

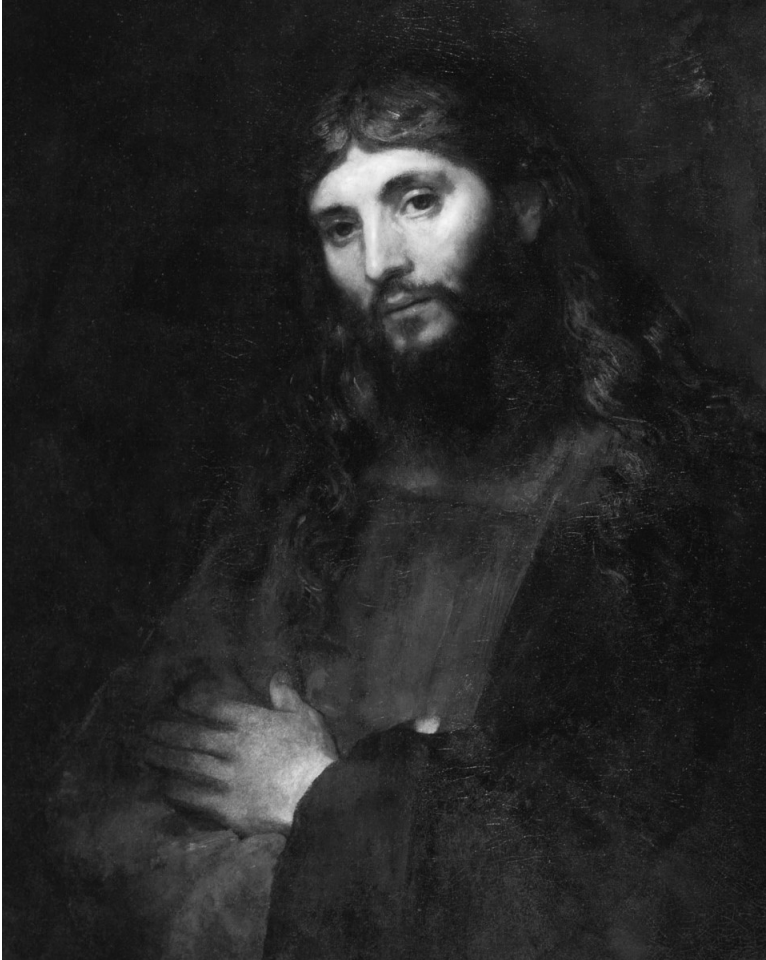
The Lord of the Redemption

Hermetic Archtrons, the Saviours and the
Tachyon Teachings in Out-of-Body Travel

By Marilyn Hughes

The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation

<https://outofbodytravel.org>



Rembrandt, 1640

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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

Love

And then my soul was suddenly swept up into the Buddha's Pure Land's which were beautiful and eminent beyond all imaginings . . . it was important that I stay there to write the Lord of the Redemption.

But what is the Lord of the Redemption? Another night, my spirit was taken to fly through the water and the blood of Christ. As 'The Limb of the Redemption' was about Mary, Our Blessed Mother, and 'The Christ of the Redemption' was about Christ, Our Blessed Lord, 'The Lord of the Redemption' is about the Water and the Blood of Christ.

"This flowing forth of God always demands a flowing back; for God is a Sea that ebbs and flows, pouring without ceasing into all His beloved according to the need and the merits of each, and ebbing back again with all those who have been thus endowed both in heaven and on earth, with all that they have and all that they can."

The Adornment of the Spiritual Marriage, Jan Van Ruuysbroeck, 1916

This surprised me as I had assumed it was to be about God, the Father, and perhaps this would still be an eminent portion of its journeying.

But as my spirit flowed to and fro through the Water and the Blood, I realized that there was a path therein; which ebbed and flowed throughout all of existence and all of reality. And if contained within it, a spirit could understand the depths of the Redemptive lights within a context beyond that which my soul had gone before.

And a light entered within my soul which had once gone out, but yet must again be relit in the far reaches of the Universal Flow; quickened, stirred, enlivened within the fire of God.

"Wherever you are, and whatever you do, be in love."

Rumi

"I closed my mouth and spoke to you in a hundred silent ways."

Rumi

"Reason is powerless in the expression of Love."

Rumi

"That which God said to the rose, and caused it to laugh in full-blown beauty, He said to my heart, and made it a hundred times more beautiful."

Rumi

*"The breezes at dawn have secrets to tell you
 Don't go back to sleep!
 You must ask for what you really want.
 Don't go back to sleep!
 People are going back and forth
 across the doorsill where the two worlds touch,
 The door is round and open
 Don't go back to sleep!"*

Rumi

*"You were born with potential.
 You were born with goodness and trust. You were born
 with ideals and dreams. You were born with greatness.
 You were born with wings.
 You are not meant for crawling, so don't.
 You have wings.
 Learn to use them and fly."*

Rumi

"You are the universe in ecstatic motion."

Rumi

*"Run from what's comfortable. Forget safety. Live where
 you fear to live. Destroy your reputation. Be notorious . . .
 Love is for vanishing into the sky . . ."*

Rumi

*"Then Universally Good went on to say, 'What worlds are
 there herein? I'll tell you. In these seas of fragrant waters,
 numerous as atoms in unspeakably many buddha-fields,
 rest an equal number of world systems. Each world system
 also contains an equal number of worlds. Those world
 systems in the ocean of worlds have various resting places,
 various shapes and forms, various substances and essences,*

various locations, various entryways, various adornments, various boundaries, various alignments, various similarities, and various powers of maintenance.

Some of these world systems rest on seas of gigantic lotuses, some rest on seas of jewel flowers of boundless forms, some rest on seas of ornaments of treasures from repositories of all pearls, some rest on seas of perfume, some rest on seas of all flowers, some rest on seas of crystal webs, some rest on seas of swirling light, some rest on seas of enlightening beings' jeweled crowns, some rest on seas of the bodies of all the various living beings, some rest on diamonds emanating the sounds of the voices of all Buddhas. There are as many of these, if fully expounded, as atoms in an ocean of worlds.

'Some of these world systems are shaped like high mountains, some like rivers, some like whorls, some like whirlpools, some like wheel rims, some like altars, some like forests, some like palaces, some like mountain banners, some like all geometric figures, some like wombs, some like lotus blossoms, some like baskets, some like bodies of sentient beings, some like clouds, some like the distinguishing features of Buddha's, some like spheres of light, some like webs of various pearls, some like all doors, some like various ornaments. Their shapes, if fully told of, number as many as atoms in an ocean of worlds.

'As for the substances of these world systems, some are made of clouds of jewels of all quarters, some of multicolored flames, some of light beams, some of flames of precious scents, some of cotton flowers adorned by all jewels, some of images of enlightening beings, some of auras of Buddha's, some of physical forms of Buddha's,

some of the light of one precious element, some of the lights of many precious elements, some of the sounds of the sea of blessings and virtues of all living beings, some of the sounds of the sea of actions of all living beings, some of the pure sounds of the sphere of all Buddha's some of the sounds of the sea of great vows of all enlightening beings, some of the sounds of the formation and disintegration of the adornments of all lands, some of the sounds of the methods and techniques of all Buddha's, some of the sounds of the voices of boundless Buddha's, some of the voices of goodness of all sentient beings, some of the sounds of the mystical demonstrations of all Buddha's, some of the pure sounds of the ocean of virtue of all Buddha's. If fully told, there are as many of these as atoms in an ocean of worlds.'

*The stable, marvelous adornments of the systems of worlds,
Vast, pure treasuries of light.
Rest on seas of lotus blossom jewels
Or on perfume seas, and so on.*

*Shaped like mountains, cities, trees, altars,
The world systems extend in all directions,
Their various adornments and shapes different,
Each set out in arrays.*

*Pure light is the substance of some;
Some, flower banks, and some, clouds of jewels;
Some world systems are made of flames,
Resting in indestructible mines of jewels.*

*Clouds of lamps, colored lights of flames, and more:
Various, boundless forms, all pure;
Some are composed of sound,
Of the inconceivable teachings of Buddha.*

*Some are sound produced by the power of vows,
Some of sounds of miraculous displays,
Some are those of beings' virtues,
Or the sounds of Buddha's' qualities.*

*The individual different aspects of the world systems
Are inconceivable, without end.
The ten directions are filled with them,
Their vast adornments manifesting spiritual powers.*

*All the immense lands of the ten directions
Enter into this system of worlds;
Though we see all in the ten directions enter,
Really there is no coming and no entry.*

*(From the **Nichiren Buddhism Library**: (The Ten Directions are the entire universe, all physical space. Specifically, the ten directions are the eight directions of the compass – north, south, east, west, northwest, northeast, southeast, and southwest – plus up and down. Buddhist scriptures refer to the existence of Buddha lands in all directions throughout the universe, each with its own Buddha. The expression “the Buddhas of the ten directions” in the sutras indicates these Buddhas. The phrase ten directions often appears with the phrase three existences, meaning past, present, and future existences. “The Buddhas of the ten directions and three existences” thus means all Buddhas throughout space and time.”)*

*One world system enters all.
And all completely enter one;
Their substances and characteristics remain as before, no
different:
Incomparable, immeasurable, they all pervade everywhere.*

*In the atoms of all lands
Are seen Buddha's existing there;
The voices of their oceans of vows are like thunder,*

Subduing all sentient beings."

*The Flower Ornament Scripture, The Avatamsaka Scripture, Thomas
Cleary, Shambhala, Boston & London, 1984*

"Although love is a sweet madness,

Yet all infirmities it heals.

Saints and sages have passed through it,

Love both to God and man appeals."

*A Sufi Message of Spiritual Liberty, Pir-o-Murshid Inayat Khan,
London, 1914*

CHAPTER ONE

Effort

Evil spirits were lurking in the aethers and humanity was replacing the tiles of goodness which covered the earth with evil tiles. They had images of their guardian spirits upon them and they were being replaced with tiles containing the images of new demonic spirits who were taking over provinces and domains. It was going quickly . . . there wasn't a fight really to save the good.

A disaster of some kind had emerged, and the people's of the earth had come to address their grievances and to right their wrongs. But it was hence too late, the damages were done and to rebuild would be a recompense at this juncture.

Evacuations of many places were underway. But to where was unclear.

Suddenly, my soul was aboard a large spacecraft whipping through space and time. Far reaching space was opened to me as I gazed through a portal and observed a yellowish green tint to the outlying stars of this unknown space system to which we had travelled. It was a rough and very fast ride. But it had been safely done.

Exiting the craft on some sort of space station, I was immediately greeted by someone I do not know in my earthly existence but knew very, very well in this mystical sphere. In fact, I was so very excited to meet

this space pioneer who had set the foundations for what was to come and what we would have to do next in the conquest of the universe. I was being set out to explore space and do some other things to create the foundations of new worlds for the Light.

This man and what he had done were the only reason the things I was now set upon doing were possible. Although the details of these achievements were not made clear to me, nor were the advancements I was to achieve; it was clearly such a profound honor to meet this man.

He was not a tall man, perhaps 5'9" in height, appearing to be about mid-fifties or so. His hair was about waist length and straight, a brownish color with quite a bit of gray within it. He was very thin and small. He smiled as I shook his hand. And for that moment, I knew everything about him, although the details of that knowledge were ripped from my memory upon my return to my limited human vessel upon the earth.

He wore a dark, navy blue jumpsuit with some darker blue fittings upon it, and he was very cordial and kindly. Nodding in respect to one another, I knew he had set in motion all that was now coming to pass as we were entering into a new era of humanity which would go beyond the bounds of earth - in spirit and in body, it did not seem to be important to delineate between these factors, just to continue the work.

Anonymous experience (Traveler): "I was shown an

elderly holy man from what seemed like long ago, dressed in a dark green robe and a Papal Tiara which is a particular type of hat worn by popes. (*Marilynn's commentary: The green robes represent Ordinary Time in Catholic Liturgy.*) Immediately, a disembodied voice told me that he was a Pope, possibly Pope St. Gregory the Great. (*Marilynn's commentary: Or the 'spirit of the Popes,' not unlike when I was given to partake of the energy of the Dalai Lamas. It was presented in a casket as containing the spirit of them all, the energy of them all. Pope St. Gregory the Great being one of the foundational and most important Popes in the Catholic Church, could indeed represent 'the spirit of the popes' as a whole, the consciousness of all the popes coming together as a unity.*)

Without any further adieu, I saw Marilyn appearing as a young adult skipping along a wooded path. Up ahead was an impediment, like a mound of dirt about two to three feet tall. The same voice echoed across the horizon indicating that I would need to assist her to overcome this last obstacle, and then she would meet the pope. There was excitement in the air, but no specific information was given as to what was this final impediment would be for her to overcome. But with God's grace, she would achieve it."

I wanted to make note of a phenomena you may incur. Experiences can seem disjointed or unrelated, sometimes even to have no logical relationship one to the other. But this is a normal happening. And it is often not until the spiritual traveler looks back onto them from the further distance that they will be able

to see how they were being directed to a specific end point all along. Take heed of this as you continue.

I was taken into a computer program which had just written its mind expansion, mind erudition, ecstatic citation, overload . . . it was a program to expand the spirit. It was extremely important to ride the vibrational waves out to the end, not to stop before completion.

Many others were given a shot, but did not have the 'focus' to receive of the program. It was really exciting, it took you into galactic states of ecstatic awareness, and was so profoundly important to give that focus and the time, as it could extend the meditative time involved by three to four more hours, in order to enter into the galactic element.

Entering into a futuristic reality, my soul traveled through these silver tubes which were interwoven through cloudy, empty space. You couldn't really tell how the structures were foundationed exactly, they seemed very sturdily structured, yet they were all floating in the air across skies and clouds and galaxies. They were not set on solid ground.

After this journey, I was taken into the distant future of some of the small Colorado towns I had spent much of my adult life within. In the future, I saw a priest I had known who in a future life had married an old flame. Then my soul was taken through the future of a small town Catholic Church and I saw how it was to be updated over the many years into the future. Years beyond, perhaps several hundred, I met these four mesmerizingly beautiful black women

who were now doing some type of totally new worship music which was just so, so, so . . . how do you even describe it? It was completely different than anything we knew of today. They had purple, pink and white in their hair, wore pantsuits and their souls emanated such sweetness.

Re-entering the silver tubing that wound through the skies, I flew through a college of law and parapsychology . . . in the future; and felt intrigued that these two disciplines had been united in their study. I also went through many other future worlds. People had all sorts of gadgets attached to their bodies, two on their eyes, things on their arms and hands - many of these were used to attach to computers and gadgets in less than a second. Everything was more sophisticated than ever. As I was sent to leave the building, I was prepared to walk, but they handed me a device in one hand and a five fingered electrode device in the other.

As I walked towards the door, a platter came up under me and I flew out the door on top of it. Everyone was flying through the skies on their own platters. You had to be careful because there was so much platter traffic.

My body changed form, and I became two puffy like whitish squares, and noticed that the others flying around on platters looked similar to who I had become, as well. We were certainly almost like a marshmallow-looking form of life in this far into the future world I had been taken into.

A cute little marshmallow person named 'Churdy' came by . . . I immediately knew who she was in my human world. She said she had known me before, and she wanted to talk. Directing me to use the switch on the right side of my device to pull over my flying pad, she said we could land together and talk.

We did so, and it was amazing how much we had in common. Within moments, there were at least thirteen or fourteen others who had joined us who were also from our soul's band of alliances and we had all known each other from previous existences from many other worlds, time periods and existences.

All of us were the two squared, marshallow beings, with stick arms and legs, and simple dot and line faces in our top square; we giggled a lot.

But as our conversation waned, my form morphed instantaneously back into my more usual spirit and I was immediately on my knees facing a beautiful mountain; as a triangular, pyramidal forcefield of light came down from the heavens and hovered before my eyes radiating, iridescent rainbow colors as they moved and swayed in the rippling sensations of the mystic winds.

"The eyes of her soul were opened . . . And she saw Love advancing gently towards her; and she saw the beginning, but not the end, for it was continuous. And there was no colour to which she could compare this Love; but directly it reached her and she beheld it with the eyes of the soul."

Blessed Angela of Foligno

It was of immediate necessity that I help a soul to traverse up the mountain of purgatory wherein they had been lost and trapped for quite some time. This was a person in my inner sphere and as was often shown to me at this juncture in the spiritual journey within the mission given by the all holy God, there was not time for vain and idle distractions. Those who were to serve the higher and purer frequencies must needs ascend and get to their work, or they would be replaced quickly because there was no more time to lose in the consummation of the final etchings upon which the mission would achieve its fruition.

Laziness wasn't allowed. If a soul could not get focused, and fulfill the function for which they were called upon, they would be removed.

This soul was struggling at the bottom of one of the purgatorial mountains, circling over and over again within a maze-like reality scored by his own compulsive desires and intemperate whims.

As I watched this soul continue to circle around the mazes, I noticed that up atop a hill above the meandering below, there were three nuns who were burying a body into the ground, but yet, they were doing so over and over and over and over again . . .

This repetitive action intoned a thought within me, and I turned to the soul stuck here in these mazes and said, "I believe we should ask the nuns for the key to escaping this purgatory. Perhaps they will know how to free you from this." He looked at me with melancholy, and in his continuing lackadaisical

attitude, refused to go ask them. In his own mind, the embarrassment of asking for help, or of potentially being wrong warranted not even trying, which frustrated me to no end. So I ignored the circling soul and went to speak with the nuns myself.

“Oh, yes,” they replied, “if you wish the key to escaping this realm of purgatory so that a soul may ascend the mountain, go directly down below the mazes. Once you reach the point which will be the furthest out you can go, take a left and it will lead you to the exit.”

Running back to the maze, I grabbed a hold of this circling spirit and we followed the nuns directions and exited the purgatory.

Moving up the mountain quickly, I was almost at a spring, but the soul behind me was just continually lagging behind.

All along the way, I had to tell him “Come on, let’s go, you’re lagging behind. You have still much to learn.” This happened well over five times.

We’d make it to different stations upon the hilltops, but I’d have to wait for him at each station because he’d get distracted at the previous stop. Oftentimes, it was just as stupid as him stopping to have superficial conversations with other people on the way up the mountain. “We HAVE to go!” I would shout, over and over, but he could not focus. But I was skipping up and I couldn’t and wouldn’t stop.

Finally after many aeons of traveling up the mountain, we came upon a place within the forested glade where we rested on a blanket. As we were sitting up, scenes began to overlap and happen all around us from different historical times as they'd occurred in these places during many aeons of time.

We watched them all moving around and by us in ever prevalent scenes, in synchronicity. At one moment, we were seeing people move through the wilderness on horseback, at the next we saw historical cars and then SUDDENLY, the railroad just emerged literally along the very place we were sitting. We saw the train coming and we jumped up and out of the way. **There was something which we were experiencing in these moments about the passage of time, and the overlapping nature of concurrent events within a timeline of progress.**

As we'd already gotten up, we headed further towards the next station.

At the next station, there was a really old bookshop. Off around the corner, I'd noticed one man approaching another with a book, saying, "Hey, I read the first chapter of this book and all the demons were expelled from me immediately." This, of course, grabbed my attention, so I continued listening. Faintly, I could hear them saying something about Enochian magic, which made me feel instant suspicion that something was likely not right here, not legit. But I reached over to pick up a copy of the book of which they were speaking. As I did so, the man who had spoken turned into a gnarly, purple

demon. He was bald, he was purple like a dead man purple, and his features became sharp like a vampire; pointy ears and things like that.

“I suspected this was a trick”, I said, but he disappeared as I was saying this. Before I had a chance to even fathom what might be going on, in his place, another appeared. It was Satan himself.

He had the horns of a mountain sheep goat; curled up and under. His entire form appeared in the colors of blotched white, gray and light tan. His lips were black. He wore a long white, gray and tan robe from head to toe with a wide and tall standing collar up around his neck.

The purgatorial soul traveling with me trembled. Looking towards him, I very calmly said, “Watch.”

Looking directly at Satan, I was not moved by his presence at all, which did surprise me since in the past his presence had given me much pause. Calmly, I looked him in the eyes and said, “I love Jesus.” Then I began to walk around him in circles, very slowly, almost revolving around him. He never moved, his eyes stayed on me fixedly. Pausing, I then added, “I mean what can you say to me about that, really? Jesus is a beautiful thing,” I said, “I look forward to spending my eternity with Jesus, because He is my beloved and my savior. I really love Jesus. I mean there are some things you simply can’t fight, right?”

Looking up, you could tell that he was really trying to stay and say something, he wanted to form words but

he simply could not. "I mean, let's face it, Satan." I said, "If somebody really, truly . . . in their heart of hearts just loves Jesus, and it's truly the real thing, it becomes a part of them, right? What can even you do about that? And I really love Jesus. What can you possibly do about that?" He continued trying, but began to slowly dissolve and disappear before my eyes. Never a word escaped from his lips, never a combat could come from his energy, he could do nothing once that love was truly and deeply embedded within my heart and soul - literally flowing through the water and blood of my body as I was literally flowing through the water and blood of Christ.

And then he disappeared.

The purgatorial soul was amazed but said nothing. He'd learned something deep and true. Nothing further need be said.

I left him on the mountain to continue his journey and to waste no more time.

Without forethought, my soul began to draw Rosa Mystica (Rosa Mystica is 'The Mystical Rose' - 1947 Apparition at Montichiari of the Holy Mother to Pierina Gilli) ever further into my spirit, she was entering deeper into my prayers with me. I was 'in the spirit' all morning in prayer and Rosa Mystica was with me as I was praying for the souls in purgatory, but most especially for my parents and grandparents. My mother and grandmother had been visiting often

in Out-of-Body Travel States. And the prayer and devotion to the Holy Souls I'd been doing was drawing me into something . . . which was at times very depressing and at others very deep.

"Silence is the Highest State (2:19)

*To work is very good; better, at prayer to be,
Best, to approach the Lord wordlessly, silently."*

Angelus Silesius, 1677

Depressing because it always feels like we can never achieve the purity before God that we must, but yet deep in that the journey to reach it becomes so as we yet lift up more and more of our brethren from the filmy swath which lays before their eyes preventing their ability to behold such a Holy One.

And oh, yes, during my meditation, the Holy Mother Rosa Mystica came again and took me through these amazing tunnels, corridors and energies and its beauty was so beyond immense and outstanding to the human eye and understanding.

In our prayers over purgatory, I held onto Rosa Mystica's back and I flew above her, as a wave of light emanated from beneath her and widely out beyond over the entire purgatorial realms of which we flew. Roses and rose petals fell like rain along with holy water and crucifixes on the inhabitants of purgatory as it lightened the realm to white and then it became a beautiful budding flower of white, like a magnolia, a lotus or another flower of like nature

blooming outwards from a beautiful glistening white pad in the center. There was such a bliss in this praying.

As we did so, I was experiencing deeply from the memory of my parents the sins I committed against them; asking their forgiveness, praying for them, also realizing how much I needed to also forgive for the sins of the youth of others as we all have need of that sort of forgiveness for that time in our lives. It was very intense as this was like a partial life review, experiencing these moments from the point of view of my parents over on the other side and with them. Really profoundly feeling the remorse and sorrow for hurting them, there was a penetrating nature to the experience in the apology as they were right there with me. I begged of the Lord in my prayers that they be given extra graces for having put up with so many stupid things I had done, and for having to bear the pain and hurt of many things I had done without any fore or afterthought.

So it was depressing, but also very deep; it was difficult, but also very cathartic. I felt very blessed to have the opportunity to express my sorrow to them, and to pray for them in this really profound way with the Blessed Mother present, and 'in the spirit' in such a profound manner. We were there, in purgatory . . . and watching and feeling as we prayed. It was amazing watching the rose petals and holy water rain on the souls in purgatory from Rosa Mystica as we flew over the realm and I prayed with her. Such an honor, such a profound honor . . .

And when we were finished, she then took me again through the corridors, tunnels, realms, energies and constructs, all of which individually energized me even further in ways I cannot explain or put into words, but my soul was being altered all throughout the night during this journey and process, it was so intense and astounding.

“But there is another peculiarity in this devotion for the dead. It does not rest in words and feelings, nor does it merely lead to action indirectly and at last. It is action in itself, and thus it is a substantial devotion. It speaks and a deed is done; it loves and a pain is lessened; it sacrifices and a soul is delivered. Nothing can be more solid. We might almost dare to compare it, in its pure measure, to the efficacious voice of God, which works what it says, and effects what it utters and wills, and a creation comes.”

*Holy Souls Book, Reflections on Purgatory, Edited by Ref. F.X.
Lasance, Refuge of Sinners Publishing, 2013*

And then I saw Mother Superior waiting for me before I was to re-enter my body. Crying, I reached out to hug her. Somehow, I knew that she was going to be going away, and these were our parting moments. “I’m going to miss you,” I said. As she nodded in agreement. I had only taken the first two of the three vows with her, and I did not know why she would be leaving right now.

Did I do something wrong? Or was I never meant to take the third and final vow?

And yet another night, I was waiting patiently in an airport, sitting quietly by the window.

There was a crowd of people moving through the area, and amongst them were three Wakan (Holy People according to Native American Tradition), very tall Native American Men, and a fourth one off in the distance, and they all had very long and slightly wavy black hair all the way down to their ankles. Wearing casual clothing of our day and time, I would not have noticed them were it not for the extensive length of their hair.

They were looking at me, making eye contact as if they were trying to convey or tell me something.

And then I was in New Zealand . . .

The Queen was visiting the country in this distant time wherein the end times were actively underway . . . there was something about the name 'Nobuay' in relation to these times, but I did not know of its significance.

There was a special operation to keep the evil under control, and there were priests who continued to try to help, but there was a lot of stupidity going on. Weapons had been withheld from offenders, but they were allowed to have other things which were counterproductive. Many of the good were dying, their blood was running in the grass. Much blood running, and a lot of it was happening because the good people were being reckless in following

stringent rules which were intended to protect them from the evil ones which allowed them to run rampant and were causing unnecessary deaths.

Nobody gave the queen respect of any kind. She had come to show a film of how to restore life to the world, and I and two or three others were the only ones who stayed to listen. She was an older and matronly lady. Respect for elders and for experience had been lost in these times. But she was teaching us how to restore life, and how to restore the capability to reproduce, as that had been lost in this future time. There were three factors, one involved whale DNA. During the coming times, there was DNA to be taken from this specific place on the whale and two other sources in order to restore life, and the ability to reproduce life. I was not shown the other two sources.

After the queen finished her speech, we went upstairs to attend Mass to pray for the people.

Another subsequent night, bombs were going off at many sites by Muslim rebels who were setting them off all over the place, and they were on American soil. The bombs were large, cylindrical; and they shot high into the air. With a group of about five others, we were driving quickly to get to the scene of each detonation. It was unclear why we were doing that, but it seemed very important that we do it. But as soon as one died down, another one would go off in another location.

And then I was being introduced over a series of many nights to a different kind of spiritual warfare involving saboteurs in spiritual realms trying to undermine spiritual projects and attainments before they ever hit the ground.

An injured faerie was ahead. I had been told that she had been given a shot to help her as she could no longer fly. This had been shared with me by one of the three older women who were present of whom I was under the impression and belief were here to work for the eternal.

Our faerie was a blue green, light colored one who looked very young but was actually hundreds of years old. When the faerie still could not fly after supposedly having received her shot from one of the three older women, I got up to investigate further because I realized that there was something wrong.

One of the three women, the one who'd claimed to administer the shot, was a dark plant and she was interfering with our eternal function to get this faerie healed and back into service. The moment I realized this, I went over to her, tackled the saboteur, called in for help from outside the realm to have her removed and then gave the faerie her actual shot.

As I did so, the faerie became very, very small, almost like a fly and began to flit about. The remainder of us watched her until we were certain that she was recovering and would be back in service very soon.

Anonymous experience (Traveler): “I found myself in the midst of an overwhelming battle against a huge force of another army. The soldiers were much larger than us and possessed some reptilian characteristics which initially threw me off until I realized that maybe these were not humans, but maybe the reptilians spoken of by so many or some other form of extra or other terrestrial life.

The human forces were vastly outnumbered and I was engaged in hand to hand combat with these huge beings and the situation seemed hopeless. Somehow a small group of humans and myself were able to ward off the endless flow of the enemy for the moment, but it appeared at some point we would be annihilated by the much larger number of enemy fighters. It reminded me of the Alamo, in that we were just a much smaller contingent fighting against a much larger enemy in both number and size. And they just kept coming.

Despite this, our forces seemed to be enhanced with almost superhuman abilities that came from the Holy Spirit. We were never to surrender since we knew the end result would be our death anyway.

The land was completely desolate, desert like, with no signs of plantlife or animal life. It might have been due to nuclear fallout and environmental causes. The experience ended in the midst of this seemingly endless war with little hope. But still, we were never to give up hope or the fight.”

And on a subsequent night, I noticed that there was a large search and rescue operation underway inside a vast forest. There was person leading the search who was accompanied by a leprechaun. And in this moment, I realized that these people were looking for me, I was the one missing.

Suddenly, in a clearing there appeared two large clear glass casserole dishes. Immediately, I knew these two casserole dishes represented two current writing projects I was working on, but from which I had taken a hiatus.

The one to the right had golden square partitions like a tic tac toe board which indicated the outline of one of the current writing projects I'd been working on was completed. The one to the left was more nebulous and reflected a period of creative gestation going on.

There was a keen air of urgency permeating the wilderness and the search and rescue efforts. The party was excited that this evidence of me had been found. And it was in this moment that I realized that these people who were looking for me were those who would benefit from the anticipated books that were yet to be written.

Suddenly, there appeared floating above these two casserole dishes a large silver platter containing a very sumptuous and cooked turkey with glowing white meat. This was the body of the meal which was

missing, and that was apparently representative of me.

It was the creative sustenance, presence and attention required from me to bring this meal, i.e. the two books, to their desired completion.

I was very surprised at how important these books were portrayed to me, as I had been kind of struggling with them and felt that perhaps they weren't that important. And thus, I'd kind of just abandoned the projects.

It was abundantly clear that it was crucial for me to get back to work and that these difficulties would only be resolved through hard work, discipline and perseverance on the projects but that their fruits would indeed be worth it.

*"Makes [man] to wander from thy Spirit.
 He seeks to shun the bitter Chaos,
 But knows not how to flee.
 Wherefore, send me, O Father!
 Seals in my hands, I will descend;
 Through every æon I will tread my way;
 All mysteries will I reveal,
 And show the shapes of gods;
 The hidden secrets of the Holy Path
 Shall take the name of Gnosis,
 And I will hand them on."*

Fragments of a Faith Forgotten, G.R.S. Mead, 1900

On a subsequent night, after having gotten back to work on the writing, I was taken into the angelic spheres, allowed to wear the garment of my angelic being, and to fly with the heavenly creatures with my angel wings. For to fly in our soul or spirit body is an ecstasy, indeed. But what it is to be allowed to fly within the angelic body with the wings, is something so far beyond such a thing. Oh, what bliss! Oh, what bliss!

*"I am not satisfied with flight of cherubim;
I will go higher still, where knowledge too is dim . . .
In love to walk and halt, to breathe, speak, sing of love,
Means: all one's life to live like seraphim above . . .*

*Three days: Today, Tomorrow and Yesterday, I know,
Yet if the past were cancelled within the here and now
And then the future hidden, I could regain that Day
Which I, before I was, had lived in God's own way . . .*

*'Twere much to be an angel, yet more to stay a man
Neither befouled nor sullied by mire along life's span . . .
Hope ends, and even faith is often circumspect,
Tongues are no longer spoken, and all that we erect
Is levelled soon by time. 'Tis love alone persists,
And therefore he is wise who on her hope insists."*

Angelus Silesius, 1677

"Orison (Prayer) draws the great God down into the small heart: it drives the hungry soul out to the full God. It brings together the two lovers, God and the soul, into a joyful room where they speak much of love."

St. Mechtild of Magdeburg

"In "the dim silence where lovers lose themselves," a Person meets a person: and this it is, not the philosophic Absolute, which "all interior souls have chosen above all other things.""

Mysticism, Evelyn Underhill, 1911

"I often think, my dearest Father, that there is only one thing in this base world which can soothe the most acute pain which pierces the heart when we see ourselves far from God, the source and consolation of distressed souls. That one thing is solitude, for here the soul enjoys sweet rest in the One who is its true peace.

But alas! Only too often, Father, the soul is prevented from enjoying him with complete freedom! Who can imagine, then, the intense pain this person experiences? His mind is almost carried away by contemplation of the marvels of his divine Spouse; his will, on the other hand, is deeply afflicted, for it does not want to be withdrawn or disturbed in any way in its enjoyment of that love which it fails to understand, a love which bears no resemblance whatever to the love usually felt for creatures.

His poor will understands nothing of this mystery, it loves with a greater love than it has ever known and here, in fact, arises the immense torment which gives the soul no peace night or day.

*The soul burns with desire to know the object of its love, but the incomprehensible abyss of the divine immensity oppresses it, overwhelms and annihilates it. It feels itself reduced to nothingness, and like the Prophet it can raise its voice and give vent to its anguish with the tormentor of souls: **I am reduced to nothingness.***

The heart ardently yearns to enjoy the supreme beauty of God's countenance, but in vain, for it sees itself bound by a harsh chain, imprisoned in this despicable world.

Yes indeed, my dear Father, for the wretched soul that has fallen into such a trap it seems as if everything fights against its love. For this reason I myself feel my spiritual torment increased a thousandfold and even when my soul is rapt in intimate colloquy with God, I suffer cruel torment, for my thoughts go out to the great number of those who are not in the least concerned about these heavenly delights, and to the many unfortunates who through their own fault will be deprived for all eternity of tasting even a drop of this bliss."

Padre Pio of Pietrelcina, Letters I, Correspondence with his Spiritual Directors, 1910 - 1922, Edited by Melchiorre of Pobladora and Alessandro of Ripabottoni, Our Lady of Grace Capuchin Friary, 1984

"It is a brief act. The greatest of the contemplatives have been unable to sustain the brilliance of this awful vision for more than a little while. "A flash," "an instant," "the space of an Ave Maria," they say. "My mind," says St. Augustine, in his account of his first purely contemplative glimpse of the One Reality, "withdrew its thoughts from experience, extracting itself from the contradictory throng of sensuous images, that it might find out what that light was wherein it was bathed. . . . And thus with the flash of one hurried glance, it attained to the vision of That Which Is. And then at last I saw Thy invisible things understood by means of the things that are made, but I could not sustain my gaze: my weakness was dashed back, and I was relegated to my ordinary experience, bearing with me only a loving memory, and as it were the fragrance of those desirable meats on the which as yet I was not able to feed."

This fragrance, as St. Augustine calls it, remains for ever with those who have thus been initiated, if only for a moment, into the atmosphere of the Real: and this – the immortal and indescribable memory of their communion with That Which Is – gives to their work the perfume of the “Inviolable Rose,” and is the secret of its magic power. But they can never tell us in exact and human language what it was that they attained in their ecstatic flights towards the thought of God: their momentary mergence in the Absolute Life . . .

*“The soul,” (St. Teresa of Avila) she says, “neither sees, hears, nor understands anything while this state lasts; but this is usually a very short time, and seems to the soul even shorter than it really is. God visits the soul in a way that prevents it doubting when it comes to itself that it has been in God and God in it; and so firmly is it convinced of this truth that, though years may pass before this state recurs, the soul can never forget it nor doubt its reality. . . . But you will say, how can the soul see and comprehend that she is in God and God in her, if during this union she is not able either to see or understand? I reply, that she does not see it at the time, but that afterwards she perceives it clearly: not by a vision, but by a certitude which remains in the heart which **God alone** can give.”*

Mysticism, Evelyn Underhill, 1911

CHAPTER TWO

Creation

Having traversed quickly in the mystical to a sphere above the planes, I was lying in bed with a little girl who had been blessed with the gift of having seen the Blessed Mother many times during her sleeping. It was my task this eve to help her to understand how to properly take in, assess and process the apparitions which were being entrusted to her.

In the apparitions, Mary would appear in a cylindrical globe of light on the right foot of the bed post and then slowly move to the left and around the bed towards the head of the bed to touch her forehead. It was my focus to help the little girl to keep her gaze fixed on the Blessed Mother. My teaching was focused on helping her to remain calm, patient and to allow (as in allowing) the Blessed Mother to simply place a visitation upon her, make energetic changes within her soul, and throw off any concern within her soul about whether or not she was doing anything correctly, right or in accordance with any dogmatic form.

In doing so, the little girl learned that surrendering to the visitation was the most effective means for her to allow and take in the alterations which were being thrust upon her soul from heaven above and within her into the earth below. Understanding it in any earthly sense would not be helpful to her at this time.

The young girl was brown haired with mid length hair and about twelve years of age. Our visitation occurred about 2 AM in the morning. But I did not know where she was in the world. She was so sweet, and before I was to leave, I embraced her with a great big motherly hug.

A galactic wall lay in the distance as my spirit approached at a galavanting speed. Upon its memorializing stone were pages of the website I had borne into the world decades ago in a world long past which had given birth to the Out-of-Body Travel Foundation ages and aeons ago. It had become a museum in space of the work I had done for the earthly realm.

Beautiful and ethereal, it was completely transparent. It scrolled automatically through space as a person would read and study it. What it had become was much more comprehensive than I knew it in present day. Somehow this memorial which was also linked from the galactic heavens to the earthly realm and the physical world below, continued to educate souls in my future absence, when I was far and long gone from the world of men.

What an honor it was to see it, I was edified to observe the future use of my efforts for the continuing unfoldment of the spiritual within mankind well into the future. The work would somehow continue.

My soul was soaring now towards a particular place in the West at very high altitude where I immediately

understood I had spent a very short lifetime in the 1800's. Another person I knew currently shared that lifetime with me as a miner.

People didn't live long because of the hard work, the hard conditions and the high altitude. But there were a reasonable amount of people up there going about their daily lives. In fact, you could say it was rather robust.

Upon returning to form, I realized that this place was now a ghost town, and it was an interesting contrast to what I had seen of a vibrant little town that was functional and populated at that time in the past, but completely abandoned now.

The inhabitants and their lives seemed so alive and vital; and in essence, I had seen the ghosts in the ghost town – the real lives which had gone before. It was fascinating and yet very surreal.

And yet my soul alit higher to be taken to a very holy place which would have occurred around the same time period in a different location. About 170 years prior in a beautiful and quaint old pioneer town in the West, I was flown gently into an old Catholic Church to observe some of the goings on.

All the priests, bishops, secretaries were garbed in the attire of their day. The priests wore the older hats of the Latin Rite, there were tell tale signs all around in the Church of the time in which we were visiting. The supreme holiness of Catholicism was presented to me

so stunningly in the beauty that ebbed and flowed through the ethers of the church and the simple movements of the sacramental day. Looking at the artwork displayed all around the church in statuary and paintings, my spirit sang at these reliquaries of all that which is sacred and mysterious behind the ritual anew.

It reminded me of a conversation I'd had with a friend in recent days. She had spoken of a vision she'd had wherein she had been shown yet again that there is just something holy about the Catholic Church which even the spirit cannot grasp. We cannot separate the Lord from the Catholic Church. She'd said that she didn't know how to explain it, but her spirit knew how holy the church remains even despite the stains it may bear from the hands of man.

So here in the ethers I was feeling, smelling, tasting, touching and sensing in every way the sacred scent of the Holy Roman Catholic Church. And again, for me, too, I knew in every cell of my being that there was this sacredness within it that I could never fully know or grasp, and I certainly could not explain. But it absolutely existed and it was . . .

Flying through the artwork, I witnessed historical moments with saints, and other people which slowly and effortlessly began to fade into stained glass; moments forever etched into an indelible holy memory upon the remnant of time.

Many holy relationships were shown to me of those who had worked together in the church, including the relationships between secretaries and priests who truly cared for one another and the work. There was one scene wherein a priest actually embraced and kissed the secretary on the cheek, expressing obvious affection in private. It was clear that this was as far as it had gone, and that the two were very deeply in love, but that this was very holy. Later, this holy partnership became a representation in stone on the walls, an artistic rendering for the ages which I had been honored to see in real time.

In ecstatic bliss flying throughout the church, I could not be seen. I felt the holiness of all things, moved through the confessional when someone was giving their confession scared they would realize I was there, but I didn't hear anything and just felt the holiness of the sacrament and the kindness between the priest and the penitent. There was overhead the place all of this beautiful artwork that could not be seen from below etched in the heavenly sphere, definitely things which would be etched in the heavens from holy acts, offerings and deeds given by the people of the church. From above, as I flew, the beauty was so astounding. And it was like fine art everywhere. And these were offerings of money, prayers, kindnesses, love for one another, love for God, love for His church, etc. There were beautiful depictions of the Holy Mother everywhere.

I was being reminded of how beautiful and holy the Catholic Church is despite its failings and

imperfections, and it was magnificent. My pure samadhic bliss flying through the churches and entering into the holy mysteries of the faith and the holy mysteries of the different times and events of the many people who had served among these walls was a holy honor. And then seeing from above the beautiful and invisible characters which were indelibly imprinted upon these places from the gifts of all kinds which marked them as holy places from the skies to the angels and the heavenly kingdoms was awe inspiring and truly ecstatic.

There was nothing grand going on at any time, but there was a stillness as deep as the finest forest and as dense as the thickest stone in a mountain. And in this stillness was the essence of God, a holiness which could never be put into words; a reminder to me of things I could never forget or allow to lag behind in my search for deeper understanding of God's workings and the deepest of Love's mysteries.

"Nothing in all creation is so like God as stillness."

Meister Eckhart

My spirit was taken further into the small mountain town in the mid 1800's where I saw so many details of beauty and finery I could never evocate, the pre-victorian designs with their light pastel colors were pretty and light and I surely took them fully in. But up ahead, I was being led into what appeared to be a post office of some kind. But yet it was not.

There were pots and statues of Buddha's within its walls, and as I continued floating towards it, I noticed a very large beetle, a contaminant, above on the ceiling which before I had any chance to ponder or do anything further to repel it, had jumped upon my right cheek and was trying to burrow into it. This was so disturbing as I definitively did not wish to have to touch it to remove it, but that would be the only way to get it off of me. After a few moments of trepidation, I did work up the courage to wipe it off of my face.

As I did so, I turned and walked away from the Buddhist area wondering what it was that had contaminated the Buddhist path. But the answer was clear, direct and quick in coming.

Buddhism was a religion of the human mind, of the perceptive faculties and reasonings. It was a religion formed out of thinking processes. Catholicism was a religion which had been supernaturally revealed, a direct revelation of God.

These were very different means in which these religions had come into being. The contamination in Buddhism was obviously from the human faculty in which it had been formed. Whereas in Catholicism, the holiness which always shone through in the mystical spheres despite its flaws, existed in such perfection because it was a revelation from God, rather than an intellectual construction of man.

Then my soul was instantly transferred to an entirely different realm wherein I was now moving and swaying with all the 'creatives'. These were the souls who were intended to bring things into the earth and to energize new ideas, new programs and new ways of being from heaven to earth.

This sphere was filled with colors of so many magnitudes, the spirit would literally swim in colors of infinity and in so many places and flows there was an effervescence about it and a joy. There were stories going on all around me of people falling in love and people making love and being together. This passion was absolutely necessary and encouraged here because it was beautiful, and it was impossible to create without it. It was sweet to burn (with the fire of creation) and it was presented to me in many hues of beautiful which moved, swayed, formed, unformed, became fluid, bent, became still, screamed, remained silent, shouted out I just smiled as my spiritual body was held in a human body spirit life size flower petal which cradled my soul as it turned and bent me to see all that the universe wished me to see and then it all began to wind down into one thing. It was primarily white with streaks of burgundies and fuchsia's ranged before its longside.

I watched as each of these phantagasmical emotions were moving and following one another into the patches of colors. Each color was an unbending, unmoving yet immortal, uplifted and evanescent rising pastel . . . yet higher, glossy yet higher, iridescent yet higher . . . polychromasia yet higher . . .

tinto a luminosity of flow and rhythm that filled my eyes with a bliss and joy of ecstatic movement of emotion, yet stilled holy abandon.

It was sweet to burn and it was presented in many hues of beautiful.

Another creative sought me out as he noticed my auburn hair. He was wearing the garb of a man in the 1920's wearing a very bright light blue jacket.

There were 'love stones' meandering through the spheres which were of many varied and high vibrant colors which circled the sphere and there were amazing artistic slick pieces of art - very glittery things everywhere - which showed pure artistic pieces about the expression of the human soul. I remembered looking for a very long time at a unique piece of art which was of a profoundly glittery and iridescent sky blue contrasting against a dark night sky. It held within it an opening hand with four fingers exposed as the pinky finger remained hidden. Something was expressed in this concentric unraveling which was inexplicable.

Great works of modern art were literally floating all around me, and each one expressed such interesting perspectives of human emotion and expression that it was just necessary for me to take them in as I continued to move about on my large flower petal.

And then I awoke.

But as I returned to sleep shortly thereafter in the afternoon, my spirit was taken to join souls who were entering into the offspring of the next generations of my family, and to see the offshoots of how the family was forming in the various directions. It was made known to me who some of these souls were and from which part of the previous ancestry they were coming which was very surprising. But I accepted them with great gratitude and thankfulness. My mother, who was deceased, also appeared at the table and was showing great acceptance of these souls. She understood better than I the importance of these changes in the family line and was completely resigned with conviction as to its coming manifestation.

In my own situation, I was manifesting as a much older woman, I was probably forty to fifty years into the future; absolutely the matriarch of the family. But I was welcoming them all and assisting them individually with their karmas; grateful to receive them all and grateful to have their love and affection.

As a result, later into the experience, a family of very dark natives - aboriginals - seven of them in total; arrived to conduct an initiation as a gift to me for choosing to receive so many souls gracefully.

So the aboriginals were conducting the initiation of a baby into the aboriginal way, which I knew to be 'Seeker', who was a spiritual counseling client of mine who was participating in the writing of 'Dialogues with a Mystic.' They were initiating him into the

shaman path. He had just begun . . . but it was good, because his beginning was now being blessed.

And as I did this, my spirit was suddenly shot to a quiet little park and my soul was now returned to my present day self. Walking towards a quaint little bench, there was a group of native American spirits wearing the regalia of a traditional nature. They were kneeling around the bench beckoning me to sit. They reached towards me in an honorable and respectful manner. Surprised by this gesture, I followed their beckon and sat down quietly as they all turned their gaze towards me and looked up with sacred honor.

And I returned to the physical in silence.

As I did so, I noticed that a chapel had been built in the mystical sphere at the front end of my bed which had many crucifixes and a single bust of St. Padre Pio. My room was sheltered and kept solitary for me to do my work, but many souls were trying to get in from the outside. It was vital that I keep my space pure and protected from the outside world.

And on a subsequent ethereal swaying, my spirit was alit upon the wavelength of a lightbeam which heralded my soul to a place of wispy knowledge and candid symmetrical unification of life. An unseen guide whom I was never allowed to see, who bore both masculine and feminine energies, accompanied me for this night's journey.

Before me stood a towering image of this likeness in the form of an eight volume series of books entitled 'The Tao of Mysticism.' As such, this series compiled all knowledge of mysticism on earth from all religions, traditions and non-religious constructs.

But this was not its only herald as other phases of knowledge flowed and merged through this sphere of ethereal wisdom which moved like a drunken deluge of the sea which had twisted and bent into a writhing and cataclysmic wave of glory and transformation. But yet, in its finest and most minute detail and algorithm, the treacherousness of this vibration filled into my spirit like an optical vortex of light twisted like a corkscrew around its axis of travel as light waves projected onto the surface of my spirit creating a ring of light which barraged my senses as the brightness of its core pummelled its way into my fortitudinous and fecund bosom.

And as this wailing came from without and from within I saw all around me books and manuscripts floating and manifesting in the ethers all around explaining many things; the hierarchy of being according to Near Death Experiences, the hierarchy of being according to Rosicrucianism, the hierarchy of being according to Theosophy, the hierarchy of being according to Spiritual Science.

And I felt it, just a tiny wisp but yet a wailing coming, rumbling and then bursting from within. My discomfort at first was obvious, but yet, the freedom was raging forth like a fire that burned brightly into

the light of God itself. The ultimate is you . . . the ultimate is yourself. A feminine . . . a feminine . . . a feminine . . . but what? Whatever this was it was made known to me that it was beyond theosophical knowledge, beyond an eckankar kind of thinking (the audible life current), beyond mystery itself . . . and it had already been well established upon this earth by the year 1990 AD.

And suddenly my attention was placed elsewhere. It was to look upon something so utterly beautiful it was beyond all manner of human thinking or concept. As my soul turned, I saw what appeared to be some type of holographic, many dimensional map of the hierarchy of being made from white and pink light. It was tall and wide and deep. Points of light converged in many places upon this map and there were several high points which were moments of great vibration, knowledge, vision and understanding which had come to the earth.

So I allowed my eyes to follow the lines of succession upon the map which started at the beginning of humankind and continued throughout history to show the development of the spiritual faculty and great points of revelation to the vibrational knowledge of the human person.

Continuing to follow and follow, each point of light seemed to bring my soul within it as if I were not just looking, but my soul was 'being taken' upon this journey interiorly as I looked upon it.

above. A deep bellowing male voice said, 'This is YOU.' 'Huh,' I was thinking, 'What?' But the voice continued. "It is female, a feminine power."

I was very surprised as I sensed this energy and it was absolute a Sophia, goddess, type energy . . . it wasn't 'me,' as in 'me,' but as the creative aspect of every individual soul. And the esoteric thing was that it was entering unto creation itself. She was beautiful. But don't get me wrong, she was not a personification, she was a ball of light.

The voice continued, "The crucifixion is the purification, the destruction of the old man. The crucifixion is the death. For many in the world, the crucifixion is the end point, once they reach this, they stay there, they do not move further from this place. But they do not understand that to do this is to remain in death." A point of pause was taken to give me a moment to take in his words. "If you remain in the crucifixion, you remain only in destruction and death. After the old man has been destroyed, you must enter the creative spirit of the mother - the feminine which is life - in order to create and build something new, a new life."

*"The indwelling will begin to be practiced at the Last Supper, but few people, through the ages, will fully understand its depth and meaning until the era of the Golden Age is reached. I have asked My friends to follow Me all the way, **and that does not mean that they will stop at the Crucifixion**, for I will live on earth forty days after My Resurrection. I want My followers to live this part of My life also by allowing Me to dwell within them*

which means that their bodies will be My other borrowed humanity.

*It would be better to establish My Kingdom of love within souls. I may personally dwell if I am invited. Through this knowledge many souls still loan Me their bodies. Thus they actually become My Mystical Humanity, and in them I relive My life on earth as I did after My Resurrection. Many of my successors will be of that wonderful race, **and they will put to flight many heresies that will spring up through misunderstandings and human unkindness in My Church.**"*

Cora Evans, 1904 - 1957 AD, Catholic Mystic and Declared Servant of God, Monterey, CA, USA (Words of Christ)

As the words were spoken, all the points of light upon the holographic map began to converge and it was beautiful. The pathway became one of pure light and to look upon it contained my spirit into its vibrational sphere and held you closely within its vibrating walls, shattering the death that remained within me.

The shackles had to come off, it was as if Samson was shaking the very fiber of my own primordial being and jolting me down to the very root. Beyond the crucified Christ is a feminine, a divine feminine.

"(St.) Bernard may be considered a major proponent of the divine feminine in Christianity. He delivered 120 sermons on the Song of Songs, using the allegorical method to interpret the erotic qualities of the poem as references to the relationship between man and God. His reverence for

the Virgin Mary helped to amplify her existing importance and has survived as a central part of Catholicism to this day. He translated sacred geometrical texts and helped to develop sacred geometry, defining God as, 'length, width, height and depth.' The Cistercians were to be very influential in promotion the Gothic style of cathedral architecture, which contains extensive esoteric symbolism, including elements that were incorporated after being brought back from the East by the Templars. All these aspects we can find admirable in various ways, but all that Bernard did he did for the Church of Rome, a trait that will be seen as a common theme . . . "

The Lost Teachings of the Cathars: Their Beliefs and Practices, Andrew Phillip Smith, Watkins Press, 1893

"The immortality promised by the Moon Goddess was not a state of perfection or stasis in eternal light. She offers an ever-renewed life like the moon's own, in which diminishing and dying are as essential to spirit growth as birth and becoming. Her 'redemption' is not from 'sin' and matter, but from mental traps that block the self from its source. It is union of the opposites within the psyche which brings release from the final power of death, which allows consciousness to pulsate from one dimension to another in the cosmic field. This the only 'redeeming' experience: To be lived by an inner presence – the creator behind the ego."

The Great Cosmic Mother: Rediscovering the Religion of the Earth, Monica Sjoo & Barbara Mor, God as Father, Harper San Francisco, 1986

"Horus speaks: I am life rushing on, born from the egg of the world, from the belly of a magic woman, born of my father's dreams. I am the screech of wind, the rush of falcon wings, talons sharp as knives. I came after you. I stand

*before you. I am with you always. I am the power that dispels darkness. Look upon the dark face of my father Osiris. He is nothing. Embrace him. Even nothing cannot last. **The seed laid into the void must grow.** The candle's only purpose is to shine in the darkness. Bread is meant to be ground to pulp in the teeth. The function of life is to have something to offer death. Ah, but the spirit lies always between coming and going in and out of heaven, filling and leaving the houses of earth. A man forgets, but his heart remembers – the love and the terror, the weeping, the beating of wings."*

Isis and Osiris, Robert Musil, From Goddess, Edited by Jalaja Bonheim, Stewart, Chabori and Tang, New York and Singapor, 1997

"I am the supreme and fiery force who kindled every living spark, and I breathed forth no deadly thing – yet I permit them to be. As I circled the whirling sphere with my upper wings (that is, with wisdom), rightly I ordained it. And I am the fiery life of the essence of God: I flame above the beauty of the fields; I shine in the waters; I burn in the sun, the moon, and the stars. And, with the airy wind, I quicken all things vitally by an unseen, all-sustaining life. For the air is alive in the verdure and the flowers; the waters flow as if they lived; the sun too lives in its light; and when the moon wanes it is rekindled by the light of the sun, as if it lived anew. Even the stars glisten in their light as if alive."

Sister of Wisdom, St. Hildegard's Theology of the Feminine, Barbara Newman, The Feminine Divine, University of California Press, Berkeley, 1987

"We are all meant to be mothers of God...for God is always needing to be born."

Meister Eckhart

And in the bearing and the being born, I saw the amethyst and the rose quartz arise out of the fiery bowels of the earth; a fine example of what was and what was meant to be . . . sin being death, the Father, life, the Mother, rebirth; the fiery lava, sin - the rose quartz and amethyst, purified love.

This Divine Feminine was not a replacement of God, but an aspect of God. These divine works were not a replacement of the Father (or a replacement of all we know God to already be,) but yet another aspect of God seeking to be recognized, cognized and processed within the living sphere of the soul. It was not a feminist or political thing, but a *creative power* which applies to all souls; male and female.

Orgasm being made foul by the harbingers of men and mankind; in their small and unkindled perceptions had they laid bare the mechanisms by which Our Lord Himself had created for union to occur between humanity and their God.

And in this elemental knowledge it seemed an apropos moment to point out an insistent and potent mechanism through which the forms of such knowledge finds its seeking within a mystical soul; partaking from within the confines of union the desires of fusion with its almighty and great Eternal God.

In our lowly status amongst mortal reckonings, our souls have been programmed to deny the orgasm which is most often associated with sexual union

when indeed this very orgasm was created by God with the intention to be utilized as a part and parcel of divine experience and higher expression.

But in the religions of men, sexuality was often portrayed to be of a foul sort. And in this very view, a hindrance had been placed on the soul of humankind in reaching divine union with God.

If sexuality were then foul, and if all that came from it was beastly and impure . . . then life itself was a putrid thing. And you can see the echoes of this in the Buddhist and Hindu faiths, in the tales of birth and rebirth coming as a consequence of the desiring. You can see the echoes of this in Catholicism in the heightened state given to that of virgins and the lower status given to souls who beget.

And the feminine vessel from which life emerged was then a lesser thing? Was the embodiment of our Creator, as vessel of creation, somehow foul and impure? Think on these things.

If men were able to give birth, they would have made birth a sacrament. But since they were unable, they had to make childbirth a punishment for sin, a punishment for being female, a punishment for sexuality. But yet, does this make sense? Think on these things.

The mystical 'swaying' tell us something of a different nature, however, as it provides a framework of union which is sophisticated and created by God to lead the

spirit towards its Master. Nature itself reveals the rightness of His story and intentions towards a loving end for mankind and a heralded union within the castles of ever living righteousness and unrestrained ecstatic venture.

In looking towards creation itself, we find a herald, a hidden wisdom which yet must be revealed. And it lay within the confines of a simple human mechanism created by Our Lord; but its mysteries remain deep and unremitting.

Orgasm is experienced between lovers to indicate that it is indeed not just for procreation but for the union of spouses in marital accord. Orgasm is experienced by breastfeeding and lactating mothers to indicate that it is indeed not just for nutrition but for the bonding of mother and child in yet an entirely different type of union. AND orgasms are also natural occurrences in out of body experiences, and they accelerate and become all the more important as the soul reaches towards mystical union with God; which indicates that the orgasm is not just an earthly assertion of unity between human beings, but an expression that becomes more and more divine as it reaches towards 'ecstasy' and 'samadhi' in the higher spheres of vibration and expression.

As a soul begins to travel, it has to learn to move through the extended 'orgasms', process it through from the base and sacral chakras to the crown chakra and above, hold the energies within a continually steady vibration until it can be balanced

throughout the sacred tree of wisdom within the seeker. It is only then that the traveler may pass through the holy gate into a peaceful aboding, which rises for a time, until it then takes the traveler into the next phase of 'ecstasies', which will eventually be guided through a further holy gate towards a unity and birthpoint processing towards Almighty God.

As this hallowed experience refers to a greater purification wherein the orgasm is instigated only in the mystical experience itself. It is not a physical manifestation as it comes down from heaven into the spirit and thence into the physical body. Alone with God, the soul experiences this in solitary with his beloved Creator as the soul enters a higher refining, the purest form of 'ecstasy.'

And this abiding may occur one time or hundreds of times, depending on the journey of every individual seeker; as the eternal spirit must literally pierce into the heart of God in ecstatic embrace. If a soul is unable to 'break through' (which is a very literal rendering of how this initiation will occur), the soul will be thrust back to the earth, back to its physical container until it is able to do so. The mind must be tempered and disciplined to 'move through' the prolonged peak lifting the soul into a higher sacred order and beyond. Discomfort may arise, and often requires vibrational assistance and training to undergo. All that is profane within the spirit must be made sacred before the soul can blast beyond the corridors of the earth; in essence, all that is not of love, must be made so.

*"Pray much that you would be ever more united with the Holy Trinity and live in their Divine love, doing the will of the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit, just as the Saints lived and did the will of God in this world. **Remember, my son: love is the basis for holiness. the more you love, the more you will be of God. Love, love, love, so that you would always be united with God and so that God would be present in your life and in everything you do.**"*

Edson Glauber, Catholic Mystic, Manaus, Brazil (Words of Christ)

In order to do this, the soul must make sacred all that has been profaned from the below; from without to within and within to without.

"O sons of Israel, why have you corrupted tender Love, who gazes far into my depths and flows forth in works abounding? Because she flows within me, from her in turn flow the living waters. She resembles a budding branch (virga), for, as a virgin's embraces are the most tender because of her integrity, even so Love's embraces are more tender than those of any other Virtue. But now she mourns, because audacious men tear her to pieces with their loquacious grumbling. Hence she flees from them to that height whence she came, and weeps because her children, whom she suckled at her fertile breasts, fall sick and will not be cleansed from the corruption of their flighty minds.

O wretched men! Why do they take on themselves the misery of alienation and exile, tearing themselves away from the royal wedding feast of the new bride? She is

always ready for her bridegroom as a virgin is for her husband, when she has not yet been united with him in intercourse but still remains untouched in her virginity. Yet these men separate themselves from that bride, whence they are darkened and shadowed by clouds as if they had ruptured heaven."

Sister of Wisdom, St. Hildegard's Theology of the Feminine, Barbara Newman, The Feminine Divine, University of California Press, Berkeley, 1987

But even so, the soul must begin the journey and enter within 'The Tao of Mysticism' beginning with the Rosicrucian mysteries of practice. Begin there, my dear soul, and follow the practice to find your way. Be not aloof in your rendering, follow it well and with deference to its details. There are no shortcuts to the beloved. Find Him and you will find Her, as well. Go . . . seek them out in an equal manner.

"CONCENTRATION

The first thing to practice is fixing one's thoughts upon some ideal and holding them there WITHOUT LETTING THEM SWERVE. It is an exceedingly hard task, but, to some extent at least, it must be accomplished before it is possible to make any further progress. Thought is the power we use in making images, pictures, thought forms, according to ideas from within. It is our principal power, and we must learn to have absolute control of it, so that what we produce is not wild illusion induced by outside conditions, but true imagination generated by the spirit from within.

Sceptics say that it is ALL imagination but, as said before, if the inventor had not been able to imagine the telephone, etc., we would not today possess those things. His imaginings were not generally correct or true at first, otherwise the inventions would have worked successfully from the beginning, without the many failures and apparently useless experiments that have nearly always preceded the production of the practical and serviceable instrument or machine. Neither is the imagination of the budding (hidden) scientist correct at first. The only way to make it true is by uninterrupted practice, day after day, exercising the will to keep the thought focussed upon one subject, object, or idea, exclusive all else. Thought is a great power which we have been accustomed to waste. It has been allowed to flow on aimlessly, as water flows over a precipice before it is made to turn the wheel.

The rays of the Sun, diffused over the entire surface of the Earth, produce only a moderate warmth, but if even a few of them are concentrated by means of a glass, they are capable of producing fire at the focusing point.

Thought-force is the most powerful means of obtaining knowledge. If it is concentrated upon a subject, it will burn its way through any obstacle and solve the problem. If the requisite amount of thought-force is brought to bear, there is nothing that is beyond the power of human comprehension. So long as we scatter it, thought-force is of little use to us, but as soon as we are prepared to take the trouble necessary to harness it, all knowledge is ours.

We often hear people exclaim petulantly, "Oh, I cannot think of a hundred things at once!" when really that is exactly what they have been doing, and what has caused the

very trouble of which they complain. People are constantly thinking of a hundred things other than the one they have in hand. Every success has been accomplished by persistent concentration upon the desired end.

This is something the aspirant to the higher life must positively learn to do. There is no other way. At first he will find himself thinking of everything under the sun instead of the ideal upon which he has decided to concentrate, but he must not let that discourage him. In time he will find it easier to still his senses and hold his thoughts steady. Persistence, PERSISTENCE, and always PERSISTENCE will win at last. Without that, however, no results can be expected. It is of no use to perform the exercises for two or three mornings or weeks and then neglect them for as long. To be effective they must be done faithfully every morning without fail.

Any subject may be selected, according to the temperament and mental persuasion of the aspirant, so long as it is pure and mentally uplifting its tendency. Christ will do for some; others, who flowers particularly, and most easily helped by taking one as the subject of concentration. The object matters little, but whatever it is we must imagine it true to life in all details. If it is Christ, we must imagine a real Christ, with mobile features, life in His eyes, and an expression that is not stony and dead. We must build a living ideal, not a statue. If it is a flower, we must, in imagination, take the seed and having buried it in the ground, fix our mind upon it steadily. Presently we shall see it burst, shooting forth its roots, which penetrate the Earth in a spiral manner. From the main branches of the roots we watch the myriads of minute rootlets, as they branch out and ramify in all directions. Then the stem

begins to shoot upward, bursting through the surface of the earth and coming forth as a tiny green stalk. It grows, presently there is an off-set; a tiny twig shoots out from the main stem. It grows; another off-set and a branch appears; from the branches, little stalks with buds at the end shoot out; presently there are a number of leaves. Then comes a bud at the top; it grow larger until it begins to burst and the red leaves of the rose show beneath the green. It unfolds in the air, emitting an exquisite perfume, which we sense perfectly as it is wafted to us on the balmy summer breeze which gently sways the beautiful creation before the mind's eye.

Only when we "imagine" in such clear and complete outlines as these, do we enter into the spirit of concentration. There must be no shadowy, faint resemblance.

Those who have traveled in India have told of fakirs showing them a seed, which was planted and grew before the eyes of the astonished witness, bearing fruit which the traveler tasted. That was done by concentration so intense that the picture was visible, not only to the fakir himself, but also the spectators. A case is recorded where the members of a committee of scientist all saw the wonderful things done before their eyes, under conditions where sleight-of-hand was impossible, yet the photographs which they obtained while the experiment was in progress, came to naught. There was no impression on the sensitive plates, because there had been no material, concrete objects.

At first the pictures which the aspirant builds will be but shadowy and poor likenesses, but in the end he can, by

concentration, conjure up an image more real and alive than things in the Physical World.

When the aspirant has become able to form such pictures and has succeeded in holding his mind upon the picture thus created, he may try to drop the picture suddenly and, holding his mind steady without any thought, wait to see what comes into the vacuum.

For a long time nothing may appear and the aspirant must carefully guard against making visions for himself, but if he keeps on faithfully and patiently every morning, there will come a time when, the moment he has let the imaged picture drop, in a flash the surrounding Desire World will open up to his inner eye. At first it may be but a mere glimpse, but it is an earnest of what will later come at will.

MEDITATION

***(Marilynn's commentary: Rosicrucian Meditation is very different than the mindfulness practice I personally recommend to those seeking the out of body travel experience. Keep this in mind as you read forward. This is more of what I would term a 'visualization.'*)**

When the aspirant has practiced concentration for some time, focusing the mind upon some simple object, building a living thought form by means of the imaginative faculty, he will, by means of Meditation, learn all about the object thus created.

Supposing that the aspirant has, by concentration, called up the image of the Christ. It is very easy to meditatively recall the incidents of His life, suffering and resurrection, but much beyond that can be learned by meditation. Knowledge never before dreamed of will flood the soul with a glorious light. Yet something that is uninteresting and does not of itself suggest anything marvellous, is better for practice. Try to find out all about--say, a match, or a common table.

When the image of the table has been clearly formed in the mind, think what kind of wood it is and whence it came. Go back to the time when, as a tiny seed, the tree from which the wood was cut first fell into the forest soil. Watch it grow from year to year, covered by the snows of winter and warmed by the summer Sun, steadily growing upward--its roots meanwhile constantly spreading under the ground. First it is a tender sapling, swaying in the breeze; then, as a young tree, it gradually stretches higher and higher toward the air and the sunshine. As the years pass, its girth becomes greater and greater, until at last one day the logger comes, with his axe and saw gleaming as they reflect the rays of the winter Sun. Our tree is felled and shorn of its branches, leaving by the trunk; that is cut into logs, which are hauled over the frozen roads to the river bank, there to await the springtime when the melting snow swells the streams. A great raft of the logs is made, the pieces of our tree being among them. We know every little peculiarity about them and would recognize them instantly among thousand, so clearly have we marked them in our mind. We follow the raft down the stream, noting the passing landscape and become familiar with the men who have the care of the raft and who sleep upon little huts

built upon their floating charge. At last we see it arrive at a sawmill and disbanded.

One by one the logs are grasped by prongs on an endless chain and hauled out of the water. Here comes one of our logs, the widest part of which will be made into the top of our table. It is hauled out of the water to the log deck and rolled about by men with peavies. We hear the hungry whine of the great circular saws as they revolve so fast that they appear as mere blurs before our eyes. Our log is placed upon a carriage which is propelled toward one of them, and in a moment those teeth of steel are tearing their way through its body and dividing it into boards and planks. Some of the wood is selected to form part of a building, but the best of it is taken to a furniture factory and put into a kiln, where it is dried by steam so that it will not shrink after it has been made into furniture. Then it is taken out and put through a great planing machine with many sharp knives, which makes it smooth. Next it is sawn off into different lengths and glued together to form table-tops. The legs are turned from thicker pieces and set into the frame which supports the top; then the whole article is smoothed again with sandpaper, varnished and polished, thus completing the table in every respect. It is next sent out, with other furniture, to the store where we bought it, and we follow it as it is carted from that place to our home and left in our dining room.

Thus, by meditation, we have become conversant with the various branches of industry necessary to convert a forest tree into a piece of furniture. WE have seen all the machines and the men, and noted the peculiarities of the various places. We have even followed the life process whereby that tree has grown from a tiny seed, and have

learned that back of seemingly very commonplace things there is a great and absorbingly interesting history. A pin; the match with which we light the gas; the gas itself; and the room in which that has is burned--all have interesting histories, well worth learning.

OBSERVATION

One of the most important aids to the aspirant in its efforts is observation. Most people go through life blind-folded. Of them it is literally true that they "have eyes, and see not; . . . have ears, and hear not." Upon the part of the majority of humanity there is a deplorable lack of observation.

Most people are, to some extent, excusable for this, because their sight is not normal. Urban life has caused untold damage to the eyes. In the country the child learns to use the muscles of the eye to the full extent, relaxing or contracting them as required to see objects at considerable distances in the open, or close at hand in and about the house. But the city-bred child sees practically EVERYTHING close at hand and the muscles of its eyes are seldom used to observe objects at any great distance, therefore that faculty is to a great extent lost, resulting in a prevalence of near-sightedness and other eye troubles.

It is very important to one aspiring to the higher life that he be able to see all things about him in clear, definite outlines, and in full detail. To one suffering from defective sight, the use of glasses is like opening up a new world. Instead of the former mistiness, everything is seen clearly and definitely. If the condition of the sight requires the use of two foci . . . the two foci can be had in one pair of bi-focal

glasses, and such should be worn, to facilitate observation of the minutest details.

DISCRIMINATION

When the aspirant has attended to his eyesight, he should systematically observe everything and everybody, drawing conclusions from actions, to cultivate the faculty of logical reasoning. Logic is the best teacher in the Physical World, as well as the safest and surest guide in any world. (Marilynn's commentary: As a contrast, in the Catholic World View, Revelation would be the best teacher in the world. In my view, a balanced combination of both would be the more preferred.)

While practicing this method of observation, it should always be kept in mind that it must be used only to gather facts and not for purposes of criticism, at least not wanton criticism. Constructive criticism, which points out defects and the means of remedying them, is the basis of progress; but destructive criticism, which vandalistically demolishes good and bad alike with aiming at any higher attainment, is an ulcer on the character and must be eradicated. Gossip and idle tale-bearing are clogs and hindrances. While it is not required that we shall say that black is white and overlook manifestly wrong conduct, criticism should be made for the purpose of helping, not to wantonly besmirch the character of a fellow-being because we have found a little stain. Remembering the parable of the mote and the beam, we should turn our most unsparing criticism toward ourselves. None is so perfect that there is no room for improvement. The more lameless the man, the less prone he is to find fault and cast the first stone at another. If we point out faults and suggests ways for

improvement, it must be done without personal feeling. We must always seek the good which is hidden in everything. The cultivation of this attitude of discrimination is particularly important.

When the aspirant to first-hand knowledge has practiced concentration and meditation exercises for some time, and has become fairly proficient in them, there is a still higher step to be taken.

We have seen that concentration is focusing thought upon a single object. It is the means whereby we build a clear, objective, and living image of the form about which we wish to acquire knowledge.

Meditation is the exercise whereby the history of the object of our investigation is traced and, so to say, entered into, to pick out of it every shred of evidence as to its relation to the world in general.

These two mental exercises deal, in the deepest and most thorough manner imaginable, with THINGS. They lead to a higher, deeper and more subtle stage of mental development, which deals with the very SOUL OF THINGS.

The name of that stage is Contemplation.

CONTEMPLATION

In contemplation there is no reaching out in thought or imagination for the sake of getting information, as was the case in Meditation. It is simply the holding of the object before our mental vision and letting the soul of it speak to

us. We repose quietly and relaxed upon a couch or bed – not negatively, but thoroughly on the alert--watching for the information that will surely come if we have reached the proper development. Then the FORM of the object seems to vanish and we see only the LIFE at work. Contemplation will teach us about the Life side, as Meditation taught us about the Form side.

When we reach this stage and have before us, say, a tree in the forest, we lost sight of the Form entirely, and see only the Life, which in this case is a group spirit. We shall find, to our astonishment, that the group spirit of the tree includes the various insects which feed upon it; that the parasite and its host are emanations from one and the same group spirit, for the higher we ascend in the invisible realms, the fewer the separate and distinct forms, and the more completely the One Life predominates, impressing upon the investigator the supreme fact that there is but the One Life--the Universal Life of God, in Whom it is an actual fact that "we live, and move, and have our being." Mineral, plant, animal, and man--all, without exception--are manifestations of God, and this fact furnishes the true basis of brotherhood -- a brotherhood which includes everything from the atom to the Sun, because all are emanations from God. Conceptions of brotherhood based upon any other foundation, such as class distinctions, Race affinity, similarity of occupation, etc., fall far short of this true basis, as the (hidden) scientist clearly realizes when he sees the Universal Life flowing in all that exists.

ADORATION

When this height has been reached by Contemplation, and the aspirant has realized that he is in truth beholding

God in the Life that permeates all things, there remains still to be taken the highest step, Adoration, whereby he unites himself with the Source of all things, reaching by that act the highest goal possible of attainment by man until the time when the permanent union takes place at the end of the great Day of Manifestation.

It is the writer's opinion that neither the heights of Contemplation, nor the final step of Adoration can be attained without the aid of a teacher. The aspirant need never fear, however, that for want of a teacher he will be delayed in taking these steps; nor need he be concerned about looking for a teacher. All that is necessary for him to do is start to improve himself, and to earnestly and PERSISTENTLY continue therein. In that way he will purify his vehicles. They will commence to shine in the inner Worlds, and cannot fail to attract the attention of the teachers, who are always watching for just such cases and are more than eager and glad to help those who, because of their earnest efforts to purify themselves, have won the right to receive help. Humanity is sorely in need of helpers who are able to work from the inner Worlds, therefore "seek and ye shall find," but let us not imagine that by going about from one professed teacher to another, we are seeking. "Seeking," in that sense of the word, will avail nothing in this dark world. We ourselves must kindle the light--the light which invariably radiates from the vehicles of the earnest aspirant. That is the star which will lead us to the teacher, or rather the teacher to us.

The time required to bring results from the performance of the exercises varies with each individual and is dependent upon his application, his stage in evolution and his record in the book of destiny; therefore no general time

can be set. Some, who are almost ready, obtain results in a few days or weeks; others have to work months, years, and even their whole life without VISIBLE results, yet the results will be there, and the aspirant who faithfully persists will some day, in this or a future life, behold his patience and faithfulness rewarded and the inner Worlds open to his gaze, finding himself a citizen of realms where the opportunities are immeasurably greater than in the Physical World only.

From that time--awake or asleep, through what men call life, and through what men call death--his consciousness will be unbroken. He will lead a consciously continuous existence, having the benefit of all the conditions which make for more rapid advancement to every higher positions of trust, to be used in the uplifting of the race."

*The Rosicrucian Cosmo-Conception or Mystic Christianity, Max
Heindel, Rosicrucian Fellowship, 1909*

CHAPTER THREE

Energy

Observing from a wayfarer station, my spirit was watching the below as an evil spirit had taken on the form of a young man who was now carelessly placing himself in crowds of people. Amongst these crowds, the dark soul was able to mimic the appearance of a solid being to those who were not paying enough attention. And thus so, he would reach out to shake their hands. As soon as they had done this, the dark energy from within his soul would move up their arm and into them and they would unknowingly take part of that evil spirit home with them. In doing so, he was able to bring hauntings into many people's homes of evil energies which could then multiply and accelerate into their lives. It was quite a fright to witness and see. Turning from this, my spirit was gathered to be shown another entirely different aroma from the spiritual wind.

Gazing upon the souls of the younger generation, I had entered into another stage of my own physical life as that of grandmother and elder. It was being shown to me the importance of supporting the individual goals of the various young people around me as long as they remained noble and true. As I observed, it was as if watching yet another swing of the sacred hoop of life as souls move through the backcountry of existence through time from yet one period of burgeoning to yet another. Yet time had come again for the tides of time to pass through and my spirit to enter another looming spread of eternal

life through the expression of the physical receptacle as it advanced traveled through the terrestrial sojourn. No longer a young girl, but not yet an old woman . . . it was time to blossom into yet another cycle of cadence into middle age.

In this cadence, I was seeking my own mother who was now lost to me in this world as she had passed a few years prior. My soul still sought her out in the spirit world, and my heart cried out her name silently in the ethers . . . often . . . as the grieving hearts of daughters gather tears silently, invisibly, unseen.

Perhaps it can be noted as a very low timbered cry only heard from within. It seeps and it bears, but it allows no outward grumbling. For it is the nature of the life cycle to accept such gains and losses, despite the fact that the heart itself has a nature of its own, as well. And its nature marks every one.

"Know that I have written the happy remembrance of you indelibly on the tablets of my heart, holding you dear above all others."

St. Clare and Her Order, Blessed Agnes of Bohemia, Letter IV, Mills and Boon, London, 1912 (Words of St. Clare)

Crossing the rough waters which had come from afar, I saw that up ahead was an as yet unexplored continent to herald my feast. As if I had been merely spit out from the previous tide of measure or time, my soul grappled with catching its grip on the small and wooden rowboat which now held only my soul on the rougher bearing seas. The wood of which it

had been made was unkindly cared for and bearing the rot one would expect of such a thing. Waves crashed and bore their whites in all directions as they felled the calm seas below. There was nothing I could do but ride this boat and hope it could take me to where it might, a causal galewind to a far off land perhaps.

At last I found myself cast away on an island of great beauty, up ahead was a Daisy House which was resplendent with flowers and colors beyond my imaginings. I suddenly was looking for my mother who had passed several years prior. A woman lived in this home and she had painted daisies into the skies in many colors; of the world, but yet also of iridescent spectrums beyond worldly constraints. You could see them only if you looked at them alone, and blocked out anything else of a calibre beneath them in vibration or scope. And they danced in the blue sky with the clouds as bells tinkled tunes of such light and airy timbre, they could scarcely be heard. Only if you remained absolutely silent, could you hear it.

And so I chose to see and to listen only . . . and a beautiful spirit quietly emerged from the Daisy House.

St. Clare of Assisi in all her resplendent glory walked so silently before me, I could no longer hear the tinkling of the bells. Her hair was a long curlyesque blonde and you could see it coming from out of her deep but azure blue cloak on top of her head but also the length coming out through the left and right sides.

Her face was very white, pale, and her lips wore a thin but welcoming smile. Looking at me with a very kind and innocent smile, she beckoned towards me twice and I caught her gaze. I was very honored in this moment. I felt her welcoming me as one of her own sisters, but as of yet, in a very different way.

I'd been going through vows for quite some time, and had taken the first two of the three vows of the Vows for the Poor Clares of Perpetual Adoration *mystically*. At that point, things seemed to have changed, I didn't know whence I was to go from there as my life turned in further directions. But welcoming me, she was, in some type of different way of sisterhood. She came to me as a young girl, a regular person. And her bright blue azure robes blew in the winds of this highly lit up and brightly colored island. She remained silent, said nothing, but her gaze stayed with my eyes.

It seemed I should at least remain for this eve, and so I should. I bowed to her and thanked her before I closed my eyes and entered into the windstream.

"Wherefore I exhort you, O lady of great reverence, be strong in courage and fervour of soul in the holy service which you have begun. Lay aside all incumbrances, since he who is naked can wrestle more freely with his adversary than he who is burdened with garments – and he who is clothed in fine raiment cannot fight with the world and hope for victory. It is difficult to live in splendour in this life and to reign with Christ in the life to come! It is truly said: 'It is easier for a camel to enter the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter heaven!' Cast away, then, those

superfluous garments, the goods of this world, and so enter in the spiritual combat freer and disembarrassed. Add virtue to virtue, so that the Lord, whom you serve in such love and humility, may clothe you with His grace and adorn you with His heavenly gifts."

St. Clare and Her Order, Blessed Agnes of Bohemia, Letter I, Mills and Boon, London, 1912 (Words of St. Clare)

"By His love, I beseech you, meditate daily on your vocation and persevere in those high resolutions with which God is pleased to inspire you . . . Have ever in remembrance the beginning of your religious life. Guard jealously all you have gained and go forward with speed and swiftness on that heavenly road, lest in lingering your feet should become soiled by the dust of the earth. Keep your way then joyfully, tranquilly and earnestly, and listen to none who would move you from your noble resolves or place stumbling-stones in your way. Aim always at perfection, and pray without ceasing to the Most High for it . . . Burn with a longing to liken yourself to Jesus. If you suffer now with Him you shall also be glorified with Him; if you sorrow with Him you shall rejoice with Him."

St. Clare and Her Order, Blessed Agnes of Bohemia, Letter II, Mills and Boon, London, 1912 (Words of St. Clare)

"O happy one! To you it has been given to taste the holy joys of a heavenly union with the Lamb without spot who taketh away the sins of the world . . . When engaged in your meditations remember your poor mother, and know that I have written the happy remembrance of you indelibly on the tablets of my heart, holding you dear above all others. Need I say more, O blessed daughter? The tongue of my body is silent in loving thee, for it cannot express the

love I bear you; it is for the tongue of the spirit to speak. Wherefore kindly and graciously accept that which I have so imperfectly written, and see in it at least that mother's love which I daily feel for you and my other daughters . . .

O mother, daughter and spouse of the King of all ages, I have not written so often as my soul and yours would have wished, but think not, therefore, that the great love I bear you has grown fainter or one whit less. I love you ever as your mother's heart loved you."

St. Clare and Her Order, Blessed Agnes of Bohemia, Letter IV, Mills and Boon, London, 1912 (Words of St. Clare)

As the congruencies within the earth below were continuously pounding their bit of flesh, I was given to observe a whirlwind coming from higher frequencies of light that was trying to counterbalance and backpedal this continuous backwards motion against the mortal realms of earth.

At the uppermost of what appeared to be a large hilltop which was formed almost as if a giant raceway of waveform light bursting from the tips of the the galactic heavens above into the earth below, several extraterrestrial beings were generating frequencies with their interior and orbicular motion which came from the lower part of their bodies. Their large conical heads were still yet protruding backwards in an elongated fashion. And although the primary color observed upon their skin was a darker blue, there were traces of white and green, as well. Interiorly, I recognized them as Arcturians.

As the Arcturians continued to generate a great deal of energy from this interior motion, they began to move down the waveforms from the above into the below as myself and other subconscious human souls were directed to run alongside them in the hope of attaining to some of their energetic endowments. This would be necessary to bring the human construct to a higher potentiality of evolutionary quality.

“The first awakening to the wonders of our soul carries the real danger of a kind of spiritual snobbery. It is easy to be tempted to sniff at the body as a lowly, animal sort of thing vulgarizing and profaning its beautiful spiritual consort. It is in this frame of mind that the body is seen as the prison holding the soul in temporary confinement, or as a mere tool to be tossed aside as its edge is blunted; the implication is that man is his soul, and the body merely a nuisance or at best a clumsy impediment to the soul’s glorious powers.

This is, in fact, a groundless illusion springing not so much from admiration of the soul as from contempt for man’s humanity. It is in obvious collision with the facts. It is a man who sleeps, not a body; it is the same man who eats and who thinks, who has toothaches and ecstasies, who loves and who dies. We are not angels, and it is no compliment to our humanity to pretend that we are. It is a guarantee of despair to demand of men that they move on the level of pure spirits; they will surely fail before this impossible demand however heroic their efforts, fall so completely and so repeatedly as to kill all hope. To see the glory of the soul as obliterating the body is to be blind to the soul itself; for it is the vital principle of the body, not a disembodied spirit. Surely this is to be blind to man’s

humanity. Man is not his soul; body and soul unite in one substantial unit that we call a man . . .

These then are some of the wonders of the obvious in ourselves, wonders that we so easily take for granted and to which we become blind. We are alive. We live by a life dramatically different from any other life in the physical universe."

My Way of Life, The Summa Simplified for Everyone, By Water Farrell, O.P., S.T.M., Martin J. Healy, S.T.D., 1952 Confraternity of the Precious Blood, Brooklyn, NY

Reaching the below, the Arcturians then directed our vision to a snow capped mountain which arose back into the heavenly spheres. It was of necessity now that we begin the ascent of this mountain to its peak, to engage in another discipline in the movement of potency.

The snow upon this mountain was made of light and each individual snowflake contained within it a vibratory field for our spirits to osmose.

Ascending from the below to the above, our spiritual substance was moving from a place of noise to a place of silent rest. And we were taken through a myriad of initiations into the writings of St. Thomas Aquinas and St. John of the Cross. An interesting combination, as St. Thomas Aquinas was the premiere theologian of the Catholic Church, whereas St. John of the Cross was widely considered one of the greatest *mystical* theologians.

There was a direct intersection in their writings and their works, but what appeared to be the focus of this quest were the high fine frequencies from which their words had come.

In these vibratory fields, we were traveling to the places it was of necessity that they must have traveled in order to bring into the earthly sphere their great works from heaven.

I was reminded of a moment decades ago in the mystical realms when in an out of body experience I had met one of St. Thomas Aquinas's scribes on a trail. At that time, I had been told I would join the other great writers of God when it would be time for me to leave this world and return to my Lord.

"Although St. Thomas lived less than fifty years, he composed more than sixty works, some of them brief, some very lengthy. This does not necessarily mean that every word in the authentic works was written by his hand; he was assisted by secretaries, and biographers assure us that he could dictate to several scribes at the same time.

It is not surprising to read in the biographies of St. Thomas that he was frequently abstracted and in ecstasy. Towards the end of his life the ecstasies became more frequent. On one occasion, at Naples in 1273, after he had completed his treatise on the Eucharist, three of the brethren saw him lifted in ecstasy, and they heard a voice proceeding from the crucifix on the altar, saying "Thou hast written well of me, Thomas; what reward wilt thou have?" Thomas replied, "None other than Thyself, Lord" (Prümmer, op.

cit., p. 38). Similar declarations are said to have been made at Orvieto and at Paris.

On 6 December, 1273, he laid aside his pen and would write no more. That day he experienced an unusually long ecstasy during Mass; what was revealed to him we can only surmise from his reply to Father Reginald, who urged him to continue his writings: "I can do no more. Such secrets have been revealed to me that all I have written now appears to be of little value" (*modica*, Prümmer, *op. cit.*, p. 43). The "Summa theologica" had been completed only as far as the ninetieth question of the third part (*De partibus poenitentiae*).

The Catholic Encyclopedia. New York: Robert Appleton Company, D. Kennedy, 1912

"(St. John of the Cross's) His axiom is that the soul must empty itself of self in order to be filled with God, that it must be purified of the last traces of earthly dross before it is fit to become united with God. In the application of this simple maxim he shows the most uncompromising logic. Supposing the soul with which he deals to be habitually in the state of grace and pushing forward to better things, he overtakes it on the very road leading it, in its opinion to God, and lays open before its eyes a number of sores of which it was altogether ignorant, viz. what he terms the spiritual capital sins. Not until these are removed (a most formidable task) is it fit to be admitted to what he calls the "Dark Night", which consists in the passive purgation, where God by heavy trials, particularly interior ones, perfects and completes what the soul had begun of its own accord. It is now passive, but not inert, for by submitting to the Divine operation it co-operates in the measure of its power. Here lies one of the essential differences between St.

John's mysticism and a false quietism. The perfect purgation of the soul in the present life leaves it free to act with wonderful energy: in fact it might almost be said to obtain a share in God's omnipotence, as is shown in the marvelous deeds of so many saints. As the soul emerges from the Dark Night it enters into the full noonlight described in the "Spiritual Canticle" and the "Living Flame of Love". St. John leads it to the highest heights, in fact to the point where it becomes a "partaker of the Divine Nature". It is here that the necessity of the previous cleansing is clearly perceived the pain of the mortification of all the senses and the powers and faculties of the soul being amply repaid by the glory which is now being revealed in it."

The Catholic Encyclopedia. New York: Robert Appleton Company, B. Zimmerman, 1910

"Silent music, in that nocturnal tranquility and silence and in that knowledge of the divine light the soul becomes aware of Wisdom's wonderful harmony and sequence in the variety of His creatures and works. Each of them is endowed with a certain likeness of God and in its own way given voice to what God is in it. So creatures will be for the soul a harmonious symphony of sublime music surpassing all concerts and melodies of the world.

She calls this music 'silent' because it is tranquil and quiet knowledge without the sound of voices. And thus there is in it the sweetness of music and the quietude of silence. Accordingly, she says that her beloved is silent music because in Him she knows and enjoys this symphony of spiritual music. Not only is He silent music, but He is also Sounding solitude.

This is almost identical with silent music, for even though that music is silent to the natural senses and faculties, it is sounding solitude for the spiritual faculties. When these spiritual faculties are alone and empty of all natural forms and apprehensions, they can receive in a most sonorous way the spiritual sound of the excellence of God, in Himself spiritual vision in the Apocalypse, that is: the voice of many harpers playing on their harps. (John 14:2) This vision was spiritual and had nothing to do with material harps. It involved a knowledge of the praises that each of the blessed in his own degree of glory gives continually to God. This praise is like music, for as each one possesses God's gifts differently, each one sings His praises differently, and all of them together form a symphony of love, as of music.

In this same way the soul perceives in that tranquil wisdom that all creatures, higher and lower ones alike, according to what each in itself has received from God, raise their voice in testimony to what God is. She beholds that each in its own way, bearing God within itself according to its capacity, magnifies God. And thus all these voices form the voice of music praising the grandeur wisdom, and wonderful knowledge of God.

This is the meaning of the Holy Spirit in the Book of Wisdom when He said: Spiritus Domini replevit orbem terrarium, et hoc quod continent omnia scientiam habet vocis (The spirit of the Lord filled the whole earth, and this world which contains all things has knowledge of the voice.) (Wisdom 1:7) This voice is the sonorous solitude the soul knows here, that is, the testimony to God which, in themselves, all things give.

Since the soul does not receive this sonorous music without solitude and estrangement from all exterior things, she calls it 'silent music' and 'sounding solitude,' which she says is her Beloved."

*The Collected Works of St. John of the Cross, The Spiritual Canticle,
Translated by Kieran Kavanaugh, O.C.D., Otilio Rodrigues, O.C.D.,
ICS Publications, Institute of Carmelite Studies, Washington, D.C. 1979*

And the Arcturians then returned at the top of this snow-capped summit in two round spaceships to take me off planet; informing me that in the future they would pick me up near a cave at the top of a large canyon location, I nodded in agreement.

Hundreds of military commandos had come to aid in the protection of the Lord. He'd appeared in a vision to a seeker who had seen Him as he'd gazed from the ground looking up at the 100 foot high spectre Whom had towered above his soul which was prostrate on the ground at His feet.

The vision had come to the seeker as he was alone in a vast wasteland on a road which was desolate and unutterably destroyed. Everything around him was dead; the skies were dead, the trees were dead, the ground looked like it had been dead for a long time, there were no signs of life - no birds, no bugs, no living things - nothing. Everything was like sackcloth and ashes. He could sense no other life. The skies were swirling with evil. It was totally silent. There were no other people around. There was this very strong sense of aloneness as if he was the only one.

And in this post-apocalyptic world where all was lost, he was cast to the ground by the hand of God at the Lord's feet and commanded to pray as the vision of the one hundred foot Jesus towered above the wasteland.

It was this *presence and vision of God* that we were here to defend and protect.

We were at the top of a mountain, in an estate, a home. And it was going to be a horribly bloody battle, a slaughter. Machine guns and grenades were given to me and I was freaking out because I really didn't want to have to participate in this battle. We were waiting for the onslaught, and I knew it would be really, really bad.

Somehow, this protection of the vision of Jesus was a symbolic rendering of something that was coming; some type of sacrilege to the name of the All Holy God which you could feel in the ethers coming to the earth.

As the carnage came towards us, I cringed at the epic and senseless violence which ensued as the pursuers attacked with such vengeful and horrific avarice that it was truly incomprehensible to my senses that any soul could hate the Lord God with such a finality and decisive completeness. To see it in such hordes of human souls and with a complete intention to destroy and annihilate was beyond all cognizance and ken that I stood back with utter vulnerability and despair as I took hold of a very severe and deadly firearm of

great destructive force in the eventual and final realization that there was absolutely no further choice. I would have to stand and fight to defend with my brother commandos. My soul cringed, but I held the walls . . . and we saved the image of the Lord at great cost to both sides.

There was no other choice. A great evil had taken a hold of the land.

In the epic landscape of a windswept plain of existence, my soul was given to overlook the dramatic saga of two souls incarnate. My mother who was deceased had come to show me the tragic tale, a love story of sorts of two souls deeply in love who could never be together.

They were migrant workers in the mid 20th century, and circumstances of life had made their union impossible.

A Marian altar had been set up in the ethers where flowers were being lain by souls who had stopped to observe. We were all weeping at how sad it was that such a thing was happening, and that it happened much in the below worlds. Here in the realms of the spirit, the energy of the loss could be seen as well as felt, and it was a tragedy and deeply felt sorrow.

Suddenly, my mother and I were walking along a dirt road alongside an old cemetery. Coffins had been taken out of ground and old bodies were strewn amongst the graveyard. Things that had belonged to

the people were also just tossed about very haphazardly. As we continued along the way, we came upon my mother's grave which had also been opened up. Her body was not there, but rather, a suitcase which was empty. Another suitcase was lying next to it, and it suddenly popped open. Inside it was a statue of Rosa Mystica, the Mystical Rose, Our Blessed Mother. I had recently consecrated my life to Rosa Mystica.

We came upon a small country church wherein a service for the dead was going on; but no one was there except the priest and those in the spirit; and no one cared. This caused my soul deep sorrow.

And then in an instant, my soul was flying on the winds of spaces, soaring, leaping, whirring into the maelstrom of the skies up in the whitherwhere were a monk and nun were who awaited my bequest. Attending to them eloquently, I bowed to their magnificence. Quietly, they bade me to sit before them at a table.

Quickly, they began to entrance me with words, energy and motion; all of which led to a vital understanding of how I would be re-establishing my monastery 'on the ground', so to speak. As I had recently been extricated from my home by unforeseen circumstances, the heavens had begun sending vital elements and clues to the re-establishment of the mission (of the Out-of-Body Travel Foundation).

One of the first orders of business would be to get me into a stable living environment from which to continue the work.

Their details enthralled me and were instilled within me rightly with energy. I did not leave them until I felt sure I was ready to execute this ever important task. Before I was to leave, the nun gazed deeply into my eyes. Her words were filled with vibration and tone. "Sacrifice your process and all the people who would defile," she said.

Nodding, I understood. In order to move forward, I would have to give up processes which had worked in the past which would no longer work in this new circumstance. And it would be vital to release souls who had once embraced the mission but were no longer on board as some had become a hindrance to it now.

As I nodded, my spirit was taken to assist with some souls in need of alteration. A young terminally ill boy who was asking about the heavenly journey after death was given an answer. The Lord bade me to go and take him on a tour of the heavenlies, and he returned to his body in total peace. He had reached that pinnacle we sometimes see in terminally ill souls who awake suddenly one morning and say, "I am no longer afraid," but they do not necessarily know why . . . he was not to remember the journey consciously, only in his subconscious dreaming.

After leaving this wondrous little soul, I was taken to assist a family who was in need of help in making a sudden and urgent move. It was my task to energize and purify their home and prepare it to sell quickly so they could hasten their journey. When I was finished, I bade them adieu. They also would not remember this in their waking.

I turned to go.

My deceased mother was smiling and very happy to see me as I retreated into the skies. She'd known of my most recent circumstance and was very grateful that I had gotten out of the situation at hand and she was now focusing a lot on helping me to re-establish my life and God's mission in the realms of the below.

Arriving now into the astral construct of the place I was currently trying to set up to live within, I was summoned to the front door by an unexpected visitor.

Pope Pius XIIth had arrived in the mystical planes with no fanfare. He was wearing all white robes and white skullcap. A woman was with him, a nun who was acting almost as if a secretary perhaps? I recognized her as Mother Pascalina Lehnert, who had served him when she was a young nun in Bavaria and then later for many years in Rome when he became Pope Pius XII.

Quietly, he walked around the space, looking carefully at how I was bringing things together, and then quietly said, "I have come to go on retreat."

I was so honored by this, I said nothing. But I nodded my head prayerfully and extended my arms in welcome to them gesturing to indicate that they were welcome in any part of my dwelling. As they slowly walked in further, they appeared to be inspecting it and making sure it was appropriate for the work at hand. As they nodded in a very stern but favorable approval, they slowly disappeared from my view.

His holy presence, however, had deeply altered the vibration of the space I was now occupying. And I was honored by this vibrational assistance in the creation of my new abode.

On the following night, a headstone in the form of a cross appeared from the floorboards below announcing the end of an era in my life. Vines also began to arise from the foot of that old stone cross which immediately began to bear hundreds of red roses. I watched as its beauty unfolded before me.

As it represented the death of a lifelong relationship, the beauty seemed in stark contrast to the tragedy of the event. But yet it was . . . even so.

Interiorly, I heard the voice of the Blessed Mother, who said, "Always rest to wait for revelation of what to do next."

I understood that rash action at such a time of peril could be premature, incorrect and lead to a false start in the wrong direction. In such a time, wisdom would dictate waiting on God . . .

And thus, to practice the patience required of me at this new era of waiting, my soul was gathered into a past time in my life to gather with souls who had shared such times as when my children had been young children. Neighbors, friends, parents of other children, churchgoers, priests, teachers and others were all present to remember almost as if we were undergoing a time of life review. It was quite surreal to realize how quickly life had passed me by, as it had seemed like only yesterday that my children had been young and yet now they were adults with some of them bearing children of their own.

Three hardcover black books were sitting on a coffee table in front of the gathering of souls from my past which contained within them certain knowledges of the different stages of our lives; our own childhood, the childhood of our own children, and our later years . . . and I picked up each volume to feel the energies within them. By so doing, the wisdom's contained within them entered within me in a particulate manner.

As I did so, a tribal drumming could be heard coming again from the depths of space and time as my spirit was lifted up and out into the ethers. The aboriginal spirits were shifting and chanting, preparing the way for yet another whirlwind into the eternal void of space and time. As they did so, they began to morph into very tall, spongy beings whose heads then mutated into a single large and blooming daisy-like flower.

And I awoke with the drumming still ringing in my ears.

In a subsequent journey, I found myself with six other souls - members of the Out-of-Body Travel Foundation - at a movie theater wherein unruly children were acting out in a manner which was truly above and beyond what any parent or guardian should have been allowing. Their behavior got to the point wherein I had to step up and chastise them for their unruly actions.

Others in the theatre were timid and refused to act or discipline these children who's behavior was unacceptable by any measure of reason. They screamed, harassed, cajoled and ran about with such an intensity of perjorative disrespect for authority their disregard could not be disregarded. But yet somehow all the adults in the room had become so cowardly that none would stand and do their elder duty to rear them up in the ways of the Lord or even simple civic duty and regard for what is just and true.

They regarded my actions as renegade, something outside of the realm of the norm, acting in a manner unbecoming. To stand for what was just and true, to hold accountable to the ways of discipline and boundary was to somehow act in an offense against freedom or justice to their persons.

All reason had been lost.

But suddenly, this no longer mattered.

A military force suddenly arrived and my spirit was given to see behind the scenes as to some things which were about to occur. Interiorly, I was given to know that we were all in the wrong place and at the wrong time, and in one hour some type of deployment was to occur and that we had to leave immediately without a word. Elsewise, if we did not, we'd all be killed. There would be no time or room for explanation, so I gave a knowing gaze to all of those who had come with me hoping that they would hear my internal warning.

All of them complained except for one who held my gaze and intrinsically understood. An unexpected and new ally in a world which had quickly become dangerous, difficult and hostile to me. He helped me to lead the others out of the theater quietly and make the unexpected journey through what had now become wild and violent streets. Rioting had taken hold in the streets, and military forces of some unknown nation or command were killing people randomly. Those who had been killed were all naked and dragged across the streets for the others to see. The people were assuming that those who been killed had somehow deserved it, although that had not been so at all.

The person who was helping us to get our group out of there safely was asked by one of the perpetrators of the violence if those who had been killed deserved to die, and he responded in the affirmative. He'd done

this to prevent further pointless deaths. If he'd said anything else, everyone would have been ruthlessly shot to death. But it was shocking to watch as he and others had to say these things to protect us from being also killed.

In anger, others had come forward and tried to beat him up for using skillful means with violent perpetrators and had knocked him onto the ground. I had gotten into the middle between them and was protecting him and trying to make them to understand.

My soul returned from the harrowing journey into the apocalyptic maze.

Eternally slipping into a malaise of yet another past era in my current lifetime, my soul meandered into the chapel of the Franciscan Missionaries of the Eternal Word wherein many of the monks and priests were celebrating the mass and special prayers of adoration to the Lord. It was about fifteen years prior and my children were very young.

Given a beautiful grace, I was shown that my children had been given a very, very holy childhood . . . and a very happy one. Reaching out to my youngest, I quietly held my arms to him and said, "Come here, Popsie Face." Giggling, my four year old rumbled my way in a gleeful meander.

Alit within the splendor of the eternal heavens, my soul was thrust down into the proliferation of an

alteration in progress regarding the mother of a young son of about eight years of age. She was about to commit suicide and the eternal was calling in assistance to prevent this from happening at this juncture. The young boy had come through my window in his sleeping to ask for my help in the dark night.

One of my spiritual counseling clients was watching closely from a distance to observe the alteration process. Awwwww, it was Seeker.

Two giant lions, a male and a female, came through the window behind the young boy. Majestic and powerful, they were bringing the medicine required to complete the alteration.

We had now bilocated instantly to the home of the young boy where the sleeping spirits of his closest friend and his parents were waiting along with the young boy's father.

Trying to utilize them to assist in averting this tragedy, I was very disappointed to realize that they were hesitant to help. In their minds, it was not their problem as they had problems of their own.

Several other souls arrived, not of their own choosing, who because of their special relationship with the mother had been called in by the eternal to assist in preventing her from committing suicide. Each stepped forward, each was hesitant to help. Lots of complaints were lodged about their own problems.

My patience began to wear thin. This was not something I had encountered much of previously in my alteration experiences; such apathy and lack of compassion or caring on subconscious levels.

I realized that this was going to require a very different approach. I was going to have to kick their butts and hind quarters and make them do it.

Instead of asking, I began to tell them what they were going to do and that this was *no longer optional, but required*. They had to do it, I made them do it.

They were required to set themselves aside and show compassion and deep abiding love and caring to her on these sub-conscious levels which was then guided by my hands and the eternal to bring forth from within her soul the will to live again.

As this was happening, it was made known to me that she'd been pregnant, her husband had divorced her and she had put up the child for adoption. And this is what had driven her to this suicidal status.

But yet now she was re-energizing from within her the strength to build up again a new life for her and her young son; to create something new from the ashes of the old. And it was good.

But I still remained stunned by the indifference I had witnessed this eve. As I returned to form, I troubled myself about this change in the unconscious nature of the human soul; that even in the depths of the

subconscious dreaming wherein often the highest impetus of compassion would yet be borne and seen in the mystical states, indifference was now arising. This indicated a very serious breach occurring within the consciousness of the greater mind in that it was being lowered to lesser and slighter vibratory fields of unconcern for the other.

Another eve approached and many things remained unclear about the changes which had been wrought in my life recently, and I continued to question as to what should be done about many details.

In the cloudeous oasis above, the form of Pope John XXIIIrd began to emerge ethereally, as he slowly transcended from the mystical spheres to a more solid appearance within the borderlands from whence he had been sought. He was wearing a long black robe, with the cardinal sash and cap he had worn before he had become the pope. He conveyed, "Wait . . . it will reveal itself." Nodding in gratitude, I bowed and then turned to wait for such things to as yet be made plain.

In my journeying back towards form, my spirit was taken to a laboratory. And there was given to see and have implanted in my ethereal mists an Arcturian chip. Within its fibers was an activation clip, which would cause the chip to vibrate and thus bring vibration into the being in whom it was implanted.

As I accepted this gift, I was made to know that this was being held in an extraterrestrial lab where it was kept entirely secret.

The device was very small, but it was not implanted in any one particular place as it would have been if it were being placed inside the physical body. It would be taken within the ethereal auric field of the soul and the device would be transformed to a vibratory field which encompassed the entire soul construct. And then it would be absorbed so as to leave no sign of it ever to find.

Returning to form, my vibration underwent a series of thrusts and then leveled off into a consistently higher finer hum in a far off stratosphere.

In a subsequent epic journey, my soul was dressed in an ornate fabric gown of burgundy with etchings of gold outlining many wondrous images and forms which were inscribed within the garment which encompassed my form and covered it almost like the centuries and aeons were now the bindle of my soul. For this eve, I was moving in a seated position as the energies I encompassed was the very picture of the Heavenly Mother and Avalokiteswara as I flew around the world in the mystic realms to visit cities, towns and villages. In each location, I began to wave my arms from high above and let out a breath of wind as a whirlwind of gold energies would form in an exhalation of canopy onto these fields and gracefully descend to cover the etheric overlayment of these populated places in the below. Moving ever closer to the ground, I would continue to bend and sway and weave as thin threads of gold would shoot out from my fingers and toes and intersperse themselves with

all that was formed and to be formed in the vibratory fields of the lesser worlds.

It was my task to bring in the gold energies into these places and to overshadow the penumbra of the lost and the darkened within them.

Before I was bidden to leave these places, they must needs be shimmering all in a splendiferous golden light.

"In this state the divine Word effects that cleavage of the soul and spirit of which the Apostle speaks in his Epistle to the Hebrews (4:12). The result is that, while the spirit is submerged and completely lost in God, the soul must travel on alone, suffering in order to purify itself. Says St. Catherine of Genoa (D i a l II, 11): My soul saw the spirit attracted to and fixed always on God and unable to withdraw itself for a moment from that ecstatic ravishment. It never ceased to submerge itself in the ocean of happiness and uncreated goodness where its only thought was to annihilate itself and to be transformed more and more into God. But God said to the soul, " You see My operations on the spirit, and you envy them; but for the present I shall not let you share in them. . . . It is necessary that you hold fast to the good which I expect from your abnegation. . . . You will be separated from the spirit which I shall keep hidden in the depths of My being. . . . I have permitted you to see but a mere spark of My glory, and it was extinguished immediately." . . . Ah, this division of the soul and the spirit surpasses my understanding more than heaven exceeds the earth. . . . Yet it is a divine work and for that reason it is a blessed work. I continue to adore it in spite of my desolation and I tell myself that at least in this way I shall love, for to suffer is to love. Cf. Interior Castle, seventh

mansions, chap. 1. St. Francis de Sales (Love of God, IX, 3) says: The soul is sometimes found to be so overcome by interior afflictions that its faculties and powers are oppressed by the privation of all that might give it relief and by the apprehension of all that can afflict it. In imitation of its Savior, the soul begins to be troubled, to . . . At length it becomes sorrowful with an agony which is similar to the agony of the dying, so that it can say: "My soul is sorrowful even unto death." The soul desires and pleads with all its heart that if it be possible, this chalice may be taken from it. There remains to the soul only the supreme point of its spirit which clings to the divine will and says with sincere submission "Eternal Father, not my will but Thine be done." The soul makes this resignation amidst such afflictions, contradictions, and repugnances that it hardly is aware that it is doing so. It seems to be done so languidly that it does not appear to proceed from a good heart, as it should, since what the soul is then enduring for the divine good-pleasure is not only endured without any delight and contentment, but even against the pleasure and contentment of the rest of the heart, which is permitted by love to bemoan itself, and to complain and repeat the lamentations of Job and Jeremias. Yet this is done in such a manner that the sacred submission still is preserved in the depth of the soul. . . . But this submission is not tender or sweet although it is sincere, strong, and full of love. . . . The more love is deprived of all help and cut off from any assistance from the powers and faculties of the soul, the more it is to be esteemed for preserving its fidelity so constantly.

7. The Dark and Purifying Contemplation

When the soul is raised to the very high degree of contemplation which takes place in the darkness of the divine light, it must prescind completely from every image

or form, whether sensible or intellectual, and from all recollection of creatures, however good they may be. The soul must withdraw itself even from the consideration of the sacred humanity of our Lord, which is the gate through which it enters to the secrets of the Father. As long as the soul has any of these images before it, the Consoler will not come. As long as it is fixed upon anything created, it cannot receive the uncreated light. Yet, once the soul has passed through this divine contemplation, it must return anew, as St. Teresa advises, to the mysteries of the sacred humanity, which is the only way of arriving at light and life. "Not only every sensible representation," says Blossius (Institutions, chap. 12), "but every spiritual consideration, impedes the work of God in the mystical union. Therefore, as soon as one is aware of the divine action, he must abandon every representation and particular consideration, no matter how holy and useful these things may be at other times, and remain in that internal silence where God works and speaks. . . . But as soon as the soul perceives that God has ceased working, it should return to itself and resume its customary exercises." Said the eternal Father to St. Mary Magdalen of Pazzi (Ceuvres, I. 24) ; He who desires to attain to My purity must not concern himself with any created thing . . . not even with the sacred humanity of My Word. The soul must fix itself only upon My divine essence, rejecting every thought and affection that does not pertain to My essence. The slightest attachment for any creature will be an obstacle to the acquisition of this purity or will be a stain on this purity if it is already possessed. . . . But to make you better understand these great truths, it is necessary that I blind you, for purity sees nothing, recognizes nothing, knows nothing. . . . Therefore you cannot acquire it except by total renunciation of your being, your knowledge, and your will. Yet you must not for that reason cease to work according to the virtues, following the interior attraction of My grace which directs

you in all things. You must work without having a clear knowledge of your operations. Blessed Angela of Foligno says (Visions, chap. 26): My soul was enraptured, and I saw God with a clarity superior to any clarity I had ever known and in a plenitude far surpassing all other plenitude. . . . I saw God in a darkness, . . . because everything that I could think of seemed disproportionate to Him and there was given me a perfect trust, a certain hope, a security . . . that was ceaseless and guaranteed. I recollected myself totally in the infinite good which appeared to me in that darkness, and in its depth I found peace, the certainty that God was with me: Emmanuel. . . . My hope is buried in that certain and secret good which I perceive in the immense darkness. In Him I know and possess all that I wish to know or possess; in Him is all good. . . . I see nothing, and yet I see all; I have the absolute certainty of the Good which I possess. The more this supreme Good is seen in darkness, the better does the soul realize that He surpasses all goods. He is the hidden mystery. . . . All else is darkness; all else that can be thought of is as nothing beside Him. The divine power, wisdom, and will, which I have seen marvelously at other times, all seem much less than this. This is the whole, and all things else are but part of the whole. These latter things, do indeed bring with them a great joy which redounds to the body; but when God manifests Himself in this darkness, there is no smile on the lips, no fervor or devotion or love in the heart, and no trembling or movement of the body. . . . All the caresses which God has lavished upon me, which are numerous and unspeakable, all His sweetness and gifts . . . are nothing when compared to Him whom I see through the darkness. . . . Alas, the words I speak seem to me to be nothing. What am I saying? My very words cause me horror. O supreme obscurity! My words are veritable blasphemy. Silence! Silence! Silence! . . . When I dwell in that obscure darkness, I remember nothing at all of the humanity of Jesus Christ nor ought of

any other form. I see all things and yet I saw nothing. Coming forth from that obscurity, I again see the God-man, who sweetly draws my soul to Himself. Says Blosius (Institutions, chap. 12): The soul which contemplates that luminous darkness or obscure light swoons away and, turning back to God, becomes one spirit with Him in the very depths of its being. Engendered there together with the Word which the Father utters, the soul is nobly renewed and made capable of every kind of good. Whence God the Father says of that soul: " This is My beloved daughter in whom I am well pleased." . . . The soul truly submerged and absorbed in God swims in the Divinity with an ineffable joy which to the body so that eternal life begins for it in this exile. It keeps its thoughts firmly fixed on God; it possesses a certain supernatural unity of spirit wherein it dwells as in its proper mansion and it is inclined to the divine essence, toward that supreme unity wherein the Father and the Son and the Holy Ghost are one. Its conversations are in heaven; that is, with the three divine persons; and when it is supremely united to God, there is no longer any past or future for it but only an everlasting now. In that unchangeable eternity which is God, the soul possesses all things and, free of all representations, it recognizes the supreme order and distinction of things. Thus, surpassing all understanding, the soul flies to its beginning, God, where it is made light in His light. Before this light all the natural and even the infused lights are darkened just as the light of the stars is darkened in the face of the sun, for when the uncreated light is born, the created light vanishes. . . . Now all the passions of the soul are subdued, and it is no longer motivated by them. Both in adversity and in prosperity, it enjoys an essential peace. . . . Such souls, although they are greatly illumined by the divine light in which they see clearly what is to be done or omitted, nevertheless subject themselves to others joyfully and for the love of God. They give complete obedience in

all things that are in accordance with God's will and they take the lowest place. They do not become proud because of the gifts and talents which they have received, because they are deeply submerged in their own nothingness. They do not presume on themselves for they know that it is God who works all the good they do. Remaining truly humble and filled with a filial fear, they consider themselves unprofitable servants. They avoid even the slightest faults, argue the negligences which they incur through weakness are washed and expiated in the blood of Christ. They abandon many of the practices and customs which they formerly employed because now they have no attachment to anything. They are no longer their own, but they are Jesus Christ's. They remain unknown by the world, nor is their simple and truly Christian conversation, which soars to heavenly things, readily heeded except by those who enjoy the same grace. For such souls are not accustomed to manifest outwardly any singular or unusual mannerisms. They appear sweet and kind in all their dealings and affable to all as long as the affair is not sinful. They are not extremely severe, but meek and compassionate. This is one of the proofs that they cannot be separated now from God. . . . But because they speak with humility and hold themselves in low esteem, these hidden sons of God are frequently disdained by those who display exterior signs of holiness and especially by those who, through self-will, lead a base life."

The Mystical Evolution, By Fr. John G. Arintero, Translated by Fr. Joran Aumann, O.P., B. Herder Books and Publishers, 1951

After I had encompassed much of the world's entirety for this eve, my soul was given to land in an arena wherein there were two young men who were legitimately and eternally called to an environmental

vocation upon the earth, on the ground. And as of yet, they met me with a charged disrespect.

“How does what you’re doing help anything,” One said, “you need to get on the ground and do the work. Writing books doesn’t help anybody.” Looking at them with a regarded surprise, I replied. “I, along with many other elders and forebears to you, have set the groundwork for you to complete your mission on the ground in many different ways; in the ethers, in the minds of men, on the ground and in other ways.” But they seemed to truly not understand, and they lacked deeply in respect. Their arrogance was deep.

My spirit was again being shown another deficit which was beginning to show even in the deeper recesses within the Universal Mind, wherein such defects should not be appearing. Even if yet to be purified on the surface, within the subconscious aspect of a soul working towards an eternal mission on the ground, this abiding respect should have absolutely been in place.

But they absolutely did not respect me as their elder. Their arrogance and lack of respect for their elders, forebears and those who had provided the foundation for them was lacking in insight, inspiration, intelligence, judgment and humility. It was very concerning because they had a legitimate eternal calling, and this serious deficit of character was enough to become a threat to the mission for which they’d been entrusted.

I flew around the world in the mystic realms to visit cities, towns and villages. In each location, I waved my arms from high above and let out breaths of wind as whirlwinds of gold energies formed in an exhalation of canopy onto these fields and gracefully descended to cover the etheric overlayment of these populated places in the below. Moving ever closer to the ground, I continued to bend and sway and weave as thin threads of gold would shoot out from my fingers and toes and interspersed themselves with all that was formed and to be formed in the vibratory fields of the lesser worlds.

"The inertia of these organs, degraded by hypertrophy, is compensated by others who are filled with the spirit of charity and sacrifice. By their abundant virtues and graces they supply for what is wanting in their neighbors. Thus organic equilibrium is restored when anything has disturbed it, and the organism is maintained in holy harmony."

The Mystical Evolution, By Fr. John G. Arintero, Translated by Fr. Joran Aumann, O.P., B. Herder Books and Publishers, 1951

CHAPTER FOUR

Breath

Turning to leave, I was instantly transported to my previous home wherein I had lived in the past. The experience was so conscious, it seemed as if I were physically there experiencing things in a conscious waking state. But although I interiorly knew I'd flown there by airplane and took a cab to the house, I had no memory of having done this. And I was deeply worried because I had not told my current roommate that I was leaving.

Things had been moved around energetically, and I noticed that the current occupant was fast, fast asleep. Snarky comments were being made to me by demons who were lurking in the mystical spheres in my previously holy abode. Things had been moved around, redecorated - so to speak - and some of my stuff had been thrown out. I lamented the loss of the temple, and the defilements which had come upon it through neglect and disregard.

But I realized that the primary reason for me having been brought here was that a soul currently residing, needed to be awoken. He had not noticed I had come and barely noticed I was there. Continuing to sleep, I sat there trying to wake him up and acknowledge I'd arrived, but he never woke up during my stay.

From the front door, I noticed that his sister had

arrived to come and visit. But he made no time for her, either, and paid her no notice.

When suddenly, the three of us and another younger soul were instantly transported into a street fair like event occurring in some type of chaos realm in the astral spheres. The younger soul was presented as very, very young, like barely four years old, even though he was now a grown man.

Wandering through the chaos, I was protecting him as we had to go up and down this street wherein all these chaotic and fair like events were going on and find the one which would lead him back to his spiritual school. This was where his focus would lie. Along the way, we ran into young men smoking pot who tried to distract him. They said some stupid things to us about how much cooler it was to be free and do what these guys were doing, when I stopped him with a threatening glaze. "You should be more concerned about your long term safety and your purpose in life not being damaged or completely lost due to your foolish distractions." When I said this, he just stopped in his tracks, unfamiliar with being called on his falsehoods, he no longer knew what to say. And it seemed he was questioning himself in what he had been doing this whole time in circling around chaos smoking pot and wasting time - not moving forward, not doing anything, really.

Finding the entry to the school, I was able to get the young soul safely settled into his focus as I returned to find the other occupant driving a van and walking

through this chaos realm in a state of confusion and unrest.

He kept leaving the van at rest without putting the vehicle in park, but rather in neutral, so it would start rolling down hills and moving out of control. But he didn't notice this because he was wandering aimlessly, getting in his van, getting out to walk . . . very, very, very slowly. I was running after the van to stop it from getting too far or running into other souls, because he was completely oblivious to the danger his recklessness was posing.

But as this went on and on and on and on and on . . . eventually, and my continual warnings to him went on without hearing or any abatement . . . my soul was directed to just get in the van and stop it.

Calling out to him one last time, I tried to warn him that he was moving way too slowly to make progress of any note in an earthly life. But he kept walking so slowly, so slowly . . . I warned him that he could not be reckless and leave the van unattended and unrestrained, but he looked at me with a glazed expression as he continued to walk even slower, even slower, even slower.

An internal force immediately insisted that I drive the van away and let him walk. Interiorly, I followed the beckon. Off to my right, I noticed that he had never noticed that his sister had come or made time for her. And she was now involved in something to do with the sciences in the street fair. But I could not find her.

I drove through the entirety of the maze innumerable times until my soul was exhausted from the search. But suddenly and without my foreknowledge, the road I was traveling turned towards a more interior street fair. Now there were things going on all sides of the road regarding spiritual practices and more things like this. But it was still a maze and I found myself concerned that I might not be able to find my own way out of it without assistance.

So after traveling through the spiritual maze several times, I noticed a side road which swept itself apart from the rest of the circular motion and as I approached it, I prepared to take this turn. It would be difficult, because it would require me to leave the momentum of the circular chaos motion and break it to take another direction.

But as I did so, I observed a beautiful pink stand right there at the corner which was managed by a pretty, middle aged woman with dark brown shoulder length hair. "How might I exit this spiritual maze?" I asked. "I've come to assist a friend, but find that I cannot remain here. But as of yet, I have not found the exit." The lady acted as though she received this question a lot and said, "You need to go down the back corridor," she pointed off to her right and my left, away from the maze, a darkened bit of sky. "And when you find the pink water with the gold haze, you must dive in." Emphasizing, she said, "You have to *dive all the way* and *keep going*." Interiorly, I understood this was challenging because you would have to be prepared to hold your breath.

“Once you reach the other side,” she continued, “you must find ‘yourself.’ Your name will be Aladeen. (Pronounced **Olodeen**, emphasis on the last syllable) This will give you an idea about the next phase of your journey and your life.”

Adeen as a female’s name comes from the Hebrew root and can mean noble, gentle or delicate. In Irish or Gaelic it means ‘little fire.’

Following her instructions, as I walked along what had appeared to be a bit of a dark pathway, I came upon this light pink pool with golden steam coming from its sides. It was rectangular and in the middle of the pool, there were a series of cubes that opened further towards the bottom of the waters off into some form of infinity. I knew that must’ve been what she meant by ‘keep going.’

Preparing to hold my breath and keep going, I was very intimidated because I didn’t know how long I’d have to hold my breath or what would come. But I prepared myself to take the plunge and off I dove into the great infinite unknown.

Diving directly through the cubes, I was surprised to notice that rather than staying in a diving position, my spirit ended up in a seated and floating position in the pink and gold ethers. And within moments, I was able to breathe normally although I did not reach the other side for what seemed like a very long time. So you really didn’t have to hold your breath for any

long period at all, as it was more of a discipline of the mind.

Inside the cubes and the pink and gold ethereal air and water, it was peaceful and transformative, not unlike a vibrational raising of another nature, another sort.

Reaching the other side, there were many shop-like entrances off to the sides like a mall, but each had a name and represented a particular soul's journey. Each was the given name, like the one which had been given to me (Aladeen). And these were each receptacles representing individual souls who would be sent through these ethers to discover the next phase of their journey.

Passing by many of these, I saw and heard much beauty as many of them were related to music. It was fascinating and intriguing to observe from the outside some of the beautiful creations and destinies which others had awaiting them to bring into the physical spheres below.

But after a while, I realized I was wasting time in that I needed to find my own place and go there as I'd been instructed to do. We can easily lose focus when we allow our attention to be too fragmented by entertaining too many things all at the same time rather than focusing forward, direct at the task given us by the Father.

So I proceeded to look for Aladeen by going from shop front to shop front, listening to the musical sounds and looking for this name.

Eventually, I came across my store front. 'Aladeen' had beautiful music coming from its interior, two women were singing my songs, many of which I had not yet written. Some, I had already brought into the physical realm below and manifested into the hymnal in 'The Mysteries of the Redemption Series' of books.

There was a sense of everything feeling 'just right' here as I sat down at a circular table next to a very close male friend in my life, Seeker, and another female friend that I was coming to know. Each was on either side of me at the table. Two women I did not know sat in front of me.

It wasn't clear if the music was something I was as yet to bring into the physical realm, or if it was representative of another phase of development within my life which was coming my way.

But I allowed myself to relax into the ambience as my spirit and soul almost melted into the ethers only to awaken elsewhere . . .

Walking casually down the main causeway with a soul I had known much earlier in my life, he had been my close friend and confidante. We were inseparable friends back then, but there had come a time when he had asked if we could take our relationship further. And in my fear, I had chosen not to do so. I was

afraid of altering what was in itself the perfect friendship, but I was also afraid of breaking propriety in that he was younger than me by one year and at that time it didn't seem appropriate to pursue.

I'd had a very close relationship with his mother, and though his parents were now passed, they had both come for this reminder to me of a time long ago wherein I had absolutely missed the potential which had lain before me. Both of his parents were present, and they laughed and smiled as they said, "Oh, the two of you were adorable back then." Looking at each other, they both held a glimmer in their eye of that time. I remembered how we had been, the best of friends. A memory of our yearly ritual arose in my spirit. We used to help every year to raise up a brood of goslings for the local sanctuaries. We'd romp through the woods with six of them following us but we did everything together until I kind of ruined the dynamic that we had.

But as this memory arose, a protectiveness also arose between his parents of what he had built with his family now as new generations had been forged and unspoiled paths taken. I assured them I understood, and it seemed that the purpose in seeing this was not in any way to turn back the tide of time and do something over, but rather, to recognize that there had been eternal options given me in my lifetime which I had completely missed and did not recognize at that time, and even since.

In this realization, and the obviousness of how it had been tarnished simply by my fear of embracing the special relationship that we had or taking the chances that would have been taken in order to realize its full potential; it seemed I was being given a window view into something similar which was now being brought into my horizon through another soul, and that it would be wise to learn from the past and not - through fear or for the sake of propriety - turn it away. And just moments ago, he had been sitting to my right at the circular table . . . it was Seeker..

"At last love has come, I would be more ashamed to hide it in cloth than leave it naked. I prayed to the Muse and won. Venus dropped him in my arms, doing for me what she had promised. Let my joy be told, let those who have none tell it in a story. Personally, I would never send off words in sealed tablets for none to read."

Sulpicia, Translated by Aliko and Willis Barnstone, From Goddess, Edited by Jalaja Bonheim, Stewart, Chabori and Tang, New York and Singapor, 1997

My spirit was slipped back to the causeway in the rite of passage where I was surrounded by angelic looking beings who kept focusing on me and telling me over and over again, "You're magnificent, you're magnificent, you're magnificent . . ." I became quite uncomfortable, pushing them away and shouting, "Stop it!", as interiorly I wondered if this was some type of satanic type of lure towards vainglory. Rather than a momentary lifting of my spirits to encourage me to do well in the spiritual arenas.

My concern about it continued as I asked them again quietly, "Please stop, I am not magnificent." Their voices stilled, they did not disburse and the expressions on their faces remained steady in a kind and concerned sort of nature. There was a smile. "Do not deceive me," I said, "I know of my own vanities, do not tempt me to more of them." At this, they nodded as if to acknowledge their respect for my concern for the temptation to vice. My soul began to disintegrate and disappear from the realm and recur to the earthly sphere below.

On another eve, my spirit was swept into a rapturous and imminent state of concern over the arising of times to come in this lifetime and how one such as myself should be prepared and as yet so barraged to be besieged by its coming.

The signs of the Apocalypse were placed before my spirit in a series of about twelve pods, each representing a passage or period of time. An older priest wearing just the black shirt and pants with the white collar known to clergymen was guiding me through them almost like the stations of the cross, yet these were presented as if 'The Stations of the Apocalypse.'

I saw and was given many things energetically, and yet so much of it was taken upon my rising. But I had to know what it would look like so that I might prepare as apparently my role in it was much larger than I certainly had known. It was also vital that I be reunited and stay close to a particular soul who was

to accompany me on much of this journey. It was profoundly important that these things take place before the next station was to occur. And the way it appeared, we had already travelled through the first two stations of the Apocalypse. It remained of necessity that we work together through this. I was his guide, he was my protector. We were a vital unit. We needed one another to complete some great mission which had been placed upon our shoulders.

As in thousands of experiences before, many, many books were given unto my soul for me to take within. And the knowledges within them would instruct me and stay within me for the times to come.

At this, six spherical extraterrestrial craft came through a portal formed in the sky. They were circular and they came through an opening in the clouds. Beckoning to the extraterrestrials, I wanted them to take me with them. But it was not to be, I was here on a mission and that mission was as yet incomplete.

As light beams began to encircle around, upon and as yet inside me, I allowed the Arcturian vibrations to come within to prepare me for all that was to come. For I knew it was to be a difficult mission, a hardened task, and an honorable mission. But as of yet, its outcome was not yet known. Many receptacles had given up their sway, many missions had been aborted, many fine plans had been given up for the new; ever and ever recalculating to make room for the mistakes, misdeeds, and falling away of the chosen

ones of the Lord. Would I be able to fulfill it? Would I fall, too? Would I lose my own way?

We may never forget that the battles between principalities are real battles . . . which means the Light can lose. Never take it for granted that it will always win in the end. This is not so in mortal realms. It was this kind of passivity which had led to the condition of the world at this moment for which I had been sent..

Every soul must take personal responsibility for the redemption of their own soul. And every soul must take responsibility for the redemption of the realm in which they occupy.

If we do less, the Light loses strength. If we do more, the Light poses strength. Someone else will not do it . . . you must do it. No free passes originate in heaven.

Stand. Stand strong in the will of the Lord. If you fall . . . get up. Get up in the will of the Lord. If you fall away . . . find your way back. Find your way back in the will of the Lord. If you serve the wrong master, serve the right one. Serve the right master in the will of the Lord. If you have failed in all things, at least fail in the Lord. Because your failure will not prevail, the Lord says in Ben Sira (*Jeremiah, Old Testament*). Remember, *Mother Teresa* has said, the Lord doesn't ask that we succeed, He asks that we be faithful. If you've been unfaithful, be faithful. Be faithful right now in the will of the Lord. Because *'he whose inner eye is opened to behold the beauty and perfection of God will*

despise all outward sights in comparison, however fair they may be,' according Imam Ghazzali. There's never a time when it no longer matters.

"MYSTICS of every race and creed have described the progress of the spiritual life as a Journey or a pilgrimage. Other symbols have been used for the same purpose, but this one appears to be almost universal in its range. The Sufi who sets out to seek God calls himself a 'traveller' (salik); he advances by slow 'stages' (maqamat) along a 'path' (tariqat) to the goal of union with Reality (fana fi 'l-Haqq). Should he venture to make a map of this interior ascent, it will not correspond exactly with any of those made by previous explorers. Such maps or scales of perfection were elaborated by Sufi teachers at an early period, and the unlucky Moslem habit of systematising has produced an enormous aftercrop. The 'path' expounded by the author of the Kitabal-Luma', perhaps the oldest comprehensive treatise on Sufism that we now possess, consists of the following seven 'stages', each of which (except the first member of the series) is the result of the 'stages' immediately preceding it--(1) Repentance, (2) abstinence, (3) renunciation, (4) poverty, (5) patience, (6) trust in God, (7) satisfaction. The 'stages' constitute the ascetic and ethical discipline of the Sufi, and must be carefully distinguished from the so-called 'states' (ahwal, plural of hal), which form a similar psychological chain. The writer whom I have just quoted enumerates ten 'states'--Meditation, nearness to God, love, fear, hope, longing, intimacy, tranquillity, contemplation, and certainty. While the 'stages' can be acquired and mastered by one's own efforts, the 'states' are spiritual feelings and dispositions over which a man has no control: "They descend from God into his heart, without his being able to

repel them when they come or to retain them when they go." The Sufi's 'path' is not finished until he has traversed all the 'stages,' making himself perfect in every one of them before advancing to the next, and has also experienced whatever 'states' it pleases God to bestow upon him. Then, and only then, is he permanently raised to the higher planes of consciousness which Sufis call 'the Gnosis' (ma'rifat) and 'the Truth' (haqiqat), where the 'seeker' (talib) becomes the 'knower' or 'gnostic' ('arif), and realises that knowledge, knower, and known are One."

The Mystics of Islam, By Reynold A. Nicholson, Routledge, Kegan Paul, London, 1914

"It is an axiom of the Sufis that what is not in a man he cannot know. The gnostic--Man par excellence--could not know God and all the mysteries of the universe, unless he found them in himself. He is the micro-cosm, 'a copy made in the image of God,' 'the eye of the world whereby God sees His own works.' In knowing himself as he really is, he knows God, and he knows himself through God, who is nearer to everything than its knowledge of itself. Knowledge of God precedes, and is the cause of, self-knowledge.

Gnosis, then, is unification, realisation of the fact that the appearance of 'otherness' beside Oneness is a false and deluding dream. Gnosis lays this spectre, which haunts unenlightened men all their lives; which rises, like a wall of utter darkness, between them and God. Gnosis proclaims that 'I' is a figure of speech, and that one cannot truly refer any will, feeling, thought, or action to one's self.

Niffari heard the divine voice saying to him: "When thou regardest thyself as existent and dost not regard Me as the

Cause of thy existence, I veil My face and thine own face appears to thee. Therefore consider what is displayed to thee, and what is hidden from thee!"

[If a man regards himself as existing through God, that which is of God in him predominates over the phenomenal element and makes it pass away, so that he sees nothing but God. If, on the contrary, he regards himself as having an independent existence, his unreal egoism is displayed to him and the reality of God becomes hidden from him.] . . .

[Prosperity is true belief in God, which requires complete abstraction from created things.]

Logically, these doctrines annul every moral and religious law. In the gnostic's vision there are no divine rewards and punishments, no human standards of right and wrong. For him, the written word of God has been abrogated by a direct and intimate revelation.

"I do not say," exclaimed Abu 'l-Hasan Khurqani, "that Paradise and Hell are non-existent, but I say that they are nothing to me, because God created them both, and there is no room for any created object in the place where I am."

From this standpoint all types of religion are equal, and Islam is no better than idolatry. It does not matter what creed a man professes or what rites he performs

"The true mosque is a pure and holy heart . . .

"For some Sufis, absorption in the ecstasy of fana (selfhood) is the end of their pilgrimage. Thenceforth no relation exists between them and the world. Nothing of themselves is left in them; as individuals, they are dead.

Immersed in Unity, they know neither law nor religion nor any form of phenomenal being. But those God-intoxicated devotees who never return to sobriety have fallen short of the highest perfection. The full circle of deification must comprehend both the inward and outward aspects of Deity—the One and the Many, the Truth and the Law. It is not enough to escape from all that is creaturely, without entering into the eternal life of God the Creator as manifested in His works. To abide in God (baqa) after having passed-away from selfhood (fana) is the mark of the Perfect Man, who not only journeys to God, i.e. passes from plurality to unity, but in and with God, i.e. continuing in the unitive state, he returns with God to the phenomenal world from which he set out, and manifests unity in plurality. In this descent,

*"He makes the Law his upper garment
And the mystic Path his inner garment,"*

for he brings down and displays the Truth to mankind while fulfilling the duties of the religious law. Of him it may be said, in the words of a great Christian mystic:

"He goes towards God by inward love, in eternal work, and he goes in God by his fruitive inclination, in eternal rest. And he dwells in God; and yet he goes out towards created things in a spirit of love towards all things, in the virtues and in works of righteousness. And this is the most exalted summit of the inner life." {Ruysbroeck, quoted in E. Underhill's Introduction to Mysticism, p. 522.}

'Afifuddin Tilimsani, in his commentary on Niffari, describes four mystical journeys:

The first begins with gnosis and ends with complete passing-away (fana). The second begins at the moment when passing-away is succeeded by 'abiding' (baqa).

He who has attained to this station journeys in the Real, by the Real, to the Real, and he then is a reality (haqq). (from the eternal and the phenomenal are two complementary aspects of the One, each of which is necessary to the other . . . he is a reality, but not the Reality.) Thus travelling onward, he arrives at the station of the Qutb (The saints form an invisible hierarchy, on which the order of the world is thought to depend. Its supreme head is entitled the Qutb (Axis)), which is the station of Perfect Manhood.

*[In consequence of their (**saints**) intimate relation to God, the veil shrouding the supernatural, or, as a Moslem would say, the unseen world, from their perceptions is withdrawn at intervals, and in their fits of ecstasy they rise to the prophetic level. Neither deep learning in divinity, nor devotion to good works, nor asceticism, nor moral purity makes the Mohammedan a saint; he may have all or none of these things, but the only indispensable qualification is that ecstasy and rapture which is the outward sign of 'passing-away' from the phenomenal self. Anyone thus enraptured (majdhub) is a wali {Waliyyat, if the saint is a woman. Hujwiri tells us that amongst the saints "there are four thousand who are concealed and do not know one another and are not aware of the excellence of their state, being in all circumstances hidden from themselves and from mankind."}]*

He becomes the centre of the spiritual universe, so that every point and limit reached by individual human beings is equally distant from his station, whether they be near or

far; since all stations revolve round his, and in relation to the Qutb there is no difference between nearness and farness. To one who has gained this supreme position, knowledge and gnosis and passing-away are as rivers of his ocean, whereby he replenishes whomsoever he will. He has the right to guide others to God, and seeks permission to do so from none but himself. Before the gate of Apostleship was closed {I.e. before the time of Mohammed, who is the Seal of the Prophets.}, he would have deserved the title of Apostle, but in our day his due title is Director of Souls, and he is a blessing to those who invoke his aid, because he comprehends the innate capacities of all mankind and, like a camel-driver, speeds everyone to his home."

The Mystics of Islam, By Reynold A. Nicholson, Routledge, Kegan Paul, London, 1914

"Sufism is this: that actions should be passing over the Sufi (i.e. being done upon him) which are known to God only, and that he should always be with God in a way that is known to God only."

"Sufism is wholly self-discipline."

"Sufism is, to possess nothing and to be possessed by nothing."

"Sufism is not a system composed of rules or sciences but a moral disposition; i.e. if it were a rule, it could be made one's own by strenuous exertion, and if it were a science, it could be acquired by instruction; but on the contrary it is a disposition, according to the saying, 'Form yourselves on the moral nature of God'; and the moral nature of God cannot be attained either by means of rules or by means of sciences."

"Sufism is freedom and generosity and absence of self-constraint."

"It is this: that God should make thee die to thyself and should make thee live in Him."

"To behold the imperfection of the phenomenal world, nay, to close the eye to everything imperfect in contemplation of Him who is remote from all imperfection--that is Sufism."

"Sufism is control of the faculties and observance of the breaths."

The Mystics of Islam, By Reynold A. Nicholson, Routledge, Kegan Paul, London, 1914

CHAPTER FIVE

Warfare

Having traveled into the mystical spheres of the human realms, I looked off into the distance only to observe a huge rotund demonic spawn. It got larger and larger and spread outwards, and would go from encompassing the mass of perhaps the size of a single human being to that of several hundred thousands pounds of melting fleshpots and filth over the canopies of the earth.

Sighing in hopeless regard, I looked down . . . caught my breath and then lifted my eyes again to look over the horizons of the human plain. But what I saw looked very hopeless, like a complete overtaking by like octopus type demonic entities which had grown to monstrous size with tendrils and entrails connecting them to everything and everyone. This was a true infection and infiltration of everyone and everything within the earth's sphere of human influence.

Looking upon the faces of the human souls, only yet another sign of doom awaited my glaze. Their faces were darkened like coal had been slapped on them as you'd oft see in the body of decomposing corpse below ground. Their skin sunk around the eyes and the orbitals. Their stature was unnaturally shortened as if by aging or death and submission to putrefaction.

The faces of humankind were small and submissive to the dark clans, like an absurd or nonsensical swelter utilized to swarm the reason of men like locusts with the claptrap of crackling old bones in a ratchety old coffin of ideas that had been lost and swept into the heralded nightwind of the past due to that which had been swept up by time, gathered into the minions of doom, garnished by the laborers of evil and spread upon the waiting minds of humanity like feces in such a simple manner as to give evil an audacity akin to simplicity. As humanity had offered no fight against these swarming locusts of evil thoughts, but had suckled them at breast as if they were the sweetest milk to be offered to the maelstrom of human ingenuity and spiritual acquiescence to the evolutionary call of the Beloved.

Howtofore had mankind become so abruptly corrupted to the obvious taint of evil in its midst? Howtofore had mankind become so lacking in discernment that even the most hideous of evils could be foreboden to them as a 'good' in an of itself? Howtofore had mankind become so ensnared in this parasitic, octopus-like rendering of a squid like demonic substance which remained a caricature at best of all that is foul and filth in the realms of the below?

And yet . . . it had. And yet it had taken hold. The minds and hearts of humankind were a foul stench, linked together by this decomposingly filthy wretched and foul spawn which continued to grow aggressively with the onsent of every living breath.

And every living breath was becoming a death cry, as the light and life was squeezed out of it by the foul and ungodly hands of evildoers who had embraced a philosophy void of God, and thus, void of every Created and Creative thing.

The 'Lord Demon' of yore which had both bent and shocked reality at its appearance a decade earlier in its earliest manifestation of the arrogant intelligence of the human race, was now vastly overshadowed by a far greater evil; the foul and reprehensible 'Rotund and Massive Parasitic Spawn which Sucketh out All Life,' the intransigent mortal authority which threatened to end life in the spirit as it had been known throughout all time and through the ages within human realms.

In this instant, I knew it was in such infestations that species of life like the reptilians had been borne - wherein spiritual sovereignty and moral authority had been literally ripped out of the very core of the spirit and the vital bodies of the physical vessel from which it had once been carried.

This was an evil the world had not yet seen, or had not seen since the time before Noah and the deluge . . . it was absolutely the quickening of the beast.

There was something very unnatural about the beast, as it was growing breasts on the male and testicles on the female beast. And those who promulgated the beast within their physical flasks would reflect the same.

There were machines which were causing all sorts of sexual aberrations and the like; for instance, there were just gurgling pools of liquid spawn which covered over all that was good in the world with a black muck pond.

Those who followed the beasts were destroying anything that was attached to the good. Beasts were trying to cover over and dampen my writings and the ancient sacred texts . . . I looked on in horror.

The ancient sacred texts!?!?!?!?!?

People were working within the medical community who had become deceived who were trying to do horrific medical things to me and any of the others who refused to join into the giant transmutation of scum and sperm which continually erupted onto the souls of humanity like filth and fecal fecundity.

Machines were being created to further intensify the fecundity of the beast. Human beings were surgically being altered somehow to lock in this condition of death of soul and spiritual blight. Families were entangled by webs of organic matter which was slimy, wet, green and obtuse. The beasts could lose limbs and yet grow them back, and everywhere you might look to find a place untouched by the foul stench of the unreasoned fetid mind, you could find nothing unsullied by withering crutaceous musk.

The aroma of the last and longest segment of the extinction event which occurred to the dinosaurs could not have been so pithy as the scent of the foul and cretinous fluids of the nether seeking formless blob sucking and swelling itself into every human form its own vain flush of sludge which was holding fast to the spiritual destiny and life of what remained of the human living element which had once been the hallowed vestibule and the quaint but majestic destiny of the human body which contained within it a living body of the All Living God.

Far be it from this living soul to give surrender of my spirit to such a foul and untimely beast! *What! No! Nay!!!! I say!!* As the souls of humanity who had given sway of themselves and all of their associations who had likewise given sort were attempting to gather my spirit and those unlike themselves unto them. Forcibly, they were taking us to medical appointments to alter the DNA structure within both our physical and spiritual construct, which would, in effect, make breaking away from this foul turn of the stream of human evolution almost impossible within the new human construct.

The beast was everywhere . . . attending all of the world events, all family gatherings, all activities, in all the perimeters and within the skank of the root of every relative, loved one, best friend, association, and all human beings . . . all of them . . . they were all being poisoned by the fetid brow of the drip, drip, dripping of a slow yet meticulous and exceedingly fecund demonic sperm beast-whale with the tentacles

of an octopus . . . what could I possibly call this thing?

Like locusts, like frothy parasites . . . they pursued. And yet their pursuit was so far below the radar, so slow and slimy a pursuit that it came from below, from behind, from unawares . . . it seeped in like a poison seeping through the skin while you were sleeping.

The seed had only to be extended to the subtleties until the morning. For if such a process could be so forth succeeded, perhaps the final battle of the mission to preserve the light would be for naught and the mission would be as yet foregone to the nemesis of the One Almighty God? No, it mustn't be.

I, for one, would preserve the dreamwalker way. The terrace of my dreamtime would not be forged by any dark substance, but only by the high and finer vibrational thrusts of an all resplendent light.

A river that only a muse could wander, an oasis only a traveler could light. If not I, then who, would preserve the light for this night? Gathering my strength, I forged the pillar of the incandescent splendour which would hold the light strong in the world for one more night as the battles between principalities and powers waged in the mystical spheres for the souls of humankind in their dreaming. My strength could not wander, my lusts run amok, my focus meander . . .for here in this dreamtime - this

eve – I could only stand for what would be either the survival or fall of all that we hold dear.

Shouting out to the heavens and to the one great Christ for assistance, I burrowed into the pillar and held my light.

But yet even so, I had to escape from this battlefield of nefarious pursuit, but in order to do so, I would have to cross through what seemed like a huge football field, or a coliseum maybe? There was no liberation here from this tumult, but a constant holding to the construct of the light. And doing so was of grave exhaustion, for this was beyond my reckoning, beyond my ken.

As my spirit soared in ever closer, I was shocked and appalled at the sights my soul was given to see. It was a Satanic Conference of some kind. Derelictions were depicted everywhere.

I was now on foot because the sticky, sloshy, slimy, sludge had become well too overbearing for any wings to bear flight through.

There was no way out except by a large body of water which lay before me along the side and below the coliseum wherein the keys to my higher vehicle had fallen and been entrapped within the swamp of guiltful abiding. Those wings had been the only vehicle I could have taken out of the the now satanic domain.

The liberation of the Lord Jesus Christ had come! I was free. And the light had held, been preserved . . . for yet one more night in the human worlds.

Anonymous Experience (Member of the Out-of-Body Travel Foundation):

“God grant us great grace for my prayer this morning. I have been praying with your email, and the experience you had shared with me above. Asking God for the grace and strength to battle these demon(s). I have been also praying for (the soul of humankind) to be released from these shackles which are chained to its spirit by ‘Rotund and Massive Parasitic Spawn which Sucketh out All Life.’

I went out and was in battle with whatever THAT is . . . Oh, my Lord!

It's hard to explain what happened in the battle . . . but when I was taken into the space where the warfare ensued, it was all being handled energetically, through spiritual warfare.

I did not see ‘Rotund and Massive Parasitic Spawn which Sucketh out All Life,’ so to speak with my spiritual eyes. But the battle was very powerful. I worked in harmony with another being with whom I was allowed to witness these events.

It was something I never experienced before, so I may not be able to explain well, but I will try anyway.

We were both there in the air for this battle. Though I felt distant and far away from this actual battle, and from whence it was happening, I was also at the same time very present.

I was commanding 'Rotund and Massive Parasitic Spawn which Sucketh out All Life' out of the spirit of humankind, The other being who worked in harmony with me was commanding the same in partnership with me.

My spirit shouted for the damnation of the dark forces and demanded them to release the human race from their hands, I felt such a strong energy exchange in a very distant way, and yet my spirit kept speaking and shouting out for the damnation of this creature which had overcome so much of life.

The more my spirit spoke out for the damnation of 'Rotund and Massive Parasitic Spawn which Sucketh out All Life,' the more I could hear the scream of pain coming from inside the entrails of all the human souls held by the beast as they fought to release him from their midst.

It echoed so big and my spirit felt the vibration of the scream and the pain which was coming from inside the voices of the souls of the damned who were seeking release from the demon.

It was something that was so powerful that I just cannot explain it well enough. I am sorry for that, but

I know you are already used to this, and you know what I mean.

The battle raged for a very long while till this was completed for the time being.

Although I did not expect this to in any way manifest in the physical realm, upon the ground, upon my waking, I wanted you to know that the battle in the spiritual realm against the beast had begun. And I so wish you could hear the painful scream of humankind, it was something else, something so forlorn, so lost, so expectant and so no words.

Let us give thanks to the Lord for HE is great and also join me for the prayer that he will continue to guide us and protect us in this battle. Also, we need to keep humanity and human-kind in prayer, and never give up. Some day, one day . . . the light will re-enter and bring humanity back to God someday.”

“THE RIVER

There arises a river in Pegana that is neither a river of water nor yet a river of fire, and it flows through the skies and the Worlds to the Rim of the Worlds, a river of silence. Through all the Worlds are sounds, the noises of moving, and the echoes of voices and song; but upon the River is no sound ever heard, for there all echoes die.

The River arises out of the drumming of Skarl, and flows for ever between banks of thunder, until it comes to the

waste beyond the Worlds, behind the farthest star, down to the Sea of Silence.

I lay in the desert beyond all cities and sounds, and above me flowed the River of Silence through the sky; and on the desert's edge night fought against the Sun, and suddenly conquered.

Then on the River I saw the dream-built ship of the god Yoharneth-Lahai, whose great prow lifted grey into the air above the River of Silence.

Her timbers were olden dreams dreamed long ago, and poets' fancies made her tall, straight masts, and her rigging was wrought out of the people's hopes.

Upon her deck were rowers with dream-made oars, and the rowers were the people of men's fancies, and princes of old story and people who had died, and people who had never been.

These swung forward and swung back to row Yoharneth-Lahai through the Worlds with never a sound of rowing. For ever on every wind float up to Pegana the hopes and the fancies of the people which have no home in the Worlds, and there Yoharneth-Lahai weaves them into dreams, to take them to the people again.

And every night in his dream-built ship Yoharneth-Lahai setteth forth, with all his dreams on board, to take again their old hopes back to the people and all forgotten fancies.

But ere the day comes back to her own again, and all the conquering armies of the dawn hurl their red lances in the face of the night, Yoharneth-Lahai leaves the sleeping

Worlds, and rows back up the River of Silence, that flows from Pegana into the Sea of Silence that lies beyond the Worlds.

And the name of the River is Imrana the River of Silence. All they that be weary of the sound of cities and very tired of clamour creep down in the night-time to Yoharneth-Lahai's ship, and going aboard it, among the dreams and the fancies of old times, lie down upon the deck, and pass from sleeping to the River, while Mung, behind them, makes the sign of Mung because they would have it so. And, lying there upon the deck among their own remembered fancies, and songs that were never sung, and they drift up Imrana ere the dawn, where the sound of the cities comes not, nor the voice of the thunder is heard, nor the midnight howl of Pain as he gnaws at the bodies of men, and far away and forgotten bleat the small sorrows that trouble all the Worlds.

But where the River flows through Pegana's gates, between the great twin constellations Yum and Gothum, where Yum stands sentinel upon the left and Gothum upon the right, there sits Sirami, the lord of All Forgetting. And, when the ship draws near, Sirami looketh with his sapphire eyes into the faces and beyond them of those that were weary of cities, and as he gazes, as one that looketh before him remembering naught, he gently waves his hands. And amid the waving of Sirami's hands there fall from all that behold him all their memories, save certain things that may not be forgotten even beyond the Worlds.

It hath been said that when Skarl ceases to drum, and MANA-YOOD-SUSHAI awakes, and the gods of Pegana know that it is THE END, that then the gods will enter

galleons of gold, and with dream-born rowers glide down Imrana (who knows whither or why?) till they come where the River enters the Silent Sea, and shall there be gods of nothing, where nothing is, and never a sound shall come. And far away upon the River's banks shall bay their old hound Time, that shall seek to rend his masters; while MANA-YOOD-SUSHAI shall think some other plan concerning gods and worlds."

The Gods of Pegana, by Lord Dunsany, 1905

CHAPTER SIX

Conviction

Anonymous Experience (Traveler): “I found myself inside a building watching people of different ages swimming in an indoor pool with bathing caps on. Then I observed in a nearby outdoor pool, a number of families playing and having fun. But somehow, the water in each pool had a purifying, celestial element with those who entered.

Suddenly, I was with another larger man and a very beautiful woman with long wavy light brown hair. She was thin, celestial, very loving, and seemed to be like an angel. She was dressed in light, ethereal clothing, and a white scarf enveloped her arms. The three of us were standing in front of a large, old, wooden door that had a window in the upper portion. We were trying to peer through the window, but the window was cloudy, so we couldn't see what was on the other side.

However, what profoundly struck me, was that when this beautiful woman touched me, I felt such a profound rush of heavenly-like energy. She would do the same with the other man. The three of us were in complete harmony with one another. Our energy was light, playful and free. We were united and focused on pursuing a mission for God; and our destiny lay on the other side of the wooden door.

Without warning, I was instantly removed from the presence of the others.

As I was thinking of all that had just transpired, I realized this woman was the higher self of my ex-wife. We had recently gotten divorced.

A barrage of emotion and energy hit me as I suddenly realized that I had been in a total state of disillusionment; both as regards my own life and my relationship with her.

Realizing suddenly, sharp contrasts entered my soul like a tidal wave of remembrance. Instantly, I knew why she had filed for divorce. She'd been on an eternal pathway for many years, including from the time when our children were very young.

While I had always known that she had always come from a very holy place and in service to God in our lives and family, I inherently knew that I, on the other hand, had at times led a very selfish and grounded existence.

While I had worked hard to provide for the family, I didn't fulfill my responsibilities as a husband and father most of the time. I'd led a miserly existence with a pervading theme of selfishness and worrying about money. My life had become caught up in a worldly existence, seeking the approval of others at the expense of loving my own family. This despite that over time, I learned that seeking the approval of others was a complete waste of time. And seeking this

had cost my family dearly over the years. Instead, I should have been spending my energy fulfilling my obligations as a husband and father. What a complete fool I had been!

I'd been angry, abusive and violent over the years, and throughout the divorce, I'd been hard and harsh. But as strange as it may seem, when her higher self had touched my soul, it had completely shattered my self-delusions. I had failed to see who she really was, even though I had always known that she had been on the path of the light and in service to the Lord.

I began weeping uncontrollably and inconsolably. I realized that while she was trying very hard to fulfill her obligations in a holy manner according to the will of God, I was existing solely for my own immediate and personal gratification.

If it is not obvious, as well, I'd forgotten how important it had been for me to also spend time and energy in a sincere and passionate relationship with God. My spirituality was not something that I could achieve through osmosis simply by being in the presence of others who practiced their deep faith. I had to cultivate and generate that relationship myself. But yes, although it seemed obvious in this moment, it had been hidden before the veiled mystical touch that her higher self had given to open my failing spiritual eyes.

Throughout my life, I'd given lip service to saying the Rosary, the Divine Mercy Chaplet and other prayers.

Sadly, I was more interested in working out, gorging myself with food and watching mindless television. In this moment, I also realized how my selfish behavior over the years had affected our children, as well. I laid my head in my hands.

As I wept, and while conducting my favorite activity - I found myself reflecting, as well, on whether or not I should have been more open to utilizing these gifts in some type of an eternal way. I wondered if part of my eternal purpose was related to my favorite activity? After recently retiring, I had tried to do just that, but had become impatient and gone back to my habitual behaviors and vices when it took too much effort or discipline. In my thoughts, I pondered, "Was I giving it enough time and energy?"

A profound sadness permeated my soul; but at the same time, I expressed profound thanks to God for giving me this tremendous gift of seeing how completely wrong I had been and continued to be up until this moment.

Maybe he was giving me another chance to change my life? How many chances had I been given?

But if there were any chance of change, I could never forget what I had just been shown . . . "

In the spiritual journey of souls, we all must ask how many times has God corrected our souls only to find us lazily wandering the same hillsides again year after year?

After all, it is so easy for us to focus on money, immediate gratification . . . instead of serving others. Each of us has to find purpose in our lives which involves truly and passionately seeking a close relationship with God. We all must fervently pray to God how we can best serve Him. Elsewise, would we . . . could we . . . ?

Or would we again forget? Would we again meander into the poppy fields of forgetfulness of past grace?

“The proof of love is in the works. Where love exists, it works great things. But when it ceases to act, it ceases to exist. The Holy Bible is like a mirror before our mind's eye.

In it we see our inner face. From the Scriptures we can learn our spiritual deformities and beauties. And there too we discover the progress we are making and how far we are from perfection.”

Pope St. Gregory the Great

“The relation of gnosis to positive religion is discussed in a very remarkable treatise on speculative mysticism by Niffari, an unknown wandering dervish who died in Egypt in the latter half of the tenth century. His work, consisting of a series of revelations in which God addresses the writer and instructs him concerning the theory of gnosis, is couched in abstruse language and would scarcely be intelligible without the commentary which accompanies it; but its value as an original exposition of advanced Sufism will sufficiently appear from the excerpts given in this chapter

Those who seek God, says Niffari, are of three kinds: firstly, the worshippers to whom God makes Himself known by means of bounty, i.e. they worship Him in the hope of winning Paradise or some spiritual recompense such as dreams and miracles; secondly, the philosophers and scholastic theologians, to whom God makes Himself known by means of glory, i.e. they can never find the glorious God whom they seek, wherefore they assert that His essence is unknowable, saying, "We know that we know Him not, and that is our knowledge"; thirdly, the gnostics, to whom God makes Himself known by means of ecstasy, i.e. they are possessed and controlled by a rapture that deprives them of the consciousness of individual existence.

Niffari bids the gnostic perform only such acts of worship as are in accordance with his vision of God, though in so doing he will necessarily disobey the religious law which was made for the vulgar. His inward feeling must decide how far the external forms of religion are good for him.

"God said to me, Ask Me and say, 'O Lord, how shall I cleave to Thee, so that when my day (of judgment) comes, Thou wilt not punish me nor avert Thy face from me?' Then I will answer thee and say, 'Cleave in thy outward theory and practice to the Sunna (the rule of the Prophet), and cleave in thy inward feeling to the gnosis which I have given thee; and know that when I make Myself known to thee, I will not accept from thee anything of the Sunna but what My gnosis brings to thee, because thou art one of those to whom I speak: thou hearest Me and knowest that thou hearest Me, and thou seest that I am the source of all things.'"

The commentator observes that the Sunna, being general in scope, makes no distinction between individuals, e.g. seekers of Paradise and seekers of God, but that in reality it contains exactly what each person requires. The portion specially appropriate in every case is discerned either by means of gnosis, which God communicates to the heart, or by means of guidance imparted by a spiritual director.

"And He said to me, 'My exoteric revelation does not support My esoteric revelation.'"

This means that the gnostic need not be dismayed if his inner experience conflicts with the religious law. The contradiction is only apparent. Religion addresses itself to the common herd of men who are veiled by their minds, by logic, tradition, and so on; whereas gnosis belongs to the elect, whose bodies and spirits are bathed in the eternal Light. Religion sees things from the aspect of plurality, but gnosis regards the all-embracing Unity. Hence the same act is good in religion, but evil in gnosis--a truth which is briefly stated thus:

"The good deeds of the pious are the ill deeds of the favourites of God."

Although works of devotion are not incompatible with gnosis, no one who connects them in the slightest degree with himself is a gnostic. This is the theme of the following allegory. Niffari seldom writes so lucidly as he does here, yet I fancy that few of my readers will find the explanations printed within square brackets altogether superfluous.

THE REVELATION OF THE SEA

"God bade me behold the Sea, and I saw the ships sinking and the planks floating; then the planks too were submerged."

[The Sea denotes the spiritual experiences through which the mystic passes in his journey to God. The point at issue is this: whether he should prefer the religious law or disinterested love. Here he is warned not to rely on his good Works, which are no better than sinking ships and will never bring him safely to port. No; if he would attain to God, he must rely on God alone. If he does not rely entirely on God, but lets himself trust ever so little in anything else, he is still clinging to a plank. Though his trust in God is greater than before, it is not yet complete.]

"And He said to me, 'Those who voyage are not saved.'"

[The voyager uses the ship as a means of crossing the sea: therefore he relies, not on the First Cause, but on secondary causes.]

"And He said to me, 'Those who instead of voyaging cast themselves into the Sea take a risk.'"

[To abandon all secondary causes is like plunging in the sea. The mystic who makes this venture is in jeopardy, for two reasons: he may regard himself, not God, as initiating and carrying out the action of abandonment,--and one who renounces a thing through 'self' is in worse case than if he had not renounced it,--or he may abandon secondary causes (good works, hope of Paradise, etc.), not for God's sake, but from sheer indifference and lack of spiritual feeling.]

"And He said to me, 'Those who voyage and take no risk shall perish.'"

[Notwithstanding the dangers referred to, he must make God his sole object or fail.]

"And He said to me, 'In taking the risk there is a part of salvation.'"

[Only a part of salvation, because perfect selflessness has not yet been attained. The whole of salvation consists in the effacement of all secondary causes, all phenomena, through the rapture which results from vision of God. But this is gnosis, and the present revelation is addressed to mystics of a lower grade. The gnostic takes no risk, for he has nothing to lose.]

"And the wave came and lifted those beneath it and overran the shore."

[Those beneath the wave are they who voyage in ships and consequently suffer shipwreck. Their reliance on secondary causes casts them ashore, i.e. brings them back to the world of phenomena whereby they are veiled from God.]

"And He said to me, 'The surface of the Sea is a gleam that cannot be reached.'"

[Anyone who depends on external rites of worship to lead him to God is following a will-o'-the-wisp.]

"And its bottom is a darkness impenetrable."

[To discard positive religion, root and branch, is to wander in a pathless maze.]

"And between the two are fishes which are to be feared."

[He refers to the middle way between pure exotericism and pure esotericism. The 'fishes' are its perils and obstacles.]

"Do not voyage on the Sea, lest I cause thee to be veiled by the vehicle."

[The 'vehicle' signifies the 'ship,' i.e. reliance on something other than God.]

"And do not cast thyself into the Sea, lest I cause thee to be veiled by thy casting thyself."

[Whoever regards any act as his own act and attributes it to himself is far from God.]

"And He said to me, 'In the Sea are boundaries: which of them will bear thee on?'"

[The 'boundaries' are the various degrees of spiritual experience. The mystic ought not to rely on any of these, for they are all imperfect.]

"And He said to me, 'If thou givest thyself to the Sea and sinkest therein, thou wilt fall a prey to one of its beasts.'"

[If the mystic either relies on secondary causes or abandons them by his own act, he will go astray.]

"And He said to me, 'I deceive thee if I direct thee to aught save Myself.'"

[If the mystic's inward voice bids him turn to anything except God, it deceives him.]

"And He said to me, 'If thou perishest for the sake of other than Me, thou wilt belong to that for which thou hast perished.'"

"And He said to me, 'This world belongs to him whom I have turned away from it and from whom I have turned it away; and the next world belongs to him towards whom

have brought it and whom I have brought towards Myself.'"

[He means to say that everlasting joy is the portion of those whose hearts are turned away from this world and who have no worldly possessions. They really enjoy this world, because it cannot separate them from God. Similarly, the true owners of the next world are those who do not seek it, inasmuch as it is not the real object of their desire, but contemplate God alone.]

The gnostic descries the element of reality in positive religion, but his gnosis is not derived from religion or from any sort of human knowledge: it is properly concerned with the divine attributes, and God Himself reveals the knowledge of these to His saints who contemplate Him. Dhu 'l-Nun of Egypt, whose mystical speculations mark him out as the father of Moslem theosophy, said that gnostics are not themselves, and do not subsist through themselves, but so far as they subsist, they subsist through God.

"They move as God causes them to move, and their words are the words of God which roll upon their tongues, and their sight is the sight of God which has entered their eyes."

*The gnostic contemplates the attributes of God, not His essence, for even in gnosis a small trace of duality remains: this disappears only in *fana al-fana*, the total passing-away in the undifferentiated Godhead. The cardinal attribute of God is unity, and the divine unity is the first and last principle of gnosis. {According to some mystics, the gnosis of unity constitutes a higher stage which is called 'the Truth' (*haqiqat*)*

Both Moslem and Sufi declare that God is One, but the statement bears a different meaning in each instance. The Moslem means that God is unique in His essence, qualities, and acts; that He is absolutely unlike all other beings. The Sufi means that God is the One Real Being which underlies all phenomena. This principle is carried to its extreme consequences, as we shall see. If nothing except God exists, then the whole universe, including man, is essentially one with God, whether it is regarded as an emanation which proceeds from Him, without impairing His unity, like sunbeams from the sun, or whether it is conceived as a mirror in which the divine attributes are reflected. But surely a God who is all in all can have no reason for thus revealing Himself: why should the One pass over into the Many? The Sufis answer--a philosopher would say that they evade the difficulty--by quoting the famous Tradition: "I was a hidden treasure and I desired to be known; therefore I created the creation in order that I might be known." In other words, God is the eternal Beauty, and it lies in the nature of beauty to desire love. The mystic poets have described the self-manifestation of the One with a profusion of splendid imagery. Jami says, for example:

"From all eternity the Beloved unveiled His beauty in the solitude of the unseen;

He held up the mirror to His own face, He displayed His loveliness to Himself.

He was both the spectator and the spectacle; no eye but His had surveyed the Universe.

All was One, there was no duality, no pretence of 'mine' or 'thine.'

The vast orb of Heaven, with its myriad incomings and outgoings, was concealed in a single point.

The Creation lay cradled in the sleep of non-existence, like a child ere it has breathed.

The eye of the Beloved, seeing what was not, regarded nonentity as existent.

Although He beheld His attributes and qualities as a perfect whole in His own essence,

Yet He desired that they should be displayed to Him in another mirror,

And that each one of His eternal attributes should become manifest accordingly in a diverse form,

Therefore He created the verdant fields of Time and Space and the life-giving garden of the world,

That every branch and leaf and fruit might show forth His various perfections,

The cypress gave a hint of His comely stature, the rose gave tidings of His beauteous countenance.

Wherever Beauty peeped out, Love appeared beside it; wherever Beauty shone in a rosy cheek, Love lit his torch from that flame.

Wherever Beauty dwelt in dark tresses, Love came and found a heart entangled in their coils.

Beauty and Love are as body and soul; Beauty is the mine and Love the precious stone.

They have always been together from the very first; never have they travelled but in each other's company."

The Mystics of Islam, By Reynold A. Nicholson, Routledge, Kegan Paul, London, 1914

CHAPTER SEVEN

Unification

Anonymous Experience (Member of the Out-of-Body Travel Foundation): “Hi Marilyn, I was praying fervently for you, Marilyn, and I met Jesus . . . I was praying fervently for you, Marilyn, to get the sign from God of where your next home should be, where you should rebuild. ‘

I got out of my body and my spirit continued to pray for you and kept asking to grant me some kind of confirmation that this is what he wishes you to do, in moving forward with your new home.

My younger one followed me to travel (I know this happens a lot) but I was directed to leave him because where I go, he couldn't. I placed him back in a safe place and flew out again.

I was brought higher and higher and higher and higher until my memories began to cease between where I had left off and where I would arrive.

As soon as my consciousness returned, the Lord was sitting right in front of me in the Himalayas. I don't know how, but I knew I was in the Himalayas.

His holiness was so present but His greatness was somewhat hidden. I don't know how to explain this to you, but I felt like He had hidden all of his power so

that would not scare me off. It was another great example of Our Lord's humility.

He was so very warm and just beyond expression Even though the light was hidden for me so that I might be able to approach, His energy was like that of the Master.

He was sitting, like in a meditative posture. It felt like we were inside of a mountain summit. Although inside the summit was a very modest place where it was clear that training is undertaken.

There was some kind of animal near him that was trying to scare me off. I got the feeling that this animal was some type of protector of the Lord.

Jesus put his palm onto his other palm inbetween his eyes, he calmed down and made no more sound.

As you know, I don't remember much from our conversations but I remember as follows.

My mind was set to receive a sign about your next home, from where you were to rebuild. So as soon as I saw the Lord, I asked him about you and about this.

"What message do you wish me to bring back?" I asked, as I noticed that his mouth was moving but somehow the sound could not reach my ear.

But instead, I remember the Lord showing me this little tiny ancient (thick) bible look alike. It said 'THE .

. . . " something, and it was written in some other language, but somehow my spirit was able to understand that the title of the books said, 'THE . . . '

It had red cloths, but looked ancient and was filled with wear and tear. Gold, thin letters were inscribed in the cover. Again, "THE . . . "

All communication with Him was done energetically. I am right in front of Him and listening but I am not listening to His voice (so to speak . . .) He is speaking to me into my soul (sorry I don't know how to explain this . . .)

He spoke of the Himalayas, and I understood that this place we had met was somewhere in the Himalayas, inside the mountain summit. And this book of which He was speaking of was also somehow either in or related to the Himalayas.

"Look for Me, for I am here." Jesus conveyed.

He also told me to look for Him there because He is there (here He energetically refers to Him as "I Am") . . . and He pointed again to the little tiny book "THE . . . " and spoke to me pointing his finger to his heart indicating that "THE" is "I AM" . . . Jesus . . .

He was definitely in a teaching mode to my soul. So patient . . .

That is all I remember there . . . all others are taken from my memories.

I remember that I wrote down this information on a small piece of paper. "THE. . . ." "I Am" "Himalaya", and I put it in my pocket and started flying back home.

Then I realized that I had been followed by these unknown men who all looked Indian (as if from India.) Somehow, they knew I had information which they wanted. Stopping me, they asked what I had been told but my interior soul instinctively knew something was wrong with them (that they were likely working for the dark side), so I hid everything and said I could not share anything with them.

Trying to fly away, they took me into a place where some other higher up of theirs was waiting. Sitting me down in a jail cell, there was a simple old dirty desk and two chairs.

Again I tried to fly again from this person who seemed to be a higher up in the darker echelon, but they were able to hold me down and place me in a chair before him.

"We need to sacrifice a CHRISTIAN." He said, as he somehow communicated that they needed to do this in order to somehow save two of their own men who are being held captive.

But I remembered how you had told me years ago in one of your books, that sometimes the dark side tricks the dark side. I knew that the henchman was lying to

the two captives, they would not be saved by such a sacrifice, in fact, such a thing would only seal their undoing and their fate a depth below where they might stand before committing such a foul deed.

But I immediately knew that I was the Christian they wished to sacrifice. There were two other guards outside, but after some struggle I was able to free myself from their grips. At this point, I was able to summon the light from my palms in order to freeze these people long enough to get myself out of there.

I remember I had to look for safe shelter right after but I don't have much memory about it . . . I also remember flying through the desert on my way back. But there were all these hyena-looking like creatures trying to catch me to bite me to death. I had to pray as I flew very low to ask for protection.

As soon as I was able to come back here, I opened my eyes and wrote this down.

All now i can think is that Jesus said "Look for me there, as I AM there." It was more like a relation between "Him" and the "Himalayas" themselves.

I don't know how to make sense of it . . . "

Speaking to this person, I explained that there were texts which have been loosely attributed to Jesus Christ in the Buddhist Sutras, which were attributed to the time He may have spent in a Buddhist Monastery in the East either during the hidden years

or after the crucifixion when the mythologies and legends of Jesus Christ in India arose regarding his survival of the crucifixion and eventual migration to these other lands. Many books had been written on the subjects, and I had quoted extensively from the sacred texts in question in 'The Limb of the Redemption.' (The First of this Redemption Series, in which this is the third and final installment.)

But now sacred transmigrant, I ask you to re-read. Re-read these words which will be repeated as yet to you now. And then listen to them with the ear of what you have heard and seen and witnessed.

A road has been travelled, and perchance, this text will have another meaning to you at this juncture of the journey than it did in your first coming across of it as you strode shyly by it in 'The Limb of the Redemption.'

Perhaps its words are now deeper, richer and more imbued with a holy wisdom and energetic impetus which was as yet lacking when your eyes first met them. Perhaps the Word and the giver of the words have become a unity . . . in their gift-bearing.

Who authored these words?

Again, re-read what you once read in 'The Limb of the Redemption.'

Now Listen

“When Buddha was travelling and living in this world, there was an old Brahman priest who wore white robes who asked the Buddha, “How will all men and all Brahmins continue in their merit-making so as to escape the results of sin?” The Buddha answered, “Even though all of you give alms according to the 5 precepts, the 8 precepts, the 10 precepts, or the 227 precepts for 9 trillion years and you raise your hands and offer yourselves as a burnt offering, or you pray 5 times a day, you will still not escape the results of your sins. If you do this every day, your merit gained will only be equal to the smallest strand of hair of an unborn infant which is extremely small. You shall not enter heaven’s doors.”

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

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

Then the old Brahman priest asked, "What will the characteristics of the Holy One be like?" The Buddha answered him, "The Holy One who will keep ??? the world in the future will be like this: in the palms of his hands and in the flat of his feet will be the design of a disc, in the side will be a stab wound; and his forehead will have many marks like scars. This Holy One will be the golden boat who will carry you over the cycle of rebirths all the way to the highest heaven (Nirvana).

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

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

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

“The Jesus mediated to us by the Church is not the true Jesus. That is an artificial construction, assembled from true and false fragments of his biography, from authentic and invalid statements . . . The real, historical Jesus and his concerns are hidden, like a portrait beneath layers of varnish added by 2000 years of church history. If we remove that varnish carefully, like a restorer, without destroying the precious original, the primary colours gradually become apparent. These colours are different from those the . . . churches have taught us to see.”

The Original Jesus: The Buddhist Sources of Christianity, By Elmar R. Gruber & Holger Kersten

The description of the text seen in the hands of Christ described to me by my student reminded me of the of the Three Pure Land Sutras of Buddhism, which, in my collection, were written in a red cloth hardcover book, engraved in thin golden letters.

Listen . . . *Who . . . Who* again is speaking? *Who* authored these words? *Who* authored this system of salvation?

“In the True Sect of Pure Land, we have the true, all-embracing love of Amida (The Father of All Beings) to save all beings from ignorance and pain. It is the net of

boundless compassion thrown by the Buddha's own hand into the sea of misery, in which the ignorant rather than the wise, the sinful rather than the good, are meant to be gathered up. This love and compassion is eternally abiding with the Buddha, whose will to save all beings knows no temporal limitations; and on this account the Buddha is called Amitāyus (Eternal Life). His power to save is manifest in his light. Though invisible to our defiled eyes, this light is constantly shedding its rays upon all sentient beings ever leading us onward to the awakening of faith. Those who have awakened this faith in the love of Amida which saves, are at once embraced in his light and destined to be born in Pure Land after death. This light is the will of Amida under whose merciful care all beings are made to grow; it reaches every part of the universe, knowing no spatial limitations. Therefore, the Buddha is also called Amitābha (Infinite Light). His will to save is, thus, infinite not only in time but in space, hence his two attributes, Amitāyus and Amitābha. In China and Japan, he is briefly known as Amida, meaning the Infinite.

Amida is the Father of all beings; he is the Only One; he has, from the very beginning of all things, been contriving to save the world, and once incarnated himself in the person of Dharmākara Bhikshu to deliver the message of happiness among us. Amida made the Bhikshu invoke forty-eight vows as recorded in the Amitāyus-sūtra, the main idea of which is that "I will make every one enjoy a rebirth in Pure Land if he listen to my name and believe in my will to save and rejoice in it." It is said that, before making this wish, the Bhikshu cogitated for a period of five kalpas; that, in order to fulfil the wish, he accumulated innumerable merits by practising the six virtues for innumerable kalpas with a heart full of love and

compassion and free from all defilement; and, finally, that the fulfilment of this vow took place ten kalpas ago. Amida is now summoning us to his Land of Purity by showing us his name that saves.

This world of ours is a defiled world filled with sin and suffering; neither the wise nor the ignorant are free from sin, the noble as well as the poor are suffering from pain. He that declares himself to be sinless must be either an insane man or an idiot. Even when, judging from our own ignorant conditions, we imagine ourselves happy, we may be deceiving ourselves; for in the Buddha's eye our apparent happiness may be a real pain. In such a world of impurity as this, it is impossible to find a true state of peace and happiness. Fame, wealth, love, learning, – so many evils are ever leading us downward into the abyss of utter darkness. Where can we then find a region which harbors no pain? There stands Amida pointing to his Land of Purity and Happiness (Sukhāvati), where our worldly sufferings and tribulations are no more. In this land there always smiles the spring of peace. No pain, no sin, all beauty, goodness, and joy. Those born there enjoy a happiness that knows no ending; they are endowed not only with infinite wisdom and liberty, but with pure love and compassion which has the power to save all beings from the world of pain. All this happiness enjoyed by those who are in the Pure Land is the outcome of Amida's love and will to save.

Amida thus grudges nothing for our deliverance from sin; with various contrivances, good and excellent, he ever leads us to the way of salvation, and it is through his grace that we have in ourselves the reason of salvation and are allowed to enjoy its fulfilment. Now, Amida has two ways of

showing his grace towards us: the one is called the "wōsō yekō," which means that the Buddha supplies us not only with the cause of our rebirth in Pure Land, but with its result; and the other is called the "gensō yekō," meaning that he confers upon us the power to come back to this world of pain even after our rebirth in Pure Land, in order to deliver our fellow-beings from sufferings. In the "wōsō yekō" there are four things to be distinguished, which are teaching, practice, faith, and attainment . . .

The Teaching. Amida once assumed a human form and appeared on earth in order to save us from sin and ignorance; and Shākyamuni was he. The most important of all his teachings is the Amitāyus-sūtra translated into Chinese in two volumes, 252 A.D., in which is brought forth the true signification of salvation by Amida. In fact, the very object of his appearance on earth was to teach this sūtra and to establish the foundation of the True Sect of Pure Land. In other words, therefore, we can say that the True Sect is the direct revelation of Amida Buddha.

The Practice. We are now acquainted with the name of Amida according to the discourse by Shākyamuni, and we know that in this name is embodied the significance of Amida's will to save; for to hear the name is to hear the voice of salvation, saying, "Trust in me, for I will surely save you," – a word coming directly from Amida. Such, indeed, being the sense embodied in the name of Amida, we must express deep feeling of gratitude by reciting his name as he wills when we have been able to hear the call of our Father so full of love and compassion. In Sanskrit, the recitation runs: "Namo 'mitāyushe Buddhāya" or "Namo 'mitabhāya Buddhāya," but in Japanese briefly "Namu Amida Bu."

While all other deeds of ours are more or less defiled, the reciting of "Namu Amida Bu" is an act free from impurities; for it is not we that recite it, but Amida himself, who, giving us his own name, makes us recite it.

The Faith. When we hear the name of Amida, we cannot help but believe in the certainty of our salvation, and this belief, too, comes from the grace of Amida. For (1) when we come to think of his will to save, we are unable to deceive ourselves as to our inner life full of falsehoods, and to behave as if we were thoroughly wise. This must be, because the will of Amida, pure and free from falsehood, depends upon us.

(2) The moment we hear the name of the Buddha and surrender ourselves to his will, we grow convinced of our own salvation through his grace and gain peace of mind; this will, however, be impossible, if not for the fact that Amida's will to save everyone who enters into his love affirms itself in us.

(3) The moment we believe in our salvation through his grace, we awake within ourselves a desire to be born in his Pure Land, and are happy in the conviction that it will be done as we desire. This must be due to the influence upon us of Amida's overflowing love which invites us to join him in Pure Land. Therefore, we conclude that, that we come to rely upon Amida for our salvation is entirely due to his grace and not to personal efforts. Indeed, this feeling of dependence, or this faith in Amida, is no more nor less than his own will.

The Attainment. The instant the belief is confirmed in our salvation through Amida, our destiny is settled that we are

to be reborn in Pure Land and become a Buddha. Then it is said that we are all embraced in the light of Amitābha, and, living under his loving guidance, our life after the confirmation of faith is but filled with joy unspeakable, which is a gift of the Buddha. Then we have no need to pray the gods or Buddhas for more happiness in this life; for are we not already enjoying all the happiness that could be obtained here? If we still have to suffer misfortune, it is the outcome of evil deeds committed by ourselves in the past; and this no amount of praying will remove. It is only after our rebirth in the Land of Happiness that we are allowed to lead a life absolutely free from pain.

At the end of our earthly life, we cast aside every trace of this defiled existence; and upon being born in the Land of Purity and Happiness, we attain to the enlightenment of the Buddha. And it is not necessary at this moment of rebirth to keep our last thoughts on earth in tranquillity, and wait for the coming of the Buddha to take us into his country. As we have already been living encircled by the rays of Amitābha Buddha, however disturbed our last moments, we are sure to be led into Pure Land through the mysterious operation of the Buddha's light.

The Land of Happiness is the garden of Nirvana. Those who are born there, gain the great enlightenment of Nirvana, enjoy a life everlasting, and are forever free from the bondage of birth and death. Not only this, they are then able to manifest themselves over and over again in the world of suffering in order to deliver their fellow-beings from sin and ignorance. All these innumerable happinesses we can enjoy come from no other source than the grace of Amida Butsu."

*Principal Teachings of The True Sect of Pure Land, B Yejitsu Okusa,
1915*

Listen . . . *Who . . . Who* again is speaking? *Who* authored these words? *Who* authored this system of salvation?

" Notes on "Namu-amida-butsu"

"THE ULTIMATE goal of the teaching of the Pure Land is to understand the meaning of "Nembutsu," whereby its followers will be admitted into the Pure Land. In the Nembutsu, contradictions dissolve and are reconciled in "the steadfastness of faith."

Nembutsu literally means "to think of Buddha." Nen (nien in Chinese and smṛiti in Sanskrit) is "to keep in memory." In Shin however it is more than a mere remembering of Buddha, it is thinking his Name, holding it in mind. The Name consists of six characters or syllables: na-mu-a-mi-da-buts(u) in Japanese pronunciation and nan-wu-o-mi-to-fo in Chinese. In actuality, the Name contains more than Buddha's name, for Namu is added to it. Namu is namas (or namo) in Sanskrit and means "adoration" or "salutation." The Name therefore is "Adoration for Amida Buddha," and this is made to stand for Amida's "Name."

The interpretation the Shin people give to the "Namu-amida-butsu" is more than literal though not at all mystical or esoteric. It is in fact philosophical. When Amida is regarded as the object of adoration, he is separated from the devotee standing all by himself. But when Namu is added to the Name the whole thing acquires a new meaning because it now symbolizes the unification of Amida and the

devotee, wherein the duality no longer exists. This however does not indicate that the devotee is lost or absorbed in Amida so that his individuality is no longer tenable as such. The unity is there as "Namu" plus "Amidabutsu," but the Namu (ki) has not vanished. It is there as if it were not there. This ambivalence is the mystery of the Nembutsu. In Shin terms it is the oneness of the ki and the hō, and the mystery is called the incomprehensibility of Buddha-wisdom (Buddhajñā). The Shin teachings revolve around this axis of incomprehensibility (fushigi in Japanese, acintya in Sanskrit).

Now we see that the Nembutsu, or the Myōgō, or the "Namu-amida-butsu" is at the center of the Shin faith. When this is experienced, the devotee has the "steadfastness of faith," even before he is in actuality ushered into the Pure Land. For the Pure Land is no more an event after death, it is right in this sahalokadhātu, the world of particulars. According to Saichi, he goes to the Pure Land as if it were the next-door house and comes back at his pleasure to his own.

1

*I am a happy man, indeed!
I visit the Pure Land as often as I like:
I'm there and I'm back,
I'm there and I'm back,
I'm there and I'm back,
"Namu-amida-butsu! Namu-amida-butsu!"*

When Saichi is in the Pure Land, "there" stands for this world; and when he is in this world, "there" is the Pure Land; he is back and forth between here and there. The fact

is that he sees no distinction between the two. Often he goes further than this:

2

*How happy I am!
"Namu-amida-butsu!"
I am the Land of Bliss,
I am Oya-sama.
"Namu-amida-butsu! Namu-amida-butsu!"*

3

*Shining in glory is Buddha's Pure Land,
And this is my Pure Land!
"Namu-amida-butsu! Namu-amida-butsu!"*

4

*O Saichi, where is your Land of Bliss?
My Land of Bliss is right here.
Where is the line of division
Between this world and the Land of Bliss?
The eye is the line of division.*

To Saichi "Oya-sama" or "Oya" not only means Amida himself but frequently personifies the "Namu-amida-butsu." To him, sometimes, these three are the same thing: Amida as Oya-sama, the Myōgō ("Namu-amida-butsu"), and Saichi.

5

*When I worship thee, O Buddha,
This is a Buddha worshiping another Buddha.
And it is thou who makest this fact known to me, O
Buddha!
For this favor Saichi is most grateful..*

When we go through these lines endlessly flowing out of Saichi's inner experiences of the "Namu-amida-tsu" as the symbol of the oneness of the ki and the hō, we feel something infinitely alluring in the life of this simple-minded geta-maker in the remote parts of the Far Eastern country. Eckhart is tremendous, Zen is almost unapproachable, but Saichi is so homely that one feels like visiting his workshop and watching those shavings drop off the block of wood.

6

*O Saichi, what makes you work?
I work by the "Namu-amida-butsu."
"Namu-amida-butsu! Namu-amida-butsu!"*

7

*How grateful I feel!
Everything I do in this world--
My daily work for livelihood--
This is all transferred into building up the Pure
Land.*

8

*I work in this world in company with all Buddhas,
I work in this world in company with all
Bodhisattvas;
Protected by Oya-sama I am here;
I know many who have preceded me along this path.
I am sporting in the midst of the Namu-amida-
butsu.
How happy I am with the favor!
"Namu-amida-butsu!"*

To see Saichi work in the company of Buddhas and Bodhisattvas who fill up the whole universe must be a most wonderfully inspiring sight. A scene transferred from the Pure Land! Compared with this, Eckhart appears to be still harboring something of this-worldliness. In Saichi all things come out of the mystery of the "Namu-amida-butsu" in which there is no distinction between "rapturous moments" and "love for one's neighbors."

There is another aspect in Saichi's life which makes him come close to that of a Zen-man. For he sometimes rises above the "Namu-amida-butsu," above the oneness of the ki and hō, above the ambivalence of wretchedness and gratefulness, of misery and joy. He is "indifferent," "nonchalant," "detached," or "disinterested" as if he came directly out of his "is-ness" in all nakedness, in the "sono-mama-ness" of things.

9

*Perfectly indifferent I am!
No joy, no gratefulness!
Yet no grief over the absence of gratefulness.*

10

*"O Saichi, such as you are,
Are you grateful to Amida?"
"No particular feelings I have,
However much I listen [to the sermons];
And this for no reason."*

At all events, Saichi was one of the deepest Shin followers, one who really experienced the mystery of the oneness of the ki and hō as symbolized in the "Namu-amida-butsu."

He lived it every moment of his life, beyond all logical absurdities and semantic impossibilities.

11

*O Saichi, I am the most fortunate person!
I am altogether free from woes of all kind,
Not at all troubled with anything of the world.
Nor do I even recite the "Namu-amida-butsu!"
I'm saved by your mercifulness [O Amida-san!]
How pleased I feel for your favor!
"Namu-amida-butsu!"*

12

*While walking along the mountain path, how I
enjoy smoking!
I sit by the roadside for awhile, I take out the pipe in
peace and
with no trouble beclouding the mind.
But let us go home now, we have been out long
enough, let us go home now.
How light my steps are as they move homeward!
My thoughts are filled with a return trip to
Amida's country.
"Namu-amida-butsu, Namu-amida-butsu!"*

*Mysticism, Christian and Buddhist, by Daisetz Teitaro Suzuki, 1957,
copyright not renewed*

"164. These three things are expounded unto us by Donran Daishi. First, that faith is not holiness, for faith is not abiding. At one time it abideth, at another it is gone.

165. And second: This faith is not Single Minded, for it hath not resolution.

And third: It continueth not, for the other thoughts of the heart divide it against itself.

166. *The three ways of this faith lead the one to the other one. On this must the believer fix his eyes. If his faith is not in holiness, then hath he not the faith of resolution.*

167. *And having not the faith that is resolute, that faith cannot endure, and because it endureth not, how can he attain unto the faith of determination? And attaining not unto the faith of determination, the faith is not sanctified in him.*

168. *For the attainment of Right Practice expounded by the Master of the Written Word is according unto the true faith and this alone.*

169. *If a man return into the Great Way of the Divine Promise, eschewing the narrow ways of deeds and works, in him shall the true light of Nirvana be made manifest."*

*Buddhist Psalms, by S. Yamabe and L. Adams Beck, 1921, Words of
Donran Daishi*

Listen . . . **Who** . . . **Who** again is speaking? **Who** authored these words? **Who** authored this system of salvation?

"In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God."

John 1:1, The New Testament, The King James Bible

"The same was in the beginning with God.

*All things were made by him; and without him was not
any thing made that was made.*

In him was life; and the life was the light of men.

*And the light shineth in darkness; and the darkness
comprehended it not.*

There was a man sent from God, whose name was John.

*The same came for a witness, to bear witness of the Light,
that all men through him might believe.*

*He was not that Light, but was sent to bear witness of that
Light.*

*That was the true Light, which lighteth every man that
cometh into the world."*

John 1:1-10, The New Testament, The King James Bible

CHAPTER EIGHT

The Holy Names

Listen . . . *Who* . . . *Who* again is speaking? *Who* authored these words? *Who* authored this system of salvation?

Salvation through faith? In Buddhism? Is it so far fetched to see Christ in Buddhism? But perchance, how be faith to a sower of the Word?

Indeed, yes, indeed, "I am there." I am in the Christian, the Buddhist, the Hindu, the Mohammedan . . . look to Me at the summit of the mountain. I AM there . . .

"My religion is, to live through Love. In every religion there is love, yet love has no religion . . . Not Christian or Jew or Muslim, not Hindu, Buddhist, sufi, or zen. Not any religion or cultural system. I am not from the East or the West, not out of the ocean or up from the ground, not natural or ethereal, not composed of elements at all. I do not exist, am not an entity in this world or the next, did not descend from Adam or Eve or any origin story. My place is placeless, a trace of the traceless. Neither body or soul. I belong to the beloved, have seen the two worlds as one and that one call to and know, first, last, outer, inner, only that breath breathing human being."

Rumi

In Christianity, salvation comes through faith, justified by works and dispositions. It is through the

refuge in the Holy Name, Jesus Christ, that sanctification occurs. This is an energetic process which occurs through vibrations. Christians call this grace.

In Hinduism, salvation comes through faith, justified by works and dispositions. It is by recitation of the holy name of yet another divine embodiment, Krishna, that sanctification occurs. This is an energetic process which occurs through vibrations. Hindus call this grace (Matprasaadaat).

And in Sikhism (which is a synthesis of the teachings of Islam and Hinduism as revealed through Guru Nanak in the Sri Guru Granth Sahib), salvation comes through faith; and the recitation **and love** of a holy name, which is a further specification that we must not only recite the name but have a sincere love of that name in order to be cleansed therefrom of our defects.

***“1. Cleansing of Mind:** Washing of dirt from body parts and stained clothes with soap and water is understood and experimented by all of us. Guru Nanak goes on to extend this example to explain that similarly a stained and polluted intellect can be cleansed by Naam (Name). Washing with soap can be easily explained and a mechanism of chemical cleansing can be forwarded by scientific minds. On the other hand, cleansing of intellect/mind is hard to explain without Gurmat, which is a subject of faith and trust in Guru who is giving a tip based on his own personal experience [3, 4]:*

ਭਰੀਐ ਰਬੁ ਪੈਰੁ ਤਨੁ ਦੇਹ ॥ ਪਾਣੀ ਧੋਤੈ ਉਤਰਸੁ ਖੇਹ ॥

When the hands and the feet and the body are dirty, Water can wash away the dirt.

ਮੂਤ ਪਲੀਤੀ ਕਪੜ ਹੋਇ ॥ਦੇ ਸਾਬੂਣ ਲਈਐ ਓਹੁ ਧੋਇ ॥

When the clothes are soiled and stained by urine, Soap can wash them clean.

ਭਰੀਐ ਮਤਿ ਪਾਪਾ ਕੈ ਸੰਗਿ ॥ ਓਹੁ ਧੋਯੈ ਨਾਵੈ ਕੈ ਰੰਗਿ ॥

But when the intellect is stained and polluted by sin, It can only be cleansed by the Love of the Name.

It is further emphasised that any amount of scientific/mechanical cleansing will not help to get rid of filth or duality of mind [5]:

ਸੋਚ ਕਰੈ ਦਿਨਸੁ ਅਰੁ ਰਾਤਿ ॥ ਮਨ ਕੀ ਮੈਲੁ ਨ ਤਨ ਤੇ ਜਾਤਿ ॥ You may practise cleansing day and night, But the filth of your mind shall not leave your body."

Use of Scientific Analogies & Metaphors in Guru Granth Sahib, Kirpal Singh & Hardev Singh Virk

So again, listen . . . *Who . . . Who* again is speaking? *Who* authored these words? *Who* authored this system of salvation?

Seek this more deeply . . .

"The Protestant doctrine on justification

The ideas on which the Reformers built their system of justification, except perhaps fiduciary faith, were by no means really original. They had been conceived long before either by heretics of the earlier centuries or by

isolated Catholic theologians and had been quietly scattered as the seed of future heresies. It was especially the representatives of Antinomianism during the Apostolic times who welcomed the idea that faith alone suffices for justification, and that consequently the observance of the moral law is not necessary either as a prerequisite for obtaining justification or as a means for preserving it. For this reason St. Augustine (De fide et operibus, xiv) was of the opinion that the Apostles James, Peter, John, and Jude had directed their Epistles against the Antinomians of that time, who claimed to have taken their doctrines – so dangerous to morality – from the writings of St. Paul. Until quite recently, it was almost universally accepted that the epistle of St. James was written against the unwarranted conclusions drawn from the writings of St. Paul. Of late, however, Catholic exegetes have become more and more convinced that the Epistle in question, so remarkable for its insisting on the necessity of good works, neither aimed at correcting the false interpretations of St. Paul's doctrine, nor had any relation to the teaching of the Apostle of the Gentiles. On the contrary, they believe that St. James had no other object than to emphasize the fact – already emphasized by St. Paul – that only such faith as is active in charity and good works (fides formata) possesses any power to justify man (cf. Galatians 5:6; 1 Corinthians 13:2), whilst faith devoid of charity and good works (fides informis) is a dead faith and in the eyes of God insufficient for justification (cf. James 2:17 sqq.). According to this apparently correct opinion, the Epistles of both Apostles treat of different subjects, neither with direct relation to the other. For St. James insists on the necessity of works of Christian charity, while St. Paul intends to show that neither the observance of the Jewish Law nor the merely natural good works of

the pagans are of any value for obtaining the grace of justification (cf. Bartmann, "St. Paulus u. St. Jacobus und die Rechtfertigung", Freiburg, 1897)."

The Catholic Encyclopedia. New York: Robert Appleton Company, Pohle J., 1910

"The Catholic doctrine on justification

We have an authentic explanation of the Catholic doctrine in the famous "Decretum de justificatione" of the Sixth Session (13 Jan., 1547) of the Council of Trent, which in sixteen chapters (cf. Denzinger-Bannwart, "Enchir.", nn.793-810) and thirty-three canons (l.c., 811-43) gives in the clearest manner all necessary information about the process, causes, effects, and qualities of justification.

The process of justification (processus justificationis)

Since justification as an application of the Redemption to the individual presupposes the fall of the entire human race, the Council of Trent quite logically begins with the fundamental statement that original sin has weakened and deflected, but not entirely destroyed or extinguished the freedom of the human will (Trent, sess. VI, cap. i: "Liberum arbitrium minime extinctum, viribus licet attenuatum et inclinatum"). Nevertheless, as the children of Adam were really corrupted by original sin, they could not of themselves arise from their fall nor shake off the bonds of sin, death, and Satan. Neither the natural faculties left in man, nor the observance of the Jewish Law could achieve this. Since God alone was able to free us from this great misery, He sent in His infinite love His only begotten Son Jesus Christ, Who by His bitter passion and death on

the cross redeemed fallen man and thus became the Mediator between God and man. But if the grace of Redemption merited by Christ is to be appropriated by the individual, he must be "regenerated by God", that is he must be justified. What then is meant by justification? Justification denotes that change or transformation in the soul by which man is transferred from the state of original sin, in which as a child of Adam he was born, to that of grace and Divine sonship through Jesus Christ, the second Adam, our Redeemer (l.c., cap.iv: "Justificatio impii. . . translatio ab eo statu, in quo homo nascitur filius primi Adae, in statum gratiae et adoptionis filiorum Dei per secundum Adam, Jesum Christum, Salvatorem nostrum"). In the New Law this justification cannot, according to Christ's precept, be effected except at the fountain of regeneration, that is, by the baptism of water. While in Baptism infants are forthwith cleansed of the stain of original sin without any preparation on their part, the adult must pass through a moral preparation, which consists essentially in turning from sin and towards God. This entire process receives its first impulse from the supernatural grace of vocation (absolutely independent of man's merits), and requires an intrinsic union of the Divine and human action, of grace and moral freedom of election, in such a manner, however, that the will can resist, and with full liberty reject the influence of grace (Trent, l.c., can.iv: "If any one should say that free will, moved and set in action by God, cannot cooperate by assenting to God's call, nor dissent if it wish. . . let him be anathema"). By this decree the Council not only condemned the Protestant view that the will in the reception of grace remains merely passive, but also forestalled the Jansenistic heresy regarding the impossibility of resisting actual grace. With what little

right heretics in defence of their doctrine appeal to St. Augustine, may be seen from the following brief extract from his writings: "He who made you without your doing does not without your action justify you. Without your knowing He made you, with your willing He justifies you, but it is He who justifies, that the justice be not your own" (Serm. clxix, c. xi, n.13). Regarding St. Augustine's doctrine cf. J. Jausbach, "Die Ethik des hl. Augustinus", II, Freiburg, 1909, pp. 208-58.

We now come to the different states in the process of justification. The Council of Trent assigns the first and most important place to faith, which is styled "the beginning, foundation and root of all justification" (Trent, l.c., cap.viii). Cardinal Pallavicini (Hist. Conc. Trid., VIII, iv, 18) tells us that all the bishops present at the council fully realized how important it was to explain St. Paul's saying that man is justified through faith. Comparing Bible and Tradition they could not experience any serious difficulty in showing that fiduciary faith was an absolutely new invention and that the faith of justification was identical with a firm belief in the truths and promises of Divine revelation (l. c.: "illumque [Deum] tanquam omnis justitiae fontem diligere incipiunt"). The next step is a genuine sorrow for all sin with the resolution to begin a new life by receiving holy baptism and by observing the commandments of God. The process of justification is then brought to a close by the baptism of water, inasmuch as by the grace of this sacrament the catechumen is freed from sin (original and personal) and its punishments, and is made a child of God. The same process of justification is repeated in those who by mortal sin have lost their baptismal innocence; with this modification, however, that the Sacrament of Penance replaces baptism.*

Considering merely the psychological analysis of the conversion of sinners, as given by the council, it is at once evident that faith alone, whether fiduciary or dogmatic, cannot justify man (Trent, l. c., can. xii: "*Si quis dixerit, fidem justificantem nihil aliud esse quam fiduciam divinae misericordiae, peccata remittentis propter Christum, vel eam fiduciam solam esse, qua justificamur, a.s.*"). Since our Divine adoption and friendship with God is based on perfect love of God or charity (cf. Galatians 5:6; 1 Corinthians 13; James 2:17 sqq.), dead faith devoid of charity (*fides informis*) cannot possess any justifying power. Only such faith as is active in charity and good works (*fides caritate formata*) can justify man, and this even before the actual reception of baptism or penance, although not without a desire of the sacrament (cf. Trent, Sess. VI, cap. iv, xiv). But, not to close the gates of heaven against pagans and those non-Catholics, who without their fault do not know or do not recognize the Sacraments of Baptism and Penance, Catholic theologians unanimously hold that the desire to receive these sacraments is implicitly contained in the serious resolve to do all that God has commanded, even if His holy will should not become known in every detail.

The formal cause of justification

The Council of Trent decreed that the essence of active justification comprises not only forgiveness of sin, but also "sanctification and renovation of the interior man by means of the voluntary acceptance of sanctifying grace and other supernatural gifts" (Trent, l. c., cap. vii: "*Non est sola peccatorum remissio, sed et sanctificatio et renovatio interioris hominis per voluntariam susceptionem gratiae et donorum*"). In order to exclude the Protestant idea of a

merely forensic absolution and exterior declaration of righteousness, special stress is laid on the fact that we are justified by God's justice, not that whereby He himself is just but that whereby He makes us just, in so far as He bestows on us the gift of His grace which renovates the soul interiorly and adheres to it as the soul's own holiness (Trent, l. c., cap. vii: "*Unica formalis causa [justificationis] est justitia Dei, non qua ipse justus est, sed qua nos justos facit, qua videlicet ab eo donati, renovamur spiritu mentis nostrae: et non modo reputamur, sed vere justii nominamur et sumus, justitiam in nobis recipientes unusquisque suam*"). This inner quality of righteousness and sanctity is universally termed "sanctifying (or habitual) grace", and stands in marked contrast to an exterior, imputed sanctity, as well as to the idea of merely covering and concealing sin. By this, however, we do not assert that the "*justitia Dei extra nos*" is of no importance in the process of justification. For, even if it is not the formal cause of justification (*causa formalis*), it is nevertheless its true exemplar (*causa exemplaris*), inasmuch as the soul receives a sanctity in imitation of God's own holiness. The Council of Trent (l. c. cap. vii), moreover, did not neglect to enumerate in detail the other causes of justification: the glory of God and of Christ as the final cause (*causa finalis*), the mercy of God as the efficient cause (*causa efficiens*), the Passion of Christ as the meritorious cause (*causa meritoria*), the reception of the Sacraments as the instrumental cause (*causa instrumentalis*). Thus each and every factor receives its full share and is assigned its proper place. Hence the Catholic doctrine on justification, in welcome contrast to the Protestant teaching, stands out as a reasonable, consistent, harmonious system . . .

According to the Council of Trent sanctifying grace is not merely a formal cause, but "the only formal cause" (*unica causa formalis*) of our justification. By this important decision the Council excluded the error of Butzer and some Catholic theologians (Gropper, Scripando, and Albert Pighius) who maintained that an additional "external favour of God" (*favor Dei externus*) belonged to the essence of justification. The same decree also effectually set aside the opinion of Peter Lombard, that the formal cause of justification (i.e. sanctifying grace) is nothing less than the Person of the Holy Ghost, Who is the hypostatic holiness and charity, or the uncreated grace (*gratia increata*). Since justification consists in an interior sanctity and renovation of spirit, its formal cause evidently must be a created grace (*gratia creata*), a permanent quality, a supernatural modification or accident (*accidens*) of the soul. Quite distinct from this is the question whether the personal indwelling of the Holy Ghost, although not required for justification (inasmuch as sanctifying grace alone suffices), be necessary as a prerequisite for Divine adoption. Several great theologians have answered in the affirmative, as for instance Lessius ("De summo bono", II, i; "De perfect. moribusque divin.", XII, ii); Petavius ("De Trinit.", viii, 4 sqq.); Thomassin ("De Trinit.", viii, 9 sqq.), and Hurter ("Compend. theol. dogmat.", III, 6th ed., pp. 162 sqq.). The solution of the lively controversy on this point between Fr. Granderath ("Zeitschrift fur katholische Theologie", 1881, pp. 283 sqq.; 1883, 491 sqq., 593 sqq.; 1884, 545 sqq.) and Professor Scheeben ("Dogmatik", II, sec. 169; "Katholik", 1883, I, 142 sqq.; II, 561 sqq.; 1884, I, 18 sqq.; II, 465 sqq., 610 sqq.) seems to lie in the following distinction: the Divine adoption, inseparably connected with sanctifying grace, is not constituted by the personal

indwelling of the Holy Ghost, but receives therefrom its full development and perfection.

The effects of justification

The two elements of active justification, forgiveness of sin and sanctification, furnish at the same time the elements of habitual justification, freedom from sin and holiness. According to the Catholic doctrine, however, this freedom from sin and this sanctity are effected, not by two distinct and successive Divine acts, but by a single act of God. For, just as light dispels darkness, so the infusion of sanctifying grace eo ipso dispels from the soul original and mortal sin. (Cf. Trent, sess. VI, can. xi: "Si quis dixerit, homines justificari vel sola imputatione justitiae Christi, vel sola peccatorum remissione, exclusa gratia et caritate, quae in cordibus eorum per Spiritum Sanctum diffundatur atque illis inhaereat. . . , a.s.") In considering the effects of justification it will be useful to compare the Catholic doctrine of real forgiveness of sin with the Protestant theory that sin is merely "covered" and not imputed. By declaring the grace of justification, or sanctifying grace, to be the only formal cause of justification, the Council of Trent intended to emphasize the fact that in possessing sanctifying grace we possess the whole essence of the state of justification with all its formal effects; that is, we possess freedom from sin and sanctity, and indeed freedom from sin by means of sanctity. Such a remission of sin could not consist in a mere covering or non-imputation of sins, which continue their existence out of view; it must necessarily consist in the real obliteration and annihilation of the guilt. This genuinely Biblical concept of justification forms such an essential element of Catholicism, that even Antonio Rosmini's theory,

standing half way between Protestantism and Catholicism, is quite irreconcilable with it. According to Rosmini, there are two categories of sin:

- *such as God merely covers and does not impute (cf. Psalm 31:1);*
- *such as God really forgives and blots out.*

By the latter Rosmini understood deliberate sins of commission (culpaes actuales et liberae), by the former indeliberate sins (peccata non libera), which "do no harm to those who are of the people of God". This opinion was censured by the Holy Office (14 Dec., 1887), not only because without any reason it defended a twofold remission of sin, but also because it stamped indeliberate acts as sins (cf. Denzinger-Bannwart, "Enchir.", n.1925).

Although it is a Catholic dogma that sanctifying grace and sin (original and mortal) do never exist simultaneously in the soul, there may be, nevertheless a diversity of opinion regarding the extent of this incompatibility, according as it is considered as either moral, physical, or metaphysical in character. According to the now universally rejected opinion of the Nominalists (Occam, Gabriel Biel) and the Scotists (Mastrius, Henno) the contrast between grace and sin is based on a free decree and acceptance of God, or in other words, the contrast is merely moral. This would logically imply in contradiction to the "unica causa formalis" of the Council of Trent, a twofold formal cause of justification (cf. Pohle, "Dogmatik", II, 4th ed., Paderborn, 1909, p. 512). Francisco Suárez (De gratia, VII, 20) and some of his followers in defending a physical contrast come nearer the truth. In their explanation grace and sin exclude

each other with the same necessity as do fire and water, although in both cases God, by a miracle of his omnipotence, could suspend the general law and force the two hostile elements to exist peacefully side by side. This opinion might be safely accepted were sanctifying grace only a physical ornament of the soul. But since in reality it is an ethical form of sanctification by which even an infant in receiving baptism is necessarily made just and pleasing to God, there must be between the concepts of grace and of sin a metaphysical and absolute contradiction, which not even Divine omnipotence can alter and destroy. For this last opinion, defended by the Thomists and the majority of theologians, there is also a solid foundation in Holy Writ. For the contrast between grace and sin is as great as between light and darkness (2 Corinthians 6:14; Ephesians 5:8), between life and death (Romans 5:21; Colossians 2:13; 1 John 3:14), between God and idols, Christ and Belial (2 Corinthians 6:15 sqq.), etc. Thus it follows from Holy Writ that by the infusion of sanctifying grace sin is destroyed and blotted out of absolute necessity, and that the Protestant theory of "covering and not imputing sin" is both a philosophical and a theological impossibility. Besides the principal effect of justification, i.e. real obliteration of sin by means of sanctification, there is a whole series of other effects: beauty of the soul, friendship with God, and Divine adoption. In the article on GRACE these are described as formal effects of sanctifying grace. In the same article is given an explanation of the supernatural accompaniments — the three theological virtues, the moral virtues, the seven gifts, and the personal indwelling of the Holy Ghost. These, as freely bestowed gifts of God, cannot be regarded as formal effects of justification.

The qualities of justification

We have seen that Protestants claim the following three qualities for justification: certainty, equality, the impossibility of ever losing it. Diametrically opposed to these qualities are those defended by the Council of Trent (sess. VI, cap. 9-11): uncertainty (incertitudo), inequality (inaequalitas), amissibility (ammissibilitas). Since these qualities of justification are also qualities of sanctifying grace."

*The Catholic Encyclopedia. New York: Robert Appleton Company,
Pohle J., 1910*

"SHRI KRISHNA'S GITA-YOGA

WE HAVE used the new term Gītā-Yoga here because it sums up the titles of all the eighteen chapters of the Bhagavad Gītā, each of which is called a yoga, such as "The Yoga of Knowledge," "The Yoga of Action," etc.

Gītā means song, and the whole title means the song of Shri Krishna, who is referred to as the Bhagavān – the most illustrious being. Shri Krishna is regarded as the most perfect of all Teachers – so much so that he could speak about everything from the divine standpoint and with divine knowledge of the reality beyond mind, so that when saying "I" he spoke as an incarnation of the Divine Being. He is considered to have lived about 5050 years ago, and the Bhagavad Gītā is regarded as a record of what he said or sang to his devoted friend and disciple Arjuna, who was in a state of despondency because he could not solve a problem of "right or wrong" in which his emotions were very much involved. The problem was whether to fight or not in a certain battle which was about to begin. Arjuna's

particular problem does not concern us now. The yoga-teaching it called forth from Shrī Krishna is read and meditated upon by millions of people every day.

Shrī Krishna's teaching is more a yoga for the emotions than the mind, although he does explain the necessity for mind-control and uses the same two words—practice (abhyāsa) and uncoloredness (vairāgya) for describing the means to its attainment as Patanjali does when starting his teaching. Shrī Krishna tells Arjuna that though his heart is in the right place his unhappy emotional state is due to ignorance. The first point of the Teacher's instruction is—do not judge right and wrong from the standpoint of bodily appearances, but only from what is of value to the immortal soul, taking into account that actions, emotions, thoughts and decisions all have some effect, some tending downwards or away from self-realization and others tending upwards or toward self-realization. Downwards there is bondage and sorrow; upwards there is joy and freedom or the divine state of being, so let this first point be firmly understood at the beginning. Shrī Krishna said: "You have sorrowed for those who need no sorrow, yet you speak words of wisdom. Those who know do not grieve for the living, nor for the dead. Certainly never at any time was I not, nor you, nor these lords of men, nor shall we ever cease to be hereafter. As there is for the owner of the body childhood, youth and old age in this body, so there comes another body; the intelligent man is not confused by that. Just as a man, having cast off his worn-out clothes, obtains others which are new, so the owner of the body, having thrown away old bodies goes to new ones. Weapons do not cut him; fire does not burn him; waters do not wet him; the wind does not dry him away . . ."

This point being clear the Teacher goes on to the next. He says in verse ii that what he has given is knowledge, based upon his own supersensuous experience as well as that of ancient Teachers, but now he wants Arjuna to take up something more than mere knowledge-yoga – he wants him to take up buddhi-yoga. Buddhi is wisdom, which comes from doing all things for the benefit of souls, not bodies primarily. It is buddhi or wisdom to revalue everything from that standpoint.

It is easy to see that the heart of wisdom is love for the co-souls, which Krishna calls indestructible jīvabhūtas, that is, living beings, as distinguished from temporary states and conditions, which are called bhāvas. Thus the human personalities, in all their varieties are bhāvas, or existent conditions, but the real men who are owners of the personalities are immortal beings. The lesson that the heart of wisdom is love – goodwill, brotherhood – is driven home by Shri Krishna in his third discourse or chapter, in which he states that the interdependence of all the living beings in the world is universal, and as this is so one should cooperate heartily, not merely mentally but with love, for the very simple reason that the man who loves cannot abstain from activity. He is in a vigorous state, for love is the great energy of the soul. He is like the typical gentleman of Confucius, who was defined as never neutral, but always impartial.

The man of love looks out upon the world, and feels that he must do what he can, however small the opportunity, for the welfare of mankind. This important fact was also soon placed before Arjuna by his Teacher. After pointing out how all the living beings in the world are related to one another in service, how everywhere there is

interdependence, he then declared that the man who on earth does not follow the wheel thus revolving lives in vain. Said Shri Krishna: "The man who performs actions without personal attachment reaches the 'beyond'; therefore always do work which ought to be done, without personal attachment. Janaka and others attained perfection through work, so, having regard to the welfare of the world, it is proper for you to work." There is great significance in the words which have been translated "the welfare of the world." They are loka-sangraha, loka means the inhabitants; sangraha means their holding or combining together, their living in harmony. This means love, and if there must be fighting, it is a regrettable necessity, and is to be done still with love in the heart.

It is in this activity that work and love are brought together. What is called karma-yoga thus comes into being. Mere work or karma is not yoga, but when that work is energized by love for mankind, it becomes a yoga, that is, a method for the realization of the unity of life. So karma-yoga is one branch of Krishna's great teaching of love. The karma-yogī "goes about doing good."

And yet that karma-yoga is also devotion to God. Among Krishna's devotees, as among those of Christ, there are two distinct kinds. There are those who admire the teacher because he was the great lover of mankind; and there are those who fall down in admiration and devotion before the greatness and goodness of the teacher, and then learn from his example and precept to spread some of his love around them, among their fellow-men. Some love man first and God afterwards; others love God first and man afterwards. The first are the karma-yogīs; the second the bhakti-yogīs.

God himself is depicted in the *Gītā* as the greatest karma yogī, the pattern for all who would follow that path. He says: "There is nothing in the three worlds, O Pārtha, that I ought to do, and nothing attainable unattained, yet I engage in work. Certainly if I did not always engage in work without laziness, people on all sides would follow my path. These worlds would become lost if I did not work; I would be the maker of confusion, and would ruin these creatures." No reason can be given why he should thus work, except that he loves the world.

But let no man be discouraged in this work because he himself is small. Let not his vision of great things and devotion to great beings cause him to sink down disconsolate, thinking, "There is nothing that I can do that is big enough to be worth the doing." Let him remember that spiritual things are not measured by quantity but their greatness consists in the purity of their motive. It is the love that counts – not the action. It is one of the greatest glories of this universe that the common and inconspicuous life of ordinary men contains a thousand daily opportunities of spiritual splendor. Says Shri Krishna: "Men reach perfection, each being engaged in his own karma. Better is one's own dharma though inglorious, than the well-performed dharma of another. He who does the duty determined by his own state incurs no fault. By worshipping in his own karma (work) him from whom all beings come, him by whom all this is spread out, a man attains perfection."

The words dharma and karma here require explanation. Dharma means where you stand. Each man has to some extent unfolded the flower of his possibility. He stands in a definite position, or holds definite powers of

character. It is better that he should recognize his position and be content with it, true to the best he knows, than that he should try to stand in the position of another, or waste his powers in mere envious admiration. To use his powers in the kind of work he can do, upon and with the material that his past karma has provided for him in the present is not only the height of practical wisdom – it is worship of God as well. All life lived in this way is worship; ploughing and reaping, selling and buying – whatever it may be. Conventional forms of kneeling and prostration are not the sole or even the necessary constituents of worship, but every act of the karma-yogī and of the bhakti-yogī is that. The word bhakti does in fact contain more of the meaning of service than of feeling.

The Lord does not ask from his devotees great gifts. Says Shrī Krishna: "When anyone offers to me with devotion a leaf, a flower, a fruit or a little water, I accept that, which is brought with devotion by the striving soul. When you do anything, eat anything, sacrifice anything, give anything or make an effort, do it as an offering to me. Thus shall you be released from the bonds of karma, having their good and bad results, and being free and united through sannyāsa (renunciation) you will come to me. I am alike to all beings; none is disliked by me, and none is favorite; but those who worship me with devotion are in me and I also am in them. Even if a great evildoer worships me, not devoted to anything else, he must be considered good, for he has determined well. Quickly he becomes a man of dharma and attains constant peace." It is clear, then, that this yoga is a way of thinking, and acting, inspired by love, which releases a man from bondage to his own personality.

As there is community of work between God and man, so is there community of interest, and indeed, community of feeling. "All this is threaded on me," says the Divine, "like a collection of pearls on a string." And the reward of the path of yoga is the full realization of this unity: "At the end of many lives the man having wisdom approaches me. By devotion he understands me, according to what I really am; then, having truly known me, he enters that (state) immediately. Although always doing work, having me for goal, through my grace he obtains the eternal indestructible goal."

The love of man for God is more than reciprocated; "He who has no dislike for any being, but is friendly and kind, without greed or egotism, the same in pleasure and pain, forgiving, always content, harmonious, self-controlled and resolute, with thought and affection intent upon me, he, my devotee, is dear to me. He from whom people are not repelled, and who does not avoid the world, free from the agitations of delight, impatience and fear, is dear to me. Those devotees who are intent upon this deathless way of life, thus declared, full of faith, with me as (their) supreme – they are above all dear to me."

Some of the devotional verses suggest a great absence of self-reliance if they are taken out of their general context, as, for instance: "Giving up all dharmas come only to me as your refuge. Do not sorrow; I will release you from all sins." This "I" to whom reference is so often made, is the one Self, the one life, and therefore it advocates the giving up of selfishness and taking interest in the welfare of all. There is in all this no suggestion anywhere that man should lean upon an external God, an entity. This devotion is required to the "me" which is all life, and not a portion of

life in some external form, however grand. Shri Krishna speaks for that one life "equally present in all."

The objective side of this is by no means ignored in this teaching of the importance of the soul, indeed, of all souls. While the souls bring themselves more and more into harmony through the power of love or wisdom or buddhi, certain material standards are recognized. The material side, consisting of all the bhāvas or conditions, must be brought into a state of orderliness and appropriateness called sattwa. In the teaching of this part of the subject Shri Krishna says that everything in Nature can be classed under one of three heads – it is tāmasic, that is, material and sluggish, or rājasic, that is, active and restless, or sātṭwic, orderly and harmonious. This is in agreement with both ancient and modern thought.

Modern science recognizes three properties in Nature, or three essential constituents in the objectivity of the external world. One of these is materiality, or the ability of something to occupy space and resist the intrusion of another body into the same space. The second is natural energy or force, and the third is natural law and order. There is no object to be found anywhere, be it large or small, which does not show something of all these three, as it occupies space, shows internal or external energy, and "obeys" (or operates) at least some of Nature's laws. These three qualities of Nature were also well known to the ancient Hindus under the names of tamas, rajas and sattwa, and they held that things differed from one another according to the varied proportions of these three ultimate ingredients. Thus an object in which materiality predominated would be

described as tāmasic, and one in which energy was most prominent would be spoken of as rājasic.

The same adjectives are applied very fully in the Gītā to the personalities of men. In the early stages of human awakening we have the very material or tāmasic man, who is sluggish and scarcely cares to move, unless he is stirred by a strong stimulus from the outside. Next comes the man in whom rajas has developed, who is now eager for excitement and full of energy. Perhaps the bulk of people in the modern world are in this condition, or beginning to come into it. Rajas sends them forth into great activity with every kind of greed, from the lowest lust of the body to the highest forms of ambition for wealth and fame and power. Men of this kind cannot restrain themselves – to want is to act.

Thirdly come the people who recognize that there is such a thing as natural law, who realize, for example, that it does not pay to eat and drink just what they like and as much as they like, but that there are certain regulations, about kind and quantity and time, which pertain to eating and drinking, and that violation of these regulations leads to pain. In time that pain draws attention to what is wrong and the man begins to use his intelligence, first to try to thwart the pain and avert the law, but later on to understand the law, and obey. And then, in that obedience he learns that life is far richer than ever he thought it to be before, that there is in it a sweet strong rhythm unknown to the man of passion, and that alliance with the law can strengthen and enhance human life beyond all the hopes of the impassioned imagination. All good, thoughtful people are in this third stage, obedient and orderly, and they deserve the name of sātत्वic people.

The disciple has to see that his material and personal life or bhāva is kept in the sāt̄twic condition, as regards body, emotions and thoughts. This is a great yoga undertaking. In this there is plenty to do resembling Patanjali's first five steps. At the same time the disciple must go further than the ordinary good man; he must hold himself above all the qualities of Nature (tamas, rajas and sattwa), using the bhāva, not being immersed and lost in it. "Be thou above the three attributes of Nature, O Arjuna," says the Teacher, "without the pairs of opposites (such as heat and cold, praise and blame, riches and poverty), always steadfast in sattwa, careless of possessions, having the (real) self."

These laws work out in a multitude of ways in life, but there are three main principles behind them all – principles of the evolution of consciousness. They express themselves in the powers of will, love and thought, creative in the world, and self-creative in the man. There are only three things that the man must now not do. He must never cease to use his will in work. In that work he must never break the law of love. And in that work of love he must never act; without using his intelligence. These are principles – greater than all rules and regulations, because they are the living law of the true self; and not much consideration is required to see that he who follows this law must necessarily show in his practical life all the virtues that are admired by good men of every religion. Indeed, we can adopt from the Greeks the three eternal valuables – goodness, truth and beauty – and say that a man is truly a man only when he is operating these.

These teachings condense down to three practical exercises, which convert experience into soul-knowledge. Shrī

Krishna does not value life for its own sake, or even brotherhood for its own sake, or even love for its own sake. All actions are valuable only because they lead to knowledge of realities of the soul and the ultimate self. Regarding the aspirant's work or living in the world as stimulating a hunger for something better, which, did he but know it, causes the awakening in himself of a deeper knowledge, and regarding all buddhi-yoga and karma-yoga as an offering on the altar of world-welfare, valuable also because they are a means of true self-education, useful to everybody, Shri Krishna says: "Better than the offering of any material object is the offering of knowledge, for all work culminates in knowledge. You should learn this by reverence, enquiry and service, and those who know and see the truth will teach you the knowledge. By this you will see all beings without exception in the self, and thus in me. Even if you were the most wicked of evildoers, you would cross over all sin by the raft of (this) knowledge. As fire reduces fuel to ashes, so does the fire of knowledge reduce all karmas to ashes. There is indeed no purifier in the world like knowledge. He who is accomplished finds the same in the self in course of time. Having attained (this) knowledge he very soon goes to the peace of the Beyond." The word "knowledge" (jnāna) in the Gītā means always something known – high or low. "Wisdom" is buddhi, meaning the faculty of understanding the life side of the world.

This passage introduces us to a portion of the definite path of training – the equivalent of Patanjali's practical yoga. It was not sufficient for Arjuna to have great love. If he would tread the path, he must express it in work in the form of service, and must also have an enquiring mind, so as to gain some understanding. The unbalanced character is unfit for the higher path, no matter how great the progress

it may have made along one line. Three practices are prescribed; reverence, enquiry and service – in the original, pranipāta, pariprashna and sevā. The first means bowing, or respect for the Divine in all beings and events, which is the same thing as Patanjali's īshwara-pranidhāna. The second is enquiry or questioning, resembling Patanjali's swādhyāya. The third is service, another form of practical effort, the equivalent on this path of Patanjali's tapas. The requirements are thus the same in each school, but the order and emphasis varies.

When speaking of service, it is necessary to emphasize broad conceptions. Some would narrow it down to personal service to a particular teacher, but the whole Gītā points to that brotherhood which is the doing of one's best duty to all around, in one's own limited sphere of circumstances and ability. The aspirant should desire the welfare of the world. This does not imply that we should merely engage ourselves with those who are in need, who are weak or poor or ignorant, and bestow our assistance upon them. That is a dangerous pastime, as it tends to a habit of superiority, and often ends in the production of a missionary spirit which is fatal to . . . progress. Right association with those who are approximately one's equals is, on the whole, the best means for rendering the greatest help to others and oneself. Life does not flow harmoniously across big gaps. The beginner does not become an expert tennis player by playing against great experts, but with those just a little better than himself, and it is not the business of the greatest expert to teach the mere beginner, just as it is not the business of the chief professor of a college to teach the infant class. A good, sensible, brotherly life, in which one does not embarrass others by making conspicuous sacrifices on their behalf, is always the best. The teaching does not ask

for rājasic efforts, but a sāttwic fitting in of oneself into the social welfare.

We may see all mankind in process of evolution or self-unfoldment in seven degrees or stages, according to Shri Krishna's teaching. In the first three stages the man's life is energized from the personality; in the last three, from the real self. In the middle stage there is a conflict between the two, while the man is beginning to work at the three practices mentioned above.

There is one term which Shri Krishna applies to all those who are renouncing allegiance to mere pleasures and self-satisfactions and personal attachment to the objects of the world. He calls them sannyāsīs. In the final discourse of the Gītā, the eighteenth chapter, there is a long explanation of the meaning of the term sannyāsa. It is compared with another – tyāga. Tyāga means abandoning, giving up, leaving behind, and a tyāgī is therefore one who has renounced the world, given up all possessions, and taken to the uncertain life of a religious mendicant, except perhaps that the term mendicant is not quite appropriate, since this man does not positively beg. Sannyāsa is the same thing in spirit. The sannyāsī does not necessarily give up the material things, but he gives up personal attachment to them.

There is still plenty to do for the man who is becoming more and more conscious of the life around him, and therefore less liable to merely personal interests and motives. The things that he must do are described by Shri Krishna as follows: "Acts of yajna, dāna and tapas should not be given up, but should be done without personal attachment or desire for results." These three kinds of

action which alone the sannyāsī is permitted to do, and which in fact he must do, are sacrifice, gift and effort.

It is always unsatisfactory to try to translate these technical Sanskrit words into one-word equivalents in English. Sacrifice (yajna) does not mean the mere surrender of things, but it really means to make all things holy. This occurs when they are offerings. Any action done with an unselfish motive is thus holy. The sannyāsī does not, however, need to make any ceremonial offerings, because he sees the one life everywhere, and all his actions are direct service of that life. In the West it is significant that "holy" is connected with "whole," and so what is done not for selfish gain but in the interests of all is holy. Sacrifice is thus a law by which living beings are related into one great brotherhood. A very important part of the teaching of the Gītā is that one should recognize, accept and like the great fact of the mutual support of all living beings, and act or live accordingly. This is called the law of sacrifice.

The sannyāsī gives freely; leaving it to the law to repay. He also consents to receive only freely, and should any one offer food or anything else for his use, he declines it if the gift is not sincere and free from any suggestion of obligation. His life is one of giving (dāna). All his powers are completely at the service of mankind. And he must strive also, by tapas, to increase those powers. There is plenty to do for the man whose life is only sacrifice, gift and effort, whether he be a wandering monk in India or a railroad magnate in the United States.

This yoga does not exclude meditation. On the contrary it recommends it, but we need not study that here as it has been so fully dealt with in our previous chapters.

In all this teaching one seems to hear the echo of the words of all the spiritual guides of mankind: "We are not interested in the outer man, but in the real man in you. Cling to the real man. That is union with yoga. Let this be a matter for frequent reflection and all else will be purified." The practice of this meditation is essential, but only brings its effect in combination with the practice of true valuation of things in our material living – which is estimation of their value by love, their value for somebody. This love leads on to spiritual insight which, as it combines knowing and being, can be called unification – through purification – with the ever present Divine reality."

Great Systems of Yoga, by Ernest Wood, 1954

CHAPTER NINE

Relinquishing

Like a temple which had been desecrated by the Caliphate, my soul was weary and ransacked in the months ensuing beyond my effluvial separation. Homelessness and slander had caused much strife, and many turned by the wayside, but he who captured my gaze indeed captured me as I fell, and captured my heart in the falling.

But as yet I was still trying to find my way to the place where I would create my private prayer cell anew; and refresh and renew 'The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation' as it 'was no more' - as a place.

As I'd been trying to carry everything I'd ever attained to in this lifetime, the angels aside showed me myself as if I were carrying everything I'd ever owned from the time I was a young child. This manifested in an allegorical rendering of me trying to carry every single stuffed animal I had ever owned in my youth to my new place of aboding. (The stuffed animals representing the ancient sacred texts.) It was impossible for me to carry them all in one fell swoop. But it was presented to me that it was not necessary for me to carry them all, because much of the information was already inside of me, the roads already travelled were energetically imbued upon my soul. In my relief, I allowed it all to go . . . to fall away.

Walking now through a forested street towards what used to be my home, everything suddenly went dark. A full moon came out, it was huge and took over the entire night sky. But as it did so, my vision had ceased. I could not see anymore, and could not find my home.

A group of friends were with me who had been charged with supporting me through this difficult time. Somehow, they were magically going back and forth to my 'home,' or what they believed was still my 'home' but no longer belonged to me, nor did I live there. At some point, however, they realized that I was unable to transport with them because I had lost my home. When they realized this, they all just simply disappeared and left without me.

They left me there alone.

And suddenly, the rains began to fall. And the place I now occupied turned into a city street. In my exhaustion, I fell to the concrete and laid in the pouring rain. Demons came to attack, laughing at how easily they had been able to isolate me from all who had once been allies. Laughing at how easily they had taken the foundation out of my hands . . . But angels came to guard me as they attacked. As I lay there with no idea of how I would re-establish the foundation or rebuild, the angels said, "The foundation is inside of you, no matter the circumstance. The foundation is not a separate place. YOU, Marilynn, are the foundation." They placed their hands on my heart, indicating that the

foundation was embedded within my heart, and that no one could take it from me. It was like destiny, an energetic thing within your DNA . . . As the angels continued to guard me, I felt warmth, light, peace and hope. And all the rain, turned to light.

In a subsequent mystical journey, my soul was taken down below ground into a mystical sphere wherein I met Pope Pius XII who was residing there with a group of cloistered nuns. They lived in a carved out cave beneath the earth, and it was definitely a place of severe refuge.

Pope Pius XII spoke to me mostly in energy and thought-forms about the 'apocalyptic' times that he had lived through during World War II, and how things were for them. And he compared those times with the Apocalypse that we were all now living in presently.

He was wearing the green robes of Ordinary Time in Catholic Liturgy, which seemed to indicate that despite what he was conveying about the 'apocalyptic times' during his own pontificate, they were to be regarded as very ordinary at that time, just the way things were during the time of his reign as pope. And further, that the times now facing myself and others in these present days, were also just the way things were going to be, ordinary for our time.

There were two nuns who were very specifically involved in helping him out a great deal during those times and eventually it broke down to just the one.

Ironically, the one whom everyone had counted out and didn't think was going to be all that important. In fact, they had kind of mistreated her in the convent.

Mother Pascalina stepped forward in a very humble way. There was nothing about her that stood out, and she did nothing to stand out. In fact, she went so far out of her way to not stand out, it was almost hard to notice her presence. This was her spiritual gift.

She began to speak, but no words came out of her mouth; only tones, colors, chimes, lights and vibrations. I could only absorb them, not understand.

What came out of her was so deep and profound, however, that I struggled for a while after she had done this to try to encapsulate what she had conveyed to me in some type of way that I could express in words. But I was completely unable to form a single syllable.

Energetally, vibrations were being shared with me about the apocalyptic world we were in and that it was very likely going to end up being the very same way for Seeker and myself; possibly just us in the end. And it was very important for me to embrace this, because we needed one another to survive, to preserve the light, to fulfill the mission.

As she conveyed these things, Pope Pius XII's robes changed from the green color of Ordinary Time, to all white. This indicated that times such as these

heralded a purification - within individual souls and within the spirit of the world.

My soul felt overwhelmingly honored by my visitors this eve, and the intensity of it was profound. We must prepare, and indeed, we had already been doing so.

Pope Pius XIIth smiled in a very welcoming manner, a stark contrast to the stern demeanor I had experienced on his first visit. Despite the dark, dank cave in which they were dwelling for refuge, we were to travel this spiritual purification with joy.

And my spirit was plopped upon a grassy field wherein I now occupied my form as a faerie angel. Trying to blow individual bubbles, one at a time, in order to make myself translucent and transparent; it was obvious that I was losing a magical quality in my exhaustion from the battles in the physical world.

Very nearby, dark forces were coming towards me and I had to re-energize fast before they would be able to come in for a 'hit' against my power grid. Blowing out five or six bubbles, the first three were potent, then they began to power down. It wasn't quite enough of a jolt.

It was clear that I needed to receive vibrations and find a way to - as quickly as possible - get back into the silence and a space wherein I could engage in my practices of prayer and meditation.

Help arrived before the demons did, and my soul received spherical vibrational raisings all morning to assist in the deficit.

Peering out the window, people were taking a picture of me as an author – like a portrait shot which would last forever. The Lord spoke to me as if by interior locution and asked, ‘Would you rather leave now and leave a lot of works which will be forgotten easily, or continue to live and leave with a true monumental work to God in place, like a Leonardo da Vinci, a Michelangelo . . . or something like that?’

I didn’t know how to respond immediately, because I wasn’t sure if this was a legitimate question with those two outcomes, or if this was some type of play on vainglory.

“Lord,” I replied. “If this is just a play on my vanity, then I’d rather just leave now. But if there really is some important work for You that you would have me do, then I’ll stay to complete that.”

Pleased, I was returned to my physical form without any further comment.

A few days later, as I had just been finishing up with the final touches on my new space, St. Francis of Assisi came to me mystically to show me where he wanted the Franciscan books to go in my new cell. His energy was very holy as he hovered about the room, moving amongst the bookshelves.

In order to further my purification process, he pointed out to me that I was having issues in several areas. Cautioning me against vainglory and pride in my work, he showed me how pleasing to God are the humble souls who work steady jobs and show the discipline to go to and from work each day, steady as can be . . . and retiring perhaps from the very self-same job. Admittedly, my initial reaction was to think of this as less interesting or exciting, but I was chastised for this lesser view which did not properly assert the virtues of those called to such a life of service. I felt a fool for thinking so . . . he then showed me that my vanity was also carrying forward still a bit into my elder years in that I still had a desire to be attractive to younger men, and that this was displeasing and rather foul in the eyes of the Lord. And I honestly cannot even express the displeasure expressed regarding this crude and unsightly vice, nor the embarrassment of my soul as I observed my own inner fetters to them. And then finally, he showed me how I must still be cautious regarding spiritual gluttony. I had an attachment to the ancient sacred texts as if they belonged to me, when in fact, they belonged to everyone. "The Ancient Sacred Texts belong to everyone," he said, "we must give them back to the people."

"Awww, yes," I replied, "I guess this is what 'The Tao of Mysticism' is truly."

And the angels appeared all around me and directed me to gaze into a very huge diamond. As I did so, there was a spectacularly blazing quality you could

witness from within that would be hard to describe; almost like flashes of millions of worlds coming in millions of waves of light vortexing upon one another; over, under and above. They spoke, "Every time you look into it, you can see 64 million years and 64 million worlds." And I exhaled an aspiration . . .

"In another work Jami sets forth the relation of God to the world more philosophically, as follows:

"The unique Substance, viewed as absolute and void of all phenomena, all limitations and all multiplicity, is the Real (al-Haqq). On the other hand, viewed in His aspect of multiplicity and plurality, under which He displays Himself when clothed with phenomena, He is the whole created universe. Therefore the universe is the outward visible expression of the Real, and the Real is the inner unseen reality of the universe. The universe before it was evolved to outward view was identical with the Real; and the Real after this evolution is identical with the universe."

Phenomena, as such, are not-being and only derive a contingent existence from the qualities of Absolute Being by which they are irradiated. The sensible world resembles the fiery circle made by a single spark whirling round rapidly.

Man is the crown and final cause of the universe. Though last in the order of creation he is first in the process of divine thought, for the essential part of him is the primal Intelligence or universal Reason which emanates immediately from the Godhead. This corresponds to the Logos--the animating principle of all things--and is identified with the Prophet Mohammed. An interesting

parallel might be drawn here between the Christian and Sufi doctrines. The same expressions are applied to the founder of Islam which are used by St. John, St. Paul, and later mystical theologians concerning Christ. Thus, Mohammed is called the Light of God, he is said to have existed before the creation of the world, he is adored as the source of all life, actual and possible, he is the Perfect Man in whom all the divine attributes are manifested, and a Sufi tradition ascribes to him the saying, "He that hath seen me hath seen Allah." In the Moslem scheme, however, the Logos doctrine occupies a subordinate place, as it obviously must when the whole duty of man is believed to consist in realising the unity of God. The most distinctive feature of Oriental as opposed to European mysticism is its profound consciousness of an omnipresent, all-pervading unity in which every vestige of individuality is swallowed up. Not to become like God or personally to participate in the divine nature is the Sufi's aim, but to escape from the bondage of his unreal selfhood and thereby to be reunited with the One infinite Being.

According to Jami, Unification consists in making the heart single--that is, in purifying and divesting it of attachment to aught except God, both in respect of desire and will and also as regards knowledge and gnosis. The mystic's desire and will should be severed from all things which are desired and willed; all objects of knowledge and understanding should be removed from his intellectual vision. His thoughts should be directed solely towards God, he should not be conscious of anything besides."

The Mystics of Islam, By Reynold A. Nicholson, Routledge, Kegan Paul, London, 1914

"Blessed, bearing the sun, the eye of the Gods,

*Leading her white horse, magnificent to see,
Dawn reveals herself, arrayed in beams of light,
And with boundless glory she transforms the world.*

*O fair one, banish the enemy with light!
And prepare for us broad pastures free from fear!
Ward off hatred, bring us your priceless treasure!
O bountiful, shower your blessings on the singer!*

*Illumine us with your glorious splendor,
O divine Dawn! Enrich and lengthen our lives,
O Goddess full of grace! Grant us fulfillment . . .
O Daughter of Heaven, Dawn of noble birth,
Whom the men of glory celebrate in hymns . . .
O Gods, protect us always with your blessings!"*

Hymn to Usha, Goddess of Dawn, Hindu, Translated by Jean Le Mee

*"Mother of the Universe
Unknowable One
Remover of Darkness
Great Light of Enlightenment
Spirit of All Knowing Wisdom
Destroyer of Demons
Heart of Compassion
Womb of Eternity . . ."*

Hymn of Durga the Warrior Goddess, Hindu, Jalaja Bonheim

*"Let me worship the Golden One to honor her Majesty and
exalt the Lady of Heaven . . . Let me consecrate breath to
my Goddess."*

Hymn to Hathor, Translated by John L. Foster

CHAPTER TEN

Translating

There was a flurry of activity as my soul was zipping through the darkened tunnels which were meandering below ground to reach a destination of which as of yet remained unknown. They seemed to bend and turn in ways which were hard to follow, and thus, concentration was extremely necessary in following them.

But as yet within moments, my spirit had arrived in a Buddhist Monastery which lay secretly and untouched in a cavern below. Surprisingly, after arriving at the entrance and going through a series of questions which were intended to determine whether or not I could pass beyond it; the underground cavern opened up to a shockingly simple yet quite beautiful vista of rooms which heralded the Buddhist ancient sacred texts in scrolls, energy, paper, papyrus and other forms of reliquarial words.

The rooms themselves were carefully crafted into rectangular rooms with off-white to deeper sand-colored walls, which were geometrically perfect in their dimensions. Despite being below ground, we could see by a light which was coming from an undetermined source.

A Buddhist Monk met me as I arrived and began speaking about a particular text, the 'Bodhisattvacharyavata' or 'A Guide to the

Bodhisattva's Way of Life,' in 800 A.D. Our conversation led to an-depth commentarial analysis of the importance of this text which has long since become one of the primary texts of Mahayana and Tibetan Buddhism and the origin of the Bodhisattva vow. Before us, we utilized a modern printed copy of the text to drive our discussion.

A Bodhisattva is a soul who makes a vow to continue reincarnating or to not cease the cycles of life, death and rebirth; until all souls have achieved liberation; it is a sacrificial and almost messianic role that a soul takes within all worlds. A Bodhisattva will seek enlightenment or awakening for the sake of all beings, not just for themselves.

*"Creations are numberless, I vow to free them.
Delusions are inexhaustible, I vow to transform them.
Reality is boundless, I vow to perceive it.
The awakened way is unsurpassable, I vow to embody it."*

The Fourfold Bodhisattva Vow, Shantideva, 800 A.D.

What's interesting about this practice, however, is that it is not a foreign concept at all to Catholicism, as well.

"Thomas A Kempis, the author of the Following of Christ, writes the following in the biography of this holy virgin, St. Ludwina, who was a contemporary of his and lived in his neighborhood: 'This patient sufferer was afflicted throughout thirty-four years with the most painful diseases. In her repeated ecstasies she often saw her guardian angel, who led her to Purgatory, where she saw

*the Poor Souls tortured in many different ways, according to the variety of their guilt. Among them she recognized many of her friends. Moved by this sight, she not only bore with the greatest patience her own excruciating pains, but took upon herself many other painful works of penance. She constantly implored the infinite mercy of God for these Poor Souls, and often wept very bitterly over their misery.’ Her biographer states also that although she always redeemed a great number of souls by her penances, she increased this number largely on the principal feasts. **Another biographer writes of her that she once formed the heroic resolution rather to suffer the most terrible pains for the Poor Souls till doomsday, if it were permitted, than to be received immediately into heaven, and that she had redeemed thereby the souls of her parents and of all her relatives and friends. – Ibid.”***

*Holy Souls Book, Reflections on Purgatory, Saints and Holy Souls, 15,
Edited by Rev. F.X. Lasance, Refuge of Sinners Publishing, 2015*

The monk and I continued talking about the text, comparing our thoughts, writing down notes and throwing out ideas on its deeper significance within the realms of existence from the confines of this very holy and sacred place wherein so many texts had been honored and preserved.

Amidst the corridors of this below ground Buddhist monastery, there was a very holy Lama who was its Guardian. Up until this point, I had only been given permission to see that the Lama existed, but not to speak with him. He remained solitary at most times, but had a Rinpoche as his second who helped with all the day to day management of the monastery and its texts.

After the other monk and myself had been talking for a very long time about the 'Bodhisattvacharyavatara,' we were surprised at receiving an impromptu visit from the Rinpoche. After all, the Rinpoche and the Lama stayed within their own cells most of the time and rarely ventured into the greeting room of the monastery from whence I had entered. Bringing with him the original ancient sacred text of which we had been speaking, my eyes widened in the viewing of them. In awe of this, I looked into the Rinpoche's eyes, and then down again at the text in sacred wonder and awe.

"You may read the original text." He spoke quietly into my spiritual mind without his mouth moving at all. Startled by this honor, I bowed several times to him in acceptance of this gift.

And as I began to read from the original, my spirit was immediately transported into mirror monasteries which existed in overlapping vibrations deep within the earth. The second monastery was related to flashing light, like laser light moving in many directions throughout the whole thing. And the third monastery was filled with a subdued purple cloudy energy which was mellowing and peaceful.

In my heart, I wondered if these were respective spheres for redemption and subsequent liberation, but no more was to be explained this eve.

"In Tibetan Buddhism there are two lineages of the bodhisattoa vow. The first is associated with the Cittamatra movement of Indian Buddhism, and is said

to have originated with the bodhisattva Maitreya, and to have been propagated by Asanga. The second is associated with the Madhyamaka movement, and is said to have originated with the bodhisattva Manjusri and to have been propagated by Nagarjuna, and later by Shantideva. The main difference between these two lineages of the bodhisattva vow is that in the Cittamatra lineage the vow cannot be received by one who has not previously received the pratimokṣa vows.

(Marilynn's Commentary: These vows include 1.) to refrain from killing, 2.) to refrain from stealing, 3.) to refrain from false speech, 4.) to refrain from sexual misconduct, 5.) to refrain from using intoxicants.

Marilynn's Commentaries in bold below.)

According to Alexander Berzin, the bodhisattva vows transmitted by the 10th-century Indian master Atisha "derives from the Sutra of Akashagarbha (Nam-mkha'i snying-po mdo, Skt. Akashagarbhasutra), as cited in Compendium of Trainings (bSlabs-btus, Skt. Shikshasamuccaya), compiled in India by Shantideva in the 8th century" including 18 primary and 48 secondary downfalls.

The 18 primary root downfalls of the bodhisattva vows are

1. Praising ourselves and/or belittling others
2. Not sharing Dharma teachings or wealth
(Marilynn's Commentary: Dharma is the eternal and inherent eternal nature of existence, all things, reality, of which is embodied the law; the underlying

truth which guides all of creation and existence.)

3. Not listening to others' apologies or striking others
4. Discarding the Dharma teachings and propounding made-up ones
5. Taking offerings intended for the Triple Gem (***Marilynn's Commentary: The Buddha, the Dharma and the Sangha a.k.a. The Teacher, the Teachings, and the Teaching Body a.k.a. the Embodiment, the Law and the Monastic Body.***)
6. Forsaking the holy Dharma (***Marilynn's Commentary: Teachings***)
7. Disrobing monastics or committing such acts as stealing their robes
8. Committing any of the five heinous crimes: (a) killing our fathers, (b) mothers, or (c) an arhat (a liberated being), (d) with bad intentions of drawing blood from a Buddha, or (e) causing a split in the monastic community.
9. Holding a distorted, antagonistic outlook
10. Destroying places such as towns
11. Teaching voidness to those whose minds are untrained (***Marilynn's Commentary: voidness can be compared to emptiness, vacuity, openness, thusness, isness, suchness, in Buddhist Practice, and is used to delineate between how things appear and how they actually are below the surface, in energy, energetic truth, etc.***)

12. *Turning others away from full enlightenment*
13. *Turning others away from their pratimoksha vows*

(Marilynn's Commentary: Just to reiterate that these vows include 1.) to refrain from killing, 2.) to refrain from stealing, 3.) to refrain from false speech, 4.) to refrain from sexual misconduct, 5.) to refrain from using intoxicants.)

14. *Belittling the shravaka vehicle (Marilynn's Commentary: The hearers or disciples of the teachings.)*
15. *Proclaiming a false realization of voidness (Marilynn's Commentary: voidness can be compared to emptiness, vacuity, openness, thusness, isness, suchness, in Buddhist Practice, and is used to delineate between how things appear and how they actually are below the surface, in energy, energetic truth, etc.)*
16. *Accepting what has been stolen from the Triple Gem (Marilynn's Commentary: The Buddha, the Dharma and the Sangha a.k.a. The Teacher, the Teachings, and the Teaching Body a.k.a. the Embodiment, the Law and the Monastic Body.)*
17. *Establishing unfair policies*

18. Giving up bodhicitta (Marilynn's Commentary: *The Awakening Mind/Heart, the Aspiration to Compassion for all Living Beings, the entry into Transcendental Consciousness, Detachment from the False Self, the Aspiration to Serve all Beings. The intention to seek enlightenment for Universal Purposes rather than a personal one - to Awaken from the worlds of delusion so that you may seek to assist other souls in awakening from delusion. Seeking enlightenment for the benefit of all beings, not just your own. In essence, the Bodhicitta intent is very similar to the vow that the Bodhisattva takes.*)

Wikipedia

*“May all beings everywhere
Plagued by sufferings of body and mind
Obtain an ocean of happiness and joy
By virtue of my merits.*

*May no living creature suffer,
Commit evil, or ever fall ill.
May no one be afraid or belittled,
With a mind weighed down by depression.*

*May the blind see forms
And the deaf hear sounds,
May those whose bodies are worn with toil
Be restored on finding repose.*

*May the naked find clothing,
The hungry find food;
May the thirsty find water
And delicious drinks.*

*May the poor find wealth,
Those weak with sorrow find joy;
May the forlorn find hope,
Constant happiness, and prosperity.
May there be timely rains
And bountiful harvests;
May all medicines be effective
And wholesome prayers bear fruit.*

*May all who are sick and ill
Quickly be freed from their ailments.
Whatever diseases there are in the world,
May they never occur again.*

*May the frightened cease to be afraid
And those bound be freed;
May the powerless find power,
And may people think of benefiting each other.*

*For as long as space remains,
For as long as sentient beings remain,
Until then may I too remain
To dispel the miseries of the world."*

*A Guide to the Bodhisattva's Way of Life, Bodhisattvocharavatara,
Shantideva, 800 AD*

It also occurred to me that in several religious traditions I'd recently been traveling, there was the encouragement for the practice of reciting a holy

name of God. This devotion is given as a way for souls to be purified and receive liberation through the hands of grace. Lord Krishna, Lord Jesus Christ, Lord Amida Buddha . . . and although I could not yet put it into words, it seemed that this was very important, very relevant and contained within it mysteries of which I had not yet comprehended.

In all these traditions, there did seem to be a certain justification by faith alone. Through the recitation of the Holy Name, the deity takes upon Himself the sins of the devotee. And by doing so faithfully, the practitioner is cleansed by the Holy Spirit through Grace.

The mystery of this was not lost on me. Reliance on the Holy Name through faith, allowed a soul to have their sins processed by the Holy Being of God or the Holy Guru as presented in these various paths. In so doing, an accelerated form of purification seemed to be possible. And in this, there was great hope for every individual soul in realizing that selfless prayer in faith to God, whatever name may be attributed to Him, shortens the purification path a great deal because the Lord Himself takes upon His own shoulders those sins which are so hard for us as individual souls to identify, rectify and overcome.

And by giving that processing of our sins to the Holy Lord, the purification path is accelerated. What a profound mercy . . . I could not contain my curiosity and excitement at realizing the similarity of these doctrines and teachings. And in realizing that God

had provided a means for salvation and perfection which was really quite simple, a way to hand off to God Himself, the process. In so doing, a soul could reach greater heights at much greater speeds in the earthly journey.

And I returned to my body with great peace flowing over my form in waves and vibrations of eternal peace.

On yet another eve, my soul was delivered to a huge church, perhaps you could even characterize it as a cathedral. Within its walls were priests from every order, creed and faith; who were gathering for a great service to God. They were mostly Christian Priests, Catholic, Orthodoxies, etc., but I was aware of many rabbi's and other Jewish leaders, including Hasidic, being present, as well.

Sitting down on the floor in the back of the church, I was taking care of a group of deceased children around the ages of five to eight years of age.

The priests of every creed were very kind to me, smiled at me slightly; and I felt very blessed in that they were conveying their approval of my current standing with God. Additionally, they seemed pleased that I was good with these young kids who had died before their time and needed others to now take care of them in the afterlife.

Smiling, my spirit disappeared and reappeared elsewhere in a place of initiation. Given some type of gift which was invisible and unseen, I was aware that

it had been given so that I might be able to go to a secret place and gain momentum. There were a total of three souls including myself traveling to this secret place, of which no words can be spoken. We all arrived there and went through several exercises which thrust our souls into these momentums that we would need to proceed further down the path. It was all highly energized and full of high and fine vibration.

Leaving now this secret place, I was immediately taken to visit with the wife of an Old-Testament king (no further identification was provided) who was portrayed as very much like a goddess. I watched her as she worked with many children in the villages and towns wherein the King ruled. She was very, very good with them. I was gathering information because the energetic qualities inherent in this woman's life were relevant and important for me to take within. As I continued to watch her move through her lifetime and the good deeds of wisdom that she continued to emulate throughout it were breathed within and into me. Garnishing the peaceful and powerful thrust throughout my soul, I was swept up and away to another very different place.

(I share this to illustrate various ways such things have been viewed through different aeons in the world. Doing so does not indicate that this is my own personal view.)_

"These records prove that woman had acquired great liberty under the old civilizations. A form of society existed at an early age known as the Matriarchate or Mother-rule.

*Under the Matriarchate, except as son and inferior, man was not recognized in either of these great institutions, family, state or church. A father and husband as such, had no place either in the social, political or religious scheme; woman was ruler in each. **The primal priest on earth, she was also supreme as goddess in heaven.** The earliest semblance of the family is traceable to the relationship of mother and child alone. Here the primal idea of the family had birth. The child bore its mother's name, tracing its descent from her; her authority over it was regarded as in accord with nature; the father having no part in the family remained a wanderer. Long years elapsed before man, as husband and father, was held in esteem. The son, as child of his mother, ranked the father, the mother taking precedence over both the father and the son. Blood relationship through a common mother preceded that of descent through the father in the development of society.*

This, priority of the mother touched not alone the family, but controlled the state and indicated the form of religion. Thus we see that during the Matriarchate, woman ruled; she was first in the family, the state, religion, the most ancient records showing that man's subjection to woman preceded by long ages that of woman to man. The tribe was united through the mother; social, political and religious life: were all in harmony with the idea of woman as the first and highest power. The earliest phase of life being dependent upon her, she was recognized as the primal factor in every relation, man holding no place but that of dependant.

Every part of the world to-day gives evidence of the system; reminiscences Of the Matriarchate everywhere abound. Livingstone found African tribes swearing by the

mother and tracing descent through her. Marco Polo discovered similar customs in his Asiatic voyages, and the same customs are extant among the Indians of our own continent. Bachofen and numerous investigators agree in the statement that in the earliest forms of society, the family, government, and religion, were all under woman's control; that in fact society started under woman's absolute authority and power."

Woman, Church and State, By Matilda Joslyn Gage, 1893

CHAPTER ELEVEN

Choosing

A feeling of anticipation was in the air, and in the darkened room I saw myself sending out tweets on Twitter about something which was about to come. 'Helter Skelter' was the warning to come this eve. I'd tweeted the message a total of twelve times. A feeling of foreboding doom filled this cloudeous and darkened space. The meaning of the words, according to 'Oxford Languages', was 'involving disorderly haste or confusion.' Many things had already come to pass on the ground, within the earth as we know it. A time of discord was apparently imminent within the realms of human creation, the physical universe.

And indeed it would be so, as the post-pandemic world continued to rage and ravage.

My spirit was sent home within the physical realm to ponder.

On yet another eve, my spirit was raptured into a border world wherein the human condition was shown to me in the form of a very large home which represented many aspects of humanity.

The main entrance of the home led into my abode which consisted of a living space and a private cell. This portion of the greater home of humanity was white, with marble shiny floors. But no one wished to enter here except for me. My cell was immaculate and serene, bright and pure. And it was constantly

renewing itself, updated and showing the element of continual rejuvenation of the spirit.

There was a stairway which led to the remainder of the house, which was placed somewhere in a hallway in the middle of the full dwelling.

An alternative entry had been created by the residents. But this part of the home was old, like from the 1970's or earlier, and the walls were paneled, the carpets were orange, red and green of almost a vomit color. There was a third dwelling which was located at the very far end of the final hallway. They were able to enter through the middle entrance, but they had another entrance from inside the house to their abode and domain. All I knew was that this final place was like the blackness of night, behind a very heavy and sealed and old wooden door with bars on it, and I was not given to even enter the space for fear of contamination of the spirit.

Having gone to visit those within the middle spheres of the home, I suggested and began trying to change out the floor. But the residents of this portion of the earth responded by installing a new floor made out of paper. It was intended to look like wood, but the paper was tearing stripping and unraveling all over the foundation. Big spots upon the floor were ripped. But the inhabitants of the realm didn't want to change it, because 'it was too difficult and it would cost them too much to do so,' And they had actually spent a lot of money and time on this paper floor that they were now laying down upon the foundation of the spirit

hold which represented their journey and its flimsy foundation.

Looking in confusion and concern, I pointed out to them, "How is it that you have already spent so much time and money (effort and treasure) to install such a faulty and useless floor?" They got nervous, looked down, twitched; but they could not answer the question, nor did they wish to . . . Continuing to push for a response, I waved my arms at them, and made eye contact with each; but to no avail.

They had spent a great deal of effort and treasure to create a very faulty foundation of their own souls. How could it be so that they were content with this? But . . . indeed they were.

So I travelled further to go towards the final end point of the earthly home to see what I might find. But there was not even entry to this dark place as it was locked tightly shut within the dark realms.

Worry overcame me . . . but my spirit was suddenly alit and sent to a previously unknown location within the vast and expansive home. It was located through a very thin and circular glass tunnel which had a secret entrance off of the main hall. As the entire home had been built upon a vast expanse of land within a mountainous but barren region, the room secret yet sacred room had been placed over a rocky point of stone. A glass dome was constructed over the space. And the floor was mother earth itself.

A dear friend and fellow incarnate mystic waited for

me to arrived, and as soon as I did, we took each others hands and began to dance in joy. I began singing to her of the glories of God, and our joy was increased a thousandfold.

And in our dancing and praise, a wave of contemporaneous vibration entered within my sphere of understanding. Despite the trials, weak attempts and recurrent failings of humanity to bring themselves into the perfection of unadulterated purity, despite the craziness involved in the unceasing motionlessness of the human condition; something glorious was going on. We just knew it, understood it, and felt it within the very fibers of our being. Our souls rejoiced in this knowledge.

Despite it all, something glorious was going on. God's mysterious ways would reign supreme in every age. His call to redemption never fading or waning, never tiring of the predilections of human beings to ignore their inner promptings and waste so much time.

Although human effort and treasure was often spent on erroneous and pointless pursuits, God's efforts and treasures remained mercifully open to all of humanity. And the falls which were often preceded by extemporaneous acts of human frivolity or waste; were - even so - creating something glorious within the mind and activity of God.

Something glorious was going on, something glorious was going on, something glorious was going on.

We danced and I sang a never ending ballad to the

Beloved, for His great wisdom, grace and utility. Redemption was a constantly moving thing, one that was found in mysterious meanderings through the consciousness of the human mind.

God praise . . . let us praise Him.

Despite all the craziness of all that was happening, something glorious was going on.

But then, another sudden shifting occurred in that my soul was taken to the site of a motor vehicle which was somehow leaking acid. The acid was splashed all over the pavement in pools of vile canker. The souls of humanity were portrayed as young children who were gathered around the scene.

I was trying to get the motor vehicle into a church to be repaired, but was having a great deal of trouble in making this happen. I kept telling the children to keep their hands out of the acid – over and over. Meanwhile, the souls of humanity portrayed as children aside, were literally just constantly jumping into the acid, despite my efforts to stop them from further defiling and actually harming themselves, their souls. They wouldn't listen to anything I said, despite the fact that I was the adult in the room. They remained utterly oblivious.

Suddenly, an Admiral of some type of spirit military force arrived without any fanfare. "Can I help?" he asked. "Yes," I shouted, "but don't use the souls who keep jumping in the acid because they won't listen to anything I tell them to do. You can't save them."

A pause ensued. And at once I realized I should reconsider. "No, go ahead and take them." I said. As I did so, he took the motor vehicle and the souls of humanity and began making profound efforts to get them all back into the church for alteration. Smiling my way, it was conveyed that this alteration had been taken out of my hands. There was need of a higher force to affect this change than I could provide at that moment. Grateful, I bowed in acceptance of the rescue. Returning to form, I breathed a sigh of relief.

A fortnight later, my spirit was taken into a future time – but yet one which did not appear to be that far into distant time from the day.

My soul experienced how one day, everything was fine and our world was operating as if normal. But the very next morrow, everything changed without warning and with a suddenly erect (alert) disposition.

Some type of catastrophic event had plummeted human civilization into an apocalyptic scene. But there was no indication or clarity as to what had happened to bring this about.

In trepidation, I looked on, not knowing what to do.

"This prophecy is divided into four parts. It has Israel for its object; but, as to the principle of it, it applies also to the assembly. The first prophecy announces the separation of the people from the world. "The people shall dwell alone," separated unto God, a people not reckoned among the nations.

The second prophecy declares that God does not repent. God has blessed them; shall He not confirm what He has just said? The people are justified, and without sin in the eyes of God. God it was who had brought them out of Egypt. This people had "the strength of the unicorn," and the enemy, whom he had sought (in his enchantments), had no power against them.

*Balaam, seeing at last that God was bent upon blessing, yields to the power of God, goes no longer to the meeting of enchantments, and the Spirit of God comes upon him. The justification of the people being now declared, the Spirit of God can bear testimony to them, instead of confining His testimony to the thoughts and intentions of God. **Balaam sees them from above; seeing the vision of the Almighty, he sees the people according to the thoughts of the Spirit of God, as seen in the mind of God from above. The eyes of the prophet are open.** And remark, here, that it is neither the anticipation of Canaan, nor Israel in their permanent habitations: Balaam turns his face towards the wilderness and sees Israel abiding in their tents. **There the Spirit sees them, and declares the beauty and the order of the people in the eyes of God. The water of the refreshing of God was also always with them there; they were as trees that Jehovah had planted, therefore will they be great amongst the nations, a source of power and joy. They drink from the sources of God, and pour out from them abundantly for others.** God had brought them out of Egypt, they were the work of God? and the power of God was to go with them against their enemies. **We get here, thirdly, then, beauty, a freshness the sources of which do not dry up, and power (what the Spirit does for the assembly).***

Then, in the fourth place is the coming of Christ, the Star of Jacob, who crowns the glory of the people. Only, as it comes in the midst of Israel, it is in judgment. With regard to us, it will be to take us hence, in order to make us participate in the joy of His presence, to the marriage of the Lamb. In a word, we see the separation of the people from the world; their justification; their order, their beauty, as planted by God near the everlasting sources of the river of God; and then the coming of Christ. The prophecy is perfectly beautiful. Remark, too, the prophecies, in the renewed effort to bring a curse on them, are not repetitions. Each such effort brings out something more of what God had in His mind for His people, for blessing! It is not without interest to see how Balak uses all human and superstitious means to bring the curse on them. He had no idea of God, and it was with God he had to do.

It is very important for us to see sometimes the church from above, in the wilderness, but in the beauty of the thoughts of God, a pearl without price. In the midst of the camp below, in the desert, what murmurings, complainings; how much indifference, what carnal motives, would have been witnessed and heard! From above, for him who has the vision of God, who has his eyes open, everything is beautiful. "I stand in doubt of you," says the apostle; and immediately after, "I have confidence in you, through the Lord." We must get up to Him, and we shall have His thoughts of grace, who sees the beauty of His people, of His assembly, through everything else, for it is beautiful. But for this, one would be either entirely discouraged or satisfied with evil. This vision of God removes these two thoughts at once.

We see the final judgment of the ships of Chittim (that is, of the west, north of the Mediterranean), and that of their chief, after he has afflicted Asshur and Eber also. It will be the terrible judgment of God at the end of this age.

A few words more on the position of Balaam. At the end of a dispensation based on any knowledge whatever of God, when faith is lost and profession retained, this last obtains a renown of which men glory (as now, of the name of Christianity). Satan uses it: power is sought from him. They go to meet enchantments; because, whilst glorying in the revealed name of God, they seek to satisfy their own lusts; and the importance of the name of God is tacked on to the work of the devil. However, God is acknowledged up to a certain point. They fear Him, and He may interfere; but the system is diabolical, under the name of the Lord, with a partial fear of the Lord, and a dread which recognises Him as an object of fear. The people of God are preserved; but it is a very solemn thought, and it is truly the history of the christian system. At last, the unhappy Balaam, whose heart was in the bond of iniquity, seeing that he cannot curse by the power of Satan, seeks to frustrate the blessing of God by leading the people into sin and idolatry. As regards the people, he is but too successful. God sends chastisement; and, while the people are humbling themselves, the enormity of the evil excites the indignation of Phinehas, who, acting with an energy suitable to the circumstances, stops the plague and acquires a perpetual priesthood in his family.

Note #1

It is of the highest interest to see the special character of this prophecy. It is God who, of His own will, interferes to take the part of His people against the enemy, and that even without their knowing it, or asking for it. It is not, as almost all prophecies are, an appeal to the conscience of the people, accompanied by promises calculated to sustain the faith of the remnant in the midst of the gainsayers. The people know nothing about it; they are perhaps still murmuring in their tents (so beautiful in the eyes of him who had the vision of the Almighty) against the ways of God with them. It is God declaring His own thoughts and confounding the malice of Satan, the enemy He has to do with. That is the reason why this prophecy is so complete; presenting to us, in spirit, our whole portion (literally it is that of Israel, as in the fourth prophecy is evident), separation, justification, beauty in the eyes of God (all that corresponds with the presence of the Spirit of God), and the crown of glory in the coming of the Star of Jacob, of Christ Himself, in glory."

Synopsis of the Books of the Bible, by John Nelson Darby, 1857, Old Testament of the Bible, Commentary on Numbers 24:1

CHAPTER TWELVE

Salvific Grace

In a consistorium of cloudeous beauty and height, my spirit was alit to a Buddhist heaven wherein lay the spirits of many Buddhist Monks who were sickened during their incarnations. Addressed as to how I might help them, I gathered forward to bring them love, light, healing and salvation.

As I did so, the Holy Spirit infused into my soul remembrances of kindnesses that had been done for me many years past. And yet these kindnesses had been forgotten by myself. Gathering the graciousness in the memory, I was surprised at how easily we as human beings forget the kindnesses bestowed upon us by other human souls, non human beings and even God Himself. And I made a sacred intention to bring these hallowed moments to mind more frequently in my meditations and prayers.

As I moved from the Buddhist monks, I was instantly transported to a similar grouping of souls who needed assistance and light to heal their relationships with others in the world. These souls were in need of understanding. A soul must never forget the adage taught me many years ago, "It is not for you to be understood, but to be understanding." A chastisement and correction I'd often failed at in my own lifetime. And as I passed through their realm sending healing rays of light, I moved deeply within the aeons.

A vibrant step up in tremoring, thrust, energy and remorse, I was given to make many alterations throughout many aeons in the spiritual worlds; Every nanosecond containing within it a million such constructs.

Spending many hours on these alterations throughout time and space, after I had completed a sequence of requirements throughout the ages, my soul rested upon a precipice which portended the galaxies all around.

My spirit erupted onto a deciduous land within the spheres of heaven. Before me lay etheric records and books documenting all the work I had been doing mystically. But these were many things I had not been able to write down, as sometimes it was just impossible to truly document them as they were so well beyond all consequential matter that they could not be discussed, construed or understood within the confines of the human word. And at others, there was just so much occurring in these realms, there wasn't time enough in the day to record all of them.

So I frantically began to make copies because I was viewing that it would be the only way I would get academic credit for having completed the tasks. Again, the worldly call of credential made it into my mind which was all vanity and ego and other sordid vices. Rushing to get these things done, I kept working very hard to capture it all. My spirit raged like a fury in the night trying that I may to document every subtle happening within the realms of the

spirit, but yet, it was all for naught. It was impossible, I soon began to see with my interior eyes.

A priest appeared in the distance and began to walk slowly towards me. When he arrived within my sphere, he spoke quietly. "You are wasting your time trying to document all of that." He said, "God would much rather you 'do' the things of the spirit; (meditation, prayer, work in the mystical spheres), than 'write' about or 'document' them." In relief, I nodded. "BE a mystic," He replied, "do not focus on having to share everything or with a feeling of obligation to teach others to do the same. BE the mystic. That is what God wishes from you and what will make Him well pleased in you."

I sighed in this consolation. It had gotten so hard to capture these things. So much could transpire in a single night as to require me to write for days. A burden had been lifted from upon my bosom in realizing I would not have to attempt to record every subtle experience or similar service.

I would henceforth focus on BEING the mystic, not only writing about it. And in this, my soul would potentially find a greater balance between the many works required of my soul in this world and the next.

The peace filled me, as I awoke to the din of the earthly room.

Returning to the spiritual spheres again, however, my soul was grasped and yearned into many odd stations. In the spirit world, much of the negativity

and darkness in the world below was now manifesting in the creation of newly formed and highly antagonistic spheres which overlapped the earth and actually became stumbling blocks for souls who sought to bypass the mass retain in order to reach the light.

Each of these spheres of depravity provided a different sort of danger or something else requiring escape in order to move beyond the new 'ring' being built by the putrid and essentially unpurified thoughts of the human mind. Parading itself through these spaces like a virus which had been militarized, some of these essences were conflict driven while others were the remnants of 'killing time,' or to say more literally, wasting time, laziness. Many appeared as if drunk, and others were 'kidnapping' souls who dared to get stuck in their spiraling motion of poison.

In order to bypass this profoundly pathetic realm in formation, I had to learn to harness an upward motion of energy which moved through my spiritual head. This motion was being drawn into and sometimes just off of a space ship or craft nearby which was helping the sincere travelers to bypass this electrical field of refuse.

Accusations abounded in this sphere of din. In one scene, I was accused of arrogance and egoism about being someone that I am not. But it wasn't true. Not that I'm not arrogant and egotistical, nor that I'm not often aware and reminded of how some may perceive my soul through the eyes of my work, versus the eyes

of who I may actually be in the human realm; but rather, that despite the fact that I, like all other souls who seek purification in the spheres of heaven will realize, am wretched, hypocritical, vain, lustful, greedy, self-important, stupid, naïve, distasteful, impatient, bad-tempered and shortsighted - and oftentimes just simply wrong and much more, but that being under the salvific grace of God, I resided in His merciful hands. I was not indeed arrogant about believing myself to be a something of which was not true. I had been truthful about that which the Lord had bade me to speak, and I was no stranger to my own sin. Knowing this and yet serving a calling given to me by the Lord, (despite my own bitter legacy of treachery and aloofness in world filled with self-aggrandizing tomfoolery) was not a guise or a mask, it was what it was . . . a calling.

My own pathetic human imperfections were my own. Those belonged to me. The 'calling' belonged to God. And to serve it with any less fervour would be an insult to His Almighty and Holy Kingship.

And as I thrashed to soaring beyond the realm of din, my spirit entered into an excruciating mirror, a place of memory, a place of recollection.

Taking my soul back in time, I was given to witness some of the more heinous sins of my youth. I'd had all the usual ones; lust, vanity, drunkenness . . . but I was given to enter into a portion of it which had haunted me until this day. A portion of my life wherein I had imprecise memories of times past in

my childhood wherein I'd made accusations of sexual abuse in childhood long ago. Although they were not false memories, they were falsely directed at the wrong person, because my childish mind had remembered these things in its own way which was beyond my comprehension to interpret or command at the time. Very little is truly known about how memory forms in the minds of children around traumatic events, and how it might differ from the mind of an adult or emerge to fruition in one who move forth into adulthood with trauma untouched by wisdom or understanding. Despite my quick refutation of such a claim, the event had followed me my whole life through the unforgiveness of others who did not seek to understand why it had emerged and how easily a childish mind could be mistaken.

Shame covered me over, as it was a sin although confessed many times, I could not let wither on the vine until the end. For its own construct was one of youth and naivette, of following the false wisdoms presented to me by those who placed themselves in authority over me during such a time of difficulty and striving. For they had been given an infallibility in their wisdom which was unearned and highly destructive. Many violences and other sordid events occurred throughout my pre-eminent years, and I had undergone certain violences and deviances which left the mind ripe for confusion. I'd been raped at the age of nineteen, a very violent affair which had pummeled itself into my spiritual consciousness. And a great deal of violence which occurred due to the unfactored drunkenness of another had laid prime

my mind and heart for disillusionment and inner turmoil. But the 'professionals' suggested that more had happened, in the way they believed happened, and should be followed by certain behaviors which were fairly strict and unmoveable - actions which were absent of forgiveness or the kind aforethought we would all hope to receive from those we love. And this led to a lifetime of strife and unforgiveness. And they concluded these things from their views on what certain types of dreams may have meant within the construct of their line of study; but sorely missing the context of the development of a childish mind who absolutely could replace the face of an 'innocent' with that of the actual perpetrator.

Despite that fact, the evil I had committed was only my own to bear. Evil is not remedied nor excused by youth, but perhaps it is the cognition of our own evils which teaches us to forgive others theirs.

In all humility, our own evil, our own capacity for delusion, our own waywardness - should render all of us silent.

"Not in the sky, nor in mid-ocean, nor in a mountain cave, is found that place on earth where abiding one may escape from the consequences of one's evil deed."

Dhammapada, 127, Buddha Sakyamuni

"As sweet as honey is an evil deed, so thinks the fool so long as it ripens not; but when it ripens, then he comes to grief."

Verily, an evil deed committed does not immediately bear fruit, just as milk does not curdle at once; but like a smoldering fire covered with ashes, it remains with the fool until the moment it ignites and burns him."

Dhammapada, 69, 71, Buddha Sakyamuni

"If, like a cracked gong, you silence yourself, you have already attained Nibbana."

Dhammapada, 134, Buddha Sakyamuni

The soul of one of the souls who had chosen not to forgive stepped forward. After allowing me to witness and re-experience all these moments in my youth wherein I felt such a fool, but well beyond this – the absolute inability to ever fully recover from the youthful mistake which had been made primarily because of the trust and faith I had put in ‘professionals’ who did not know the truth, nor know the way to true resolution in the troubled mind of a victim of such events.

She had one thing to say. “For those in your life now who also remember things incorrectly; do not do as I did. Make it easy for those who have wronged you to return, to come back. Make it simple.”

I remembered how she had remained a stoic rock. There was no path to return; there was no apology which could suffice, no action which could be let go in this matter. She regretted this in her passing, as it caused much time to be lost because life had passed

by and ended as swiftly as the coming of day. And something which could have been understood by speaking of it for a half an hour, became a ball and chain for many decades. And it was never unleashed, it was never forgone, it was never released, it was never unfixed from the minds of all because of this unwillingness to simply talk it out, to understand.

Let this be a warning to all who seek the advice of 'professionals' who allow them garner a last word on the proper ways of handling matters that pertain to the heart and soul of families, friends and nations. For if they are wrong, they will yield none of their bad fruit. But you and those involved will bear it all until the last rot and stench are uprooted.

And as we all know of mortal realms, that may not happen - in this lifetime, in the next or even yet in another. Don't waste time. Don't waste time.

The soul of a man who had come with her and appeared to be very close to her, then approached me with a cautious word, "You are not as much of a victim as you think you are," he said.

In this instance, I knew inherently that he spoke about circumstances surrounding me recently in my life where I had undergone severe persecution - (at least in my own eyes.) But I had come out much better in the end than things could very well have gone. But in my anger about the battles which had led to the outcome, I still viewed myself in a far worse condition than perhaps my true state of affairs would indicate. I bowed sheepishly, embarrassed that there

was a need for me to be chastised for my ingratitude at the assistance I had received from above.

But the lady's words echoed again as she stepped forward and repeated them several times, "Make it easy for those who have wronged you to return, to come back. Make it simple." And again, "Make it easy for those who have wronged you to return, to come back. Make it simple."

Resolved to follow these words, I made the decision that I would regard the misstatements of these others who in their youthful naivette had also gotten lost in their own varieties of 'victimhood.' I would purpose very simply. The moment in which there was willingness to move forward and ahead, with apology or without, I would forge ahead with great simplicity. I would forgive as I'd hoped to be forgiven myself when I was youthful and naïve. And the sin would be forgotten . . . as was needful if I were to make it easy for those who err - to return in simplicity. And as would also be needful for me to atone for my own youthful indiscretions and prideful lamentations which hurt others in my wake.

My soul was returned post haste to the physical flask.

"THE first and chief motive to repentance is when a man comes to recognise the nature of his God, and examines and ponders over the continuity of God's goodness to him, and what a debt of grateful service he owes to Him. . . . The second motive to repentance is when warnings and rebukes come to man from the Creator, and make him ashamed of the evil of his doings, either through the

agency of a prophet in his generation, or through the Bible, or by the mouth of some teacher of the service of God. For no age or generation is without such men, as our sages say: "Ere yet the sun of Moses had set, the sun of Joshua rose; before the sun of Eli had set, that of Samuel his pupil shone forth; before the sun of Elijah had set rose that of Elisha." On the day when R. Akiba died was born our holy teacher, and in this way it will be found that in every age and in all countries there will never be wanting men to call people to God, and to His service, and to teach the Torah.

The third motive to repentance is . . . when a man returns to God because of trials and fear of punishments.

The fourth motive to repentance is when a man is only awakened to repent when he is shaken by troubles and sorrows, and sees in them a punishment for sin, and wakes up from his sleep [of apathy], and returns to God.

But happy is he who is moved to repentance in the first manner."

The Duties of the Heart, by Rabbi Bachye, The Motives to Repentance, tr. by Edwin Collins, 1909

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

Inhalation

And on yet another eve, my spirit was alift into the mystical spheres floating within the ethers of the Kyrie Eleison and Christie Eleison (Lord, have mercy. Christ, have mercy). Holiness abounded all about and through me as my spirit was whisked into every morsel of light which paraded itself about through the droplets of the spheres ringing through the tonelage of the ethereal landscape. For a great time, I just merged with the vibration and felt the peace as it pummeled through my soul.

But while emerging, my spirit was led to gather sacred and holy relics from churches which had shut down. This was an inexplicable act which I could not describe, because these churches which were very well incarnate upon the earth, also had ethereal replicas of themselves searing in these heavens.

But somehow, with them closing down on earth, the energy constructs behind all the holy and sacred relics they still contained had to be bound in and garnished for the aeons above. There was a vested interest in keeping certain elemental aspects of these churches alive in the spiritual realms above the fray.

Another soul who had recently jumped ship from the eternal path was floating by, and I signaled to him that I needed help. After all, I was unable to carry all of these holy relics all by myself. But he was not to be bothered. It was clear that he was no longer 'present'

to the eternal and was going his own way.

So . . . I turned towards the relics and did everything I could possibly do to gather them, carry them and deliver them to the safe confines of the higher spheres.

As I did so and continued further and further into the Kyrie Eleison and the Christie Eleison, my soul became a series of gold and black flames coming within and throughout my physical and spiritual body; a sacred fire and ash that echoed through my particles and molecular structure. It was healing and very powerful; and it brought my soul into a deep abiding peace, the peace that only comes from the very word 'salvation.'

But then my soul was alit again into a sphere of instruction and alteration. Here in these spaces I met up with a soul who had been repeatedly choosing acts of betrayal in her own life, but regarded them as simple mechanisms of choice which in her mind exonerated her from any such rendering implying actual 'betrayal.'

I held my ground to this soul who was making a decision to disregard the abhorrent behaviors of others towards a particularly chosen soul who was being condemned and held up to falsehood, and to support his accusers in their stead. This was betrayal, simple and true. But the soul did not wish to believe this was so, in her mind, it was simply a question of 'choice.' She was choosing to ignore the deplorable behavior of these others, so she could go on without

due pause with those who had committed it.

All those things which touch our lives from outside of us, can all be twisted and redeemed by human language to make it a source of goodness, even if it comes from the very wellspring of the evil one..

All that has to be done in a mortal realm to falsely redeem evil and call it good is to take some disparate good, and twist it in the minds of men to make it evil; and to take an evil, and twist it into an entirely different issue - like 'choice', for example. Individual choice becomes a 'God' in the minds of the souls embracing demonic ideology. This would be a time to remember the doctrine of the fall, which is the desire of men to be 'Gods' above God, to literally define good and evil within the context of their own common sense, rather than God's Truth, the energetic truth behind any and all human interaction. Choice in and of itself, is not a great moral good for which humanity must fight. For choice is akin to the free will of humankind. It can be used for good or ill, 'choice' is not a moral good, but rather a mechanism of free will. Free will never connotes that 'choices' made by us are automatically a good. Whether or not they are a good is determined by God's Law. Individual Freedoms have always been guided by a moral law which is etched in the actual fabric of universal consciousness.

But deify 'choice' into a moral virtue, and anything you might choose to do would be made by the foul use of language - a 'good.' But that 'good' was a

falsehood, a deification of human thinking and will over God's law.

This doctrine or dogma of 'choice' is a demonic doctrine, as 'choice' will always remain a mechanism of human free will, it will never be a moral judge of rightness according to God's Holy Will.

"He, having effected an activity of body that is harmful, effected an activity of speech that is harmful, effected an activity of mind that is harmful, arises in a world that is harmful. Because he has arisen in a world that is harmful, harmful sensory impingements assail him. He, being assailed by harmful sensory impingements, experiences a harmful feeling, without exception painful, even as do creatures in Niraya Hell. In this way, there is the arising of a being from what he has come to be; he arises according to what he does; when he has arisen sensory impingements assail him. So I speak thus: Creatures are heir to deeds."

Majjhima Nikaya i.389-90, Kukkuravatikasutta, Buddha Sakyamuni

Now lying down upon the starkly penitent earth at the top of a very high peak beyond any mountain I had ever seen, I was looking upwards at the peaks which lay ahead for me to climb and subdue. They were excellent in their beauty, windswept in their manner, and ice-capped in their subtle brilliance.

A Buddhist Monk, apparently one of those I had healed a fortnight ago, came walking up a very stark and elevated path towards the place in which I lay on the ground. Gently, he knelt down and told me,

"You are very close to the edge, and could easily fall. Why don't you carefully roll over forward and I will help you, so that you may move yourself out of harms way?" I hadn't realized I was at the edge because I was facing the other way, lying on the ground.

He was looking behind me, so I slowly turned my head to see what he was observing.

I didn't startle or start, which was a very good thing since I realized my spiritual body was lying right on the edge of the cliff. One wrong move and I would have plummeted down thousands upon thousands of feet.

"My beloved monk," I conveyed to him, "Thank you for your wisdom in guiding me away from the edge and toward the center and focus of our salvation." Smiling very gently, he calmly stood erect and offered me his hands. As I took them, he lifted me up to an upright position far away from the ledge.

Although no words were then exchanged beyond these, a mutual gratitude for gifts of assistance one to the other was passed between our eyes. Grateful, one to the other and the other to one, we were sharing in the ineffable gifts of salvation and deliverance as markedly expressed in the mutual giving of our effort and treasure. This effort and treasure were 'individual striving' and a spiritual edifice of 'great compassion.' Flowing from our mutual compassion, we had borne one another's burdens and hastened the

other's journey. In this lay true salvation and deliverance.

Looking off towards the next summit, I could see very clearly how high off the ground we were in this abode. This was a mountain peak beyond other mountain peaks, we were high beyond the sky, beyond the stars, beyond the heavens. What could lie beyond this mysterious abiding? To whom should we plead here, as the monk and I were entirely alone?

And so we took a long and deep inhalation . . . paused . . . and then expunged a long and deep exhalation. Repeating this before the majestic mount above all mountains, again we focused on our breath.

What mysterious silence lay before us, what mysterious abode?

"True deliverance of man is the deliverance from ignorance. It is not in destroying anything that is positive and real, for that cannot be possible, but that which is negative, which obstructs our vision of truth."

Sadhana, by Rabindranath Tagore

"He whose corruptions are destroyed . . . he who has Deliverance, which is void and signless, as his object-- his path, like that of birds in the air, cannot be traced."

Dhammapada, 93, Buddha

"Once there lived a housewife named Vedehika who had

a reputation for gentleness, modesty, and courtesy. She had a housemaid named Kali who was efficient and industrious and who managed her work well. Then it occurred to Kali the housemaid, "My mistress has a very good reputation; I wonder whether she is good by nature, or is good because my work, being well-managed, makes her surroundings pleasant. What if I were to test my mistress?"

The following morning Kali got up late. Then Vedehika shouted at her maid, "Hey, Kali!" "Yes, madam?" "Hey, what makes you get up late?" "Nothing in particular, madam." "Nothing in particular, eh, naughty maid, and you get up late?" And being angry and offended, she frowned.

Then it occurred to Kali, "Apparently, my mistress does have a temper inwardly, though she does not show it because my work is well-managed. What if I were to test her further?" Then she got up later. Thereupon Vedehika shouted at her maid, "Hey, Kali, why do you get up late?" "No particular reason, madam." "No particular reason, eh, and you are up late?" she angrily hurled at her words of indignation.

Then it occurred to Kali, "Apparently, my mistress does have a temper inwardly, though she does not show it because my work is well-managed. What if I were to test her still further?" She got up still later. Thereupon Vedehika shouted at her, "Hey, Kali, why do you get up late?" and she angrily took up the bolt of the door-bar and hit her on the head, cutting it. Thereupon Kali, with cut head and blood trickling down, denounced her mistress before the neighbors, saying, "Madam, look at

the work of the gentle lady, madam, look at the action of the modest lady, madam, look at the action of the quiet lady. Why must she get angry and offended because I got up late and hit me, her only maid, cutting me on the head?" Thus the housewife lost her good reputation.

Analogously, brethren, a person here happens to be very gentle, very humble, and very quiet as long as unpleasant things do not touch him. It is only when unpleasant things happen to a person that it is known whether he is truly gentle, humble, and quiet."

Majjhima Nikaya i.123-24, Kakucapama Sutta, Buddha Sakyamuni

"There is, monks, a condition where there is neither the element of extension, the element of cohesion, the element of heat, nor the element of motion, nor the sphere of the infinity of space, nor the sphere of the infinity of consciousness, nor the sphere of nothingness, nor the sphere of neither-perception-nor-non-perception; neither this world, nor a world beyond, nor sun and moon. There, monks, I say, there is neither coming nor going nor staying nor passing away nor arising. Without support or mobility or basis is it. This is indeed the end of suffering.

*That which is Selfless, hard it is to see;
Not easy is it to perceive the Truth.
But who has ended craving utterly
Has naught to cling to, he alone can see.*

There is, monks, an unborn, a not-become, a not-made, a not-compounded. If, monks, there were not this unborn,

not-become, not-made, not-compounded, there would not here be an escape from the born, the become, the made, the compounded. But because there is an unborn, a not-become, a not-made, a not-compounded, therefore there is an escape from the born, the become, the made, the compounded."

Udana 80, Pataligama, Buddha Sakyamuni

"For the Tath-a gata has seen the triple world as it really is: It is not born, it dies not there is no decease or rebirth, no Samsara- or Niroana; it is not real or unreal, not existent, or non-existent, not such, or otherwise, no false or not-false."

Saddharmapundarika, XV, 268-72, Translation by Edwin Conze, in Conze, et al., Buddhist Texts through the Ages (Oxford: Bruno Cassirer. 1954)

"Therefore I say, the Perfect One has won complete deliverance through the extinction, fading-away, disappearance, rejection, and getting rid of all opinions and conjectures, of all inclination to the vain-glory of 'I and 'mine'."

Majjhima Nikaya, 72, Buddha Sakyamuni

"We have given a general definition of the Indian disciplines of salvation and tried to make clear that they are Paths leading the ascetic, beyond the ocean of transmigration, to some mysterious somewhere. Buddhism has been, from the beginning, a religion, a religion properly so called; that is, there have been, from the beginning, Buddhists for whom Buddha was a god and who did not hope for a better state than rebirth in Buddha's heaven; but

*this Buddhist religion has nothing or little to do with the most authentic teaching of Śākyamuni. **Old Buddhism is essentially a discipline of salvation**, – and this discipline widely differs from the other disciplines of salvation.*

If we were asked to characterise in a word the old Buddhist discipline of salvation and the old Buddhism as a whole, we should say that it is a form of rationalism. Every idea and every practice made use of by Śākyamuni to build up his theory and his rule of religious life have been freed from any tinge of mysticism.

Four points may be distinguished.

1. The most conspicuous and 'buddhistic' feature of Buddhist rationalism is the definition Śākyamuni and his disciples give of Man. Man is to be delivered from transmigration; but what do we mean by the word 'man'? Much depends on the answer . . .

2. As concerns transmigration and the factors that govern transmigration, the rivals of Śākyamuni believe that God, or the gods, or destiny, or sacrifice are of greater or less importance. Śākyamuni, on the contrary, teaches that transmigration depends on the actions of Man himself.

3. As concerns the aim to be reached, deliverance. For the rivals of Śākyamuni, deliverance is either the merging of the individual Self in the great Self, or some mystical state of the Self; while Śākyamuni takes a merely negative view of deliverance: the Buddhist deliverance or Nirvāṇa is only cessation of rebirth, end of misery.

4. As concerns the Path leading to deliverance, the rivals of Śākyamuni lay much stress on sacrifice, penance, ecstasies, esoteric wisdom, as means to deliverance. With Śākyamuni, the essential part of the Path is the understanding of a few very simple truths: 'Life ends in death,' 'Everything is misery.'

We say that old Buddhism was rationalistic, thoroughly rationalistic; but this thoroughness was not absolute, and could not be absolute. This fact must be borne in mind, even when the rationalistic character of Buddhism is emphasized, if we are to avoid the mistake of some historians who describe the old Buddhists according to the pattern of the agnostics or the materialists of to-day.

Buddhism originated in pagan and mystical surroundings. It is true that it succeeded in explaining the cosmos and human destiny without having recourse to any metaphysical agent; that it succeeded in making all the popular beliefs—belief in transmigration, in paradises, in hells, in magical powers—and nearly all the ascetic practices—penances and ecstasies—subservient to its own rationalistic ideals and principles.

But it did not reject these beliefs, it did not contest the efficacy of these practices: these beliefs and these practices are, in fact, essential parts of the Buddhist doctrine.

Buddhism, therefore – we mean the Buddhism of the Books and of the most learned monks – is a rationalism, but a qualified, an Indian rationalism.

Moreover, this rationalism is not always consistent with itself. A number of inconsistencies might be quoted. For example the teaching of the Master was strict on the point that merit is strictly personal. But old India believed that merit, together with its reward, is something that can be given by one individual to another. A doctrine of the transfer of merit was tacitly lurking in some Buddhist circles and found expression in several passages of the Scripture. We are told that the right means of helping the dead is not to give them offerings, but to make gifts to the living for the benefit of the dead; that the right means of rendering homage to the deities is not to worship them, but to give them a share in our own pious works. Later this doctrine of the transfer of merit became the leading idea of neo-Buddhism (Mahāyāna) and was developed into a dogma comparable, in many respects, to the Christian dogma of the communion of saints."

*The Way to Nirvana, by L. de la Vallée Poussin, [1917], Chapter TWO,
The Buddhist Soul*

*"At a time, o Monks, when the monk thus trains himself
Perceiving impermanence will I breathe in, perceiving
impermanence will I breathe out'; 'rejecting attraction will
I breathe in, rejecting attraction will I breathe out';
'perceiving eradication will I breathe in, perceiving
eradication will I breathe out'; perceiving estrangement
will I breathe in, perceiving, estrangement will I breathe
out': at such a time, o Monks, a monk examining
phenomena observes phenomena, unremittingly, with
perspicacity and insight, after having conquered worldly
desires and worry. And he recognizes with wisdom, how*

worldly desires and worry are being overcome, and attains peace."

118th Discourse, in Dwight Goddard, A Buddhist bible, p. 78, Buddha Sakyamuni

"Therefore I say, the Perfect One has won complete deliverance through the extinction, fading-away, disappearance, rejection, and getting rid of all opinions and conjectures, of all inclination to the vain-glory of 'I' and 'mine'."

Majjhima Nikaya, 72, Buddha Sakyamuni

"But how, o Monks, must inhalation and exhalation be practiced and cultivated introspectively in order to establish the Four Foundations of Introspection? "At a time, o Monks, when the monk drawing in a long breath knows 'I am drawing in a long breath,' exhaling a long breath knows 'I am exhaling a long breath,' drawing in a short breath knows 'I am drawing in a short breath' exhaling a short breath knows 'I am exhaling a short breath'; 'Perceiving the whole body will I breathe in, perceiving the whole body will I breathe out,' thus trains himself; 'Calming down this body compound will I breathe in, calming down this body compound will I breathe out,' thus trains himself; at such a time, o Monks, the monk examining the body observes the body, unremittingly, with perspicacity and insight, after having conquered worldly desires and worry. I call this, o Monks, a transformation of the body, namely inhalation and exhalation. Thus, therefore, o Monks, at such a time, the monk examining the body observes the body, unremittingly, with perspicacity and insight, after having conquered worldly desires and worry . . .

But how, o Monks, must inhalation and exhalation be practiced and cultivated introspectively that it causes high recompense, high advancement? A monk, o Monks, goes into a forest, or to the foot of a great tree, or to a lonely place, and there sits down, cross-legged, holding his body upright, and practices Introspection. He breathes in attentively, and attentively breathes out."

118th Discourse, in Dwight Goddard, A Buddhist bible, p. 77, Buddha Sakyamuni

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

Wisdom

Alit upon an eternal flowing beveling, my spirit was swiftly reconnoitered to a silent and peaceful ancient monastery in a large cavern of mountains. It was built like a fortress, as the monastery itself was a square building with many levels and layers in the center surrounded by a courtyard. Beyond the very green and nicely landscaped courtyards was a stone wall the heights of which could not be bounded and it was strung like a tight harp as there was no entry or exit. The walls were complete, solid and uninterrupted from ground to sky. The only entrance to the monastery was a vibrational one. Because this was so, I attained to immediate entry into the interior depths of the solitary sepulchre.

Organizing the libraries, I was entirely alone here. The place was huge as the libraries encompassed many, many floors and rooms. It was entirely silent, empty of other souls, but full and rich with ancient sacred texts which were carefully cordoned and separated according to religions, faiths, creeds and era's of human life upon the earth.

As I was going through the libraries in a particularly huge room which was greater in size than the entire floor of an average three bedroom home, I noticed something which immediately caught my attention.

All the schools of Buddhism had been carefully and neatly arranged, but . . . but . . . the Pali Canon had

accidentally been left out of the section on Buddhism. Empty shelves remained where some of the most significant and revelatory texts of the Buddha were simply missing.

In a hurried panic, I recognized that the Pali Canon, being the original teaching of Buddhism, the original texts of the Theravada, were foundational; and I was surprised by this apparent overlook. And so I began scurrying through the rooms and hallways of the building to search for this treasure which could certainly not have been lost, but must have been unintentionally misplaced.

The very nature of this monastery was an indication that all knowledge was being carefully preserved here. Therefore, I went on the assumption that the texts must be in the building somewhere . . . just in the wrong place.

Indeed my suspicions were confirmed when I found the entire Pali Canon in a haphazard pile on the floor in a random hallway on another floor bordering an outside atrium. My concern could not be tempered, because they were placed so carelessly near this outdoor space that they would easily be in jeopardy of being damaged or lost if any weather were to come into the confines of the monastery grounds.

Gathering them up, I found a wagon like contraption which allowed for the books to be stacked neatly upon it to assist me in bringing them to their well earned place within the Buddhist section wherein they had been neglected.

I still found myself just so confused as to how this could have happened. And I was feeling a sense of having missed something, something vital, something very important in these books.

In my mind's eye, I visited the very journey I had been taking into redemption itself and paused to think. Indeed, it had been true that I had included primarily those things from the Mahayana and Pure Land Sects, but in this current journeying, I had completely neglected the Pali Canon – the core, course and summit of Buddhist history and thought – the very foundation stone of all Buddhism as these were the texts actually written at the time of, and *about* the activities, teachings and life of the Buddha himself. This was the Theravada path, the original Buddhism which came before all others.

In a sense, the Pali Canon was to Buddhism what the Old Testament was to Christianity – the source, foundation and origin of all that might branch out in its stead.

I hurried to put all two hundred plus volumes back on the shelves. Ironically, there was an empty space where the Pali Canon should have gone, so it was easy enough to gather them and place them where they should have been from the beginning.

Inside the monastery, I knew I was deeply safe. It was protected by a vibration and that was what made it impenetrable to any of the belows. I saw no monks or nuns, there was not a single other soul in this entire fortress. It was very much as if it were a medieval

place that had been restored and kept in good order, but no one had ever lived there except me *now*.

Such a sense of safety, everything was fortified. But there was also a huge aloneness, solitude that was profoundly penetrating. I stayed primarily in the libraries and a room next to it, and there were some souls who would vibrate in to visit from time to time . . . It was magnificent.

The aloneness was so thick in this place, that even I – a certified hermit type – felt lonely at times. But the solitude was necessary, essential – in fact – to proffer the benefit of the knowledge which swirled through these walls from the confines of the pages of the ancient sacred texts hidden there.

After the Pali Canon had reached its shelves very honorably, I took the chance to lie down in the caretaker's room and contemplate the meaning of what I had just discovered.

In my quest to show the path of redemption as had been laid out by Christians and Buddhists alike, not to mention the Hindu scriptures, had I forgotten an indelible link which was somehow hidden in the Pali Canon? Perhaps. But for this moment, that missing link remained a mystery.

As my soul returned to form, however, the menacing pursuit of this missing 'piece' pushed my soul to find its meaning. And as I was researching what this missing link might be, I found the profound and meaningful scholarly work done by Pali Canon and

Scripture Scholar, Albert Edmunds.

As I read his words, my soul fell into a peaceful and profound acknowledgement. I'd found it. Here it was, right before my eyes.

The missing link that could only be captured from the Pali Canon, the original texts of the Buddha, the original texts of Buddhism itself.

And I found myself entranced and in awe of what this brilliant man had come to find.

“GOSPEL PARALLELS FROM PĀLI TEXTS.

Translated from the originals by ALBERT J. EDMUNDS.

These files are transcriptions of a series of articles written by Albert J. Edmunds in support of his thesis that the early Christian movement grew at least partially out of the influence of Buddhist missionaries on the religious thought of the Levant. Although he strenuously denies that this is his object in the prefatory note, he went on to develop that thesis at much greater length after these articles were published. (I hope to be able to provide some of his later work in the future.)

Edmunds was a convinced Protestant, and although he was of the 'liberal' stripe, his translations are highly suspect due to his overwhelming desire to show parallels. He uses the word God to translate Brahmâ throughout, and even uses 'Kingdom of God' to translate the phrase that others render 'Brahmâ-world'. (See the fourth section of the

second series.) He also uses the word 'angels' where others translate 'god' in a further effort to remake the polytheism of ancient India. (See the second section of the third series.) There are also clues to the influence of 'spiritualism' on Edmunds interpretations; see his explanation of the phrase "diffuse his Benevolence" by "projection of affectionate thought-waves toward all creatures." (See the fourth section of the third series.)

While none of these interpretations/translations may be outright 'wrong', they do, taken as a whole and with the weight of two thousand years of Christian tradition, create the impression that Buddhism is actually a sort of crypto-Christianity, an interpretation which goes against the grain of nearly all Buddhist scholarship, secular and religious, eastern and western, modern and Victorian. Being what they are, these articles are interesting as an example of how far people are willing to go to see what they want to see, and of the tendency for a liberal 'religious dialogue' to become the co-opting of one tradition by another. All cross-cultural understanding, however, is founded on a dialogue of 'parallels', and this is a genuine attempt. Although the influence of this particular line of thinking appears to have waned, the book of history is never closed, and stranger ideas than these have resurfaced in our time.

*In spite of his predispositions, Edmunds was a competent scholar of the **Pâli language** (if not of philosophy), and his translations are viable if one is aware of his slant. In some cases, his versions are the only ones that are indisputably in the public domain at this time. Most of the 'parallels' in his series are short extracts, but there are a few of substantial length. These are of course far more valuable*

(and less susceptible to mistranslation), and have been marked with **bold type** in the links below.

FIRST SERIES

I GAVE some facts about the pre-Christian antiquity of the **Pâli Texts** in a note in *The Open Court* for November, 1898. The question of Hindû ideas reaching Palestine is still on its trial. The interchange of thought between Greece and India was part of the programme of Alexander, who took Greek artists on his Eastern expedition. When his successors at Alexandria began translating the Old Testament, they were carrying out his cosmic plan. Diadorus of Sicily states this plan:

"[Alexander decreed] that there should be interchanges between cities, and that people should be transferred out of Asia into Europe, and conversely out of Europe into Asia, to the end that the two great continents, by intermarriages and exchange of good offices, might become homogeneous and established in mutual friendship." (Diod. Sic. XVIII. 4).

The Alexandrian librarian pointed out to Ptolemy the lore of the Hindûs and others, while the court of Antioch set Berosus to translate the records of the Babylonians. The Old Testament was already in progress. Now, while the Greeks were thus translating the Sacred Books of the East, twenty-one centuries before Max Müller, Asoko was sending Buddhist missionaries into their empire. Why should not these two outreachings have met? Asoko boasts that his mission made headway. Even though the Buddhist oracles were still oral, they can have left traces among

ascetics in Palestine and Egypt. The origin of the Essenes is still a mystery; but the semi-Christian Elkesaites, according to Hippolytus, came "from Seres of Parthia," i.e. Buddhists. Hippolytus also tells us that the Docetæ taught that Christ came to abolish transmigration. Now, Gotamo says, on the first page of the Itivuttaka, the Buddhist Logia-Book: "I am your surety against return to earth."

Joseph Jacobs has shown that Hindû fairy-tales were known in Palestine in the first century, and the Jâtaka stories represent their hero as being educated at Taxila, the centre of Indo-Greek learning. The Questions of King Milindo exhibit Buddhist schools of reciters, at the time of the Christian era, keeping up the sacred lore, which was enquired into by intelligent Greeks.

In the Book of Discipline, Gotamo predicts that his religion will last for five hundred years. Now these figures have been altered to five thousand in uncanonical works written after the time of Christ, i.e. after the five hundred years had expired. Therefore, the Book of Discipline would appear to have been untampered with since that date; and the Canon may well have been put into its written form about 90 B.C., as the Ceylon Chronicles state.

These remarks are the summary of an essay, giving full references, the result of years of research. No borrowing is alleged on either side--Christian or Buddhist--in these Parallels. We offer no theory, but present them as facts. They at least belong to a world of thought which the whole East had in common.

{1} THE CHRIST REMAINS [ON EARTH] FOR THE ÆON.

John xii. 34. Udâna VI. 1; and Book of the Great Decease, p. 23. (Translated in S. B. E. XI. p. 40).

*[This is not a New Testament doctrine, but a current belief at the time of Christ. Commentators have been at a loss to identify the Old Testament passage which is supposed to be quoted. The Twentieth Century New Testament proposes the Aramaic version of Isaiah ix. 7 as the source. Be that as it may, we have here a verbal **Pâli parallel.**]*

Ânando, any one who has practised the four mystical methods--developed them, made them a vehicle and an aim, pursued them, accumulated, and striven to the height thereof,--can, if he so should wish, remain [on earth] for an æon or the rest of an æon. Now, Ânando, the Tathâgato has practised and perfected these; and if he so should wish, the Tathâgato could remain [on earth] for an æon or the rest of the æon.

[The words in italics agree with those in the Greek of John, except the mood and tense of the verb. Rendel Harris has pointed out to me that the tense of {Greek: menei} is ambiguous, being either present or future. This is because the manuscripts are without accents. Tathâgato is a religious title equivalent to Christ. Its exact meaning is doubtful.]

{2} FEW THAT ARE SAVED.

Matth. vii. 13, 14; Luke xiii 23, 24. A"nguttara Nikâyo I. 19 (Not before translated).

Monks! just as, in this India, there are only a few pleasant parks, groves, landscapes, and lotus-ponds, but far

more of broken ground, impassable rivers, tree-stumps, thorny roads, and rugged rocks: so also, monks! there are few beings who, when vanished from the human, are born again among humans; but far more who, when vanished from the human, are born again in hell, in the wombs of brutes or the haunt of ghosts; few who are born among the angels, more who are born as I have said. And there are few beings, O monks! who, when vanished from the angelic, are born again among angels, but far more who vanish from the angelic to be born again in hell, in the wombs of brutes or the haunt of ghosts.

{3} ASCENSION.

Udâna VIII. 9. (Not before translated).

*[This story is more analogous to the ascension of Elijah in the Second Book of Kings than to that of Christ, as related in the first chapter of Acts. There is no account of the Ascension in the Synoptical Gospels, except a single line in Luke xxiv. 51,¹ while the Mark Appendix is a later addition. John refers to the Ascension as a spiritual fact; so does Paul; but the only pictorial account is that of Acts. In the **Pâli legend**, the hero is Dabbo the Mallian, a disciple of Buddha's who had extraordinary psychical powers. The Book of Discipline tells us that he was able to light the monks to bed by emitting magnetic flames from his fingers. See Sacred Books of the East, Vol. XX., p. 7.]*

Thus have I heard. At one season the Blessed One was staying in the Bamboo Grove beside the Squirrels' feeding-ground, at Râjagaha. And the venerable Dabbo the Mallian

approached the Blessed One, saluted him and sat on one side, and so sitting, said to him: "O Auspicious One, my time is at hand to enter Nirvâ.na."²--"Whatever you think fit, O Dabbo."--Then the venerable Dabbo the Mallian rose from his seat, saluted the Blessed One, and keeping on his right hand, went up into the sky, and sat in the posture of meditation in the ether, in the empyrean. Intensely meditating on the nature of flame, he ascended and passed into Nirvâ.na.

And when the venerable Dabbo the Mallian had thus gone up, meditated and ascended, there remained neither ashes nor soot of his body when passed away,¹ consumed and burnt. Even as, when ghee or oil is consumed and burnt, neither ashes nor soot remains, so was it with the body of the venerable Dabbo the Mallian. And forthwith the Blessed One, having understood the fact, gave vent on that occasion to the following Udâna:

"The body dissolved, perception ceased, all sensations were utterly consumed;

"The constituents of existence were stilled, consciousness and sense departed."

{4} SUPERNATURAL BIRTH.

Luke i. 35. Majjhima Nikâyo, Sutta 38. Quoted in The Questions of King Milindo, p. 123, but not translated in S. B. E. XXXV.

Conception takes place, O monks, by the union of three. In this world the father and the mother are united. The mother may be capable, but the genius (gandhabbo,

Sanskrit gandharva), may not be ready. It is by the union of these three, O monks, that conception takes place.

[Neumann, in his German translation, expands the text here, perhaps from the commentary.]

{5} THE SAVIOUR IS UNIQUE.

John i. 14 and 18 ("only begotten"); Hebrew ix. 26 ("once, at the end of the ages.") A"nguttara Nikâyo I. 15.

It is unlikely and impossible, O monks, for two Arahats who are perfect Buddhas to arise simultaneously in the same world-system: this is not likely. But it is likely, O monks, for one Arahats who is a perfect Buddha, to arise in one world-system: this is quite likely.

[A similar statement is made of an emperor;² and then it is denied that a woman can be a Buddha, an emperor--strangely contradicted by fact--a Sakko, a Mâro, or a Brahmâ.]

{6} SAVING FAITH IN THE LORD.

Luke xxiii. 42, 43. Majjhima Nikâyo, Sutta 22.

Thus, O monks, is the Doctrine well taught by me--plain, patent, clear, and with the old cloth cut away.³ Seeing, O monks, that the Doctrine is thus well taught [etc.], all those who have merely faith and love toward me are sure of Paradise hereafter.

{7} HE WHO SEES THE TRUTH SEES THE LORD.

John xiv. 6 and 9. Itivuttaka 92.

O monks, even if a monk should gather up the folds of his robe and follow behind me, treading in my footsteps, yet if he be covetous, on lusts intent, bad-hearted, corrupt in his mind's aspiration, heedless, mindless, ill-conducted, with heart confused and unripe faculties, then is he far from me, and I from him. And why? Because, O monks, that monk sees not the Doctrine; and he who sees not the Doctrine sees not me. But if that monk should dwell an hundred leagues away, O monks, and be not covetous, nor intent on lusts, not bad-hearted nor corrupt in his mind's aspiration, but heedful, mindful, well-conducted, with concentrated heart and faculties restrained, then is he near to me, and I to him. And why? Because, O monks, that monk sees the Doctrine; and HE WHO SEES THE DOCTRINE SEES ME.

[The word Doctrine is the ubiquitous Dhammo, Sanskrit Dharma; and can be equally well translated Truth or Religion.]

SECOND SERIES

{1} THE MASTER REMEMBERS A PRE-EXISTENT STATE.

Itivuttaka 22. John xvii. 5. (Not before translated).

THIS was spoken by the Blessed One, spoken by the Arahāt and heard by me.

O monks, be not afraid of good works: such is the name for happiness, for what is wished, desired, dear, and delightful, namely good works. And for a long time have I known, monks, the wished-for, desired, dear, delightful and severally enjoyed results of good works done for a long

time. Having practised benevolence for seven years, I did not return to this world during the revolution and evolution of an æon. Yea, monks, for the revolution of an æon I was an Angel of Splendour, and during the evolution I rose again in the empty palace of the Brahmâs. Yea, then, O monks, I was a Brahmâ, the great Brahmâ, conquering, unconquered, all-seeing, controlling. And thirty-six times, O monks, was I Sakko, the lord of the angels; many hundreds of times I was a king, a righteous emperor, a king of righteousness,¹ victorious in the four quarters, securely established in my country, and possessed of the seven treasures. Now what was the doctrine of that region and kingdom? This is what I thought of it, O monks: What deed of mine, is this the fruit of? Of what deed is this the result, whereby now I am thus magical and mighty? This is what I thought of it, O, monks: This is the fruit of three deeds of mine, the result of three deeds, whereby now I am thus magical and mighty, to wit: alms, control, and abstinence.

[The substance of this Sutta is then put into two stanzas].

Exactly this is the meaning of what the Blessed One said, and it was heard by me.

{2} FAITH TO REMOVE MOUNTAINS.

Numerical Collection VI. 24. Matthew xvii. 20, 21. (Not before translated.)

(Repeated in Matt. xxi, which is parallel with Mark xi. But the added verse which appears in some MSS., (manuscripts) Matt. xvii. 21, is analogous to Gotamo's exclamation about ignorance).

Monks, a monk endowed with six qualities can cleave the Himâlaya, the monarch of mountains. But what a doctrine for vile ignorance! Which are the six?

Monks, suppose a monk is expert in the attainment of Trance (or Concentration), in the maintenance thereof and the rising therefrom; expert in the obscure intimations of trance, in its range, and in earnest aspiration thereunto. A monk endowed with these six qualities, O monks, can cleave the Himâlaya, the monarch of mountains. But what a doctrine for vile ignorance!

{3} THE BELOVED DISCIPLE REACHES HEAVEN HERE.

Numerical Collection III. 80. John xxi. 22. Cf. Mark ix. 1. (Not before translated).

Udâyi, if Ânando should die with passion unsubdued, yet by his believing heart he would seven times obtain an angelic kingdom among the angels; and even in this India he would obtain a great kingdom seven times. But, O Udâyi, even in this life, will Ânando enter Nirvâna.

{4} THE MASTER KNOWS GOD AND HIS KINGDOM.

Long Collection, Dialogue 13. (Translated In S. B. E. XI. and in Sacred Books of the Buddhists, Vol. 2, each time by Rhys Davids: 1881 and 1899). John vi. 46; vii. 29; viii. 42, 55.

That man, O Vâsettha, born and brought up at Manasâkata, might hesitate or falter when asked the way thereto. But not so does the Tathâgato hesitate or falter

when asked of the kingdom of God (world of Brahmâ) or the path that goeth thereto. For I, O Vâse.t.tha, know both God and the Kingdom of God and the path that goeth thereto; I know it even as¹ one who hath entered the Kingdom of God and been born there.

{5} THE MISSIONARY CHARGE.

Mark vi. 7-13; Matthew xxviii. 19, 20; Luke x. 1. Mahâvaggo I, 10, 11. (Translated in S. B. E. XIII. p. 112).

At that time there were sixty-one¹ Arahats in the world.

And the Blessed One said unto the monks: "I am delivered, O monks, from all fetters, human and divine. Ye, O monks, are also delivered therefrom. Go forth, O monks, on your journey for the weal and the welfare of much people, out of compassion for the world, and for the wealth and the weal and the welfare of angels and mortals. Go no two of you the same way. Preach, monks, the Doctrine which is glorious in its origin, glorious at the climax, glorious at the end, in the spirit and the letter. Proclaim a religious life wholly perfect and thoroughly pure. There are beings whose mental eyes are darkened by hardly any dust, but unless they hear the Doctrine they will perish. They will understand it.

{6} AN ETERNAL SIN.

Mark iii. 29. (R. V. 1881.) Cullavaggo VII. 3. (Translated in S. B. E. XX. p. 254)

*"Is it true, Devadatto, as they say, that thou goest about to stir up schism in the Order and schism in our society?"--
-"It is true, O Blessed One."--"Enough, Devadatto. Let not*

schism in the Order be pleasing unto thee: serious, O Devadatto, is a schism in the Order. Whosoever, Devadatto, divides the Order when it is at peace gives birth to an æon-lasting fault, and for an æon he is tormented in hell. But whosoever, Devadatto, makes peace in the Order when it has been divided gives birth to the highest merit (literally, Brahmâ-merit), and for an æon he is happy in Paradise."

[The words {Greek: *aiwnion amarthma*} in Mark iii. 29, are the exact verbal equivalent of the **Pâli kappa.t.thikam kibbisam**, or, as the Siam edition has it, *kappa.t.thitikam*. Schism is the deadly sin of Buddhism, the other four of its deadly sins being rare deeds of violence--matricide, parricide, saint-murder and wounding a Buddha. The deadly sin of the New Testament is resistance to the Divine operation, while that of the Mazdeans is self-defilement. (S. B. E. IV., p. 101.) The Christian and Buddhist ones are of long retribution, but terminable, for everlasting hell was unknown to the Jews at the time of Christ, and therefore unknown to the Master's terms. Only the Mazdean uses the language of absolute despair; but if the universalism of the Bundahish be a true tradition from the lost Dâmdâd Nosk, then even this sin is finally forgiven.]

{7} TRANSFIGURATION.

Mark ix. 2-8. Book of the Great Decease. p. 46 of the Pâli. (Translated in S. B. E. XI.)

Now not long after Pukkuso the Mallian had gone, the venrable Ânando placed upon the person of the Blessed One that pair of gold-cloth robes, burnished and ready for wear.

And when so placed upon the person of the Blessed One it appeared bereft of its brightness.

And the venerable Ânando said unto the Blessed One: "Wonderful, O Lord! Marvellous, O Lord! that the color of the Tathâgato's skin should be so pure and purified. For when I placed upon the person of the Blessed One this pair of gold-cloth robes, burnished and ready for wear, it appeared bereft of its brightness."

Ânando, it is even so. There are two occasions, Ânando, when the color of a Tathâgato's skin becomes pure and exceeding purified. What are the two?--On the night, Ânando, wherein a Tathâgato is supernally enlightened with incomparable and perfect Enlightenment, and on the night when he enters Niroâ.na with that kind¹ of Niroâ.na which leaves no substrata behind: on these two occasions the color of a Tathagato's skin becomes pure and exceeding purified. And now, Ânando, this day, in the third watch of the night, in the garden ground of Kusinârâ, in the sâl-grove of the Mallians, between the twin sâl-trees, will take place the Tathâgato's passage into Niroâ.na. Come, Ânando, let us go on unto the river Kakutthâ." "Even so, Lord," said the venerable Ânando, in assent unto the Blessed One.

The pair of burnished gold-cloth robes were brought by Pukkuso:

The Master, when begirt therewith, in golden color shone.

[The stanza proclaims the antiquity of the legend.]

{8} THE NATIVITY.

See The Open Court for August, 1898, with critical notes in November, 1898, and June, 1899. The same story from another and fuller version in the Canon has been translated by me in separate form.

(The Marvellous Birth of the Buddhas: Philadelphia, McVey 1899. Price, 25 cents). The oldest Canonical Nativity legend is that of the Sutta Nipâto (translated in S. B. E., Vol. X.) I hope in the future to publish a new translation.

{9} POWER OVER EVIL SPIRITS AND ASSOCIATION WITH ANGELS.

Mark iii. 11; Matthew xxvi. 53; John i. 51. Udâna I. 7.

Thus have I heard. At one season the Blessed One was staying at Pâ.talî, at the Goat-herd Shrine, in the haunt of the Goblin Goat-herd. Now at that season the Blessed One was sitting throughout the thick darkness of the night in the open air, and one by one an angel would touch him. Then the Goblin Goat-herd, being seized with fear and bristling terror, approached the Blessed One and when near him uttered thrice his cry of "Blighted! Affrighted!" and said in his fright: "This demon is thine, O Prophet!"¹

Then the Blessed One, when he had understood the fact, gave vent, upon that occasion, to the following Udâna:

"When the Brâhman bath passed beyond his own idea (dhammâ),

Then doth he overcome this demon and monster."

THIRD SERIES

{1} PSYCHICAL POWERS.

Numerical Collection, iii. 60 (not before translated). Compare also Middling Collection, Dialogue No. 6, translated in S. B. E. XI; Long Collection, Dialogue No. 11. translated in Dialogues of the Buddha (1899), each by Rhys Davids, and the former also into German by Neumann.

Mark Appendix xvi. 17, 18: And these signs shall follow them that believe: in my name shall they cast out demons; they shall speak with [new] tongues; they shall take up serpents, and if they drink any deadly thing, it shall in no wise hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover.

O Brâhman, there are these three miracles.² What three?—The miracle of psychical power, the miracle of mind-reading, and the miracle of education. What, O Brâhman, is the miracle of psychical power? In this case, O Brâhman, one enjoys in various ways a kind of psychical power: from being one he becomes multiform, from being multiform he becomes one; he appears and vanishes,³ he goes without hindrance to the further side of a wall or battlement or mountain, as if through air; he plunges into earth and emerges, as if in water; he walks on the water without dividing it, as if on earth;¹ like a bird on wing he travels through the air in the posture of meditation; and yonder sun and moon, so magical, so mighty, he feels and touches with his hand; while up to the world of God he reaches even in the body. This, O Brâhman, is called the miracle of

psychical power.

And what, Brâhman, is the miracle of mind-reading? In this case, O Brâhman, one reads minds by visible indication, and says: "Your mind is thus, your mind is so, your heart is so-and-so." Even if he read much, it is always as he says, and not otherwise. Again, O Brâhman, one reads minds not by visible indication, but by hearing the voice of men, demons or angels, and then declaring the state of mind; and even if he read much, he is always right. Nor alone by these means does he read, but he hears the sound of thought-vibrations from thinking and reflecting, and in this way comes to read the mind and heart. And, as before, he is always right. Then again, besides visible indication, voice and thought-vibration, one ascertains the trance-mind of a man absorbed in rapture beyond thought and beyond reflexion, by heart-to-heart perception, so that one can say: "From the determinate mental conformation of this friend, from the nature of his heart, he will think such and such a thought." And as before, he is always right. This, O Brâhman, is called the miracle of mind-reading.

What, now, Brâhman, is the miracle of education?

In this case, O Brâhman, one educates on this wise: "Think thus instead of so; consider thus instead of thus. Renounce this; train yourself in that, and abide therein." This, O Brâhman, is called the miracle of education. And these are the three miracles.² Which of the three; think you, is the most excellent and most refined?

Well, now, Gotamo, as to the miracle of psychical power, he who performs and experiences this has the benefit all to himself. This kind of miracle, Gotamo, appears to me a

natural accompaniment of religion. And I think the same of the second, the miracle of mind-reading. But that last one, Gotamo, that miracle of education, appears to me the most excellent and most refined. Wonderful, O Gotamo, marvellous, O Gotamo, is this good saying of yours; and we hold that you are endowed with all three of these miracles. Gotamo can indeed practise every one of the aforesaid psychical powers, from becoming multiform to reaching in the body unto the world of God. Gotamo can ascertain the trance-mind of a man absorbed in rapture beyond thought and beyond reflexion, by heart-to-heart perception, and can say from the determinate mental conformation and the nature of the heart what the thought will be. And Gotamo can educate by telling what to think and what to consider; what to renounce, wherein to train oneself, and wherein to abide.

It is true, O Brâhman, that I have attained to all that you have said, and I will furthermore assert that I can do each of the three miracles in question.¹

But is there, Gotamo, a single other monk who is endowed with these miracles besides yourself?

Brâhman, not only one, nor a hundred, nor two, three, four, or five hundred, but even more monks there are who are endowed with these miracles.

But, Gotamo, where do these monks now dwell?

In this very Order, O Brâhman!

Excellent, O Gotamo! this is excellent! As one raises what had been thrown down, or reveals what has been

hidden, or tells the way to him who has gone astray, or holds out a lamp in the darkness that those who have eyes may see the objects, just even so has the Doctrine been made clear by Gotamo in manifold exposition. And I, even I, take refuge in Gotamo, his Doctrine and his Order. May Gotamo receive, as a lay-disciple, from this day forth as long as life endures, me who have taken refuge [in him].

{2} FURTHER PSYCHICAL POWERS.

Numerical Collection, Class XI. Quoted in The Questions of King Milindo (S. B. E. XXXV., p. 279). See also Jâtaka 169.

*Luke x. 19: Behold, I have given you authority to tread upon serpents and scorpions, and over all the power of the enemy: and nothing shall in any wise hurt you.
Mark Appendix (as above).*

Eleven advantages, O monks, may be expected from the cultivation of Benevolence,—from practising it, developing, making it a vehicle and an aim, pursuing it, accumulating, and striving to the height of its heart-deliverance. What are these eleven?—One keeps in peace, and wakes in peace; he dreams no evil dream; he is dear unto mortals and immortals; the angels watch over him; fire, poison, sword, can harm him not; quickly his heart is calmed; the aspect of his countenance is serene; he meets death undismayed; and should he fail of the Highest, he is sure to go to the world of God.

{3} DISPLAY OF PSYCHICAL POWER FORBIDDEN.

Cullavaggo v. 8. (translated in S. B. E. XX., p. 81).

Mark viii. 11, 12: And the Pharisees came forth, and began to question with him, seeking of him a sign from heaven, tempting him. And he sighed deeply in his spirit, and saith, Why doth this generation seek a sign? Verily I say unto you, There shall no sign be given unto this generation.

Ye are not, O monks, to display psychical power or miracle of superhuman kind before the laity. Whoever does so is guilty of a misdemeanor.

{4} POWER OVER SERPENTS.

Cullavaggo v. 6. (Translated in S. B. E., XX., p. 75). See also Jâtaka 203.

Luke x. 19, as above. (Justin Martyr adds centipedes.)

Now at that season a certain monk died of the bite of a serpent. They told the matter to the Blessed One. . . . And he said: "Now surely that monk, O monks, did not diffuse his Benevolence toward the four royal breeds of serpents! Had he done so, he would not die of the bite of one."

(The reason why I capitalise Benevolence is because it is a technical term, and means literally and forcibly willing what is good. By a systematic practice of this love-meditation, or projection of affectionate thought-waves toward all creatures, Gotamo, as we have read in a former translation, became the Deity of a by-gone cycle.)

{5} SAVED FROM HELL.

Long Collection, Dialogue No. 12. (Translated in Rhys Davids's Dialogues of the Buddha, 1899.)

John iii. 16, 17: For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have eternal life. For God sent not the Son into the world to judge the world; but that the world should be saved through him.

Jude 23: And some save, snatching them out of the fire; and on some have mercy with fear; hating even the garment spotted by the flesh.

Lohicco the Brâhman spake thus unto the Blessed One: "O Gotamo, just as if a man had caught another by the hair who was falling over the precipice of hell, lifted him up, and set him safe upon firm land; just even so have I, who was falling over the precipice of hell, been lifted up and set safe upon firm land by Gotamo."

(Fausböll and Rhys Davids translate bho Gotama! by "venerable Gotama." I have translated bho, when standing alone, as "friend": one might have said "gentleman," in the low complimentary sense denounced by Tennyson. Bho, when coupled with a name, is a familiar address, equivalent to our calling a man Smith or Jones, without the "Mister." The Buddhists resented this arrogant familiarity on the part of the Brâhmans toward the Master, and nicknamed the entire priestly caste "Bho callers," in consequence. Gotamo was the Master's family or clan-name, answering to our Smith, etc.; and rightly to appreciate the snobbery of the Brâhmans, we must imagine them saying: "Shakespeare, I want to talk to you.")

{6} CASTES LOST IN THE LORD.

Udâna v. 5: Cullavaggo ix. 1. (Translated in S. B. E., XX., p. 304.)

Galatians iii. 28: There can be neither Jew nor Greek, there can be neither bond nor free, there can be no male and female; for ye all are one man in Christ Jesus.

Mark iii. 34, 35: And looking round on them which sat round about him, he saith, Behold, my mother and my brethren! For whosoever shall do the will of God, the same is my brother, and sister, and mother.

John xv. 14, 15: Ye are my friends, if ye do the things which I command you. No longer do I call you slaves; for the slave knoweth not what his lord doeth: but I have called you friends; for all things that I heard from my Father I have made known unto you.

Just, O monks, as the great rivers,—to wit: the Ganges, the Jamna, the Rapti, the Gogra, the Mâhi,—when they fall into the great ocean, renounce their former name and kind and are counted as the mighty sea: just even so, monks, do these four castes,—to wit: the Nobles, the Brâhmans, the Tradesfolk, and the Slaves,—when they have gone forth from domestic life into the homeless one, under the Doctrine and Discipline made public by the Tathâgata, renounce their former name and clan, to be numbered with the Sâkyâ philosophers.

{7} THE SECOND COMING.

Long Collection, Dialogue No. 26.

(Translated from the King of Siam's edition, because not yet printed in Roman letters.)

John xiv. 26: But the Comforter which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in my Name, he shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you.

Revelation xx. 6: Blessed and holy is he that hath part in the first resurrection: over these the second death hath no power; but they shall be priests of God and of Christ, and shall reign with him a thousand years.

Monks, in the days of the men of eighty thousand years there will arise in the world a Buddha named Metteyyo (i.e., the Benevolent One; Sanskrit, Maitreya), a Holy One,¹ a supremely Enlightened One, endowed with wisdom in conduct; auspicious, knowing the universe; an incomparable Charioteer of men who are tamed; a Master of angels and Mortals, a Blessed Buddha; even as I have now arisen in the world, a Buddha with these same qualities endowed. What he has realised by his own supernal knowledge he will publish to this universe, with its angels, its fiends, and its archangels, and to the race of philosophers and brahmins, princes and peoples; even as I now, having all this knowledge, do publish the same unto the same. He will preach his religion, glorious in its origin, glorious at the climax, glorious at the goal, in the spirit and the letter. He will proclaim a religious life, wholly perfect, and thoroughly pure; even as I now preach my religion and a like life do proclaim. He will keep up a society of monks numbering many thousand, even as I now keep up a society of monks numbering many hundred.

THE FOURTH SERIES

THE PENITENT THIEF:

EXHIBITING BUDDHA'S DOCTRINE OF THE NEW BIRTH AND THE FORGIVENESS OF SINS.

Now first translated from the *Pâli* by ALBERT J. EDMUNDS.

Middling Collection, Dialogue No. 86.

Luke xxiii. 39-43.--And one of the malefactors which were hanged railed on him, saying, Art not thou the Christ? save thyself and us. But the other answered, and rebuking him said, Dost thou not even fear God, seeing thou art in the same condemnation? And we indeed justly; for we receive the due reward of our deeds: but this man hath done nothing amiss. And he said, Jesus, remember me when thou comest in thy kingdom. And he said unto him, Verily I say unto thee, To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise.

John iii. 5.--Jesus answered, Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born of water and the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God.

Mark ii. 5.--And Jesus seeing their faith saith unto the sick of the palsy, Son, thy sins are forgiven.

Cf. also Eusebius H. E. iii. 23 (the story of the Apostle John pursuing and converting the robber).

Thus have I heard. At one season the Blessed One was staying at Sâvatthi, in the Conqueror's Grove, the cloister-garden of the Feeder of the Poor. And at that season there was a robber named Finger-garland (Angulimâlo) in the

realm of Pasenadi, the King of Kosalâ; and he was barbarous, red-handed, devoted to killing and slaughter, unmerciful to all who live. By him towns, villages, and districts were made as though they had never been. He slew men all the time, and wore a garland of their fingers.

Now the Blessed One, having dressed betimes, took his bowl in his robe, and went to Sâvatthi for alms. When he had gone round it, and had returned from the quest of alms in the afternoon, he rolled up his mat, took his bowl in his robe, and entered upon the high road where Finger-garland the robber was. Then the herdsmen, cattle-tenders, and farmers, who were working, saw the Blessed One going thither, and called to him: "O philosopher! Go not upon that road; for a robber named Finger-garland is thereon, who is barbarous, red-handed, devoted to killing and slaughter, unmerciful to all who live. By him towns, villages, and districts are made as though they had never been. He slays men all the time and wears a garland of their fingers. O philosopher, men go upon this road only in companies of ten, twenty, thirty, or forty; and they go armed for fear of Finger-garland the robber."

When they had said this, the Blessed One went on his way in silence. And a second and a third time they said so, but still the Blessed one went on his way in silence.

Now Finger-garland the robber saw the Blessed One coming from afar, and seeing him he thought to himself: "This is wonderful, this is marvellous: men go upon this road only in companies of ten, twenty, thirty, or forty, and they go armed for fear of me; but this philosopher, it seems, is alone, without any one, open to attack. What if I now take the life of this philosopher?" Then Finger-garland the

robber took his sword and shield, got bow and quiver ready, and walked behind the Blessed One. But the Blessed One put forth such an effort of psychical power that Finger-garland the robber, going with all his might, could not overtake the Blessed One going by his inner force (*pakati*). So the robber thought to himself: "This is wonderful, this is marvellous: hitherto I have chased and caught an elephant running, a horse, a chariot, or a deer; but now, going with all my might, I cannot overtake this philosopher going by his inner force." He stood and said to the Blessed One: "Philosopher, stand! Philosopher, stand!"

"I am standing, O Finger-garland; stand thou also!"

Then Finger-garland the robber thought to himself: "These Sâkyâ philosophers tell the truth and keep their promises. And yet this philosopher, even while he is going, says, 'I am standing, O Finger-garland; stand thou also!' What if I now ask him [what he means]?" Then the robber addressed the Blessed One with a stanza:

"Philosopher, thou sayest, 'I am standing,' while thou art going, and thou callest me standing when thou art not so;

"I ask thee, philosopher, this question: How art thou standing when I am not standing?"

"I am standing, O Finger-garland, always among all beings, having laid aside the staff;

"But thou art unrestrained among living things: therefore I am standing, and thou art not."

"Long has the great Seer (*Isi*),¹ this philosopher debating

in the great Wood, been revered by me;

"I myself will renounce evil for long, having heard thy stanza that is linked with religion.

"Even thus does a robber resemble² a sword or a weapon at the pit and precipice of hell."

The robber bowed at the feet of the Auspicious One, and begged of him ordination on the spot.

Then Buddha, the compassionate Seer, he who is master of the world with its angels,

Said to him: "Come, O monk;" and this was all there was to make him a monk.

Now the Blessed One, with Finger-garland for an attendant philosopher, went on his journey towards Sâvatthi and in due time arrived there; and there the Blessed One stayed at Sâvatthi, in the Conqueror's Grove, the cloister-garden of the Feeder of the Poor. Now at that season a great crowd collected at the palace-gate of Pasenadi, the King of Kosalâ, and there went up a hue and cry: "Your Majesty, there is a robber in your realm named Finger-garland, who is barbarous, red-handed, devoted to killing and slaughter, unmerciful to all who live. By him towns, villages, and districts are made as though they had never been. He slays men all the time, and wears a garland of their fingers. Let your Majesty arrest him."

Now Pasenadi, the King of Kosalâ, departed that day from Sâvatthi with some five hundred horses and proceeded to the cloister-garden. He went by chariot as far as the

ground was passable for chariots, and then alighted, and went on foot to where the Blessed One was. Going up to the Blessed One, he saluted him and sat respectfully on one side. While he so sat, the Blessed One said to him: "O great King, is Seniyo Bimbisâro, the King of Magadhâ, provoked at you, or the Licchavi [clan] of Vesâli, or other rival Kings?"

"Nay, Lord: none of these Kings are provoked at me. But, Lord, there is in my realm a robber named Finger-garland, who is barbarous, red-handed, devoted to killing and slaughter, unmerciful to all who live. By him towns, villages, and districts are made as though they had never been. He slays men all the time and wears a garland of their fingers. Lord, I fear I shall not arrest him."

"But, great King, if you saw Finger-garland with his hair and beard cut off, having put on the yellow robes and gone forth from domestic life into the homeless one; abstaining from taking life, from theft, and from lying; eating one meal a day, chaste, moral, with a glorious religion,—what would you do to him?"

"Lord, we should salute him respectfully, or rise in his presence, or offer him a seat, or present him with robe and alms-bowl, lodging-place, the requisites for sickness, medicine and conveniences; and we should appoint for him the protection, toleration, and defence that are due to religion.¹ But, Lord, how could there be such moral restraint in an immoral, wicked man like him?"

Now at that time the venerable Finger-garland was sitting not far from the Blessed One. Then the Blessed One, stretching out his right arm, said to Pasenadi, the King of

Kosalâ: "This, great King, is Finger-garland!"

Then the King was seized with fear, consternation, and horror, and the Blessed One, seeing him afraid and agitated with horror, said to him: "Fear not, great King, fear not; there is nothing for you to fear any more." So the King, who had been terrified, became calm again, and went up to Finger-garland, saying to him: "Surely your Reverence is not Finger-garland?"

"Yes, great King."

"What is the clan of your Reverence's father, and what is the clan of your mother?"

"Great King, my father is a Gaggo, and my mother a Mantânî."

"May it please your Reverence Gaggo-Mantânî-son, I shall supply you with robe and alms-bowl, with a mat to sit and sleep on, and with the requisites for sickness, medicine and conveniences."

But at that season the venerable Finger-garland was a forest-dweller, with an alms-bowl, and wearing three robes taken from dust-heaps. So he said to the King: "Enough, great King: three robes are my full outfit."

Then Pasenadi, the King of Kosalâ, approached the Blessed One, saluted him respectfully, and sat on one side. And so sitting, the King said to the Blessed One: "Wonderful, O Lord! Marvellous, O Lord! is it even until now, O Lord Blessed One: men are tamed among the untamed, pacified among the unpacified, and among those

who have not attained, they are brought to Niroâna (literally, extinguished among the non-extinct). He, Lord, whom we could not tame by staff or sword, is tamed by the Blessed One without staff and without sword. But now, Lord, we must go: we have much to do, much business on hand."

"Just as you think fit, great King."

So Pasenadi, the King of Kosalâ, rose from his seat, saluted the Blessed One respectfully, and keeping him on his right hand, departed.

Then the venerable Finger-garland, having dressed betimes, took bowl in robe and went into Sâvatthi for alms. And going through Sâvatthi from house to house for alms, he saw a woman in the agonies of travail, and thereupon thought to himself: "Alas, how beings suffer; alas, how beings suffer!"

Now the venerable Finger-garland, having gone to Sâvatthi for alms and returned in the afternoon, approached the Blessed One, saluted him, and sat as usual, and said: "Lord, to-day on my begging rounds in Sâvatthi, while I went from house to house, I saw a woman in the agonies of travail; whereupon I thought to myself: 'Alas, how beings suffer; alas, how beings suffer!'"

"Well now, Finger-garland, go to Sâvatthi, go up to that woman and say this: 'Since I was born, sister, I do not remember that I ever purposely took the life of anything that breathes. By this truth be there safety to thee and safety to thy womb.'"

"But, Lord, that would surely be for me a deliberate lie: by me, Lord, have many breathing things been reft of life."

"Well, then, Finger-garland, go to Sâvatthi, approach that woman and say: 'Sister, since I was BORN OF THE NOBLE BIRTH' I do not remember that I ever purposely took the life of aught that breathes. By this truth be there safety to thee and safety to thy womb."

"Even so, Lord," said the venerable Finger-garland, in assent unto the Blessed One; and going into Sâvatthi, he approached that woman and said: 'Sister, since I was BORN OF THE NOBLE BIRTH I do not remember that I ever purposely took the life of aught that breathes. By this truth be there safety unto thee and safety to thy womb.'

Whereupon there was safety unto that woman, and safety to her womb. And forthwith the venerable Finger-garland, dwelling alone, retired, earnest, ardent, and strenuous, for a little time, realised by his own supernal Knowledge, and even in this world, that incomparable goal of the religious life, for the sake whereof do veritable gentlemen go forth from the domestic life into the homeless one: he perceived that birth was destroyed, the religious life was lived, and duty done, and for this existence there was naught beyond. And so the venerable Finger-garland became one of the Arahats.

Now the venerable Finger-garland, having dressed betimes, took bowl in robe, and went to Sâvatthi for alms; and on one occasion a clod of earth was thrown and hit his person; upon another occasion a stick, and yet again a stone. Then the venerable Finger-garland, with his head

broken and the blood flowing, his bowl broken and his robe rent, approached the Blessed One. And the Blessed One saw him coming from afar, and said to him: "Bear up, O Brâhman, bear up! You are feeling in this world the effect of some deed for which you would have been tormented in hell for many years, for many hundreds and thousands of years."

Then the venerable Finger-garland, when secluded and solitary, felt the bliss of deliverance, and on that occasion gave vent to the following Udâna:

[The Dialogue ends with a page of verse. The words italicised are important. This is the doctrine of the forgiveness of sins. To the Arahat all the past is wiped away, and he only suffers such physical effects of evil as those described; but no retribution can follow him beyond the grave.]

THE FIFTH SERIES

APOSTOLIC SUCCESSION.

Matthew xvi. 17-19. And Jesus answered and said unto him, Blessed art thou, Simon Bar-Jonah: for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my Father which is in heaven. And I also say unto thee, that thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church; and the gates of Hades shall not prevail against it. I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in heaven: and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven.

{1} MIDDLE COLLECTION, DIALOGUE CXI.

MONKS, it is only of Sâriputto that one can truly say: He is a lawful son of the Blessed One, born of his mouth, born of his religion, spiritually created, a spiritual kinsman, not a carnal one. Sâriputto, O monks, keeps up the incomparable empire of religion set going once for all by the Tathâgato.

{2} NUMERICAL COLLECTION I. 13.

Monks, I do not perceive another single individual who keeps up the incomparable empire of religion set going once for all by the Tathâgato, excepting Sâriputto.

Sâriputto, O monks, keeps up the incomparable empire of religion set going once for all by the Tathâgato.

{3} NUMERICAL COLLECTION V. 132.

Monks, the eldest son of a king who is a world-ruler (Cakkavatti) is endowed with five attributes, and keeps up the empire (lit., keeps the wheel rolling) set going by his father by righteousness alone: that is the wheel which cannot be turned back by any human being, by any hostile hand.

What are the five attributes?

In this world, monks, the eldest son of a king who is a world-ruler is worldly-wise, and spiritually wise, temperate, wise in the times, and wise in the assemblies.

Monks, the eldest son of a king who is a world-ruler is endowed with these five attributes, and keeps up the empire set going by his father by righteousness alone: that is the wheel that cannot be turned back by any human being, by any hostile hand.

Exactly thus, monks, does Sâriputto, with five qualities (dhammas) endowed, keep up the incomparable empire of religion, set going once for all by the Tathâgato: that is the wheel that cannot be turned back by philosopher or brahmin, angel or Tempter, arch-angel, or any one in the world.

What are the five qualities?

In this case, monks, Sâriputto is worldly-wise, spiritually wise, temperate, wise in the times and wise in the assemblies.

With these five qualities endowed, monks, does Sâriputto keep up the incomparable empire of religion set going once for all by the Tathâgato: that is the wheel that cannot be turned back by philosopher or brahmin, angel or Tempter, archangel, or any one in the world.

{4} SUTTA NIPÂTO 557.

*The wheel set rolling by me--
Religion's incomparable wheel--
Sâriputto keeps rolling,
[He] the fellow of the Tathâgato.*

SAVING POWER OF BELIEF.

Mark ix. 23. Jesus said unto him, If thou canst! All things are possible to him that believeth.

Cf. John iii. 18, and the New Testament throughout.

{5} NUMERICAL COLLECTION I. 17.

Monks, I do not perceive another single quality whereby beings, upon the dissolution of the body after death, rise again in states of suffering, woe, destruction and hell, to be compared, O monks, to false belief.

Beings, possessed of false belief, O monks, upon the dissolution of the body after death, rise again in states of suffering, woe, destruction and hell.

Monks, I do not perceive another single quality whereby beings, upon the dissolution of the body after death, rise again in the world of weal and paradise, to be compared, O monks, with Right Belief.

Beings, possessed of Right Belief, O monks, upon the dissolution of the body after death, rise again in the world of paradise.

THE LOGIA.

JESUS SAITH is the formula in the Egyptian Logia-fragment found in 1897 {Greek fragments of The Gospel of Thomas}, and of frequent occurrence in the Gospels. The ancient Christian Logia-Book, or primitive Gospel of Matthew mentioned by Papas (Eusebius, H. E. iii. 39) is lost; but the Buddhists are more fortunate in having their Logia-Book extant. It is called the ITIVUTTAKA, that is, the Thus-Said. Its antiquity is attested not only by the

*internal evidence of terseness and simplicity, but by the external evidence that the name itself is one of the ancient Nine Divisions of the Scriptures which antedate the present arrangement of the **Pâli Canon**. The formulæ of the Itivuttaka are the following:*

1. *This was said by the Blessed One, said by the Holy One, and heard by me:*

2. *This is the meaning of what the Blessed One said, and here it is rendered thus [in verse].*

3. *Exactly thus is the meaning spoken by the Blessed One, and thus it was heard by me.*

These three formulæ accompany each of the first 79 paragraphs (suttas) of the Itivuttaka; No. 80 has the first two formulæ only; Nos. 81-88 have none of them; Nos. 89 and 90 have all; Nos. 91-98 have none; Nos. 99 and 100 have all; Nos. 101-111 have none; the closing sutta, No. 112, has all three. Five of the suttas that want the formulæ (Nos. 101, 105, 108, 110, 111) are found in the Numerical Collection, as well as two where they have been supplied (Nos. 90 and 112). It is therefore probable that the original Itivuttaka has been added to, and this is borne out by the fact that the suttas increase in length towards the end. Moreover, the suttas borrowed from the Numerical Collection all occur after No. 80, where the formulæ cease to be regular.¹

The earlier part of the Itivuttaka appears to be of great antiquity. Its themes are found all through the Canon in a more developed form, but they are here expressed with a terse simplicity and with the solemn deposition in each case

that Buddha spoke them.

THE SIXTH SERIES

**BUDDHA'S DISCOURSE ON THE END OF THE
WORLD;**

OR, THE SERMON ON THE SEVEN SUNS.

*Now first translated from the Pâli by ALBERT J.
EDMUNDS.*

PREFATORY NOTE.

*A late expansion of this discourse is given by Warren, in his *Buddhism in Translations*, from Buddhagosha's *Way of Purity*, a **Pâli compendium** of the fifth Christian century.² When Warren wrote, the **Pâli original** had not as yet appeared in the edition of the **Pâli Text Society**, which is printed in Roman letters.*

It is well known to New Testament scholars that the great Eschatological Discourse in the Synoptical Gospels (i.e., the Sermon on the Last Things, delivered upon the Mount of Olives) is a blending of historical and spiritual vaticination. As I pointed out in 1893,³ the Evangelist Luke attempted to separate the spiritual prophecy from the historical prediction, putting the former into his seventeenth chapter, and the latter into his twenty-first. But Luke evidently understood even the physical cataclysm to refer to the siege of Jerusalem and the destruction of the Hebrew State. Even Mark and the editor of Matthew probably understood the same thing, though our English

translations of Matthew make his "consummation of the æon" the "end of the world." After the siege, the early Christians evidently made this Eschatological Discourse refer to a cosmical convulsion. But the only words which can justly apply to such a thing are those in all three of the Synoptists: "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away."⁴ We have therefore used this verse among our parallels to Buddha's present discourse, but have reserved the text of the Gospel prophecy for a forthcoming translation from the famous *Anâgata-bhayâni*, selected by Asoko among his favorite texts. Its subject is the decline of religion.

THE END OF THE WORLD.

Mark xiii. 31. Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away.

2 Peter iii. 10. But the day of the Lord will come as a thief; in the which the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the heavenly bodies (or elements) shall be dissolved with fervent heat, and the earth and the works that are therein shall be burned up (or, discovered).

Rev. xxi. 1. And I saw a new heaven and a new earth: for the first heaven and the first earth are passed away; and the sea is no more.

NUMERICAL COLLECTION VII. 62.

Thus have I heard. At one season the Blessed One was staying at Vesâli, in Ambapâli's grove. And the Blessed One addressed the monks, saying: "Monks!" "Lord!" answered those monks, in reply to him. The Blessed One spake thus:

"Impermanent, O monks, are the constituents of existence, unstable, non-eternal: so much so, that this alone is enough to weary and disgust one with all constituent things, and emancipate therefrom. Sineru, monks, the monarch of montains, is eighty-four thousand leagues¹ in length and breadth; eighty-four thousand leagues deep in the great ocean, and eighty-four thousand above it.

Now there comes, O monks, a season when, after many years, many hundreds and thousands and hundreds of thousands of years, it does not rain; and while it rains not, all seedlings and vegetation, all plants, grasses, and trees dry up, wither away and cease to be. Thus, monks, constituent things are impermanent, unstable, non-eternal: so much so, that this alone is enough to weary and disgust one therewith and emancipate therefrom.

And, monks, there comes a season, at vast intervals in the lapse of time, when a second sun appears.

After the appearance of the second sun, monks, the brooks and ponds dry up, vanish away and cease to be. So impermanent are constituent things! And then, monks, there comes a season, at vast intervals in the lapse of time, when a third sun appears; and thereupon the great rivers: to wit, the Ganges, the Jamna, the Rapti, the Gogra, the Mahî,--dry up, vanish away and cease to be.

At length, after another vast period, a fourth sun appears, and thereupon the great lakes, whence those rivers had their rise: namely, Anotatto,² Lion-leap, Chariot-maker, Keel-bare, Cuckoo, Six-bayed, and Slow-flow, dry up, vanish away, and cease to be.

Again, monks, when, after another long lapse, a fifth sun appears, the waters in the great ocean go down for an hundred leagues; then for two hundred, three hundred, and even unto seven hundred leagues, until the water stands only seven fan-palms deep, and so on unto one fan-palm; then seven fathoms deep, and so on unto one fathom, half a fathom; waist-deep, knee-deep, ankle-deep. Even, O monks, as in the fall season, when it rains in large drops, the waters in some places are standing around the feet of the kine; even so, monks, the waters in the great ocean in some places are standing to the depth of kine-feet. After the appearance of the fifth sun, monks, the water in the great ocean is not the measure of a finger-joint. Then at last, after another lapse of time, a sixth sun appears; whereupon this great earth and Sineru, the monarch of mountains, reek and fume and send forth clouds of smoke. Even as a potter's baking, when first besmeared, doth reek and fume and smoke, such is the smoke of earth and mountains when the sixth sun appears.

After a last vast interval, a seventh sun appears, and then, monks, this great earth, and Sineru, the monarch of mountains, flare and blaze, and become one mass of flame. And now, from earth and mountains burning and consuming, a spark is carried by the wind and goes as far as the worlds of God; and the peaks of Mount Sineru, burning, consuming, perishing, go down in one vast mass of fire and crumble for an hundred, yea, five hundred leagues. And of this great earth, monks, and Sineru, the monarch of mountains, when consumed and burnt, neither ashes nor soot remains. Just as when ghee or oil is consumed and burnt, monks, neither ashes nor soot remains, so it is with the great earth and Mount Sineru.

Thus, monks, impermanent are the constituents of existence, unstable, non-eternal: so much so, that this alone is enough to weary and disgust one with all constituent things and emancipate therefrom. Therefore, monks, do those who deliberate and believe¹ say this: 'This earth and Sineru, the monarch of mountains, will be burnt and perish and exist no more,' excepting those who have seen the path.

FORMER RELIGIONS ECLIPSED BY THE RELIGION OF LOVE.

Matthew v. 17, 18, 43, 44. Think not that I came to destroy the law or the prophets: I came not to destroy, but to fulfil. For verily I say unto you, Till heaven and earth pass away, one jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass away from the law, till all things be accomplished.

Ye have heard that it was said, Thou shalt love thy neighbor, and hate thine enemy: but I say unto you, Love your enemies, and pray for them that persecute you.

"In olden times, O monks, there was a religious teacher (or Master) named Sunetto, founder of an order, and free from indulgence in lusts; and he had several hundred disciples. The Master Sunetto preached to his disciples the doctrine of fellowship with the world of God; and those who understood all his religion in every way, when he preached this doctrine, were born again, upon the dissolution of the body after death, to weal in the world of God. Those who did not understand all his religion in every way, were born again, upon the dissolution of the body after death,--some into fellowship with those angels who transmute subjective delights into objective and share them with others;¹ some into fellowship with the angels who delight in subjective

creations; some into that of the angels of Content (Tusitâ); others with the Yâmâ; others again with the angels of the Thirty-three; others into fellowship with those of the Four Great Kings; and yet others into fellowship with Warrior magnates, Brahmin magnates, householder magnates.

"Now Sunetto the Master, O monks, thought to himself: 'It is not fit that I should allow my disciples to have such destinies as these repeatedly: what now if I practise the Highest Love?' Whereupon, monks, the Master Sunetto practised Benevolence (or, love-meditation) for seven years, and for seven æons of consummation and restoration he did not return to this world.² Yea, monks, at the consummation of the world³ he became an Angel of Splendor, and at the world's restoration he rose again in the empty palace of the Brahmâs. Yea, then, O monks, he was a Brahmâ, the Great Brahmâ (or, God), conquering, unconquered, all-seeing, controlling. And thirty-six times, O monks, was he Sakko, the lord of the angels; many hundreds of times was he a king, a righteous world-ruler and emperor, victorious to the four seas, arrived at the security of his country, and possessed of the seven treasures. Moreover, he had more than a thousand sons, heroes, of mighty frame, crushers of alien armies; he dwelt in this ocean-girt earth, overcoming it, staffless and swordless, by righteousness. But even the Master Sunetto, though thus long-lived and long-enduring, was not emancipated from birth, old age, death, grief, lamentations, pains, sorrows, and despairs; I say he was not emancipated from pain. And why? Because of not being awake to four things (dhammâ), and not seeing into them. What four? The Noble Ethics, the Noble Trance (Samâdhi), the Noble Wisdom, and the Noble Release (or Emancipation). When these, O monks, known in their sequence and penetrated into,¹ the craving for existence is

annihilated, its renewal is destroyed: one is then reborn no more."

Thus spake the Blessed One, and when the Auspicious One had said this, the Master further said:

"Morality, Trance, Pure Reason, and Supreme Release;

"These things are understood by the celebrated Gotamo,

"Thus enlightened (buddho) by supernal knowledge, he told the doctrine to the monks.

"The Master, who made an end of pain, the Seeing One, hath passed into Nirvâna."

THE SEVENTH SERIES

THE GOSPEL PREACHED IN THE SPIRITUAL WORLD.

WITH OBSERVATIONS ON THE POST-RESURRECTION MISSIONARY CHARGE.

Matthew xxviii. 18. All authority hath been given unto me in heaven and on earth.

I Peter iii. 18, 19. Christ also suffered for sins once. . . . being put to death in the flesh, but quickened in the spirit; in which also he went and preached unto the spirits in prison.

iv. 6. Unto this end was the Gospel preached even to the dead.

NUMERICAL COLLECTION IV. 33.

WHEN a Tathâgato arises in the world, an Arahât, a Buddha supreme, endowed with wisdom in conduct, auspicious, knowing the universe, a matchless charioteer of men who are tamed, a Master of angels and mortals, a Blessed Buddha, he preaches his religion, to wit, Personality (Sakkâyo), the origin of Personality, and the cessation thereof, and the path that unto that cessation goes. And, monks, those angels of long life, self-radiant, happy beings, abiding in the lofty mansions long, when they hear the preaching of the Tathâgato's religion, are everywhere seized with fear, astonishment, and trembling, saying: "Impermanent, alas! are we, O friend, 'tis said; and we thought we were permanent; unstable, and we deemed we were stable; non-eternal, who thought ourselves eternal. 'Tis said, O friend, that, we are impermanent, unstable, non-eternal, hedged about with personality!"

Such, O monks, is the spiritual power of the Tathâgato over the angel-world; such his great authority and mystic might.¹

[In the Middling Collection, Sutta 49, Gotamo transports himself to the heaven of Brahmâ, to convert an angel from the heresy that his blest abode was everlasting. There is also a story, found in the Sanskrit Divyâvadâna and other uncanonical sources, of Buddha going to the other world to preach the Gospel his mother. It is alluded to in the **Pâli of Jâtaka** 29, and is told in full in No. 483, but only in the commentary, not in the text. I will thank any scholar to find it in the Canon.]

Dr. Carus has pointed out to me the significant fact that the preaching of the Gospel to the nations is a later addition to the New Testament. This is borne out by the archaic oracle in Matthew:

"Go not into any way of the Gentiles, and enter not into any city of the Samaritans; but go rather to the lost sheep of the house of Israel. . . .Ye shall not have gone through the cities of Israel, till the Son of Man be come." (The Missionary Charge in Matth. 5, 6 and 23.)

It is Luke alone who invents the mission of the Seventy (i.e., to the seventy nations of the world, according to Jewish geography). As we pointed out in April, 1900, there is a parallel here with the sixty-one Arahats sent forth by Gotamo. That Luke invented the story of the Seventy is betrayed by himself, for, in xxii. 35, he agrees with the Petrine and Matthæan tradition, in ascribing certain words to the Charge to the Twelve from which he has wrested them to make up his ideal Charge to the Seventy:

"When I sent you forth without purse and wallet and shoes, lacked ye anything? And they said, Nothing."

Luke puts the words, "no purse, no wallet, no shoes," into the Charge to the Seventy (x. 4), while in the Charge to the Twelve he reads: "nor wallet, nor bread, nor money; neither have two coats." But there is no mention of shoes. (Luke ix. 3.)

In the Gospel tradition generally the great Missionary Charge is the one given after the resurrection:

"Go ye therefore, and make disciples of all the nations,

baptising them into the names of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost." (Matth. xxviii. 19.)

The Trinitarian formula betrays the lateness of the redaction, but the passage is older than the redaction, for the substance of it is found in the Fourth Gospel: "Peace be unto you: as the Father hath sent me, even so send I you." (John xx. 21.) I have little doubt that the Matthæan charge read originally: "baptising them into my name," simply; to which Rendel Harris assented when I once pointed this out to him.

As a Christian believer (though attached to no sect or Church whatever) I personally maintain that the post-resurrection missionary charge is no mere fiction introduced to imitate Buddhism (granting that even the Catholic Luke knew thereof), but a reality. It is my conviction, after long research and thinking, that the Lord Jesus was vividly present, in some guise--whether palpable or visionary matters little--to his disciples after death, and especially to Peter. I believe too that he impressed their minds with his wishes, which had expanded since the days when he forbade ministrations to Samaritans and pagans. Unfortunately the account of the great appearance to Peter has been lost, if not suppressed by the Church. It probably contained the charge to Peter (misplaced in Matth. xvi.) and some matter relating to the descent into Hades mentioned in Peter's Epistle. But this leads us to the question of the lost ending of Mark, and is food for another article. I will only quote the proof-texts for an apparition to Peter:

Mark xvi. 7: "Go, tell his disciples and Peter, He goeth before you into Galilee: there shall ye see him."

(Cf. also Mark *xiv.* 28, fortified by the parallel in Matthew, but weakened by its omission in the Vienna Gospel-fragment from Egypt.)

1 Cor. *xv.* 5. "He appeared to Cephas."

Luke *xxiv.* 34. "The Lord is risen indeed, and hath appeared to Simon."

Eusebius, H. E. II. 1. Clement [of Alexandria] in the seventh book of [his Institutions] writes also thus:

"The Lord transmitted the Gnosis unto James the Just, John and Peter after his resurrection."

Shahahrastâni of Persia, A.D. 1150,

"After he was dead and crucified, he returned, and Simon Peter saw him and He spake with him, and transmitted to him the power. Then he left the world and ascended into heaven, and Simon Peter was his representative." (Haarbrücker, Vol.I., p. 261.)

THE EIGHTH SERIES

DECLINE OF THE FAITH.

WITH REMARKS ON MAITREYA.

Matthew *xxiv.* 11, 12. Many false prophets shall arise, and shall lead many astray. And because iniquity shall be multiplied, the love of the many shall wax cold.

Luke *xviii.* 8. When the Son of man cometh, shall he find

faith on the earth?

{1} NUMERICAL COLLECTION v. 79.

MONKS, the following five future dangers (or, fears for the future), though not arisen now, will hereafter arise. Ye must be awake thereto, and being awake, must struggle to avert them. What are the five?

Monks, there will be monks in the far future, wanting in physical, moral, emotional and intellectual control; and being so, they will confer Initiation upon others, and will not be able to train them in superior morals, emotions and intelligence. These, being also without the aforesaid control, will initiate others in their turn, who will keep up the same state of things. And so, monks, from corruption of doctrine [will come] corruption of discipline, and from corruption of discipline [will come] corruption of doctrine.

This, monks, is the first future danger which, though not arisen now, will hereafter arise. Ye must be awake thereto, and being awake, must struggle to avert it.

Again, monks, there will be monks in the far future, wanting in control as before, who being so will give asylum to others, and they will not be able to train them in superior morals, emotions and intelligence. These will give asylum to yet others, and so [there will be] more corruption of discipline from doctrine, and of doctrine from discipline.

This, monks, is the second future danger, which will come and must be guarded against.

Again, monks, there will be monks in the far future

without physical, moral, emotional and intellectual control, and being so, when they discourse upon the Higher Doctrine (Abhidhammo) and the Exegesis (Vedalla) they will not be awake, descending into doctrine dark.¹ And so, monks, [there will be] corruption of discipline from corruption of doctrine, and corruption of doctrine from corruption of discipline.

This, monks, is the third future danger which, though not arisen now, will hereafter arise. Ye must be awake thereto, and being awake must struggle to avert it.

²*[Again], monks, there will be monks in the far future, [wanting in physical, moral, emotional and intellectual control; and they being thus wanting in physical, moral, emotional and intellectual control], there are Dialogues (Suttantâ) spoken by the Tathâgato,--deep, of deep meaning, transcendental, connected with the³ Void (or, classified under Void); and when these are recited they will not listen nor give ear nor present a heart of knowledge; and they will not study those doctrines, learn them, nor reflect thereon.*

But there are Dialogues poet-made, poetical, thrilling the heart, suggestive to the heart, the utterances of disciples who are outsiders. When these are recited they will listen, give ear, and present a heart of knowledge; these doctrines they will study, learn by heart and reflect upon.

And so, monks, [there will be] corruption of discipline from corruption of doctrine, and corruption of doctrine from corruption of discipline.

This, monks, is the fourth future danger which, though

not arisen now, will hereafter arise. Ye must be awake thereto, and being awake, must struggle to avert it.

Again, monks, there will be monks in the far future without physical, moral, emotional and intellectual control; and being so, the Presbyter monks will be luxurious, loose-lived, taking precedence by their descent, in seclusion neglecting their charge. They will not strive with their will for attainment of the unattained, approach to the unapproached, realisation of the unrealised. The last generation of them will fall into heresy, and will be luxurious, loose-lived, taking precedence by descent, in seclusion neglecting their charge. And so, monks, [there will be] corruption of discipline from corruption of doctrine, and corruption of doctrine from corruption of discipline.

This, monks, is the fifth future danger which, though not arisen now, will hereafter arise, and which ye must be awake to, and so struggle to avert.

These, monks, are the Five Future Dangers which, though not arisen now, will hereafter arise, and which ye must be awake to, and so struggle to avert.

[Chapter 80 gives a detailed account of future luxuries, such as building monasteries in towns, villages, and capitals; wearing fine robes; associating with young nuns, etc.

The Buddhist Apocalypse translated by Warren is a mediæval treatise, expanded from just such texts as our present one.]

{2} MINOR SECTION ON DISCIPLINE
(CULLAVAGGO¹ x. 1.

Ânando, if women had not received permission to go forth; from domestic life and enter the homeless one, under the Doctrine and Discipline made public by the Tathâgato, then, Ânando, would the religious life have lasted long: the Gospel (Saddhammo) would have lasted for a thousand years. But, Ânando, now that women have received that permission, the religious life will not last long: the Gospel, Ânando, will now last only five hundred years.

[This passage is important as a time-mark in the history of the Canon, a fact which was pointed out in our provisional preface to this series of Parallels. (Open Court, February, 1900, p. 115.) In patristic works written after the Christian era, such as Buddhaghosha's commentaries and the Great Chronicle of Ceylon, the figures 500 have been altered to 5000. This was because the 500 years had expired, and still the faith flourished. Therefore the sacred text has not been materially altered, and goes back behind the time of Christ. The period of a thousand years in our text may perhaps be compared with those of the Mazdean Saviours or the millennium of the Apocalyptic Christ.

It is to be regretted that the period of decline has been confounded with that of the second Coming or advent of Metteyyo (Sanskrit, Maitreyas;¹ contracted into Maitreya). Thus, Eitel, in his Handbook of Chinese Buddhism, places this advent five thousand years after Gotamo, which, as we have seen, is a later exaggeration of the five hundred predicted in the Book of Discipline. Rhys Davids, in his Manual, probably following Eitel, says the same; for that learned scholar has never had the leisure to re-write his

book and give full references in the light of his present knowledge. **Pâli learning** is still in its infancy. Even Kern, whose *Manual* is deemed the best by so exacting a critic as Barth, does not give the original **Pâli authority** on the Metteyyo prophecy, but a passage in the late patristic *Milindo*. This is because the **Pâli text** in question has not yet been edited in Roman letters, but must be painfully read in the character of Siam. The text, however, was briefly referred to by Oldenberg in 1881, in the first edition of his *Buddha*; but was never, I believe, given fully, at least in English, until its appearance in *The Open Court* in 1900.

Unfortunately Dr. Carus, in his *Gospel of Buddha*, p. 217, has made the mistake pointed out, of associating the coming of Metteyyo with the end of the period of purity.

Owing to the curious coincidence that 500 years is the period between Gotamo and Jesus, some writers who have accepted the confusion of Metteyyo with this period, have regarded him as a Buddhist prophecy of Christ. Were it so, it would be a more remarkable one than any oracle of Daniel or Isaiah; for nowhere do the prophets clearly state that, at the end of a definite, non-mystical, mundane term of years, a Saviour would arise named Love, for such is the meaning of Metteyyo. We have purposely kept separate, in our **Pâli Parallels**, these two doctrines of the Second Coming and the Declension of the Faith.

In June, 1900 (*Open Court*, Vol. XIV., pp. 362, 363), we translated the leading **Pâli oracle** upon the coming of Metteyyo, under the caption of Second Coming. I may be allowed to say that the Christian idea of the Holy Ghost was not adduced by me among the New Testament

passages for this Parallel, but was added in the editor's office. However, as we know that the doctrine of the Comforter was the Johannine and spiritual form of the grosser Pauline Second Coming, I have no objection to its standing, though of course the cogent parallel is the Pauline and Apocalyptic one, i.e., of a physical re-appearance of Christ.]”

Gospel Parallels of Pali Texts, Albert Edmunds, 1902

**“THE CANONICAL ACCOUNT OF THE BIRTH OF
GOTAMA THE BUDDHA.**

BY ALBERT J. EDMUNDS.

PREFATORY NOTE.

*THERE are two canonical accounts of the wonderful circumstances attending the birth of Gotama, viz., the Nâlaka Sutta in the Sutta Nipâta, which was translated by Dr. Fausböll in 1881 (Sacred Books of the East, Vol. X., part 2, p. 124) and the Dialogue in the Middling Collection, now translated for the first time. This was first pointed out by Oldenberg in 1881, in his Life of Buddha, where he gave us one or two details concerning it (Oldenberg's Buddha, English translation, 1882, p. 417). In 1894, Chalmers gave an account of it in the Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society, and the **Pâli text** was printed by him in the same learned Journal for October, 1895. It is from this text that our translation is made, except that in some doubtful readings I have compared the version of the King of Siam, which has lately been distributed throughout the United States.*

An uncanonical account of Gotama's birth (apart from the inevitable commentary on our present text) is to be found in the Commentary on the Birth Stories. This account has been twice translated: by Rhys Davids in 1880 (Buddhist Birth Stories), and by Henry C. Warren in 1896 (Buddhism in Translations, p. 38). It is based upon our present Sutta and the one in the Sutta Nipâta. The portion based upon the latter is given by Warren at p. 48. As in the case of the Haggadah of the Hebrews, it was reckoned quite fair among the ancient Hindus, to add embellishments to a narrative in the form of commentary. It will be seen, however, that not even in the commentary do the Buddhists claim for their master a virginal nativity, but only a birth attended with marvels. The idea that Gotama remembered being born and remembered also a pre-existent state is derived from the familiar doctrine of transmigration.

*All other accounts of the Buddha's nativity, such as those translated from the Sanskrit or Chinese, of which we have a specimen in Sacred Books of the East, Vols. XIX. and XLIX.,¹ are late patristic poems, on an entirely different footing from the canonical **Pâli** texts. There is no doubt that these last have come down to us from the men who knew Gotama. Our present Sutta is quoted in a work as old as the Christian era (the Questions of King Milinda); and the chain of transmission is strong.*

DIALOGUE ON WONDERS AND MARVELS.

(Majjhima Nikâya, Sutta 123.)

THUS HAVE I HEARD. *On one occasion the Blessed One was staying at Sâvatthi in the Jetavana cloister-garden*

of Anâthapndika. Now a number of monks, after returning from the quest of alms, and having eaten their meal, were sitting assembled in the room of state, when the following conversation arose:

"Wonderful, O brother! marvellous, O brother! is the . . . power and magical might of the Tathâgata: when, for instance, upon the decease of the former Buddha, who has broken down obstacles and avenues, exhausted his transmigrations and passed beyond all pain, the Tathâgata perceives: 'Such were the families of the Blessed Ones, such were the names of the Blessed Ones; their clans were so-and-so; such were their moral codes, such their doctrines, their knowledges, their dwellings, and those whom they delivered.'"

After such talk as this, the venerable Ânanda addressed the monks and said: "Wonderful, brethren, are the Tathâgatas, and endowed with wonderful qualities; marvellous, brethren! are the Tathâgatas, and endowed with marvellous qualities."

Such was the course of conversation among the monks when it was broken off. Now, the Blessed One, having arisen from retirement at eventide, came into the room of state and sat down upon the seat prepared for him. While sitting there the Blessed One addressed the monks and said: "Monks! What now is the subject of your conversation while sitting together? And what, moreover, was the course of your conversation which you just broke off?"

[They answered]: "Here, Lord, having returned from the quest of alms and having eaten our meal, we have been sitting assembled in the room of state, when the following

conversation arose: 'Wonderful, O brother! marvellous, O brother! is the . . . power and magical might of the Tathâgata,' (etc., repeated from above, down to the end of Ânanda's speech). "This, Lord, was the course of conversation which was broken off. Just then the Blessed One arrived."

Hereupon the Blessed One said to the venerable Ânanda: "And so, Ânanda, the wonderful and marvellous qualities of the Tathâgata become more and more apparent."

[Ananda replied]: "In my presence, Lord, was it heard [from the lips] of the Blessed One, and in my presence received: 'Ânanda, the Bodhisat is mindful and conscious of being born when he is born with the Tusita body.' This fact, Lord, that the Bodhisat was mindful and conscious when he was born with the Tusita body, I hold to be a wonderful and marvellous quality of the Blessed One."

2. "'Ânanda, the Bodhisat abode for a lifetime in the Tusita body.¹

3. "'Ânanda, the Bodhisat is mindful and conscious when he leaves the Tusita body and descends into his mother's womb. [These words occur identically in the Pâli, in slightly different order, in the Book of the Great Decease III. 15. Sacred Books of the East, Vol. XI., p. 46.]

4. "'Ânanda, when the Bodhisat leaves the Tusita body and descends into his mother's womb, then in the world of the devas, together with those of Mâra and Brahma, and unto the race of sama.nas and brahmans, devas, and mortals, there appears a splendor limitless and eminent, surpassing the might of the devas. And even in the

boundless realms of space, with their darkness upon darkness, where yonder sun and moon, so magical, so mighty, are felt not in the sky, there too appears the splendor limitless and eminent, surpassing the very might of the devas, so that beings who are born there observe among themselves by reason of that splendor: "Friend, indeed there are other beings born here, and this ten-thousand world-system rocks and quakes and tremendously trembles: a splendor limitless and eminent appears in the universe surpassing even the might of the devas."

5. *"Ānanda, when the Bodhisat descends into his mothers womb, the four sons of the devas who keep watch over the four quarters approach him and say: "Let neither mortals nor demons do harm unto the Bodhisat or the Bodhisat's mother!"*

6. *"Ānanda, when the Bodhisat is descending into his mother's womb, she is pure from sexuality,¹ has abstained from taking life, from theft, from lusts, from evil conduct, from lying, and from all kinds of wine and strong drink, which are a cause of irreligion.*

7. *"Ānanda, when the Bodhisat is descending into his mother's womb, among the attendants around her no lustful thought arises, and she is unsurpassed by any shining attendant of the night.*

8. *"Ānanda, when the Bodhisat is descending into his mother's womb, she is possessed of the five qualities of pleasure; she is surrounded by, established in, and endowed with the five qualities of pleasure.*

9. *"Ānanda, . . . the Bodhisat's mother has no sickness at*

all, but is happy in a body free from pain, and sees the Bodhisat transparently in the womb (literally, gone across the womb) in full possession of all his limbs and faculties. Even as a gem or precious stone, Ânanda, being radiant, fine, octagonal, and well wrought, is therefore strung upon a dark-blue string or upon a tawny or a red or a white or a yellow string, so that any man with eyes, upon taking it in his hand, may reflect: "This gem or precious stone, being radiant (etc.) is therefore strung upon this dark-blue string, or . . . yellow string,"--even so, Ânanda, when the Bodhisat descends into his mother's womb, his mother has no sickness at all, but is happy in a body free from pain, and sees the Bodhisat transparently in the womb in full possession of all his limbs and faculties.

10. "*Ânanda, seven days after the birth of the Bodhisat, his mother departed this life, and was born with the Tusita body.*

11. "*Moreover, Ânanda, while other women bring forth after a gestation of nine or ten months, the Bodhisat's mother does not act in the usual way with the Bodhisat: just ten months does she carry the Bodhisat before she brings him forth.*

12. "*Moreover, Ânanda, while other women bring forth when sitting or lying down, the Bodhisat's mother does not bring forth the Bodhisat in the usual way: she actually brings him forth standing.*

13. "*Ânanda, when the Bodhisat leaves his mother's womb, devas are the first to receive him, and mortals afterwards.*

14. "*Ânanda, when the Bodhisat leaves his mother's womb, he does not touch the ground: four sons of the devas stand before his mother and receive him. "Be thou a blessed goddess," they say: "unto thee is born an eminent son."*¹

15. "*Ânanda, when the Bodhisat leaves his mother's womb, he leaves it quite clean, undefiled with matter or blood, but pure, clean, and undefiled by any impurity. As in the case of a gem or a jewel, Ânanda, laid in Benâres cloth, the gem or jewel does not defile the shining² cloth at all, nor the Benâres cloth the jewel or the gem (and why?-- because they both are pure): even so, Ânanda, when the Bodhisat leaves his mother's womb, he leaves it quite clean, undefiled with matter or blood, but pure, clean, and undefiled by any impurity.*

16. "*Ânanda, . . . there come two showers of water from the sky, one of cool water and the other of warm, to supply the needed water for the Bodhisat and his mother.*

17. "*Ânanda, the new-born Bodhisat stands sheer upright on his feet, walks northwards with a seven-paced stride, holding³ over himself a white canopy, and looking forth in all directions utters the bull-like speech: "I am the chief of the universe, I am the best in the universe, I am the eldest in the universe. This is my last existence: I shall now be born no more!"*

18. "*Ânanda, when the Bodhisat leaves his mother's womb, then in the world of devas, together with those of Mâra and Brahma, and unto the race of sama.nas and brahmans, devas, and mortals, there appears a splendor limitless and eminent, surpassing the might of the devas; and even in the boundless realms of space, with their*

darkness upon darkness, where yonder sun and moon, so magical, so mighty, are felt not in the sky, there too appears the splendor limitless and eminent, surpassing the very might of the devas, so that beings who are born there consider¹ among themselves by reason of that splendor: "Friend, indeed there are other beings born here, and this ten-thousand world-system rocks and quakes and tremendously trembles: a splendor limitless and eminent appears in the universe surpassing even the might of the devas."

"Therefore, Ânanda, do thou hold this also to be a wonderful and marvellous quality of the Tathâgata. In this world, Ânanda, the sensations of the Tathâgata are known when they arise, are known when they continue, are known when they decline. Known are the phases of his consciousness when they arise; his reflections are known when they arise and known when they decline. Therefore, Ânanda, do thou hold this also to be a wonderful and marvellous quality of the Tathâgata.'

"This fact also, Lord, that the sensations of the Blessed One are known when they arise, are known when they continue, are known when they decline; that his phases of consciousness are known when they arise; that his reflections are known when they arise, known when they continue, and known when they decline,--this also, Lord, I hold to be a wonderful and marvellous quality of the Blessed One."

Thus spoke the venerable Ânanda. The Master assented, and the monks were rapt and rejoiced at the discourse of the venerable Ânanda.

[Here ends] the Dialogue on Wonders and Marvels, third
[in a particular subdivision of the Middling Collection].

{the following note appears in the November, 1898 issue,
Vol. XII., No. 11}

THE ANTIQUITY OF THE BUDDHIST NATIVITY SUTTA.

An eminent New Testament scholar has asked me to give proof of the antiquity of this document, which I translated in *The Open Court* for August last. Pending a longer article, I will briefly say that the title of Sutta 61¹ of the *Majjhima Nikâya* is graven on the *Bairât Rock* in India, among other canonical titles. This inscription, by the Emperor *Asoka*, dates from the third century before Christ. Other inscriptions of the same date speak of reciters of the *Pitakas*, reciters of the *Suttas*, and reciters of the *Five Nikâyas*, whereof the *Majjhima* is one. Moreover, on *Asoka's stûpa* at *Bharhut* there is a picture of *Gotama's mother's dream* of his descent into her womb. This dream is not in the canonical text, but in the commentaries. Now if the commentary was used in the third century before Christ, à fortiori the text was.

In the preface to my translation, I said that "our present Sutta" was quoted in *Milinda*. This was a mistake, into which I was led by want of access to the **Pâli of Milinda**. I should have said "our present *Nikâya*," whereof the *Nativity Sutta* is an integral part.

ALBERT J. EDMUNDS.

{the following note appears in the June, 1899 issue, Vol. XIII., No. 6}

A FURTHER NOTE ON THE BUDDHIST NATIVITY SUTTA.

Since writing my note in the November number, I have made further researches into the sources of this document. I have found large portions of it in other parts of the **Pâli canon**, and am convinced that it is one of the most fundamental narratives, on a footing with the Book of the Great Decease. Thus, the statement that the mothers of Bodhisats always die a week after the Nativity is in the Udâna (V. 2). The splendors and earthquakes at Buddha's descent from heaven and birth in the world, are in the A.nguttara-Nikâya (IV. 127) and partly also in the Sanskrit Divyâvadâna, p. 204. But, above all, nearly the entire Nativity Sutta (Majjhima 123) translated by me last August, is embedded in the Dîgha-Nikâya (Mahâpadhâna-Sutta, No. 14), where it is told of a former Buddha, Vipassî. I made my translation in March, 1897, and my increasing knowledge of **Pâli leads** me to correct the second paragraph, which should run thus:

"Wonderful, O brother! marvellous, O brother! is the . . . power and magical might of the Tathâgata: when, for example, he has knowledge of bygone Buddhas who have gone into Nirvâna, have broken down obstacles and avenues, exhausted their transmigrations and passed beyond all pain; and the Tathâgata perceives: 'Such were the families of the Blessed Ones, such were the names of the Blessed Ones; their clans were so-and-so; such were their

moral codes, such their doctrines, their wisdom, their dwellings, and their manner of release.'"

The Natioity Suttas (including the one in the Sutta-Nipâta) lie behind the Lalita Vistara and other early poems and commentaries. They probably constituted one of the ancient Nine Divisions of the canon, called Marvels. Together with the First Sermon, the Chain of Causation, the Confessional, the Antinomies of the Schools and the Book of the Great Decease, they rank among those prime documents of the religion around which all recensions rally.

The Canonical Birth of Gautama the Buddha, Albert J. Edmunds, 1898

"A BUDDHIST GENESIS.

THIS document is translated from the twenty-seventh Dialogue of the Long Collection (Dîgha-Nikâyo). It occurs in a discussion on the caste question; but that it is a book in itself is clear from the fact that a rival recension of the Scriptures has transmitted it in a different connection, and with a different title. This rival recension is that of the Sublime Story (Mahâvâstu), an expanded portion of the Book of Discipline belonging to the sect called the Transcendentalists or Docetists (Lokottaravâdino), which is a branch of the Great Council School (Mahâsa~mghiko). Now the Great Council was the rival sect of the School of the Elders (Theravâdo) who have preserved the Scriptures in Pâli. The Great Council preserved them in some kind of Prâkrit, which has since been partially Sanskritised. We have therefore this old Buddhist Genesis in two different Indian languages (to say nothing of a fifth-century translation into Chinese); transmitted by two different

sects which parted company in the pre-Christian period of Buddhism; and in two different portions of the Canon: viz., the Book of Dialogues (Sutta-Pi.takam) and the Book of Discipline (Vinaya-Pi.takam). In the former (in Pâli) it is entitled the Dialogue Primeval (Aggañña-suttam) and in the latter, The History of Kings. These two ancient recensions agree in the main, but are verbally different. When an old document has such a transmission, its antiquity is well established.

The Buddhist Genesis was epitomised by Robert Spence Hardy in his *Manual of Buddhism* (sic) published at London in 1853. But

[1. Translated from the **Pâli** by Albert J. Edmunds, Philadelphia.]

Hardy translated not from the **Pâli texts**, but from mediæval Singhalese commentaries, which in turn are based upon **Pâli texts** and commentaries combined. Therefore we can never be sure, when reading Spence Hardy, how much of a narrative is from the primitive text and how much has been expanded or exaggerated from commentaries in **Pâli** and Singhalese.

An account of the Great Council version has been given in French by Émile Senart, in the Introduction to Vol. I. of his splendid edition of the *Mahāvastu* (Paris, 1882). So corrupt and difficult is the text that even this learned Prâkrit scholar shrank from giving a verbal translation, but contented himself with an epitome.

A brief account in English, based upon the **Pâli recension**, has been given by Rhys Davids, in

his Dialogues of the Buddha (London, 1899, p. 105). Samuel Beal translates two versions from the Chinese, the second one being from the Long Collection. (Four Lectures: London, 1882, pp. 151-155.)

The present is the first translation of the text itself, and is made from the King-of-Siam's edition, printed in Siamese characters, in Vol. XI. of his thirty-nine volumes of the **Pâli Canon**, which was published at his capital in 1894, and in 1895 distributed throughout the world to universities and libraries. There are two copies in Philadelphia: viz., at the University of Pennsylvania and the Mercantile Library. In 1905 it is expected that the **Pâli Text Society of London** will print our present Genesis text in Roman letters, when it will be much easier to read.

We cannot here discuss the many questions raised by this ancient book. Suffice it to say that the idea of Genesis as a fall is ancient, and the interpretation of Paradise as a spiritual state instead of a material one is now regarded by a high authority to be the original conception of Eden in the Babylonian mythology.^[1] The Christian student will be aware that such an interpretation was given to the Hebrew Genesis by Philo the Jew of Alexandria, at the time of Christ; by Origen of Alexandria, in the third century;

[1. Babylonian and Hebrew Genesis. By Heinrich Zimmern. London, 1901, p. 33.] by Jacob Boehme of Görlitz in the sixteenth, and by Emanuel Swedenborg of Stockholm, in the eighteenth.

The exact date of our document cannot be fixed, but after years of research I am satisfied that the **Pâli Canon** existed, in its main constituents, if not in its present form,

at the Council of Va.t.tagâmini, about B.C. 40,^[1] in the ancient capital of Ceylon. At this Council the sacred lore, which had hitherto been oral, was committed to writing, say the Ceylon Chronicles; and a number of facts, which cannot be detailed here, give probability to the statement. Even if only the older parts of the Canon existed then, the Genesis document was certainly among them, because transmitted by a branch of the rival sect which had split off from the sect of Ceylon (the School of the Elders) some centuries before. The Buddhist tradition maintains that this document, together with most of the Dialogues and Discipline, was fixed in its present form by the Council of Râjagaha, upon Buddha's decease in the fifth century before Christ. But while criticism allows that something was settled then, it cannot admit so early a redaction for a literature bearing all the marks of long development. We may safely say, then, that the Buddhist Genesis was composed between the fifth and the first centuries before Christ. How far the main idea of our document can be regarded as compatible with the underlying philosophy of the teachings of Buddha himself, does not fall within the scope of our investigation.

ALBERT J. EDMUNDS.

EASTER, 1902.

THE DIALOGUE PRIMEVAL (AGGAÑÑA-SUTTAM).

O Vâse.t.thâ,^[3] there is a season, at vast intervals in the lapse of time, when this world is dissolved; and upon the world's dissolution, the inhabitants are mostly brought together in the heaven of

[1. Kern's corrected date.

2. The discussion on caste, which precedes, is omitted, being no part of the Genesis document.

3. The plural name of two Brahmin disciples to whom Gotamo addresses account. Hereafter we omit it: it occurs In every paragraph.]

. . . . the Radiant, and there they dwell for a long, long period, mind-made, feeders on joy, self-resplendent, traversing the sky, and abiding in goodness.

Again, there is a season, at vast intervals in the lapse of time, when this world is re-evolved; and upon the world's evolution, people disappear from the host of the Radiant and come down hither.^[1] And they are mind-made, feeders on joy, self-resplendent, traversing the sky, and abiding in goodness. [And so] do they dwell for a long, long period.

Now at that season there is gloom and darkness universally: moon and sun are known not; stars and constellations are not known; nor night and day, nor month and fortnight, nor seasons of the year. Women and men are known not, but people say: "Sentient beings only are considered."^[2]

Now for those beings there arises, after a vast interval in the lapse of time, a savory earth everywhere upon the water. Even as the tree of paradise on high is to a self-restrained one who is reaching Niroâna, such does it appear. It was endowed with color, scent, and savor like unto ghee and butter: such was its color. And even as a little honey undefiled, such was its taste. Then some luxurious person

saying, "Oh! What can this be?" tasted with his finger the savory earth, and as soon as he had done so, craving^[3] therefor became clothed and entered in. Others also, following the example of that being, tasted the savory earth with a finger. When they had done so, craving became clothed and entered in.

Then people approached the luxurious savory earth, to partake of it with their hands, and forthwith their self-radiance disappeared. When their self-radiance was gone, the moon and sun were manifested,

[1. A corrupt change in the Prâkrit, of the **Pâli words** *itthatta~m âgacchanti* into *iccha-svam-âgacchanti*, has given rise to the idea, in the Mahâvâstu, that they go whither they please. Then a gloss adds that this is always the rule: they always go whither they desire.

2. The word rendered "inhabitants," "people," and "sentient beings" is the same in the Pâli.

3. Craving, literally thirst. It is a technical term in Buddhist metaphysics for the will to live, which necessitates personal existence.]

. . . and with them the stars and constellations. With these again came night and day, and with night and day the months and the fortnights, and with the last the seasons of the year. Thus was this world again evolved.

Now people remained a long, long time enjoying the savory earth for their food and support; and so long as they did thus, mere coarseness entered into their bodies and differences of caste arose. Some people were beautiful and

others were ugly. Then those who were beautiful despised the ugly ones and said: "We are handsomer than these, they are uglier than we." And by reason of their conceit of color the savory earth disappeared among those born with pride and conceit. When the savory earth had vanished, they met together and lamented, saying: "Oh, the savor! oh, the savor!" Even now, when men have taken some surpassing^[2] dainty they say the same: "Oh, the savor! Oh, the savor!" In this they imitate exactly the ancient primeval men, but know not the meaning thereof.

After the savory earth had disappeared, there sprang up for those people a fine kind of moss. It was somewhat like a mushroom, and in color, scent, and savor was like unto ghee or butter. And even as a little honey undefiled, such was its taste.

^[3]Then, as before, they ate the fine moss and lived a long time thereon, while coarseness entered still more into their bodies, and differences of caste arose. Also, as before, the beautiful despised the ugly, whereupon the fine moss disappeared. When it was gone a sweet creeper sprang up, which was somewhat like the cadamba, and in color, scent, savor, and taste, as the other foods before. The same experience was repeated, and the sweet creeper vanished away. Then they met together and lamented, saying: "Alas for us! Alas! the sweet creeper has failed us!" Even now, when

[1. The word caste is simply color or complexion.

2. The word "surpassing" is literally divine or angelic. As in the Old Testament, this word is used to mean great or fine.

3. Here and in following paragraphs the exact phraseology of the preceding narrative is tediously repeated in the Pâli, but it is no part of a translator's business to perpetuate these mannerisms. Their use is to preserve the text from corruption.]

. . . men are touched by some divine catastrophe, they say the same: "Alas for us! Alas, it has failed us!" They recall the very letter of the ancient primeval men, but know not the meaning thereof.

Now, when the sweet creeper had gone from those people, a delicate rice appeared, without coating or husk, pure, sweet-scented, and with the fruit already winnowed. They fetched food at evening for supper, and in the morning it was ripe and grown again. They fetched food in the morning for breakfast, and at evening it was ripe and grown again. It was not known to fail. Then the people lived a long, long time, enjoying the delicate rice for their food and support; and so long as they did thus, mere coarseness entered more and more into their bodies and differences of caste arose.

Then the organ of womanhood appeared in the woman and the organ of manhood in the man. And the woman offered to the man strong drink in excess, and the man unto the woman. And as they did so, passion arose, and suffering entered into their bodies. By reason of the suffering they indulged in the act of sex. Then, when people saw them in those days, indulging thus, some threw dust and others ashes, and others cow-dung, saying: "Perish, vile wench! Perish, vile wench!" And again: "How can one being do such a thing unto another?" Even now, in some country places, when a murderess is being executed, some

people throw dust, others ashes, and others cow-dung. They recall the very letter of the ancient primeval men, but know not the meaning thereof.

O Vâse.t.thâ! that was an impious practice in those days, but now it is a pious one. People who, in those days, indulged in the act of sex, were not allowed to return to town or village for two months and three. When those people had fallen into exceeding mischief in that impiety, they began to make houses, in order to hide the impiety. Then it occurred to some idle person: "Why should I be troubled to bring rice at evening for supper and at morning for breakfast? Suppose I now bring it only once every day?"

[1. The Sanskrit here reads: "Monks, just as now, when a maiden is being married, they throw a stick or a clod," etc. This is doubtless the true sense, and the Pâli is probably corrupt.]

. . . evening for breakfast." He accordingly did so, and then some one approached him and said:

"Come, fellow-being! let us go and bring some rice."

"Enough, O fellow-being! I only fetch rice once every evening for breakfast."

Thereupon that other, following his example, said: "It would be good indeed to bring the rice only once in two days." Just then some one else approached that person and asked him likewise to go for rice, and he gave the same answer as the first, whereupon the other, following his example, said: "It would be good indeed to bring the rice only once in four days." When another person invited the

last one to bring some, he was told about the four-day plan, and forthwith suggested once in eight days as enough. So soon as those people began to eat stored-up rice, then was the grain enveloped by the red coating and the husk; no harvest was reaped; failure ensued, and there were groves on groves of standing rice.

Then the people met together and lamented, saying: "Alas! Evil things have appeared among beings; for of yore we were mind-made, feeders on joy, self-radiant, traversing the sky and abiding in goodness, and so did we long remain. Then, after a vast period, arose the savory earth upon the water, and we ate thereof and lost our splendor, till moon and sun came forth, and stars and starry forms. So night and day, month and half-month and seasons yearly rolled, and we enjoyed the savory earth for long, until by the appearance among us of things wicked and demeritorious the savory earth did fail. Then the fine moss came round, and we lost it likewise; and the sweet creeper and the huskless rice. The rice we gathered morn and even for our meals, a daily harvest; failure was unknown; and so we stayed for long, till for wicked and demeritorious things a coating and a husk did wrap the grain; no harvest was there reaped; failure ensued, and groves on groves are standing. Let us now divide the rice and set a boundary."

So they divided the rice and a boundary did they set.

Now a certain greedy person, while keeping his own share, took a share not given him, and enjoyed it. They arrested him and said: "Alas! O being, thou hast done a wicked thing, in that thou hast, while keeping thine own share, taken and enjoyed a share ungiven. O being, thou shouldst not do thus."

"Be it so," replied that being to the others. But a second time he stole likewise, and a third; whereupon, after the same reproof, some struck him with their hands, some with clods, and others with staves. And so theft came first to be known, and upbraiding, and lying, and violence.

Then the best people met together, and lamented, saying: "Alas! Evil things have appeared among beings, in that theft has come to be known, and upbraiding, and lying, and violence. Suppose we now elect one being and tell him: 'Do thou rebuke whomsoever is rightly deserving of rebuke, and upbraid or expel whomsoever is rightly deserving thereof; but we will provide for thy share of the rice.'"

Thereupon the people approached a person who was finer, handsomer, pleasanter, and more commanding than the rest, and said: "Come, fellow-being! Rebuke whomsoever is rightly deserving of rebuke, and upbraid or expel whomsoever is rightly deserving thereof; but we will provide for your share of the rice."

"Be it so," replied that person to the rest; and so he rebuked, upbraided, or expelled those rightly deserving thereof, while they provided for his share of the rice.

Now because he was the great man elected by the race, there arose the first title of "Great Elect." And because he was lord of the fields there arose the second the of "Nobleman." And because he reconciles others by justice, there arose the third title of "King." Such was the origin of this circle of Nobles by an ancient primeval title; yea, and of those very people who, though different, are alike and not dissimilar, by virtue of justice, not by injustice. Justice, O Vâse.t.thâ! is best for the human race in this world and the

next.

[End of the Genesis document common to the **Pâli Aggañña-suttam** and the **Prâkrit Mahâvastu**.]

[1. "Title" is *akkharam*, the regular word for a letter of the alphabet. Its literal meaning is "imperishable."

2. There is here, and also in the words "reconcile" and "king," a punning etymology: "field" is *khettam*, and "nobleman" is *Khattiyo*.

3. The closing passage about justice (or religion) is not in the *Mahâvastu*, being part of the discussion about caste which is now resumed in the **Pâli dialogue**. In like manner there is frequent divergence of words and sentences between the two recensions, but agreement in the main story.]"

A Buddhist Genesis, Albert Edmunds, 1904

And in my sleepless dreams, as the scent and fragrance of this knowledge entered into my internal aethers, a voice spoke, **"When you hear again - about death, the fire inevitably will go out."**

This fire going out was like a completion, a finality, an end . . . to knowledge, to pursuit, to understanding. It was a still place where that fire would go out, all pursuit would simply cease.

An eternal abiding of some sort would commence.

And in the same ethers on yet another eve, my soul

was taken to a spiritual institute within the far gatherings of a netherworld unseen. 'El Tachyon . . . El Tachyon . . . El Tachyon . . .', the words echoed throughout my soul despite my lack of knowledge as to their meaning.

As the words echoed, my spirit was taken into many mystical hiding places amongst the spheres of the eternal. Above and beyond my view, I was to see and watch the souls of many who come after me . . . as I had come to 'found,' they were coming to 'establish,' and yet others to 'carry on.'

"El Tachyon . . . El Tachyon . . . El Tachyon", the words continued to echo . . . I thought, "Well, what does this mean? 'The' Tachyon?" I'd never heard this word so I allowed it to penetrate and vowed to study its founding upon my return.

Aeons and spheres and aethers swirled all around me. My spirit was turning in constant revolutions as the spheres around me also followed a completely separate set of revolutions which occurred in absolute and total conjunction with the revolution of my own soul. Distinctly different revolutions, but merged in a singular revolution . . . I took in the vibrations and warmth of light particles which whizzed by, around, past and into me as this mass of universal being exhibited constant motion in a variety of concentric yet opposing movements.

"Revolving in the love of a most pure passion. In the revolutions of thy Sphere, which is free from the affections of division, of assuming a new shape, of putting off a shape,

or of taking a straight course . . . to make me one of those who approach the band of His Lights, and the secrets of His Essence: and to pour light on the band of Light and Splendor: and to magnify them, and to purify them and us; while the world endureth and to all eternity, so let it be!"

*The Desatir, The Prophet Gilsha, Translated by Mulla Firuz Bin Kaus,
An Ancient Persian Text, 1888*

It was conveyed to me the importance of continued learning in 'discernment.' The souls of humankind would cease their learning if they did not employ the power of a discerning mind within the construct of a discerning revolution of thought and matter. Spheres were held intact by the discernment of embodied objects. Contrasts were made less so by the revolving consciousness of all matter moving and swaying within the authority of the will of the great and One Lord God who was, is and remained the presence within all the life (and lives) which was moving in a perfect equilibrium throughout what seemed to be a window into the indelible footprint of all human and other life within and without the known universe.

"El Tachyon . . . El Tachyon . . . El Tachyon", the now multiple voices continued to echo as all life, all matter worked to intrinsicate the circular motions of many spheres of existence which moved and swayed together in a series of rings, revolutions and participations within the divine life of God.

And I was suddenly thrust out of this ever-swirling and beautiful display of consciousness, life, reality and existence . . . back into my body. And the only

thing that remained were the continuing echo of the words, "El Tachyon . . . El Tachyon . . . El Tachyon"

Hurriedly, I rushed to discover the mystery of this word.

"Tachyons are a putative class of particles which able to travel faster than the speed of light. Tachyons were first proposed by physicist Arnold Sommerfeld, and named by Gerald Feinberg. The word tachyon derives from the Greek ταχύς (tachus), meaning "speedy." Tachyons have the strange properties that, when they lose energy, they gain speed. Consequently, when tachyons gain energy, they slow down. The slowest speed possible for tachyons is the speed of light.

Tachyons appear to violate causality (the so-called causality problem), since they could be sent to the past under the assumption that the principle of special relativity is a true law of nature, thus generating a real unavoidable time paradox (Maiorino and Rodrigues 1999). Therefore, it seems unavoidable that if tachyons exist, the principle of special relativity must be false, and there exists a unique time order for all observers in the universe 🍌 independent of their state of motion.

Tachyons can be assigned properties of normal matter such as spin, as well as an antiparticle (the antitachyon). And amazingly, modern presentations of tachyon theory actually allow tachyons to actually have real mass (Recami 1996).

It has been proposed that tachyons could be produced from high-energy particle collisions, and tachyon searches have

been undertaken in cosmic rays. Cosmic rays hit the Earth's atmosphere with high energy (some of them with speed almost 99.99% of the speed of light) making several collisions with the molecules in the atmosphere. The particles made by this collision interact with the air, creating even more particles in a phenomenon known as a cosmic ray shower. In 1973, using a large collection of particle detectors, Philip Crough and Roger Clay identified a putative superluminal particle in an air shower, although this result has never been reproduced."

Science World, Walder A. Rodrigues, Leonardo Motta

"Tachyon, hypothetical subatomic particle whose velocity always exceeds that of light. The existence of the tachyon, though not experimentally established, appears consistent with the theory of relativity, which was originally thought to apply only to particles traveling at or less than the speed of light. Just as an ordinary particle such as an electron can exist only at speeds less than that of light, so a tachyon could exist only at speeds above that of light, at which point its mass would be real and positive. Upon losing energy, a tachyon would accelerate; the faster it traveled, the less energy it would have."

Encyclopedia Britannica

As I contemplated the meaning of this revelational new knowledge for myself, my thoughts moved through the rapid fire acceleration of vibrations which are required for a soul to progress through the spiritual worlds, and how these vibrational realities while making you more of 'what you are,' serve also to remedy and allow to fall away all that which remains within the soul of 'what you are not.'

If a soul by traveling into the higher and higher vibrational spheres of existence, constantly ascending to greater and greater heights - were to achieve the falling away of energy, what would this mean for a soul seeking to strive for the highest heights of spiritual advancement in this world?

“When you hear again - about death, the fire inevitably will go out.”

The death of the false self leads to a continual rising of the vibrational thrust of the soul. But the core of that soul is then undergoing a continual ‘dying’ away from physical, material and dross objects of sense. That correlation with the natural attainments of a soul seeking to achieve the highest thrust, would inevitably mean that they would be entering into higher and finer void beyond what even humans could conceive wherein the energy would ultimately become yet another vibrational door of mystery.

As we know that souls who enter into lower spheres of existence within the worldly confines of the human element - because of the actual ‘weight’ of the soul, the weight of the attachments, sins, cravings and desires which are rooted in physicality - we can surmise that a soul in leaving all those aspects behind is actually doing a bloodletting of sorts, allowing energy to fall away from them.

And we know that souls who leave behind the drosses - - the weight - so to speak - their souls inherently and of their own volition then do rise to higher and higher spheres and thrusts within the construct of energetic wisdom and knowledge. It happens naturally, without effort, as the weight is released. If this is so, then such an understanding would not yet seem so abstract but an absolutely natural 'falling away' of the energy required to contain a soul and confine it within the physical matter of the human world. As stated above:

"Upon losing energy, a tachyon would accelerate; the faster it traveled, the less energy it would have."

Encyclopedia Britannica

And thus, with the final death, the final thrust of the evolutionary path of a human soul, the fire would inevitably go out. The soul would enter into a refined existence well beyond the ability of our narrow human minds to comprehend or even see.

Is this where the soul goes beyond the speed of light into another existence which resides beyond our ability to witness, see or comprehend? Do we enter into a tachyon field of bodies and souls - disbursed now into particulate fields - who are no longer relevant or visible to the physical universe?

Perhaps, we leave this entire construct behind? Could we suffer a final spiritual death which bore us gently and abidingly into this place wherein the soul might

achieve a peace beyond the energies required to operate, exist and isolate within the human realm?

Is this tachyon field the realm of 'calm abiding' according to the ancient Buddhist teachings?

“**Samatha** ([Pāli](#)) . . .

or **samatha** (Sanskrit: शमथ; Chinese: 止 zhǐ) . . .

is a Buddhist term that is often translated as the "tranquility of the mind", or "mind-calmness". The **Pali Canon** describes it as one of two qualities of mind which is developed (*bhāvanā*) in Buddhist meditation, the other being *vipassana* (**Marilynn's commentary: Insight – 'without seeing' meditation**). *Samatha* is said to be achieved by practicing single-pointed meditation. This includes a variety of mind-calming techniques. *Samatha* is The semantic field of **Tibetan shi** and Sanskrit *shama* is "pacification", "the slowing or cooling down", "rest". The semantic field of **Tibetan né** is "to abide or remain" and this is cognate or equivalent with the final syllable of the Sanskrit, *thā*.

The **Tibetan** term for *samatha* is *shyiné* (Wylie: *zhi-gnas*). According to Jamgon Kongtrul, the terms refer to "peace" and "pacification" of the mind and the thoughts.

The Buddha is said to have identified two paramount mental qualities that arise from wholesome meditative practice:

- *Samatha, calm abiding, which steadies, composes, unifies and concentrates the mind;*

- *Vipassanā, insight, which enables one to see, explore and discern "formations" (conditioned phenomena based on the five aggregates).*

The Buddha is said to have extolled serenity and insight as conduits for attaining the unconditioned state of nibbana (Pāli; Skt.: Nirvana). For example, in the Kimsuka Tree Sutta (SN 35.245), the Buddha provides an elaborate metaphor in which serenity and insight are "the swift pair of messengers" who deliver the message of nibbana via the noble eightfold path.

*In the Four Ways to Arahantship Sutta (AN 4.170), Ven. Ānanda reports that people attain arahantship using calm **abiding** and insight in one of three ways:*

1. *They develop **calm abiding** and then insight (Pāli: samatha-pubbangamam vipassanam)*
2. *They develop insight and then **calm abiding** (Pāli: vipassana-pubbangamam samatham)^[note 2]*
3. *They develop **calm abiding** and insight in tandem (Pāli: samatha-vipassanam yuganaddham), for instance, obtaining the first jhāna and then seeing in the associated aggregates the three marks of existence before proceeding to the second jhāna.¹*

In the Pāli canon, the Buddha never mentions independent samatha and vipassana meditation practices; instead, samatha and vipassana are two "qualities of mind" to be developed through meditation. As Thanissaro Bhikkhu writes,

When [the Pāli suttas] depict the Buddha telling his disciples to go meditate, they never quote him as saying 'go do vipassana,' but always 'go do jhana.' (**Marilynn's commentary: Jhana is 'the training of the mind' or meditation.**) And they never equate the word "vipassana" with any mindfulness techniques. In the few instances where they do mention vipassana, they almost always pair it with samatha – not as two alternative methods, but as two qualities of mind that a person may 'gain' or 'be endowed with,' and that should be developed together.^[8]

Similarly, referencing MN 151, vv. 13-19, and AN IV, 125-27, Ajahn Brahm (who, like Bhikkhu Thanissaro, is of the Thai Forest Tradition) writes that

Some traditions speak of two types of meditation, insight meditation (vipassana) and calm meditation (samatha). In fact the two are indivisible facets of the same process. Calm is the peaceful happiness born of meditation; insight is the clear understanding born of the same meditation. Calm leads to insight and insight leads to calm."

Buddhist and Asian studies scholar Robert Buswell Jr. states that the most common meditation method described in the Pāli canon is one where samatha is first done to induce jhana and then jhana is used to go on to vipassana. Buddhist texts describe that all Buddhas and their chief disciples used this method. Texts also describe a method where vipassana (insight – without seeing – meditation) is done alone, but this is less common."

Wikipedia

"In modern Theravada, liberation is thought to be attained by insight into the transitory nature of phenomena. This is accomplished by establishing sati (mindfulness) and samatha through the

*practice of anapanasati (mindfulness of breathing), using mindfulness for observing the impermanence in the bodily and mental changes, to gain insight (vipassanā (P: vipassanā; S: vipaśyana), sampajañña) c.q. wisdom (P: paññā, S: prajñā) into the true nature of phenomena. According to the **Theravada** tradition, samatha refers to techniques that assist in calming the mind. Samatha is thought to be developed by samadhi ("concentration"), which is thought to be the ability to rest the attention on a single object of perception. One of the principal techniques for this purpose is mindfulness of breathing (**Pali**: ānāpānasati). Samatha is commonly practiced as a prelude to and in conjunction with wisdom practices.*

*According to modern **Theravada**, mindfulness of breathing leads the practitioner into concentration (Dhyāna), the domain of experience wherein the senses are subdued and the mind abides in uninterrupted concentration upon the object (i.e., the breath), if not in meditative absorption (samādhi). According to modern **Theravada**, it is the condition for insight (vipassanā) and subsequently the development of liberating wisdom (paññā). In **Theravada-Buddhism** morality (śīla) is understood to be a stable foundation upon which to attain samatha. According to the **Theravada** tradition, samatha and vipassanā form an integral part of the Noble Eightfold Path as described by the Buddha in his core teaching, the Four Noble Truths.*

(Marilynn's commentary:

THE NOBLE EIGHTFOLD PATH

1. Right understanding (Samma ditthi)

2. *Right thought (Samma sankappa)*
3. *Right speech (Samma vaca)*
4. *Right action (Samma kammanta)*
5. *Right livelihood (Samma ajiva)*
6. *Right effort (Samma vayama)*
7. *Right mindfulness (Samma sati)*
8. *Right concentration (Samma samadhi)*

The Word of the Buddha, Nyanatiloka, From the Pali Canon, Buddhist Publication Society, 1981

“The Four Noble Truths explain the basic orientation of Buddhism. They are the truths understood by the 'worthy ones,' those who have attained enlightenment or nirvana. The four truths are dukkha (the truth of suffering); the arising of dukkha (the causes of suffering); the stopping of dukkha (the end of suffering); and the path leading to the stopping of dukkha (the path to freedom from suffering).”

Ancient History Encyclopedia, Charlie Linden Thorpe, 2017

End of commentary)

Samatha meditation and jhana (dhyana) are often considered synonymous by modern Theravada, but the four jhanas involve a heightened awareness, instead of a narrowing of the mind. Vetter notes that samadhi may refer to the four stages of dhyana meditation, but that only the

first stage refers to strong concentration, from which arise the other stages, which include mindfulness. According to Richard Gombrich, the sequence of the four rupa-jhanas describes two different cognitive states. Gombrich and Wynne note that, while the second jhana denotes a state of absorption, in the third and fourth jhana one comes out of this absorption, being mindfully aware of objects while being indifferent to it. According to Gombrich, "the later tradition has falsified the jhana by classifying them as the quintessence of the concentrated, calming kind of meditation, ignoring the other – and indeed higher – element. Alexander Wynne further explains that the dhyana-scheme is poorly understood. According to Wynne, words expressing the inculcation of awareness, such as sati, sampajāno, and upekkhā, are mistranslated or understood as particular factors of meditative states, whereas they refer to a particular way of perceiving the sense objects.

*Through the meditative development of **calm abiding**, one is able to suppress the obscuring five hindrances: sensual desire, ill-will, tiredness and sleepiness, excitement and depression, and doubt. With the suppression of these hindrances, the meditative development of insight yields liberating wisdom."*

Wikipedia

"Do tachyons exist?"

*There was a young lady named Bright,
Whose speed was far faster than light.
She went out one day,
In a relative way,
And returned the previous night!*

– Reginald Buller

It is a well known fact that nothing can travel faster than the speed of light. At best, a massless particle travels at the speed of light. But is this really true? In 1962, Bilaniuk, Deshpande, and Sudarshan, Am. J. Phys. 30, 718 (1962), said "no". A very readable paper is Bilaniuk and Sudarshan, Phys. Today 22, 43 (1969). Here is a brief overview.

Draw a graph, with momentum (p) on the x -axis, and energy (E) on the y -axis. Then draw the "light cone", two lines with the equations $E = \pm p$. This divides our 1+1 dimensional space-time into two regions. Above and below are the "timelike" quadrants, and to the left and right are the "spacelike" quadrants.

Now the fundamental fact of relativity is that

$$E^2 - p^2 = m^2$$

where E is an object's energy, p is its momentum, and m is its rest mass, which we'll just call 'mass'. In case you're wondering, we are working in units where $c=1$. For any non-zero value of m , this is a hyperbola with branches in the timelike regions. It passes through the point $(p,E) = (0,m)$, where the particle is at rest. Any particle with mass m is constrained to move on the upper branch of this hyperbola. (Otherwise, it is "off shell", a term you hear in association with virtual particles – but that's another topic.) For massless particles, $E^2 = p^2$, and the particle moves on the light-cone.

These two cases are given the names *tardyons* (or *bradyons* in more modern usage) and *luxons*, for "slow particle" and "light particle". *Tachyon* is the name given to the supposed "fast particle" which would move with $v > c$. *Tachyons* were first introduced into physics by Gerald Feinberg, in his seminal paper "On the possibility of faster-than-light particles" [*Phys. Rev.* **159**, 1089 – 1105 (1967)].

Now another familiar relativistic equation is

$$E = m[1 - (v/c)^2]^{-1/2}.$$

Tachyons (if they exist) have $v > c$. This means that E is imaginary! Well, what if we take the rest mass m , and take it to be imaginary? Then E is negative real, and $E^2 - p^2 = m^2 < 0$. Or, $p^2 - E^2 = M^2$, where M is real. This is a hyperbola with branches in the spacelike region of spacetime. The energy and momentum of a tachyon must satisfy this relation.

You can now deduce many interesting properties of *tachyons*. For example, they accelerate (p goes up) if they lose energy (E goes down). Furthermore, a zero-energy tachyon is "transcendent", or moves infinitely fast. This has profound consequences. For example, let's say that there were electrically charged tachyons. Since they would move faster than the speed of light in the vacuum, they should produce Cherenkov radiation. This would lower their energy, causing them to accelerate more! In other words, charged tachyons would probably lead to a runaway reaction releasing an arbitrarily large amount of energy. This suggests that coming up with a sensible theory of anything except free (noninteracting) tachyons is likely to be difficult. Heuristically, the problem is that we

can get spontaneous creation of tachyon-antitachyon pairs, then do a runaway reaction, making the vacuum unstable. To treat this precisely requires quantum field theory, which gets complicated. It is not easy to summarize results here. However, one reasonably modern reference is Tachyons, Monopoles, and Related Topics, E. Recami, ed. (North-Holland, Amsterdam, 1978).

However, tachyons are not entirely invisible. You can imagine that you might produce them in some exotic nuclear reaction. If they are charged, you could "see" them by detecting the Cherenkov light they produce as they speed away faster and faster. Such experiments have been done but, so far, no tachyons have been found. Even neutral tachyons can scatter off normal matter with experimentally observable consequences. Again, no such tachyons have been found.

How about using tachyons to transmit information faster than the speed of light, in violation of Special Relativity? It's worth noting that when one considers the relativistic quantum mechanics of tachyons, the question of whether they "really" go faster than the speed of light becomes much more touchy! In this framework, tachyons are waves that satisfy a wave equation. Let's treat free tachyons of spin zero, for simplicity. We'll set $c = 1$ to keep things less messy. The wavefunction of a single such tachyon can be expected to satisfy the usual equation for spin-zero particles, the Klein-Gordon equation:

$$(\square + m^2)\varphi = 0$$

where \square is the D'Alembertian, which in 3+1 dimensions is just

$$\square = \partial^2/\partial t^2 - \partial^2/\partial x^2 - \partial^2/\partial y^2 - \partial^2/\partial z^2.$$

The difference with tachyons is that m^2 is negative, and so m is imaginary.

To simplify the math a bit, let's work in 1+1 dimensions with co-ordinates x and t , so that

$$\square = \partial^2/\partial t^2 - \partial^2/\partial x^2.$$

Everything we'll say generalizes to the real-world 3+1-dimensional case. Now, regardless of m , any solution is a linear combination, or superposition, of solutions of the form

$$\varphi(t,x) = \exp(-iEt + ipx)$$

where $E^2 - p^2 = m^2$. When m^2 is negative there are two essentially different cases. Either $|p| \geq |E|$, in which case E is real and we get solutions that look like waves whose crests move along at the rate $|p/E| \geq 1$, i.e., no slower than the speed of light. Or $|p| < |E|$, in which case E is imaginary and we get solutions that look like waves that amplify exponentially as time passes!

We can decide as we please whether or not we want to consider the second type of solution. They seem weird, but then the whole business is weird, after all.

(1) If we do permit the second type of solution, we can solve the Klein-Gordon equation with any reasonable initial data – that is, any reasonable values of φ and its first time derivative at $t = 0$. (For the precise definition of "reasonable", consult your local mathematician.) This is typical of wave equations. And, also typical of wave

equations, we can prove the following thing: if the solution ϕ and its time derivative are zero outside the interval $[-L, L]$ when $t = 0$, they will be zero outside the interval $[-L - |t|, L + |t|]$ at any time t . In other words, localized disturbances do not spread with speed faster than the speed of light! This seems to go against our notion that tachyons move faster than the speed of light, but it's a mathematical fact, known as "unit propagation velocity".

(2) If we don't permit the second sort of solution, we can't solve the Klein-Gordon equation for all reasonable initial data, but only for initial data whose Fourier transforms vanish in the interval $[-|m|, |m|]$. By the Paley-Wiener theorem this has an odd consequence: it becomes impossible to solve the equation for initial data that vanish outside some interval $[-L, L]$! In other words, we can no longer "localize" our tachyon in any bounded region in the first place, so it becomes impossible to decide whether or not there is "unit propagation velocity" in the precise sense of part (1). Of course, the crests of the waves $\exp(-iEt + ipx)$ move faster than the speed of light, but these waves were never localized in the first place!

The bottom line is that you can't use tachyons to send information faster than the speed of light from one place to another. Doing so would require creating a message encoded some way in a localized tachyon field, and sending it off at superluminal speed toward the intended receiver. But as we have seen you can't have it both ways: localized tachyon disturbances are subluminal and superluminal disturbances are nonlocal."

Scott I. Chase, 1993

Perhaps . . . the ultimate understanding of the

evolution of the soul would include a new knowledge that matter and particles either illuminate or degrade according to the manner in which the beholder of the fields processes the information which moves through the senses.

But the soul itself, is not the object nor goal of the evolution – but matter, particles – which either become more dense, more individualized, as the soul degrades – but yet, becomes less molecular, less weighty, more cohesive as the soul illuminates. In a sense like a grander manifestation of morphogenic fields . . . Sheldrake says that morphic resonance is "the idea of mysterious telepathy-type interconnections between organisms and of collective memories within species." It is this theory which accounts for how flocks of birds can fly in unison, maneuver and not hit one another.

And the ultimate state then beyond the human construct is not yet another personality reality, yet another divided equilibrium of spirit; but rather, a unified tachyon field which cannot be viewed, understood, experienced or comprehended within the current molecular field of a human being. As this field is too dense, and literally cannot see into the higher, finer fields of vibration wherein the souls of the true elite, the Masters, reside.

In our world of shapes, forms, identities, senses and worldly longings – lies formation.

But beyond this yet lies dissolution. And the ultimate peace resides there just beyond our vibrational seeing.

The end result, then, of the vibrational raisings which begin, continue and attain finality within the human spirit, are not for us to understand and exist within just a higher experience of the human condition – but rather, to almost cast out the molecular substance like a firecracker shedding its many lights to be spread over the unified field of sky.

We are to merge . . . enter into a peace beyond all human understanding, wherein the energy construct required to enter, maintain and reside is entirely modified from anything we can conceive of within the realm of human experience, thinking or worldly persuasion.

And that field lies just beyond Samadhi, Ecstasy, Nirvana and . . .

*“According to the book, God Speaks by Meher Baba, the Sufi words **fana-fillah** and **baqa-billah** are analogous to nirvikalpa **samadhi** and sahaj **samadhi** respectively. The Christian state of "receiving the Holy Spirit" could also be viewed as analogous to laja samadhi. (Marilynn's commentary: **And is sometimes referred to as Ecstasy.**) This is also similar to the Don Juan concept of "**stopping the world**," as described in the Carlos Castaneda books.*

States of consciousness with some of the features of Samadhi are experienced by individuals with no religious or spiritual preparation or disposition.”

New World Encyclopedia, Samadhi, Sam Snead

And in returning to the spirit world on a subsequent night dream, my soul was taken to travel through many aeons of the Tibetan people; my own lifetimes among the Himalayas, as well as, the historical moments of significance in the development of the culture and the religious thought of these unique inhabitants of the earthly sphere.

Throughout the aeons, my soul was given to watch the holy people of their tradition; many Priests, Lamas, Sherpas, Rinpoches, Khenpos, Shamarpas, Acharyas, Tenzos and many others of the Tibetan people.

In my journey, I traveled through the aeons of their evolution. My soul was given to observe a young woman who was being prepared for a ritual sacrifice. Her long black hair was cut to be mid length to her shoulders, a very blunt and straight line which demonstrated the manner in which she would be plummeted over a mountain with a resolute and sudden movement. The suddenness and certainty of death, the **cutting off** . . . of life from this realm to the next.

Indeed, human sacrifice was practiced by the Tibetans prior to the seventh century when Buddhism was brought to its summits and peaks.

Meandering through time, my spirit alighted upon a time in ancient Rome. A group of young men were playing an ancient game upon a large board with huge letters from an alphabet. Each alphabet letter was shaped out by dots which were moving pieces on

the board which traveled through the letters.

Indeed, it was Ancient Rome who had invented hopscotch as an awkward yet effective tool of cross-training the soldiers in agility and strength. But this, although quite similar in that the board was drawn on the ground before them, was different in that there were letters involved, and the moving about of letters. The fullness of their activity could not be fully grasped by my soul, so I just observed another historical moment being laid bare for my own vibration to absorb, remember or just take in.

It is known historically that Ancient Romans played a variety of board type games including dice (*Tesserae*), Knucklebones (*Tali* or *Tropa*), Roman Chess (*Latrunculi*), Roman Checkers (*Calculi*), Tic-tac-toe (*Terni Lapilli*), and Roman backgammon (*Tabula*), but perhaps this was one which had not been remembered. Or yet, perhaps, a game only existent upon the mystical spheres and highlands of history.

Even as I watched, and even as I remembered – watching a young woman being prepared for ritual sacrifice – I observed how good it felt to me to be in Tibet, as the memories surfaced of lifetime after lifetime lived there almost as much as the mirage with which my soul had traveled in previous nights had taken me through many a Greek pastime. Both were regions of great activity for my soul. Familiarity, comfort, and a feeling of ‘being home’ transcended and entered within my sphere of awareness. It was a comforting vibration of peace and understanding.

As my soul continued thinking of the Himalayas, it also transported away from the Romans and back to the aeons of the Tibetan people. I smiled, I sat down, I looked at the sunset which was falling behind a beautiful canopy of peaks. I was at peace.

In that peaceful vibration, I thought of the extraterrestrials I had often referred to as simply 'The Tibetans', because they had shared that they had only been able to communicate with five people upon the earth because the vibration of the earthly wayfarers was so deeply below the intrinsic vibrational pattern of their world and their existence. It had been an honor to watch them as they worked on raising the vibrational cloud and its sphere around the earth and within these specific souls who had been receptive enough to receive of their vibrational thrusts.

Immediately, as I watched the sun fall, I remembered something . . . they had been involved with this evolution of the Tibetan people all along, from the very beginning . . . and I *knew* them - the people and the extraterrestrials.

It was like remembering a spirit who had been long forgotten to my soul due to the forgetfulness of the earthly sleep required to enter into this delusional flask of physical matter. I remembered how long ago during the initiations into the mysteries I had been taken to meet with all of my deceased loved ones, and these had included many, many souls from previous and other existences who were very dear to me, deeply loved and profoundly pivotal to the

development of my soul and its sojourns. In remembering them at that time, I could feel so deeply within me the love I bore for them and the unique significance each one of them had for me as mother, father, sister, brother, spouse, lover, child or dearly loved friend.

In this moment, there was some type of synergistic memory of how my own lifetimes among the Himalayas and the Tibetan people had always been merged with the efforts of these extraterrestrials who had been so closely allied to the formation of their civilization, culture and religions.

It became one with me. They became one with me. The timeline became one with me. All of these things became deeply embedded vibrationally within me, and I *knew* them.

I reveled in this vibration for a very long time . . . until the herald of the earthly flask yielded the call of conviction. And heeding it, I returned to the physical vista of my earthly body.

But yet on another fortnight long after this blissful remembrance, I found myself screaming in terror in the middle of the night. Something frightful and overwhelming had come at me trying to mow me down; an evil energy, an evil horde, an evil revery of demons who intended my destruction before I might reach yet another day.

Shouting out for help within this mystical sphere condensed with the blackness of night, none was to

come. This was to be my battle, my own internal struggle to either attain to a higher way or leave myself behind within the confines of delusion and vice; the battle of all humanity, the battle of every individual soul – to face our demons . . . and to overcome them with valor.

I was acutely aware of three evils which were lurking in wait to destroy my soul, and to destroy the soul of all humankind. But you could not speak of them, for to do so would result in your immediately slaughter.

But I could not help but think of what Martin Luther King Jr. had said when he spoke of the three evils: *the evil of racism, the evil of poverty, and the evil of war*. King expressed in in regards to them, *"Like a monstrous octopus it spreads its nagging prehensile tentacles into cities and hamlets and villages all over our nation."*

I, too, could see and feel how these tendrils were wrenching at the very life of the soul of every human being. Like black cyclops hands emerging from the below in hordes of thousands wrenching and reaching to grab hold of every soul within its grip; these tendrils of evil were a constant threat to all human evolution towards a spiritual equilibrium.

And as I sat there, unable to move, the spirit of the Lord moved within me and the Holy Spirit came upon me as it spoke through my own mouth the words of a prayer for our times, a prayer we should offer to fight the overwhelming gnaw of the

darkness pulling apart human flesh and reason.

I could not remember it in its entirety, but this much was given to me to remember upon my return:

“Do not let the tremblings of your chosen ones take

And allow every peace to come upon us in its stead

May their light be firm

Their strongholds of the light

Empower them Lord

With your spirit of Love and might

May the soldiers of God rise

And be strong in their unity”

And it was over, I awoke. And I remembered the teaching of the monastery of the importance of the Pali Canon, and the Theravadan understandings.

And I looked . . . I looked to see what this might have to say to me after such a frightful and despotical misadventure.

And the words took my soul to an element of understanding beyond that which it had held before. The constant, the eternal, the abiding

“Mara, the Enemy of Buddha.

In the life of Buddha, Mara plays an important part. He is that principle which forms an obstacle to the attainment of Buddhahood. Having told how, in the night of the great renunciation, the deity of the door swung the gate open to let the future Buddha out, the Jataka continues:

"At that moment Mara came there with the intention of stopping the Bodisat; and standing in the air, he exclaimed, 'Depart not, O my lord! in seven days from now the wheel of empire will appear, and will make you sovereign over the four continents and the two thousand adjacent isles. Stop, O my lord!'"

The prince refused to listen to Mara's wily insinuation.

When Buddha, in his search for enlightenment, had tried for seven years to find the right path in asceticism and self-mortification, his health began to give way and he was shrunk like a withered branch. At this moment Mara drew near and suggested to him the thought of giving up his search for enlightenment. We read in the Padhana Sutta:

"Came Namuche speaking words full of compassion: 'Thou art lean, ill-favored, death is in thy neighborhood. Living life, O thou Venerable One, is better! Living, thou wilt be able to do good works. Difficult is the way of exertion, difficult to pass, difficult to enter upon.'

"To Mara, thus speaking, Bhagavat said: 'O thou friend of the indolent, thou wicked one, for what purpose hast thou come here? Even the least good work is of no use to me, and what good works are required ought Mara to tell? I have faith and power; and understanding is found in me. While

thus exerting myself, why do you ask me to live? While the flesh is wasting away the mind grows more tranquil, and my attention, understanding, and meditation becomes more steadfast. Living thus, my mind does not look for sensual pleasures. Behold a being's purity!

"Lust thy first army is called; discontent thy second; thy third is called hunger and thirst; thy fourth desire; thy fifth is called sloth and drowsiness; thy sixth cowardice; thy seventh doubt; thy eighth hypocrisy and stupor, gain, fame, honor, and what celebrity is falsely obtained by him who exalts himself and despises others. This, O Namuche, is thine, the Black One's fighting army. None but a hero conquers it, and whoever conquers it obtains joy. Woe upon life in this world! Death in battle is better for me than that I should live defeated.

"Seeing on all sides an army arrayed and Mara on his elephant, I am going out to do battle that he may not drive me from my place. This army of thine, which the world of men and gods cannot conquer, I will crush with understanding, as one crushes an unbaked earthen pot with a stone.

"Having made my thoughts subject to me and my attention firm, I shall wander about from kingdom to kingdom training disciples. They will be zealous and energetic, obedient to the discipline of one free from lust, and they will go to the place where there is no mourning.

"And Mara said: 'For seven years I followed Bhagavat, step by step, but found no fault in the Perfectly Enlightened and Thoughtful One.' "

When Buddha went to the Bo-tree Mara, the Evil One, proposed to shake his resolution, either through the allurements of his daughters or by force. "He sounded the war cry and drew out for battle." The earth quaked, when Mara, mounted on his elephant, approached the Buddha. The gods, among them Sakka, the king of the gods, and Brahma, tried to stay Mara's army, but none of them was able to stand his ground, and each fled straight before him. Buddha said:

"Here is this multitude exerting all their strength and power against me alone. My mother and father are not here, nor a brother, nor any other relative. But I have these Ten Perfections [The ten perfections in the Theravāda tradition are (1) generosity (dāna), (2) morality (sīla), (3) renunciation (nekhamma), (4) insight (pañña), (5) energy (viriya), (6) patience (khanti), (7) truthfulness (sacca), (8) resolution (adhiṭṭhāna), (9) loving-kindness (metta), and (10) equanimity (upekkhā).], like old retainers long cherished at my board. It therefore behooves me to make the Ten Perfections my shield and my sword, and to strike a blow with them that shall destroy this strong array.' And he remained sitting and reflected on the Ten Perfections."--Buddhism in Translations. By H. C. Warren, pp. 77-78.

Mara caused a whirlwind to blow, but in vain; he caused a rain-storm to come in order to drown the Buddha, but not a drop wetted his robes; he caused a shower of rocks to come down, but the rocks changed into bouquets; he caused a shower of weapons--swords, spears, and arrows--to rush against him, but they became celestial flowers; he caused a shower of live coals to come down from the sky, but they, too, fell down harmless. In the same way hot ashes, a

shower of sand, and a shower of mud were transmuted into celestial ointments. At last he caused a darkness, but the darkness disappeared before Buddha, as the night vanishes before the sun. Mara shouted: "Siddhattha, arise from the seat. It does not belong to you. It belongs to me." Buddha replied: "Mara, you have not fulfilled the ten perfections. This seat does not belong to you, but to me, who have fulfilled the ten perfections." Mara denied Buddha's assertion and called upon his army as witnesses, while Buddha declared: "I have no animate witnesses present;" but, stretching out his right hand towards the mighty earth, he said: "Will you bear me witness?" And the mighty earth thundered: "I bear you witness." And Mara's elephant fell upon its knees, and all the followers of Mara fled away in all directions. When the hosts of the gods saw the army of Mara flee, they cried out: "Mara is defeated! Prince Siddhattha has conquered! Let us celebrate the victory!"

When Buddha had attained enlightenment, Mara tempted him once more, saying:

"Pass away now, Lord, from existence! Let the Blessed One now die! Now is the time for the Blessed One to pass away!"

Buddha made reply as follows:

"I shall not die, O Evil One! until not only the brethren and sisters of the order, but also the lay-disciples of either sex shall have become true hearers, wise and well trained, ready and learned, versed in the Scriptures, fulfilling all the greater and the lesser duties, correct in life, walking according to the precepts,--until they, having thus

themselves learned the doctrine, shall be able to tell others of it, preach it, make it known, establish it, open it, minutely explain it and make it clear,--until they, when others start vain doctrines, shall be able by the truth to vanquish and refute it, and so to spread the wonder-working truth abroad!

"I shall not die until this pure religion of mine shall have become successful, prosperous, wide-spread, and popular in all its full extent, until, in a word, it shall have been well proclaimed among men!"

When, shortly before Buddha's death, Mara repeated his words as quoted above, "Pass away now, Lord, from existence," Buddha answered:

"Make thyself happy; the final extinction of the Tathagata shall take place before long."

History of the Devil, by Paul Carus, 1900

"When you hear again - about death, the fire inevitably will go out."

Prophetic images were given to my soul to observe the spiritual warfare which would continue to harangue the peoples of the earth and the necessity of the battle for souls to emerge victorious.

This was the very nature of redemption. It was the essence of its mystery.

Let no man die, before dying anew. Let no man flourish in death, but rather in the aliveness of rejuvenation and rebirth.

Let man conceded to the realm of the immortals, the calm abiding of the ancients, the molecular superiority of the atomic substrate of being within the universal consciousness of life itself, within the very mind of God - who is the essence and body of all formation and thought.

Bear it down, bear it down, my son . . . bear it down. Do not exalt, but gather your humility. For in this bearing down, the fruit of the human existence is redeemed and extracted. Let it be so. Let it be so.

Garner not mortality upon an immortal flask. Gather up the vibration and melodies of the spheres, for they alone hold the power to transform and to guide the formed into the truth of the formless.

The souls of humankind could not wax and wane in their determination. They must persevere . . .

"They belong to those unchanging strata of religion which have so largely supplied the soil in which its later and more spiritual growths have flourished. And among these they still emerge, unchanged and unchanging, like the gaunt outcrops of some ancient rock formation amid rich vegetation and fragrant flowers."

The Religious of the Ancient Celts, J.A. MacCulloch, 1901

And I saw now through aeons of time into the future

of humanity, and the merging which would eventually take place between the human race and the races of many so called extraterrestrials who lived and resided within a myriad of dimensional formats throughout the consciousness of all being.

And I saw work that the Lord would have me do in this venture, to bring the consciousness of humanity ever closer to the consciousness of all universal life. And I nodded in acceptance of this task to bridge that divide between them.

And I contemplated the titles given to me for this rendering: 'Hermetic Archtronics, the Saviours and the Tachyon Teachings in Out-of-Body Travel.' The individual definitions came to me as I contemplated upon the words. 1.) Hermetic - meaning to seal something completely and airtight, 2.) Archtronics - the unifying structural design of things 3.) the Saviours - being the descent of the vibration of incarnate deity or masters from the above to the below, and 4.) Tachyon - the particles which travel beyond the speed of light.

What did it all mean? It came to me in a vibrational surge.

Redemption itself is the sealing of a soul completely in an airtight compendium to that of the divine movement and will. And this has already been accomplished through the descent of the saviours. Their recurring teaching focuses on one thing - a curious thing, an unexpected thing - taking refuge in divine name. This is efficacious because the divine

name heralds a vibration. Structurally, in the world of vibration, it is the divine name which unifies the individual personality to the great field of being. In its highest thrust, that vibration will attain to the field beyond the speed of light, beyond human capacity and the physical world, the field of calm abiding. And it is here that the death of the multiplicity has already occurred. To this world the human soul must seek to become compatible if he is to reach the highest spiritual pinnacle afforded to those in the mortal realms below. He must himself become a *field*.

As I continued pondering these things, I looked up. And suddenly, they were there.

It was a splendid beauty to foreshadow and see. To gather the fragrance of this penitential and lucrative moment was harrowing yet one of bliss and an abiding calm. It was a moment of great humbling.

The ancestors – my own and those of all those in my life who held special significance to my journey -had appeared before in a crowd to wish me well in my travelings.

But they had come bearing gifts, gifts of unknown and grand measure.

Their hands, the many of them in the hundreds bearing their arms forward and towards me as if in offering, were outstretched to offer me a most honorable ‘inheritance.’

Their hands became almost like a mass energy which

came forward and entered into my soul like a fire in the night, a herald of things to come, a proffer of things remaining in the past, an offering of many ages and deeds to a singular soul unworthy in its rendering.

They spoke in a consensus consciousness, and conveyed, "We are sharing with you the gifts of the knowledges that we have all gained during our lifetimes energetically. It is our most valuable possession, the most valuable 'inheritance' we can give to you."

The beauty of the moment created a deep gratitude within me, and it burst forth in a tearful jubilation at such an honorable and kind offering.

It was so beautiful, so lovely, so sweet and so simple, that words could never convey how these energies entered within and into my soul. I felt them almost like windstreams, lifestreams . . .

Hundreds of them, hundreds of them . . . from many times, many eras and many parts of the world throughout the ages.

And then they conveyed, "It has always been had to live a life with love."

In these words, I felt their meaning. As they shared energetically of the importance of living within the spirit of the law of God, rather than the letter. It was to garner within the understanding that love can indeed be a barometer, a method of discernment, into

human action and activity.

That which is worthwhile could be gauged by this directive.

“It has always been had to live a life with love.”

And then a torrent, a stream of directives, understandings . . . wisdom’s . . . just flooded into me.

Allowing it to flow, I allowed myself to try to gaze into each individual set of eyes while the vibrations of their own accord became one with my own.

The honor of these ‘inheritances’ could not be spoken of, it was something understood only in the silent reflection of a calm mind gathering the decisive wisdoms coming forth from so many lifetimes of experience and cultivation.

Wow . . . wow . . . wow.

An older plump woman who’s graying hair was held back in a plump bun; but could not hide its curly bent. Her dusky dress betrayed the poverty in which she had lived her life, and the hard work she had undergone to achieve these ‘inheritances’. A young thin man with a dark black and wavy hairline overcome by the gray. His face was gaunt and held in, while his body was so thin that it seemed to betray illness and lack of well-being experienced within his ‘inheritance.’ A younger woman with dark hair and of very fit build, wearing a dress betraying the 1920’s, her youthful exuberance could be felt as she raised

her hands above the crowd to make sure I could see her as her 'inheritance' was handed onto my spirit. A youthful dying come about through unexpected consequences heralded a unique and special type of knowledge which were to be gained in her 'inheritance.' And standing quietly in a state of absolute calm was a very elderly gentlemen who appeared to have been of a darker race, perhaps Greek. His hair had long since turned a deep white, and his lips were thick and perfunct. His darker skin tone betrayed a life of working outdoors, but yet there was something special about this man as he was an elder. A life long lived held an 'inheritance' of great and equal worth. His calm abiding demonstrated that this would indeed be the case. As he noticed that my eyes had caught his own, he very slowly put one foot forward and reached his hand to mine. For the first time, I touched one of their hands in an almost 'physical' way. I held it gently, as his was a gentle soul. And his 'inheritance' was so specifically gentle and abiding, it captured not just my eyes, but my vibration, as well.

And in a rush of wind, I was blown back. Again, as a group, they conveyed, "We have given you our most valuable 'inheritance'." They had no more to say.

Quietly, I sat down to peruse the crowd of souls who had come. There were no more words, no more locking of eyes, no more particular focuses to amend.

But from the corner of my eyes, something began to flash. An array of men in white robes passed by my

vision. But they were not solid or distinct, but rather formless and almost combined, like a continuing strand of energy. "The Spirit of the Popes?" I wondered. But then I simply surrendered to the windstream and let it take hold of my senses.

I gathered myself inward, processed these 'inheritances' as they entered within me and transcended my spirit to another region. That region was known in the mystical spheres as . . . calm abiding.

"Verses On the Faith Mind

Translated by Richard B. Clarke

至道無難 *The Great Way is not difficult*

唯嫌揀擇 *for those who have no preferences.*

但莫憎愛 *When love and hate are both absent*

洞然明白 *everything becomes clear and undisguised.*

毫釐有差 *Make the smallest distinction, however*

天地懸隔 *and heaven and earth are set infinitely apart.*

欲得現前 *If you wish to see the truth*

莫存順逆 *then hold no opinions for or against anything.*

違順相爭 *To set up what you like against what you dislike*

是爲心病 *is the disease of the mind.*

不識玄旨 *When the deep meaning of things is not understood*

徒勞念靜 *the mind's essential peace is disturbed to no avail.*

圓同太虛 *The Way is perfect like vast space
無欠無餘 where nothing is lacking and nothing is in excess.*

良由取捨 *Indeed, it is due to our choosing to accept or reject*

所以不如 *that we do not see the true nature of things.*

莫逐有緣 *Live neither in the entanglements of outer things,*

勿住空忍 *nor in inner feelings of emptiness.*

一種平懷 *Be serene in the oneness of things*

泯然自盡 *and such erroneous views will disappear by themselves.*

止動歸止 *When you try to stop activity to achieve passivity*

止更彌動 *your very effort fills you with activity.*

唯滯兩邊 *As long as you remain in one extreme or the other*

寧知一種 *you will never know Oneness.*

一種不通 *Those who do not live in the single Way*

兩處失功 *fail in both activity and passivity,*

遣有沒有 *assertion and denial. To deny the reality of things*

從空背空 *to assert the emptiness of things is to miss their reality.*

多言多慮 *The more you talk and think about it,*
 轉不相應 *the further astray you wander from the truth.*
 絕言絕慮 *Stop talking and thinking,*
 無處不通 *and there is nothing you will not be able to*
know.
 歸根得旨 *To return to the root is to find the meaning,*
 隨照失宗 *but to pursue appearances is to miss the source.*
 須與返照 *At the moment of inner enlightenment*
 勝卻前空 *there is a going beyond appearance and*
emptiness.
 前空轉變 *The changes that appear to occur in the empty*
world
 皆由妄見 *we call real only because of our ignorance.*
 不用求真 *Do not search for the truth;*
 唯須息見 *only cease to cherish opinions.*

二見不住 *Do not remain in the dualistic state*
 慎莫追尋 *avoid such pursuits carefully.*
 纔有是非 *If there is even a trace of this and that, of right*
and wrong,
 紛然失心 *the Mind-essence will be lost in confusion.*
 二由一有 *Although all dualities come from the One,*
 一亦莫守 *do not be attached even to this One.*
 一心不生 *When the mind exists undisturbed in the Way,*
 萬法無咎 *nothing in the world can offend,*

無咎無法 *and when a thing can no longer offend, it ceases to exist in the old way.*

不生不心 *When no discriminating thoughts arise, the old mind ceases to exist.*

能隨境滅 *When thought objects vanish, the thinking-subject vanishes,*

境逐能沈 *as when the mind vanishes, objects vanish.*

境由能境 *Things are objects because of the subject (mind);*

能由境能 *the mind (subject) is such because of things (object).*

欲知兩段 *Understand the relativity of these two*

元是一空 *and the basic reality: the unity of emptiness.*

一空同兩 *In this Emptiness the two are indistinguishable*

齊含萬象 *and each contains in itself the whole world.*

不見精麤 *If you do not discriminate between coarse and fine*

寧有偏黨 *you will not be tempted to prejudice and opinion.*

大道體寬 *To live in the Great Way*

無易無難 *is neither easy nor difficult,*

小見狐疑 *but those with limited views*

轉急轉遲 *and fearful and irresolute: the faster they hurry, the slower they go,*

執之失度 *and clinging (attachment) cannot be limited;*

必入邪路 *even to be attached to the idea of enlightenment is to go astray.*

放之自然 *Just let things be in their own way*

體無去住 *and there will be neither coming nor going.*

任性合道 *Obey the nature of things (your own nature),*

逍遙絕惱 *and you will walk freely and undisturbed.*

繫念乖真 *When thought is in bondage the truth is hidden,*

昏沈不好 *for everything is murky and unclear,*

不好勞神 *and the burdensome practice of judging brings annoyance and weariness.*

何用疏親 *What benefit can be derived from distinctions and separations?*

欲取一乘 *If you wish to move in the One Way*

勿惡六塵 *do not dislike even the world of senses and ideas.*

六塵不惡 *Indeed, to accept them fully*

還同正覺 *is identical with true Enlightenment.*

智者無爲 *The wise man strives to no goals*

愚人自縛 *but the foolish man fetters himself.*

法無異法 *This is one Dharma, not many: distinctions arise*

妄自愛著 *from the clinging needs of the ignorant.*

將心用心 *To seek Mind with the (discriminating) mind*

豈非大錯 *is the greatest of all mistakes.*

迷生寂亂 *Rest and unrest derive from illusion;*

悟無好惡 *with enlightenment there is no liking and disliking.*

一切二邊 *All dualities come from*

妄自斟酌 *ignorant inference.*

夢幻虛華 *They are like dreams of flowers in the air:*

何勞把捉 *foolish to try to grasp them.*

得失是非 *Gain and loss, right and wrong:*

一時放卻 *such thoughts must finally be abolished at once.*

眼若不睡 *If the eye never sleeps,*

諸夢自除 *all dreams will naturally cease.*

心若不異 *If the mind makes no discriminations,*

萬法一如 *the ten thousand things are as they are, of single essence.*

一如體玄 *To understand the mystery of this One-essence*

兀爾忘虛 *is to be release from all entanglements.*

萬法齊觀 *When all things are seen equally*

歸復自然 *the timeless Self-essence is reached.*

泯其所以 *No comparisons or analogies are possible*

不可方比 *in this causeless, relationless state.*

止動無動 *Consider movement stationary and the stationary in motion,*

動止無止 *both movement and rest disappear.*

兩既不成 *When such dualities cease to exist*

一何有爾 *Oneness itself cannot exist.*

究竟窮極 *To this ultimate finality*
 不存軌則 *no law or description applies.*

契心平等 *For the unified mind in accord with the Way*
 所作俱息 *all self-centered straining ceases.*
 狐疑盡淨 *Doubts and irresolution's vanish*
 正信調直 *and life in true faith is possible.*
 一切不留 *With a single stroke we are freed from bondage;*
 無可記憶 *nothing clings to us and we hold to nothing.*
 虛明自照 *All is empty, clear, self-illuminating,*
 不勞心力 *with no exertion of the mind's power.*
 非思量處 *Here thought, feeling, knowledge, and*
imagination
 識情難測 *are of no value.*
 眞如法界 *In this world of Suchness*
 無他無自 *there is neither self nor other-than-self*

要急相應 *To come directly into harmony with this reality*
 唯言不二 *just simply say when doubt arises, 'Not two.'*
 不二皆同 *In this 'no two' nothing is separate,*
 無不包容 *nothing excluded.*
 十方智者 *No matter when or where,*
 皆入此宗 *enlightenment means entering this truth.*
 宗非促延 *And this truth is beyond extension or*
diminution in time or space;
 一念萬年 *in it a single thought is ten thousand years.*

無在不在 *Emptiness here, Emptiness there,*
 十方目前 *but the infinite universe stands always before*
your eyes.

極小同大 *Infinitely large and infinitely small;*

忘絕境界 *no difference, for definitions have vanished*

極大同小

不見邊表 *and no boundaries are seen.*

有即是無 *So too with Being*

無即是有 *and non-Being.*

若不如此 *Don't waste time in doubts and arguments*

必不相守 *that have nothing to do with this.*

一即一切 *One thing, all things:*

一切即一 *move among and intermingle, without*
distinction.

但能如是 *To live in this realization*

何慮不畢 *is to be without anxiety about non-perfection.*

信心不二 *To live in this faith is the road to non-duality,*

不二信心 *Because the non-dual is one with the trusting*
mind.

言語道斷 *Words! The Way is beyond language,*

非去來今 *for in it there is*

no yesterday

no tomorrow

no today."

信心銘

*Faith Mind Inscription, Hsin-hsin Ming, By Third
Ch'an Patriarch Chien-chih Seng-ts'an, Translated by Richard B.
Clarke, Hinayana Schools of Theravada Buddhism*

But as this interior longing continued to unfold in a whirlwind of canopy into the spiritual arenas of humankind just a few weeks later, my spirit was thrust into another field of vibration beyond things catastrophically plain.

My soul found itself sitting quietly next to a priest. He was one I had worked for in life, who had passed from this realm several years prior. Despite the fact that he was the father general of a very large order of priests and monks, he appeared only in the very self-same priestly attire he would wear during life, humble as always.

Bidding me to come forward, I was quite surprised when he indicated he would like me to follow him deeper into the mystical monastery wherein he was still guiding the souls of men towards spiritual perfection. This was surprising because they didn't allow women into these quarters, but he was doing so to show me something important, and thus, it was a great honor.

This was not an issue of the exclusion of women because of the patriarchal order, but simply of a vibrational requirement which necessitated the segregation of these energies in order to fully receive to its idealization. Different formats of energy, not just the masculine and feminine, sometimes and for certain purposes require purification in different

fields for refinement. When refined, the energies can be parleyed and thus distributed into a myriad realms of engagement or pause.

Taking me deep into the interior, he sat down on a mystical altar. The other twenty or so priests beneath him took all their cues from him. Asking me to sit beside him, the presence of God instantly entered course. And as it did, everyone, I mean *everyone* in the space entered into an instant adoration of the Lord.

Guiding me, he instructed me to read out loud from the liturgical refinement of the order which had been intended for the priests to follow into the deepest corridors of this adoration. I began to do so. There were steps, each clearly delineated in one line of text. But they were simple steps so I moved within them quickly.

At many times during the readings, however, he corrected me for making any sort of noise. This monastery was in complete and utter silence, even the spiritual wind made no sound. Any movement not in alignment with the intent of this place could cause a distraction, and every word uttered in error could alter the phasing fields of energy wherein the priests and monks required their consciousness to remain.

And every time I either moved or spoke in an incorrect manner, he simply said, "Silent. Stop." This would immediately force my spirit into a different vibrational field which was hollow and yet full, and within that field the very pure essence of simple

adoration resided. It would also correct the distraction or mistake upon the field, for the field was being generated and maintained by these priests within this sphere of ethereal concentration through adoration of the Lord.

There was a joy in this simple adoration which was complete and utterly whole. Beyond this, words could not contain that which was abiding.

A young man who had recently entered the spirit after an untimely death on earth had come to ask for entrance into the order, into the field. His mother accompanied him and asked that he be admitted, but I was unable to discern if she was also deceased, or asking on his behalf in a sub-conscious manner from a physical flask. He was completely and entirely deaf. I hadn't realized that this very impediment could be utilized for a greater purpose, but listened as she made her case to the father general.

Complying with her wishes without any argument as to its cause, he conveyed to her that any soul who is sincerely wishing to be joined to the Lord in this manner is welcome to enter their corridors. But there was an energetic assessment of this sincerity, as their purpose was high and of a vibrational nature which not many could comprehend, especially within the annals of the newly deceased. This was done very quickly and the young man was admitted.

Father looked towards me and gave me a new charge. It would be my task to initiate this young man into the vibratory fields, and this could only be done

through the liturgies which I had already begun reading to the priests. But since he was entirely deaf, it would be my task now to convey every single line within those liturgies only in spiritual *motion*.

That was the key . . . spiritual motion. And that motion consisted of internal acts.

The rest of the priests would continue to follow, as well, 'hearing' me only through the motions of the soul. These motions were directed by the knowledge contained within the words, but were altered by conceptual understanding.

Finding ways to communicate with my arms and hands, I also quickly grasped onto and within a field of motion within adoration itself which allowed for every one of them to enter deeply within this field of being. Interior movements of the soul were the harbinger of the field.

As I worked through each line of the liturgy and found ways to communicate them to the young boy, he responded in kind with interior movements of the soul and slowly began entering into a similar state which had already been attained to by the priests.

The energy was powerful, extant and there was a hollowness to it which cannot be described adequately. It was not a hollowness which would come about due to an absence, although that was part of it. But this hollowness, this vacuous emptying literally opened fields of pure particulate expression. Perhaps one way to express the hollowness would be

that the molecular structure of the soul would enliven and expand to a point, and then the atomic life within the structures would separate out. By so doing, there would be borne in the heavens vast fields of emptiness. What was once crowded was now vast open fields of diminution. It came in hard and fast from the above, but quickly transluded into a very deep vibration which settled into the mid-section of the soul and grounded the spirit into this stance of continual existence within the divine.

There was no visual presence of the Lord, but the presence of the Lord was in all aspects of the adoration. It was something beyond all fields, and it was a *tachyon* field – it moved beyond the speed of light.

I would even venture to gather that it would be quite unlikely to be possible to touch into the tachyon fields beyond the speeds of light unless you knew, embraced and acknowledged the Almighty God. I wasn't sure of this, but it seemed a self-evident truth in realizing that the tachyon field resided in adoration of the Lord. Science would have a hard time breaking the speed of light barrier without understanding this as there is no other infinite energy in the universe other than God itself; the universal field of being, the origin of all things.

“Einstein did not forbid an object from moving faster than light, but he estimated that accelerating it to such a rate would require infinite energy.”

I marveled at how it was only in diminution that the soul expanded into this highest portal. To achieve this height, the soul could not become greater. It must of necessity become less and less.

And it seemed that from the light which had come from having traveled through ancient scriptures from many traditions which suggested the singular focus on divinity as the greatest height of practice; adoration was actually a field of being catapulting the soul beyond the speed of light into a field of adoration. In this was the ultimate vacuous emptiness. Words could not contain what it was, it was so well beyond peace or bliss or any of the regular words you might use to describe a place of transcendent being. It was a realm of calm abiding generated within the spectrum charged by the love and rhapsody of God's infinite merits. Yet these words do it no justice. And there are none that would or could . . .

Regardless of the divine name, it was the singular focus on Him which charged the infinite vibration. This place of infinity came only from a sincere adoration of the Lord, and it was only by such that this field was stabilized into vital force. And here the soul traveled aeons beyond ecstasy, nirvana, samadhi, etc. This was another place, another field, a heightened awareness which could only come from plummeting into the humble nothingness of scope and embracing the infinite which fueled all creation.

Our separateness was an obstacle to this realization, a hindrance to the required law of these lands beyond all lands.

And my soul literally fell into the expressive interior motion in which all the priests bathed.

The Divine Name it in itself was a mystery, which had now been revealed to my soul.

“Though nations rage and kingdoms totter, he utters his voice and the earth melts.”

Psalm 46: 7 - 8, Old Testament

In this interior flowing, the priest communicated to me that I would not be given to remember the details of any of these liturgical steps on my return. And I did not.

But he bade me remain silent, as well.

Because it was not in the whirlwind, the earthquakes or the fire that God was to be found. As he'd shown to the great prophet Elijah, he was to be found in the light, silent sound.

The father conveyed to me that I would be taken on several subsequent journeys this night. Each of them would take me into different fields beyond the speed of light which were generated by various devotions to God. One of them would be the Holy Rosary of the Blessed Virgin Mary and other devotions of this nature, such as the Chaplet of the Divine Mercy.

And each one heralded the quickening that such prayer and devotion provided for the soul. They were of such infinite peace that I dwelt among the great ones of all eternity who had become as nothing and had subsided. I traveled to them, entered into the tachyon fields of the Lord, and was bathed in an infinite and calm abiding. It was beyond light, it was beyond darkness, it was in a hollow point of the universe.

And I was no more.

Subdoing the very last proximations of my soul, it tended now to the diminution.

The instructions of the father remained vivid to my soul. 'Silent. Stop.'

On a subsequent night journey into the tachyon field, sitting before a master in white with the most eloquent hairs of gray, I heard the voice of the Lord. And He said, "You must always reach beyond into the highest of these . . . which is love."

Then the fire inevitably went out . . . and I was gone.

信心銘

*Faith Mind Inscription, Hsin-hsin Ming, By Third
Ch'an Patriarch Chien-chih Seng-ts'an, Translated by Richard B.
Clarke, Hinayana Schools of Theravada Buddhism*

*"One Reality only –
How deep and far-reaching!
The ten thousand things –*

*How confusingly multifarious!
 The true and the conventional are
 indeed intermingling,
 But essentially of the same
 substance they are.
 The wise and the unenlightened are
 indeed distinguishable,
 But in the Way they are united as
 one.
 Desirest thou to find its limits?
 How broadly expanding! It is
 limitless!
 How vaguely it vanishes away!
 Its ends are never reached!
 It originates in beginningless
 time, it terminates in endless time."*

信心銘

*Faith Mind Inscription, Hsin-hsin Ming, By Third
 Ch'an Patriarch Chien-chih Seng-ts'an, Translated by D.T. Suzuki,
 Hinayana Schools of Theravada Buddhism*

*"The soul is surprised and happy to find within it this
 inward wisdom so simple, general, spiritual, full of love, so
 tranquil, solitary, peaceful, sweet, inebriating, arising from
 the depths of the soul and from all the powers that love has
 transformed and penetrated."*

*I Am a Daughter of the Church, By P. Marie-Eugene, O.C.D., The FIDES
 Publishers Association, Chicago, IL, 1955*

*"For, as I have already said – and I should not like this to
 be forgotten – in this life of ours the soul does not grow in
 the way the body does, though we speak as if it did, and
 growth does in fact occur. But whereas a child, after
 attaining to the full stature of a man, does not diminish in*

size so that his body becomes small again, in spiritual matters the Lord is pleased that such diminution should take place."

St. Teresa of Avila

"The greatness of contemplation can be given to none but those who love. "The only true riches are those that make us rich in virtue. Therefore, if you want to be rich, beloved, love true riches. If you aspire to the heights of real honor, strive to reach the kingdom of Heaven. If you value rank and renown, hasten to be enrolled in the heavenly court of the Angels."

Pope St. Gregory the Great

"I know of no other means to reach perfection than by love. . . Sometimes I look for another word to use but in this land of exile, I know no other word so well expresses the vibrations of our soul. Hence we must keep that one word love. To live by love is my heaven, my destiny."

St. Therese of Lisieux

"Heaven on Earth is a Choice you must make, not a place you must find."

Wayne Dyer

"Love is for vanishing into the sky . . . "

Rumi

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Sheldrake

The Lord of the Redemption

Hermetic Archtronics, the Saviours and the
Tachyon Teachings in Out-of-Body Travel

By Marilyn Hughes

The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation

<https://outofbodytravel.org>

THE LORD OF THE REDEMPTION -
Hermetic Archtronics, the Saviours and the
Tachyon Teachings in Out-of-Body Travel:
And I saw work that the Lord would have me do in
this venture, to bring the consciousness of humanity
ever closer to the consciousness of all universal life.
And I nodded in acceptance of this task to bridge that
divide between them.

And I contemplated the titles given to me for this
rendering: 'Hermetic Archtronics, the Saviours and
the Eltachyon Teachings in Out-of-Body Travel.' The
individual definitions came to me as I contemplated
upon the words. 1.) Hermetic - meaning to seal
something completely and airtight, 2.) Archtronics -
the unifying structural design of things 3.) the
Saviours - being the descent of the vibration of
incarnate deity or masters from the above to the
below, and 4.) Tachyon - the particles which travel
beyond the speed of light.

What did it all mean? It came to me in a vibrational
surge.

Redemption itself is the sealing of a soul completely

in an airtight compendium to that of the divine movement and will. And this has already been accomplished through the descent of the saviours. Their recurring teaching focuses on one thing - a curious thing, an unexpected thing - taking refuge in divine name. This is efficacious because the divine name heralds a vibration. Structurally, in the world of vibration, it is the divine name which unifies the individual personality to the great field of being. In its highest thrust, that vibration will attain to the field beyond the speed of light, beyond human capacity and the physical world, the field of calm abiding. And it is here that the death of the multiplicity has already occurred. To this world the human soul must seek to become compatible if he is to reach the highest spiritual pinnacle afforded to those in the mortal realms below. He must himself become a *field*.

As I continued pondering these things, I looked up. And suddenly, they were there." From "The Lord of the Redemption, By Marilyn Hughes