might wish.

You can't generate it, you can't make it happen, you cannot do this of yourself. You can live a spiritual life, participate in spiritual reading, prayer and meditation; but in the end, God decides whether or not you will be called into the realms of spiritual warfare. And this is how it must be.

The Name of Jesus

The first and most simple thing you always need to know and do in any battle or assault in the mystical spheres – even in the physical realm – is to call on the name of Jesus Christ. And do it repeatedly until help arrives . . . remember in all spiritual combat that the prayer is to be used repeatedly until help arrives or the battle is resolved. Do not look at these prayers as something you pray one time. You pray them over and over again, and oftentimes you will be praying them in your thoughts because you will be muted by the demonic intrusion and unable to speak although you will be battling for the use of the faculty of speech. So the very first thing you will always do is to call on the Lord Jesus Christ repeatedly for help. Secondarily, you might also call on the Blessed Virgin Mother and St. Michael the Archangel.

The Lord Jesus

Called into service, my soul entered the sub-conscious dreaming of a rock musician. Having no idea who he was, I was immediately made aware that his music was inspired by Satan and it carried a mesmerizing quality which lured unsuspecting crowds of people into his web. Angered that I was being called in to interfere with his loyal and devout ward, Satan appeared to thwart my attempts at saving his soul.

Throwing my soul around the room, he actually lifted my body up off of the bed as he prepared to throw me against the wall. Before he could, I called to Jesus for help and was delivered from this brutal attack before it could reach fruition.

Amidst the sub-conscious dreaming, I followed the rock musician through many epochs of his life. Observing the demonic content of his soul, I noticed that he was given to demonic rages, sometimes going so far as to allow his eyes to roll back into his head. When he performed for crowds, he appeared as a very normal, attractive man, mesmerizing many young people into the lure of the dark side unconsciously.

Following him, I continually prayed to Jesus to free this tormented soul from bondage. Speaking

to him, I spoke to him of Christ's love for him. After several hours, I noticed that his soul had begun wrestling with the demons within him. Shouting loudly towards him, I told him that he must *fight* Satan and force him out.

Fighting continued for quite some time and I was unsure who was to win this battle, but once it was over, it was complete. Hurling outside and raging, the demons were screeching as his body became calm, serene and peaceful.

***** - From Galactica

The Blessed Mother

Within the depths of the night, they came towards me like a swarm of bees, angered at the spiritual changes which were being wrought within my soul. Five ugly reptilian demons had come after me followed by a huge vortex of black energy which carried with it the most horrendous humming sound. Individual molecules of evil could be seen within the cloudy vortex. Feeling immediately overwhelmed, I called out to Mary, Mother of God, to assist me in this battle in which I was obviously outnumbered.

Appearing in the heavens before me, she wore a five pointed crown on her head and was covered in a swirling robe of blue. Awestruck by her beauty, I didn't immediately notice that the demons with their energized black vortex of evil had immediately disappeared as soon as she had come. When the moment had passed, I was filled with amazement at how quickly she had vanquished them.

***** - From Galactica

St. Michael

A horde of demons approached in the black and red cloud of dust which came in their wake. Hundreds of them appeared to me as a legion of dark reptilian creatures with bat wings coming towards me. The demons swarmed like vermin in the inner part of the cloud, and the outer part of the cloud was jet black with no boundary. As they came near and surrounded my soul with their stench, I could see and feel them all around me, but their attack felt like it was coming from the inside of my body. Clearly visible outside, they surrounded my body in vociferous smoke and odorous hues. Writhing, they came in waves of red as I felt internal symptoms from their assault.

Intrigued by this fact, I'd never experienced something quite like this. Although demonic attacks do affect you physically, what I'd experienced in the past were attacks which clearly delineated their way from the outside in. Although these demons were very clearly outside of me, their attack was coming from within, although they hadn't actually even touched my soul.

Standing before me in the form of a black tunnel filled with swarms of satanic hosts, I knew that I had to fight my way through them in order to prevail. Pushing with all my strength and might, I shouted out for the assistance of **Jesus and St. Michael** to help me wage war and break free from this demonic stronghold which wished to overcome me this night, and as I did, I began moving ever slowly through their ranks, pushing them aside. Screaming for help, I also shouted out physically, for my husband shook me awake, releasing me from the grip of the demons for this night.

After this battle had been waged, it very quickly became known to me why the demons had sent such a stronghold to stop and de-energize me the previous night. Attempting to de-energize my spirit because the Lord intended to use me in a planned effort to redeem a very lost soul, Satan wanted to keep it. Thus, I was targeted.

Arriving in an old hospital, I had no idea what had led me here until I heard some of the staff speaking of a haunting which had been occurring on the pediatric floor. Deciding to go investigate, I was very shocked at what I found. A young boy of about nine years old was haunting this floor and was *very clearly completely demonic*. As soon as he saw me, he came after me like a torrent of lightning. Appearing as a mixture of white and gray matter which had formed in the manner of his former body, the demon's medium-length white hair stood on end as if held by electricity. Coming towards me, this little child had the appearance of a madman.

Remaining calm, I grabbed a hold of his arm and began reciting over and over again the 'Hail Mary.' (Which will be covered more below.) Sending him into a tizzy, he was now feeling dazed and confused enough that I was able to corner him and take a firmer hold of his soul. "Lord Jesus Christ, Son of God, have mercy on this lost soul." Repeatedly, my cries shot through the ether into the heavens, and as I did this, his soul began to be de-energized as demonic power left him. When it was finished, he became limp and powerless.

Hail Mary

Full of Grace, the Lord is with Thee, Blessed art Thou Amongst Women and Blessed is the Fruit of thy Womb, Jesus. Holy Mary Mother of God, Pray for Us Sinners Now and at the Hour of Our Death, Amen.

Lord Jesus Christ, Son of God, have mercy on this lost soul.

Knowing my job was finished, I handed him over to the angelic hosts awaiting the return of his soul. All were happy and joyous, for we all knew that Satan had put up a huge battle for this little one, because it gives him the greatest pleasure of all to steal the soul of an 'innocent;' innocent in the sense of his age, but not in any other regard. Although it was somewhat shocking to realize that even a small child can be completely demonic and aligned with darkness, it was very clear that they *can* and *do* choose such things, and it was important for me to know.

***** From Galactica

Our Father

Our Father, Who art in Heaven
 Hallowed be thy name
 Thy Kingdom Come Thy will be done
 On Earth as it is in Heaven.

This is the great exorcism prayer in the out of body travel state. Why is this so? Listen to the words. It calls upon the Father, we Hallow His name. We then ask that His Kingdom and His will come

upon us and be done unto us – on Earth as it is in Heaven. This is the great directive and purpose of out of body travel, to bring aspects of heaven to earth with every journey in which we take.

Continuing the influx of eternal energies which had been heralded by St. Michael, my body began in an ordinary vibrational state and was separated from form. Intensive energies began to overtake my body, as an invisible angel beside me took hold of my soul and thrust me towards heaven. Soaring past the Earth into the universal spheres, I rode an eternal wave conducted by the angel below.

As my soul gathered celestial energy, it was immediately thrust downwards to the Earth below, but as I emptied myself of these sonic pulsations, I was again thrust into the heavens to repeat this process. Continuing into the night, with each ascent into the heavens, came a descent back to Earth to bring the energies down. While soaring towards the heavens, I instinctually shouted, "Lord Jesus Christ, Son of God, Have Mercy on Me, a Sinner." From Galactica

But in the Combat of Spiritual Warfare, we are bringing the Kingdom of God down upon the demonic, the evil; we are bringing the will of God down upon the demonic force. We are asking that it be done unto us on earth as it is in heaven, which is in perfect measure. In heaven, the Kingdom and Will of God are in perfect measure and order, nothing evil or demonic can reside there, they are incompatible. As we've spoken before about vibration and how we cannot travel to realms in which have not yet been made compatible, by calling this down upon the demon in battle, you are creating an incompatibility that he simply cannot bear.

But I remind you, repeat it over and over and over again, until the demon is cast out. Do not do it just one time, do it again and again and again until he is gone.

Having come without warning, the demons had thrust my soul into a disgusting and horrible place of darkness, a place of brainwashing which was used to bring in witchcraft cult members on the ground. Knowing I had to be careful in my escape, this place was a realm of the energized demonic activity, one of the realms of the satanic cults. What initially gave permission for them to take me here was a very stupid error of words on my part. Some people who I had immediately known to be dark had approached me speaking of war and brotherhood. In the past, they used to engage in warring amongst themselves, but now had learned to form brotherhoods of men, instead. "Yeah," I said, "I believe in brotherhood." Speaking of an entirely different kind of brotherhood, my soul was immediately transported to their realm.

Propelling my soul from one council of Satanists to another, each tried in a different way to trick me into agreeing with their evil doctrines. Each council submitted me to one form of torture or another, along with spells and castings by the demons and their Earthly witchy wards. Beginning to pray, I repeated the 'Our Father' and the 'Hail Mary.'

Brainwashing souls into false doctrines, they specialized in energizing the spirits fall from grace. As I had the opportunity to observe those things which gave Satan and his charges great glee, I learned several things. First and foremost, there is no such thing as white witchcraft, because witchcraft of any kind involves manipulating energetic reality, which is against eternal law. Angels and spirits of the light do not respond to magical whims, only demons do. It gives the demons great pleasure to deceive souls into practicing any form of magic, even those which claim benign status; white witchcraft or magic, Wicca, sorcery, etc. They all originate in darkness because

manipulating reality is an energetic crime against God.

Other aspects of great joy to Satan and his charges were several doctrines they had managed to defile and distort. The first is the belief that there is no dark side, demons, hell or Satan. The second is the misinterpretation regarding the doctrine of the 'self.' Many souls believe the 'self' is their ego, when the 'self' spoken of in Eastern religions is truly the divine element within. In order to experience the true 'self,' a soul must experience a state of ecstasy or Samadhi. Because this is something achieved primarily by prophets, saints and mystics, remaining undiscovered to the masses; many souls misperceive the 'self' to be their desires, their wants, their dreams and aspirations, and by so doing, they become selfish and self-centered making the job of the demons much easier. The third was a teaching they particularly enjoyed, a distorted teaching of unconditional love which says that there are no right or wrong actions, making the job of demons extremely pleasant, because they didn't even have to break down the walls of moral foundation. The fourth, was the belief that any 'channeled' entity comes from a higher source, when in fact it was given to me to observe several demons fulfilling this function, some going so far as to make lofty claims about their identities, saying they were great masters and the like. Although there are legitimate channelers who speak with the tongues of men and angels, it was made very clear that a great deal of discernment was required in knowing the true from the false prophets. One obvious criteria for making such discernment would be to stand aware of any of these erroneous doctrines.

"For he who uses the gift of tongues to seek after riches, or to hold sway over his enemies, he shall no longer be a Son of Light, but a whelp of the devil and a creature of darkness."

The Essene Gospel of Peace, Volume 4, The Essene Communion, Page 11, Paragraph 4, (Christianity, Gnostic/Essene, Words of Christ)

Diabolical liaisons surrounding souls who believed such doctrines included dark parasitic creatures, bats, tarantulas, webs, serpents, ooze and sludge coming from the pores. Disturbing to witness the level of darkness involved with such erroneous beliefs, all of them were completely deluded, convinced they were following a higher path. Neglecting to realize that what they believed was very similar to another well-known doctrine, the doctrine of the fall, they were being led down the road of perdition completely unaware. Beware the serpent, for he comes in many faces, and he deceives the most sincere among you.

Many souls were led down this road of perdition, even though they had begun their paths sincerely. Who would not prefer a doctrine of unconditional love which supports a soul, no matter what place upon the path he may be? But this doctrine of unconditional love was *not* meant to harbor souls in their sleep, but rather to catapult them into movement on their paths of karmic purification. Compassion and understanding are very much needed as a soul travels down the rocky road of karmic influence, but with the truth firmly rooted at his side. Forgiveness and understanding regarding one another's fallibility cannot be overstated, but within the constant confines of abiding truth.

Easily weakened and overcome by several prayers, the demons could not fight the 'Hail Mary,' because the Most Holy Mary has the power to crush the head of the serpent. Unable to withstand the 'Our Father,' it is actually used in the process of exorcism, and renders them benign. Another prayer which made them benign was, "Jesus, Mary, I love you, save souls." Throwing them into a tizzy, it literally hurled them away from my soul.

Brainwashing in the form of energetic manipulation, if you became fearless in the face of their torture, it could not enter into you. Their brainwashing is actually doctrine which enters the soul in an energetic form, via demons and dark spirits. None could enter me because of the holy names I continually used and the prayers I offered. Also, most importantly, I continued to deny every doctrine of falsehood they presented to my soul, despite their torture at my denials.

Lashed about, thrown against walls, stomped on, etc., despite this, I knew the Lord had allowed this temptation for my greater knowledge of such falsehoods. Throughout the night, the battles continued and I wasn't sure how I would escape them. Continuing to torture me, my soul was thrust into a horrid position wherein my mouth was locked shut and I heard the voices of the demons shouting. "Where there will be wailing and gnashing of teeth." Repeating in my mind the words, "Christ crucified, Christ crucified, Christ crucified, Christ crucified," they plunged

into a rage and howling. For a moment, they couldn't come near enough to torture me. More powerful than all the prayers I'd already used, in their anger they attempted another temptation. "We can make you become a saint," they said, as in my shock and horror I was taken aback, suddenly lashed against the floor because of my moment of stun. Repeating their offer, I was horrified to think that the demons could make such a thing really happen for somebody who wanted something like this because of their ego. It was shocking! But now suddenly having the faculty of speech, I began to shout, "I don't want to be a saint! I am not a saint! All I want is to be like Christ crucified, Christ crucified, Christ crucified . . ."

Laughing at my reply, my soul was horribly thrown against the floor and placed in the position that Christ was placed on the cross. "Then you shouldn't mind dying the way He did then, should you?" Pounding their reptilian heels and feet into my appendages, I continued repeating 'Christ crucified,' the 'Our Father,' and the 'Hail Mary.' Holding large nails which they intended to pound through my hands and feet, they ran out of time. Within a few moments, the demons howls became blood-curdling, and they began to plummet into the depths of hell, far away from my soul which was rising towards the heavens far away from their bleak world. The power of the Word had released my soul from this affliction, and I'd emerged victorious. Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

Unfortunately, I awoke with some of the signs of the battle upon my body.

"Do thou set thyself to endure tribulations, and reckon them the best consolations; for the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us, nor would they be even if thou wert to endure them all. When thou hast come to this, that tribulation is sweet and pleasant to thee for Christ's sake, then reckon that it is well with thee, because thou hast found paradise on earth."

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The Voice of the Saints, Chapter 15, No. 1, (Christianity, Catholic, Words of St. Augustine)

***** From The Mysteries of the Redemption

Christ Crucified

This prayer was given to me while 'in the spirit' during one of the most cruel and despicable demonic torments I underwent in a lower hell realm at the hands of satanic souls who had deceased and gone to a horrific dwelling in the nether regions. They were actually trying to have me undergo a type of crucifixion in a sick mockery of my love for the Lord. But the irony is that it is the crucifixion of Christ that is their greatest fear, because it is their greatest defeat and remains so until this day for reasons they don't understand.

For it to be potent, I had to repeat it over and over again, and it was difficult to do because under the level of demonic oppression I bore, I could not speak and had to think it so concentratedly and push and push until I could try to speak it even ever so slightly. But I continued to fight and just repeat these two words and it caused the skin of the demons to burn.

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Hail Mary

Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with you;
 blessed are you among women,
 and blessed is the fruit of your womb, Jesus.
 Holy Mary, Mother of God,
 pray for us sinners
 now and at the hour of our death.
 Amen.

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***** - From the Mysteries of the Redemption

The Apostles Creed

I believe in God,
 the Father almighty,
 Creator of heaven and earth,
 and in Jesus Christ, his only Son, our Lord,
 who was conceived by the Holy Spirit,
 born of the Virgin Mary,
 suffered under Pontius Pilate,
 was crucified, died and was buried;
 he descended into hell;
 on the third day he rose again from the dead;
 he ascended into heaven,
 and is seated at the right hand of God the Father almighty;
 from there he will come to judge the living and the dead.

I believe in the Holy Spirit,
 the holy catholic Church,
 the communion of saints,
 the forgiveness of sins,
 the resurrection of the body,
 and life everlasting.

Amen.

“Covered in blood, the muddy path seemed ominous as I looked ahead to see where my spiritual guardians might be taking my soul. A gathering of satanic worshipers loomed ahead. "Oh, geez!" I thought, as the Lord made it clear that I *must* go. The angel aside me quietly and very calmly said, "The Lord asks

for your presence." Not replying, it seemed that they were awfully calm about sending me to such a horrific place.

As soon as I'd arrived, I took notice of a throne in the center of all the activities with a small statue of Satan sitting upon it. The people were wandering around in a state of dazed confusion; many of them had joined together in smaller groupings to 'do their own thing.' (Their own things were violent, sadistic, sexually deviant, etc.) Ceremonies had yet to begin as I wandered around observing, remaining as incognito as possible. Because these were demon-filled Satanists, many knew immediately that I was a Christian and filled with the Holy Spirit.

Running towards me with fists upraised, an entire band of them began coming after me to take me out. As they did this, I yelled out various truths about Jesus Christ, and began calling out His name, over and over, "**Jesus, Jesus, Jesus, Jesus . . .**" **Continuing with His many titles, I said, "King of Kings, Jesus is the Lamb, Jesus is the Messiah, Jesus is the Savior. You are following a false king, for Jesus is God."** Beginning to speak words from the gospel of John required in the discerning of spirits, I was inspired! "**Jesus came down from heaven and became flesh; He is the Son of God. Jesus rose from the dead and ascended into heaven. Jesus is the King.**"

Jesus, Jesus, Jesus, Jesus . . .

King of Kings

Jesus is the Lamb

Jesus is the Messiah

Jesus is the Savior

You are following a false king, for Jesus is God.

Jesus came down from heaven and became flesh.

He is the Son of God.

Jesus rose from the dead and ascended into heaven.

Jesus is the King.

As I spoke these words to them, there were three reactions. The really violent and vicious ones would get angry and want desperately to rip me to pieces, but they couldn't because I was protected. Others that were not as rooted in evil would just walk away because they knew they couldn't do anything. Those that were lukewarm in their satanic leanings, thus borderline and open to the possibility of conversion, would start crying openly and uncontrollably; which embarrassed them to no end. Waving for me to go away so that they could stop this embarrassing display, I stayed and spoke more about Jesus. Having no control over this process, the Lord had literally taken a hold of them as they were 'convicted in the spirit.' I felt sorry for them, for evil knows no joy.

After a good long while, about fifty of the approximately two-hundred participants had been taken to this state of conviction and I was hoping I might be able to leave. But when I least expected it, one of the truly nasty Satanists grabbed me from behind and sat me down in a chair, blocking my view of what was going on to the right of me. In a moment, he moved away to reveal that I was sitting next to the throne I'd seen earlier, but it was now occupied by Satan himself. Looking like a caricature of a big time wrestler with gray colored skin, the texture of sand, the bulging muscles in his chest were overtly large, exaggerated and frankly somewhat frightening. Proportionately large, his head was separated into two bulging sections like a large brain with horns coming out of it. Having no hair, his image held two large black eyes.

Laughing hysterically in his own unique evil way, the ogre didn't waste any time in letting me know his purpose. According to him, I was going to die in my sleep tonight because I'd been chosen as the sacrifice for this particular satanic black mass. Surprised by his pronouncement, I quickly regained my composure and began to laugh right back at him.

"I'm not going to be the sacrifice tonight," I said, "I know that you have to have permission from God to bother me, but I also know that you *don't* have permission to do *that*." My knowledge of this had come from the book of Job, in the Old Testament of the Holy Bible. Frowning, I continued, "And besides, Jesus is the King of Kings, and you're the king of nothing." Roaring with anger, I began to recite the Apostles Creed, "I believe in God, the Father Almighty," as I said this, he moved a few inches away from me, his roar becoming more of a growl, "Creator of heaven and Earth; and in Jesus Christ, His only Son, our Lord;" his facial expression became one of doubt and confusion, "who was conceived by the Holy Spirit, born of the Virgin Mary, suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, died and was buried. He descended into Hell; the third day He arose again from the dead; He ascended into heaven, and sits at the right hand of God, the Father Almighty." Flinging himself out of his chair, he waved me off and ran away, but so as not to appear bashful, I shouted after him, "I believe in His holy church!"

As I said this, several of his wards became invisible, planning to assault me without my awareness. But before they could touch me, the Holy Spirit filled me and took me away. Before I could awake, however, the Holy Spirit began repeating something over and over to me. "Check your house for a gas leak, check your house for a gas leak . . ." When I did awaken, I had the power company check our home for a leak and sure enough, we had one. Satan had been serious about his plans to take me out, but the Lord would not allow him to do so . . . because he didn't have permission.

The following night, a swarm of wasps came towards me as I was drifting off to sleep. Hitting me directly in the heart, I immediately felt like I was having a heart attack or stroke. Entering into deep prayer as I struggled to breathe - chest pain and pressure searing, tingling and electrical sensations traveling throughout my body - I remembered the words of the masters. "I feel no pain, I feel no pain." Centering on my place within God, I gradually began to feel better.

Although the Lord had not allowed the viper to take my life, I had suffered a grievous injury ordained by God which would not be revealed for another year and a half, a trial which was now brimming within my body and soul . . . " – From The Mysteries of the Redemption

Hail Mary

Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with you;
blessed are you among women,

and blessed is the fruit of your womb, Jesus.
 Holy Mary, Mother of God,
 pray for us sinners
 now and at the hour of our death.
 Amen.

St. Michael's Prayer

Saint Michael the Archangel, defend us in battle. Be our protection against the wickedness and snares of the devil; May God rebuke him, we humbly pray; And do thou, O Prince of the Heavenly Host, by the power of God, thrust into hell Satan and all evil spirits who wander through the world for the ruin of souls. Amen.

Swept before the entry of our home, an amazing sight stood before my soul. About forty feet high, St. Michael stood as a winged man wearing the garments of a warrior. But his essence was a dark, smoky substance which I knew to be the energy of the wrath and justice of God. Behind him, St. Joseph appeared twice, as if there were two of them, one on each side of St. Michael. Holding the infant Jesus, St. Joseph remained silent, but exhibited the power of no words . . . perhaps in this there lay a clue, perhaps my words were not well chosen because there were too many of them. In my encounters with others, I had a tendency to get involved in debates over the Lord.

"If silence be good for wise men, how much better must it be for fools!"

The Talmudic Anthology, No. 323, Stanza 5, Peshahim, 98b, (Judaism)

St. Michael *moved* with the mind of God, and although he seemed to embody God's justice and wrath . . . there was no wrath. St. Michael crushed demons with no emotional attachment, it was simply his purpose. His power was so great; he could crush a demon with a single sweep of his hand, sometimes with only a thought. But St. Michael exhibited peace in his work and was not angry, he just did his job of crushing darkness and their consorts with no emotional concern. Handing me a report card, I got all 'A's with one exception. For 'words' I had merited a 'B.'

St. Michael then allowed me to witness one of his prime functions. Taking me to an energetic prison, St. Michael showed me that the souls of incarnate mankind who are chaotic and dangerous are held energetically. St. Michael energetically prevents them from causing the total mass destruction they would cause if left to their own will. Allowing me to participate in restraining them, I quickly realized how difficult this was. So violently out-of-control, it took a great deal of concentration to hold them in place and to restrain their destructive impulse.

As I was easily overcome, St. Michael took pity on me and restrained the prisoners with only a thought, demonstrating to me the huge grace that the Lord had given this special angel.

Saying nothing, St. Michael and St. Joseph disappeared, but left behind them three huge statues that showed protection before our front door. Bowing to the Lord, I thanked God and His many angels for His protection.

"Man's power of speech is a spiritual force and it has great effect in the higher spheres. Consequently, the damage wrought by improper speech in the higher worlds is severe and awesome. And the greater the damage, the greater is the punishment."

Taharas Halashon, Chapter 2, Page 28, Shmiras Halashon, Sha'ar Hazchirah, Chapter 1, (Judaism)

"I tell you, on the day of judgement people will render an account for every careless word they speak. By your

words you will be acquitted, and by your words you will be condemned."

New American Bible, New Testament, Matthew 12:36-37, (Christianity, Catholic, Words of Christ)

***** - From The Mysteries of the Redemption

Ominous in its import, the celestial sphere was overrun by beautiful music which made it more difficult to concentrate. Floating in heavenly spheres, we were surrounded by the stars. Though a barrier clearly existed around us, the walls of the space were invisible. The celestial vision of the heavens was so earth-shatteringly stunning; it was excruciatingly painful knowing that I could not stay here forever.

Inside of our heads, an instructor showed us what appeared to be a cyclone of energy, which looked like a small tornado whirling within our brain at great speed. Pointing into deep space and guiding our eyes back down to the Earth below, the instructor now allowed us to watch as incredible laser beams of light appeared, originating from heaven and continuing all throughout the vast expanse of space to the Earth below. Amazingly, we were told that these were the lines of the Holy Spirit flowing from heaven to Earth!

Placed into a sitting and meditative position, we were directed to lean back our upper body in an attempt to have these cyclones within our heads meet with the line of the Holy Spirit. The alignment had to be just perfect for the intended effect to occur and this was very difficult, but we were told that when that alignment hit synchronicity, we would be swept away immediately. As they said this, they had snapped their fingers to indicate the quickness of the alteration.

Trying many times before I could make this link, it didn't come easily. Finally hitting the alignment perfectly, my soul was instantly transported to another location.

No bliss can ever hope to attain that which was now my own. Riding on the back of a gigantic being, approximately forty feet tall, I was leaning upon his neck and shoulders looking directly into his face which happened to be larger than my spiritual body. Small in comparison to him, I was like a little mouse sitting upon a person's shoulder.

Looking into his eyes, I felt a serene wisdom which surpassed everything. Blank and tan, his eyes were the color of his skin while we were traveling the Earth, uniquely fashioned to bring focus for his specific mission for the Lord. Falling gently below his ears, his somewhat curly and flowing hair was of a blondish-brown color. But as we shot off into space, his features took on a violet and white color, reflecting the colors of the galactic heavens.

Before I had a chance to realize what had happened to me, I'd entered into the power of this individual, feeling an incredible thrust of heavenly propulsion. In some ways, it was as though I were riding on the back of a rocket . . . as St. Michael the Archangel was taking me for a ride.

Patrolling the Earth looking for loose demons, I noticed that he was going after those which were not specifically attached to souls. Those demons which were already inside of people were left alone for this particular journey, as those who were lucidly looking for prey were immediately annihilated. St. Michael literally snapped these demons up in his two forefingers, pinching their neck and tossing them aside, as they fell back to the pit.

Along the way St. Michael found several dogs that were possessed by demons and had become extremely violent. Pinching the neck with one fell sweep of his two fingers, the demons were extricated and annulled. No words exist for the tremendous immensity of the energy pulse which I was honored to behold while riding upon his back. Circling the Earth several times, I was in a total state of ecstasy.

During our ride, we came upon several people who were misusing eternal power received unlawfully; souls in positions of worldly power who had used non-eternal means to achieve their ends. Snapping his fingers, several of these people simply dropped dead in their tracks.

Finally, St. Michael was done patrolling the Earth for now.

***** - From Galactica