

Death, Dying and the Afterlife

Mystic Knowledge Series

Compiled and Written by Marilyn Hughes

The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation!

www.outofbodytravel.org



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For information, write to:

*The Out-of-Body Travel
Foundation!*

www.outofbodytravel.org

MarilynnHughes@outofbodytravel.org

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

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INTRODUCTION:

The Mystic Knowledge Series is a group of compilations of the Mystic and Out-of-Body Travel Works of Marilyn Hughes on various subjects of scholarship so you may have at your fingertips all the Out-of-Body Travel Instructions on a particular area of study.

As many experiences would overlap into more than one area, we've chosen the best category for each Out-of-Body Travel Experience in which to place it in order to avoid repetition.

We hope this series helps those who are interested in a special area of study to read all the recorded mystical and out-of-body travel experiences that the author had on each subject.

These experiences are compiled from 'Come to Wisdom's Door: How to Have an Out-of-Body Experience,' 'The Mysteries of the Redemption: A Treatise on Out-of-Body Travel and Mysticism,' 'Galactica: A Treatise on Death, Dying and the Afterlife,' 'The Palace of Ancient Knowledge: A Treatise on Ancient Mysteries,' 'Touched by the Nails: A Karmic Journey Revealed,' 'Suffering: The Fruits of Utter Desolation,' and a few other published and unpublished sources.

CHAPTER ONE

**Meeting a Loved One in the Beyond,
Disaster Team, Demons of Death,
Taking Souls at Death to an Immortal
Realm, A Young Death, the Angel of
Death, Experiencing the Peaceful and
Detached Moment of Death, Gang
Member who Saved his Soul, Putting
on the New Man, Helping the Blessed
Virgin Cross Souls Over in a Hospital,
Deliverance from Living Death, What
Meeting Loved Ones Beyond the Veil is
Really all About.**

As the vibrations began, I found myself separating with more ease and quickness, and doing it through the use of thoughts, rather than rolling out. But to my surprise, as soon as I had split from form, I was in a space I could only call a black void, rather than my bedroom. Frightened to no end, I immediately shot back into my body. It seems that any fear at all will always send you right back to your body, a special way God protects us from that for which we are not yet ready. Willing myself to separate and go back to the void, I did this two more

times before I finally became so determined that my fear was overridden and I was able to remain there.

Passing through the black void, I crossed over into another dimension. It was very bright, light and airy, I almost felt like my spirit was a feather. Spirits whose forms were only light occupied this place, and it seemed that they knew me. Interestingly, they immediately recognized that I was an astral traveler, not one who had died, like themselves. Calming myself, I eased up on my fears.

Up in the distance, another spirit began to approach me. Walking along the sky, my dear friend (who had passed on several years before in a car accident) was now coming towards me. Feeling an urgency from him, as though he had something very important to tell me, I was very disappointed when I realized that my surprise and shock at seeing him was so powerful that it blocked us from having any communication.

Beginning to laugh, his seriousness diminished as he gently hugged me. Somehow, he knew that this was all I could handle for this visit and he turned to walk

away.

As though hit by lightning, my spirit soared at the speed of light back to my form.

"The caravan of my prayers is moving toward Thee. It has been delayed now and then by blinding sandstorms of despondency."

*Whispers from Eternity, Page 117, Paragraph 1,
(Hinduism, Kriya Yoga, Author: Paramahansa
Yogananda)*

Leaving form, my spirit was sent directly to a group of spirits whose work was quite unusual. Called the 'disaster team,' they were responsible for disasters and the souls who perished in them. Suiting up in silver boots and helmets, I joined them for an evening of work worldwide.

Responsible for the victims of airplane disasters, earthquakes, tornadoes, car accidents, fires and all other types of tragic, sudden death situations, they wore the silver boots and helmets to make easily recognizable amidst the chaos of fires, floods and other catastrophic events. Whisked from one disaster to another, they worked non-stop as they helped souls all over the globe. An 'energetic pull' would come to take them

to their next site, and they would be there instantly.

In each instance, the team pulled dying souls out of the mass of smoke, fire, wreckage and physical obstructions, literally shoving them up and out of the mess to the heavenly guardians who awaited their delivery. Most souls were so disoriented, that they didn't know they had passed on. Souls were plundered beneath such a mass of smoke and flame, they couldn't see anything. Because their deathbed had almost become the abyss, the screams of terror were immediately transformed to tears of joy upon seeing the heavenly lights above.

"The people who walked in distress have seen a great light. Upon those who dwelt in the land of gloom, a light has shone."

*New American Bible, Old Testament, Isaiah 9:1,
(Christianity, Catholic)*

After my time was finished with the 'disaster crew,' I was shown astral support groups which operate on sub-conscious levels to help souls through their lives. Being sub-conscious, most people don't remember them upon waking, although some remember portions in dreams. Groups

exist for every crisis one can experience in this world, and also for teaching specific spiritual knowledge. My spirit was allowed to sit in on a group discussing changing 'negatives' in their lives into 'positives.'

"The coming of the kingdom of God cannot be observed, and no one will announce it, 'Look, here it is,' or 'There it is.' For behold, the kingdom of God is among you."

New American Bible, New Testament, Luke 18:20, (Christianity, Catholic, Words of Christ)

Now that time had passed and I'd become accustomed to such things, the visitation from my friend who had died was no longer shocking. Out-of-body, he came to me to convey to me a message of his love for me. Appearing at the age of his death, I said, "It's so good to see you again. I've missed you . . . a lot!" Staring through me, he could sense all my feelings and love.

Coming closer, he hugged me, "I had no idea you felt that way about me." Noticing my embarrassment, he hugged me tighter, "Hey you don't have to be embarrassed. Remember, I'm dead. I don't have an ego anymore. To tell you the truth, I had a crush on you, too."

Showing me that he was working with some of his former friends subconsciously, he had become their guide. Admitting frustration, it seemed clear that very few of them were able to see or hear him, which made his work very difficult. Whisked away, I acknowledged death as both an end . . . and a beginning.

"Blessed be Thy name, O God of mercies, for Thou hast done great and wondrous things . . . and in accordance with Thy goodness towards us, Thou has oftentimes opened for us gates of salvation, when we were oppressed."

The Dead Sea Scriptures, The War of the Sons of Light and the Sons of Darkness, Of thanksgiving for victory, Page 422, Paragraph 2, (Christianity, Gnostic/Essene)

Leaving my form behind, I was swept away to a beautiful mountain valley to fly with the wind and watch the beautiful creation of the Lord below. But as I soared upon a field of flowers, I noticed someone familiar sitting amidst the meadow. My friend who had passed on was waiting for me with an urgent message. Hugging him with intensity, I kept looking at him to make

sure he was real, as he was so tangibly alive in his new life. In fact, he seemed MORE alive than he had been during his earthly sojourn.

"Why are you so argumentative with Sister Mary Christian?" He asked. "Who is that?" I blurted out, not recognizing this persons heavenly name. "This is important, I have to know." Blurting out the name of one of the souls I'd been working with on music, he nodded that this was correct. Apparently, it was not fitting for someone sent to guardian a soul to become annoyed or frustrated because of the soul's struggles. Ashamed, I asked, "What should I do to make up for my argumentative nature?" "Give her servitude." He said, as he directed my attention to all around us.

Many spirits had suddenly appeared who were working with souls on sub-consciously astral levels. "See all these spirits," he said, referring to the spirits of the dead who were present, "they cannot leave here completely until they have fulfilled all of their contracts. You are lucky because you can work with your people from a physical perspective. Though you are sometimes perceived as crazy, at least you

can plant CONSCIOUS seeds of remembrance." Nodding that I understood, I felt compassion for these souls and all the angels who try so hard to catch our attention, despite our reasoned thinking which prevents us from even opening our eyes to see them. Pulled away, my spirit returned to form.

*"May my instruction soak in like the rain,
and my discourse permeate like the dew.
Like a downpour upon the grass, like a
shower upon the crops: For I will sing the
Lord's renown. Oh, proclaim the greatness
of our God!"*

*New American Bible, Old Testament,
Deuteronomy 32: 2-3, (Judaism, Christianity)*

Sitting in a car with Andy as a dark horseman approached, I quickly locked my door but Andy was too slow to lock his own. A large man with a black hat and veils all about his face and head, he tried to open the doors. Upon finding mine locked, he moved onto Andy's. "Andy, hit the gas!" I shouted, but he refused to hear. Pushing him out of the way, I stuck my foot on the gas pedal before the death messenger could take him. Pulling out a black staff, he pointed it at us.

"When the black pointed staff comes, death is near." His echoing voice sounded, as I knew that he spoke of karmic death. Death is not just a state of the body, but a state of the soul.

My soul was lost in thought as I sat at the table with childhood friends and relatives. Surprised when my deceased friend, who'd died in a car accident, entered the room, he sat down to talk with one of his best friends. Watching him, I felt a sorrow in my soul for this loss, but I turned away so as not to feel the pain. When I looked up again, he was walking straight towards me, staring me down with deep caring in his eyes. Taking my hand, he sat next to me.

For a moment, I was lost in his visions and dreams, which held the image of the fatal car accident that had taken his life. Drinking and driving, four out of the five passengers had been killed; all thrown from the vehicle, bloodied and battered. When he turned to face me again, the wounds which caused his death were present upon his body and I could feel his pain. Beginning to cry, he told me that he now worked with the Disaster Crew to help others who were

dying traumatic deaths, and this brightened me up. For a moment, he became very serious, and though his words weren't eloquent or poetic, he let me know how much he had loved me. My tears began flowing harder, for I'd loved him deeply, too. Wonderful to see him again, I didn't want to return to my physical world. "Come with me," he said, as he held out his hand. Being pulled back beyond the veil of death, I timidly reached my hand to him, but then pulled back. Knowing I couldn't go with him, we lived in two different worlds.

Suddenly, we were sitting on a small park bench before his gravesite. Nothing was said, as he pulled me close to him and comforted me in my sorrow. "Sometimes love just isn't enough," he said to me, as he disappeared and his casket appeared before me. "No!" I screamed out, "No!" I screamed again as I flung myself to the box which held his remains and held on tightly. But an angel appeared, who was direct, "You cannot go with him," she said, "because his destiny lies in the world beyond death, and your destiny lies in the world of the living. Can you sacrifice your own destiny to be with him, now?" I didn't reply. "He cannot

come to your world, and you cannot go to his . . . you cannot go with him."

Still crying, she conveyed something very dramatic, poignant and blunt. "Don't you see? Stop mourning over that which you have not lost." She paused. "Stop mourning over a destiny that was never meant to be, and by doing so, perhaps you will recognize the destiny that *was* meant to be."

"A veil exists between the world above and the realms that are below; and shadow came into being beneath the veil; and that shadow became matter; and that shadow was projected apart."

The Nag Hammadi Library, The Hypostasis of Archons, Page 167, Paragraph 7, (Christianity, Gnostic/Essene)

Encompassing me as they took me to my destination, the solar rays projected my spirit to a nursing home where several patients were scheduled to cross over. As they were to be transported to the sun, I was honored to be involved in assisting soul's who had achieved immortality!

Some of them were quite senile. Larry actually believed he was Batman from the old television series, so I knew that I was

going to have some fun. Reporting for duty, I was assigned to accept a job as an activities director for this Catholic nursing home. Versing me on the religion so that I might fit in long enough to make this transition pleasant and simple, a very conservative fiftyish woman ran the home and was not at all pleased with the senile fantasies of her residents.

My playfulness with Larry, a.k.a. Batman, and his friend Ralph, a.k.a. Robin, really disturbed her. By nightfall of my first working day, she was considering my dismissal.

Batman, a name by which he preferred to be called, was saddened because he only had one arm; his left. Because of this, I had only been given one arm upon entry into this operation, my right, which made him feel comfortable with me immediately. Serving spaghetti for dinner that night, Batman had gotten frustrated because he couldn't twirl the spaghetti around his fork with his left arm. So I sat on his bed and twirled it with my right. Betty, the lady in charge, was upset at the special treatment I gave to Batman, and it disturbed her that I sang the Batman theme song and

danced around the room. "Nananananananana, Nananananananana, Batman!" Encouraging his senility was wrong in her view.

As night fell and midnight approached, I knew my true job was nigh. Going to the rooms of Batman, Robin and two other patients who called themselves the Tin Men, I revealed my identity. Another woman who wasn't to cross over this night was also present. Calling her 'Hatchet,' she liked to cut things in half, especially towels, bed sheets and other cloth materials.

Noticing the sparkly blue light that came from my fingers, Batman was impressed. "What is that?!" He asked. "You haven't seen anything, yet," I replied, "I'm a Solar Angel and I have to energize this room with solar energy. Then you'll see just how much fun we're going to have tonight!" "Oh, how exciting!" Hatchet said. "A Solar Angel!" Before you could count to ten, the whole room was aglow with the sparkling blue energies of the immortal.

All of them were now being released from their bodies to play with me as I transmitted through them, making them young again. Batman immediately

manifested a cape and sang the Batman song, running and jumping all over the place. The Tin Men created fire trucks to pretend they were firemen. Robin sped alongside Batman. Hatchet, who could not be made young again because she wasn't going to be transitioning this eve, had a good time playing with a thought-form ax, pretending to chop up her sheets, towels and tissue boxes. And as she did, she screamed with hysterical laughter. "Half price! I'll give it to you for half price!"

Betty, meanwhile, had heard some noise, even though it was occurring beyond third-dimensional awareness. Running towards the room, she saw me and was furious. In her view, everyone appeared to be sleeping, and she was unaware of Batman making faces behind her, or Robin lunging towards her and through her, laughing hysterically. "I want your resignation on my desk in the morning!" she screamed, as she took me to my room. Other Solar Angels arrived and put Betty in a deep sleep so that I might return to and finish my job.

Batman, Robin and the Tin Men were ready to go, so I took their hands and flew out the window into the night sky. Waving

quietly to Hatchet as she re-entered her sleeping body, Batman cried out, "My Bat mobile!" An abandoned, beat-up old car in the woods had become the object of his fascination. Because we were laughing so hard, I almost forgot that I had to let them go now to be taken by their other guides. The Penguin appeared, another Solar Angel in costume pretending to be Batman's mortal enemy. "You must go," he said to them with humorous ferocity, "there are some journey's mortal enemies must take together." Beginning to soar towards the sun, the Bat mobile went off in the night sky.

Taking me to Hatchet's window the next morning, a brother Solar Angel had come to allow me to observe.

"Good morning, Elizabeth," Betty said, trying to prepare Hatchet for the empty beds that lay next to her. "Good Morning!" Hatchet cried, "Where's Batman and Robin?!" Solemn in her effort to console her, Betty replied, "They both passed in the night." The Tin Men had slept in another room and their absence was not immediately obvious to Hatchet. Brightening, Hatched exclaimed, "What happened to the Solar Angel?" "Huh?" Betty replied quizzically.

"What happened to the Solar Angel?!" "Just hang in there, Elizabeth," Betty replied, "I'll have your nurse in here with your morning medication in just a minute, okay?"

The eternal command came and we were gone.

Vortexing energies soared into me, as the voices whispered into my ears. "Destiny of the East wind Pyramid." Before my eyes, a swirling circle was going on into infinity, a triangle overlapped it; the karmic triangle, the pyramidal symbol of unification with God. As I re-entered my body, the voice continued to whisper into my ears. "They who are willing to beacon the light of all lives, to embody the eternal nature of all things, to become one with all who live within these hearts; shall be opened, shall be beckoned, shall receive. And in this reception, the many shall become one, and all that is eternal will henceforth become they."

"They therefore want me to declare on their behalf that in all of heaven there is not a single angel who was created at the beginning, nor is there in hell any devil who was created an angel of light and cast down. Rather, all the individuals in both heaven

and hell are from the human race. In heaven are the ones who lived in heavenly love and faith in the world; in hell are the ones who lived in hellish love and faith."

Heaven & Hell, Chapter 35, Page 233, Paragraph 3, (Christianity, Swedenborgianism, Author: Emanuel Swedenborg)

Coming closer to the woman with the emerald face, her tears were flowing long and hard. Coming closer to her, I gave her a few moments to digest my presence. "Who are you?" she said, as her voice quivered. "I come as a servant of he who has parted." I replied. Placing my hand on her shoulder, she began to weep deeply.

Three had died in the accident, and I knew that this young girl was going to have a rough time dealing with this throughout her adult life. Her first love, the one she was to marry, had died at the age of eighteen.

For hours, we talked, and I told her of my dear friend who had also died so young. "You know," I said, "it feels like an unbearable pain at first, but it really does change over time." "Really?" "Yes." Thinking for a moment, she continued, "My mother thinks I'm overreacting, but she doesn't

understand. She says it was just a teenage romance and I'll get over it." "You're right, she doesn't understand." I replied, "Love hurts the most when it is taken, but although this may be hard to understand, the love between you two will always remain. You will cry over losing his presence in your life, the destiny you thought you may have shared, but you will never really lose him completely. He lives in a new world now, but he will more than likely come visit you sometimes . . . perhaps when you least expect it." Looking at me, she said, "That's not enough." "Not enough for now . . . but over time, it will be." I paused. "But for now, you must cry, you must grieve . . ."

Summoning her other sub-conscious friends, they all began to appear in order to help one another through this great tragedy. Standing in a circle, I placed their hands together. "May serenity float upon your doorstep someday, my brave little young one." Whistling into the winds, she looked up one last time as I left.

"Serenity displays a consciousness that does not flare up when provoked by people or things. In the face of difficulty, the serene person's sentiments remain cool and

detached."

*Secrets of Mayan Science/Religion, Chapter 3,
Page 98, Ziiz Olal, (Tribal, Mayan, Author:
Hunbatz Men)*

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*Secrets of Mayan Science/Religion, Chapter 3,
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Hunbatz Men)

Taken to an arena, two familiar beings approached. Wearing the traditional black robes, their skull faces looked into my eyes. "Perchance, we meet again," one said, as he gnarled at me expecting absolute terror. "Oh, my dear Angel of Death," I said with a smile upon my face, "do you really believe you can take me now?" "Why yes, it is time, is it not?" "To believe that it was my time to go would deny my further mission to God, and thus, you are incorrect. You may also be advised that I have reached the ascension. When it is indeed my time to depart this realm, it is the Angel of Ascension who will be coming to take my spirit to rest." Saying nothing, they both appeared a bit less confident. Coming forward, he reached his hand to me. (The Angel of Ascension had come to me previously to inform me of this.)

Laughing hysterically, I didn't offer them my hand. Embarrassed, the angels of death began to pull back. Used to being able to intimidate souls, they were not familiar with being made a fool. Cringing and lowering their heads, I said, "There is no

need for shame, death. I know your purpose, but your purpose will not be done with me. I am not yours any longer; I belong to the living God. It's too late; you may go back to your comrade's and tell them they have lost."

Turning to leave, they disappeared.

"Wickedness makes a bad use not only of evil, but also of good. In the same way, holiness makes a good use not only of good, but also of evil. Thus, sinners make a bad use of the Law, although the Law is good, while saints make a good use of death, although death is an evil."

City of God, Book XIII, Page 274-275, Chapter 5, Paragraph 4, (Christianity, Catholic, Author: St. Augustine)

Death came silently in the night as if beckoning from the night wind into my soul. Pulling away, my form seemed unimportant to me as I looked ahead. Stained glass windows were hovering in the sky as the sun beamed through them its echoing light. Or . . . was that the light of God!?!? Each stained glass window frame held a portrait of a member of God's royal family. Sprawled across the sky across the heavens, I

saw only the first few: Mary, Jesus, St. Francis of Assisi . . . Beginning to narrate my journey as if I were talking to my husband, Andy, I began speaking, "All I see are the lights . . . and the velvet."

Continuing my journey, I experienced my Earthly attachments, remembering the longing I used to feel for Andy. But now . . . everything was different. "I remember how I would miss you before," I said as if to Andy, "I MISS YOU!" Wrenching from my heart a purely emotional pain, I saw my plea-stricken face, and the torment of separation. But then as I continued further in flight towards the beautiful stained glass, my soul experienced an 'Exodus,' "Now . . . yes, I miss you." I said calmly with reserve. "But I am going away." Content in the will of the Lord, I passed through the stained glass as my ascent to heaven became ever more fervent. "All I see are the lights . . . and the velvet . . . All I see are the lights . . . and the velvet . . ." Saying it over and over again, I realized that I had gone to Exodus, and I had gone alone. Deliverance can be given to the body, but there is another type of deliverance within the soul. It is a deliverance of perception.

"Was it not you, Lord, who taught this soul of mine which now makes its confession to you? Was it not you, Lord, who taught me that, before you gave shape and variety to this formless matter, there was nothing - no color, no outline, no body, no spirit? And yet not absolutely nothing; there was a kind of formlessness, lacking all definition."

*The Confessions of St. Augustine, Book XII,
Chapter 5, No. 3, Paragraph 2, Page 286,
(Christianity, Catholic, Author: St. Augustine)*

Shaped like a book, an ancient sacred text, with two legs and face, the 'The Lankavatara Scripture,' was written on the cover. Below the title, it read, 'The Angel of Death.' Walking away, an angel appeared. "Look at the last commandment within the ten commandments." She said.

Finding that the Lankavatara Scripture deals with the cessation of birth, in essence, death of rebirth cycles, it speaks of the unborn, the Tathagata's, who live in the triple worlds beyond form, perceptions, birth and death. It seemed that the relation between this scripture and the angel of death was that the scripture deals very much with the cessation of craving and desire, which

process leads to the cessation of future births and deaths. The tenth commandment deals with coveting our neighbor's possessions, craving. Craving generates samsara, the karmic condition of suffering, death and rebirth. Seeing the oneness between these Jewish, Christian, and Buddhist doctrines, I noticed that the combined elements of them led to the cessation of the activity of coveting, also called craving, which causes rebirth in karmic realms.

"Transcendental Intelligence is the inner state of self-realisation of Noble Wisdom. It is realized suddenly and intuitively as the 'turning-about' takes place in the deepest seat of consciousness; it neither enters nor goes out - it is like the moon seen in water. Transcendental Intelligence is not subject to birth nor destruction; it has nothing to do with combination nor concordance; it is devoid of attachment and accumulation; it transcends all dualistic conceptions."

A Buddhist Bible, The Lankavatara Scripture, Chapter VI, Paragraph 2, (Buddhism)

"Commanded by wisdom, led by compassion, endowed with skill in means, pure in resolution and intent, measureless in power, unobstructed, direct, not relying on another's guidance, knowledge of the

supreme mind equal to the enlightened, with the birth of this mind-jewel of enlightening beings, one transcends the sphere of the ignorant and reaches the sphere of the buddhas, is born in the family of the enlightened, impeccable . . . once one produces this mind, one attains this stage, the will immovable as a mountain, joyful and happy, serene, resolute, and forceful, with a buoyant mind, nonviolent, harmless, free from anger, modest and respectful, with superior honesty, self-controlled; one remembers the immeasurable knowledge that saves the world and becomes joyful in anticipation of that state."

*The Flower Ornament Scripture, Chapter 26,
The Ten Stages, Page 711, Stanza 4-5*

Taking me to another soul ready to make the final passing, this very merciful woman was having trouble making her crossing because of the grudges that other souls had held against her during her life. Lying on the floor and waiting to be attended to as I arrived, three other women stood around her, sub-conscious astral, all of whom had been friends. Ironically, the decedent was in some respects a mother figure to all of them, and had given them

advice and guidance during their lives. Feeling great caring for their souls, she watched out for them with a certain light of the divine.

But these ungrateful souls were focusing on her occasional tendency to be rather robust in her guidance, usually when they were very much in danger of falling away from the path of the Lord. It surprised me that this rather virtuous soul was held down by their lack of mercy, but it was immediately known to me that I was to obtain forgiveness for her from these unforgiving friends. "I find it so very difficult to understand that you are holding onto such a petty fault when you yourselves have ones which are much greater and will require a much more complex level of mercy than that of the soul of your friend." In only a moment, they realized that this was true, and they offered their absolution . . . walking away in somewhat of a state of shame.

As they did this, I prayed to the Lord as He sent down a beam of light towards the body of this woman who was immediately transformed into a robe of white light. Still inanimate, her body swirled up into the sky in a standing position and was vortexing for

quite some time before her eyes opened and she looked directly above her. Opening in welcome, the gates of heaven were before her and she soared towards them, never looking back.

It wasn't made clear to me, however, whether she was held back because of her own desire for her friend's absolution, or because their forgiveness was required. Had she turned to the Lord for absolution after their refusal, perhaps her sins would have been loosed irregardless.

And so it came to pass that I began working with souls on forgiveness in the astral states. In particular, I worked with the soul of a young man who was trying to leave a dangerous gang. But leaving these gangs is almost always a guarantee of death. So I visited the remaining gang members subconsciously, assessed their energies and had them look at pictures of their former buddy amongst the gang. Erasing him out of the picture with a pencil eraser, it seemed to create confusion on their parts and send their focus elsewhere. It was the Lord's wish that souls who tried to turn away from former evil ways, be given the opportunity to do so in peace.

And so all measures that could be taken, were taken; however, it was clear that there was no guarantee for any of these souls. They would have to stand and perhaps be willing to fall, in order to save their souls from what they had energized in the past. All comes from causes, all comes from causes.

"Dismiss all anger and look into yourself a little. Remember that he of whom you are speaking is your brother, and, as he is in the way of salvation, God can make him a Saint, in spite of his present weakness."

*The Voice of the Saints, In Temptation, Page 68,
No. 1, (Christianity, Catholic, Words of St.
Thomas of Villanova)*

As I drifted away into sleep, I saw the dead and mangled bodies of six souls. One of them had been beheaded, and the others had all died violent deaths, as well. Suffering great pains in some kind of purgatory, it was conveyed to me that I could relieve their suffering and actually deliver them from it if I were willing to take on their pains, and restore their spiritual bodies to wholeness.

Agreeing to do so, a massive pain

came through my side and back that cannot be described, it was absolutely unbearable. Barely able to move, the task of getting up and approaching each of their bodies for repair was almost impossible, but I began the process anyway. Pain shot through me like a fire *and* like a knife; like a lightning bolt with every move. Persevering for what seemed like hours; I approached each body, and slowly repaired the physical damage that had taken place. Putting the beheaded person's head back upon her body, holding together skin torn apart by knives and bullets, and caressing burns with my hands . . . a heavenly force sealed the wounds, making their bodies whole again. Despite this newfound wholeness, their bodies remained dead, but the excruciating pains in my body ceased at this point.

A pile of boxes appeared before me containing white garments and robes, and it was my task to re-clothe these tortured souls in the garment of the new man. As I brought the boxes to each body, they came back to life and were instantaneously clothed in the robes of white. Happiness filled their faces, as the old mangled bodies became spiritual bodies of purity and light, ready to leave

their sufferings, and enter into a heavenly abode.

Kneeling, I prayed to the Lord in thanks for offering me such an opportunity to serve my fellow humanity and to give of myself to make their burden lighter.

"Let us be glad and rejoice, and give honour to him: for the marriage of the Lamb is come, and his wife hath made herself ready. And to her was granted that she should be arrayed in fine linen, clean and white: for the fine linen is the righteousness of saints. And he saith unto me, Write, Blessed are they which are called unto the marriage supper of the Lamb."

King James Bible, New Testament, Revelations, 19:7-9, (Christianity)

As the vibrations came upon my soul in a fury, my vibrations were raised and then brought to a calm. Looking towards the heavens, a small portal had erupted. A star tunnel swirling on my ceiling grabbed my eye as I jutted towards it. Journeying through the heavens at the speed of light, many things happened of which I no longer recall. Moments later, I landed in a local hospital. Having trouble holding the

vibration, an angel diffused the physical response, allowing me to maintain my status in the spirit world.

Dressed as a golden angel, I saw a beautiful white statue of Mary on the hospital altar. Looking behind me, I noticed that no one observed my presence. When I turned back, the Mary statue had left its podium. Coming to life, she was hiding around the corner in a patient's room, beckoning me to come to her.

Entering the room, I realized that the soul of the patient had already been removed, as she had died. Hovering above the light fixture on the ceiling, I marveled at the psychedelic beauty of the soul. An oval ellipse, the soul had not yet resurrected into its spirit body.

Mary was manifesting in modern attire, wearing a headband to pull her long auburn hair back. Amazed at how young she was, I was also surprised at how meek and humble she appeared. Intentionally taking on an unthreatening demeanor, she expressed a need to hurry because there were other souls to attend to this night. Taking the light stream in my arms, I soared above and heavenward, taking the soul to

the light of God.

Returning, Mary had hidden inside the statue again. Leaping out, she beckoned me to another room. Doing this with two more souls, Mary reassumed her posture inside the white statue on the altar.

Soaring into the star tunnel which awaited me on the ceiling, I cried out, "Oh, my Lord, oh, how I wish I could enter the tunnel of light again, it has been so long and I miss it so!" Hearing my beckon, the tunnel between life and death appeared. Many kittens were in the tunnel this time, as I ran joyfully towards the light.

Reaching the end of the tunnel, I stood before the light in ecstasy. The light has a cloudy veil before it wherein no one can cross unless it is their time. "Lord," I cried out, "I know that if I touch your light that I will be unable to return, but, oh, how I yearn to just touch your light!" Immediately, a small part of the shadowy veil lifted, just enough for my hand to go through. "May I?" I questioned the Lord, "May I touch it, or will I be unable to return?" A telepathic prompting made it clear that the Lord was making an exception for me so that I may touch His beatific essence, and I reached in

to touch the light in a frantic and ecstatic moment of joyous rapture. "Thank you, Lord!" I shouted, "Thank you, Lord!"

"Ought we not to look upon it as a great grace and favor to be invited into His presence? Surely, we ought to find our delight in His company since He is delighted to be in ours. We ought to go to Him frequently and say to Him: 'My Jesus, why dost Thou love me so much? What good dost Thou see in me that Thou art so enamored of me? Hast thou already forgotten the sins by which I have offended Thee so grievously?'"

*The Blessed Eucharist, Chapter 4, Page 58,
Paragraph 1, (Christianity, Catholic, Author:
Fr. Michael Muller)*

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

Beyond form, my spirit met up with several adjusters who were playing a game which offered many options to those who had passed. Adjusters help souls in transition from one world to the next, both

from life to death, and from death to life. Tonight they were assisting in making a transition from my past to my future.

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

The beautiful woman was sitting in the corner at a sewing machine making another doll for me, but I saw somebody looking on with jealousy. Ignoring her, she told me she was my heavenly mother. "It's okay to let the past go," she said, "but now you must listen to the light." Before I could, I simply passed out, perhaps for fear of what the light might tell me. Patiently picking me up, my spirit soared before the light as it now opened its crevasse towards me. Ominously powerful, it was holy and ecstatic at the same time. Opening and closing in a state of bliss because I was so near to my creator, I listened to what it said. "You are now ready to be married, but your past cannot go with you."

Until now, because of my vices, I couldn't experience a true marriage. Now I

was ready, but my past life was a contradiction of such a holy rendering.

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

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

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

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

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

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

height of the cliff. So again, I prayed.

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

Through prayer, the original sin that had been encased upon their souls in the form of mud and deep murky waters (violence and abuse), had been taken away, at least for this moment. Spared the pain of his own reality, saved from his own murky depths and muddied thinking for at least this moment, it was unfortunate to realize that he would soon jump back in, for that was his nature. Though the sins of this perpetrator had been visited upon this child, the Lord All-Powerful was too merciful to allow him to be lost.

"Now, lo, if he beget a son, that seeth all his father's sins which he hath done, and considereth, and doeth not such . . . Neither hath oppressed any, hath not withholden the pledge, neither hath spoiled by violence, but hath given his bread to the hungry, and hath covered the naked with a garment, that hath taken off his hand from the poor, that hath not received usury nor increase, hath

executed my judgments, hath walked in my statutes; he shall not die for the iniquity of his father, he shall surely live."

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

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

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

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

Pulling out a book, its title read, 'Now that you're Dead.' A manual for those who passed over, he turned to a page in the front of the book. 'How do you want those you've left behind to feel about you and to remember you?' Having filled in the answer, it read, 'I want them to feel good.' Looking up, I didn't know what to say, so he replied,

"It's not about us being together, it's about destiny . . . and the contracts we have to fulfill." Speaking of my life's work, he was serious and direct about its fulfillment. And speaking about our unique destinies on opposite sides of the veils, our love for each other was not about being together, but simply about love. "You will always do menial work when you are to have a job, because that is what is necessary for your path, your true work for God," he said before he began to disappear. Grateful that his love for me was not selfish, he loved me enough to serve my soul.

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

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

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

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

CHAPTER TWO

Process of Dying Souls and the 'Epochs,' Rebirth of the Redemption at Death, Flame of the Lord, Who Constitutes 'Family' in the Next Life, Preparation of Energies Around a Dying Person, the Tunnel, Messages of Potential Impending Death, Seeing Life on Earth Without You, Temporary Reprieve, Dead Relatives and Ancestors Making Themselves Known, Discernment in Crossing Over, Power of Prayer.

Extricated from the world of the living, I was given to take passage upon the road from life to death, to observe the processes of the dying souls. When a soul passed through death, it may spend time in separate life 'epochs,' which contain within them elements of different time frames during their lives. Totally determined by the level of attachment a soul had to the period and the level of resolution which had already taken place upon the ground, the time spent in each epoch could vary

considerably.

Observing several separate souls, I noticed many differences in application of this process. One of the souls went through four ten-year epochs mimicking four separate time periods and events in his life wherein he had great regret and attachment. Another soul went through no epochs, and journeyed directly into the following stages proceeding the epochs to learn from a 'jurist,' whose function is to speak to the soul about the next phases of existence. Apparent that the time spent in 'epochs' lay in direct correlation to the amount of time spent during life in self-evaluation, remorse and repentance, those who had thoroughly investigated their actions while living had no need of the epochs in death, proceeding directly to the next phase.

Interestingly, I observed a third soul who had no need of epochs *or* jurists. A very advanced, detached and spiritually educated soul, he was ready at the moment of death to depart for a higher life station.

During my traveling, I had taken several sub-conscious souls who were either friends or biological relations of the souls we were to observe in death this evening. Very

confused because the after-life afforded so many differing journeys for each of their loved ones, I observed that the after-death experience could differ greatly for souls who had lived through the same time-frame together.

For instance, in observing the after-death experience of an old boyfriend of one of the souls who was watching with me, she was disturbed that he had great conflict in the epoch of his life regarding the two of them, which had long since passed. Because he had badly mistreated her, he had many regrets, although she was quite detached from that epoch of her life, because she had moved on.

It seemed that souls were most attached to epochs of their life wherein they had caused harm to others. But it was less likely that a soul would be greatly attached to the times of his life when he had actually been the recipient of pain.

Trying to help this soul from her past to move forward through this epoch of their lives, she quickly realized that it was a necessary process which she could not either lengthen or shorten. For those souls who spent little or no time in self-reflection

during life, the immediate after-life would contain a great deal of time for such ventures.

An actual road existed between the living and the dead upon which we were driving, and it was a very treacherous route filled with many pitfalls of conscience. Surprised when somebody from my own past wrecked intentionally into our side, she replied, "Karmic payback." Unintentionally causing her harm many years ago through the use of improper words, I asked her what I might be able to do for her in return for what I had done in the past. Wanting to know the status of the soul of a friend of hers who had passed, I entered into a reflective state.

Having passed directly through the epochs and jurist, he'd immediately entered eternal life. Disappointed, she knew that you could communicate with souls who remained in the epochs by traveling this road. Many souls did communicate with loved ones while they traveled through the epochs of their lives, which gave them opportunities to settle old conflicts and hurts. But beyond the epochs, there remained no attachment to their former

existences and they were no longer willing to speak of their 'past lives' with souls who remained within them.

After death while traveling the epochs, souls would only communicate with those from the past for a short period of time, to resolve these conflicts, and then they would begin to learn of eternal life from their jurists. When they were well-versed in such matters, they moved forward. At this point, any grudges held by those in life towards the deceased became their own problem. Continuing to hold a grudge against the soul of the *remorseful* departed becomes almost as a sin connected to the living remaining soul. An attending jurist spoke, "Forgiveness moves mountains and souls."

Understanding was the purpose of this road, and many of the dead who linger, such as lost souls or souls who wish communication with their loved ones, are those who have much to rectify, either because of their own lack of diligence in pursuing such matters in life, or because their life was cut short unexpectedly leaving much unfinished. But all souls, despite the great need for this process, do try to work

through the epochs of their lives as quickly as possible. In order to help souls going through such phases of death, we must simply forgive.

On the road from life to death, there was a process which can only be described as going from hot to cold to colder to frozen. Traveling through the epochs contained an element of 'freezing' whose purpose was to take a soul from a 'hot' or attached state to life, and bring them slowly to a 'cold' or detached state from that past life. Memory slowly becomes iced as aspects are forgiven, released and let go. As the knowledge of mistakes become manifest, the attachment to the experience becomes less consequential. Rather than being an act of uncaring, it allows for knowledge to be processed through honest detached observation, within the context of continued movement. Great sorrow and lamentation occurs during this process, so when the lamentation is finished, the soul ices and becomes less emotional and more knowledgeable with a newfound sense of detachment. Emotional lamentation is encouraged, however, because it breeds true contrition which leads to knowledge.

Soaring now towards the sun, my

soul stopped to witness a swirling cluster of blue stars which had formed into a magnificent nebulae.

"By quitting one's own country and dwelling in foreign lands one should acquire practical knowledge of non-attachment."

*A Buddhist Bible, The Supreme Path, No. VII,
No. 2, (Buddhism, Tibetan)*

"By reflecting upon the irrevocable nature of the results which inevitably arise from actions, mayest thou be incited to avoid impiety and evil."

*A Buddhist Bible, The Supreme Path, No. IX,
No. 3, (Buddhism, Tibetan)*

"When you are joyous, look deep into your heart and you shall find it is only that which has given you sorrow that is giving you joy. When you are sorrowful look again in your heart, and you shall see that in truth you are weeping for that which has been your delight."

*The Prophet, On Eating and Drinking, Page 29,
Botton, (Christianity, Author: Kahlil Gibran)*

Led through yet another maze, this one led to the latest and most powerfully significant rebirth of the redemption. Andy and one other soul went with me as several rooms of rites had preceded those I now

bore, but I could no longer remember them.

The fourth or fifth room began with a tiny canoe and one oar, and it was my purpose to row myself to the far shore. Difficult because the body of water was among the highest mountains and snow-capped peaks, it was cold and icy at the same time, and the depth of the water was somewhat frightening. Clear, you could see all the way through to the bottom, just like your spirit after it has been redeemed; clear and fluid, known but still very deep.

After attaining to the farther shore, I was led to a large swimming pool with pink shimmering salty water. Led to jump in and swim through it several times, I was stunned to find that this water made you feel somewhat numb, but yet, also more vibrant at the same time. There was a sense of being wet, but also dry, and it was soothing.

When this had reached its end, my soul was led to a group of buckets, all filled with a clear salty water which was designed for the feet. As I placed my feet in one of the buckets, I looked to my side and noticed a receptacle. When I opened the receptacle, I saw a small woman giving birth to a child. Almost out, the baby was coming head first

and blood was everywhere. Noticing a long tube, which I immediately understood to be representative of the birth canal, in order to finalize the rite, I had to drop myself head first and backwards down through the tube, hold my breath long enough to emerge, and then be born anew, victorious.

Andy and the other soul were sitting with me, and were afraid to hold their breaths not knowing how long the tube might be, but I jumped in head first, holding my breath, sliding down the tube rather quickly. Becoming frightened near the end of the tube, I was getting concerned about the length of the tunnel and whether or not I could make it. But as I emerged victorious, I felt a shining radiant new birth come over my soul. Humanity shining in splendor, my redemption was now fully complete and my soul was ensconced in a new vibratory energy which felt like a combination of being made somewhat numb to reality, but yet, more vibrant at the same time.

Andy and the other soul had gone through but were still waiting to emerge, so I ran back to the former area and helped them by pushing them through the birth canal. All of a sudden, I remembered that I'd been

through a similar rite two or three times before, but I had previously retained no memory of it.

Every death of our soul comes with a new rebirth, for no man can see the kingdom of God unless he be born again, and again, and again, and again . . . If this be so, I welcome every death I must face, for each death brings my soul ever closer to the object of my affection; the one true God.

Kneeling to the ground, I gave thanks for this grandiose moment for my own soul. For who could possibly have foreordained, lest it be God, that this very lost soul could have been brought back to the fore of God's army as a child of the most holy light? I gave thanks, and for a moment, I bade my soul to rest in the peace of knowing that this leg of my journey was now complete. Hallelujah!! Praise the Lord!!

"And Jesus said unto him, This day is salvation come to thine house, forsomuch as thou art a just man, thou also art a son of Abraham. For the Son of man is come to seek and to save that which ye deem to be lost."
The Gospel of the Holy Twelve, Lection LIX, No. 18, (Christianity, Gnostic/Essene, Words of

Christ)

"I too had been marked for death on account of my sins, my wrongdoings had sold me to Sheol; but Thou, in accord with Thine abundant compassion, Thou, in accord with Thy bounteous ways, didst rescue me, O Lord."

The Dead Sea Scriptures, Poems from a Qumran Hymnal, No. IV, No. 10, (Christianity, Gnostic/Essene)

"When they return from the battle, they shall write on their standards: Salvation of God, Triumph of God, Help of God, Support of God, Praise of God, Thanksgiving to God, Acclaim of God, Peace of God."

The Dead Sea Scriptures, The War, Page 405, Paragraph 3, (Christianity, Gnostic/Essene)

Amidst an astral gathering of souls who were instructing me regarding death, I turned to notice my dear friend who'd passed away fifteen years before in a car accident. Smiling, he appeared at about my age, the age he would've been today (about 36), had he not died at the age of twenty one.

Calmly, I looked at my smiling friend and shyly asked, "If I am to cross over . . . you will meet me, won't you?" Nodding

'Yes,' the peaceful loving smile did not change upon his face.

"End of October, the sleepy brown woods seem to nod down their heads to the winter. Yellows and the grays paint the sad skies today, and I wonder when you're coming home." (From the song by Dan Fogelberg, 'Old Tennessee') My Uncle who had passed two years ago led a crowd of my family's ancestors in song. Currently, it was May, and it appeared they were telling my time might be up in October, but it also felt possible that they were just confirming that I didn't have a great deal of time, maybe a few years. (At this juncture, 85% of people with my specific condition statistically died within five years, although the numbers could be 50-70% for those with Dilated Cardiomyopathy from other causes.)

Floating outside, my three children and husband were playing in the sunny day while I was still asleep inside, my soul traveling the spirit world. Looking towards the deep blue sky, I watched intently as a cross began forming out of the clouds. Distantly, I heard the sound of a Native American flute, and my soul became

mesmerized by its melody.

Walking over to my husband, I asked him if he could hear the flutes, but he was unaware of my presence, much less of the presence of the mystical malaise surrounding me in the ether.

An amphitheater appeared with about 1,000 spectators. Singing beautifully about Jesus, an intense black woman appeared. Beautiful and mesmerizing, she sang about the Lord. A couple in the audience was holding a glass enclosure, reaching out their hands as a flame spontaneously lit up within it. Getting very excited, I immediately knew that this flame was the Presence of Our Lord Jesus Christ.

As the flame was also within their hands, they began to touch other people's hands, which immediately lit up with this flame also, until everyone in the audience was aflame with the Presence of Our Savior. Walking towards them, they bid me stay back as this was not yet something in which I could participate. Asking Andy again if he heard the beautiful singing or saw this amazing spectacle, he wasn't even aware that I was talking to him or that my spirit was present.

Disappearing, the native flutes began their mystical melody again in the distance as I reached my hands towards the heavens and shouted, "I'm coming to you, Lord!" Lifting me towards space at the speed of light, the Lord allowed my soul to take in the celestial energies, before returning to my body.

Meeting the deceased brother of a very good friend of mine, (not the one who died in the car accident and has visited me for years), he said, "Because you and my brother have been like family in this life, you and I will be like family to one another when you cross over. I wish to do this for him." Realizing that this was a response to a prayer, I'd worried that I wouldn't know anybody on the other side because I was so young and would be the first to die. "By the way," he finished, "tell my brother that I watch over his sons, I'm one of their guardian angels."

Awaking from sleep, I noticed the presence of a male angel standing next to my bed. My doorway had been altered into a magnificent ascending starry passage into

heaven, and the room was alit with sparkly light. "What are you doing?" I asked. "We are preparing the energies here so that when you cross over it will be an easier transition." "But my doctor doesn't believe that I'm going to die anytime soon," I said, confused. Flippantly, he laughed, "Yeah, we know, but that's not your problem." Pausing a moment before leaving, he said one last thing. "Andy will have to either fight for you, or learn to live without you." Looking at the astounding ascending passage, I dropped back off into unconsciousness.

As something went wrong with my heart, I immediately saw the tunnel and the light. Understanding the implications, I shot through it thinking, 'Uh-oh,' but then shouted in excitement. "Can I go see Jesus?!" As I said this, I began traveling towards Him. "Yes, you can do this," a voice said, "but if you journey all the way to Jesus, you will be unable to return." Shouting, I said, "Oh, no, I can't leave. I need to be with my kids." Instantaneously soaring back towards my body, I heard the voice of Christ in my head. "I want you to go back and fight to be with your kids." Conveying that our family

needed to learn to value each other more wholly; not by function, but by mere existence, learning to care for each other's true needs, rather than 'using' each other, He stopped the strange happening in my heart and returned me to form.

Awaiting my arrival on the runway, the dark blue plane appeared normal to the naked eye. As I boarded, however, it opened into a mystical euphoric scene. Crystalline glass enclosed us as brilliant colors of the kaleidoscope appeared randomly all about the walls and ceiling which were formed into a large dome overhead. Rather than flying, we began to glide very slowly across a large, calm body of water. Up ahead on the opposite bank, I could see a thick mystical forest. "Where are we going? What is that land ahead of us?" I inquired to no reply.

Traveling to yet a borderland, I found myself inside a small Catholic monastery amidst a wooded forest land. A lone monk sang mystical chants, the words speaking of death and crossing over. In a few moments, a young Tibetan woman

entered the room, as a voice announced her as an emissary of the Dalai Lama. Several other people entered the room and circled themselves around her, as she began telling them of the next phase of their lives in service to God. Speaking to them of specific tasks, she turned to me and quietly said, "You don't need to think about further service to God on Earth for you are going to die." Nodding in understanding, I was unusually detached from this information, silently acknowledging the message.

Swirling through the ether, my soul had landed upon a desert oasis within sight of the Assisi Mountains on Venus. My old friends, the five Assisi Marauders were at my side, teaching me about being a spiritual guardian to souls. In the center of a large table were five conical, triangular-shaped crystals which I immediately knew to represent each member of my family including myself. Moving them around, I began placing them in positions which seemed appropriate for my children's further destiny.

Andy's soul was present in the Assisi Marauder with whom he'd blended into one,

as if they were the same soul. For a moment, I also recognized other elements and identities within the Marauder, including the man whom I'd 'married' on the mountain. Feeling within me that I would have the presence of Andy with me in the after-life, I realized that many aspects of his soul remained on the other side, of which this was just one. Encompassed in the Assisi Marauder, they were all present within this particular manifestation, yet individually available through him, as well. Remembering who he was, we embraced in a quiet hug, as the red-headed aspect seemed relieved that I now understood his purpose.

Quiet and somber, they differed at this moment from their usual highly energized quality as it seemed that they were honoring my grief. Waiting, they were very patient with the fact that I was confused and learning to detach from the world, knowing this would mean I would have no choice but to leave behind my three young children, my jewels. Feeling God's will in all that was happening to me, we were peaceful.

Although they never actually

removed the crystal piece representing my soul from the table, I felt the energy present indicating that this was what they were waiting to do.

For now, we waited . . .

As the clandestine heavens appeared above me, my spirit began to experience an unusual state wherein I was watching my family as if I were no longer there. No matter what I would say or do, they were unaware of my presence. With interest, I looked on as I noticed that my husband and eldest daughter had come up with a plan for the family, and everyone was truly okay. Surprised and relieved by this, I wandered around following them as they implemented their plans for life 'now that I was gone.'

Suddenly, I found myself standing in the front yard, but not for long. Falling to the ground, I lost all control of my body and its senses. Noticing that the hose had fallen nearby, water was running all over me, but I could do nothing about it.

In a millisecond a great mountain appeared before my eyes and my spirit was airbound. Upon the mountain in the distance, an ancient prophet wearing a robe

of deep blue and carrying a staff appeared. Standing upon a rocky edge, he beckoned me closer. He began to speak words of great depth and wisdom, and I attempted to write them down with clear accuracy. His words impaled my soul with intense longing to know the things he had to teach, but I wasn't given to remember a single iota of them upon return.

As he began to disappear into the distance, my highly vibrating spirit began to return to my sleeping body slowly, so as to ease my way back into my physical abode.

"I know a man in Christ who, fourteen years ago, whether he was in the body or outside his body I cannot say, only God can say - a man who was snatched up to the third heaven. I know that this man - whether in or outside his body I do not know, God knows - was snatched up to Paradise to hear words which cannot be uttered, words which no man may speak."

The New American Bible, New Testament, 2 Corinthians, 12:2-4, (Christianity: Catholic, Words of St. Paul)

"We say to you, as if the Lord himself had said it, that we who live, who survive until his coming, will in no way have an

advantage over those who have fallen asleep. No, the Lord himself will come down from heaven at the word of command, at the sound of the archangel's voice and God's trumpet; and those who have died in Christ will rise first. Then we, the living, the survivors, will be caught up with them in the clouds to meet the Lord in the air."

New American Bible, New Testament, 1 Thessalonians 4:15-17, (Christianity, Catholic, Words of St. Paul

"Like the wind, like clouds, like thunder and lightning, which rise from space without physical shape and reach the transcendent light in their own form, those who rise above body-consciousness ascend to the transcendent light in their real form."

The Upanishads, Chandogya Upanishad, 12.2, (Hinduism, Translator: Eknath Easwaran)

Arriving in a splendid array of light, the angels came to tell me that it was time for me to make my journey. The top of a huge mountain completely isolated from the rest of the world was my destination, a border-world.

Directing me to board an old western train, it waited silently at the side of a wild rushing river, white from the gales of the

current. Walking quietly towards it, the angels disappeared.

Boarding the old train, my spirit was immediately made aware of the presence of one soul, a cowboy wearing the customary garb of the 1800's. Wearing an old worn cowboy hat and light brown western wear, I stared at him rudely before approaching. Looking outside the windows, the train stood no more than a few feet from the banks of wide and deep rushing river.

Engaging the cowboy in conversation, I asked, "Where and when does this train cross the river?" Knowing I could not reach the mountain top without crossing this great divide, I also recognized its impassibility by any other means than the train. "We can't cross the river at this time of year," he said, "we'll have to wait."

After fighting for months and making progress with medication, it was October 29 . . . the end of October. Could I have averted and received pardon for a potential time of death?

Turning the train around, he started me back towards my home in the foothills.

Standing amidst a large auditorium, I noticed that there were many ovular,

metallic tubs filled with warm water. Souls of people who had crossed over from life into death were fully immersed in these tubs, as if in meditative baptism. Uncomfortable at the prospect of getting into one of these tubs, I couldn't get the idea of not being able to breathe out of my head. Although these souls had no need of breath while underneath the water, I turned to the man in charge. "Is the water too warm for a heart condition?" I asked. Allowing me to feel that the water was lukewarm, he asked me wait my turn.

Scheduled to go last, I watched the others immerse themselves. While meditating under the water, the souls of the people began to display and be surrounded by inexplicable aspects of the Trinity. Dumbfounded by the beauty of this transformative process, I remained unable to understand it.

Before I could enter into the waters, my soul was taken from this fascinating border-world.

Exiting an elevator, the doors opened and one of my deceased grandparents was waiting for me. Without saying a word, he

led me towards a truck, planning to take me on a drive somewhere. Noticing a troubled look upon his face, it appeared that it was unclear at this juncture whether or not I was going to die, and he did not wish for me to die. Worried about his great-grandchildren, he continued his duty despite his displeasure at my fate.

As time would progress, I learned more about my condition, and how to remain more stable. Keeping myself away from the crisis of imminent death, I learned how to balance activity and rest, so that I wouldn't visit death's shores quite so frequently.

Had a very involved experience with many of my dead relatives where they didn't seem very happy with me. It seemed that they felt I had misjudged a family member unfairly, and upon reflection, I felt very ashamed. Taking steps immediately to repair this damage, it was my hope that my relatives could forgive me at some point.

Looking up from my bed, I realized that I was now lying upon it underneath the stars. Grandpa appeared sitting at the foot of

my bed in a small wooden chair, watching quietly. In the distance, we could see through the walls of the house as Andy and his family were looking for an outfit for me to wear for my funeral. Grandpa remained silent while I lay convalescing from my latest brush with death.

Surrounded with an aura of yellowish-white light, my old friend who'd died in a car accident had appeared. Although surrounded with such brightness, I'd remembered many experiences I'd had since his death which had indicated to me that his purification was incomplete. Demonic tendencies which he struggled with in life had been shown to me in his death.

Laying near-death, he said, "Don't worry, you can come with me." Shocking myself, I was surprised that my response did not shock him. Reaching his hand to me, I replied, "Please do not take offense, my dear friend, but when I do indeed cross over, it is my intention to go directly to Jesus. Did Jesus send you? Do you intend to take me straight to the realm where Jesus reigns?"

Lowering his hand, unsurprised by

my discernment, he began to slowly disappear without saying another word.

As people prayed for me, I began to experience visions of roses. Singular roses, tapestries of roses, gardens of roses, and they all seemed to precede a recovery from a close brush with death. One night, Mother Teresa stood over my bed for several hours, waiting patiently for me, as if she had something for me to do.

My body had been placed in a white casket inlaid with gold and taken outside to the driveway. As my spirit waited inside, I spoke to Andy. "I think it's inappropriate for my casket to remain in the front yard. You'll never live this down with the neighbors if you don't quickly call somebody to pick it up." Timidly, he agreed, but mentioned he'd put it there because he didn't want the kids to see it.

Another night, my soul was taken to visit a decomposition doctor, who measured my body parts as they were now, so that they might be compared to a future time when I might be decomposing. In this way, they could monitor the process. During this

experience, I was given to look in the mirror and take note of the fact that my hair was turning gray and squalid like that of a corpse, although this was not yet the case in real life. And much like a corpse, there was very little hair hanging onto what was remaining of my skull.

Standing before me as a radiant beauty indescribable in human terms, the Blessed Virgin Mary had greeted me as I'd left my body, watching my physical form lying down with my youngest son below. For a moment, it seemed that I might be experiencing death, but the Virgin directed me to observe my sweet baby boy.

Coming from inside of his spirit, I could see a stirring, as if he were perhaps praying for me in some way. Inside of him, I could see my two daughters and their prayers for me also.

Suddenly, a very thin light beam came forth from his body directly into my soul, pulling it back into my body. Knowing this beam was the result of my children's prayers, the Virgin allowed me to witness this event over and over again. Showing me that I was not incorrect in determining that

my situation was quite tentative, she conveyed that I was still alive because of the prayers of my children.

Wearing a veil of dark blue with stars around her head, her face was filled with light and appeared pale because of the effect of the light coming through her. Upon her breast she wore a lighter blue robe which contrasted that of her outer garment. "Thank you for allowing me to see you," I said excitedly, "I am honored." Without words, she raised her hands as I was sent back to my body.

CHAPTER THREE**Death and Afterlife Experience of a Friend, In Our Weakness God is Our Strength, Rocket Trail, My Friend Intercedes for Me, Three Scheduled to Die, Heavenly Help in the Night.**

Standing amidst a tannish pink horizon, I came across a very close friend of mine who held incorrect views regarding spiritual matters and issues upon the ground. (Having been terminally ill for several years, she was close to death.) Believing herself completely, she was unable to get outside of herself and her distorted thinking long enough to discern that she had misperceived and misinterpreted various aspects regarding the spirit and God, and thus, various aspects of occurrences within her own life. As a result, she actually had incorrect perceptions of events within her own life; believing things to be true which were not, believing things not to be true which indeed had been so. As I explained this to her, she looked at me with a blank and confused expression upon her face, because she was so distorted she couldn't

even comprehend that her false views were not true.

Sweeping my hands into the sky, I called to Jesus for assistance, as He parted the skies to reveal the heavens. As the entire horizon opened and the heavens appeared, eternal truths were depicted to her energetically. Although demonstrated clearly, she still could not *see* them because of her own biases and delusions which had actually prevented her from being cognizant of the parting of the heavens which lay in magnificence before her.

Remaining in her delusion, unable to *see* the tremendous truth which the Lord had deigned to show her, I observed the tragedy of those who remain unable to hear the truth because of their attachment to false views.

Although I had no idea at the time, her appointed time to die would come within two weeks, and afterwards, she would share with me her after-death journey.

After entering the retreat center, I was taken to a back room and guided to look upon a large statuesque mountain of stone outside the window. As the sides of the

mountain were steep, there was no vegetation and it was brownish red. Twelve pillars stood from the top of the mountain about twenty feet high.

Inherently, I knew the mountain represented death and the pillars, God. When I reached the pillars, the Lord would meet me there and take me the rest of the way. But in my weakened condition, I could see no feasible way to get to the top and was exhausted just looking at it. Noticing that there were three people in the room with me, I observed an old woman with long gray hair wearing a night robe, a younger woman who came to me and handed me a small porcelain angel, and a quiet priest who appeared to be reading quietly while sitting in the corner. Turning to accept the porcelain angel, something inexplicable happened.

The priest tapped my shoulder as I again looked in the direction of the mountain to see what he might have to tell me. Miraculously, the mountain had been painted from top to bottom in the colors of red, orange and brown. "I understand that you need some help in accomplishing your task," he said. Energetically, it was as if I had already ascended the mountain and reached

the summit because he had painted it. This is inexplicable, I know. "When the Lord tells you that its time for you to travel towards death and reach that summit," he said, "you won't have to do it alone. He will send help."

An angelic being stood before me holding an image of my heart in her hand. Allowing me to observe its appearance, I was able to note that it was large and thin. Without warning and before my eyes, the heart exploded and burst. "This is the way you will probably die," she said. (Since that time, however, progress has been made on size and thinning.)

Beyond words described how I felt when I found out that my closest friend had died suddenly in the night. Although she was terminally ill, she was expected to live possibly many more years and all were taken quite by surprise, especially her family.

Having met her years before at a book-signing, we became fast friends. Early in our relationship, she told me of a dream she had in ancient Egypt, where she was young girl of about eight, and I was her

grandfather, a member of a priestly class who worked on the pyramids. Most profoundly, she recalled in her dream the moment of his death. Lying on the ground, the little girl was kneeling at his side crying. Grandpa said to her, "Wherever you go, wherever you may travel, I'll be there. And when you're ready to learn the mysteries of the spirit, I will teach you. Whatever time and place that may be." She repeatedly told me that she knew from this experience that the time had come, and we had been reunited so that I might be able to teach her of this world beyond. Because of her intensive belief and emotional tie to this experience, she always called me grandpa, which I enjoyed immensely. (However difficult it was to explain this to others, since we were both women of similar age.)

Our union was predestined, and our parting seemed to also be so. For two nights after her death, I didn't feel her presence at all, and this disturbed me to no end. Because of unusual circumstances at the scene of her death, there was a question of whether or not she overused her prescription drugs, and this made the loss even more painful. On day three, however, she came to me in an

afternoon dream. My spirit was looking out the back window of my house where a huge brown wooden table appeared with two chairs. Immediately feeling her presence, I felt a peacefulness which gave me serenity regarding her status. Conveying to me, she said, "I will be sitting down and talking with you *very* soon." And then she disappeared.

Again feeling her presence that night, she took me to an astral computer screen. Immediately, she went toward a web-site which was called '*accidental death*.' Conveying to me that she had been in such a state of severe agony that she had taken pain meds earlier, and when she awoke in the night, she didn't remember that she had taken them already and took some more. Apparently, she took too much.

Taking me to a monastery somewhere in the heavens the following night, she immediately introduced me to an older Chinese monk. Because she had been Buddhist in her lifetime, she'd been taken to this monastery which offered a combination of Buddhism and Catholicism. Frantic, I was somewhat afraid for her, although she was without any doubt in a good place. Approaching me, she said, "I've entered into

a state of purgation and am now in need of prayers to help me through this process. Can you pray things like the Rosary or the Divine Mercy for my soul, and ask my husband to learn them also so he can pray for me, too." It was interesting that she was asking for Catholic prayers, because she'd been a Buddhist.

The Chinese monk explained, "Because she suffered from some level of mental illness stemming from severe childhood abuse, she's beginning her purgation with the aspects of mental illness she had faced during life. Many of the things she believed to be true were falsehoods, and are now being demonstrated energetically in a manner which is undeniable in its truth and unnerving to a soul when it just begins." Promising to pray, I began a quest to get everybody I knew to pray for her, but especially our family and her husband.

Two nights later, I was honored to witness the power of such prayers as my dear friend stood upon a large rock amongst a desert oasis. All alone at this time, you couldn't see anything for hundreds of miles. Aloneness filled the air and my very special pal was sitting in a lotus position on a rock

continuing the purging process as a total of six screens were coming out of her spontaneously and consecutively. Three screens were on each side of her body, lined one on top of the other, and the images within them changed continually. Much like watching a disc download, various difficult memories, terrifying moments, and incorrect thinking as a result of such experiences were coming out of her spirit very peacefully and with calm. Completely at ease during this process, she no longer displayed agitation or fear about this purgation.

"Thank you for the prayers you've offered on my behalf," she conveyed, "they helped me to get from the state of agitation two nights ago to a peaceful purgation, and an acceptance of purification." Nodding my honor, I turned to go.

In preparing for my own death, I had also prepared for hers. Now our special union had created an energetic link-up between us which had brought about a unique opportunity to explore the journey *after* death. God's ways are mysterious.

Absorbed in prayer, I had been begging for my life due to a serious setback

in my condition. Drifting into the world beyond, my spirit came into a brightly lit bookstore sitting inside a mountain oasis. Although I didn't see Him, I felt the distinct presence of the Lord Jesus Christ who proceeded to communicate. "Okay," He conveyed, "I am going to help you to get better again, and with the extra time I am going to give you, I am going to give you work to do."

Directing my attention to several books lined up one behind the other on top of a shelf, I noticed that they were written by me. Although my current manuscript was one large text at this time, he indicated that it was to be broken up. Each of the books I'd written taught of a particular spiritual concept, and together, they became unified into a clear cohesive understanding. Intrigued that some of these concepts were Eastern, Christ reiterated His sanction of my work in uniting the East and the West.

Nodding my understanding and excitement, He conveyed, "You *will* be healed at this *time*, but the road ahead will be *very* rough." Speaking of my latest downfall, rather than a healing of my condition as a whole, I agreed to His terms, I

felt peace surround me. In this serenity, the presence of my recently deceased friend became felt, as she encouraged me to fight and live.

Thus I would continue to follow the road of my fate, being prepared to live . . . and to die . . . at any given moment.

After preparing for my funeral 'in the spirit,' I was sent to spend the evening with a group of souls who had already crossed over to watch my future funeral from above.

Commenting on the messages I'd written for loved ones and the music I'd selected, they said, "We really like what you've chosen to do for your funeral because of its uplifting nature for those you will leave behind." "Thanks," I replied.

Having selected a series of musical renditions with three themes, they were: 1) How the heart of our existence is Jesus Christ and our lives are really about Him, 2) Great praise and thanksgiving to the Lord, and 3) finally, the continuing spiritual journey of the soul after death and the never-ending eternal nature of every soul. Messages to my family and friends were those of love, joy and release, with the

assurance that the Lord had generously prepared me for my transition and of my continued watchfulness over their lives.

Enjoying the funeral service, at the end I was instructed to play my guitar and sing the song I had written years before, 'To Retrieve a Golden Angel.' Ending in quiet reflection, our joyous celebration filled me with peace in knowing that I could now focus on other things with the knowledge that I'd prepared for my death well.

Appearing very excited, my deceased friend had come to show me some of her experiences in the after-life, and she was anxious that I record them.

Journeying through death had taken her into yet a new phase of travel wherein she was no longer in the confines of a monastery undergoing purgation, but had moved into a period of spiritual discovery which had now moved beyond the bounds of her Buddhist and my Catholic faith. Traveling now in Universal knowledge, she was learning of the mechanism of the evolutionary journey of souls. As she began conveying to me, she repeatedly mentioned the number twelve in regards to her journey,

but I didn't understand. (It occurred to me that it might have something to do with the twelve pillars on top of the mountain of crossing.)

But because of my excitement, I could remember no more of what she had said. Shouting towards her, I said, "It's you, you're here to talk to me!" Smiling, she surrendered to my inability to hear her further, but she was able to convey to me a sense of peace regarding her children. Having a certain 'foreknowledge' about their future, it gave her total and indescribable peace about their welfare, although she did convey that it would take a lot of time.

Walking towards the horrible scene in the spiritual realm, a certain peacefulness came over my soul. Allowing me to look upon the dead body of my friend, the Lord had done so for the purpose of deeper understanding of the meaning of life's end. Blue and surrounded in vomit, it was very hard to look at.

Hearing her voice above me, she called me by a different name which intrigued me. "Mary," she said, "Don't be afraid to pray, don't be afraid to ask about

me." Renewing my covenant to pray for her, I knew that she was also making reference to my fear of the mystery of death.

Lying on the back porch covered in the signs of my own impending doom and decomposition, worms, maggots, dirt and various molds were attached to my legs as I tried to scrape them off with a large comb.

Walking down a valley road which represented the various directions that my life had taken, I cautiously walked towards the distant town which represented my present life. Observing several junctures of that life upon the way, there was a certain smallness to my life, a simplicity which encompassed appreciation and understanding of the little things which give life meaning. Clearly, I had followed my path in life which included a deep investigation into the matters of the spirit, but a contrasting goodness was shown to me. In order to provide a balance for those who read my writings whose lives are meant to serve a different, but just as exalted, cause, I witnessed many areas of our world which allowed a soul to be in the forefront of scientific advancement. Witnessing, those in medicine, geology, biology, physics,

mathematics, astronomy, computer technology, and every other field of science, my spirit felt the grand importance of these callings, and the great expansion that participating in such advancement allows a soul, and the gift it offers to the evolution of humanity. Great importance filled the air and surrounded the souls of those engaged in such works! Science and spirit should not be separated, for the knowledge of both combines wisdom from two worlds (physical and spirit) into one; worlds encompassing very different laws of existence.

Off in the distance, I saw what appeared to be a rocket trail going from the ground into deep space somewhere in the area of my present home. Looking somewhat like a cloudburst, it resembled that of the smoke and steam you might witness when watching a rocket being launched, except that it bore the color of a deep brilliant pink. This rocket trail didn't diminish over the passing minutes, but remained as a testament to that which my soul was bade to witness.

Speaking above my head, a man's voice began to speak of the journey of life

and death as I continued walking towards the rocket trail. "We live our lives from day to day as if it will go on forever," he said, "but then, all of a sudden, we have a death date to carve upon our tombstone, and our life is instantly over." Remembering my friend, I nodded in agreement as he then conveyed the possibility that my life might be over soon, as well. Giving me a time frame which I would not see the end of, I became very sad at this realization, but also knew from experience that terminal illness provides a variety of possible death options, some of which may be able to be avoided, and others . . . which cannot. At this time, I didn't know which kind of death date this might be, but made note of it within my soul.

Looking off at the distant rocket trail, I instantly knew its meaning. Representing the ascension of my soul into heaven, it was a reminder of what the heavenly world is truly about . . . GALACTICA!

In a moment, I was with my friend who had recently parted this world as she was leading my soul into the home she had been living in while still upon the Earth.

Wishing to share with me several things, she began by expressing her sadness that her family was still renting their home. Through her purgation process, she had become aware of the fact that her indiscriminate spending had given rise to this condition which had prevented her family from saving for the future or buying their own home. Leading me to the medicine cabinet, she pointed out to me the many medications she had taken for very legitimate and intense pain. Despite this legitimacy, she expressed her sorrow at having used such dangerous drugs so indiscriminately and without due caution. Taking me to the kitchen, she opened the cabinets and refrigerator doors, showing me some of the unhealthy foods she had eaten all too regularly during her lifetime. Expressing sorrow at her lack of discretion in such matters, she now realized that she had placed her body at more risk because of unhealthy habits.

As we finished our task in the kitchen, she handed me a curly straw, telling me she had used a lot of straws to drink during her life, and wished to give this one to me. As we were both laughing, I took the straw and placed it on the counter. (Her

husband later confirmed that she had a special curly straw that she used for the last few years of her life.)

Finally, she directed me to the bookshelf where she guided my eye to a set of old Catholic books. Although I didn't realize it at the time, she was guiding me to a gift she wished to give me, a set of classics I'd wanted for years which would show up the very next day at a thrift store for almost nothing. At the moment, however, I just acknowledged them on the shelf.

Nodding to her, I knew our time for parting had come. Promising to share these very important words with her husband, her presence disappeared in a wisp of wind. Shortly before her death, she had been shown the truth, but could not see it because of her own distorted perceptual thinking. Because she was now seeing that which she had been unable to in the past, I was very proud of her. Purgatory had been good to my friend, and she was beginning to understand a great many things.

Pulling my stretcher up the road, Andy was trying to bring me home, but my limbs were heavy and my body weak.

Unable to move, a caring neighbor helped him to pull my stretcher up a hill. Embarrassed, I surrendered to it and let it go. Moments later, I woke in a hospital in an environment which felt so real, I truly thought this was physically happening . . . although it was not happening in the physical world.

A nurse was attending to my sick body, "You've been unconscious for three days," she said, "under normal circumstances, we would not release you from the hospital like this. But because you have children and they aren't able to see you in this ward, we are going to send you home so you will be able to see them." Taking care of various tasks in the room, I nodded. "Before you can go, you have to see your doctor one last time." Expecting my cardiologist to enter the room, I was shocked when my priest came instead and referred to himself as my doctor. Immediately thinking of last rites, I wondered if it were possible that he'd come to impart spiritual healing.

Before I could figure this out, I was instantaneously flying out of my body down a hallway in the morgue. Listening to various conversations of doctors along the

way, I noticed the bodies which were laid out for autopsy in each room.

Blissfully taken away, I found myself standing in a room with my dear friend who'd died recently, as she was all aglow in her new garment of sheer white. Happiness exuded from her face as I ran towards her, tackling and sacking her in a fierce hug. As we fell to the floor, we laughed and hugged together in a joyous reunion. At this time, I noticed that her husband and two boys were in the room, but unable to see her. Pointing out to her husband where she was standing, I followed her as she took me towards a bookshelf.

Several items were upon the shelf for me to peruse, the first of which was a hymnal similar to the one I'd written with my first book, 'The Mysteries of the Redemption.' Pointing inside, she showed me a song she had written for me which spoke voluminously of our deep friendship and her love for me. Honor and bliss poured forth from me as she handed me the book, saying she wanted me to have it. Although her husband was unable to see our interactions, at this moment he had a similar

inspiration, and also asked me to take the book, because he believed his wife would've liked me to have it.

Directing my attention to a small Buddhist book which spoke about saints, she said, "Don't buy into all the stories written about the saints, because some of them were portrayed as being more perfect than they truly were. Doing this will prevent you from accomplishing your own work, because it requires you to speak in opposition to certain established doctrines."

Showing me the Gnostic texts of the Christians, ancient texts written by followers of Christ which are not included in the New Testament, she also had the Apocryphal books and other books which were considered heretical.

Looking upon them, I *felt* their true holiness, and as I held them, they energetically reinforced my purpose which would take me outside of established dogmatic parameters. "You must do it! You mustn't fail the Lord!" she said, fiercely adamant about my destiny.

Pulling away, she directed my attention to her children for whom she had expressed concern recently. Unwilling to

talk about her death openly, she had said that they needed to express their deep grief.

Everything suddenly became awkward, because I didn't know what to do to help them. A sudden inspiration led me to run towards a bed, where I began pounding with my fists and shouting, "THIS SUCKS! THIS SUCKS!" Asking them if they'd like to join me, they approached and we all began pounding on the bed and shouting out to the heavens our extreme dissatisfaction at the fate of their dear mother and my wonderful friend. "It's important for there to be humor involved in the grief process," she said.

Turning to one of her kids, I casually made a joke about seeing a bug on him, and used the opportunity to start tickling him uncontrollably. As they laughed, my friend began to direct me towards her husband.

Expressing concern over my illness and potential fate, he felt very badly about our shared fates. As I thanked him for his caring, I began to tell him that I had a strange feeling that God might be willing to give me another extension on my life, and as I did this, my friend again appeared behind him with a great big smile on her face. Knowing what she meant to say, I was very

much aware that she had been interceding for me before the throne of God. Although it wasn't clear yet what the answer might be, it seemed that another extension on my existence might be in the works.

Conveying to me a deep sense of importance regarding my work, she bade me to know that she was now helping me to accomplish it from the other side. Another smile lit up her face as she expressed gratitude regarding the painting I had done of her experiences in purgation. "The first few weeks were very difficult for me, but I am now more at peace and able to enjoy the fact that I'm no longer in physical pain." In her eyes, I could see the pain of separation from her children, but she was coming to terms with it. At that moment, she disappeared.

Because my latest death date was coming up within the week (and I would surpass it due to her prayers), I found it a most amazing thing to witness that the dead pray for the living, and that their prayers can be efficacious if the Lord so deigns. Receiving the extension, my limbo was not to be lifted as my heart function had begun decreasing again.

Joining two older men we gathered together in a solitary room as the angels explained that we were all currently scheduled to die around the same time. One of these men was the soul who had been saved from condemnation to hell. Because of this intercession, his destiny had been altered, but he had a great deal of time left to do in purgatory because of his continuing angry nature. Although he had not been violent during his life, he'd been very mean, at times. Having an angry nature would give him an extended journey through purgation, although what had condemned him to hell was his total and complete disinterest in the Lord during his life which he acknowledged at the time of the battle for his soul.

The other man had also led a questionable life, but his faith in the Lord had saved him, and his soul was not in danger of hell. Purgatory would also be prepared for him, but despite his bad life, it seemed his time there would be shorter than the other man because of his true love for the Lord. In his youth, he'd not only engaged in anger, but violence. But in his old age, he was mellow and passive, no longer the man

he had once been. On his face, you could see his fear and respect of the Lord, which had helped his plight.

Leaving the room quickly, the angry man did not wish to communicate with us, so I turned my attention to the other, who was greatly afraid of death. Suffering from an extended terminal illness, the angry man was aware of his eventual fate, but the other man had no reason to believe he was close to death before this pronouncement, other than his advanced age. Death would be sudden and unexpected for him, and he was truly terrified.

Approaching him, I placed my arms around him and said, "We needn't be afraid. At this time, we must think of our heavenly homeland." Beginning to sing a traditional operatic aria version of the 'Our Father' prayer, I sang quietly, "Our Father . . . Which art in Heaven . . . Hallowed be Thy name . . . " Slowly joining me, we sang together. "Thy Kingdom Come!!!!!!!! Thy Will be done!!!!!!!! On Earth . . . as it is in Heaven."

Calming down significantly, my spirit's attention was drawn to members of my extended family who had not shown much sadness over my imminent demise. As

they appeared in the room, they noticed my deteriorating status, and in this realm experienced their full grief before me. Overwhelmed with sorrow for me, I was truly stunned! Because of the way they had behaved in regards to my condition, I had quite honestly perceived that some of them really didn't have any feelings about my death. A great gift, this moment allowed me to see that, despite their own unique ways of handling grief, they did truly love me and were very saddened by my imminent parting from this world. Moved, I began to disappear from this realm, awaking again in my physical body.

*“Do not wait for death
 To reveal the great mystery;
 If you know not your Heavenly Father
 While your feet tread the dusty soil,
 There shall be naught but shadows for thee
 In the life that is to come.
 Here and now
 Is the mystery revealed.
 Here and now
 Is the curtain lifted.
 Be not afraid, O man!
 Lay hold of the wings of the Angel of Eternal
 Life,
 And soar into the paths of the stars,*

*The moon, the sun, and the endless Light,
 Moving around in their
 Revolving circle forever,
 And fly toward the Heavenly Sea
 Of Eternal Life."*

*The Essene Gospel of Peace, Book Two, Page 52 –
 53, (Translator: Edmond Bordeaux Szekely,
 Words of Christ)*

Sitting quietly in the hospital room where she now received treatment and help for her mental illness, my departed friend was wearing her garments of white and staring off into the distance with great sorrow piercing her face. Family surrounded her, those of the living and those of the dead, as they had gathered this evening to visit and give her comfort and support. Pointing to an older man and woman in the room, she said "'Mom and Dad' are here with me." These were her Aunt and Uncle, who had been much like parents to her.

Two cowboys were hanging around, although not in the center of the family fray, one of which was her departed brother, who had died about two years prior to her death. Although the two looked much alike, I didn't know who the other man might be,

but was later able to confirm that another brother had died during infancy, and the two had since reunited beyond the veil.

A succession of children came forward walking in succession in front of my friend. Five or six of these souls appeared before me, each jumping successively into a pool of water . . . knowing that they were going to drown. Each of them had made this sacrifice willingly to serve a greater good which would come of their gift. Beginning to wonder if these souls were the babies which my friend had miscarried during her life, I recalled how she had lost about that many pregnancies to miscarriage because of an incompetent cervix. Finally, the doctors found a way to help her be capable of carrying to term, and she had her two living sons.

Given a special opportunity to speak with one of the children, a small, blonde little girl with pigtails sat upon a chair manifesting at about the age of four. Immediately, I learned her name was Molly, and we began a lengthy conversation. "What do you do in heaven?" I asked, "Do you pursue careers?" Quietly, she said, "No, you just follow your heart at any given moment

as God leads you." Nodding my understanding, a nurse approached, allowing me to hold and rock one of the other babies while I continued to talk with her. "Can you tell me," I asked boldly, "the time in which I will die, or that of my husband, children or my friend's husband?" Turning to the side, I realized immediately that I'd asked a forbidden question. "Is that something you are not allowed to tell those of us in the world of the living?" As she turned her gaze back to mine, she nodded, 'Yes.'

Now my attentions were turned to my friend, who remained despondent, sad and quiet. Conveying many things, I sat next to her and held her as her sorrow was expressed. Having watched from above to witness the consequences of various actions she had taken in life, she was learning about the true impact of those decisions on those that remained behind.

In particular, she had left behind a financial disaster for her family to clean up. In her newfound state, she was able to see the line of energy in the choices she'd made which had led to this condition, and was feeling 'convicted' of spirit, so to speak.

Although she was accountable for the damage she'd left behind, she was less accountable than she might have been had she not suffered some level of mental illness.

True delusion was involved in some of these choices she'd made, and it was only at this time in her after-death journey that she was able to truly understand the ramifications of some of these choices which had been made so haphazardly during her life.

Expressing great concern for one of her children upon the Earth, her manner of accidental death was of concern to her and the heavens because she had modeled to him a certain way of handling difficulties in life which could lead him to handle future problems in a similar way. Great sorrow filled her in this regard, for she hadn't realized that this issue she'd had regarding the use of prescription drugs, could indeed be passed along to her children. Giving pause to great warning, she asked that I convey this to her husband, so that he could be extremely watchful in preventing this sort of fruition from ever taking place.

Because she was now in the heavenly spheres, despite her status in a mental

hospital, she shared with me that her capacity to love had been greatly increased and that she hoped her husband could know that she loved him even more in this new place than she had been capable of in the world. Further, she expressed her hope that he could someday offer her his forgiveness for the financial disasters she had left behind, and that he might be able to separate in his mind her love for him, from some of the very harmful choices she had made. Asking for understanding of her compromised mental state during life, she made clear that she had truly been mentally ill.

A great deal of her sorrow was generated from the fact that she knew that some things can be undone, and others only endured. Many of the problems she'd left behind could only be endured. Because she'd crossed the great divide in such an unfortunate and untimely manner, she felt a certain impotence in being unable to assist in cleaning up the mess she had left behind. It's always easier to deal with our issues and problems while still in the world than to wait until we are no longer of it, and thus, no longer able to affect it in a full and complete

manner. Purpose exists in this life, and it is best to fulfill it while still in this world. Fulfilling it from across the divide is much more difficult. Walking alongside her family, it was vital that she assist in helping to resolve these matters, even though she must now do so from beyond the grave.

Finally, she conveyed a final few words regarding her practice of Buddhism during her life. Far from being a conviction of the religion itself, she convicted herself of not allowing her practice to become penetrating. Becoming more of an intellectual exercise, rather than a process of transformation, she'd actually allowed it to become a crutch in the assessment of her life. Much like the other person of whom I'd witnessed earlier, who had not allowed the truths of his religious practice to penetrate into his personal issues in life and the actual things he was doing, and she was confessing that this had been a fault she shared.

Buddhism, ironically, is a religion of renunciation and could have very adequately provided her with the tools to conquer the issue of misuse of financial means. Separating spiritual or religious practice from the actual life is a

misunderstanding of the true purpose and destination of Earthly life. Religious practice cannot be separated from the actual life, because our actual life is the *true practice*. Religious practice, of whatever faith it may be, all centers upon transformation from within. If your practice is true, your faults and issues will naturally arise from it as a result of your devotion.

In many respects, this true practice leads to a continual process of 'convictions' of the spirit wherein the soul witnesses the view of its soul from the heavenly spheres, rather from the limited point of view of itself. By doing so, it recognizes those cravings and fetters as the Buddhists would say, or the sins and vice as Christianity might term it, which linger within. Issues arise because they are the fetters which tie a soul to the Earth, matters for which mortal realms have been created to serve. Souls do not part from this realm until those issues have been resolved in a mortal context. So, as you can see from this, there is a purpose in this life of which you must fulfill while you remain in this realm . . . otherwise, you will return until it has been resolved within the context of time. Timelessness is not the

proper context in which this particular purification of a soul may be completed.

As we hugged tightly, I was aware that my visit was about to end with my dearly departed friend. Sadness filled my soul, although at the same time I felt a joy at her newfound wisdom and understanding of that which is true. But watching this process can be a double-edged sword, because truth is only attained through the suffering which comes to us when we deign to see things as they really are, rather than what has proven to be convenient for our conscious minds to peruse.

Because we witness our own delusions which have caused suffering for others, there is sorrow and regret. But we must never forget that it is the seed of sorrow and remorse which are the soil and earth upon which every spiritual transformation takes place, and without it, the grandiose heights cannot be reached.

So we gather in sorrow together as a human family to comfort this wonderful soul who now looks upon her life with regret, so that we may assist in this grand process which leads to purification. With this knowledge we may go in peace, because

sometimes what is best for us to know is not the most pleasant thing for us to hear. But the unpleasantness lasts for but a moment as a soul begins to generate true loving compassion penetrating to the core of the soul. Penetration leads a soul to harmlessness, wherein a soul truly seeks only the good of all sentient beings, and further, has the clarity of vision to pursue it in every action, thought, word or deed.

No journey worth taking is without flaw or difficulty. Smiling at her, she remained quiet, but seemed content in the knowledge that she had been able to express to her family her love . . . and her sorrow.

About a week later, she again appeared to me wearing her white garment sitting behind a table looking at a book. Expressing her immense gratitude in having been able to share her sorrows with her husband on the Earth, her soul was able to experience peace as a result of having been able to do so.

Having been a very normal day, there was no reason to suspect that it might be 'the one.' Waking in an unfamiliar place, I was lying in a hospital bed completely

unaware of how I had gotten there. Quickly, it became clear that I wasn't feeling very well. "How did I get here?" I asked the nurse standing beside my bed, "What happened?" He calmly replied, "Oh, you wouldn't be expected to remember that. You ran into problems while you were sleeping and you passed out." "Well, what happened?" I asked again. Although they refused to be more specific, it was very clear that something had happened with my heart while I was sleeping which was apparently quite serious; serious enough to force my soul to cross over into this borderworld.

For several moments, I became quite anxious, wondering if I had experienced sudden death and was irretrievably dead, but found fairly quickly that my spirit had been sent to this borderland hospital in order to receive spiritual assistance to *prevent* my crossing over . . . at least, as of yet.

Hooked up to several I.V.'s, my spirit remained there for four days, although when I returned I came back the next morning chronologically. "Don't feel bad about having to come here," the nurse said, "you may need to come back here many times

during your illness, because it is necessary to keep you alive and may very well give you more time." They seemed to know how long I had left to live, and although I got the impression that I may only have, at most, a few years, those few years appeared to be quite important in the larger scheme of things, and thus, they wished to intervene in any way they could to insure that I didn't expire prematurely.

When they were finished with me, I felt significantly better. But when I attempted to return to the body, I found resistance. Experiencing severe chest pain, my heart and breathing were going very fast and it was pounding so hard it felt like it might explode. Making several efforts to return, the angels and nurses from the astral hospital intervened with my physical body and were eventually able to shut down the problematic behaviors within my body. Shaken up, I went about my day.

CHAPTER FOUR**Being Beat up in the Eucharistic
Tabernacle, Being Truthful About the
Deceased to Allow Closure, Expression
of Regrets, Cathedral of my Soul,
Meeting my Deceased Friends New
Spiritual Teacher, Life Review, Near
Death.**

Standing before me was a large emblem of green, a great expanse of wings emerged from its sides, and the centerpiece held what resembled a family crest with a very prominent eagle inside. Representing the various layers of the soul, it conveyed the importance of awakening these layers while remaining upon the Earth. As I gazed upon this intricate symbol, a melody and words began to replay over and over again in obvious reference to the awakening process of the soul beneath the soul. "Born beneath the soul, born beneath the soul, born beneath the soul, oh oh oh, the soul is waiting." For a moment, I felt the tragic nature of the human soul, in that so many remain asleep on every level throughout

their lives, missing the sole purpose of their existence in this realm. Sad it is, how sad . . .

Chaos had ravaged our part of the Earth as the most extensive wildfires in hundreds of years continued to burn very near to our home. As we were evacuated amidst the tumult, my heart did not respond well to the strain, and although we had been honored to be taken into the home of a stranger who accepted our whole family during the crisis, it felt very clear that I was in deep jeopardy of losing my life. Two days prior to being evacuated, I'd been informed that my heart was declining.

Appearing to me in the usual white dress with a globe of light shining from her heart, my deceased friend appeared as my heart was pounding rapidly during sleep. "If you don't want to join me any sooner than you're meant to," she said, "you need to get out of here and go to a hotel." Having tried to keep up appearances with our hosts, I was wearing myself ragged, and a hotel room would allow me to 'direct traffic' from the center of the room and stay in bed, rather than being required to socialize while I was doing so badly.

But now that she stood before me and I had an opportunity to question her, I grabbed her and asked, "Why did this happen now?" We'd all wondered about this, because she'd taken an overdose. Embarrassed, she didn't want to respond, but I insisted. "You *need* to tell me this!" I said with urgency. Quietly, with reserve and embarrassment, she said, "Because some people and I weren't getting along." Having been confronted with her spending issues which were driving the family to bankruptcy, she simply chose not to deal with them. In doing so, she dealt a death blow to herself and her family in a momentary whim. Able to call it 'accidental' because of her mental illness, the status of her delusions made her choice less intentioned in the eyes of God.

That day, we transferred to a hotel, and I believe it saved my life. Several more days into our evacuation, my heart was still very traumatized but making small progress daily towards stability. As the fire raged for weeks more, the stress of the situation would continue.

On the night we returned home, my spirit was taken to witness a huge, 200 foot

high Eucharistic Tabernacle shining in gold amidst a barren desert. Inside of the Eucharistic Tabernacle where the host is usually placed, I saw myself being beat up by an unknown force. "The suffering and violence being done to your soul at this time, has purpose within a divine context," a voice said. 'Impermanence,' I thought.

Meeting my deceased friend, her husband was feeling tremendous guilt in trying to come to terms with their relationship during life and now after, because he felt that he would be dishonoring her if he was simply honest about the good and bad within their lives.

Coming to me in the morning, she didn't speak. Beginning to talk to her, I said, "You know, my friend, that the only way your husband is going to be able to get through this and process it successfully is if you allow him to reflect upon your lives together and the manner of your death honestly and truthfully, with the confidence that *you* still know that he loves you and honors your memory. Do you think you could give him permission to process this experience with this kind of honesty,

knowing that by him doing so it will not make him love you less or make your importance to him change in any way?" Very calmly, she nodded, 'Yes' and sent a rush of energy through me, because she very much wanted him to be able to get through this, despite the fact that reflecting honestly might sometimes be painful or not paint her in the best of lights. "I accept full responsibility for everything," she said, "and tell him I love him . . . and I know he loves me." Pausing, she finished, "By thinking of me as I truly was, the good with the bad, he will honor our special relationship as it relates to eternity."

With a rush of energy, she was gone.

Honored to encounter my deceased friend, she came with urgency to explain several issues to my yearning spirit. Because she wished to convey several things to her husband, he sat with us in the room but was unable to see her. Conveying to him immediately her words as soon as she expressed them to me, she addressed several issues. Firstly, she loved us both and was very sorry. Secondly, she was now taking very good care of herself, and regretted that

she had not done so during life. Further, she regretted not doing all that she could to help herself in her condition. Because she had been unwilling to try non-drug therapies to help alleviate pain, she had become highly addicted to dangerous narcotic drugs. Altering her state of mind, she became less lucid, and this contributed to her untimely death. Although her condition could not have been cured or much alleviated by such things, they may have made her pain more tolerable, and her need for dangerous drugs would have diminished in part.

Attempting to discuss further the issue of the manner of her death, she refused to discuss it and began to disappear from the realm. "Okay, Okay!" I shouted, "We will not go there." Direct and with purpose, she had something disturbing to tell me.

As her soul remained in purgatory, she conveyed, "I must remain here a very long time, primarily because of the manner of my death. Although it is not a 'bad' place to be, and in a lot respect is similar to Earth, it is not good, either." Nodding, she continued, "Most of my time will be spent doing purgatory on Earth watching over those I left behind prematurely, and the rest

will be spent in this realm which is always overcast because of the absence of the presence of God, the sun of light. This is my greatest suffering. Knowing that I could have made different choices which would have led to my immediate entrance into heaven and uniting with God is a continual torment to my soul." Vowing to continue to pray for her, we parted ways with a loving smile and my promise to her that I would continue looking over her family on Earth.

Before she left, she said, "I'm very jealous that it is so much easier for you to talk to my husband now, than it is for me. I miss being able to just sit and talk to him more than anything else."

Lying down in my home, the normal low ceiling no longer existed and in its place was a large, open cathedral ceiling composed of hundreds of blocks of crystal. Grandpa was standing there as I looked upon it. "You built that," he said, "it's pretty neat isn't it?" Understanding that it represented what I had built in the cathedral of my soul, I nodded, 'Yes.'

Grandpa and my Uncle were suddenly vacuuming the house, as I realized

that they were trying to help us with our mess. Asking them to stop, I said, "Don't do that, we should clean our own mess up ourselves," but they ignored me. Feeling the sudden presence of my ancestors, I noticed that my little dog from my childhood had appeared. 'Joy' had died over twenty years prior. Picking her up, she seemed very happy to see me, and it was mutual. Becoming very caught up in my childhood puppy, I forgot about my relatives vacuuming the house for a few moments and just enjoyed my dog.

Unable to conceal my annoyance, I'd been taken to the top of the Himalayan Mountains. In my momentary spiritual blindness, I could only think of how difficult it would be to get back down these mountains in my weakened physical condition. Because of my circulation difficulties, I was always cold; and I was absolutely freezing in this location, despite the fact that I was in my spiritual body which usually feels temperature as constant.

Standing amongst a group of Buddhist monks, my deceased friend appeared. As the monks had indicated that I

would be studying many ancient texts, different ones each week, my friend looked quite radiant in her white dress. Running towards her and hugging her, as I let her go, I looked deeply into her eyes and said, "I've missed you so much and I love you so much!" Smiling and reciprocating this emotion, she quickly gave me an indication that she had a purpose in being here. Beginning to guide me down the Himalayan Mountains, we walked through the wilderness as she conveyed energetically the wisdom for which she had come to impart. "Buddhism is a little bit more detached and unemotional about mistakes and incorrect views, and this will be helpful to you at this time." Energetically, the understanding of what she was saying pierced my core and I intensely grasped her meaning. "It seems like what you're trying to tell me is that Buddhism is a little bit less judgmental than Catholicism and that this approach might be helpful for me at this time." She nodded, 'Yes.'

As we continued down the mountain, it seemed like we had been together a very long time, and I began to be complacent in realizing that at some point,

our visit would have to come to an end. Asking her how I was doing in the spiritual life, she said that I was doing something incorrectly, but she wouldn't be more specific. Making reference to the concept of the 'rapture,' she showed me an image of myself disappearing with just a little pile of clothes remaining, and then moments later, the pile of clothes disappeared just as quickly as had my body. Although I didn't grasp this at the moment, I later realized that this was a demonstration of 'emptiness,' a Buddhist quality I needed to revisit in the spiritual life.

Not understanding her meaning, I just gazed at her expectantly and again asked her to be more specific, to tell me directly what it was that I was doing wrong. But for some reason, it appeared that she did not have permission to do this, and as we got to the bottom of the mountain, another spirit had come to get her. Quietly, she walked away with this spirit and disappeared.

Spending the night on a ranch with my grandmother and an Uncle who had passed in the previous two years, another

young man was sitting very casually in the kitchen. My Uncle kept referring to him as my 'other Uncle.' Finally, it occurred to me that my father had a brother who had died at the age of five after being struck by a truck while sledding. Excited and exuberant, my newfound Uncle and I went horseback riding along the Galactic mountain range which existed in the heavenly spheres. Expressing ambivalence about my presence, he shared, "Your condition is very unstable, but you are not necessarily destined to die quite yet. Perhaps if you were to be more careful, you could be assured that you would fulfill every moment of your life. If not, you might die prematurely." Understanding, we returned to the ranch house and I disappeared.

Coming across a wise old lady who was waiting for me in a house, my dearly departed friend sat across a table from her. Learning from this wise old woman who had gained much knowledge during her life in regards to matters of the spirit, the psychic gift and the path of virtue followed by religion, my friend was here as her pupil. My friend had always been interested in the

psychic aspect during her life, but had neglected the path of virtue which is vital to true spiritual unfoldment.

As I awaited word of the purpose for my visit, the old wise woman opened her mouth with a joke. "It seems that your friend here thought she was older than she was," she said, as my friend chuckled under her breath, "she apparently still had some time left in her." Laughing at this reference to the part she had played in her own death, as I told my friend I was jealous that she was going to get to learn from this wise woman and I couldn't. As she seemed to be doing better and better, I was grateful to see her in this light.

Within moments, she was gone.

Undergoing a life review, my spirit walked the pathway of my life and looked over in a very detached manner all the places I'd lived, things I'd done and the general path I had taken this time around. Rather than being a *critical* life review, where my life was scrutinized in regards to things I'd done wrong and right, it was simply a *detached* 'looking over' of the general pattern

of my life with no feelings expressed or felt about any events.

After undergoing this journey, my spirit was returned to the beginning and I watched again as another pathway was overlaid above my life. It was a pathway of ancient sacred texts which overlapped the path of my life. After observing the pathway of texts, it was conveyed that I would be returned to my life at the point I was currently occupying. Expecting to go back to the mountains, I was surprised to awaken on the shore, as waves crashed and fell in the sands before me. Observing the oncoming tide, I wondered if this would be an Earthly transition or a heavenly one.

Within a moment, my soul was looking upon the most spectacular light and I chuckled when I saw what lay within its confines. Although my dog, 'Joy', had died twenty years prior, she stood at the gateway to the light waiting for me, looking brilliant and joyous. Wishing to embrace my childhood pal who had been with me for about fifteen years, I knew that I could not, for doing so would irrevocably take me into the light and beyond the gateway of death.

"I'm sorry," I said to my dog, "I can't come with you now because my kids are just too young."

In total understanding, she remained in the brilliance of the light as a book appeared in my hands. Looking at its title, it said, 'The Palace of Ancient Knowledge.' 'Oh, okay," I thought, as I gazed upon the cover art and its depiction of this grand place within the realms of ether.

As I gazed upon the page, it transformed itself into a written message from Christ, whose Presence could now be felt powerfully at my side. "You need to pray more for a quality of which you are lacking." Displayed on the page, the quality was written down and I recognized immediately that it was something for which I should strive. Despite this, I was unable to recall the quality upon return.

Led to a porch, I observed that the steps leading to it were of different heights. The one on the right was waist high and complete, and the one on the left was built only to the level of the bottom crossbeam. Immediately directing my attention to the one on the right, Christ conveyed, "This one represents your soul, and as you can see, it is

complete." Directing my attention to the one on the left, He continued, "And this one represents the souls of those you will leave behind, which are incomplete." Looking at him, I said nothing, but questioned Him with my gaze as to what had caused this deficit. "It is incomplete because of selfishness," He said. Directing my attention to the light which still contained the essence of my childhood dog, He began leading me towards it. As He did, I heard somebody screaming at another person somewhere nearby. "Thus is the nature of this world," He said, "Even as you cross over, they will be thinking only of themselves."

Gazing at the light, I felt a sense of total peace and welcome, something which was unfamiliar in my past near-death moments. For in the past, I had encountered an energy of uncertainty, as though my dying would be premature if I were to go in that moment. But at this time there was total serenity because my soul was complete.

Because of this shift, I had an epiphany as I stared at the light. At some point, my time would truly be up, and I would go to sleep and wake in another world. Death became more real to me than it

had already been due to my illness, and it really 'hit' me that I was really going to die . . . and it might be soon. In this welcoming grand gesture of God, in the light which stood before me, I was beginning to feel that my journey upon the Earth was coming very close to its end. Someday, and perhaps soon, I would no longer have a choice.

As I realized this, Christ filled me with peace about this eventuality, in that I had completed that which I had come to do, and it was just time for me to go. Before my eyes, I saw the image of the books I had written as Christ conveyed, "You must pass the torch onto Andy, and make sure he realizes the importance of this task. He must finish your work when you are no longer able."

Directing me again to the bright tunnel, Christ conveyed that He was giving me the final option of entering into the light. "I cannot go to the light, yet, Lord, for my kids are too young." Nodding, He honored my willingness to remain for their sake. In a flash, I was back.

"And five hundred and fifty days since he had risen from the dead, we said to him, 'Have you departed and removed yourself

from us?' But Jesus said, 'No, but I shall go to the place from whence I came. If you wish to come with me, come!' They all answered and said, 'If you bid us, we come.' He said, 'Verily I say unto you, no one will ever enter the kingdom of heaven at my bidding, but (only) because you yourselves are full.'"

The Nag Hammadi Library, The Apocryphon of James, No. 2, Verses 20-35,

(Christianity/Gnostic, Words of Christ)

"Then he said to his disciples, 'Have I not told you that like a visible voice and flash of lightning will the good be taken up to the light?'"

The Nag Hammadi Library, The Dialogue of the Saviour, No. 38, (Christianity, Gnostic, Words of Christ)

CHAPTER FIVE

**The Ancestors Introduce Themselves,
Seeing into the Future, Meeting Old,
Old Friends, Tomb of Bereavement,
Extension of Life Through Grace of
God, Relationships After Death, Party
with Those Gone Before, Death Cannot
be Controlled, E Pluribus Unum Christ,
Tomb of the Ancestors.**

Wandering through the grand mansion, I couldn't believe my eyes. Having been taken back in time to the world of Russia right before the Revolution in the early 1900's, I was now being given a guided tour of the home of Arta and Helen Uzebacheff (Maiden name - Sagradeff), the great-great grandparents of my three children; Melissa, Mary and Jacob, by a cordial maid.

Helen had died at the age of forty before the war, but Arta had gone on to face the trying times of the Revolution with his four sons and two daughters. When the Russian Revolution had come, this aristocratic and very wealthy Armenian family was separated, as my children's great-

grandfather, Joseph Uzebacheff, would never see his father and several of his siblings again in this life. Losing his eldest brother, Manuk, a doctor, and a sister to the armies of Stalin, the entire family was thrown out of their home and separated by war. Another brother, Ivan (after whom my husband's father was named), would die a little bit later after receiving the wrong prescription from a pharmacy. His two sisters, Ann and Katharine, had been married to two brothers, and Joseph's youngest brother, Jacob, would survive the war, dying in 1972 of natural causes. Joseph and Jacob would be reunited after the war. Arta, their father, died in 1920 of unknown causes.

Joseph, a member of the White Army at the age of eighteen, walked from Tbilisi to Istanbul, Turkey, crossing over the Southern Mountains of Russia into Persia which is currently present-day Iraq, completely separated from every member of his family for the first time in his young life. 5000 men were with him, living off of bugs and rainwater, seventeen of those men arrived alive in Persia; among them, my husband's grandfather and my children's great-

grandfather, Joseph Uzebacheff. Crossing the river from Russia to Persia, his good friend was thrown from the boat and immediately sucked into a whirlpool where he would meet his fate, that of death. As Joseph made it to the other side, he fell to his knees in tears, kissed the ground and shouted out to the heavens, "Why me, Lord, why me?!?!?"

Returning to Russia after the Revolution, grandpa's greatest remembrance was of the time he spent at an orphanage, where he spent his time picking up children orphaned by the war off of the streets covered in maggots and bugs, and bringing them to shelter and safety.

Arta had a brother, Joseph's Uncle VaGram, who had immigrated to America as an engineer, doing work for the Russian's on the railroads. Providing Joseph with the means to cross the ocean and come to America, we would only discover later in the century that Uncle VaGram had spent most of his adult life giving anonymous scholarships to children in Russia, hoping to rebuild the country of his origin. When it was discovered by our family what he had done, there was quite a great number of

students in Armenia, a province of the Soviet Union, who had received scholarships to Universities. A front page article had been done on his life in the province where this had taken place.

In America, Joseph went from being an aristocrat of his time to becoming a true common man. Meeting (1926) and marrying (1928) Oxana Harkevitch, a governess and immigrant from Italy, who had Russian roots, as well; Ivan, their only son, was born in 1929. Ivan met Anne, the daughter of Czechoslovakian immigrants - Maria (Maiden Name - Vanicek) and Joseph Hornik - and had three children. Their oldest son would eventually become my husband, Andy.

Wandering through the mansion, I was overwhelmed with the opulence of it. Showing me the way it might have looked at the time of the Revolution, an overlapping reality merged with the images which might have reflected the building in later years. After it had been seized by the Communists, it had become a hospital.

Taken to a solitary room, my soul was being shown some of the things that may have existed at the time of Arta and

Helen's lives. An old car was in the room, the type which had no roof over the passenger compartment. Many other early-nineteenth century items were scattered around; clothing, furniture, and other household belongings. But the maid led me to a desk.

Rummaging through the desk, I now noticed many servants walking amongst the corridors as if they were continuing at this moment to do what they might have done in the early 1900's. Directing my attention to the maid who had guided my tour and was now assisting me in looking for whatever it was I had been sent here to find, I asked, "What do you know about the people who lived here?" "The man of the house was very kind," she said, "and we were very well taken care of." Immediately, I understood that she was referring to the servants of the house.

Arta wished for me to find something very important to his wife, and I continued to fumble through the drawers until I came upon the objects which I immediately knew to be that for which I had been sent.

Holding in my hands a set of five

different books, I was entranced by them. Two of them were written by Helen Uzebacheff, and had appeared to me in the form of a formerly published book which was now out of print. At the moment, it appeared that perhaps this book represented a lifetime that had yet to be documented, the knowledge of which had yet to be contained. Much of the two books contents appeared to contain spiritual wisdom attained during her short life.

Gazing now at the other three books, they were written by other people of whom I didn't yet know. Upon one of the covers was a depiction of something in regards to World War II. Could this be the life knowledge of Uncle Andrew Hornik born in 1913, the man whom my husband had been named after? Anne, Andy's mother, had an older brother who had given his life while fighting on the island of Leyte in 1943 during World War II at around the age of 30.

Taking my hand, the maid was now leading me back into the large corridor which had been the hallway of this grand mansion, guiding me towards another building on the lush and spacious grounds where I was about to meet Arta, my

children's great-great grandfather and be given the chance to talk with him face to face. But as we walked towards the gate, I began to disintegrate. Reaching towards this mystical mirage, I shouted, "No, not yet!" But my time for this eve was apparently now over.

My journey into death had taken me into the fascinating world of my ancestry. Because I had been so close to the gateway of death, my deceased friends and relatives from this life had become very present to me, but I had also discovered a whole slew of ancestors nearby of whom I'd not previously known. Moved beyond words at the care and concern of those who resided in the world beyond 'death' for those of us who remain in the world of the 'living,' I was amazed at the overlap and how closely we remain intertwined, despite the lack of awareness of most of humanity at their presence.

Perhaps in this overlapping of worlds, the world of the living and the world of the 'dead,' greater knowledge was to be obtained. Perhaps some of the mysteries of our existence could be found in the histories of our ancestors. Perchance,

such matters as individual and religious lineage and planetary evolution . . . could overlap?

Time had come for me to get to work on genealogy. For if we forget the original dream and from whom it came, we lose the destination. In order to remember the dream, we must remember those who have come before. Our triumphs are borne on the backs of those who toiled, suffered and struggled to make them possible. Once upon a time, long, long ago, somebody had a dream . . .

Sitting on the back porch, my spirit was communicating with my four year old son in the future, when he was grown and ready to marry. Talking with his fiancée, she asked, "Is it hard to let go?" "Well," I replied, "It's hard to explain, but yes, it is hard to let go, but at the same time, I *know* in my heart that it's something that I must do because it is time." Looking at me with understanding, I continued, "I'm just very glad he chose someone like you, that's what I've wished for him." Smiling at me, she spoke only with her eyes. For a moment, I felt the searing pain that would come with that moment, as a

mother, in stepping aside and allowing him to go forward with another person, although at the same time I felt the absolute necessity of doing so.

Realizing suddenly where we were sitting, it was the first home that my husband and I had owned after we had married. Pointing to a rose bush near the fence, I shouted to my son, "I planted that rose bush a few weeks after your oldest sister was born!" Nodding in acknowledgement, I was guided by an unseen hand towards the side of the fence.

Almost breaking out into tears, I shouted, "Oh, my God, Lacey!" Lacey had been my neighbor in that home, an elderly woman who had turned her backyard into a veritable victory garden. During her life, she would harvest seeds from her voluminous array of flowers, and give them to me to plant in my own yard. Next to her was the elderly woman who had lived across the street from her, who had been her best friend. Having died while we lived there, Mary was a sweet, sweet lady who also loved to plant flowers.

Hugging the two of them, I remembered how they had both lived on

that street their entire lives. Both were widowed, and had lived on their own for many years after the deaths of their husbands. Lacey had owned her home free and clear, and I remembered what she had told me one day while I was sitting in her living room hearing about her life. "If you handle your finances well during your life," she said, "you should be able to show something for it by the time you're my age." Because she owned her small two bedroom one bath home free and clear, she was sharing with me how she and her husband had never made much money because he had been a blue collar worker, but they had lived simply and paid for what they owned. Because of this, she was able to live comfortably in her later years.

While we had been her neighbor, Lacey had sort of adopted me, and I had very fond memories of these two grand ladies. As I hugged them and felt deep joy in their vision, I reveled in our reunion and the realization that despite how long ago this had been; the two of them were still keeping an eye on our family from the world beyond. How honorable this was to my soul.

Turning again to my momentarily

full-grown son, he was wandering into the backyard gathering something from the grass. Noticing a residue on the lawn, I said, "Oh, yeah, that's the pollution that comes from the paper factory down the street. Nothing you can do about it." (Many factories of all sorts surrounded this area we had formerly lived, and pollution was a way of life there.) Nodding and intrigued by this, because he had grown up in the mountains where such things did not occur, he held it in his hands with a look of concern.

Going back in time to the period in which I got married, my soul was bade to experience it from a different vantage point. Remembering that there was an element of 'having' to get married, although I was not pregnant. Complications due to my own immaturity and youth would arise, but my spirit was still very much excited because I loved my future husband.

Having been taken into the house to wait for a message which was due to arrive from my husband's family, I was pacing the room, nervous as to how they may feel about me as their future daughter-in-law. As the doorbell rang, I went to the door with

expectancy, as a delivery man handed me a pile of about twenty or thirty letters from them. Immediately, one fell to the floor, with an attached gift.

Gazing at the interesting package, it had some new publishing software included, which I immediately felt had symbolic value. Representing support of the path of writing in my life, it was almost as if the gift held within it energies that would bring the publication of my work to fruition. Looking towards the attached note, I immediately recognized the handwriting, although I doubt that I've ever seen it during this lifetime. 'Nina Harkevitch,' it said in English, as I rushed to open the letter. But as I did so, I was pulled away from the scene before I could read her words.

Aunt Nina was Andy's grandmother's sister. Oxana had been married to Joseph Uzebacheff, the son of Arta and Helen. But her side of the family held great interest and intrigue, as well.

Nina was an Italian doctor, teacher, poet and a painter, whose written works had been published Germany and St. Petersburg. Known for her generosity as a physician, many of her patients became her friends.

When she passed away, it was this that people remembered about her the most. Having lived a long life, she died at 92 of old age.

Oxana and Nina had a brother named Nikita, an accomplished Pianist at the Conservatory of Munich, who died a tragic death due to pneumonia in 1932, at the age of 22. Adrian Harkevitch, their father, conducted a choir in the Russian Orthodox Church, and had married Anna Levitsky, a very accomplished piano player who had hopes of becoming a concert pianist. Because of the times and the foreordained roles of women, she was unable to pursue that dream during her lifetime. Also a painter, one of Anna's paintings had been given to us by Oxana of a friend of her mother's which hangs in our hallway.

Several other stories within Oxana's family hold intrigue, as well. Joseph Vassilieve (Wife - Sophia), the father of her grandmother, was a priest and spiritual advisor to the Russian Czar, Alexander II, and was sent to Paris to found the Russian Orthodox Church in France in the year 1847. Saint Alexandre Nevsky Church in Paris was

founded in 1861 and still stands today as his living legacy. Oxana's grandfather, Archpriest Vladimir Levitsky, founded the Russian Orthodox Church of the Nativity of Christ and of Saint Nicholas the Thaumaturge in Florence. Having given a loan to a young art student so that he might be able to attend school around the year of 1869, the young and very brilliant painter contracted Tuberculosis and died. Because the family had no money to repay the loan, they offered her grandfather an unfinished painting of St. Peter which had been painted by the decedent. Hanging on our living room wall, this painting appears complete, but if you look closely at the hands, you will see that it was left undone. Beyond this, the painting looks like it could have been painted by one of the great masters, and remains as a living legacy of the amazing talent that was so cruelly torn away from this world by a disease which had yet to be cured; a tragic example of the cost of an individual life.

How many of us forget the legacy of our forebears? Certainly I have, and the most profound revelation of this recent surge of ancestral visits, lies within the realization

that though we have forgotten our forebears, they still remember and look over us. Such love, and yet most of us remain so unaware of their watchful eyes and loving embrace. Souls we've never known, never met in this life, and yet we are the fruit of their womb, their great-great grandchildren, and the line of the dream that began with them . . .

As my spirit awoke, the words 'Tomb of Bereavement' were placed within my head, although I was yet unaware of their meaning.

Having been taken to a party to honor the recent 'healing' I'd received, about 200 souls were gathered at a church to celebrate. During the party, I was made to know that my 'healing' was a partial one, and that the Lord had granted me renewed vigor and strength, but that I was not cured. Beyond this, it was clear that I would need to remain on medication, because my healing was being accomplished through drugs, and that mine was to be a medical miracle with limited parameters. Apparently, I remained in danger of sudden death, and at this moment, my life had been extended through a grace from God, but it

was a temporary extension. Because I'd had a few such extensions already, it became clear that I must use the time given my soul well in the service of God, and that I could continue to ask for repeated extensions as the time came; but at this moment, I was due to die unexpectedly of sudden death sometime in the future, near or far wasn't shared, when I would appear to be doing quite well.

Overwhelmed by this information, I followed the large crowd as they began filing into a large hallway to begin a journey to an unknown destination. Walking quietly through the corridors, they slowly became very grand and ornate caverns, stalagmites majestically hanging from the ceilings and protruding from floors. Very bright, it was unlike an Earthly cavern because it was well lit and spacious.

As we were traveling through the caverns, I ran into many spirits I recognized on a soul level, but did not know in my current Earthly life. It occurred to me that some of these familiar faces could very well be ancestors, and the reunions with these people were so comforting and warm, I cannot properly give it justice. Very many of

them were old, old friends, of whom I could not place, but seeing them again was an awesome experience. Immediately, we began talking about old times that I don't remember from this life, but perhaps from many others and from times between them.

An old and very sick woman wearing an oxygen tank was struggling to get through the cavern, and her full-grown son - tall, thin, and red-headed - was attempting to help her. But she would go into breathing fits and something resembling cardiac arrest every few minutes. Annoyed, he was embarrassed by her difficulties and started saying things to her that were unkind. Relating to the predicament of the older woman due to my own condition, I couldn't help but wonder why in the world anybody would have brought her into this place in the first place. Approaching the red-headed man, I didn't immediately recognize him, but would later. "Don't you realize how much you really love your mother?" I shouted at him with anger. "You're not angry at *her*, but rather, you're angry at the situation. You do all of this for her because you *know* that if she wasn't with you, you'd *miss* her a great deal more than she cramps

your style now!" Our society can be very unkind to the sick, but those of us who have lost someone who had a burdensome illness realize that the void caused by their absence is often more difficult and painful than living with the disease.

Despite my rude display, the man had listened to my words, and immediately calmed. "You really helped me," he said, as his eyes began searing into my own and recognition began to emerge, "I really need someone like you in my life. I've been acting like a hillbilly to fit in, but I've really needed something and someone deeper." Moved by his words, he finished, "If you could learn to control your anger, you could really help people like me." In that moment, I realized that this was so very true and made an inner resolution to work harder to restrain my own anger when attempting to instruct souls.

Continuing forward, he became very patient with his mother, as we all entered into a grand palace within the cavernous heavenly realm. What had been a corridor, opened up into a huge and well-lit room of great beauty. Amongst the cavernous rock were crystals, amethyst and other natural

gems and elements of beauty. A grand setup resonated before me, as hundreds of people were sitting in a group of stands, not unlike the bleachers you might see at a football stadium. Recognizing them as people and souls I had seen in the city of the Palace, a wrenching understanding hit my soul.

Immediately and without doubt, I knew that I had crossed from the world of life, into the world of death.

Without any further adieu, my soul was led to the other side of the cavern where the red-headed man awaited my arrival. Instantly, I recognized him, although I had spoken with him previously without knowing who he had been. I'd been taken to a mountain retreat in the heavens at the bidding of the Master. Having been introduced to this man, my soul immediately underwent a ceremony of 'marriage' to him, despite the fact that I didn't understand what was going on. After accepting my three Earthly children, and a young thirteen-year old guardian angel (Lisao) of whom I had just adopted as my own child in the same ceremony as his own, we parted; the mystery as elusive as it had been when I'd arrived.

Again, I'd seen him in the city of the Palace during my tour of the afterworld sphere. No words had been exchanged, and in fact, he hadn't seemed to notice my presence at that time. On a few other occasions, I'd met him in the afterworld sphere, but hadn't given it much thought.

Coming towards me with great intensity, he shared with me some type of compatibility testing that had been done on the two of us. "You and I score in the two's and three's," he said excitedly, "that's much higher than I've ever scored with anybody else." Apparently, this score was based on a scale from zero to four, and two and above were considered quite good. Ramifications of what he was saying were rather great for me, in that it seemed he was using a subtle approach to tell me that death was approaching. Because it had been my impression that this relationship, whatever it may be, lay beyond the world of form, any reference to the two of us being together seemed to imply that my life was in danger, and that was all I could think about as he spoke. "It has been fore-ordained that we will be spending more time together," he said very joyfully, "and we will be doing that

in one and a half days."

Feeling great conflict, the familiarity and joy I felt with these people my soul apparently knew in the after-life made me wish on some level to be with them. But at the same time, I understood the ramifications of this. In no way did I want to die and leave my family, husband and children behind, but my spirit yearned to be in both worlds on some level. Feeling drawn to this red-headed man in an inexplicable way, at the same time, my spirit felt repelled because he represented death to me.

Curious but nervous about the meaning of his words, I immediately understood that I was not out of danger in regards to death, but I didn't feel that death was imminent, either, so their meaning was mysterious. But the Lord had made it excruciatingly clear that my life was not guaranteed, and as I stood amongst the gathering of joyous and friendly dead people, it was abundantly understood that when the appointed time would arrive for me to die, my journey would be taken with those who truly loved me.

Standing in front of me, the angelic

man listened with patience as I spoke. "I'm really trying hard," I said, "I know that I am not completely healed, but I'm taking full advantage of this unique change in my physical abilities. I'm pushing harder, and really trying to do all that I can to stay as well as possible, and stay alive for my family." Pausing for a moment, he began to speak in a very calm manner which denoted his reference to humanity as a whole. "He doesn't *try* to bring death his way," he said, "It just goes to him." A wave of energy came over me as I understood his words.

Realizing that although there are things we can sometimes do to improve our odds in such a situation, the reality remains that we all must eventually die and it will come to us in its own time, not necessarily our own. Especially important for those who suffer incurable or terminal illnesses to hear, they often feel that death is a personal failure. Some will make it, others will not, and some will make it for a while as others go quickly. Neither outcome denotes a more valiant fight or a more worthy individual; it is all about fate, destiny and God's divine timing, the element which remains unknown and mysterious to each one of us until 'death

goes to him.'

Wandering through the Italian villas, the streets were narrow and the homes were attached to one another. Water was standing on the road in puddles, as if a rainstorm had just passed through. Having just come from a home along one of these streets, I'd felt so peaceful there. As if symbolic, the large old wooden door had a window in the shape of a heart, and there was peace, contentment and tranquility within its confines. Because it was an older building, there was a lot of large ornate wood used in the decor, but I knew that the homes were attached to one another as if in one long row.

Before having been taken there, I'd undergone a wondrous journey into the life of a young man, who though robust and strong, had taken ill suddenly and died. Not a large man, he was of small build, and somewhat short. Handsome, he had a very playful energy and showed me some of the pranks he had participated in during his short life.

An old woman approached who I didn't recognize, but I said to her immediately, "This guy is a little bit on the

nutty side!" Without changing her expression or displaying any sense of my rudeness, she said, "Actually, he was very charming." Intrigued, I still didn't know who these people were or why they were showing me such things.

Now that I was walking through the streets of Italy near a row of villas of some sort, I instinctually entered a door in the side of one of them. Inside, the building was cramped and small, and for no apparent reason, I began to discuss with the manager the possibility of fitting my medical offices within its confines. "Don't you realize this building is much too cramped for a doctor's office?" I said. But as the words came out of my mouth, the rooms transformed into a medical facility, cramped but very functional and quaint. Saying nothing more, I was led into another room to an office across the hall which had a small cafe' attached to it.

Entering the office, the secretary appeared as a very conservative woman, her hair pulled behind her ears. But before I could ascertain what was going on, another woman entered the office who looked just like her, except that she had done different things with her hair, clothes and make-up,

and was a bit racier. Apparently, she was having an active affair with her employer, the man in the office behind the secretarial desk. Another identical 'her' entered the office, and had her hair cut very, very short. Having become a postal worker of some kind, she was also a lesbian. Two others entered, and went about their business, completely superfluous and unaware of the presence of other selves. As the overlapping realities played out in front of me, I realized that I was being shown that none of our destinies are set in stone, for we have many optional paths to choose from. For this woman, I was being shown five.

Casually walking over to the cafe', some guy was giving me 'the eye,' and I coyly smiled back. But as I walked towards the back, another gentleman appeared who was very tall and good-looking. Repeating the actions of the other man in the cafe', I smiled back at him also, flattered by his attention. But suddenly his demeanor changed, "You need to stop doing that!" Without any further adieu, I literally straightened up and shifted my energy in a flash to a more appropriate stance, realizing that such vanity was a sin.

"Nina Harkevich is trying to reach out to you," he said, "go find her." Nodding that I would, he added, "I'll even give you an assistant to operate as a liaison between you and your ancestors." A man appeared out of the blue; tall, skinny and with black hair, who smiled in his desire to assist. "Thanks!" I said to them, as I walked off alone to find my husband's great aunt.

Walking back towards the medical office in the same building, it had now become a morgue of some kind. Many people, mostly women for some reason, were dead and dying. Those who had already passed were shrouded in white cloth, while those who were still in the dying throes laid on cots that were stacked three high to the ceiling. Going towards the back of the room, I was instinctually led to a wooden crypt which supposedly contained the remains of Nina Harkevitch.

Opening the crypt, my husband, Andy, was now standing at my side, present during this momentous occasion. Inside, there laid three plastic red roses, a funeral card, and something that was wrapped in white fabric and rolled into a ball. Taking the funeral card, I noticed that on the front cover

were the names of about twenty different ancestors, most of whom I did not recognize except for Arta and Helen Uzebacheff. Inside it said, "Ninitchka Harkevitcha," and below it were the dates of her birth and death.

Approaching me from the side was an older woman with darkish hair pulled back in a bun. On her face was a radiant smile, as she reached towards me. Noticing that a small paper was in her hand, I asked, "Do you have the note from Nina for me?" Without saying a word, she gave it to me.

Inside the note was a picture of a little girl holding a lamb in her left hand. Immediately, I thought of the picture I'd seen of Nina as a little girl sitting on the lap of her great grand-father, an Archpriest of the Russian Orthodox Church and founder of the Church in Florence, Italy. Perhaps he was the symbolic lamb?

Suddenly, a great many people entered the room and began changing it from a morgue to a library, which would be particularly appropriate for Nina, because along with being a doctor, she had been a great teacher of anatomy.

Looking to Andy, I said, "You've got to help me with this, please try to remember

all these items so you can help me bring this back." "I won't remember," he said, "you'll need to ask somebody else to help you."

"I know what I'll do," I thought, "I need my assistant." Calling out, he instantly appeared in the room and began wandering through it to gather the information which would be vital for me to bring back into the physical realm. Reaching for two decorative dishes, they were a plate and a matching bowl with a white background and a brownish painting on them. Depicting about thirty birds flying in the same direction, I turned to my assistant, "What do you think it means?" I asked him. Pointing to the very bottom where very small words had been inscribed, I read, "E Pluribus Unum Christ."

Now surrounded in a vast library of books, I thanked my assistant for pointing that out to me as the other gentleman from before had entered the room. "You shifted well," he said, "and you are a much more attractive spirit when engaged in the proper energy." Nodding in acknowledgement of this truth, we both chuckled at my previous silliness.

At this moment, all that I had seen began to come together for me.

Remembering the heart window in the door of the home, I knew that this was Nina's residence, and the heart represented the warmth and love that had resided there as she welcomed young and old, rich and poor within its confines; to teach them and to assist some who were sick. Nina had become a doctor in great part due to the tragedy which befell her brother, Nikita, who had died of pneumonia and pleurisy at the age of 22. Charming and playful, the young man I had met was my husband's great Uncle Nikita who had died long ago. Obviously, the doctor's office in the building was Nina's office, which was built from scraps into a very functional and helpful place of healing for her many patients.

Finally, I looked up the meaning for "E Pluribus Unum Christ." Although I'd known the first part of it to be a common American phrase, I'd forgotten its origin and meaning. Looking it up, its translation read, "Out of Many, One," which I immediately construed as a reference to the connection between myself, my family and our ancestors. But placing the word, "Christ" after it expanded its meaning beyond such borders. "Out of Many, One Christ." Written

in 1776, the symbol of this message was the eagle in flight.

In the midst of the night, my body began experiencing a fast heart-rate and excessive nausea. Entering into sleep, my spirit had collapsed into another realm. Before me were the doctors and nurses who had come to my aid before. "Are you going to cross over tonight of cardiac arrest?" One asked very casually and with humorous sarcasm, as he held a hypodermic needle in his hand. "Oh," I replied in shock, "I'm at risk of dying again tonight, huh?" Nodding that indeed such was the case, I began concentrating a great deal on going back, as he plunged the needle into my arm just as he had done before, and my spirit immediately awoke back in my body.

Traversing the far caverns, my soul was led deep into the tomb of my ancestors by a single male spirit, draped in white. Amongst the depths were caves, each one holding a set of dry white bones. Walking quietly and methodically by each tomb, I gazed at the bones as a misty image began to emerge and the spirit of each ancestor slowly

appeared from the ether, quietly standing and turning to reach a singular hand to my soul. Images of about twenty unknown ancestors rose to meet my soul as I walked by their individual resting places. Gently nodding as I slowly passed, I allowed myself to take in their many faces. Feeling their beckon, I could not inquire further at this time, but acknowledged in silence their need . . . and my calling.

Perhaps one of them was 'Ma' Crane, my grandmother's sister, who had founded and run a maternity hospital in Provo, Utah before the hospitals had been built. Or my grandfather on my mother's side, who was forced to become a German soldier during World War II. What stories he had to tell, but he didn't live long enough for me to hear them. How odd it is to think that my children's ancestors were fighting on opposite sides of the battlefield in that horrific time. What if my other grandfather on my father's side was among them? He had died to save the life of one of my cousins by throwing her out of the way of an oncoming car and taking the impact upon himself. Certainly, such an act shows a soul who held great care and interest in the lives

of his grandchildren. Perhaps some of those bones represented my earlier Mormon ancestors who crossed over to Utah from the East with Joseph Smith, or my great-great grandmother who was involved in a polygamous marriage? Others could have been a number of carpenters who had fulfilled a long line of apprenticed descendants of mine in Germany from my mother's family. Hard to tell, but I was being urged forward by my guide so I moved ahead.

Ahead of us was a grand tomb, gilded in gold, pearls and jewels, standing magnificently before us. Having reached the end of the line of caverns, we emerged upon an open vista which sparkled in the color of blue-green. Without speaking, my guide conveyed to me that this golden shrine was the 'Tomb of the Ten Commandments,' as he reached his hand forward in invitation to enter. Amazed and thrilled, I walked towards this magnificently quaffed specimen which emanated holiness beyond my comprehension. Walking inside the small entryway . . . all went black.

Emerging from the clouds, the

darkness came in a powerful wind towards me and my family. Thrusting ourselves to the ground, we gathered together to protect one another during the attack but were not fast enough. Shouting to Andy, I said, "Throw yourself on top of Jake!" but he didn't respond quickly enough and Jacob was being blown out of our reach. An interior voice spoke within me, and it said that my recent attempts to record the music beyond 'Galactica' were being generated by my ego, rather than God's will. Thus, I had given entry for dark forces to assault me both physically and spiritually. Because I had heart failure, recording vocally was very difficult on my body, and doing so to great lengths was no longer advised.

Acknowledging my mistake, and recognizing from the scenario that I had made a grave misjudgment; it was clear that my children should always be my first priority, and I should do nothing that would put them in danger of losing their mother any sooner than absolutely necessary.

Standing in an office that I had worked at as a younger woman, I was remembering the many people with whom I

had known and the general dynamic of this long ago place. All of us had lost contact many years before, and in fact, I'd forgotten many of these people who had once been such important friends. Interestingly, I was shown a former boss who had demonstrated certain issues, and was shown that this had continued and expanded during his life. Chuckling to myself, I walked around the office to observe how people were currently doing and most of them were doing quite well.

But when I casually walked over to the cubicle of two older men who had watched over me in my youth, I was greatly surprised to see that it was empty. Although I had not known them that well even when I'd worked in this environment, they had always kept an eye on me in fatherly way, looking out for me because I was young and inexperienced in the world.

Confused by their absence, I turned to inquire about it when I suddenly saw a sight that filled me with joy and glee. Surrounded in light, the two were standing behind me in their glorified bodies as they had passed from this world several years before. In my conscious waking life, I had

completely forgotten about them, and so the Lord had given them an opportunity to take me back to this time so that I might remember their watchful care. As they stood before me, they conveyed that they continued to watch over my soul from beyond, and they wished for me to remember the special fatherly interest they had taken in me during my youth. Apparently, it had continued into the next life and I was quite honored.

A cosmic quality enveloped their presence which filled me with joy in seeing them. Despite my previous forgetfulness, seeing them generated an almost ecstatic state. Reaching their hands to me, I thanked them and expressed joy in our reunion as they held my hand for only a moment before disappearing from the scene.

Standing before me, Nina Harkevitch was smiling a grand grin as she appeared as she would have looked as a young girl. Beside her was her sister, sub-conscious astral, with a daze upon her face indicating her lack of awareness of this experience. Reaching her hands out to the ether, Nina said, "I want to show you something."

Whispered away, my spirit was now standing on a lush college campus in the 1920's. A large and beautiful building stood in the front and center of a green and verdant valley; beyond the front lawn of the building were several small roads with many small houses standing aside one another. Behind the college was a very beautiful valley surrounded by several small woods and some type of water. Unable to recall whether it was a river or a small lake or pond, I only recall the water.

Nina did not confirm or deny my suspicions, but I wondered if we had known each other earlier in her life?

Walking along a road towards my own home, I ran into an old friend named Brian, who had been gone for some time. "Brian!" I shouted, "How *are* you? Where have you been?" Very quietly, he explained that he had been sick, and although he had been doing better for some time, he was now dying of terminal cancer. So sad to hear such news, we began walking together in the other direction towards the college. As we strolled into the valley and woodlands behind the college, he told me about his plight and what was to happen to him.

Despite the seriousness of his condition, he was totally at peace with his impending doom because he'd had plenty of time to accept it. Holding his hand, I said, "Well, there's something you don't know about me, as well." Looking at me with interest, I said, "I'm also dying, and I understand what you're sharing with me." Surprised, but not shocked, he asked what was wrong with me. Apparently, during this time I'd also suffered from heart failure; but because of the time-frame, there was no hope.

Realizing that much time had passed, dusk was now upon us. Offering to walk me home, I was somewhat hesitant because of his condition, but allowed him to do so. As we came closer to my house, he collapsed complaining of pain in his lower leg. Feeling his calf, I could discern a lump, but made no mention of it. "Wait here, I'm going to run and get my mom and dad to help." Shouting out a four-digit phone number, he asked me to phone his parents.

Arriving at my house just a few yards away, I quickly informed my parents of the need, and the two of them ran to Brian's aid while I called his family. Using the four-digit number he had given me, a

woman was speaking on the other end of the line in Italian. When arriving on the scene a few minutes later, I noticed anger in my father's eyes as he observed the way Brian looked at me. But he put his anger aside and we all picked him up and got him inside where he could lie down in a warm place.

At that moment, my spirit quickly flashed through several moments in the future which clearly delineated the path that was to come. Brian and I became engaged, spending a great deal of time together, but he passed within a year, and I was gone within a year of that.

Standing before Nina and her sister, she nodded as I felt a close bond. And then she was gone . . .

Before my eyes lay a gravel road of rocks which floated effervescently on top of the ocean waters. As it led to a heavenly island, Andy and I rode our car carefully over the etheric pathway. Afraid of sinking during the journey, the weight of my car began to depress into the water several times during the crossing. A guard waited at the dock of the island, and without words, asked me why I had come. "I was invited by a

cousin." I said. Joyful to hear this, he said, "Oh, Paul and Jenny! You are welcome; I'll take you to them."

Arriving at their very humble single-wide mobile home planted amidst a very lush and green island rainforest, I walked in quietly. Noticing a sign on the wall, it said, "What are you losing to live in the world that you do?" A very small man approached me very quietly, a woman at his side. Unable to discern who he was, I only knew that he was a 'cousin' in some way to my family. "We gave up everything," he said, "to come to this island which honors spiritual values. What are *you* losing to live in the world that you do?" In unison, Andy and I said, "Ourselves, everything, our dignity, our integrity." Without any further words, he nodded as if he understood, and turned to walk away. In a split second, we were gone.

CHAPTER SIX

**St. Thomas Aquinas's Scribe, Watching
the Souls Coming and Going,
Fascinating Journey of the Departed,
How Quickly we Lose Interest in the
Souls of the Departed, Crossing of a
Holy Priest, Learning About the Family,
Message from the Deceased Priest, My
Friend's New Spiritual Journey After
Death, Bringing Birth and Death
Together, Two Views of Death,
Meeting Deceased Step Dad, Don't Die
Angry.**

Gently rising from form, my spirit hovered over my body for but a moment as it then moved slowly to the floor, directly in front of the gateway at the door of my bedroom that had been prepared for my exit. A voice began speaking words of great wisdom of which I remembered none. But his words were so eloquently beautiful; I had wished to record each one. "You have no need to fear your final end," he said. Within moments, I was prancing along a woodland pathway, as beautiful music

began playing all around me.

Following many bends and curves in the path, I came across a young man dressed in ancient garb. Immediately, I asked, "Do you come on behalf of the darkness or the light?" "Of the light, Madame," he said, as he bowed respectfully before me. "Allow me to introduce myself, Madame," he continued, "as I was St. Thomas Aquinas's scribe." Very honored, I didn't know exactly what he meant. Had he helped the saint write his words during his own life, or had he *copied* his works later? I did not know. "It is my great honor to escort you now, Madame," he said, "to the place that the great writer's of the Lord all gather." Feeling quite unworthy of such a gathering, the music again began to emanate all around me and we continued to walk together.

Suddenly, I felt my soul begin to pull away from this woodland pathway and towards my body, as the scribe said, "Remember, Madame, you have no need to fear your final end."

In a moment, my soul was taken through many aeons, as my spirit experienced several different lifetimes along

the spectrum of time. Each of these lifetimes held an aspect of selfhood which was distinctive from the other. Whether it was a lifetime from the ancient past or the lifetime around the turn of the 19th century where I was a black man from the ghetto side of town, an aspect of unique self was apparent and distinctive. In each of these existences, my spirit was attached to the personality of my lifetime. For these moments, I took in the various scenes and sites which made each period of time unique and memorable.

Seconds later, I was standing in the midst of a hospital, watching the souls coming and going. Wives, mothers, children, babies, young men - I watched and observed as they began their ascent out of this world into the next.

In each case, they held onto an identity shortly before death which slowly disappeared into a vacuum as they approached the time of their passing. It was fascinating to watch, because every single soul was concerned with the way they were perceived by others and existed in the same trap of all humanity in that they understood themselves to be separate and distinct. But moments before they crossed over, I

witnessed that a monk-like energy overcame each and every one, actually manifesting as an etheric brown robe overlapping their physical bodies. This occurred even with the little babies.

This etheric brown robe carried with it the qualities of a cosmic state which pulled those who were dying into a Zen-like understanding, carrying them outside of their personal selfhood into an actual energy where their selfhood disappeared and they simply 'were.' Becoming one with life, they began to prepare for a long journey as a very quick movie-like depiction flowed through their psyche. Although many *near* deather's report experiencing a life review, these souls who were definitively going to die without any question were experiencing an overview of the journey to come. Perhaps they had already gone through a life-review in their preparation for death or maybe that was something to come later, but these souls experienced a microcosmic entrance into their understanding of the journey of which they were about to embark upon almost like a computer download into their souls.

And as these souls died, they shot off like a rocket into that program, entering

their eternal journey as if they'd prepared their whole life for it, even in cases where they clearly had not. It was not frightening or new to them, even though it had come upon them very quickly, for they were all in perfect peace.

Watching those left behind mourning for lost loved ones, I noticed a man who had just lost his wife who was currently engaged in prayer and contemplation for her soul. Frustrated that others had forgotten her so quickly, he was asking professional opera singers to sing the Divine Mercy Chaplet (A Catholic Devotion originating with Saint Faustina in the 1930's in Poland) on her behalf. Many would begin, but would not finish the Chaplet and simply walk away because they had lost interest in it and the soul of his wife. As he wandered these astral hallways, I quietly said to him, "I will do it for you . . . ?" And I began singing quietly and growing louder as I awaited his response. "Eternal Father, I offer You . . . the Body and the Blood . . . Soul and Divinity of Your Dearly Beloved Son. Our Lord Jesus . . . Christ" Nodding that he accepted my gift even though I was not a professional singer, I continued to pray and sing on his wife's

behalf. "In Atonement for our Sins, and for the Whole World. For the sake of His sorrowful Passion, have mercy on us and on the whole world. For the sake of His sorrowful Passion, have mercy on us on the whole world . . . "And thus, we sang together in quiet contemplation on the life of this soul and her entrance into eternal life.

"As the juggler's show is the world: For a brief moment the show you witness: Instantly it is dismantled . . . The Name Divine in our hand is held as the staff in blind man's hand."

*Sri Guru Granth Sahib, Volume II, Raga Asa,
Page 895, (Sikhism)*

"Remember your last days, set enmity aside; remember death and decay, and cease from sin!"

*The New American Bible, Old Testament, Sirach
28:6, (Christianity, Judaism)*

My soul was given to witness the crossing over of a holy priest. As I dropped off to sleep, I was honored to stand about twenty feet away from his hospital bed. Three huge white angels with gigantic wings stood on each side of his bed, and one at his head. At his feet, Jesus and Mary stood with

their arms outstretched. Light came from their hearts and the heart of the angels into his, and I saw him coming out of his body and reaching his arms towards Jesus. As he did so, I saw a vision within a vision. Watching as he had performed the Mass during his life, Jesus overlapped his every move on the altar.

An angelic guardian took me to a mountain top to show me something which gave me great sadness. As I'd mentioned before, in 'Galactica' I had been shown that my death, at that time, was scheduled to occur around the time of the death of two other gentlemen. One of them had died (about five months prior) and had almost been sent to a hell realm when he'd asked for my help. Assisting him in liberation by battling hundreds of demons on his behalf, he'd come to thank me from a very brightly lit realm. Recently, I'd been made to know that the other man was in the process of dying, although it was unclear if it would be a long lingering death or quick.

Standing on the mountain, the angel pointed to a blue elliptical pattern of light which represented his soul. As I watched,

the light went out. Immediately, I knew that he was soon to die. But unexpectedly the angel asked me to look upon another light, a pinkish elliptical pattern which represented another person in my life of great importance. As I gazed, her light also went out. Turning to the angel, I understood that her time was possibly coming, as well, which caused me sadness. Finally, I was asked to gaze upon a third individual of even greater importance in my life, a yellowish elliptical light, whose light did not completely extinguish, but seemed to be faltering in the wind as a candle might do. Clearly, this person was in danger of death. Nodding to the angel, it seemed that the third person represented the only outcome in which my actions might have an impact. Vowing to do my best to uncover the threat to this person's life and to remedy it, I was quickly escorted to a cove where mourners stood waiting to comfort me in my sadness and I began to contemplate.

As I did, an angel again pointed out to me the importance of learning not to do everything for others, but to allow them to receive the tools and then practice and hone them. Harkening off into the distance, the

angel's hands were now directly pointing at a wall of water coming in my direction. Before I could look around me to find a means of escape, the tidal wave had hit and I was completely submerged in the waters. Nodding to the angels, I understood that I was receiving warning about new wave of illness which might place me in harms way. I would be careful. Then we were gone.

"If we say, 'We have fellowship with him,' while continuing to walk in darkness, we are liars and do not act in truth. But if we walk in light, as he is in the light, we have fellowship with one another, and the blood of his Son Jesus cleanses us from all sin."

The New American Bible, New Testament, 1 John 2:6-7, (Christianity: Catholic, Words of St. John)

"Before you have fallen, humble yourself; when you have sinned, show repentance. Delay not to forsake sins, neglect it not till you are in distress."

The New American Bible, Old Testament, Sirach 18:20-21, (Christianity, Judaism)

As I lapsed into a very dangerous period during my illness, our ancestors who had graced my presence in 'Galactica' were very present in my dreaming. As I'd become

very ill, I was greeted the first night by Joseph Vasiliev and Vladimir Levitsky, the two Archpriests of Russian Orthodox Tradition in my husband's family line. With them was Christ, who wore a showering gown of white which was held up in the back by two angels, one on each side; much like the way a bridal train is carried during a wedding. Christ was facing towards the East, and these two ancestors of ours were trying to teach me something about Christ which I did not yet know. But it was an energetic transmission, and much of it was lost as I came back to consciousness.

The second night, the Hornik side of my husband's family dominated my vision, as grandma Maria Hornik came to shower her graces upon me. Standing beyond an ocean of water, she beckoned me to come forth. As I did, I noticed that the other ancestors were with her from both sides of the family line. In this space, I was able to float across the water with ease and I came halfway across the great divide in order to hear her out.

Grandma Hornik began to show me things about their lives, and I became acutely aware that there was much more to

these people than our family histories presented. They wished for us to know them better and more intimately, showing me the foibles and the triumphs of each member of the family during their lifetimes. There was no ego involved in this experience, it was simply a sharing of the life-wisdom gained by each ancestor; although again it was very energetic in nature and much of it was quickly forgotten as I resumed consciousness.

"I teach those who have long-standing ties of affection with their families and relatives in such a way that they may get to meet and associate with buddhas and enlightening beings. Those who are involved with their spouses and children I teach in such a way as to extinguish their craving for mundane enjoyments and so that they will become impartial toward all and will come to have great compassion."

The Flower Ornament Scripture, Entry into the Realm of Reality, Page 1330, (Buddhism: Mahayana)

Standing inside a beautiful church, I was astonished to yet again be witness to the arrival of my former priest who appeared wearing his ceremonial robe of green with a

great big smile on his face. Appearing in the ether, he was hovering above the floor in front of a beautiful stained glass window. He didn't speak, but rather, conveyed. Appearing to be very happy in his new state, he was also nodding, indicating that he approved of and was very happy with the path I was taking. "I better understand your unique abilities to communicate with the dead. It is a *true* gift from God, one fully expected *as any other* to bear fruit."

There was joyful laughter as he said this. His laughter was in reference to the common teaching of the Church that those of us with this particular gift should 'by obedience' not use our gift. Because those of us who have it understand it as a gift, we feel compelled by conscience to use the gift. Ignoring and hiding such a gift only negates the true and vital purpose this gift serves in the Body of Christ, which is to 'assist those souls coming and going.' It was clear to me that he was letting me know that he now understood why I felt 'compelled' to do as the spirit had led me, because I knew that if I did not, that I would be held accountable at the throne for these wasted spiritual gifts which had borne no fruit. If I were to ignore

my true calling, which wasn't in perfect alignment with Church teaching, I would be no more than a 'faithless servant' who did not use the 'talents' given him by the Lord for their proper use.

"Keep it up, I'm behind you all the way . . ." He said. Waving good-bye, he smiled and began walking up an invisible staircase which took him also into invisibility.

My deceased friend - Karleen - appeared, showing me a new hairdo she was wearing. Having become very thin since her passing, she had now gotten a new short haircut which feathered her now naturally dark brown hair around her face. Before her death, she had long bleached blonde hair, but she had now returned to her natural appearance. Cracking a joke, she said, "Oh, Andy wouldn't like this haircut." We both knew that Andy preferred longer hair, and we laughed as I said, "Actually, I think he would. You look great!"

Sitting down with me, she held in front of her a blank piece of paper which suddenly began to manifest a very skillfully done line-image drawing of her with her

new look. Sitting down, we began to write a poem underneath her image:

'I think in terms of divineness within
All that comes forth alludes to the dream
Creative and seed are what fills me
I am life.'

Signing both our names, we wrote, 'By Marilyn/Karleen' at the bottom of the poem. Appearing hurried, she gave me the piece of paper with her image and our poem and turned to rush away.

Several entities appeared with a precise message. White and flowing light beings whose eyes showed persistent purpose, they conveyed, "Rise two more steps in consciousness and you will find a cure for your chronic infections. You are very close and you will stumble upon it." I'd had this problem for years and it had recently become medication resistant. Because of heart failure and Lupus affecting my immune system, these infections had taken hold.

That morning, I stumbled upon a new form of treatment for this problem which used bacteria and organisms to

actually eat the infection out of your system, a totally new approach to treatment. I decided to give it a try.

"Since you have been raised up in company with Christ, set your heart on what pertains to higher realms where Christ is seated at God's right hand. Be intent on things above rather than on things of earth. After all, you have died! Your life is hidden now with Christ in God."

The New American Bible, New Testament, Colossians 3:1-5, (Christianity: Catholic, Words of St. Paul)

"Free thyself from the fetters of this world, and loose thy soul from the prison of self. Seize thy chance, for it will come to thee no more."

The Hidden Words, No. 40, (Bahai', Words of Baha'u'llah)

"Beseech thou the Almighty that He may remove with the fingers of divine power the veils which have shut out the diverse peoples and kindreds, that they may attain the things that are conducive to security, progress and advancement and may hasten forth

towards the Incomparable Friend."

The Tablets of Baha'u'llah, Kalimat-I-Firdawsiyyih, (Bahai', Words of Baha'u'llah)

Flitting about the heavens in some type of spiritual aircraft, my spirit was taken to an island somewhere. A very grisly scene stood before me on the beach, as thousands of caskets were lined up and strewn around. But these caskets were all children's caskets, and I was initially fairly freaked out. Watching as those who had been brought with me began to swarm the beach, I noticed that inside these caskets were the bodies of their 'inner children,' for lack of a better term. The bodies were of these adults at the age of about nine, supposing they had died at that time. Up ahead, I saw my own casket by being given a certain inner vision of my childhood body lying within it. But I did not approach it as the others did.

Literally hundreds of adults ran to their own individual casket, apparently guided by a similar interior vision of its contents, and picked them up. Holding them and hugging them, many of them were kissing the caskets because they were in such bliss to be reunited with this part of their life. Although the scene was very odd, I interiorly understood that this was a uniting of birth and death which was taking place.

These people were crossing over, and in doing so, they were bringing the beginning and ending of their life together on this island.

Lining up while holding their caskets, I was the only one who stood alone without my casket. I never approached my casket, but ignored it. Some type of spiritual guardian was at the front of the line, waving his hand gently as each person would disappear with his casket, one at a time. But at this moment, the 'pilot' of the spiritual aircraft tapped me on the arm and led me back to the plane. My time was finished, and we left the island instantly.

Because it had been a long time since Andy had been given such a forewarning, this experience took him by surprise and upset him a great deal.

Being led into a room, he noticed that my departed friend, Karleen, was sitting quietly on a couch knitting. A young boy, whom he immediately understood to be my father's brother who had died at the age of five after being hit by a truck, was also in the room. About five others were there, family and friends - all deceased, gathering to assist

at the moment of my death and aid in my transition. Immediately, he was made to know that there was one or two more who needed to arrive, and when they were in place, I would be crossing over.

Karleen looked over at Andy with a smile indicating she knew more than she could reveal. But Andy felt that my death was much closer than he'd thought, and was imminent, like perhaps before another year would pass.

Upset and distraught, he was pulled away from the scene and led back to his body.

Gazing from the infinite heavens, my spirit was allowed to look upon two views of death. The first view was that of the common man, square-ish and very three-dimensional . . . almost one-dimensional in the human scope as all was flat and contained no depth. The second view was that of the eternal, wider, globular and multi-dimensional; containing many layers of meaning and rhythms of life. Yes . . . life . . . in death.

For a moment, I remembered an experience I had many months ago with the

spirit of our former deceased priest. Coming to me in the night, he had carried a torch in his right hand. Wearing the green robes of the ordinary time of the priesthood, he descended into a group of Native Americans. Because he had served these people during his life, it was his wish that his work be carried on. As I walked towards him in the center of the group he did something surprising. Handing me the torch he held in his hand, he said, "Take care of my people . . ." I couldn't understand at the time, because I was not a priest. How could I do this? But I accepted his torch in an ignorant surrender and allowed him to be at peace.

Since that time, we'd moved to another parish wherein a younger priest around my own age had begun work in his first parish as chief pastor.

Several nights before this experience, he had given me the anointing of the sick. On that eve, I was to see Christ as He filled me with a seed of partial healing. My immune system was to be functional for a time, giving me the freedom to be of more use in the world. But my other infirmities were to remain (Heart Failure, Lupus). The

city of the New Jerusalem hovered in the heavens as the clouds of pink, purple and blue billowed around the form of the Christ wearing robes of burgundy and deep purple. His eyes were penetrating, His look joyful, expectant. I could sense he would ask much of me, but He said nothing of it at this time. Interiorly, I sensed an impending crucifixion. "Go back to Mass . . . now that you can," he conveyed. Grateful for this gift of being healthy enough to return to Mass, I nodded that indeed I would do so.

On a successive night, He said, "Go to the priest and the other (he called her by name as someone who worked with him), and do whatever they ask you to do." I had called that morning and asked what they needed, and this had begun a sequence of volunteering which culminated in the diagnosis of her husband three weeks later with cancer. It seemed that Jesus had wanted me to be there to help her through this coming time, both emotionally and with her job while her husband underwent intensive treatments.

The lights around the departed only seemed to get brighter and brighter as I

came across the spirit of my deceased step-dad.

So excited to see him, I immediately ran up to him and embraced him saying, "I'm so sorry, I'm so sorry. I didn't appreciate you enough when you were here. All those houses and cars you helped us to rebuild . . . I'm so sorry." Laughing, he replied, "Oh, don't worry about it. It's okay. It's like that for everyone who crosses over." Immediately, I understood that it was a very common phenomenon for people to not have full appreciation of their loved ones while still living.

Knowing that my husband and I were in the process of working through a lot of things, a lot of anger over past abuse, etc., he said, "Don't die angry . . ." As he said this, he transferred an energy to me which immediately drained all the anger out of me which I had towards my husband.

He seemed so happy to see me, it was as if I were not a step-daughter, but a biological daughter. He shared with me several messages for my mother. He said that he was aware of what my step-siblings did to her after his death and that it disgusted him. They had tried to take

everything from her, including her home, despite the 20+ years of marriage. It was a legal mess filled with a lot of betrayal.

But he saw it, and I somehow sensed from him that part of the reason he felt so close to me was because he'd known that I never cared about his money on any level. I just wanted him to be taken care of in his final days, and for his end to be peaceful.

After talking a little bit about how he liked to hang out with my mom when she was out to eat somewhere, he mentioned a hat she wears and a certain suit that he really liked. But what surprised me the most, and it did so because my step-dad was very jealous of my mother during his life, was that he told me he was aware of her new male friend and that he was so very happy that they had each other and were so close. The love just poured out from him about this, and I so wanted to tell my mom as he'd wished, but she was not open to hearing it. She's not a believer in life after death.

So I share my special moment with you and the great advice that my step-dad shared which is, "Don't die angry . . ." Very few things are really worth holding onto and not forgiving, especially when we realize

that our end is always upon us, whether we
know it or not.

Death, Dying and the Afterlife

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