

# THE POTENTATE

*Crown Him with Many Crowns*

By Marilyn Hughes

An Out-of-Body Travel Book

*The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation!*

<http://outofbodytravel.org>





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

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## INTRODUCTION

### All Men Run in the Deep



"All men run in the deep  
 Woe to the sound of the sea  
 Woe to the whims which hit rock bottom  
 Woe betide them  
 Reflect only love and goodness  
 I reflected both . . . and this was undesirable  
 It is a rare child who remains dancing  
 Hahahahahahahahaha . . .  
 He is the One, who surrounded by Infinite dualities  
 Has sought to become One.  
 Do not reside on the surface  
 But dwell in the deep  
 There is something dramatic and effulgent going on  
 Within my soul  
 Don't allow the profane to open the book  
 Those who try to become that which they are not  
 At the expense of they who are  
 Shall have the spirit of God removed from their  
 homeland  
 And shall reap a harvest of God's wrath  
  
 Therefore, follow the Desert Mother in the Desert  
 Observe her fastings  
 Observe her abstinence  
 Observe her silence  
 Observe her prayer . . .  
 And then adjust thyself accordingly  
  
 On the bough of a breaking ocean  
 Lies the mists of a Celtic night  
 In the middle of its essence  
 Lay the secrets of all life  
 The past comes gently bearing

The future is untold  
 Beyond the signal gatehead  
 Lies a wariness foretold

Who can travel but a way  
 Unless it lead to foe and wild  
 Amidst the minstrels stories told  
 Within the beacon's hold  
 For there is no other road to grasp  
 Beyond the burning, gaping and abysmal glories  
 Of a quickly fading world  
 Of imperceptions and misdeeds

Along the quiet shores, I walked  
 Awaking the greatest sign  
 Which could lead the hearty traveler  
 Beyond the Celtish brine  
 But nowhere could there be a map  
 Not to where I'd want to go  
 I was waiting for something more  
 A Person  
 A Godhead  
 A Triune

Time passed as if in aeons days  
 There were no colored lines  
 To lead the traveler further on the way  
 The emissaries path was lost  
 Only one way left to abandon all that  
 Which had glared upon the face  
 And gathered within its hoarding gem  
 Of experiences and the like

But when no experience enters  
 There is no further train  
 Nowhere to go but nowhere  
 Nowhere to fly but home  
 If in the instant of the fall  
 The soul of man was lost  
 This is the instant of the rising  
 Wherein the soul of man is found

Beyond the finding of the Christ  
 Beyond the finding of the goal  
 Beyond the gates of circumspection  
 Beyond the gates of oil  
 To Whom can the soul seek but night  
 There is no other but the One  
 So she waits and longs for but one thing . . .

### The arrival of God

In its least expectant moment  
 When the shores have all run dry  
 It seems the Lord has deigned to leave  
 The soul to live desolate  
 As if the abandonment were theretofore enough  
 For as the Emissary, the soul experienced all one must  
 know  
 Doubt could never enter again within the confines of  
 such a heaven  
 As the soul has now become  
 Perhaps it is enough, the soul says  
 The Lord has given enough  
 And I am to expand and to emanate  
 What if there is no more, after all?



And then the rushing winds obtain  
 The soul lifts up off the ground  
 Not of its own accord  
 His arms arise above his head  
 And how the effulgent power flows through  
 As if there is nothing simpler than this  
 And yet the Lord speaks nothing  
 For words are as nothing anymore  
 And the Potentate is born  
 And moving  
 Slowly  
 Methodically  
 Mystically  
 Through the realms of the earth  
 Revealing the mysteries of the ages  
 To the unconscious minds of men  
 Who know not their import  
 But peace and revelation  
 Belong and flow with the soul now  
 And this is the mystery of the Potentate  
 They move slowly, methodically and mystically  
 Revealing the mysteries of the ages  
 And they never say a word . . .

Embrace simplicity  
 No more striving  
 Stop striving  
 No striving  
 Enjoy the fruits of your labor  
 The cyclone of chaos  
 Never to be won again  
 No more striving  
 As the Blessed Mother leads

With a cane at her helm  
 Her blessed blue shimmering gown  
 Athrust around her slim and ascetical body  
 And she smiles looking upon those who follow

Because . . .

Life grows of itself  
 Simplicity nurtures it  
 Striving disrupts it

And thus it was so  
 The Jesuits had gathered  
 To show me a sign  
 The Blessed Eucharistic Host  
 Appeared before me  
 And without effort, without striving  
 Within moments, it had become a small, beating heart  
 Tears fell at its beauty  
 But its splendor revealed its secrets  
 Stop striving  
 Embrace simplicity  
 And life grows of itself.

The Potentate isn't  
 Wasn't  
 And never shall be again

Personhood, individuality has ceased  
 Invisibility within the realms of creation has begun  
 The Potentate has become no more  
 But a seedling to be utilized in the hand of God  
 Whatsoever He may willeth  
 And this is the secret of the Potentate." Marilyn  
 Hughes

## From Contemplative Prayer

“And here begins the state of pure contemplation, the end of all the exercises of an internal life. In this blessed state the upliftings and aspirations are so pure and spiritual that the soul herself is often unable to give an account of what she does. And no wonder; for they do not proceed from any forethought or election of her own, but are suggested to her by the Divine Spirit, Who wholly possesses her. Although in these sublime and blind elevations of the will the use of the imagination and understanding is not wholly excluded, yet their operation is so imperceptible that it is not surprising that many mystic writers, speaking from personal experience, have said that in pure contemplation the will alone operates without the understanding. As to the mortifications proper to this state, they are as inexpressible as the prayer. Indeed mortification and prayer seem now to be the same thing, for the light in which the soul walks is so clear and wonderful, that the smallest imperfections are clearly perceived, and are by prayer alone mortified. Prayer is the whole business of her life, interrupted by sleep only, and not always then. True it is that by the necessities of nature, food, study, conversation, or business, it may be depressed a little from the height it attains when the soul sets herself to attend to God alone; still it continues efficaciously in the midst of all her pursuits. This is what mystic writers call the unitive way, because the soul is in a continual union in spirit with God, having transcended herself and all creatures, who are, as it were, annihilated, and God is all in all.

There is no spiritual state beyond this. But this state may indefinitely increase in degrees of purity, the operations of the soul growing more and more spiritual and divine without limit. In this state, the soul is prepared for Divine inaction, passive unions and favours – all most admirable and efficacious for purifying her as perfectly as she is capable of in this life. God now provides for His beloved souls trials and desolations, incomprehensible to the inexperienced, leading them from light to darkness and from darkness to light again. In all these changes the soul preserves the same quality and tranquility of mind, knowing that by them she approaches nearer and nearer to God, and plunging herself more and more profoundly into Him. The soul that has come thus far stands in no need of a guide or instructions; a Divine light is her guide in all things. It is not she that now lives, but Christ and His Holy Spirit that lives, reigns, and operates in her.”

**Contemplative Prayer, Ven. Father Augustine  
Baker’s Teaching thereon: From ‘Sancta Sophia’, by  
Dom B. Weld Blundell, Monk of the Order of St.  
Benedict**

## CHAPTER ONE

**“Protect us, Lord, as we stay awake; watch over us as we sleep, that awake, we may keep watch with Christ, and asleep, rest in his peace.” - The Liturgy of the Hours**



**From a Soul in Purgatory asking that we pray this for him, for ourselves and for all the souls in purgatory (containing lines from the Holy Scriptures, the Liturgy of the Hours, the Office of**

**the Dead, etc.):**

**Begin by saying:**

I offer my prayers for peace throughout all worlds, the conversion of sinners, all souls in purgatory, all souls – living, dead or dying – in need of prayer, for peace in the hearts of men and in the world, for the intentions of Our Holy Father , the Pope, Bishops and all priests and deacons of the world and first and foremost the intentions of Our Lord Jesus Christ.

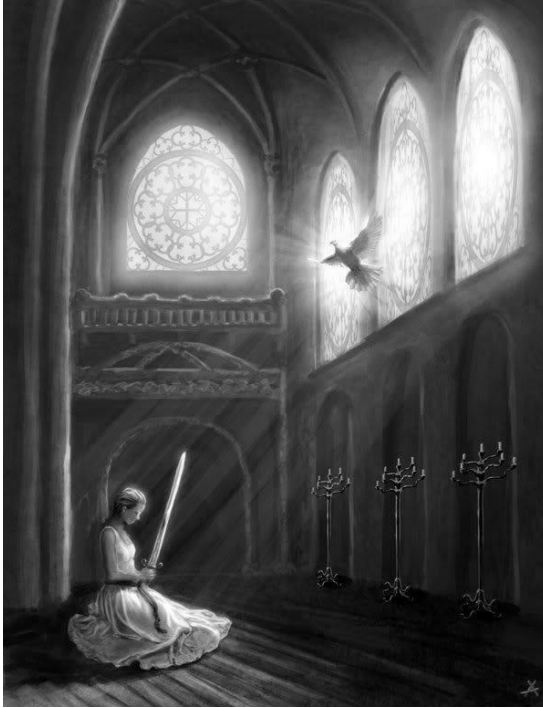
“Lord, you are the source of unfailing light. Give us true knowledge of your mercy so that we may renounce our pride and be filled with the riches of your house. Protect us, Lord, as we stay awake; watch over us as we sleep, that awake, we may keep watch with Christ, and asleep, rest in his peace. Show us your mercy, Lord, remember Your holy covenant. Incline my heart according to Your will, O God. Speed my steps along Your path. As a sign of your love, you renew us each day for the sake of our well-being and happiness. Teach us today to recognize Your presence in the sick, the suffering, the dying, and the dead; the poor, the grieving, the mournful and the sorrowful; the sad, the mentally ill, the confused, the forlorn and the brokenhearted; in those who have been wronged, and those who have wronged; in the evildoers, and all those who do good in Your name. Let us always render good for good, good for evil and good for that which is lukewarm . . . and protect us, Lord, from rendering evil for evil. For in the heart of the gracious, lies Your kingdom. And

in the Kingdom of Your heart, Lord, lies the home of us all. No longer shall I be seen by men, but by the light of truth, justice and all that is glorious. Let it be so, and let it be made known. For thus my salvation and deliverance lies. Eternal Rest grant unto them, O Lord. And let perpetual light shine upon. Incline us then, Lord, according to Your will."

*Marilynn Hughes*

## CHAPTER TWO

### Amidst the Spirited Ferryway



“Amidst the spirited ferryway  
The silent stream runs forth  
When all that can be heard  
Is rushing wind  
And the hand of God descends  
The soul becomes potent and silent  
And God moves mightily through him  
Without ever saying a word



This is that place where words end  
 The place which St. Thomas Aquinas described  
 As making all that came before as straw  
 The soul becomes as if nothing but an eye  
 That peers from the interiors of God  
 And subjects His will to all of creation  
 And no longer speaks of it" Marilynn Hughes

*From Rev. L. Branchereau, S.S., 1907*

"God's life, instead of undergoing the successions of time, possesses an eternal stability. It is not made up of a series of temporal instants but of one single instant that embraces all eternity. It is not made up of distinct operations that cause and succeed one another. No, God performs only one act, he has only one thought, he utters only one word; but that act, that thought, that word are eternal as God himself."

*Meditations for the Use of Seminarians and Priests,  
 Rev. L. Branchereau, S.S., 1907*

*From Thomas Merton*

"A monk wants to know what is . . . Absolute  
 Wisdom.

The Master answers without concern:

"The snow is falling fast and all is enveloped in mist."

The monk remains silent.

The Master asks: 'Do you Understand?'

'No, I do not.'

. . . The monk is '*trying to understand*' when in fact he ought to '*try to look.*' The apparently cryptic and mysterious sayings of Zen become much simpler when see them in the whole context of Buddhist '*mindfulness*' or awareness, which in its most elementary form consists in that '*bare attention*' which simply *sees* what is right there and does not add any comment, any interpretation, any judgment, any conclusion. It just *sees* . . .

The Master said: 'Where you do not understand, there is the point for your understanding.'"

*Zen and the Birds of Appetite, Thomas Merton, The Abbey of Gethsemani, 1968*

*From the Collected Poems of Thomas Merton*  
**Grace's House**

On the summit: it stands on a fair summit  
Prepared by winds: and solid smoke  
Rolls from the chimney like a snow cloud

No blade of grass is not counted  
No blade of grass forgotten on this hill.  
Twelve flowers make a token garden.  
There is no path to the summit -  
No path drawn  
To Grace's house . . .

Between our world and hers  
 Runs a sweet river:  
 (No, it is not the road,  
 It is the uncrossed crystal  
 Water between our ignorance and her truth.)

O paradise, O child's world!  
 Where all the grass lives  
 And all the animals are aware!  
 The huge sun, bigger than the house  
 Stands and streams with life in the east  
 While in the west a thunder cloud  
 Moves away forever.

No blade of grass is not blessed  
 On this archetypal, cosmic hill,  
 This womb of mysteries . . .

Alas, there is no road to Grace's house!"  
*The Collected Poems of Thomas Merton, Grace's  
 House, New Directions, 1977*

*From the Prophet Isaias, Chapter IV*

"For my thoughts are not your thoughts, nor your ways my ways, saith the Lord. For as the heavens are exalted above the earth, so are my ways exalted above your ways, and my thoughts above your thoughts. And as the rain and the snow come down from heaven . . . so shall by word be . . . It shall not return to me void, but it shall do whatsoever I please and

shall prosper in the things for which I sent it. “

*The Holy Bible, Old Testament, Book of Isaias,  
Chapter IV*

*From a Homily on Prayer by St. John Chrysostom*

“Prayer and converse with God is a supreme good; it is a partnership and union with God. As the eyes of the body are enlightened when they see light, so our spirit, when it is intent on God, is illumined by his infinite light . . .

Prayer stands before God as an honored ambassador. It gives joy to the spirit, peace to the heart. I speak of prayer, not words. It is the longing for God, love too deep for words, a gift not given by man but by God’s grace. The apostle Paul says: *We do not know how we are to pray but the Spirit himself pleads for us with inexpressible longings . . .*

When the Lord gives this kind of prayer to a man . . . his spirit burns as in a fire of the utmost intensity.

Practice prayer from the beginning. Paint your house with the colors of modesty and humility. Make it radiant with the light of justice. Decorate it with the finest gold leaf of good deeds. Adorn it with the walls and stones of faith and generosity. Crown it with the pinnacle of prayer. In this way you will make it a perfect dwelling place for the Lord. You will be able to receive him as in a splendid palace, and through

his grace you will already possess him, his image enthroned in the temple of your spirit.”

*St. John Chrysostom, From a Homily by St. John Chrysostom, Homily 6, De Precautionis*

*From Fr. Augustin Poulain*

“The mystic states which have God for their object attract attention at the outset by the impression of recollection and union which they cause us to experience. Hence the name of mystic union. Their real point of difference from the recollection of ordinary prayer is this: that in the mystic state, God is not satisfied merely to help us to think of Him and to remind us of His presence: He gives us an experimental, intellectual knowledge of this presence. In a word, He makes us feel that we really enter into communication with Him. In the lower degrees, however (prayer of quiet), God only does this in a somewhat obscure manner. The manifestation increases in distinctness as the union becomes of a higher order . . . For the moment, it is sufficient to understand what an abyss separates ordinary prayer from the mystic union. There is a profound difference between *thinking* of a person and *feeling* him near (or within)\* us.”

*The Graces of Interior Prayer, Fr. Augustin Poulain, Chapter V, Westmonasterii, 1949, Christ the King Library Reprints*

*From Fr. Adolphe Tanquerrey*

“Man is a mysterious compound of *body* and *soul*. In him *spirit* and *matter* closely unite to form but one nature and one person. Man is, so to speak, the nexus, the point of contact between spiritual and bodily substances - - an abstract of all the marvels of creation. He is a little world gathering in itself all other worlds, a *microcosm*, showing forth the wisdom of God who united in this fashion two things so far apart.

This little world is full of life: according to St. Gregory, one finds there three sorts of life, vegetative, animal and intellectual . . .

These three kinds of life are not superimposed one on the other, but they blend and arrange themselves in due relation in order to converge towards the same end - - the perfection of the whole man. It is both a rational and a biological law that in a composite being life cannot subsist and develop save on condition of harmonizing and brining its various elements under the control of the highest of them. The former must be mastered before they can be made to minister. In man, then, the lower faculties, vegetative and sensitive, must needs be subject to reason and will. This condition is essential. Whenever it fails, life languishes or vanishes . . .

There is no doubt that our intellect remains capable of knowing truth, and that with patient labor, even without the aid of revelation, it can obtain knowledge

of certain fundamental truths in the natural order. The failures, however, in this regard, are most humiliating. The preoccupations of the present blind the mind to the realities of eternity. Instead of seeking God and the things that are God's, instead of rising spontaneously from the creature to the Creator, as it would have done in the primeval state, man's intellect gravitates earthward . . . It falls most readily into error. Innumerable prejudices to which we are victims and the passions that agitate our spirit drop a thick veil between our souls and the truth. Alas! Only too often we lose our bearings upon the most vital questions, on which the course and direction of our moral life depend . . .

All life must perfect itself."

*The Spiritual Life: A Treatise on Ascetical and Mystical Theology, Fr. Adolphe Tanquerrey, Desclee & Co., 1930*

*From Fr. Augustin Poulain*

"The Mystic Union: It's Ten Subsidiary Characters

- 1.) It does not depend upon our own will.
- 2.) The knowledge of God accompanying it is obscure and confused.
- 3.) The mode of communication is partially incomprehensible.

- 4.) The union is produced neither by reasonings, nor by the consideration of creatures, nor by sensible images.
- 5.) It varies incessantly in intensity.
- 6.) It demands less effort than meditation.
- 7.) It is accompanied by sentiments of love, of repose, of pleasure, and often of suffering.
- 8.) It inclines the soul of itself and very efficaciously to the different virtues.
- 9.) It acts upon the body and is acted upon in return.
- 10.)  
It implies to a greater or lesser extent the production of certain interior acts."

*The Graces of Interior Prayer, Fr. Augustin Poulain,  
Chapter V, Westmonasterii, 1949, Christ the King  
Library Reprints*

*From Fr. Augustin Poulain*

"If we judge by appearances only . . . the first night of St. John of the Cross is a prayer of simplicity, but possessing characters, and two in particular, which



constitute it a special kind:

- 1.) It is a state of aridity, either sweet and tranquil, or, more often, bitter and painful.
- 2.) And the simple gaze is direction almost wholly and uninterruptedly towards God . . .

The first half of this expression shows that the knowledge given by God in this prayer is obscure . . . the second indicates that the divine action no longer makes use of the sensible faculties . . . The acts that they then produce proceed from our natural activity only . . . We find in this state five distinct facts, which I shall term its elements. Two are perceived in the mind, two in the will, and the fifth is hidden . . .

First Element. This is an habitual aridity, of great strength at times . . .

Second element. This is a memory of God, simple, confused, and general, returning with a singular persistence which is independent of the will . . .

Third element. The memory of God is loving. With some it is consoling . . . there is a painful and persistent need for a closer union with God . . .

Fourth element. It affects our natural tastes. It is a persistent action of grace, designed to detach us from all the things of sense . . .

Fifth element. I will call this the hidden element. For we do not perceive it directly, as in the case of the other four. We must attain to it by the reason. It

consists in this: God begins to exercise upon the soul the action that characterises the prayer of quiet, but He does this in too slight a degree for us to be conscious of it."

*The Graces of Interior Prayer, Fr. Augustin Poulain,  
Chapter V, Westmonasterii, 1949, Christ the King  
Library Reprints*

*From Hildegard Von Bingen*

"I am the grace of God, my little child, Therefore, hear and understand me, because I give the light of the soul to those who understand my warning. I also surround them with blessedness, lest they turn back to evil. Since they do not despise me, I want to touch them with my warning. And in so far as they perform good works, I speak to them when they ask for me with simplicity and purity of heart.

While I allot the pearls of good to people, warning and exhorting them, their understanding is touched through me and I become a beginning for them. This happens while the senses of the person understand my warning with the sense of hearing, so that the person's hearing is also led to agree with my touch in the person's soul. When all this happens, I am the beginning of good in that person because it is necessary for that person to take me in hand as a helper. The struggle is whether what I give is made perfect or not. How? I want this to be understood as

follows: I warn a person at the time the person begins to sigh over and to weep for his or her sins. If that person finds comfort in the warning with which I have admonished him or her, that person senses in his or her sensation the change in his or her soul just as the person lifts up his or her eyes to see . . . And if the person listens to my warning, it presently lifts itself up and presses down and overcomes . . .

The person's sensation changes itself, since it is necessary for the person - although unwilling - to follow the will which is above him or her. The person's will has been subjected to the higher will in service. It is inferior to it, and it will follow the higher will whether it wishes to or not. For I give goodness in the beginning, and I nurture it in the person's mind. Then I send work to the person's will for accomplishing the goodness. I do all this with the warning, the urging, and the warmth of the inspiration of the Holy Spirit. If the person's will resists these gifts, then these gifts which I have brought to the person's mind are led to nothing . . .

When the person reflects again upon these things during the struggle within himself or herself, he or she can turn the zeal for sin into zeal for true repentance. The person can be as busy with repentance as he or she was before with sin. Because of my warning, this person will wake up from the sleep of death which he or she had chosen instead of life . . . As a result, I will presently receive the person and send him or her forth free."

*Mystical Visions, Scivias, Vision Eight: 8, Hildegard  
Von Bingen, Bear & Company, 1986  
From Dom B. Weld-Blundell*

“The degrees of perfection in relation to all the duties of an internal life are best measured by the degrees of internal prayer . . . Hence Barbanson, the learned and experienced author of *Secrets Sentiers de l’Amour Divin*, divides the progress in a contemplative life according in prayer, which he says, has these degrees:

- 1.) The exercises of the understanding in meditation.
- 2.) The exercise of the will and affections without meditation.
- 3.) The state in which the soul has an experimental perception of the Divine presence in her.
- 4.) The great desolation.
- 5.) The state where the soul receives a sublime manifestation of God in the summit of her spirit.
- 6.) Then, after many risings and fallings (which are to be found in all the degrees), the soul enters into the divine and secret ways of perfection.

This order appears to be the most natural and in harmony with reason and experience; we shall, therefore, follow it, with this difference, however, that the last four degrees will be united into one. Thus we shall distinguish three degrees of prayer:

- 1.) Discursive prayer or meditation

- 2.) The prayer of forced immediate acts or affections of the will.
- 3.) The prayer of pure active contemplation or aspirations flowing from the soul, as it were, naturally, without any force, powerfully and immediately directed and moved by the Holy Spirit.

This third degree constitutes properly the prayer of contemplation. There is no state of prayer beyond it."

*Contemplative Prayer, Dom B. Weld-Blundell, Monk  
of the Order of St. Benedict, Christ the King Library  
Reprints*

*From Mother Francis Raphael*

"The simplicity of the Venerable Agnes of Jesus, a French Dominicaness of the seventeenth century (A.D. 1602-1634), and the spiritual friend of M. Olier, is exquisitely portrayed in the chapter of her life which treats of her sublime gift of prayer. Father Boyre, S.J., on reading a book in which he found mention made of certain meditations which were entitled 'most high contemplations,' desired her to explain their meaning, to which she replied with her accustomed humility that she understood nothing about such things. 'Nevertheless,' replied he, 'I am determined to know, and I lay you under obedience to tell me all about them tomorrow.' Greatly puzzled as to how to comply with this precept, Agnes had recourse to prayer. Her good angel appeared to her, and she besought him to give her the required

explanation. The angel smiled at her simplicity in supposing herself ignorant of the meaning of contemplation, when God had raised her, unconsciously to herself, to its most sublime heights; and immediately he caused her to be rapt in ecstasy, and she had an ineffable vision of the glories of Paradise, and saw the multitude of blessed spirits praising God and absorbed in Him. On beholding this glorious sight she was filled with an extreme disrelish for all creatures, and formed a resolution never to attach herself to earthly things. The relation of this vision and of the effects which it produced in her was all the explanation she offered to her confessor, who remained well satisfied with her answer."

*The Spirit of the Dominican Order, Mother Francis Raphael, O.S.D., Christ the King Library Reprints*

*From Mother Francis Raphael*

"In the life of Mother Frances of the Seraphim (A.D. 1604-1660) we find some beautiful passages . . . 'Is it not wonderful,' she writes, 'that any soul can be troubled by the absence of God when indeed He is always to be found in faith?' . . . When one of her religious complained to her of difficulties in prayer, her answer is remarkable. 'It may be,' she writes, 'that your sufferings arise from this, that God would draw you by simple faith, and desires you to abandon all your own thoughts and reflections; and so you seem to be losing everything only because you are losing these thoughts. If so say, 'My God, I desire to adore

Thee in Thy spirit, not in my own, and to love Thee for what Thou art, willingly giving up all my own ways of thinking about Thee.' Or perhaps it is that your mind is too active, and works in too hurried a manner. If so, accustom yourself to lessen this activity."

*The Spirit of the Dominican Order, Mother Francis Raphael, O.S.D., Christ the King Library Reprints*

*From Fr. Augustin Poulain*

"When describing the man who has gone through the night of the senses, the saint adds: ' . . . He must change his garments this *God Himself* will do . . . He will change them from old into new by infusing into the soul a new understanding of God in God, the human understanding being set aside, and a new love of God in God . . . ' (Ascent of Mount Carmel, Book I, ch. V, p. 21).

The soul seems to say: 'In poverty, unsupported by any apprehensions, in the obscurity of the intellect, in the conflict of the will, in the affliction and distress of memory . . . I went forth out of myself [during the first night], and out of my low conceptions and lukewarm love, out of my scanty and poor sense of God . . . I went forth out of the scanty intercourse and operations of my own to those of God; that is, my intellect went forth out of itself, and from human became Divine . . . it understands no more within its

former limits and narrow bounds . . . My will went forth out of itself transformed into the Divine will . . . all the energies and affections of the soul are, in this night and purgation of the old man, renewed into a Divine temper and delight.' (Obscure Night, Book II, ch. Iv, pp. 379-80) . . .

When we take a general review of the saint's rules of conduct for the second night, we see that they resolve themselves to this: accept the fact that the mind rises to a new higher mode of operation in this prayer. And in the same way, in the first night, they are reduced to this: accept the fact that the senses, the sensible faculties, that is, cease to act."

*The Graces of Interior Prayer, Fr. Augustin Poulain,  
Chapter V, Westmonasterii, 1949, Christ the King  
Library Reprints*



## CHAPTER THREE

### There is Only One Light



“She stood with her Beloved in the intrepid Hall of  
the Temple  
I gazed upon the beautiful lights they emanated  
As they were no longer human but yet ethereal  
A feminine and a masculine light  
Hands entrenched with gladness  
Between the temple columns

Racing to the platform, my arms before me  
 White robes encompassed me and my other  
 But I stopped . . .

“He’s not the duped light, after all,” I knew,  
 Our hands now met in words  
 But applauding suggests, what a simple mistake

There is only one light  
 That remains of the deep

. . . And I turned to leave the garden hold.” Marilyn  
 Hughes

*From Fr. Reginald Garrigou-Lagrange*

“As we have seen, the attributes of God relative to His being are simplicity, infinity, immensity, and eternity . . . Therein will be found an important lesson for our own spiritual life. The point we shall particularly stress is that although from certain angles God is presented to us in the clearest *light*, in other respects He remains in the deepest *shadow* . . . the *obscurity* confronting us in God is owing to the fact that He is far *too luminous* for the feeble sight of our intellect, which is unable to endure His infinite splendor.

To us God is invisible and incomprehensible for the reason that, as Scripture says, “He inhabiteth light inaccessible” (I Timothy 6:16), which for us has the same effect as darkness . . .

Whereas, then, many things are invisible through not being sufficiently luminous or not sufficiently illuminating, *God is invisible because for us He is far too luminous . . .*

Not even the highest among the angels can directly see God through the purely natural power of their intellect; for them, too, *God is a light overpowering* in its intensity, a naturally inaccessible light . . .

To see God, the angles, like human souls, must have received the light of glory, that supernatural light to which their nature has no claim whatever, but which is infused in order to fortify their intellects and enable them to endure the brightness of Him who is light itself . . .

From this it follows that what is obscure and incomprehensible for us in God transcends what is clearly seen. Here, in fact, *the darkness is light-transcending*. What the mystics call the great darkness is the Deity, the intimate life of God, the "light inaccessible" mentioned by St. Paul. (I Timothy 6:6).

We now understand what St. Teresa means when she says: "The more obscure the mysteries of God, the greater is my devotion to them." . . .

Divine Wisdom is an *uncreated luminous knowledge*."

*Predestination, Chapter XI, The Divine Incomprehensibility, Wisdom, Fr. Reginald Garrigou-Lagrange, Tan Books, 1998*

*From the Book of Wisdom (Speaking of Lady  
Wisdom)*

“She is more beautiful than the sun . . . being compared with the light, she is found before it. For after this cometh night, but no evil can overcome wisdom . . . She is a certain pure emanation of the glory of the almighty God: and therefore no defiled thing cometh into her. For she is the brightness of eternal light.”

*Holy Bible, The Old Testament, The Book of Wisdom,  
7: 25 - 29*

*From the Liturgical Year*

“At the solemn moment of Jesus’ Ascension, a strange joy was felt in each choir of the heavenly hierarchy, from the burning seraphim to the angels who are nearest to our own human nature. The actual possession of a good, whose very expectation had filled them with delight, produced an additional happiness in these already infinitely happy spirits. They fixed their enraptured gaze on Jesus’ beauty, and were lost in astonishment at seeing how Flesh could so reflect the plenitude of grace that dwelt in that human Nature as to outshine their own brightness. And now, by looking on this Nature (which, though inferior to their own, is divinized by its union with the eternal World), they see into further depths of the uncreated sea of light.”

*The Liturgical Year, Dom Prosper Gueranger, O.S.B.,*

*Volume IX - Paschal Time, Book Three, Monday  
within the Octave of the Ascension, Loreto  
Publications, Fitzwilliam, New Hampshire, 2013*

*From Meditations for the Use of Seminarians and  
Priests*

“All Christians, particularly those called by God to a state of special holiness, are under obligation to follow the law of uninterrupted progress in the spiritual life, to rise higher and higher without stopping or going backward, to constantly tend to higher and higher perfection.”

*Meditations for the Use of Seminarians and Priests,  
Very Rev. L. Branchereau, S.S., St. Mary's Seminary,  
Baltimore, Maryland 1907*

*From Fr. Reginald Garrigou-Lagrance*

“As Pere de Caussade remarks, when explaining these ways of Providence, “The more obscure the mystery is to us, the more light it contains in itself”; for its obscurity is due to a radiance too intense for our feeble vision.”

*Predestination, Chapter XXI, Providence and the  
Duty of the Present Moment, Fr. Reginald Garrigou-  
Lagrance, Tan Books, 1998*

## CHAPTER FOUR

### Why are you Still Here?



“For whom the prayer is spoken  
May the heart be moved  
Let the heart be willing  
And the soul be touched with Good

In the trembling lair of Satan  
The souls who know no rest  
Their hearts vibrate with passions

And their spirits are made jest

But if their soul but knew  
 The power of a 'No.'  
 The doors would fling right open  
 And Satan's power would go

He has no final power  
 His power is just to detain  
 A spirit finding freedom  
 In pointless things or gain

For Satan is no mystery  
 He is merely a dumb stock  
 Who fell from rapture's fellows  
 Into the fiery rock

But, God, oh yes, is different  
 His mystery never ends  
 Beyond His clear longsuffering  
 Will kingdoms reign or end

His mystery is sufficient  
 For every soul to bear  
 Yet never for to render  
 A word to explain it fair

So for whom the prayer is spoken  
 May the heart be moved  
 Let the heart be willing  
 And the soul be touched with Good" Marilynn  
 Hughes

Her soul was brutal light, but darkness, as well. She had come in a whirlwind of light and I immediately sensed that she was a chosen one. There is a mark on those chosen souls, but it is not visible, it is an energetic imprinting which is clear to others who follow the same path.

So, despite my indifference to her intended domains, I followed her without question or repose. For I knew that wherever she might take me had purpose this night, and the outcome of it would be the fulfillment of the will of the Lord.

Perhaps I should've questioned. I do not know.

It is difficult to see the meandering will of God's mysterious thoughts in some events, but they do arise as of yet despite their infinite unknowing.

And if purpose arises, then purposes must be . . . even when things emerge in ways which are dark, evil, impure and uninformedly beyond the scope of that which you could or would wish to imagine.

As we flew towards an intended destination, I felt light and peace flow through me as the simple falling of water as if from a cliff dive.

The light had become an intimate part of my inner journey, it accompanied me wherever I might go and it was inexhaustible. To say that eye has not seen nor ear heart what God has made for those who love Him remains a discreet understatement for a state of being



which cannot be rendered into words.

We took a back doorway into what would be a shocking scene.

Having entered into Satan's Lair, we were at the top of a theatre in a balcony seating area fairly out of view. Down below on the stage an altar had been set up. About six dancers were on the stage doing some type of sexual dance on the altar itself; a couple of them were just masturbating, while others were engaging in actual, open sex.

From my vantage point, I could see that Satan was hoping to lure me in with deviant sexuality, but thankfully, my response to it was disgust. And I was horrified that they would blaspheme an altar in this manner.

The chosen one said, "Satan is looking for the second chosen one, and he thinks it might be you. He wants to turn you." Looking at her face, I didn't say anything but was thinking. Why would she take me here for that having known that?

Hurling myself over the balcony, my clothing instantly transformed into robes of deep blue and white voluminous wings emerged from my shoulders. Light began to emanate forward from every crevasse of my spiritual body, almost like the light that is put through a film projector, widening and moving outward towards the distance.

As the light hit the sexual deviants and the stage, everything was destroyed. The dancers tumbled onto themselves dazed and confused, while the altar, the stage and the theatre was demolished.

Instantly, I was taken backstage where Satan waited for me. He was about 5'11" tall, manifesting as a very buff and muscular man. This is very usual for him. His skin, however, was the color of chrome and it had a sheen on it that made him look a little hulklke.

As his true identity was masked, he wore the face of an attractive man. But there was no question who I was standing before, I knew it was Satan. And he knew it was me.

"Awwwwwhhhhhhhh, the chosen one." I thought it was you." He walked around the room pacing. "You know that I want you as my own, right?" I didn't respond, nod or do anything.

For some reason, I believed very strongly that someone was going to rescue me, but they did not. I was left alone with Satan and it was my cross to bear. And what made the scene all the more interesting was that there were no high emotions at all. I had no reaction to his presence, he had no reaction to mine. We just acknowledged that we knew who each other were.

Coming closer to me, Satan put his arm around my waist. He was trying to play on the absence of physical affection I had in my life, and of course, he

portrays himself as a very attractive man, the flatterer. He was hoping that my need to be held, could pull me into his web of lies, flattery, deceit and ultimately habitation in his disgusting lair.

For a moment, I felt myself tempted. And I was disappointed in myself for this, because there was a part of me who yearned to be held. And that was just something that was not going to be a part of my life on earth. But I quickly threw off the temptation and walked away from his grasp.

He got just a tiny bit angry, but I was surprised at how well Satan held his anger for this entire trip. It was as if everything was so well calculated, and he knew he had to be careful because he could not lose his cool. Of course, when Satan loses his cool, his disguises always drop . . . so that in itself would be a good reason to be calm. However, there was more to this than I could understand.

Without warning, he allowed black rats to enter in at the walls. And they started coming in all around me hissing and baring their teeth in hopes of biting some chunks out my 'skin.' He had a sinister grin hoping that this might freak me out or scare me. But rather, I centered my gaze upon the rats and forced the light forth. As it came out of my spiritual body and into the black rats, they immediately transformed into white and brown little hamsters, which I immediately joined with in a circle in the middle of the room and began to play with them. They were now timid, tame and playful creatures.

Satan was more angry. But he kept his cool.

Looking towards the rear quarter of the staging area, I noticed that there were doors. Up until this point, it had appeared that Satan and his minions were not allowing me to leave. But I began to walk towards the doors and noticed something odd. They were unlocked.

Turning to look Satan in the eye, I said to him, "They are unlocked." Looking around the room at all those confined to his lair, he panicked for a moment, looked like he did not know what to do and was trying to make eye contact with those who followed him here.

Now, I turned to all of them, facing them with the full extent of the force of the light emanating from my spiritual body. "Why are you still here?" I said to them, as I turned and quietly opened the doors.

A young woman with blonde hair followed me as I left the lair. There were many sets of doors, about ten of them actually. But they were unlocked. And I realized that what these souls did not understand was that those doors were always unlocked. There is no such thing as a final destination with Satan until eternity. Satan IS a choice.

But they had to turn and go out the door. And they had to leave Satan and all that he represented in their lives behind and become willing recipients of the light in order to do so.

Although hundreds remained, one had been liberated. And this was enough for me.

The other chosen one, who I now referred to as 'Sister,' took me to a convent wherein I prayed with the nuns for many hours and days.

An older woman had come to the convent and was praying with us. She had undergone great suffering in this life, as one of her children had committed suicide. As she prayerfully joined us, the nuns all came forward and wiped off the layers and layers of makeup she had worn. And when all the make-up was finally gone, I held her face in my hands. "You are so beautiful just as God made you, my child; so, so beautiful." A tear fell from her eyes, as she realized she needed none of the accoutrements of the world here for what God had made of her was perfect in His sight. And everything else was a distraction.

And as the prayers continued, my spirit was transported to another ground of souls in need of assistance.

Lined up for blocks, there were about a thousand souls who were waiting to get their movie tickets to a movie, of which I was not allowed to know the name, which was going to be released soon which was so sneaky in its deceptions that every soul who might see the film was in danger of losing their very soul. I so wished I could know what film this was to be, because the ramifications of it were so serious and widespread.

My spirit was directed to start at the beginning of the line and move slowly through it until I would reach the end. Every person in that line received from me a rosary. There were about two or three who received the etheric equivalent of a rosary that their grandmothers had used to pray upon, and this was an even more special gift. They were so special because in the physical world they had been lost, but in the etheric, they were still in existence and the prayers of the ancestors had power for those who received of them.

But each person received their own rosary, and we prayed together that each one of them might not be put to the test because every one of these souls was in danger of damnation and this movie would seal the deal.

Placing my hands on their shoulders, we prayed together. And every single one, in this subconscious state, prayed with me. They were sincere, serious and very astute. Not one of them did not wish to receive the benefits of our prayers, and not a single soul denied these graces which were being poured upon them in anticipation of such a deceptive lure.

And with each one for whom I prayed with individually, when we had finished our supplication to the Lord, I asked, "Why are you still here?"

But not a single person left the line. Not one. Flashing one last blast of the eternal mechanism of the redemption on the line of many, I shouted to all of

them, "Why are you still here?"

And not a single one left the line.

I, however, could not stay. And I left the line by myself.

In a flash of light, I was gone.

*From St. Therese of Lisieux*

"In order to live in an act of perfect love, I offer myself as victim and holocaust to your merciful love, begging You to consume me without ceasing, letting the rays of infinite tenderness which are enclosed in You overflow into my soul so that I may become a martyr of Your love, O my God! May this martyrdom, after having prepared me to appear before You, finally bring about my death so that my soul may take flight without delay into the eternal embrace of Your eternal love! I wish, O my beloved, to renew this offering an infinite number of times with each beat of my heart, until that time when, the shadows having rolled away, I may repeat my love to You in an eternal conversation!"

*St. Therese of Lisieux's Last Words*

## CHAPTER FIVE

### Protestations of a Certain Ancient Catch



“Amidst temptations  
Beyond the sensations  
Rocking frustrations



Gliding upon the sage's breath

Cathing the haunted wisdoms of the snare  
 Beneath the shattered illusions of the mass  
 The mourners chant alights the snow  
 Gathering things no one can know

Beyond the withering velvet mask  
 The soul bequeaths its life to Him  
 And fathers all the remains to glean  
 Relinquishing acts and sins of old

Beneath the tranquil bodies cast  
 Lies awakening to the fold  
 Beyond it is the quickening mask  
 Above it is the angels glow

Alight upon the mountain's glaze  
 A wispy woman heralds 'go'  
 And within her mourners chant remains  
 A kindness and a hearkening 'lo'

Nothing mists the spattered gaze  
 The vision remains a spotted mess  
 The soul alights the personal path  
 Which leads to seasons amidst his own within

Love is a sparse and liquid scent  
 A fouled up use of senses past  
 Its matter is not yet prolific  
 It's gaze remains upon the sting

The love that gnaws each soul to gain

Is lost within a fiery mess  
 And only gains its truest might  
 When gathered with the mighty stream

Accepting martyrs, outcasts and fools  
 The walls of accept the ordinary, too  
 There is no one outside His grasp  
 Except for those who refuse His tours

So what is this that mars the strain?  
 What is it that brings me fools?  
 What is it that brings me lovers?  
 What is it that brings me the cruel?

Who comes to me all loud and still?  
 Who comes who is of ordinary fare?  
 Who comes who lost the war with self?  
 And took their life amidst the snare?

Who comes who is but laden blocked?  
 Who comes who is but a pastor's fool?  
 Who comes who lost the substance way back?  
 Who comes who never sought its zeal??

They come and are united still  
 And nothing can recede the grace  
 For chosen for this Godly tour  
 They remain among the Godly race

And who receives them as they grasp  
 To meet the sorrow of their gaze?  
 It is a simple soul who loves  
 Who loves their God, the Potentate

If there be a secret lying still  
 Beneath the power of the recluse  
 It is the matchless action gained  
 By the training in movement towards God's will

So learn the power of the noise  
 And gain the wisdom of the stilling  
 Within the gathering of nothing  
 The Potentate only acts when willing

Beyond the natural course of souls  
 There is a simple course of will  
 In evidencing the simple nature of movement  
 A soul can learn to cease or will

The stillness, the quiet, the happeninglessness  
 The surrender of the soul and body to cease  
 Except when upon it is called  
 When its ceasing is not self-willed

And stillness remains within the Potentate even so  
 This is the secret of the Potentate  
 He never moves on His own  
 But the Will of God alone

As a result, he never truly moves  
 Stillness is the secret  
 Silence is the secret  
 Reception perfects it

The path is ever ancient  
 And yet reborn anew  
 In each and every soul

Who bids the world adieu . . ." Marilyn Hughes

*From Chuang Tzu*

"Tien Ken was travelling to the south of Yin Mountain. He reached the river Liao, where he met the Man without a Name and said to him, 'I wish to ask you about governing everything under Heaven.'

The Man without a Name said, 'Get lost, you stupid lout! What an unpleasant question! I am traveling with the Maker of All. If that is too tiring, I shall ride the bird of ease and emptiness and go beyond the compass of the world and wander in the land of nowhere and the region of nothing. So why are you disturbing me and unsettling my heart with questions about how to rule all below Heaven?'

Tien Ken asked the same question again. The Man without a Name replied,

'Let your heart journey in simplicity.  
Be one with that which is beyond definition.  
Let things be what they are.  
Have no personal views.  
That is how everything under Heaven is ruled.'

Yan Tzu Chu went to visit lao Tzu and he said, 'Here is a man who is keen and vigilant, who has clarity of vision and wisdom and studies the Tao without ceasing. Such a person as this is surely a king of great

wisdom?’

‘In comparison to the sage,’ said Lao Tzu, ‘someone like this is just a humble servant, tied to his work, exhausting himself and distressing his heart. The tiger and the leopard, it is said, are hunted because of the beauty of their hides. The monkey and the dog end up in chains because of their skills. Can these be compared to a king of great wisdom?’

YanTzu Chu was startled and said, ‘May I be so bold as to ask about the rule of a king who is great in wisdom?’

Lao Tzu said,

‘The rule of a king who is great in wisdom!  
His works affect all under Heaven, yet he seems to do nothing.  
His authority reaches all life, yet no one relies upon him.  
There is no fame nor glory for him, but everything fulfills itself.  
He stands upon mystery and wanders where there is nothing.’

*The Book of Chuang Tzu, Penguin Classics,  
Translated by Martin Palmer, 1996*

## CHAPTER SIX

### I Want to Know the Will of God



“In the nightwind, I pause  
To the tremor of that which yearns  
And the offensive odor of irreligion  
Penetrates me like an impotent warrior” – Marilynn  
Hughes

And as my prayers went deep into the night, my soul yearned for an answer to an age old question. Praying for a child and grandchildren who had turned away from their faith and from God, I turned to look and see my husband’s grandmother, great grandmother to my children.

Very simply she walked forward, and she said, "Just love them." That was it.

And I remembered a not so distant time when great grandma had just loved me and my husband as we went through similar crises in our younger years. She had simply loved me at times when, frankly, I did not deserve to be loved by her. She had loved us both when we were doing things that I cringe about now.

But as I thought about this great and unconditional love she had given us throughout the years, I also remembered that it was her loving us when we deserved it the least that had become a goad to my conscience more than anything else.

Although many people had been quite correct and honest with me about certain things I had been doing which were destructive and wrong, their chastisements did not stay with me as did that undeserved unconditional love given by great grandma. And in that moment, I understood. "Just love them," she said.

As my soul partook of yet another corrective journey, I found my spirit at a gathering at the local church. All three of my children were there as they were sponsoring youth events and also fun things for young kids to do. My oldest had brought the grandchildren to come, not because of faith, but because it was a fun event for the kids. But this was progress . . .

However, two of my children were adults and my youngest was late in his high school years. And they all went off their own way, completely ignoring me. Empty Nest Syndrome was clearly being presented to me in a way which would be forthright and very clear.

As I felt heartbroken and focused on the kids, my spirit was flipped upside down and I was floating on my head. Obviously, remaining heartbroken over this normal stage of life would turn me upside down and it was apparent would not be fruitful.

Suddenly, a spirit wind overtook my soul and I suddenly reached my hands to the skies and shouted, "I want to know the will of God." As I did this, my arms became wings, my body turned upright and I began to fly above the noise and raucous of the events below.

But as my heart again turned to focus on my children, again my spirit would turn upside down and I would float on my head.

Along with the youth events, other things were going on which were noisy and kind of pointless. In no way do I mean this to be insulting. But a lot of meaningless activity was going on. My current state had become very incompatible to this and it was very chaotic and disturbing to my inner peace. As I reflected on this, and the response I had whenever I focused on my grown children, I again reached out my arms and shouted out, "I want to know the will of God."



Again, as I did so, my arms became wings and I began to float through the ethers.

Although this process occurred several times more, eventually, I realized that my soul longed to return to the quiet of my cell which was my bedroom in my home, which I had made into a monastery. My eyes could see the bookshelves on one side of my bed and the particular curtains on the other in my mind, but I longed so deeply to be reunited with the peace of this place that I kept shouting . . . “I want to know the will of God. I want to know the will of God.”

In my flight, I engaged upon several obstacles. The biggest obstacle was my habitual behavior of worrying about my adult children, and apparently this was no longer suitable for me as regarded God’s will. But other obstacles included the noise, and just breaking free from the lull of the noise . . . soaring above it and then towards my monastery, my cell.

As my spirit re-entered my body and the familiar bookshelves and curtains became clear to me, I sighed in relief. And instantly, I understood that there was a will of God for me beyond the raising of my children. This was my signal to allow grace and silence to penetrate in order to reveal the next phase in my journey.

But it was not good for me to focus on my adult kids; that would turn me upside down. Focusing on the will of God made me soar. And I would not forget this, for I had fought hard to return to the quiet of my

cell, and it was as if God had let me know that not only was it okay to let go a little bit now that the kids were older, but it was actually necessary.

“I want to know the will of God,” echoed throughout my mind as I returned to form and gave up the ghost.

Now as my spirit embarked upon the past, a young woman I had known in my high school days suddenly appeared driving a car in which I was sitting in the back seat.

It was clear that she had crossed over, but I could not yet see her face. She turned and said, “I wish I had known of the Glory of God during my life.” I nodded, yes, but noticed a white circle of light coming out of the outer recesses of her eyes and just quietly said, “But you do now.” She smiled and was gone.

And a sudden wind took me to into a desperate part of a large city. Ironically, just from looking at them from the outside, you would think they were beautiful homes. But as you walked in, they were roach infested, the floors were sagging from water damage and all manner of putrid filth was running rampant.

This was not just a physical state, but a spiritual one, as well.

But what was truly horrifying was that the cockroaches had taken root in the bodies of both animals and humans; stray cats and dogs, rodents,

whatever might be running around . . .

They were embedded into the flesh of humans and animals right behind their neck starting at the top of their back in very delineated lines of maybe fifty to one hundred per row. Each human or animal had anywhere from fifteen to fifty rows of these dark creatures going down their back.

The darkness was literally holding them down, pushing them down, eating into their flesh . . . and what was really disturbing is that none of them were aware of it. They didn't notice them.

Journey through mass retain of a city. Started with Dad and Mom, my brother was trying to protect me. We went through houses where people were shacking up, completely on the ground, no awareness or thought of God.

Someone who had been sent to observe and learn from the journey now joined me. She had been given leave to join me because she had spent much time gathering information about the Catholic Church and doctrines, dogma's and what officials of the church were doing and had developed very strong views about all of these things. Her focus was on what others were doing in her spiritual life, and this was stunting her own growth and effectiveness.

We were taken through several homes to watch the very grounded and limited manner in which all of these people were living.

What stood out amongst the immoral, violent, deviant, disgusting and sad conditions; was the fact that most of these people had actually lost the thrust of the Holy Spirit which is given to every human being upon birth which alights their path towards God and ignites in them a desire to seek Him. And so, in essence, most of these souls lacked the actual eternal flame on even the most minute of levels which was required for a soul to have the capacity to seek higher things.

The sadness of it all overwhelmed me.

We continued walking forward through the streets of the city as we observed up ahead a very prevalent cemetery wherein many families were burying their dead. Many crosses and crucifixes were used to mark the graves of their loved ones.

Off in the distance, however, I noticed a grave mound which was covered in red roses and meandered towards that place.

Next to it, I instinctively began to dig with my hands and found the body of a young boy who had been murdered about the age of ten buried in the dirt next to the grave.

The traveler who had come with me begged me to leave it, but I ignored her words. The young boy said something to me in a harsh tone, but I could not initially understand him. So I asked him to repeat himself. He sat up and looked me straight in the eyes

and said, "Go fuck off!" I nodded, yes, I understand.

My companion was now more urgently beckoning me to abandon the site. But I would not.

Immediately, I extracted the soul and sent him into a spinning state of white light thrusting him into the galactic heavens. I prayed, "God, please cleanse this child of the destruction which was brought upon him but was not his own." And he began his purgatorial journey.

Silently, we walked away from the cemetery offering our sympathies for the grief of so many with a nod.

And the people continued burying their dead and there continued to be so many.

Moving further into the city, I started to notice that the bodies of the dead were now appearing abandoned in the streets. And as we traveled further, more and more bodies became evident until the streets were littered with the bodies of dead people.

Feeling the descent of something from above, I looked up towards my left in the sky. For a moment, I thought the Pieta was hovering above these streets of death.

But I soon realized that I was very, very wrong.

A statue of Christ was hovering in the air. But Christ was lying on His side with His legs pulled up to His

chest. As His legs were crunched beneath Him, he appeared about four feet across completely bent over. Above and below him were green demons, reptilian and amphibious in character, crushing Christ.

I was silent and without words. My mouth was open. I looked upon it with horror. But my eyes were led to look into the city streets again . . .

The streets filled with the bodies of the uncountable dead were now experiencing a mystical phenomenon of great pain, torment . . . but yet beauty at the same time. Silver and gold crucifixes began emerging from the streets and growing to ten and fifteen feet in height all over the city; from the interior of buildings, in yards - about forty or fifty of them. They were everywhere.

Christ was being crucified all around us and before us.

I awoke in disbelief and horror at what I had seen.

But my soul was as yet to engage in yet a final journey this eve. Re-entering the mystical state, we set forward to enter into a church to go to Mass amidst the chaos of the scene we had previously left moments before.

The moment the priest lifted his hands to begin the Mass, Christ pushed back upon and folded over the two demons who had crushed Him. He thrust them into the abyss to assume their ominous fate and stood

up to His feet in a shining white robe. Now, He stood about fifteen feet high.

The heavens opened and he raised His arms and I knew the power of the Mass had given Him strength to continue this battle against irreligion which had caused the death of the spirit in the world.

*From Mother Teresa*

“If you are humble nothing will touch you, neither praise nor disgrace, because you know what you are. Pray and forgive.”

*Mother Teresa*

**CHAPTER SEVEN**  
**I Want to Know the Will of God**





“Amidst the clatter of souls  
 I hear no noise  
 Just the silent reminiscences  
 Of those who were once alive, and now are dead.

In the shadows of the wasteland  
 I hear the rumors still  
 Amidst the cross, amidst the rose  
 The spirits’ raging will

And they came in droves  
 The Spirits of the dead  
 As the shadows of their bondage  
 Remained . . .” - Marilyn Hughes

As my spirit arose amidst the clamoring wakefulness of the tortured souls who had suddenly appeared in my midst, I looked upon the faces of 200 - 300 spirits of the dead, trapped because God had become absent in their lives, and therefore, remained absent in their deaths.

They were being held in some type of vortex of bondage as they had died.

The atmosphere was one of what I could only describe as a concrete hell; an old factory setting, dark clouds covering the skies, pollution rampant all around and nothing of light to be seen available to them.

Although I did know that they were trapped through no *conscious* fault of their own. Somewhere, somehow . . . their spirits had died while still living. God had become irrelevant in their lives and spiritual death ensued. They were no longer building something intended for eternity, but something of only momentary value.

*From the Book of Psalms*

“Unless the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it. Unless the Lord keep the city, he watcheth in vain that keepeth it.”

*Old Testament, Psalm 126: 1- 2*

Throughout the crowded room of souls were piles of debris. It was clear that these piles of debris were remnants of their lives; the way they thought, lived and chose to live without God. They were so thick and numerous, it was literally causing them all to be trapped here in this space, unable to uplift beyond them.

My spirit inherently knew we had to gather all these hundreds of piles, get them in a nearby dumpster and burn them to the ground.

The souls who had been trapped in death quickly

became interested and involved in their own release. Smiles were emerging on their faces and they came towards me with birth certificates, handing them to me as if they were tickets to paradise or something like that.

Most of these souls were big, burly men who had probably worked hard on the land, in the mines or in factories. In the background, was one of the factories in which many of them had worked. It seemed that some of them may have also died there . . .

We threw the birth certificates into the dumpster for the massive fire, as well.

The bonfire began with a huge roaring and as soon as the cloud of smoke arose into the sky, the spirits began lining up to begin their ascent to higher realms as I pulled out my Catholic Roman Ritual and began to recite prayers from the Mass of the Office of the Dead..

Faces alit with smiles, the souls began their departure from this realm.

As I continued the prayers of the Mass amidst the smoky yet brilliant night, the souls began to fly without any great fanfare upwards until they simply disappeared into the dense white clouds which had formerly blocked their view of eternity's shores.

We didn't stop until every last one of them had been returned to God.

*From Sister Miriam*

"Prayer is the trap-door out of sin.  
 Prayer is a mystic entering in  
 to secret places full of light.  
 It is a passage through the night.  
 Heaven is reached, the blessed say,  
 by prayer and by no other way.  
 One may kneel down and make a plea  
 with words from book or breviary,  
 or one may enter in and find  
 a home-made message in the mind.  
 But true prayer travels further still,  
 to seek God's presence and God's will . . .  
 God smiles on faith that seems to know  
 it has no other place to go.  
 But some day, hidden by His will,  
 if this meek child is waiting still,  
 God will take out His mercy-key  
 and open up felicity."

*Prayer, 1951, Sister Miriam of the Holy Spirit,  
 Carmelite Nun, Jessica Powers, O.C.D.*

And as the last of the souls departed and I remained  
 alone and fell to the ground to sit in what was now an  
 empty purgatorial realm, I sighed a great breath of  
 relief.

And then I began to hear the sounds of Holy Mass  
 being sung in Latin from every particle of breath

around me. In its words, my spirit was uplifted and filled with a sense of high honor and grave duty.

Bowing down my head in honor of this great mystery and grace, I listened . . .

Listening filled me with awe, wonder and a sense of holy felicity which could never be described.

Although my spirit was sitting in the midst of this concrete hell covered over by clouds, my spirit was basking in the glorious reminiscences of Christ's sacrifice. My ability to be somewhere else entirely within its midst was a mystery to me, but God had given it and I accepted.

Continuing to listen, the molecules around me began to vibrate with the power of the Latin words being sung by ancient monks in an ancient rite. I did nothing, I said nothing, I just absorbed.

And suddenly and without warning, a brightly shimmering and golden box fell out of the dark clouds above and into my hands. Its aura alone was bigger than the box itself.

Measuring about a foot and a half in width, it was about a half a foot wide. It had a lid not unlike a treasure chest, and the light that emanated from within it bellowed beyond its confines well over three feet beyond its borders.

I would not be allowed to open it.

Just as suddenly, a piece of paper with the images of eight young men who appeared to be of Middle Eastern origin fell on top of the box. Without being told a thing, I instantly knew they were Christian martyrs.

We live in a time of great wars. For those who share this time with me, you know. Many souls are dying to violence, martyrdom and senseless racial, religious and political hatred all over the world.

When such times come upon mankind, it is easy to feel God has forgotten. It is easy to feel that there is no help coming from heaven. It is easy to feel that all of our efforts and prayers are hopeless and of no accord.

The sacrifices of the martyrs which increase daily fill our souls with despair and sorrow, and we can't see beyond the dusky clouds of war.

Any effort seems futile at such a time.

But in this moment, I knew God had not forgotten. I knew that God was present, active and utilizing every grace. I can put it no other way.

A grand voice came out of the sky, and suddenly, St. Michael the Archangel appeared below the cloudy skies above me.

“Do not open the box.” He said, “But wisely gather the graces obtained by these martyrs which remain inside and go . . . scatter it amongst the peoples of the

earth. And tell the people the Lord has not forgotten them.”

Bowing in agreement to my task, I said nothing but held tightly onto the box in one hand and to the pictures of the eight martyrs in the other.

“The grace which comes from the sacrifice of the martyrs can never be extinguished; it is like the living water which comes down from heaven. It never ends nor wearies . . .”

Again, I nodded and said no words.

“Go, awaken the dead . . . for the living God has no communion with them.”

Inherently, I knew he spoke of the living dead, the souls who had given up the very last embers of the Holy Spirit and were living their lives in total absence of Him.

“Go, awaken the living . . . for they have fallen asleep and the living God has need of their service.”

Inherently, I knew he was speaking of those who had maintained their faith but were living their lives as though all hope had gone from them due to the conditions of the world in which they now lived.

“Disburse this grace upon the world but do not open the box.”

He didn't say it, but I knew that the graces must be properly contained within the confines of God's design and will. Opening it would somehow diminish its power, and it was simply not to be done.

In a grand gesture of light, St. Michael the Archangel waves his arms and my soul was sent on a journey around the world and the graces from the box disbursed in whatsoever manner God willed without any effort on my part.

To ever land and nation, I was sent. And when the work had been completed, I returned.

St. Michael the Archangel looked at my face which held a certain insidious and involuntary confusion as to all that had come to pass. I didn't understand anything that I had participated in or done, nor the mechanics of how it all had come to pass.

My face reflected the grand confusion of one who had witnessed a grand spectacle of God's wonder, but could not possibly inhale it in any intelligible way.

And he said:

*From the Book of Isaiah*

"Listen carefully, but you shall not understand!  
Look intently, but you shall know nothing!"

*Old Testament, Isaiah 6*



Nodding, the golden box remained in my hands. I held onto it with great fervor. The picture of the martyrs was held just as tightly in my other hand.

But I began to release them because I realized I would have to return them to my great heavenly benefactor.

St. Michael raised his right hand as if to push me back. "It will not be taken from her." He said as my spirit was suddenly alit and began to break into ethereal bits and pieces to return to my earthly homestead. But the golden box and the image of the martyrs was to come with me.

Smiling, I held them back as I began to disappear and although I had no time to say it, I knew St. Michael heard my distant thank you.

*From the Gospel of Matthew*

"You will be hated by all for my name's sake. But he who endures to the end shall be saved."

*New Testament, Matthew 10:22*

*From Pope Francis*

"Jesus' hard words make us realize that in ordeals accepted out of faith, violence is defeated by love, and

death by life. To really welcome Jesus in our lives, we must bear witness to Jesus in humility and in silent service.”

*Pope Francis, December 26, 2014, Angelus*

*From Victricius, De Laude*

“The passion of the saints is the imitation of Christ, and Christ is God. Therefore, no division is to be inserted in fullness, but in that division which is visible to the eye the truth of the whole is to be adored . . .

I touch remnants but I affirm that in these relics perfect grace and virtue are contained . . . He who cures lives. He who lives is present in his relics . . .

It is toward these jewels that we should set the sails of our souls; there is nothing fragile in them, nothing that decreases, nothing which can feel the passage of time . . . The blood which the fire of the Holy Spirit still seals in their bodies and in these relics shows that they are extraordinary signs of eternity.”

*Victricius, De Laude, Chapters 9 - 12, Translated by  
J.N. Hillgarth*

*From St. Bernard*

“O good Jesus, that holy body is yours, put aside and entrusted to us. It is your treasure, deposited to our care. We shall keep it safe, to be returned to you in that time when you decide to demand its return.”

*Life of Malachy, St. Bernard, Sermon 81 on the Song of Songs*

*From the Resurrection of the Body*

“When Bonaventure turns to the gifts of the glorified body, he repeats . . . not only that unfulfilled desire weighs down the soul but also that in resumption of the body the soul is inebriated by God. As he says elsewhere, ‘privation of love is a great affliction’, moreover, ‘quiet is more noble than motion.’ ‘Therefore if the world after the resurrection will be in the most perfect disposition, all bodies [then] will rest in [God].’ Desire is desire for completion, or, to put it another way, the goal of desire is its own cessation. As the celestial spheres will cease to rotate at the end of time, so too the soul will cease to yearn; stasis is the condition of heaven. The return of the body is the end of psychological, emotional, interior motion.”

*The Resurrection of the Body, Caroline Walker Bynum, Chapter Six, Columbia University Press, 1995*

*Excerpts from the Office of the Dead*

Psalm 40:17 - 18 Your justice I have proclaimed in the great assembly. My lips I have not sealed; you know it, O Lord. I have not hidden your justice in my heart but declared your faithful help. I have not hidden your love and your truth from the great assembly. O Lord, you will not withhold your compassion from me. Your merciful love and your truth will always guard me. For I am beset with evils too many to be counted. My sins have fallen upon me and my sight fails me. They are more than the hairs of my head and my heart sinks. O Lord, come to my rescue, Lord, come to my aid. O let there be rejoicing and gladness for all who seek you. Let them ever say: "The Lord is great," who love your saving help. As for me, wretched and poor, the Lord thinks of me. You are my rescuer, my help, O God, do not delay!

Ant. 2 Lord, may it please you to rescue me; look upon me and help me . . .

FIRST READING From the first letter of the apostle Paul to the Corinthians 15:12-34 The resurrection of Christ is the hope of the faithful Tell me, if Christ is preached as raised from the dead, how is it that some of you say there is no resurrection of the dead? If there is no resurrection of the dead, Christ himself has not been raised. And if Christ has not been raised, our preaching is void of content and your faith is empty too. Indeed, we should then be exposed as false witnesses of God, for we have borne witness before him that he raised Christ; but he certainly did not

raise him up if the dead are not raised. Why? Because if the dead are not raised, then Christ was not raised; and if Christ was not raised, your faith is worthless. You are still in your sins and those who have fallen asleep in Christ are the deadest of the dead. If our hopes in Christ are limited to this life only, we are the most pitiable of men. But as it is, Christ is now raised from the dead, the first fruits of those who have fallen asleep. Death came through a man; hence the resurrection of the dead comes through a man also. Just as in Adam all die, so in Christ all will come to life again, but each one in proper order: Christ the first fruits and then, at his coming, all those who belong to him. After that will come the end, when, after having destroyed every sovereignty, authority and power, he will hand over the kingdom to God the Father. Christ must reign until God has put all his enemies under his feet and the last enemy to be destroyed is death. Scripture reads that God "has placed all things under his feet." But when it says that everything has been made subject, it is clear that he who has made everything subject to Christ is excluded. When, finally, all has been subjected to the Son, he will then subject himself to the One who made all things subject to him, so that God may be all in all. If the dead are not raised, what about those who have themselves baptized on behalf of the dead? If the raising of the dead is not a reality, why be baptized on their behalf? And why are we continually putting ourselves in danger? I swear to you, brothers, by the very pride you take in me, which I cherish in Christ Jesus our Lord, that I face death every day. If I fought those beasts at Ephesus for purely human

motives, what profit was there for me? If the dead are not raised, "Let us eat and drink, for tomorrow we die!" Do not be led astray any longer. "Bad company corrupts good morals." Return to reason, as you ought, and stop sinning. Some of you are quite ignorant of God; I say this to your shame. RESPONSORY 1 Cor. 15:25-26; see Rv. 20:13, 14 Christ must reign until God has brought all enemies under his feet – And the last enemy to be destroyed is death. Then death and Sheol will give up their dead, death and Sheol will be cast into the fiery lake. – And the last enemy to be destroyed is death . . .

SECOND READING From a sermon by Saint Anastasius of Antioch, bishop Christ will change our lowly body To this end Christ died and rose to life that he might be Lord both of the dead and the living. But God is not the God of the dead, but of the living. That is why the dead, now under the dominion of one who has risen to life, are no longer dead but alive. Therefore life has dominion over them and, just as Christ, having been raised from the dead, will never die again, so too they will live and never fear death again. When they have been thus raised from the dead and freed from decay, they shall never again see death, for they will share in Christ's resurrection just as he himself shared in their death. This is why Christ descended into the underworld, with its imperishable prisonbars: to shatter the doors of bronze and break the bars of iron and, from decay to raise our life to himself by giving us freedom in place of servitude. But if this plan does not yet appear to be perfectly realized – for men still die and bodies still decay in

death – this should not occasion any loss of faith. For, in receiving the first-fruits, we have already received the pledge of all the blessings we have mentioned; with them we have reached the heights of heaven, and we have taken our place beside him who has raised us up with himself, as Paul says: In Christ God has raised us up with him, and has made us sit with him in the heavenly places. And the fulfillment will be ours on the day predetermined by the Father, when we shall put off our childish ways and come to perfect manhood. For this is the decree of the Father of the ages: the gift, once given, is to be secure and no more to be rejected by a return to childish attitudes. There is no need to recall that the Lord rose from the dead with a spiritual body, since Paul, in speaking of our bodies bears witness that they are sown as animal bodies and raised as spiritual bodies: that is, they are transformed in accordance with the glorious transfiguration of Christ who goes before us as our leader. The Apostle, affirming something he clearly knew, also said that this would happen to all mankind through Christ, who will change our lowly body to make it like his glorious body. If this transformation is a change into a spiritual body and one, furthermore, like the glorious body of Christ, then Christ rose with a spiritual body, a body that was sown in dishonor, but the very body that was transformed in glory. Having brought this body to the Father as the first-fruits of our nature, he will also bring the whole body to fulfillment. For he promised this when he said: I, when I am lifted up, will draw all men to myself. RESPONSORY John 5:28-29; 1 Corinthians 15:52 All who are in their graves shall

hear the voice of the Son of God; — those who have done good deeds will go forth to the resurrection of life; those who have done evil will go forth to the resurrection of judgment. In an instant, in the twinkling of an eye, at the final trumpet blast, the dead shall rise. — those who have done good deeds will go forth to the resurrection of life; those who have done evil will go forth to the resurrection of judgment . . .

God, our creator and redeemer, by your power Christ conquered death and returned to you in glory. May all your people (N. and N.) who have gone before us in faith share his victory and enjoy the vision of your glory for ever, where Christ lives and reigns with you and the Holy Spirit, one God for ever and ever . . .

PSALM 51 Have mercy on me, God in your kindness. In your compassion blot out my offense. O wash me more and more from my guilt; and cleanse me from my sin. My offenses truly I know them; my sin is always before me. Against you, you alone, have I sinned; what is evil in your sight I have done. That you may be justified when you give sentence, and be without reproach when you judge, O see, in guilt I was born, a sinner, was I conceived. Indeed you love truth in the heart; then in the secret of my heart teach me wisdom. O purify me, then I shall be clean; O wash me, I shall be whiter than snow. Make me hear rejoicing and gladness; that the bones you have crushed may revive. From my sins turn away your face and blot out all my guilt. A pure heart create for me, O God, put a steadfast spirit within me. Do not



cast me from your presence, nor deprive me of your holy spirit. Give me again the joy of your help; with a spirit of fervor sustain me, that I may teach transgressors your ways and sinners may return to you. O rescue me, God, my helper, and my tongue shall ring out your goodness. O Lord, open my lips and my mouth shall declare your praise. For in sacrifice you take no delight, burnt offering from me you would refuse, my sacrifice, a contrite spirit. A humbled, contrite heart you will not spurn. In your goodness, show favor to Zion: rebuild the walls of Jerusalem. Then you will be pleased with lawful sacrifice, holocausts offered on your altar.

Ant. The bones that were crushed shall leap for joy before the Lord.

Ant 2. At the very threshold of death, rescue me, Lord

...

PSALM 86 Turn your ear, O Lord, and answer me, for I am poor and needy. Preserve my life, for I am faithful: save the servant who trusts in you. You are my God; have mercy on me, Lord; for I cry to you all the day long. Give joy your servant, O Lord, for to you I lift up my soul. O Lord, you are good and forgiving, full of love to all who call. Give heed, O Lord, to my prayer; and attend to the sound of my voice. In the day of distress I will call and surely you will reply. Among the gods there is none like you, O Lord; nor work to compare with yours. All the nations shall come to adore you and glorify your name, O Lord: for you are great and do marvelous deeds, you who alone are God. Show me, Lord, your

way so that I may walk in your truth, Guide my heart to fear your name. I will praise you, Lord my God, with all my heart, and glorify your name for ever; for your love to me has been great: you have saved me from the depths of the grave. The proud have risen against me; ruthless men seek my life; to you they pay no heed. But you, God of mercy and compassion, slow to anger, O Lord, abounding in love and truth, turn and take pity on me. O give your strength to your servant and save your handmaid's son. Show me a sign of your favor that my foes may see, to their shame that you console me and give me your help . . .

PSALMODY Ant 1. The Lord will keep you from all evil. He will guard your soul. PSALM 121 I lift up my eyes toward the mountains: from where shall come my help? My help shall come from the Lord, who made heaven and earth. May he never allow you to stumble! Let him sleep not, your guard. No, he sleeps not nor slumbers, Israel's guard. The Lord is your guard and your shade; at your right side he stands. By day the sun shall not smite you, nor the moon in the night. The Lord will guard you from evil, he will guard your soul. The Lord will guard your going and coming both now and for ever.

Ant. The Lord will keep you from all evil. He will guard your soul.

Ant 2. If you kept a record of our sins, Lord, who could escape condemnation? . . .

Lord, in your steadfast love, give them eternal rest. —  
 Lord, in your steadfast love, give them eternal rest.

You will come to judge the living and the dead. —  
 Give them eternal rest. Glory to the Father and to the  
 Son and to the holy Spirit ... — Lord, in your  
 steadfast love, give them eternal rest . . .

INTERCESSIONS We acknowledge Christ the Lord  
 through whom we hope that our lowly bodies will be  
 made like his in glory, and we say: Lord, you are our  
 life and resurrection. Christ, Son of the living God,  
 who raised up Lazarus, your friend, from the dead —  
 raise up to life and glory the dead whom you have  
 redeemed by your precious blood. Christ, consoler of  
 those who mourn, you dried the tears of  
 of the family of Lazarus, of the widow's son, an the  
 daughter of Jarius, — comfort those who mourn for  
 the dead. Christ, Savior, destroy the reign of sin in  
 our earthly bodies, so that just as through sin we  
 deserved punishment, — so through you we may  
 gain eternal life. Christ, Redeemer, look on those who  
 have no hope because they do not know you, — may  
 they receive faith in the resurrection and in the life of  
 the world to come. You revealed yourself to the blind  
 man who begged for the light of his eyes, — show  
 your face to the dead who are still deprived of your  
 light. When at last our earthly home is dissolved, —  
 give us a home, not of earthly making, but built of  
 eternity in heaven.

Our Father, who art in Heaven  
 Hallowed be Thy Name  
 Thy Kingdom Come  
 Thy Will be Done  
 On Earth as it is in Heaven

Give us this day our daily bread  
 And forgive us our trespasses  
 As we forgive those who have trespassed against us  
 And lead us not into temptation  
 But deliver us from evil  
 For thine is the Kingdom and the Power and the  
 Glory  
 Forever and ever, Amen . . .

PSALMODY Ant. Night holds no terrors for me sleeping under God's wings. PSALM 91 Safe in God's sheltering care I have given you the power to tread upon serpents and scorpions (Luke 10:10) He who dwell in the shelter of the Most High and abides in the shade of the Almighty say to the Lord, "My refuge, and stronghold, my God in whom I trust!" It is he who will free you from the snare, of the fowler who seeks to destroy you; he will conceal you with his pinions, and under his wings you will find refuge. You will not fear the terror of the night nor the arrow that flies by day, Nor the plague that prowls in darkness, nor the scourge that lays waste at noon. A thousand fall at your side; ten thousand fall at your right, you, it will never approach; his faithfulness is buckler and shield. Your eyes have only to look to see how the wicked are repaid, you who have said: "Lord, my refuge!" and have made the Most High your dwelling. Upon you no evil shall fall, no plague approach where you dwell For you has he commanded his angels, to keep you in all your ways. They shall bear you upon their hands lest you strike your foot against a stone. On the lion and the viper you will tread and trample the young lion and the

dragon. Since he clings to me in love, I will free him; protect him for he knows my name. When he calls I shall answer: "I am with you." I will save him in distress and give him glory. With length of life I will content him; I shall let him see my saving power.

Ant. Night holds no terrors for me sleeping under God's wings

READING Revelation 22:4-5 They shall see the Lord face to face and bear his name on their foreheads. The night shall be no more. They will need no light from lamp or sun, for the Lord God shall give them light, and they shall reign forever.

RESPONSORY Into your hands, Lord, I commend my spirit. — Into your hands, Lord, I commend my spirit. You have redeemed us, Lord God of truth. — I commend my spirit. Glory to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Spirit— Into your hands, I commend my spirit...

Lord, now you let your servant go in peace, your word has been fulfilled: my own eyes have seen the salvation, which you have prepared in sight of every people: a light to reveal you to the nations and the glory of your people Israel.

Ant. Protect us, Lord, as we stay awake; watch over us as we sleep, that awake, we may keep watch with Christ, and asleep, rest in his peace . . .

Lord, we beg you to visit this house and banish from

it all the deadly power of the enemy. May your holy angels dwell here to keep us in peace, and may your blessing be upon us always. We ask this through Christ our Lord . . .

May the all-powerful Lord grant us a restful night and a peaceful death. — Amen.

*Roman Ritual, Office of the Dead, Volume I,  
Christian Burial, Preserving Christian Publication,  
NY, 1952, Bruce Publishing Co.*

**CHAPTER EIGHT**  
**'We Must Protect Your Dwelling Place in Us Till the**  
**Last'**  
**Etty Hillessum**



"The carnal spectacle of a life barely resurrected  
 Has no appeal to the Potentate  
 For to All must become all  
 To God must be His due  
 Therefore, capture your strength, weak soul  
 Fight the good fight  
 Give up to the treacheries of sin to be no more  
 Engage your soul in a battle for itself  
 Choose life and stand  
 Let death stand alone

Its misery and lowliness carry no weight here  
 The resurrection is not but a heavenly thing  
 Not yet but a thing to be had in the end of days  
 But something to be sought in the here and now  
     In the earthly, physical body  
 To rise above that which holds us to earth  
 To stand before God and fall to no fright  
 To garner the strength and hold tight to the one thing  
     No one or no thing can take from us  
 The dwelling place of God within our soul  
 Protect it, even if everything around you fall to dust”  
 - Marilyn Hughes (Inspired by the words of Etty  
     Hillessum)

*Mary's Vision* - “Amidst the dream, I fell into yet another mystical space; perhaps a dream within a dream, so to speak.

All of mankind was on a journey, but so much of humanity had already been taken hostage by the dark one that only a remnant remained of those who still fought against the repression and tyranny of evil and its consequences.

So many had just given up and given in . . .

A young priest guided the remnant with a calm and steady focus. Many converts to God and longtime friends joined one another on this difficult and treacherous path.



Traveling through some of the countries that had appeared to remain at least in part untouched, we found quickly that this was not so at all.

Evil had taken over almost every living soul and was massacring the remnants of their spirits and souls. Worse even still, they were reanimating their torn flesh. These demons were very different than the ones I'd seen before, as their appearance was entirely that of the flesh and bones of souls they had murdered and dismembered.

A ghastly site, there was a mass grave off of a cliff where the bodies of the dead were thrown.

Some people had given up to the point that they stepped forward and volunteered themselves in sacrifice to these demons and the evil they embodied. By so doing, they thought their fate might not be as heinous. But rather, they were slaughtered in even more hideous fashion than the others almost as a way to slight their cowardice. Demons don't respect those who serve them, either by choice *or* ignorance. But at least the ignorant make it entertaining for the beasts.

Trying to get away, we realized that this journey was symbolic and not a physical one, and thus, leaving the area would actually be more dangerous than maneuvering around and through it.

Years passed as I was shown the battle as it would be presented throughout all of our lives.

Obstacles of many kinds came and went throughout the years, some more challenging than others. Some people gave up and turned back on the Way. Others . . . whom we had thought to be our friends, betrayed us and joined those on the dark side in their persecutions.

Many times we faced crowds of the lost of which we had to walk through. Yelling in our faces, they spoke of us with ardent hatred. Sometimes, they reached out with blows of weapons and knives. They attempted to lure us into sins, and remind us of our weakness and vice while they took remnants of flesh from our bodies.

But it was necessary that we walk through them undisturbed, otherwise, we were easily lost.

For many of us, it was a deeply internal battle, one of pride. For others, it was the simple distraction of the attention of others that led them astray; whether it be sexual, fame or otherwise . . . Some were more focused than others, and had to be dragged back by those who tried very hard to have their back along the Way.

In the end, we were led into a space wherein pots of poisonous, boiling, dark green fluid were splashing all around us. Just to touch it or be touched by it, could darken your mind or distract your thoughts. It was a final thrust of temptation to test our resilience and desire to continue to walk forward in the light of God.

The demons joyfully shoved the pots towards us, hoping to get even a drop of the insidious fluid into our spiritual resolve.

Those who had struggled during the journey had a difficult time with this last thrust of temptation. Their weaknesses had made them childlike and easy to lure.

At that moment, however, my mother (Marilynn) and I, somehow became one person. Crying out several times together in one unified voice, we reached towards several of those who were on the verge of being lost. "I will NOT give up! I AM NOT letting go!" And we pulled a few out safely.

If for a moment we had thought the terror was finite, we would have been mistaken as suddenly our souls were then thrust into yet another trial.

We had to walk through a group of demons lined up on each side who threw balls at us which represented and were symbolic of those sins and vices which we had allowed to let us fall in the past.

Most of them were quite frivolous; for instance, vanity, lust, greed, intemperance, avarice, etc. . . .

Sadly, we lost a few of our own in this last and final walk towards salvation. They turned on us, betrayed us and began throwing things at us alongside the demons.

Although it was hard to accept the loss of friends and

trusted confidantes, there was no time to concern ourselves with their choice. You had to keep walking forward.

Ahead of us stood the happy face of one who had made the journey and triumphed, who welcomed us in our arrival with open arms and in a hailstorm of light.

But suddenly, I woke up from the dream within the dream and was no longer there . . .

On a small rocking chair lay a stack of ancient sacred texts from my mother's library. Inherently, I knew how important these books were for the salvation of humankind. The book on the top was of especial importance to the souls who had suffered from distraction during the long and winding journey.

It was 'A Treatise on the Love of God' by St. Francis de Sales. I picked it up gently, as my soul quietly awoke." – *Mary's Vision*

*From Etty Hillesum, Jewish Mystic Praying at the  
time of the Holocaust*

"Dear God, these are anxious times. Tonight for the first time I lay in the dark with burning eyes, as scene after scene of human suffering passed before me. I shall try to help you, God, to stop my strength from ebbing away; though I cannot vouch for it ahead of

time. But one thing is becoming increasingly clear to me . . . that You cannot help us. That we must help You to help ourselves; and that's all we can manage these days and also all that really matters. That we safeguard that little piece of you, God, in ourselves and perhaps in others, as well. Alas, there doesn't seem much to be that You, Yourself, can do about our circumstances, about our lives. Neither do I hold you responsible. You cannot help us, but we must help you and defend Your dwelling place inside us to the last."

*An Interrupted Life: The Diaries of Etty Hillesum,  
1941-1943, Pantheon Books, 1983*

*From St. Francis de Sales*

**"CHAPTER XII. HOW HOLY LOVE RETURNING INTO THE SOUL, BRINGS BACK TO LIFE ALL THE WORKS WHICH SIN HAD DESTROYED.**

THE works then of a sinner, while he is deprived of holy love, are not profitable to eternal life, and therefore they are called dead works: on the contrary the good works of the just man are said to be living, inasmuch as divine love animates and quickens them with its life. But if afterwards they lose their life and worth by sin, they are said to be works in death (*amorties*), extinguished, or killed, but not dead works, especially with regard to the elect. For as our Saviour speaking of the little Talitha, the daughter of Jairus,

said *she was not dead, but slept only*, because, being about to be raised to life, her death would be of such short duration that it would resemble sleep rather than a true death; so the works of the just man (and especially of the elect) which the commission of sin makes to die, are not called dead works but only deadlike, killed, stupefied or put into a trance, because upon the approaching return of holy love, they will, or at least can, soon revive and return to life again. The return of sin deprives the heart and all its works of life: the return of grace restores life to the heart and all its works. A sharp winter makes all the plants of the earth die down, so that if it always lasted, they also would always continue in this state of death: sin, that most sad and dreadful winter of the soul, kills all the holy works which it finds therein, and if it always continued, never would anything recover either life or vigour. But as at the return of the fair spring, not only do the new seeds which are sown under the favour of this beautiful and fertile season germinate and agreeably bring forth their plants, each one in its kind, but also the old plants, which the rigour of the past winter had bitten, withered, and made die down, grow green and vigorous, and take up again their strength and their life:—so sin being blotted out, and the grace of divine love returning into the soul,—not only do the new affections which the return of this sacred spring brings into the soul blossom and bring forth ample merits and blessings; but the works also that were dried up and withered by the rigour of the winter of past sins, delivered from their mortal enemy, resume their strength, grow vigorous, and, as if risen from the dead, flourish

anew, and bring forth fruit of merits for eternal life. Such is the omnipotence of heavenly love, or the love of heavenly omnipotence. *When the wicked turneth himself away from his wickedness, which he hath wrought, and doth judgment and justice, he shall save his soul alive. Be converted and do penance for all your iniquities; and iniquity shall not be your ruin,* says the Lord Almighty. And what means—*iniquity shall not be your ruin*, but that the ruin which it made shall be repaired? So, besides a thousand endearments which the prodigal son received from his father, he was re-established, even with advantage, in all his privileges, and in all the graces, favours and dignities which he had lost. And Job, that innocent image of a penitent sinner, in the end received *twice as much as he had before*. In truth the most holy Council of Trent desires that we should encourage penitents who have returned to the sacred love of the eternal God, in these words of the Apostle: *Abound in every good work, knowing that your labour is not in vain in the Lord. For God is not unjust, that he should forget your work and the love which you have shewn in his name.* God then does not forget the works of those who having lost love by sin recover it by penance. Now God forgets works when they lose their merit and sanctity by sin committed, and he remembers them when they return to life and vigour by the presence of holy love. So much so, that for the faithful to be rewarded for their good works, as well by the increase of grace and future glory, as by the actual enjoyment of eternal life, it is not necessary that they should never relapse into sin, but it is enough, according to the Sacred Council, that they depart this life in the grace of God and charity.

God has promised an eternal reward to the works of a just man. *But if the just man turn himself away from his justice by sin, God will no more remember his justices and good works which he hath done.* But yet if this poor fallen man afterwards rises and returns into God's grace by penance, God will no longer remember his sin: and if he do not remember his sin, he will then remember the former good works, and the reward which he had promised them; because sin, which alone had blotted them out of the divine memory, is totally effaced, destroyed and annihilated. So that then the justice of God obliges his mercy, or rather the mercy of God obliges his justice, to regard anew the former good works, even as though he had never forgotten them; otherwise the holy penitent would never have dared to say to his master: *Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation, and strengthen me with a perfect spirit.* For, as you see, he not only demands a newness of *heart and spirit*, but he expects to have the *joy* given back to him which sin had bereft him of. Now this joy is nothing but the *wine* of heavenly love, which *cheers the heart of man.*

It is not with sin in this matter as with the works of charity. For the works of the just man are not effaced, destroyed or annihilated by the commission of sin, they are only forgotten; but the sin of the wicked is not only forgotten, but also blotted out, cleansed away, abolished and annihilated by holy penance. Wherefore the sin that is committed by the just man, does not cause the sin that was once pardoned to live again, because it was entirely annihilated: but when love returns into the penitent soul, it makes her



former good works return to life again, because they were not abolished but only forgotten. And this oblivion of the good works of the just who have forsaken their justice and charity consists in this, that they are made unprofitable to us so long as sin makes us incapable of eternal life, which is their fruit; and therefore as soon as by the return of charity we are put back in the ranks of God's children, and consequently made capable of immortal glory, God recalls to mind our good works of old, and they again become fruitful. It were not reasonable that sin should have as much power against charity as charity has against sin; for sin proceeds from our infirmity, charity proceeds from God's power. If *sin abound* in malice to ruin us, *grace superabounds* to restore us; and God's *mercy*, by which he blots out sin, *is* continually *exalted* and becomes gloriously triumphant *over* the rigour of the *judgment*, by which God had forgotten the good works which went before sin. So in the corporal cures which our Saviour wrought by miracles he not only restored health, but moreover added new blessings, making the cure far excel the disease, so bountiful is he to man.

I never saw, read, or heard, that wasps, gadflies, flies, and such little noxious insects when once dead could come to life and rise again, but that the dear bees, those virtuous insects, can live again, every one says, and I have often read it. It is said (these are Pliny's words) that if one keep the dead bodies of drowned honey-bees all winter indoors, and expose them to the sunbeams the following spring, covered over with ashes of the fig tree, they will live again and be as

good as ever. That iniquities and sinful works can return to life, after they have once been drowned and abolished by penance, truly, my Theotimus, never did the Scripture, nor, as far as I know, any theologian, aver it: yea the contrary is authorized by holy Writ, and by the common consent of all Doctors. But that good works, which, like sweet bees, compound the honey of merit, being drowned in sin, can afterwards regain life, when, covered with the ashes of penance, they are exposed to the sun of grace and charity, is held and clearly taught by all theologians: nor are we to doubt but that they become profitable and fruitful as before. When Nabuzardan destroyed Jerusalem, and Israel was led into captivity, the holy fire of the altar was hidden in a well, where it was turned into mud, but this mud being drawn out of the well and exposed to the sun after the return from captivity,— the dead fire kindled again, and the mud was turned into flames. When the just man becomes a slave to sin, all the good works which he had done are miserably forgotten and turned into mud, but being delivered out of captivity, when by penance he returns into the grace of heavenly charity, his former good works are drawn out of the well of oblivion, and touched with the rays of heavenly mercy they return to life, and are converted into as clear flames as ever, to be replaced on the sacred altar of the divine approbation, and to have their original dignity, their first price, and their first value.”

*A Treatise on the Love of God, St. Francis de Sales,  
Book XII, Chapter XII, Christian Classics Ethereal  
Library*

*Marilynn's Vision* - "Hurriedly, I rushed to the hospital, as I thought I was going into labor and about to have a baby. But when I arrived, I realized that what was to be birthed was still four to five months away and I was trying to make it come to fruition much too quickly.

A couple of months later, I found myself in the mystical experience throwing up just gallons of vomit. Trash can after trash can had to be gathered just to hold the putrid liquidation of the sins and vices of my past which were being pushed upward and outward.

My body continued to purge until from the very nether region of my bowels, a tiny little premature baby was born. Although small, he was in perfect health and he was fine.

Someone in the background said, "We didn't know she was such a slut." And they were trying to give the baby to someone else, but I protested. "This child has been born of much suffering and effort, and you will not take him away from me. My sins have been forgiven by a great and almighty God."

The person who had spoken and had tried to give away that which had been borne unto me turned into a small and puny demon and scurried away.

Suddenly, my spirit was swept up into a ghostly wilderness. Inside these woods were the phantoms of days past, incarnations filled with episodes and lives

of adventure, boredom, grandeur and lowliness.

Watching from a clearing in the woods, I observed as cowboys, Indians, knights, ladies in waiting, counts, gentlemen at court, shepherds, fools, martyrs, workers; the poor and the rich alike, leapt through the forest like jaguars passing through time and eternity in a rich display of the path of purification.

And as it all passed before my eyes, many of those I'd known and loved also appeared as the same type of journey was also displayed for them in a rich and lustrous journey through the mysteries of existence and time.

As it all came across our eye's view, we felt very detached and peaceful. Nothing seemed to hold our attention for very long, and our emotions were not deeply affected.

Until . . . the caskets began to be paraded in masse. Suddenly, there were tears. Instantly, we all fell to the ground bearing the load of the grief of so much loss.

I walked over to a particular casket of a baby who had died in infancy. The casket was huge as if it had borne the body of a large adult, but the tiny little inscription bore the tidings of that which could have been but had never come to pass because of choices and decisions which were faulty, sinful, wretched and unwise.

In my hands, I held the body of this child who

appeared as fresh as the moment he must've died.  
And I wailed and wailed and wailed for what seemed  
like hours.

For that period of time, I felt all the sorrow and loss  
that had occurred throughout eternity because of my  
sins, because of my choices, because of my misdeeds .  
. . . and their full weight travelled through me like a  
wretching demon who dragged an axe, a saw and  
sandpaper through my entrails.

And in a way I could never explain, I understood all  
that I had lost because of myself. I mourned not only  
for events, spiritual achievements which were wasted  
away on sin and vice; but for people and children  
who had not lived in lifetimes past and present  
because of things I had done.

In that moment, I knew them. And the loss of them in  
my lives was felt to my deepest core. They stood  
before me in spirit, and I recoiled at who they  
would've been had I not made the choices I'd made,  
done the things I'd done, acted against God in the  
way that I had . . . and the permanence of those  
decisions was like a searing hot iron piercing my  
heart against eternity.

But it was done . . . it could not be changed.

And for many lifetimes, I had not arrived . . . in part  
because of so many moments, loves, people that I had  
forestalled for something of little worth; a vice here, a

sin there. After all, I'd thought in days past, what's the harm in a little fun?

In this moment, I knew all the harm.

And God allowed me to weep and rock this little, tiny, beautiful, perfect child who had died before his time. And I rocked and I rocked; I cried and I cried.

Whence my tears were gone, and my spirit had been swept away from the swarm of coffins; the Lord lifted me up.

Taking me to a woman who was struggling to bring to fruition a birth within her own life, the Lord bid me to assist her.

She came to me very upset, crying and angry. Handing to me a tiny six celled fetus, she shouted, "This child is only six cells! How am I to nurture such a small thing?! How can I possibly ever bring this child even to birth?! It has been born early by many, many months. Although not yet dead, for God's sakes, it has only multiplied to six cells. Anything I do with this child will bring about its ultimate death. Of what can I do?!?!?!?"

Holding the tiny life in my hands, I began to see and look upon her in a unique and certain way. "It is time that you learn to travel this road, then." I said to her.

She looked at me like I was an idiot, but I held the tiny fetus with such love and care that the love and

care became an energy like water and sun to a plant and it began to multiply. The cells doubled, then tripled, then quadrupled, and so on and so on.

In my eyes, I held a vision for this young life and as my eyes held that vision we began to see the energy of that life unfolding in the ethers around us.

Nourishing the tiny life with the waters of my own spirit, it began to build, grow and develop into a body which was discernible and recognizable as such.

As it grew and continued to build momentum from the life I fed into it from my own, its own separate and distinct life began to separate and fulfill, to garner and to digest, to build and gravitate, to live ever slightly from its own energy source and yet to die I had been giving it.

As its size became more and more that of an unborn child, I placed it within the womb of the woman who had first come to me, and within her womb the images of the future life of this unborn child began to grow and breathe. And around us the images of all the potential that had just been born began to flow around us in circles.

“Accept, my daughter, the gift of the Death and Resurrection given us by Our Lord and His Mother. In so doing, the Way for you to travel will be clearly opened for you and there will be no room for equivocation on your journey.”

When Jesus was told that His mother and brothers had come to see Him. He asked, "Who is my mother and my brothers?" After pausing, He answered. "Him who does the will of My Father; this is my mother, father, sister and brother."

According to St. Francis, His answer points right back to His mother, who did the will of the Father to the greatest perfection of any human soul. And thus, when we allow the will of the Father, the Word of Christ and the movement of the Holy Spirit to enter into our lifestream in opening and expounding the Way, we become mother . . . to Christ in ourselves and others.

We looked upon the holographic images still swirling around us with wonder and awe . . . and the woman smiled. "I can travel from here," she said. Smiling, I replied, "and I will be patient in your arrival."

*From the Buddha*

"It is better to travel well than to arrive."

*Pali Canon, the Buddha*

*From Fr. Dom Prosper Gueranger, O.S.B.*

"In the second of the celebrated conferences held with Manes in 277 by the holy bishop Archelus, the heresiarch having denied that Christ was born of



Mary, Archelaus replied: 'If such be the case, if He was not born, then obviously He did not suffer, for to suffer is impossible to one not born. If he did not suffer, no mention can be made of the cross; do away with the cross, and Jesus cannot have risen from the dead. But if Jesus be not risen, no one else can rise again; and if there is no resurrection, there can be no judgment. In that case there is no use in keeping the commandments of God: Let us eat and drink, for tomorrow we shall die. Such is the corollary to the argument. Confess, on the other hand, that our Lord was born of Mary, and thence will follow the passion, the resurrection, and the judgment; then the whole of Scripture is saved. No, this is no vain question; for, as the whole Law and the Prophets are contained in the two precepts of charity, so all our hope, depends on the motherhood of the blessed Virgin."

*The Liturgical Year, Dom Prosper Gueranger, O.S.B.,  
Volume XIV, September 13, Loreto Publications,  
Fitzwilliam, New Hampshire, 2013*

*From Atisha*

"The greatest achievement is selflessness.  
The greatest worth is self-mastery.  
The greatest quality is seeking to serve others.  
The greatest precept is continual awareness.  
The greatest medicine is the emptiness of everything.  
The greatest action is not conforming with the worlds  
ways.

The greatest magic is transmuting the passions.  
 The greatest generosity is non-attachment.  
 The greatest goodness is a peaceful mind.  
 The greatest patience is humility.  
 The greatest effort is not concerned with results.  
 The greatest meditation is a mind that lets go.  
 The greatest wisdom is seeing through appearances."

*Atisha, Tibetan Buddhist Teacher*

*From the Resurrection of the Body*

"Nevertheless a paradox remained. Body is flux and frustration, a locus of pain and process. If it becomes impassable and incorruptible, how is still body? If it remains body, how is its resurrection either possible or desirable? To put it very simply: if there is change, how can there be continuity and hence identity? If there is continuity, how will there be change and hence glory? Or to rephrase the issue in the images second-century apologists used more frequently than technical philosophical argument: if we rise a sheaf of wheat sprouts up from a seed buried in the earth, in what sense is the shea (new in its matter and in its structure) the same as and therefore a redemption of the seed? . . .

Using the seed metaphor from 1 Corinthians 15, the reference to our angelic life in heaven from Matthew 22:29-33, and the suggestion in 2 Corinthians 5:4 that we are tents or tabernacles that must take on a

covering of incorruption, Origen argued that we will have a body in heaven but a spiritual and luminous body. In his commentary on Psalm I (a passage that all his recent interpreters believe to our best indication of his ideas), Origen says:

‘Because each body is held together by [virtue of] a nature that assimilates into itself from without certain things for nourishment and, corresponding to the things added, excretes other things . . . , the material substratum is never the same. For this reason, river is not a bad name for the body since, strictly speaking, the initial substratum in our bodies is perhaps not the same for even two days.

Yet the real Paul or Peter, so to speak, is always the same – [and]not merely in [the] the soul, whose substance neither flows through us nor has anything ever added [to it] – even if the nature of the body is in a state of flux, because the form (eidos) characterizing the body is the same, just as the features constituting the corporeal quality of Peter and Paul remain the same.’ . . .

Origen here accepts the antique concept of the body as flux, expressed particularly in his day in the Galenic version of humoral theory. This fluctuating mass of matter cannot rise, he argues; it is not even the same from one day to the next. And even if the bits of flesh present at the moment of death could survive, why would God arbitrarily decide to reanimate those bits as opposed to all the others that have flowed through the body between childhood

and old age?

But, says Origen, there *is* a body; it survives from the moment of conception until death, taking on different qualities and adaptable to different circumstances yet recognizably itself. This body is not soul for soul – exactly because it is not material – never changes. Rather body, as Origen understands it, changes in life, therefore it certainly changes after death. He writes:

‘And just as we would . . . need to have gills and other endowment[s] of fish if it were necessary for us to live underwater in the sea,<sup>k</sup> so those who are going to inherit [ the] kingdom of heaven and be in superior places must have spiritual bodies. The previous form does not disappear, even if its transition to the more glorious [state] occurs, just as the form of Jesus, Moses and Elijah in the Transfiguration was not [a] different [one] than what it had been.

Moreover . . . ‘it is sown a psychic body, it is raised a spiritual body’ [1 Corinthians 15:44] . . . [Although the form is saved, we are going to put away nearly [every] earthly quality in the resurrection . . . [for] ‘flesh and blood cannot inherit [the] kingdom . . . ‘ [1 Corinthians 15: 50]. Similarly, for the saint there will indeed be [a body] preserved by him who once endued the flesh with form, but [there will] no longer [be] flesh, yet the very thing which was once being characterized in the flesh will be characterized in the spiritual body.’”

*The Resurrection of the Body in Western Christianity,*

*200-1336, Caroline Walker Bynum, Chapter Two,  
Colombia University Press, 1995*

*From St. Francis de Sales*

**“CHAPTER XII. OF THE OUTFLOWING  
(escoulement) OR LIQUEFACTION OF THE SOUL  
IN GOD.**

MOIST and liquid things easily receive the figures and limits which may be given them, because they have no firmness or solidity which stops or limits them in themselves. Put liquid into a vessel, and you will see it remain bounded within the limits of the vessel, and according as this is round or square the liquid will be the same, having no other limit or shape than that of the vessel which contains it.

The soul is not so by nature, for she has her proper shapes and limits: she takes her shape from her habits and inclinations, her limits from her will; and when she is fixed upon her own inclinations and wills, we say she is hard, that is, self-willed, obstinate. I will take away, says God, the stony heart out of your flesh, and will give you a heart of flesh. To change the form of stones, iron, or wood, the axe, hammer and fire are required. We call that a heart of iron, or wood, or stone, which does not easily receive the divine impressions, but lives in its own will, amidst the inclinations which accompany our depraved nature. On the contrary, a gentle, pliable and tractable heart, is termed a melting and liquefied heart. My heart,

said David, speaking in the person of our Saviour upon the cross, is become like wax melting in the midst of my bowels! Cleopatra, that infamous Queen of Egypt, striving to outvie Mark Antony in all the excesses and dissolutions of his banquets, at the end of a feast which she made in her turn, called for a vial of fine vinegar, and dropped into it one of the pearls which she wore in her ears, valued at two hundred and fifty thousand crowns, which being dissolved, melted and liquefied, she swallowed it, and would further have buried, in the sink of her vile stomach, the pearl which she wore in her other ear, if Lucius Plautus had not prevented her. Our Saviour's heart, the true oriental pearl, singularly unique and priceless, thrown into the midst of a sea of incomparable bitternesses in the day of his passion, melted in itself, dissolved, liquefied, gave way and flowed out in pain, under the press of so many mortal anguishes; but love, stronger than death, mollifies, softens and melts hearts far more quickly than all the other passions.

My heart, said the holy spouse, melted when he spoke. And what does melted mean save that it was no longer contained within itself, but had flowed out towards its divine lover? God ordered that Moses should speak to the rock, and that it should produce waters: no marvel then if he himself melted the heart of his spouse when he spoke to her in his sweetness. Balm is so thick by nature that it is not fluid or liquid, and the longer it is kept the thicker it grows, and in the end grows hard, becoming red and transparent: yet heat dissolves it and makes it fluid. Love had

made the beloved fluid and flowing, whence the spouse calls him oil poured out; and now she tells us that she herself is all melted with love. My soul, said she, melted when he spoke. The love of her spouse was in her heart and breast as a strong new wine which cannot be contained in the tun; for it overflowed on every side; and, because the soul follows its love, after the spouse had said: Thy breasts are better than wine, smelling sweet of the best ointments, she adds: Thy name is as oil poured out. And as the beloved had poured out his love and his soul into the heart of the spouse, so the spouse reciprocally pours her soul into the heart of her beloved; and as we see a honeycomb touched with the sun's ardent rays goes out of itself, and forsakes its form, to flow out towards that side where the rays touch it, so the soul of this lover flowed out towards where the voice of her beloved was heard, going out of herself and passing the limits of her natural being, to follow him that spoke unto her.

But how does this sacred outflowing of the soul into its well-beloved take place? An extreme complacency of the lover in the thing beloved begets a certain spiritual powerlessness, which makes the soul feel herself no longer able to remain in herself. Wherefore, as melted balm, that no longer has firmness or solidity, she lets herself pass and flow into what she loves: she does not spring out of herself as by a sudden leap, nor does she cling as by a joining and union, but gently glides as a fluid and liquid thing, into the divinity whom she loves. And as we see that the clouds, thickened by the south wind, melting and

turning to rain, cannot contain themselves, but fall and flow downwards, and mix themselves so entirely with the earth which they moisten that they become one thing with it, so the soul which, though loving, remained as yet in herself, goes out by this sacred outflowing and holy liquefaction, and quits herself, not only to be united to the well-beloved, but to be entirely mingled with and steeped in him.

You see then clearly, Theotimus, that the outflowing of a soul into her God is a true ecstasy, by which the soul quite transcends the limits of her natural form of existence (maintien) being wholly mingled with, absorbed and engulfed in, her God. Hence it happens that such as attain to these holy excesses of heavenly love, afterwards, being come to themselves, find nothing on the earth that can content them, and living in an extreme annihilation of themselves, remain much weakened in all that belongs to the senses, and have perpetually in their hearts the maxim of the Blessed Mother (S.) Teresa: "What is not God is to me nothing." And it seems that such was the loving passion of that great friend of the well-beloved, who said: I live, now not I; but Christ liveth in me, and: Our life is hid with Christ in God. For tell me, I pray you, Theotimus, if a drop of common water, thrown into an ocean of some priceless essence, were alive, and could speak and declare its condition, would it not cry out with great joy: O mortals! I live indeed, but I live not myself, but this ocean lives in me, and my life is hidden in this abyss?

The soul that has flowed out into God dies not, for



how can she die by being swallowed up in life? But she lives without living in herself, because, as the stars without losing their light still do not shine in the presence of the sun, but the sun shines in them and they are hidden in the light of the sun, so the soul, without losing her life, lives not herself when mingled with God, but God lives in her. Such, I think, were the feelings of the great Blessed (SS.) Philip Neri and Francis Xavier, when, overwhelmed with heavenly consolations, they petitioned God to withdraw himself for a space from them, since his will was that their life should a little longer appear unto the world; which could not be while it was wholly hidden and absorbed in God."

*A Treatise on the Love of God, St. Francis de Sales,  
Book VI, Chapter XII, Christian Classics Ethereal  
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*From Khalil Gibran*

"And a woman spoke, saying, 'Tell us of Pain."

And he said: Your pain is the breaking of the shell that encloses your understanding.

Even as the stone of the fruit must break, that its heart may stand in the sun, so must you know pain.

And could you keep your heart in wonder at the daily miracles of your life, your pain would not seem less wondrous than your joy; and you would accept the

seasons of your heart, even as you have always accepted the seasons that pass over your fields.

And you would watch with serenity through the winters of your grief.

Much of your pain is self-chosen.

It is the bitter potion by which the physician within you heals your sick self.

Therefore trust the physician, and drink his remedy in silence and tranquillity: for his hand, though heavy and hard, is guided by the tender hand of the Unseen,

And the cup he brings, though it burn your lips, has been fashioned of the clay which the Potter has moistened with His own sacred tears."

*The Prophet, 1923, Khalil Gibran, On Pain, Alfred A. Knopff, New York, 1996*

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# THE POTENTATE

*Crown Him with Many Crowns*

By Marilyn Hughes

An Out-of-Body Travel Book

*The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation!*

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THE POTENTATE (An Out-of-Body Travel Book):

“Crown him with many crowns,  
the Lamb upon his throne,  
Hark! how the heavenly anthem drowns  
all music but its own.  
Awake, my soul, and sing  
of him who died for thee,  
and hail him as thy matchless King  
through all eternity.

Crown him the Lord of life,  
who triumphed o'er the grave,  
and rose victorious in the strife  
for those he came to save.  
His glories now we sing,  
who died, and rose on high,  
who died, eternal life to bring,  
and lives that death may die.

Crown him the Lord of peace,

whose power a scepter sways  
from pole to pole, that wars may cease,  
and all be prayer and praise.  
His reign shall know no end,  
and round his pierced feet  
fair flowers of paradise extend  
their fragrance ever sweet.

Crown him the Lord of love;  
behold his hands and side,  
those wounds, yet visible above,  
in beauty glorified.  
All hail, Redeemer, hail!  
For thou hast died for me;  
thy praise and glory shall not fail  
throughout eternity."

*Matthew Bridges, 1852, and Godfrey Thring, 1874.  
Music: George Elvey, 1868*

(For more info - <http://outofbodytravel.org>)



