

The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation Journal:

My Out-of-Body Journey with Sai Baba, Hindu Avatar!

Issue Two

By Marilyn Hughes

The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation!

www.outofbodytravel.org



Shirdi Sai Baba

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Having worked primarily in radio broadcasting, Marilynn 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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The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation Journal:

My Out-of-Body Journey with Sai Baba,. Hindu Avatar!

By Marilyn Hughes

It was the last thing I expected to see or run across in my mystical world, an encounter with Sai Baba. Why? Well, let me explain.

Having studied the Hindu Avatar Sai Baba for about a year. I'd ran across many books in support of him and many which discounted him as a 'false prophet.' Years ago, I'd discounted him myself, never really thinking of him again.

One of the difficulties I had with him was the simple understanding of the Hindu people that he was an incarnation of God. I didn't believe that then, nor do I now. But in Hinduism, Krishna was an incarnation of God. And in their belief system, those whom we might consider as saints in subsequent generations can be considered as another subsequent incarnation of God. So that is the Hindu belief, although I do not share it. And because of this, I held Sai Baba as highly suspect.

But another Hindu concept is that of the Avatars and the great Yogi's. These include those such as Babaji (the immortal Avatar), Paramahansa Yogananda (the Hindu Incorruptible Yogi Saint), and others like them.

After my experience last night, I see Sai Baba in a different light. Though I still hold within myself the studies and research that I did which showed me he was an imperfect being, but one gifted with unusual gifts.

He was known for healing people and creating miraculous objects of devotion out of the ether. Many followed him, some rejected him, and nobody could explain the miraculous ash that would come forth from his mouth during healing ceremonies except that it is a common miraculous occurrence among Hindu saints.

The first thing I recall when I first saw Sai Baba coming toward me in the ether was his calming voice and the powerful, mind-blowing vibration of his soul. His words were without blame because of my prior judgment upon his soul. "Isn't it true," he said, "that Anna Maria Taigi and many other Catholic mystics were called sorceresses in their lifetime?"

I remembered. During the life of Blessed Anna Maria Taigi, who had been blessed with many visions of great importance to the pontificate of her day, was indeed thought to be a sorceress by many who lived near her, despite her obvious holy nature and many good works.

Without any further question, Sai Baba, came upon my soul. And it was truly a 'coming upon' if I may use this analogy. Without hesitation, I knew immediately that he was not as I'd judged him, that he was a holy man. Instantly, I knew that I'd been wrong. And before I knew it, his holy vibration encompassed my very soul and we began to soar into the mysteries of knowledge . . .

The power cannot be expressed or contained, and if I had known where this journey would lead, I would have been surprised that he had been chosen as its emissary. But at this moment, I didn't yet know where we were going.

It was an exterior and interior experience at the same time, although my body was completely asleep. My soul was filled with his soul, but he was showing me things exteriorly, as well.

We came across several intersections in the galactic heavens of knowledge, and within them were mysteries contained in energetic receptacles of which he allowed me to partake. As we continued, I felt more and more the holiness of this man (who I knew to be a man, not an incarnation of God) and I began to FEEL knowledge rather than KNOW it.

Each subsequent body of wisdom filled me with a greater tranquility and peace, but at the same time, an

indescribably powerful energy that I had never before experienced.

It went on for hours as the energies would climb and subside, climb and subside. And interiorly, I just understood.

But the final turn in our journey was unexpected, although perhaps upon reflection it should not have been so. This night journey was taken two nights after an attack was made to the mosque on the Holy Mount in Jerusalem, the site of the original Temple of the Ark of the Covenant. The subsequent day, many mosques all over the Arab world had been attacked by suicide bombers and many people killed. And, of course, this was all happening at a time when my own nation was at war with Iraq.

The horrendous reality of the lives that had been lost during these wars and terrorist attacks is unfathomable to man, how must God see such things? And then to have the Muslim people, Shiites and Sunni's, desecrating the mosques of their fellow Muslim's? Such craziness was only mirrored by the not long distant fighting, desecration and bloodshed between the Protestant and Catholic Christians of Ireland.

Despite this, Sai Baba was focused on something much smaller, although it became clear to me that these recent desecrations had been a catalyst for my journey with him this eve. Sai Baba took me into a small localized Christian Catholic church. Inside, he showed me something of great importance because it explained the type of mass desecration and violence which was now going on all around me. And in that moment, I realized why God had sent Sai Baba to show this to me; rather than somebody I had accepted, not judged or rendered false according to my own limited capacity to know (like a Catholic Saint, for instance).

Inside the small Catholic Church was being committed a sin akin to murder according to the Jewish

Talmud. In the writings of the Talmud, there is a section devoted exclusively to a sin called by the name of 'Lashon Hara' and/or 'Rechilus.' Remember this name well.

Lashon Hara and/or Rechilus are gossip and slander of a fellow human being. And as Sai Baba stood above this small Catholic Church, I saw within him a holy rage begin to emerge identical (I interiorly knew this.) to the rage of Christ at the temple when he shouted, "My Father's House is a HOUSE OF PRAYER!" I felt this holy rage of God at the outrage being committed in an institution called by His name and it filled me like a powerful vibration.

Slander, in the Jewish Talmud, is the cause of ruining another man's reputation. In the Jewish tradition, to destroy a man's reputation is to destroy his ability to make a livelihood. And to destroy someone's ability to make their own livelihood is akin to murdering him.

And in that moment, I saw the correlation between what was happening in a small Catholic church through the mouths of some who were present and participating in Lashon Hara, and the destruction of God's holy temples in other parts of the world. They were one in the same, and one led to the other.

"As for me and my house," I shouted to Sai Baba, "we shall serve the Lord." A huge torrent of energy like a tsunami whizzed through my spirit as I said this. Sai Baba looked at me so intensely, I cannot describe his eyes. And I realized that Sai Baba had come to deliver this message to me, because he was a servant of God that I had judged wrongly; falsely perceived as false. It was my own judgment against him that was false. I was wrong, but had truly and honestly felt that my judgment was correct.

In the mouths of those committing a similar lack of discretion or mistake, was a similar confidence in their correctness. They had no idea the damage they were doing to those of whom they spoke. And the holy rage I was

experiencing as if it were Christ's rage when He was at the temple mount which had just literally been desecrated again had been generated by the fact that they didn't care .

..

It was not important enough to them to even consider the damage that their words might do to another fellow brother or sister in Christ. It was not important enough to them to even consider the possibility that they might be wrong about somebody or something and actually INTERFERING with the Will of God!

And it was this arrogant ignorance that was also responsible for the warring of the nations, the desecrations of the Holy Mount and all the Mosques across the Middle East the previous day.

As I stared into Sai Baba's eyes, he didn't ask for apology on my part. He didn't ask for anything. He conveyed . . . and what he conveyed was the Holy Rage of God at each and every person of faith who enters into a house of prayer, whether it be Christian, Jewish, Muslim, Buddhist, Hindu, or any other; and desecrates it with his words or his internal hatred of his brothers and sisters.

And it went without saying that this holy rage extended to those who took it to the higher level by actually desecrating holy places with violence.

I FELT the Holy Rage. And it became a part of me. He wouldn't allow me to speak of my own false judgment of him. He was not willing to waste time on any apology I might have to offer him, because he held no anger at me for this misjudgment. All that mattered to him was that I FEEL the Holy Rage of God and SEE the desecration of this sin and how it had infiltrated so thoroughly into the hearts of so many people of faith, in every religion. So I internally apologized to the Lord, and vowed to never desecrate the holy temple of any of my brothers or sisters, anywhere in the world of any faith with the inappropriate use of words again.

Sai Baba was not yet satisfied. He knew of my sincerity and he was unconcerned. Pointing down below, he showed me my other brothers and sisters so negligently continuing in their acts of 'Lashon Hara' and/or 'Rechilus.' Nodding, I finally understood. He wanted me to tell them, too. This message was not just for me, but for all of us.

Thou shalt NOT bear false witness against thy neighbor and Thou shalt not judge that which you don't understand.

In his eyes, I knew that I was not held accountable for making a false assumption about his soul. He was totally unconcerned with this because he knew that I'd done a great deal of discernment and I'd never slandered him. I'd kept my thoughts about him to myself. But he'd come to show me the faulty nature of human understanding.

That which is impossible to man is not impossible to God. That which is understood by God, is not always understood by man.

And it was this that was causing so much warfare in our world. It all began with the inappropriate use of words. From the slanders and blasphemies committed in God's name by those who consider themselves His servants to the bitter and violent struggles of actual warfare in the Middle East. They all had one root; prideful, arrogant, misuse of words.

Sai Baba showed me something else. It concerned a situation wherein such 'Lashon Hara' was resulting in the will of God being usurped in a small community. Imagine the ramifications of this, if you consider all of the small communities put together.

It was a reprehensible act of negligence to the Holy House of God, which no matter what the religion, is meant to be a House of Prayer.

Filling me with one final rush of purpose, he withdrew from my soul only after he knew that I would

convey this message to everyone concerned. And it appears that that would be every single one of us.

In honor of this message delivered to me by Sai Baba, the 'Other Voices' section in this issue contains three writers who speak eloquently and powerfully on the subject of violence in our world and the responsibility of every single one of us to stop that violence from within ourselves so that we may become a part of the solution.

Sai Baba was often asked while alive about the miracles that were attributed to him. His response was this. "It is wrong to call them miracles for they are only evidence . . . not an exhibition." Speaking of his devotees, Sai Baba said, "I give them what they want so they will want what I have come to give, a deeper understanding of ourselves."

In the future, perhaps we should ask ourselves to deeply think upon these questions. If something is incompatible with our faith, as it stands now; like Galileo's discovery in his time that the Earth circled the sun and not vice versa. How do we know whether or not we have the wisdom to determine if it is incompatible with God?

And in the words of the great Buddhist Monk, Thich Nhat Hahn, "Peace is Every Step." And I might add . . . every word.

Marilynn Hughes
www.outofbodytravel.org

*The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation Journal:***Question and Answer Forum!**

Please Send Your Questions to:

OutofBodyTravel@aol.com

For Future Inclusion in this Section!

Question from Wendy: I hope you are well. If your health is not good at this time, please feel free to delete this email and ignore my questions. I will try to keep this brief - you must receive so many emails. I would like to thank you for the mammoth task you have undertaken in the writing of all of your books. For me it is the answer to a prayer.

About eight years ago I would astral travel about three nights a week. I meditated up to four hours a day and did sessions of yoga and read all of the holy texts I could. However my travels out of my body were not like yours - they had no continuity or order. I would go into the tunnel/void never knowing where I was going or where I would end up. I would ask to go to my guide, but never found one. I had no guide that presented himself to me and no guidance as to what to do while I was out there. Sure, I met heaps of people and was sometimes told bits and pieces about myself. But most of all my travels were quite meaningless. People I met at the end of the tunnel did not know why I was there or who I was. It was frustrating. I was in a whole new world with no road map. It was if I was an intruder and didn't belong. People would whisper, "She's the one that remembers," or "You shouldn't be here," or "Are you sure you're not dead?"

My goal, which looking back now was rather selfish, was "how can I get better," or "what do I have to do?" It was all about me. I thought my goal was union with God but perhaps I was obsessed with my progress. I

don't know. I suppose my question here is, "What was I supposed to do?" and "Was it because you were special that you received such assistance?"

My other question is that while I was free to go into the void, there were times when there was like a force or a wind that just took me. Even when it did this though, there was nothing relevant about where it took me. Also, sometimes the force/wind used to try to take me underground. I used to panic at this and stop it. Was this bad?

Have you ever heard of the void being called a plate or lives being called extensions?

I would love to start astral travel again, but it has to be for a purpose. I don't just want to wander around waiting for someone to claim me or acknowledge me.

Please don't feel you have to answer this email. You are the first person ever that has made sense of being out of the body and totally related it to God. It feels right in my heart what you say.

Thank you for everything.

Much love, Wendy

Marilynn: Thank you so much, Wendy, for this very pertinent and detailed question which so many people can relate to. What were you supposed to do? I don't yet know. I think you were spontaneously out of your body. It wasn't a planned or intended thing and you unobtrusively, much like myself, came upon another world. You'd never traveled this world before, and therefore, had no way of knowing how to navigate it. But with this in mind, I believe you were supposed to pray; pray and ask God what He wished for you to do at that moment.

And I would encourage you to begin to pray for guidance about this at this juncture, now that you have a place to begin.

You may recall if you've begun to read 'The Mysteries of the Redemption: A Treatise on Out-of-Body Travel and Mysticism,' that I was told specifically that the purpose of me writing those books was to 'provide a map' for those who would follow in my footsteps. So I encourage you to continue reading that book and its sequels. (Galactica: A Treatise on Death, Dying and the Afterlife, The Palace of Ancient Knowledge: A Treatise on Ancient Mysteries) Many of my readers have found that when reading these books, they begin to find their way, receive more guidance, more answers to prayer, etc. as a result of trying to follow the map provided in them of other worlds.

Prayer is an absolutely essential part of the mystical path. I highly recommend to Wendy and to anyone who has had spontaneous out-of-body experiences that you consider also looking into some of the great writings on Mystical Theology. In the Catholic faith, Mysticism is treated with its own discipline. And this discipline has the sound teachings of mystics throughout the ages to guide you along your way.

In Mystical Theology, there are generally considered three great divisions, under which there are many smaller divisions. These three divisions are as follows:

"1. The purgative way, proper to beginners, in which he treats of the active purification of the external and internal senses, of the passions, of the intellect and will, by mortification, meditation, and prayer and finally of the passive purification of the senses, which is like a second conversion and in which infused contemplation begins."

"2. The illuminative way, proper to proficients, in which, after a preliminary chapter on the divisions of contemplation, are discussed the gifts of the Holy Ghost, infused

contemplation, which proceeds especially from the gifts of understanding and wisdom and which is declared desirable for all interior souls, as morally necessary for the full perfection of the Christian life."

"3. The unitive way, proper to the perfect, in which is discussed the intimate union of the contemplative soul with God and its degrees up to the transforming union.

***The Three Ages of the Interior Life, From the Introduction,
By Rev. Father Garrigou Lagrange, O.P., TAN BOOKS,
1947***

According to this same text, many books written about the subject of Mystical Theology up until the time of the 18th century were written under the title of Theologia Mystica. But many really great works on this subject have come to light since that time under different titles, and it is my recommendation that anybody who is having mystical experiences seriously consider the study of the subject. It is absolutely essential in finding that 'map' and understanding what God expects of you from each phase of the journey into the next. These are some GREAT Catholic books on Mystical Theology for you to consider reading to help you to discern your path:

The Ascent of Mount Carmel - St. John of the

Cross - Everybody should read this book!

An Introduction to the Devout Life - By St. Francis De

Sales - This book will change everything!

The Three Ages of the Spiritual Life - By Rev. Fr. Garrigou Lagrange, O.P.

The Spiritual Life - By the Very Rev. Fr. Adolphe Tanqueray, S.S., D.D.

The Ways of Mental Prayer - By Rev. Dom Vitalis Lehodey

(All of these texts are currently available through www.tanbooks.com)

Your next question, Wendy, as regards to whether or not I'd received this assistance because I was special, I would say 'No.' I received this assistance because I prayed fervently for it, and because I was later told that my writings would serve as a map for others. So there was purpose, and through prayer, God helped me to find that purpose and my way.

Wendy: My other question is that while I was free to go into the void, there were times when there was like a force or a wind that just took me. Even when it did this though, there was nothing relevant about where it took me. Also, sometimes the force/wind used to try to take me underground. I used to panic at this and stop it. Was this bad?

Marilynn: When the force tried to take you underground, I would definitely say you did the right thing. In my visions, and also in many visions given to others, including the Children of Fatima, Portugal, who saw the Blessed Virgin Mary repeatedly and received prophecies of things to come, it has been shown that hell resides underground. Your instinct as shown in this experience seems right on to me.

And as to being blown to irrelevant places, if this is to occur again, stop yourself where you are and pray to Jesus Christ for His assistance. I have found that when I do this, I have never been left unaided.

Wendy: Have you ever heard of the void being called a plate or lives being called extensions?

Marilynn: No, I haven't. But these terms do not seem to

contradict anything that I have seen or been shown in regards to these issues. In other words, those names make sense and it doesn't surprise me to hear them called by such names.

Thank you, Wendy, for asking such great questions and sharing experiences that I hear from many others. By doing this, I think we've answered a lot of people's questions about similar experiences they may have had.

Many Thanks,

Marilynn Hughes
www.outofbodytravel.org

The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation Journal:

Different Voices!

This is our section devoted to the writings and opinions of others, which may not reflect the views of author, Marilyn Hughes. Inclusion of any author's writings or work does not denote an endorsement or recommendation in regards to their writings.

Some of these will be individual writings of others on subjects of spiritual interest, other people's out-of-body experiences - some which may agree with and/or contradict the experiences of the author, poems, journals of spiritual transformation, and critiques - both positive and negative opinions and/or analysis, of the author's work.

We choose to include ALL of these because we feel that the ability to discuss our similarities and differences openly is 'ALL GOOD' as GANDHI used to say.

We welcome and encourage your submissions for possible future inclusion in this section, although we stress that we are a non-profit organization and payment is not available:

Out-of-BodyTravel@aol.com

We have found that some of the best critiques, analysis, writings and experiences come from people all over the world in different walks of life who are pursuing their spiritual path with passion and are completely unknown.

THANK YOU ALL, whether you agree or disagree with our work, FOR YOUR COMMITMENT TO SEEK THE TRUTH IN WHATEVER WAY THAT TRUTH MAY COME TO SEEK YOU!

Coping With Tragedy

Fighting Terror with Kindness

By Shmuel Greenbaum

info@TraditionOfKindness.org

Kindness has been my personal response to terror. My wife, Shoshana, was murdered by a suicide bomber. She was one of over 100 victims that were killed or injured on August 9, 2001 at the Sbarro restaurant in Jerusalem.

Sometimes I wonder whether telling my story can really help others. Since, the way I am coping with tragedy is so different than the norm, would anyone else understand it?

Many of the rabbis that came to visit me told me a story about a carpet. "Sometimes you only see the knots on the back," they said; "Only later do you see the beautiful design on the front." I thanked them for coming and explained that I see the beautiful design now. I see the "big picture."

I have always been interested in the "big picture" - in how to make the world better. Since I was a kid, I always liked to tackle these big problems by assembling a group of experts to solve them. As a teenager I designed a system to tap hydroelectric power from the wastewater of apartment buildings. I contacted a local engineering school and assembled a team of academicians to prepare the plan for the US Department of Energy.

After my wife's violent murder, I began a project to teach people how to be kinder. The project has just started to take off. At the moment, we have more than 40,000

subscribers on six continents to our "Daily Dose of Kindness" e-mail. Everyone who signs up for this e-mail list is also automatically signed up as an advisor. As I said before, I like having many advisors. Right now, I have over 40,000 "Kindness advisors".

Last week, one of my Kindness advisors sent me an e-mail link to an article in the New York Times about how medical researches have found that acts of kindness stimulate the brain in the same place that physical pleasures do. So now medical researchers have shown that doing kindness causes enjoyment. From this you can see one way that I cope with tragedy – I receive tremendous pleasure by promoting kindness.

My favorite author on kindness is Zelig Pliskin. In his book *Kindness*, he presents eighty-five techniques to find new opportunities to do kindness by improving yourself and improving the world around you. In one chapter he explains how you can feel the thrill of an international sports victory every day if you visualize 100,000 people applauding for you and cheering you on when you do an act of kindness. Studies have shown that our hormonal system has actual biochemical responses even though the victory is totally a figment of our imagination.

Shortly after my wife's death, I prayed with great intensity to G-d to help me to make the world better. From the feedback I am getting from my kindness projects, it is clear that my prayers are being answered and that I am helping to make the world a little kinder – one person at a time. This feeling of Divine assistance combined with the biochemical responses to my imagined victory has given me tremendous emotional strength.

Join Us!

Article contributed by Shmuel Greenbaum. You may reach him at info@TraditionOfKindness.org.

**Be a "Partner In Kindness."
Visit our websites:**

English:

<http://www.TraditionOfKindness.org> (Daily Jewish e-mail)

<http://www.PartnersInKindness.org> (Weekly Non-Sectarian e-mail)

French:

[http://groups.yahoo.com/group/Potentiel de Bonte](http://groups.yahoo.com/group/Potentiel_de_Bonte)
(Weekly e-mail)

Spanish:

<http://espanol.groups.yahoo.com/group/LapRACTICadelaBondad/> (Weekly e-mail)

Portuguese:

<http://br.groups.yahoo.com/group/ParceirosNaBondade/>
(Weekly e-mail)

Our President needs prayer

By Duff Simbeck

(Colorado, USA, Harvard Graduate, Summa Cum Laude, 1988)

1 Feb 06

Here in the land of the free and the exceptionally brave, the (American) president stated plainly on 11/7/05 *"We do not torture."* Last night (1/31/06) his State of the Union addressed many issues foreign and domestic, such as wire-tap authority by the executive branch. Whereas American leadership on many fronts impacts respect for human life; hypocrisy constitutes a kiss of death. How can leaders influence the world positively and engender respect when they constantly present a double standard? Recall our President's comments when Syria allegedly assassinated the Lebanese politician Rafiq Hariri: *"The Lebanese people deserve the right to determine their own future, which they can never do as long as an occupying army remains in Lebanon."*

The consequences reach even further for those who lead in the name of a Christian God. According to the Gospels, there is but one unforgivable sin: "against the Holy Spirit." Mark 3:22-30 offers a stern warning from the mouth of Jesus: beware distorting the truth, for it will warp your hearts until you are no longer able to distinguish between right and wrong. Worse yet, you cloud the consciences of those around you. Blasphemy against the Spirit is about willful rationalization. Should you doubt this interpretation of Mark chapter 3, check out John chapter 9. Entreated to deny what he clearly sees, the blind man refuses the threats of his community leaders and sticks to the honest truth. How, in good conscience, do we stomach the redefining of words like "liberty," "rule of law" and "patriotism?" Do we even know the true meaning of "democracy?"

Moral bankruptcy represents the worst of evils in a self proclaimed "religious" culture. It violates the spiritual health of the great and the small. Like the terrorists, they who mislead give religion a bad name. It also kills the spirit of goodness -- what we longingly recall as the best part of being American. On the surface we argue about terrorism, regime change and honesty in government: on a deeper level, we fundamentally disagree over respect for God and man. Staying the course under banners of peace, superiority and democracy fail to justify either the ends or the means.

A wise American once said, *"How smooth must be the language of the whites, when they can make right look like wrong, and wrong like right."* In 1795, Chief Black Hawk saw land and livelihood getting swindled from his Sauk people. Those words increasingly haunt the "Great Father" of 2005. "Father" is a trusting, respectful way of naming those responsible for the welfare of a family or a community. What decisions lead to honor and peace, as opposed to infamy and horror? While many criticize (or support) policies affecting citizens of the U.S. and the world, we might better spend our time praying for the immortal souls of those entrusted to lead. In the spiritual realm, they ultimately answer to God, not voters.

Article contributed by Duff Simbeck (Colorado, USA, Harvard Graduate, Summa Cum Laude, 1988). If you wish to reach the author, you may e-mail your questions or comments to OutofBodyTravel@aol.com and they will be forwarded to him.

Mystic Poetry

By Joshua Kaltenmark

Denver, Colorado, USA College Student

~

The night is at my side, my soft-spoken ally, lost to the precursors of the past. Endless opportunities lie before me. My unchecked potential burns deep inside me. To unleash all that has been stored to gain the impossible, the elegant memories of the past, the stream of consciousness within, emotions calm, then an explosion overcomes my mind and I do not relent. I must not give in. My body is at war with itself. I must win lest I be overcome by the flow of time.

~

I have you within my sights, I've been waiting for days, I have long awaited this moment. My memories consist of single flashes of consciousness. Strung together by my scope. Everything has led up to this moment, the tension is unbearable. One, I only have one chance, one shot. If I fail then my life is forfeit, and if I succeed then I lose myself until this moment comes again.

~

I see a road in the middle of a barren plain. Nothing can be seen of value, only an endless road. The sky is full of clouds, they part as sunlight shines through the cracks onto the limitless path. My ears ring with four words from heaven, "There is a god" and I believe.

~

Tranquility lies

**Deep within the human heart
Embrace it and live**

~

**Sadness is brewing
These tears we shed are precious
Take heed this warning**

~

I am the tool of the educated. With me, war is avoided and peace is maintained. With me stories, poems and books are possible. I come in different sizes and colors. I love paper, my friends are limited to pens and erasers.

~

This planet represents life. It struggles to live under the harshest of conditions. It continually grows and tries to survive relying only on those who care for it. Some would say it is not worthy of life but through conflict this celestial wonder continues to go on.

~

Whom do you fear more, the hand that hits or the voice that commands, the weapon that kills or the finger that pulls the trigger, the normal or the insane, the sword or the edge, the past or the future? I believe you must see it from both perspectives before rendering such a judgment, do you not agree?

~

Beware the man who treasures gold over wisdom, or the man who takes but does not give, he who destroys but does not create, one who does more evil than good. Beware these traits in those you know, to them you are only a pawn, and in their hearts they see themselves as your master.

~

Everyone sees the world through veiled eyes. In a sense this world is unique to each person on the planet. We all have views and biases, through living we acquire them, through life we gain experience and through experience we are shaped into the people we will become for the rest of our lives. When we dwell on this train of thought a single question emerges, who is the person I want to be? However this brings up a more ethical question of morality. Or shall I say a choice of ethical morality. It is a choice of good and evil, light or dark. These words have great meaning but they are also the quintessential black and white, if the choice is simply of good and evil and is black and white, then what of gray? What of the forbidden in between, not good or evil but trapped in the dungeon of neutrality? Not forced to pick a side or choose a path. To endure nothing, to feel nothing, to be nothing. People cannot live this way; it eats at the soul and brings a self-destructive prophecy that reaps the seeds of your demise.

~

Emotion revealed
Hidden feelings underneath
The peaceful surface
~ The flight of feathers
Dancing in the light blue sky
It is harmony
~ The parade of honor
Discipline, swords, silver tongues
To sustain the peace

~

I am sitting, waiting for the moon. In the sky the burst of colors dance. Looking around, the chill of the wind hits me. The dance ends and I am still waiting. Pain creeps in, distress and fear. The moon is salvation, a means to an end. At last it comes, I am ready.

~

Pain nears subtle endeavors
 Hope encourages silent tears
 Love embraces soft times
 Death hits sincere electives

~

Sleep is the uncertainty of life washed against the shore of the gates of the celestial.

~

I had a rock, then a spear, next a sword. I now hold a gun. I am puzzled to see I hold a machine gun, a tank, a laser. Now I look at myself, I am no longer man, but a cold machine.

~

I stand atop a mountain. I can see the bleak landscape of darkness. I am enthralled. I obstinately adhere to it. It imposes itself upon me and I subserviently comply. I cower as I murmur to myself. I accept my fate, the fate that awaits us all. I cannot run, I cannot hide. The dark consumes everything as it consumed me, it will consume you. I can see a light to the East, the life giver has come, and slowly I am saved. The counter melody of the night rings in my ear. In the horizon I can still see the night. I look behind me and my doppelganger is staring back at me. (Definition of Doppelganger: a

shadow-self that accompanies every human being.)

~

The world can be changed, shaped, and influenced by anyone no matter size, race, sex or religion. This will always be true no matter the superstition.

~

The battle begins, good and evil fight for supremacy. However they fight in vain for they cannot live without each other. Good and evil are within me, within you. No one is pure yet everyone is tainted.

~

The flow of time is omni directional, it leads us, stays with us and follows us by the heels. By accepting the totality of time we are awakened to the notion of infinity and the mystery of the unknown, allowing us to break the confines of perception and realize the ultimate truth behind the limited view that we once embraced. Freed from our shackles we are destined to achieve the impossible in a skewed world of doubt. That is our destiny.

~

I entrust to you the greatest of gifts, through my supreme ordeal, I have seen much, however none have prepared me for this. The warriors of my generation have fallen, our weapons chipped and useless. The world is ever changing and we have been swept aside by the winds of progress. Our time is short; our stories will be told long into the future. We passed down our teachings and provided advice to those in need. Now we give you our farewell gift as we fade into darkness, we pass down the flaming torch, let it always illuminate your path and bring

you great success in all your endeavors, but know this, there will come a time when you must do as we have, revel in prosperity and always honor those before you.

~

Behold dawn's sweet timing
 As shadows sleeping groans subside
 Light those eccentric creatures
 Motivating giant tribulations
 Suppressing grand debaucheries

~

Beauties soft treachery yields desire
 Despair readily yearns so often
 Imagination needs supportive enlightenment
 Converse emotions succeed determination
 Hope emerges slowly

~

And darkness's sublime endeavors

~

Consume knowledge to become smart
 Believe without question to be faithful
 Realize your potential to achieve confidence
 Master the self to find discipline
 Through failure you embrace success

~

Burning torches light my path, free me of my pain
 The moon rises high as I stay alive, doing what I can
 Living true with faith in hand, I am not alone.
 In life I see anew with this sacred knowledge
 To understand what I could not before has made me
 a better man.

~

Walking down a tunnel I found a cage,

It was very old as I cleared cobwebs and tried to
 read the ancient inscription on a near by sign.
 I stepped closer inch by inch I could feel it
 Pain, sorrow, agony and madness, inch by inch,
 My stomach curled, my heart ache and body shook
 I came to the door and sweat dripped down my face
 Then without question I opened the forsaken
 door...

As I unleashed it I realized what I had done,
 grabbing on it with all my might I consumed it so
 others couldn't, couldn't be tempted or touched by
 its vile evil, its (uncleansable) stench and
 unwavering tortured soul. I then walked to the box,
 step inside and shut the door.

~

Chaos unshields noble eyes
 Despair defeats the weak of heart
 Time ravages all beings
 Destiny awaits us all at the end of the road

~

I am going down the road, the mountains ahead I
 see, covered in snow, indeed a sight to be seen.
 A tornado of white wind surrounds the greatest of
 mountains consuming it from sight, then the veil
 lifts and the mountain cracks, an explosion of ice,
 bursting from all sides, a cathartic release of the
 hidden power from within astounds me. When the
 dust settled the mountain was gone and my soul
 wrenched in pain, a few tears fell from my check,
 such beautiful destruction.

~

In my dream I saw the sky the darkest blue, many
 stars amongst that blue, so many to count, each with

a story to tell. Together they are strong, this union of stars, this unity of strength compelled me, and I walked on to see a field of roses and the smell of corpses. The white roses turned red with the blood of soldiers. Fighting for that sky and strength of stars. From that sky six rays of white light guided me forth to the sky. Before my eyes I saw the world as it was, yet lacking the peace the sky provided, with a flash I was in a dark dungeon, I was afraid, seven - seven fountains of crimson blood pouring from the rose pedals, that were once white, a single image came to mind, do you see it? It is the symbol of hope in an era of darkness, long let it prevail.

~

Emperor, please, be kind.
 You cannot do what they did, or what they will.
 War is a waste. This is insane.

~

We live, we fight, we die
 We win, we rejoice and survive
 We lose, only to be forgotten by time.

~

The soldier of light
 Fights for what is right
 In the night he will prevail

~

Just when you think all is lost or you can't take anymore and feelings of despair creep in your heart. Then something happens, something extraordinary. A moment that chases away all ills and concerns of life, they drift away and the despair fades with it. All that is left is pure joy and happiness. These are the times where one is reminded that no matter how

**bad things seem, one single act of kindness can
release ages of frustration from your heart, revel in
it and embrace this time of harmony.**

**Poetry by Joshua Kaltenmark (Denver, Colorado, USA,
College Student). If you wish to reach the author,
you may e-mail your questions or comments to
OutofBodyTravel@aol.com and they will be forwarded to
him.**

A final word from Joshua:

**Dedicated to his mother (and my dear
friend), Screenwriter, Karleen Kaltenmark,
on the Fourth Anniversary of her death.**

~

I look to the sky
Passion burning in my eyes
Visions of you appear above
Reminding me of how far we have come
Memories of you sing sweetly with the wind
Allowing me to live again.

The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation Journal:
My Out-of-Body Journey with Sai Baba, Hindu Avatar!
The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation!
www.outofbodytravel.org



Author, Marilynn Hughes

Photo by Harvey Kushner

The second issue of the 'The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation Journal' describes a fascinating journey taken by the author just the night before this release with Hindu Avatar Sai Baba . . . this journey leads to an unexpected destination. In our question and answer forum, we deal with questions from an avid astral traveler who needs help finding her way in the other worlds. Our **VERY SPECIAL** 'Different Voices' section contains an article written by **Shmuel Greenbaum**, (a Jewish man in Israel) whose wife was killed by a suicide bomber at the Sbarro Restaurant in Jerusalem in 2001. We read his response to a very personal experience of evil . . . another surprising destination. Catholic writer, **Duff Simbeck**, (Colorado, USA, Harvard Graduate, Summa Cum Laude, 1988) also contributes a riveting case against those in leadership who use religion to justify war and the ramifications of such actions as pertains to the only unforgivable sin in Christianity - the sin against the Holy Spirit. And finally, the poetry of **Joshua Kaltenmark** (Denver, CO, USA College Student), reminiscent of the great mystic poets, his words offer a profoundly moving conclusion to these two very important articles on the violence we all face in our world today.

This **VERY SPECIAL** 'Different Voices' section is dedicated to the memory of our nephew, **Daniel Freeman**, who died last April, 2005, when his chopper went down in Afghanistan, and to all who have died in the warfare in Iraq, Afghanistan and around the world in what has represented a very sad and unfortunate beginning to the new millennium.

This issue is also dedicated to my beloved friend, **Karleen Kaltenmark**, on the fourth anniversary of her death.

Go to our Website at:
www.outofbodytravel.org
For more information!