

# EVERGREEN

The Autobiography of a Mystic

By Marilyn Hughes

*The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation!*

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# Part I

**A Narrative  
Overview of  
my Life**



# Introduction

In botany, an evergreen is a plant that has its leaves in every season – spring, summer, fall and winter. Most deciduous trees shed their leaves to compensate for harsh conditions in the fall and winter, but an evergreen is ever living, ever blooming, no matter the circumstance.

Evergreen – that's what the mystic is called to be. Through trouble, suffering, pain and all manner of evil, we must produce fruit for the Lord. Every moment, everything grievous or joyous, every manner of living is to be fruitful in the life of a mystic. Our lives are meant to be evergreen.



# Chapter One

As I wade through the froth of existence and time, I cannot help but ponder the meaninglessness of our individual life events in the greater scheme of eternity. And yet, what is it that we as individual points of light focus on in each and every day?

Spiritual interweavings flowed throughout my entire life . . . even though the events of my life may not appear to be so interwoven. But regardless of whether there was joy or hardship in my days, every single one of those days was intricately filled with meaning.

Because I was yet to be formed by the hand of God, every moment became tangibly alive with the underlying mission of God.

Oftentimes, we don't see this in our lives. We think that events are merely events. But these events, whether they be good or evil, positive or negative . . . are shadowed in mysteries that lie beneath the froth of our existence. God knows whether we need good or ill to form and shape us.

And it is this singular awareness that forms a simple human being into a mystic. They see with more than one eye, through more than one view . . . and all of it only excites that desire to understand the knowledge which lies beneath every human interaction.

What changes a simple human being into a mystic is the deep, indwelling need to understand

God's mysteries within each and every human being they meet, within each and every circumstance of life, and beyond all these, as well.

Circumstances don't define us, but they do shape us. But the circumstances themselves can disappear into an intricate design of formation in each and every human being's life.

Mystics are not initially formed by the supernatural . . . they begin to come into being by the nature of their seeking. And as that nature becomes more focused and intent on the truth in whatever form it may come, the supernatural comes closer and begins to touch that life.

And the life of the mystic begins . . .

But as you see in this understanding, every human being is to some extent a mystic. The word 'mystic' comes from a Greek word, 'myein,' meaning to close one's eyes and mouth.

What does that mean? Well, the life of a mystic is really not as complex as many may think. They close their mouths and observe . . . they close their eyes and allow understanding to be given them from the higher vibrational spheres of knowledge. In essence, they become quiet. They have no opinions, only energetic understanding. But it all begins when that normal human being becomes quiet and asks to know from the only Source that can explain it. Knowledge begins to descend in a vibrational sequence, and the mystic has been born.

Mystic knowledge is considered secret knowledge not because those who know it are unwilling to share it, but because it comes from a



place that can only be understood by one who has gone there and partaken of the vibrational knowledge.

Some things can be explained to a certain degree, but the secret knowledge of mystics is vibrational. Vibrational understanding can only be transmitted from the higher spheres, from God . . . to those who have opened and been patient to receive it.

So it is a secret understanding . . . but only because the mystic world can only be known by those who travel it. Oh, yes, others can absolutely benefit from the mystical travels recorded by others. But in order to understand fully, energetically . . . one must become silent and allow themselves to be taken there, as well.

So there is only a misperceived mystery about the mystic path because it is a legitimate road that can be traveled. Few choose it, and few are chosen to travel it. But there are many who seek it, and many who would choose it if chosen.

What does it take to be chosen? I don't know. God seems to have a sense of humor about such things, choosing many like myself who are ill-equipped for the responsibility. And others of such lofty ideals, that they seem beyond this world.

God chooses whom He chooses, for reasons of which we cannot understand. But we can know this, everybody has a little bit of the mystic within them if they are a seeker after the knowledge of God.

Whether it is to be manifested in a profound mystical life is irrelevant. God chooses each of us for certain tasks. He knows who among us will benefit or

seek to benefit others with the experience of mystical knowledge. He also knows that there are many who must be fully grounded in this world to fulfill their function.

Whether the supernatural manifests in the life of the seeker means nothing; because the mystical events themselves are only forms that the Lord uses to teach. For those who may not experience that portion of the mystical life, God uses other forms to teach, including the writings of the many prophets, saints, mystics and sages which have chronicled many revelations already given to us as a civilization. We must not neglect them, for they are keys . . . each one containing within it priceless knowledge which is shared with us through those words left behind. Keys . . .

Whatever kind of a mystic you are . . . worry not. God knows what you need for your education, and He will not refuse you. He will give you what you need, whatever that may be.

So in the random telling of life events to follow, seek to glean the ordinariness. Look for the meaning behind the events, the purpose, the education that is being offered to this one particular seeker who sought long and hard until the mystic way was revealed to her.

Don't be surprised if you find yourself saying something like, "She's just like the rest of us." And when you do, realize that you're onto something very important. Because she is . . . that's the secret of the mystics, they were all just like the rest of us . . . what separated them from others was their fervor to know

the deeper meaning underlying the same mundane human existence experienced by all.

That's the science of the mystic . . .



## Chapter Two

In my own life, simple joy and troubles followed me from the days of my youth, but yet, so did the Lord . . . what is it in that realization that has something to tell us?

As a child, although my father was a Mormon, my siblings and my mother were atheists. My father had a legitimate and real faith, it was sincere in every way . . . but he really struggled with anger and rage.

When he was a young man, he had been in a car accident, a war, a coma and an explosion. And likely in part because of one or all of these events, he had very little impulse control and could lose his temper at any moment for even the slightest thing. But this violence went to a profound level. Many times, he gathered his rifle and threatened and attempted to kill all of us and himself. The police had to intervene many times. But every time, he was taken to a hotel and allowed to return home the very next day.

I remember one year on Christmas Eve when such an event happened and he returned Christmas Day. As I stood before the amply decorated Christmas Tree, I heard the familiar sound of my father returning home after a similar event and I froze in terror.

And there was always the unique irony with my father that he was a brilliant mathematician, a scientist. He had played a role in the development of rocket science, radar and artificial intelligence. What a

contrast to his inability to handle daily life at home. But we also lived in times where this type of behavior was more accepted from men than it is now.

Going back to the beginning when my memories begin to surface, I remember a playful childhood with my brother and sister. I remember my mother being almost the perfection of domesticity, growing gardens, canning vegetables, cooking, cleaning and mothering us in every way.

But the dark element of my father was always present. Unfortunately, for my mother, his rages were so spectacular that there was little that she could do. She was an immigrant to America from East Germany and learned English when she arrived. And although my mother would find a way to overcome this many years later, her destiny was sealed at that time. We could only endure.

It's so interesting how our memories of our childhood waver from the good to the bad. In my mind's eye, I remember the moment as if it were yesterday when my father took me to a public library across town. In the bin of used books for sale was a huge hardcover 'Bible in Pictures.' My dad was so gleeful and happy to buy it for me, and I was so excited to have it. It had that old, ornate engraved cover and it seemed so regal to me.

Ironically, that bible became the basis of my continuing love affair with Jesus Christ. If I wanted to do something special, my Dad would make a deal with me that I could do it if I would read at least fifty pages of the book. And that was easy because my love for Christ just continued to grow and grow, and I

was fascinated by Him. He became more real to me although I cannot even remember a time when He was not real to me.

Ironically, it was only after my father passed away that I realized that the greatest gift he had given me was my faith. And he had done so in part through that bible.

It was such a small and short moment, and the moments are very few and far between. But those moments stuck to me like a bee to honey. I was drawn to the Lord with these pictures and stories.

Despite the unpredictable world I lived in, I could see the world that Jesus Christ had overcome. In it I saw possibilities and hope.

Although this moment is what I choose to remember the most about my father, the majority of our lives with him were very, very different.

Drinking without restraint, my father was a mean drunk. But he didn't have to be drunk to be given to violent rages. Anything could set him off and you never knew what would do it. Another factor about my father was that he had almost a sinister mean streak to him, which allowed him to do things like play Russian Roulette to my head with a rifle when I was no more than five or six years old. He would laugh and get this look on his face which was pretty scary. At the time, I fully believed there were bullets in the gun, but on hindsight, I believe it's possible there never were . . . but as a child, I fully believed that rifle was loaded every time.

As an ironical contrast, I remember when my father was trying to teach me to ride my bike. And I

rode it for the first time down the road and then crashed. He was there in seconds to tend to my bleeding head. It was hard to understand what drove him.

My mother tried for many years to reason with him, but no one could. And after that, she got very tired. Sometimes, she would sit and read a magazine while he was actively losing it.

At the time, this made me so angry, but as I got older, I knew that she was now working out her master plan because my mother, despite being an immigrant and having all those barriers before her, would get us out eventually. But it would take years for everything to be in place.

I remember my father dangling me out of my second story bedroom window. A station wagon had driven by and stopped. The driver was a woman who was carrying a load of children, and she put her hand to her mouth in horror and shrieked in shock. But this happened at a time when it was normal for no one to intervene in such situations.

Another great example of the way people used to handle such family violence occurred much later when my mother was actively trying to seek a divorce.

My father was angry for months at a time. To relate how many times he held us at gunpoint planning to kill us and then himself would be very difficult and certainly not pleasant.

One time in particular, he met my mother and me at the front door of the home with rifle in hand. I was standing in front of my mother and he had the



rifle aimed at us. This memory holds so much power for me because I'll never forget that this was the moment when I felt I lost my brother. For decades after this moment, he was so traumatized by what happened, our relationship changed forever. The brother I used to play football with, hide and seek, train our puppies together, I raised mice and he raised snakes. All sorts of funny and oddball things . . . would be gone.

In a courageous and bold move, my brother came after my father from behind. A fight ensued and my brother had to punch him in the face, giving my father a black eye. We had called the police so many times in the past, but they usually brought him to a hotel and allowed him to return the next day.

Since I was usually the one who would call law enforcement, his wrath towards me was more pronounced. Ironically, however, my siblings and my mother also were very angry at me for years because I had called the cops. Because in families like this, you just don't do that.

So at that moment, I again called the police. This time they sent four officers whom my father fought with great fury. They subdued him, but not without bodily injury. It was in the basement that the fight had gone on and I'll never forget the image of my father in the arms of the four officers who were totally pissed off and carrying him off to jail for the first time after years of violence and treachery.

It would be only a few moments, though, before I would learn from the rest of my family that if I did not deny what had happened in court, things

would not go well for me. So we went to court the next day, I lied and said nothing happened. They didn't even hold him on the 'Resisting Arrest' charges, and he came home.

Life became pretty bad after that.

But what was equally interesting was that despite it being so, there was never a moment that I can remember now wherein the presence of God was not palpably present to me. He was there in a way which was so real and profound to me, it was as if I knew Him. He was my true father. And somehow, I always had a sense that there was purpose in it all, despite the fact that it was so difficult to live through.

I remember one particular time when my father had lost his temper badly. After coming after us in the house, my mother and I had gotten away in her car. We were driving away, and my father had literally left the house carrying his rifle, his colorful striped shirt untucked - looking pretty crazy, obsessed, demonically violent. My mother drove past him several times; she didn't know where to go. We'd called the cops many times, and nothing ever helped. So she began driving towards my father and amidst my pleas of "No, mom, don't pick him up!" she slowed down the car and let him back in. My heart was racing so fast, but she did.

Driving back to the house, my father slurred epithets and curse words from the back seat and as soon as we got back home, he again held my mother and me at gunpoint in a demoniacal rage.

I don't even remember how this one ended, my memory is so blurred . . . I have a memory of hiding

under a piece of furniture and feeling so helpless as he beat up my sister and was actually intentionally punching her in the breasts just to be unusually cruel. I remember it because I chose to stay hidden not protecting her and never forgave myself for it.

Most of the time, I incurred a great deal of wrath from my father because I would try to stand up to him. And I would do that even though I knew it meant I would suffer. Often times, we would all flee to one room in the house while he desperately worked to break the door down.

One day, I remember him being in the basement destroying everything that was down there while we all waited upstairs trying to figure out what to do. Destroying property was common, I remember one time where he took most of our dishes out of the kitchen and threw them all over the dining room. Many of them were directly aimed at my mother, but she dodged them.

Despite the fact that these are such hard memories, I look back and feel a great deal of sorrow for my father. There was something very wrong with him, whether it was physical, mental or spiritual – or a bit of all three. I always loved him, I never stopped. Something in me, despite my rage at his behavior, always felt sorry for him even though I was very afraid of him.

And because of the way things were at home, I spent a great deal of time alone in the woods. It was there that I had my special places where I would talk to God, watch the tadpole's grow into frogs and played with the creek life. I absolutely adored frogs.

God used my father to teach me not only great endurance, determination and courage, but compassion for those who suffer. And even compassion for those who are truly completely lost in their own darkness. It was a powerful lesson the Lord taught me at that time of my life.

And then came the happy memories which surface randomly of the parts of my childhood which truly were idyllic.

We had a cat named 'Spooky.' I remember the night that we stayed up a good part of to watch her give birth to her litter of kittens. That moment was so special; I can see those kittens being born as if it were yesterday.

The beauty of God's creation and the mystery of birth were revealed to me a great deal through this moment and many others with the pets I had as a child. I raised mice, and I loved frogs. I would spend a great deal of my summertime watching the tadpoles become frogs at the nearby creek.

For Christmas one year, my mom and dad got me this huge stuffed frog. I called him 'Flippy' the frog, and he was my childhood companion. I kept him forever, until he wore out sometime in my twenties.

When Spooky's kittens were a few weeks old, I remember running around the house with the kittens following me. What a happy memory that was.

I had a secret hideout behind our shed where I would go to meditate, pray and think. Sometimes, I'd just go there to be safe from my dad. But other times,

I used it (and also my bedroom closet) as a way to pretend to travel to different worlds.

Some of my favorites included bubble land and water land. On hindsight, I wonder if my spirit was tuning into the ethers and the varying realms I would learn to traverse many years later.

My mother made every Christmas very special. We would always go get a natural tree and decorate it to the nines. Christmas's were always special until the one year when my father got arrested on Christmas Eve and came home Christmas day. Then it changed for me. But that was the final Christmas before he left. My father would leave our home forever when I was about twelve years old.

I remember helping my mother to can vegetables, grind potatoes to make dumplings, make homemade tomato juice from the tomatoes we grew in our huge garden. My mother was a natural gardener; she had learned so many things from her younger years living in East Germany after World War II. She was a survivor of poverty, malnutrition. I remember the stories she told us of having to turn out all the candles at 7:00 at night so that the bomb raiders would be less likely to see their town.

That didn't prevent them from getting bombed, though. One time, the roof was ripped right off their house. It was eventually fixed and that home still stands today. My uncle lived there with his family.

A few years ago, my mother was diagnosed with emphysema though she never smoked a day in her life. Her doctors attributed it to the malnutrition

she suffered during and after World War II during the Russian occupation of the East.

My mother told me the stories of how the Nazi's came door to door and forced the men at gunpoint to go fight. My grandfather had to fight at the Russian Front. Many of my mother's friends had fathers who never came home; some of them came home without legs. Many of them suffered for years in prisons. My mother told me the day that her father returned from the Russian Front was one of the happiest days of her life.

Her father was very happy go lucky, my grandmother being more of the disciplinarian. She said he came home with no forewarning, so everyone was surprised when he came walking towards the house. My mom was so happy, she ran to meet him.

But she also said the transition was difficult, because my grandmother and most of the women in the village had become so accustomed to doing everything themselves and they had to get used to doing things as a partnership again.

Apparently, the Russians took most of the potatoes and other food, so malnutrition continued for most of the children long after the war.

My mother lived a fascinating life. Her first true love was a communist. And her parents and his were adamantly opposed to them being together. I'll never forget the day that I was snooping through my mother's things when I was about eleven years old, I found an old shoebox which contained within it pictures and mementoes of some man I had never known.

My mother walked in on me and was so mad! But for the first time, my mother became human to me (instead of just my mother) when she sat down and told me the story of how she had loved this man so much but they were not allowed to be together. She cried as she spoke of it. It must've been at least 30 years prior, but she still felt the pain of that loss even so. It was a profound moment for me . . . because it gave me insight into my mother as a person.

I remember wanting to find him, wanting to find out what happened to him . . . but not knowing how. I also knew my mother would not approve.

My past on my mother's side was such a mystery to me because my mother had escaped East Germany by hiding underneath a manure truck a few years before the Berlin Wall went up. So we could not go into Germany and our relatives could not go out. Hence we didn't meet our relatives until many years later, except for my grandmother. We met the others only after the fall of the Berlin wall.

When my grandma was too old for the government to worry about her fleeing, they allowed her to travel to the United States to visit with us. I was in the fourth grade. My mother and she spoke for hours in German, and I remember being deathly afraid of her. She had a temper and it scared me.

But there were things she told me that she was absolutely right about. I was not respectful enough to my parents.

One of the dynamics I think she had trouble understanding was that in such an out-of-control environment, children learn to stand up to their

parent in order to survive. But it absolutely distorted what we should have also been learning about respect for our elders. This is one of the things I learned that anger does to children; it makes it difficult for them to embrace the respect that is due to our elders because they are afraid and in danger from them. And that is an unfortunate byproduct of this type of phenomenon in the home.

My mother was also adept at sewing and she made matching outfits for my sister and me to wear. It really wasn't until I was older that I really appreciated how gifted she was in so many of these domestic arts.

One of the outfits she made us was a pair of peach elephant pants. In remembering them, I always remember the first time when my mother really stood up against something that was wrong and I thought she was so strong!

In the Mormon Church at the time, it wasn't acceptable for girls or women to wear pants. You always had to wear a dress, not only for services but for all the programs that they had for kids.

One night, mom had taken all three of us to CTR, which means 'Choose the Right.' This is a program for kids to teach them about living a Christ-like life.

My mother took us to all of these things because when she married our father she agreed to enter into the Mormon faith, and she was good about bringing us to church even though she didn't believe a word of it. Again, she was an atheist, and so were



my brother and sister. Although years later, my sister would say she had become agnostic.

My sister and I wore the polyester peach elephant pants with the matching vest that mom had made to the program when a man approached my mother and chastised her for bringing us there in pants. I remember looking up at my mother who seemed very much larger than life at this moment as she put her hands on her hips and started shouting at him in her heavy German accent. I don't remember a word she said, but I remember the look on his face. And I remember how she adamantly and defiantly came to scoop the three of us up and took us home.

I was really proud of her, she was a courageous mom.

And in that moment, I saw that my mother wasn't afraid to confront a bully. But the bully we had at home was one of a different caliber. And although when I was younger, I often remembered her as being too passive with my father, as I got older I realized that she was doing the best she could with an impossible situation. All the while, she was figuring out how she was going to get us all out even on her meager \$3.00 an hour earnings.

I look back and am so amazed by what she was able to eventually do.



## Chapter Three

When I was young, I was a bit of an odd child. In those days when people wanted to keep a journal, you bought one of those books with blank paper inside. My father bought me one which was huge, probably like ten by fourteen.

In it, I drew pictures of my 'Martian Family.' Detailed images of my house on Mars, my parents, siblings, aunts and uncles . . . I would take it to school and very convincingly discuss them with my friends who found it all amusing.

Another happy memory I do have of my father was of another odd characteristic I had as a child. We received a magazine called 'Ensign' which was put out by the Mormon Church. Inside the centerpiece of each magazine was a gorgeous work of biblical art. When we had compiled enough of those magazines to do so, I took out literally about one hundred of those pictures and I wallpapered my room with it. Every single nook and cranny of space was covered in an image of Jesus Christ.

I loved Jesus Christ so deeply in my heart even as a child. In some ways, it seemed as though I'd known Him before birth and had never forgotten Him.

When the Mormon Missionaries came to visit, as they often do when you're a practicing Mormon, my father proudly brought them to my room to show them what I had done. They seemed a bit disturbed

by my excessive expression, while my father beamed with pride at my display of love for Christ.

It remains my belief today, that it was this faith that my father sincerely held that saved him when he crossed over. His sins were great, like my own, but he truly believed . . . and I believe that was why – despite the necessity of purgatory – the Lord forgave Him and saved his soul.

But when he left the family after my parents divorce his alcoholism went deeper and he took an even darker road. One I choose not to revisit.

Again, I want to give you the odd contrast that we lived with while growing up. My father was also a scientist with a top secret clearance. He was instrumental in developing radar technology, rocket technology and the beginning stages of artificial intelligence. One of his great achievements was working for NASA on the Apollo mission. He was a brilliant man, but his life was a mess. There was a time later in his life when he lost that clearance. I never knew exactly why, only that it had something to do with his alcohol use.

This brings me to the day when my sister, brother and I were sitting at the kitchen table at my brother's home. It was the day after my father's funeral. He'd died on Holy Thursday, was buried on Divine Mercy Friday.

I remember the unexpected call from my brother a week prior that my father had died unexpectedly. Well, I guess not so unexpectedly since he was in a nursing home with advanced stage Alzheimer's disease. But all of us thought he had at

least another year. My sister called later expressing how odd it was, how weird it all felt. "After all, how are we supposed to feel?" She said. "He tried to kill us."

I'd gone through a lot of my processing of my father's behavior when I was a lot younger, in my twenties. So I didn't have as much confusion about it as she seemed to have. To me, he was a flawed man, who had walked out of our lives thirty years before when my mother divorced him. In my heart I would always love him, but I also knew that he had lived a dangerous life. I would never have wanted to go back to what we had lived through, but I had forgiven him.

So we were sitting at the table with a stack of letters that one of our father's sisters had given us. She wanted us to know our father the way she had known him, the way his family of origin had known him. They'd all told us that when he had that car accident and been in a coma for three weeks, he came out of it a different person. He was never the same man he had been before that accident, they'd said.

And here were the letters to prove it, and to give us a window into who he was before that tragic event; letters he had written to his parents while he was traveling the world, going to school in the states and abroad.

He'd grown up on a ranch in Wyoming, a total of four surviving kids in his family. He lost a brother at the age of five while sledding. He'd been hit by a truck. My father was present when David died as they'd been sleigh-riding together.

He loved that ranch, I remember him speaking of it often.

His father, my grandfather, had died young. Ironically, he was carrying one of my two cousins on his neck and shoulders and holding the hand of the other while taking a walk out on the road. A car came towards them and he knew they were going to be hit. So he protected them with his body, throwing them to the side of the road and himself on top of them. He died of his injuries, but my cousins survived.

My uncles and aunts all said that his father's death also changed my father. He started drinking a lot more after that happened.

We all marveled at the love, kindness and respect he emulated towards his parents in those letters. And as we spent the evening reading through letter after letter, I think we all realized that there was a part of our father, a person he had once been, that we had never known and never would know in this life.

But it gave me hope in the restoration that God provides each of us when we die. We are profoundly changed at the moment of death, and I know that I will meet that man someday and get to know him. And I will probably like him very much.

What a contrast, and what a fascinating look into not only the human psyche and spirit, but the real part that physical anatomy and damage to the brain can play in the behavior and personality of people as they go through life. It demands of us more compassion. It demands of us more mercy.

I remember when we arrived at the cemetery where we would lay my father for his final rest. Looking around me, I was so surprised. This was a cemetery where a particular friend of mine during my youth would take me. Maria and I would go there to admire the ten to fifteen feet high (much more than) life-size statues of the Stations of the Cross. We went there often because it was such a beautiful cemetery.

My father's grave lay facing the Pieta. I wept. What a perfect place for my father to be, the tortured life he had led had been placed at the suffering feet of Our Lady as she held her lifeless Son, the wounds of the crucifixion still fresh upon His body.

And my father, was now also lying in her arms with the wounds of his own sufferings – the car accident, the Korean war, the explosion and the burns he carried all over his body.

Because even when we didn't understand, God understood. I remembered a mystical experience I'd had many years prior wherein an angel had spoken to me, "We worry about those we love who have sinned much, but the Lord has not forgotten them, the Lord has not forgotten them."

My father, who had chosen to live in squalor for the majority of his life after leaving our lives, had chosen the greater part in death.

As I sang 'Amazing Grace' at the side of his casket before they would lower my father's casket into the ground, the wind blew like a storm at sea. It was cold, it was damp, it was raining. But the Blessed Virgin sat before him in white, holding her Son . . . looking over the soul of my beloved father.

What a strange thing that my father taught me; the very heart of darkness and despair . . . but he was also responsible for teaching me forgiveness, compassion, goodness, peace and hope. Through his contraries, I embraced their opposite. And in the end . . . it was he who was responsible for my faith, because he had so joyfully gotten me that 'Bible in Pictures' which seeded my faith from the time of my youth.

Much more could be told, but it would serve no purpose for posterity. Suffice it to say, it was a difficult time filled with unpredictable turmoil. But amidst it the Lord was ever present. In a substantial and uncanny way, I felt the Lord Jesus Christ from the time I was a small child present with me in all of my trials and tribulations.

Because of this Presence I could not deny, I had a profoundly deep faith from a very early time. It was real, tangible and deeply meaningful to me. It held me up despite all that was going on around me.

And in this faith, I incurred the disapproval of my other family members who viewed faith as the ridiculous rantings of superstitious people who were uneducated. As a child, I remember arguments at the dinner table with my brother over whether or not God existed. Yet I knew He existed, because He was with me always. For me, it was more than faith. I *knew* Him.







## Chapter Four

I'll never forget the morning after my first profound vision which occurred when I was but nine years old. The heavens had opened in a magnificent array of light. Clouds parted to reveal a marble staircase to the thrones of God. The Father and the Son were seated in glory aside one another as angels in droves sang and paraded through the clouds aside the staircase in my now very real mystical sky.

The profundity of the moment didn't escape me. My childlike body stepped forward to the Lord in awe and majesty as I heralded the first moment wherein God's Presence became a fact of existence, rather than a point to ponder or debate. He was no longer a concept, but a Person . . . an Almighty.

Of all the things I was shown that day, the one that mattered the most at that particular moment was simple. The Lord told me that I would survive my childhood, He shared with me that I would fight many battles for the cross and that He would come again when I was older to lay out a mission that I must fulfill for Him on a larger scale.

But as I returned from this vision of profound beauty, all I wanted to do was to tell my mother that God was real, that He had come to me, and that I was in profound awe. Fate would have it, however, that when I approached her, she was angry. "Don't tell me such nonsense," she shouted at me with a horrified expression. "Don't ever speak to me of such things again." Our fates' were sealed, her word had been

spoken. I was not to speak of the one true thing in my life at that moment ever again.

And over the years, the misunderstanding from my family of origin regarding my faith and calling changed little. And the little change happened very slowly. It went from profound abhorrence to a quiet acceptance of our differences. Interestingly, now that we're older, I think that we've developed a much more respectful interest in the sincere views of one another. When you love someone, you learn as you get older that you must do your best to understand them. When I was younger, it was more important to me that they understood me which was a pointless pursuit.

But as I'd grown older, I developed a sincere interest in understanding and respecting their different views. My family accepts but does not speak of what I do, that I'm a mystic.

But moving on . . .

As I've gotten older and had a chance to reflect on so much of what happened, I've found it more interesting to try to understand how our views became so different coming from that very common traumatic life formative experience.

My own reflections have led me to believe that not unlike the interesting accounts given of the crucifixion by all twelve apostles, we all process trauma differently through our spirituality and psychology. And rather than finding one way more valid than another, I've found the profound differences to show more about the nature of common traumatic experience than the similarities.

All twelve apostles wrote gospels which are still available in 'The Apocryphal New Testament.' St. Peter, the first Pope of the Catholic Church, wrote his testimony of the crucifixion which indicated that Christ transcended all pain and suffering. It wasn't included in the canon of the Bible which was formed at the Council of Nicaea in 325 A.D. because of this interpretation of events which was not in line with Catholic Teaching as it was being defined at this council. However, considering that Peter denied Christ three times and was not actually present at the foot of the cross although he was forgiven by Christ Himself; does not his interpretation of the events make psychological sense? In reading the other apostles recollections, we find many different responses to that traumatic event and many different views on how Christ actually experienced it. It's fascinating not only spiritually, but psychologically.

When we were young, my brother and I would debate the existence of God. I, of course, was always in the position of defending Christ. But my brother, a man of science, would always hold the position of the atheist.

Over the years, however, I began to learn that such debates were pointless. Eventually allowing them to have their belief, I took on the teaching of St. Francis in that it is important to evangelize always, but only to use words when absolutely necessary.

Thus, began my quieter walk with God within the family of my origin. And it was in the quieter walk that I learned so much more because I was able

to listen and hear . . . and I think I developed the ability to respect them with greater clarity.

So . . . although I didn't know it at the time, I remained in the Father until the pure instrument of time. In time, I had been told that I would be liberated from this violent nightmare which at the time was my childhood.

Meanwhile, in my bedroom at night, Satan and his minions would come in to taunt me. I would pray for hours to the Lord Jesus Christ whose Presence I always felt. Even when the ogre was equally felt, Christ was always there. And the ogre scared me terribly as a child, he wanted to kill me and I knew it. But I never knew why . . .

At the time, it seemed so odd that Satan was so interested in my soul. I truly did not understand, but at least I did know enough to realize that my deliverance could only lie in calling on Jesus Christ for help, which I did incessantly.

It didn't even occur to me at the time that these constant nightly attacks of the infernal one had anything to do with the mission that had been implied to me in my first mind blowing vision of God. What that mission could be was entirely foreign to me, and I had no clue what I would eventually be required to do. At no time did I ever put that together, I often wondered what was wrong with me that Satan and his demons would attack me with such vengeance on such a frequent basis.

But Satan didn't have dominion, so he would just try to scare me away from the Lord instead.

When that didn't work, he just continued to terrify me when I was alone in my room at night.

I remained in the Father . . . the vision of the Father seated at the throne of God never left me, even until this day.

My own perception of myself as a teenager was that I was fairly quiet. I was always a bookworm, even when I was young and I would remember myself that way. But on reflection, I think others might remember me as sometimes being inappropriately argumentative.

During my youth, I'd learned that you had to fight to stay alive. If my life was not to be taken from me, I would have to fight for it. But it probably came across to those who didn't know from whence it came as pretty excessive at times.

Although I had really great friends in my youth, I was also pretty much a loner a lot of the time. I tended to have several close one on one friendships, rather than groups of friends.

Debbie is the first friend I remember, as I knew her when I was a preschooler and in my earliest years of elementary school. She was a great friend and we did everything together.

One day, I remember that Debbie stole a rubber alligator of mine and this so put off my mother that she wasn't allowed to come over for a while. It was one of my favorite toys, but I missed her a lot until that was resolved. We spent many Halloween's running around the neighborhood in a variety of stupid costumes together. In those days, it was still

safe to go around with a big group of kids; the older ones would supervise the younger.

When we got home, we'd all spill our bags of candy, have hot chocolate and have a party. Good times . . .

Our family had to move after I'd gotten through second grade and I saw her only rarely after that. My curiosity about her welfare, however, never ceased. I'd heard that she and her brother Greg were happy and well in their lives and that made me happy.

My sister had a friend named Darlene who had an old black and white television set. Many of my memories of those years revolve around going to Darlene's house which was filled with kids, I don't even remember how many. We'd watch 'The Walton's' on the black and white television set together. I loved John Boy and how he kept his journal every night. But most of all, I loved the big loving family and the portrayal of mountain life. I would seek that out later when we migrated to Colorado in my adulthood.

What to say about Doug . . . it's so hard because Doug would be the first to introduce me to the impermanence of life, our mortality and death . . . Doug was actually my brother's best friend, but we all hung out from the time I was nine years old. He was a jokester, and I remember hours and hours of playing hide and seek when we were little and hanging out in our first nightclubs when we were older. I hold onto the memories of Doug tighter than



most, because of his death at the age of twenty one due to a tragic car accident.

In my memories, I always go back to one event I can never forget. A year before his death, my roommate and I went canoeing with my brother and Doug. Doug and my brother kept capsizing our canoe and it was getting tiresome. But the Miami River was a friendly place to swim for the most part, so doing such things was considered innocent and safe.

But at one juncture when we were passing through an unusually treacherous location in the river, our canoe capsized and my friend and I went down in a whirlpool. All I remember was seeing Doug's golden locks coming towards me about ten feet below. My foot was stuck underneath a tree at the bottom of the river and I couldn't get loose. He pulled me out and saved my life, cracking jokes the minute we surfaced.

Later that same year, Doug showed up at my apartment doorstep in the middle of the night with every single one of about thirty McDonaldland glasses which were available at McDonalds. I woke the next morning to thirty glasses with the McBurglar, Ronald McDonald and a number of other McDonaldland characters staring me in the face. I laughed so hard, and then I gathered them up. Times were hard, after all, and those glasses were handy for the next few years.

Less than a year later my brother called me on the phone. He said, "Doug's dead." I just laughed at him because it made no sense what he was saying.

Within a few moments, however, I realized that he was deadly serious and our beloved friend was gone.

My memories of that time are pretty strong because he was the first emotionally significant loss I would face in my life. Being twenty years old myself, I struggled with the reality of him really being gone. And I was so traumatized by his death, that I couldn't bring myself to go to his funeral because I did not want to see him dead.

In the years since, I've often regretted my inability at the time to go to the funeral. I feel that having been there and seeing his gravesite might have given me closure to what would become a difficult loss to accept for about ten years to come.

Doug's death became a spiritual turning point for me in that it forced the reality of the shortness of this life upon me, and the absolute and inherent importance of understanding and fulfilling that which God had sent us to do before our time might end.

It would be only two years later that the mystical experiences which would shape and define my life began to occur.

I wrote a lot about the afterlife experiences I had with him in 'The Mysteries of the Redemption: A Treatise on Out-of-Body Travel and Mysticism.'

Along the way, God has been good enough to bring a few lifelong friends into my life.

When I was in the sixth grade, I met Lynnette. We were opposites in almost every way but we adored each other and spent almost every waking moment with each other. Although I was skinny, flat

ched and shy, she was very curvaceous and outgoing.

She brought me out of my shell a lot, and gave me permission to experience joy. I'll never forget that about her. We laughed and laughed . . . about nothing and everything.

We spent the night together a lot at her house, and we'd watch stupid movies and run around in the country where she lived. I loved that.

Lynnette never completely left me. We went through a lot of life-changes together, having children, marriages, loves found and lost . . . but that woman will always be in my heart.

One day when we were sitting on her couch talking to her mom and a friend of her mothers, both of us had a lifelong revelation. Her mother's friend had come over with her daughter who was our age. I'd never met them before, but Lynnette's mom told us how she had known this girl's mother since she was in elementary school. I thought that was so cool. Lynnette and I looked at each other that moment and said we were going to be like that, and although we sometimes don't talk for years at a time, we always eventually catch up with each other as if no time has passed. I'll always love that girl and the woman she's become.

My relationship with Lynnette taught me the value of sharing a history. There's nothing like having friends who know you now and knew you then. It keeps us humble, but it also gives us continuity in our lives.

Another lifelong friend of mine, Valerie, came along in my freshman year of high school. We met while participating in the marching band and haven't ceased keeping in touch since. In contrast to Lynnette, Valerie and I were very much alike. Both of us were quiet and reserved and we were good for each other.

Neither of us dated very much, although I remember Valerie having a lengthy relationship with a boy named Robert. Valerie was one of the funniest people I've ever known and she can still get me rolling on the floor laughing in a single e-mail.

She and I planned to go into the Air Force together.

It was just a few years before the Gulf War. Wars were a thing of the past, no one expected that going into the military would mean going into war at that time. Valerie and I rode the Air Force bus down to Cincinnati together many times doing all the prerequisite testing and stuff required to get in. They were going to train me to do counterintelligence. I had a gift in language and they wanted to teach me several Arabic languages and put me on the intelligence lines. Although I was really excited about all of that, there was a hitch.

Ironically, Valerie went into the Air Force and ended up being deployed to the Gulf War, while I did not. There was one little hitch on the application into the military that I couldn't get past. You had to sign a statement saying that you had no moral issues with war. I couldn't do it. I remember saying to the Air Force Representative, "Wouldn't you rather have people who have a moral problem with war than

those who don't?" But they wouldn't have it, I had to sign it or I couldn't go in. I didn't go in and Valerie did.

Shortly after she was deployed to the Gulf War she was able to call me on a satellite phone. Sharing with me that caskets were being flown in on cargo jets, she said, "I guess they're not expecting a lot of us to survive."

Although the losses in that short conflict were small in comparison to others, the reality of that sacrifice was clear to those who were there and, of course, to those who made it. Valerie told me they had to take these pills which I believe were meant to counter some of poisonous gas that Saddam Hussein had used on his own people. The side effects of the drugs were bad, and there were a lot of long term effects for many of her friends and comrades.

One night, I was working a newsroom of one the various radio stations I worked for during those years. Word came out over the AP wire that one of the United States bunkers had been bombed and there were a lot of casualties. Valerie's parents had called me, trying to find out which bunker had been hit. It wasn't until hours later that we learned it was the bunker next to hers which had been hit and she had spent the night carrying in and out the bodies of the injured and the dead.

Valerie remains one of the best people I know and one of my dear, dear friends and we, too, have gone through many things together in this life including both of our father's dying within one week

of one another. Her mother then passed about three or four weeks later. It was very hard for their family.

To really sum up all that Valerie has taught me in my life would be impossible. But her experience of war was one of the most profound impacts she had on my life. When she returned, we spent hours talking about what she had seen. Life had changed for her forever, but yet, she remained eternally the same. Hilarious as ever, but deepened somehow.

God blessed me later in life, as well, with great and true friends.

Rhea and I met in our late twenties because of our mutual spiritual search and have remained very close since then. Our lives have mixed and intertwined in fascinating ways. She is and always will be like a true sister to me. I love her with all my heart.

Kate and I also met because of our mutual faith. Kate overcame many hardships in her life, but she's the type who would appreciate my silence on them now which I will honor. But suffice it to say, Kate has always been there. She's the one who got me to the hospital or doctors when I had emergencies, and the one who helped me with my kids when I had a medical crisis. Kate is a true friend, a really great middle school teacher, too. She's my sister in Christ and a true, true friend, as well.

Theresia entered my life as a young woman and has never left it. Lifelong friends and mystics, we always had different but similar spiritual gifts. And this bonded us for life.

God also graced me in my youth with two young men who shaped my life. Mark and I met in elementary school. My favorite memory of Mark was when we walked the twenty mile walk for muscular dystrophy together when we were in the sixth grade. Mark was Catholic and a very honorable person. He held my hand throughout that walk through the city. It is one of my fond memories. We lost touch sometime after high school.

In my sophomore year of high school, I met Tom. He was a senior and he taught me how to drive in his 1965 Rambler. Tom was a Mennonite, and he was a lot like Mark, really respectful and kind. He took me to a lot of his local church events and I really liked them. I'll never forget him. After he graduated from high school, he went to Colorado to become a wilderness counselor and we lost touch.

But going back to my youthful memories . . . my days were often spent roaming the local woods, which in contrast to the Colorado Mountains where I now live, seem like a patch of dirt. But nevertheless, that little patch of dirt was my chapel. When my parents got divorced, we no longer attended church except on rare occasions. I would go into the woods and be quiet and pray in my special private spot. There was a group of trees there, grasses and a perfect rock to sit upon. No one ever went back to that spot, so it was mine.

Our parent's eventual divorce was something we'd all waited years for and one of the best possible things that could happen to us. It was amazing how the violence just ceased. We still had disagreements,

and I remember my brother and I were sometimes inappropriately violent with each other in our disagreements. But that really did balance out and become normal after some time had passed.

As my sister and brother were growing up, they started moving away from the family home and my mother was also looking to move into the next phase of her life. She met the man who would become my stepfather and they wanted to get married.

So when I was sixteen. I took the one or two classes required of me in my Junior and Senior year of high school to graduate, and then grabbed a bus and went to work at the bank for the rest of the day and into the evening. There was no time to ponder furthering my education, and because I made about \$425 a month working full-time, I took on secondary jobs waitressing several nights a week until midnight or so in order to get by.

In my hurry to exit my childhood home, there was little time to do much to prepare for adulthood.

Those last two years of school were highly formative for me because I was plunged into adulthood very quickly. I lived in a roach infested apartment downtown. There was a bar across the street, and drunken men would often pass out on our front lawn, two or three a night. My roommate was engaged in behavior I wasn't comfortable with, and the plumbing was really awful in the apartment we occupied. No showers, just a bathtub and a pretty gross one at that. I often didn't have enough money for food for the last two weeks of the month. Sometimes, I would get through that period by



having just enough money to buy several gallons of milk in the refrigerator and this would be enough to get me through.

Taking public transportation to work in the inner city helped me to avoid the high gas costs of my 1972 New Yorker which got seven miles to the gallon.

Times were really hard, but they were formatively hard. Meaning, that going through that period of my life gave me experiences which would shape the way I thought about poverty for the rest of my life. I went from living in a fairly well to do home, to living in some of the harder parts of town and really working and scrapping to get by.

For the rest of my life, the things I experienced in those years would stay with me.

I know what it's like to work every waking hour and not be able to pay your bills anyway.

So I remained very imprisoned by my poverty and circumstance . . . because as the Lord would later explain, it was necessary that I go through some suffering in order to be prepared for what He had for me to do.

This constant struggle behind wanting simple worldly happiness, and accepting the circumstances of my life was a constant interior torment. Why did it have to be so hard? Why was my personal happiness separate from my walk with the Lord?

Many, many years later, the Lord allowed a guardian angel to reveal to me that all the difficulties of my youth were allowed to happen to me so that I would obtain the quality of understanding and true compassion. These qualities had to be real in order for

me to work with other souls, on this side and the other, who had gone through severe trauma.

For many years, I believed that I would be liberated from those difficulties when I was grown. And I certainly did survive it. But when I grew up, a different set of circumstances faced me.

During that period I dated two different men, one was a Muslim, the other a Buddhist. I often look back at this as a foreshadowing of the necessity which was to come, to understand people of different faiths. I learned a lot about their different cultures and beliefs from my experiences with them.

So I had been working at the bank for two years, and was holding down the evening shifts at a local pizza hut. After a year or two of living this way, I wanted to take a chance because I'd hoped for more in my life. Until these circumstances had come upon me, I'd been a good student and always thought I'd go to college. But it was no longer possible.

Quitting my job at the bank, I took a risk and accepted a position at a recording studio where I hoped to pursue my radio aspirations. Following somewhat in the footsteps of my older sister who had done very well in that field, I knew I could make a better living in broadcasting and was sorely ready to get out of the deathly quiet atmosphere of the loan floor at the bank. Because I couldn't acquire a degree, I knew my financial circumstances would never improve there, as I was already working in Management Support for some of the top people at the bank and still living in the ghetto.

There was no way up from where I was, so I took that job.

But within two weeks, my new boss made it clear that if I didn't put out, I'd lose my job . . . and I did lose that job. My financial situation immediately plummeted into yet another major crisis. I couldn't stay in my apartment because I had no money for the rent. I was eighteen years old.

A few months prior, I'd met Andy, who would later become my husband and the father of my children, and we had become quick friends. Because he lived in a college apartment which housed a few young women and men, he offered me a chance to room there for very little money. It was possible to do this because the rent was so low and there were enough people to share it, it was manageable. I accepted.

On the day I moved in, I received my dream call from a radio station in Cincinnati. They wanted me to work for them, and I was thrilled. But it would be a part-time job again at minimum wage and I'd have to find a way to compensate and make a living.

So I stayed and hoped to pursue a career in broadcasting.





## Chapter Five

Andy was so interested in me, and being that he was ten years older and an upcoming lawyer, he seemed fascinating in my eyes. I still remember him taking me to a piano studio on one of our very first dates and playing 'Un Suspiro' for me. He had studied to be a concert pianist before going to law school. Actually, he had just passed the bar exam days before he met me.

We had a lot in common and he seemed protective and I liked that. It was something I'd never had or felt from anybody before.

And of course, at my age, it would never have occurred to me that what appeared to be such a loving and caring quality could become problematic at some future time.

He became a family that I didn't have at that time. I'd felt very disposable to most of the people I'd loved in my life, and feeling wanted and loved was something I desperately needed.

And though I'd *felt* disposable to my close family members, that was never truly the case. I was absolutely and clearly alone without a family to turn to for most of my life, but it wasn't because they didn't care or love me. We were all very dysfunctional, and that dysfunction played out differently for every one of us.

In a sense, God needed me to feel absolutely disposable and entirely alone, because it would be through these desperate times that He would forge

my destiny and my future work. Truly, I believe it would be hard to understand what it means to be in the world entirely of yourself without a single soul you can turn to unless you've experienced it. And what is it that makes a lost soul? There you have it.

God works in mysterious ways, and He understood my need to experience and understand all manner of difficulty in life. It was absolutely necessary that I know experientially, completely and fully, what it meant to be on the edge and believe that I was completely alone.

In the future, it would help me to understand others who had been in much more serious circumstances who required special help in the mystical realms.

At this moment, it just felt scary and insecure.

I'd met Andy about one year after an especially difficult time in my life. And though maybe it would be helpful to digress more deeply into the event, for me it serves no purpose.

When I'd moved in with Andy who I eventually married, I looked at it as a temporary thing until I got back on my feet, but that was not how it played out. We ended up getting married about a year later.

After having lived with my father, Andy seemed like a huge gift from God. And in so many ways, he absolutely was . . . although our marriage would be troubled due to the fact that both of us had not yet dealt with so many things in our lives which caused conflicts between us.

In retrospection, I remember us being very happy a lot of the time because we always had a good friendship with one another. We shared a lot of common interests and we could talk for hours about a lot of things.

But there were attempts to control each other and disagreements over the way to raise children. Since we had three of those (children, I mean – Melissa, Mary and Jacob), this became a bone of contention within our household.

It was a mixture of circumstance and concerted efforts at control which affected the eventual outcome. Not all of these things were directly caused by Andy's desire to control or even by my own; some of them were caused by the necessities of life.

One of the fascinating aspects of the dynamic between us was that Andy always followed my spiritual seeking, and he held a deep and devout faith. Oftentimes, it would be difficult to reconcile our disagreements with both of us having such a devout faith.

Andy often had mystical experiences himself, but they appeared to affect him for a day or two and then things would return to the status quo.

In my heart of hearts, I always knew that Andy really and truly loved me. We'd made different choices in how we were going to rectify our different pasts with our joint present moment.

Some of my fondest memories include times where we would laugh uncontrollably with our oldest daughter about the most ridiculous of things. Sometimes days or even a week here and there would



be filled with the lighter side of him, caring, calm, thoughtful . . . and we treasured those times.

One of the things that I valued about him the most was that he did not for one second question my calling, and he supported it both financially and emotionally always. He never wavered on that, and it was one of those things which made him endearing.

We would sit up nights and talk, sometimes about spiritual matters, sometimes about the cases he had going on. I often had mystical experiences about the cases he was working on presenting him with information on how best to present the case to a jury. He trusted my guidance on such matters, and it seemed many times that the synergy we shared in such matters was only more of an indication of how we were meant to be together.

But things weren't going well at home between us . . .

There was an admixture of blessing and failure in our relationship. Genuine love existed between us, and a true spiritual affinity. But the conflict was always ever present. It could not be escaped.

And it was in these conditions that I experienced my first mystical experience and would write much of what was to follow in the years to come. Ironically, although Andy didn't initially believe me when I told him of my first out-of-body experience, he became my greatest champion shortly thereafter. He encouraged me to start writing down the experiences I was having on a small manual typewriter we borrowed from his mother.

Because of this spiritual affinity which we always shared and continued to share even after our separation nineteen years into the marriage, we truly had an enduring love with one another.

But that real bond became increasingly difficult to maintain.

God wishes for all of us to take responsibility for our part in the situations which we experience in our lives. Sometimes, we have to learn to take responsibility. And sometimes, we have to learn to whom the responsibility truly belongs. And in sorting these things out, we become more and more responsible to God for our own actions and reactions to the circumstances of our lives.

God was teaching me perseverance and faith in the midst of difficulty. God was also teaching me forgiveness and humility. After all, who among us really believes when we're young that our life story will come to this or any other less than perfect conclusion? It is humbling to look back upon a life filled with great promise and effort, and to accept that it can still turn out badly despite this. It is the nature of life on earth. Ironically, all the while when Andy was trying to control me, I thought I could control him. We were learning some of the same things. When I relinquished the need to control the outcome, to make it successful when it was out of my hands to do so, I felt immense relief. So we separated.

God was teaching me how to let go.





## Chapter Six

My adult life had been fraught with odd illnesses. Around 1985, there was a pretty big chemical spill where we lived due to a train derailment which burned Phosphorous and Sulfuric Acid for a week. After that spill, my lungs were burned and I contracted asthma and started showing signs of what would eventually be diagnosed as Lupus. At that time, I was about twenty years old.

Most of the conditions that erupted as a result were manageable until I got the heart failure.

One year, I had hives from head to toe for nearly nine months because nothing would make it go away. For nine months, I would get up in the middle of the night over and over again and dip myself in an ice bucket in the bathtub just to make the itch tolerable enough to fall asleep. Finally, they put me on steroids and that eased it up.

As fate would have it, I required a lot of surgeries in this life, about nine to date.

It started with a very large ovarian cyst in my early twenties and a ruptured ectopic pregnancy several years later. That particular incident was very unique in that I had been bleeding for six months, and the pregnancy had actually ruptured at about twelve weeks. Although the baby was actually decomposing in my abdomen and I had been hemorrhaging for about twelve weeks . . . I was still alive when I really should've been dead.

After that surgery, I remember having such beautiful and blissful visions with the angels and the Lord. They hovered over me with healing and protection and despite the pretty horrific pain since they had to go in with two very large incisions, I felt blanketed in the love of God and his angels. I would wake in the night and just see half a dozen angels hovering over me.

Part of my life's journey, it seemed, would be to go back and forth from that threshold of death back into life. Sometimes I wondered if that somehow enabled my mission by making the veil more moveable, less of a barrier and more of a liquid flowing door I could travel through with greater ease.

Later surgeries were primarily hernia repairs and one cardiac catheterization.

In the most dramatic of those hernia repair surgeries, I contracted pneumonia and went into acute heart failure. I was so sick, my body, hair and bed were literally soaked with water which oozed out of my pores constantly. Because the surgeons had also accidentally touched the main nerve to my left leg, it was paralyzed temporarily for a little bit more than a day. Feeling a totally paralyzed limb, the heaviness of it, was insightful to me as regards what those with true and permanent paralysis must undergo. It was overwhelming. The limb was so heavy and I couldn't even pick it up to move it with my arm. Thankfully, it was very temporary.

During the recovery period from that surgery, I underwent one of the most profound experiences of

my life. I'll never forget it or the impact of its conclusions upon my soul.

I stood in confession before the tribunal of the Lord.

My heart felt like it was flip-flopping all over my chest and I inherently truly knew I was going to die (although obviously I did not, but the importance of this is that my belief was that it was self-evident that I was absolutely and without question facing death).

And as this was happening, I remembered every moment of my life. I relived them. Every moment where I had sinned, so many sins I had forgotten, I experienced the pain my hurtfulness had caused to others. So many sins, so many sins . . . I cried and cried uncontrollably in remorse for my life of sin.

The magnitude of the moment escapes words. It went on all night, I wept incessantly with sorrow for my wretchedness and I remember that when it was over and I suddenly had a realization that I was going to live, something profound happened.

Knowledge of this moment was forever etched into my soul.

I'd realized that how absolutely ridiculous it would be for me to hold onto any hurt or pain that anyone had inflicted upon me, because my sins were so great and I needed God's mercy so badly that it was literally ludicrous to even think that anyone could possibly ever need forgiveness from me.

In that moment, all I could think of was mercy. How much I needed forgiveness, and how truly no

one ever had needed it from me because any pain that had been inflicted on me during my life was so minimal in comparison to the weight of sin I was carrying in my own body that it was absolutely and literally ridiculous to hold anything against anyone . . . ever.

What was etched was that there was nothing I could hold against any other, unless I were willing to allow all that I'd seen of myself to be held against me.

Forgiveness and mercy were all that was left of me by the end of that night. And I've never forgotten it.

Moments have come when others have perhaps unintentionally hurt me since then, but I always remember . . . and I never hold it of account against them, for I know they truly do not know what they are doing, just as I so many times and so many times still do not know myself what wretched wrongdoing I am inflicting upon my beloved brethren. We are all ignorant in the sight of the Lord.

Many random signs of illness appeared on my body over the years, many of them seemed to be neurological. But it was when I was diagnosed with Cardiomyopathy and Heart Failure, that many of these problems began to make more sense to the medical community.

It wasn't really until the Cardiomyopathy and heart failure ensued that the real ramifications of my condition became much clearer.

When I was initially diagnosed with Cardiomyopathy/Heart Failure, everything was very



surreal. I remember the day that I was told how serious was my condition.

After calling the doctor on call due to chest pain I was having subsequent to diagnosis, I asked him what I should do since I really didn't know what was wrong yet, only that they'd found something on the echocardiogram.

Looking through the recent records, the doctor on call got on the phone and very nonchalantly replied, "Oh, I see, uh yeah . . . you have Cardiomyopathy." "What's that?" I replied. "Well, your heart is enlarged and in failure and you will probably need a heart transplant." He said.

I'd had no idea it was that bad.

But through these odd health circumstances which plagued me most of my adult life, God was teaching me the certainty of impermanence, the value of every single day we live, and the importance of loving while we are here. He also taught me the importance of not wasting time, pursuing your true destiny from step one and never stopping until breath escapes you.

God was also teaching me the very important realization of our complete and utter dependence on Him. When you can't get up sometimes, when bodily functions fail, humility envelops you. You know from whence your life comes . . . and to whom you will tender it back someday.

The lessons of living with a serious illness are so profound and great that I honestly wouldn't give up the illnesses themselves if I had to give up the wisdom's those illnesses taught me.

Illness is a powerful teacher, and despite the frail condition of my physical health, the Lord was strengthening my spirit through the hardship presented to my form.

God is good . . . and wise. He knows what we need. God laid me low in order to lift me up. Praise be to His name.

Christ strengthened me, and I was able to get by on the medicinal treatments although the limitations were always there. For several years, I was pretty much bedridden. After the reception of an anointing of the sick and a subsequent mystical vision, I went from being bedridden to fairly functional overnight. Jesus had said, "I am going to help you but not heal you because your illness serves a purpose."

"Go to the church and do anything they ask of you," was the next command. Being able to do so made the doing of it all the more joyous. I thrilled in the thought of being able to do anything.

Whence began a long career working for the church mostly as a volunteer. I helped out with everything from office work or cleaning the basement to funerals. Whatever had to be done, if I was able, I would do it. And I loved it.

Since my oldest daughter had grown and moved out; my two younger children and I became a very comprehensive and cohesive unit.

Although times could be difficult, I've always been very self-empowered about my own care. So the times of grave illness were few and far between because I'd learned to manage my condition as well

as I could on my own. And I adjusted to the different disabilities which would come and go, sometimes worsen and the new ones which would of necessity crop up over time since my disease/diseases were progressive.

There is an ideal which I believe most of us are seeking which places the needs of every individual family member as central to the well-being of the family. And the loss of this value in today's society has diminished so much of the valuable experience we have to gain from caring for one another in our times of need.

People no longer hold one another up, and that is why so many fall. Because when we hold one another up, the needs diminish for all because all burdens are shared.

Many people do not realize that this very self-seeking focus is moving many people further and further away from Christ. And that is a very serious thing . . .

During those times, the Lord was forming me into a stronger and even more independent human being.

And in my own ways, I was self-seeking, selfish and controlling. And it was my failings along with the failings of my spouse that led to the downfall of our marriage and family at that time.

Our relationship since that time has been repaired; but at that moment, things seemed pretty grim.

And in that really low place the Lord allowed me to go, I learned so many things. Firstly, the only

one we can completely count on at all times is God. He is the only true refuge in our lives.

And anyone, no matter how much you love them and how much they love you, are capable of making decisions that affect your life with serious consequences.

God is the only constant.

My younger children and I gained a resilience which could likely be achieved no other way. It was a harsh reality, especially for my younger children. They experienced so much more than I the hardship those decisions had on all of us.

That's the kind of spiritual training ground in which Mary and Jacob grew up.

Perhaps the most important thing that God allowed me to see so palpably during these times was that if I was to serve God, I'd better be ready for the battle that Satan would wage for my soul. *And . . .* I'd better be ready for the battles that Satan would wage for the souls of all the people I loved. And his intention is simple. The goal is to make it impossible for you to fulfill the work God has intended for you.

So we all better gird our loins and be prepared to lose everything for the sake of the Kingdom of God. The only control we have is in what we ourselves choose to do with whatever circumstances become apparent around us. Never forget your own weakness, and how a simple temptation could take you down like wildfire.

Never cease praying for the restoration of every single soul who appears lost at any time. Because it is always possible - as long as life lasts -

for a soul to return to God, no matter how far they may have strayed from Him. *Never forget that at any moment it can be you.*

But be prepared to respond to that which is actually happening at any given moment . . .

Every one of us must be prepared to stand alone and render to God whatever changes in course become necessary because of the falling away of ourselves or others.

There is a greater duty you must carry now. And you must do everything within your power to save the remnant people, and to preserve the eternal mission even if it appears that all is lost.

Never underestimate the enemy of your soul, who prowls around the earth seeking the ruin of souls.

And never forget . . . that the very self-same enemy who has procured the departure of loved ones into temptations grasp, will come after you and any who remain in God's grace with even greater fervor. Let the knowledge that you, too, can fall with the same ease if presented with the proper temptation under skillful circumstances fill you with holy fear.

Never forget your own weakness . . . never forget.

Remain steadfast and awake. There comes a time when God begins to move because the decisions of those who have fallen is serious enough, permanent enough or destructive enough to require an alteration in the path at hand. So be prepared to go where God takes you, even if it requires you to walk

forward and leave some behind at this juncture. Trust Him who knows the day and hour of all things . . .

So yet this is the background, the life behind the profound and ecstatic mystical experiences which framed this sea of self-will in the beautiful lilies of redemption.

These events teach us something when you look at them in the context of the mystical life I have lived. Firstly, that we are all capable of achieving a greater destiny with the Lord. Secondly, we are all equally capable of denying or destroying a greater destiny with the Lord.

Our free will remains that simple.

In my sorrows, the Lord has always been there. In my joy, He has always been there. In my mistakes, He was Present.

Is there an element in despair and total dependence on God that makes such mystical union more needful, more fruitful . . . of greater depth?

What is it that the Lord would wish from his little mystics that has not yet been given?

Suffering is what we loathe the most, but yet, we know that it has been the instrument of our destiny. How do we reconcile them?

In embracing the circumstances of my present life, I have had to remain steadfast. In moral certitude, I can say that divinity is love and it makes no sense that love would be denied by the very creator of it. Yet circumstances of our lives determine sometimes the manner in which we may love or be loved.

And yet our own weaknesses also determine the manner in which we may love or be loved, because we are all so flawed and selfish in that which we consider love to be.

And yet, here I stand . . .

But I trust in Him and I remember the words of the Blessed Virgin Mary to St. Bernadette Soubirous, "I cannot promise you happiness in this life, only in the next." And as I ponder those words, I know that in order to serve God, we must embrace our circumstances, embrace the joy and sacrifice, embrace whatever must come in this world . . . in order to remain with Him in the next.

Because man cannot serve two Masters. And the Master I have chosen may be meek and humble of heart, infinitely loveable and divine; but He requires much of us if we are to serve Him.

His yoke is easy and His burden light, but it is only so because He lightens it and helps us to carry it when we accept and embrace it.

The Master I have chosen to serve says "Come, pick up your cross and follow me." And He says, "The Master is not greater than the servant. If they persecute Me, they will persecute you." And as I remember the life He chose to live. I think of His passion and I tremble . . . I tremble because I honestly don't know what strength I may truly have to endure.

But the Lord was about to act in a way I could never have imagined . . .





# Part II

## The Mystical Release



## Chapter Seven

### *Marilynn's Vision and Recollections:*

Strolling in out of the mystical states after spending days with Our Lord and the Blessed Virgin, these words were echoing as a transcendent and tranquil whisper in my spirit. "Remain in the Father until the pure instrument of time."

Spiritual warfare was not new to me, but the level of its increase when losing the spiritual protection of my spouse was pretty shocking.

We don't realize how much we spiritually provide to one another until we are no longer receiving of it. We all became more vulnerable to spiritual attack during this time of separation . . .

And here I begin a short narrative of the mystical release in which commences and fulfills our journey:





## Chapter Eight

### *Marilynn's Vision:*

Our Lord Jesus was lying on a mat in a small room and Judas was lying on another mat nearby, like two twin beds in a bedroom but more like a cave or manger. Jesus was in a dead sleep.

Judas began to morph into a bag of 30 silver coins, and it began to bleed thick rich red blood from about ten places on the little pouch. An interior voice said, "Someone is about to betray Jesus Christ again." I felt intensive dread, but noticed that Jesus slept peacefully while the betrayal appeared to be going on.

The betrayal was swift and sure as Satan wreaked havoc upon the lives of me and my children.

Some hideous deeds of betrayal were to come upon us and cause serious harm. Satan can act through any vessel nearby, whether they are close family, co-workers, friends, acquaintances or total strangers. If they are open to darkness, they can become instruments of such a one without even knowing why they have pushed forward in such nefarious deeds against another.

As I looked upon the instrument of what was about to hit, I saw Satan take this person on a journey. The demons showed this soul that she had completed her tasks by circling around the ninth ring of hell, the ring of betrayal in Dante's Inferno.

*Mary's Vision:* In a house in the woods, I was desperately trying to save those who had given themselves over to Satan. But they continued to become more and more enraged. Morphing into Satan, they had become hideous enlarged beasts over seven feet tall with overextended muscles, at least a foot long of horns coming out of each side their thick head and a darkened and pungent reptilian skin which I had always found so repugnant about the evil one. Their hands could ignite fire at any given moment, and their faces instantly were one of complete and utter destruction fueled by anger and rage.

Trying to counter these attacks, I was unsuccessful because they kept morphing back and forth from the form of normal human beings to Satan, the master they now had chosen to serve. Because I would see the image of the people, I felt too much guilt to harm them back.

Despite my compassion, nothing could stop them. A gun appeared in one of their claws and I was instantly shot through the heart.

Knowing this was the doing of these people I had cared about and who looked so normal and innocent in their human forms; I fell back, lost my strength and lay bleeding. I awoke with grave pain.

*Mary's (My Middle Daughter's) Vision:*

Taken to a potential future, I saw the souls of many people who had died. We'd come home after a daunting day, but suddenly I sensed the presence of

many tortured souls in hell who were now haunting our house.

Several attacks ensued, including a flood infested with poisonous worms. We were able to thwart this attack.

Suddenly, the face of the captives became clearer as we saw them in prison clothes, screaming in pain and emitting a delirious rage which had been hidden during their lives. Their appearance resembled that of demons, that which they had become, so evil and truly disgusting in the sight of God that there are no words to describe the sight.

Cursing our names, they blamed us for their own damnation and promised to haunt us forever. For a moment, we were terrified as the screams and cries surrounded the house. But moments later, they faded as they disappeared and would no longer be allowed to torment us with their deeds.

As I was allowed to peer into the mystical reality behind the incidents which had taken many of their lives, I realized that it had been carried out by demonic forces, energetically it felt that it was in retaliation for some things they had done to other people who were totally unrelated to us.

But because of what they had done, they had lost their divine protection and that had given entry and allowance for the demonic forces to use other people, places, bacteria, illnesses, accidents and things to cause the incidents which led to their deaths.

I was surprised at how distraught I was at all of these people's deaths and their fate, because I had gone through enough hardship with other people in

this life that I'd always thought I wouldn't care if people like these might die, because they had been so harmful to others. But I was wrong. When it actually happened and I felt its reality in the mystical realms, my grief was profound. And this shows our eternal unity, that we cannot separate ourselves from the love that God has for each of His creatures, no matter how far they may have strayed from the Way.

And this further reminds us of our duty to pray and do good works for souls such as these, before such a time as it may be too late for them to regather their inward strength and rise above the circumstances and misdeeds in their lives and brazenly accept the loving mercy of God the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit.

*Mary's Vision:*

As our home had now become full of people touring 'The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation,' angels were singing a blissful malaise. Walking around the building, I found ancient sacred texts on every wall of the home and quietly stopped to peruse them as I found each one.

Because it was so crowded, my mother and I could not find each other so we both began singing at the same time and through a resonant harmonic, we immediately recognized each other's tonal voice and found one another.

As we stood together, a realization came upon me that God was about to move . . .

A master plan was forming. God was up to something. Interiorly, I felt the peace of a coming



liberation as the words 'Attack' and 'Relief' were implanted within my spirit.

The hierarchy of God's angels were planning an all out assault on the heralds of Satan's wrath, we had nothing to do with this attack. The holy angels were going to come in with an attack which would make room for us to escape, thus, relief. Somehow, this attack and relief would release us from the circumstances which had come upon us due to the betrayal imparted by Satan through his brisk affairs. It would come about through the authority of God by the hand of the Holy Angelic Hierarchy.

But God was in control . . . this was a liberation we could not affect ourselves, it had to come through God's hands.

All I knew was the attack would be unexpected and powerful . . . and provide us with a plan of escape.

#### *Mary's Vision:*

Forming in our living room was a very simple but profound pot which represented this destiny which was now being formed through the hands of God. Mom kept trying to form it faster, but it was simply not possible. Getting frustrated, she ordered us to help her to try to get it finished, but no matter what any of us tried to do it made no difference. This pot would be formed only through the will and hand of God . . . and it would be formed in God's time, not our own. We watched it, knowing we could not form it ourselves.

Suddenly, I realized it was the pot of our liberation and it was forming and taking shape slowly, yet steady and strong enough to lead us to freedom . . . things were beginning to happen which would lead to our liberation . . . we were looking at foreclosures in a snowy mountain community.

*Mary's Vision:*

The Lord took me into the potential future of what would happen to us if we did not accept the liberation which was coming from the Lord and remained where we were and in the situation in which we were in.

Mom was wearing her wedding dress, but underneath it had turned all black as if to represent the mourning over the loss of her marriage.

And worst of all, my Mom was in a state of complete and utter despair; all was lost, always weeping, hiding in a corner of our home. She was unable to respond to our calls for her and life had become utter and complete despair.

In contrast, I was shown the light-filled possibilities for all of our lives if we accepted the upcoming liberation from God. Living in a new community, we were surrounded with friends and light. Everything was filled with peace: a peace beyond all understanding to us.

I knew that God wished me to convey these potential outcomes to my mom because she was unsure if we should follow the promptings of the spirit in making such a drastic move. But it was time .

..

*Marilynn's Vision:*

Celestial hosts descended towards me and uttered these words, "Oh, and darkness, Oh, yet see." Nodding acknowledgement of the need to see that which was a twisted perception of the light, I was given to enter into another vision within the vision.

As the vision unfolded, I watched myself trying desperately to hold onto the way things had been before the recent Satanic attack. But because I had done so, I saw Satan descend and try to give me and my children poisoned Eucharistic hosts. Interiorly, I knew that we would all die and there was no way to stop it.

For a moment, I panicked because it seemed so real, but then my spirit was pulled away from the vision to see that it had not yet come to pass. It was clear that if I were to see things unclearly, deny what had come to pass, it was to be fatal to my spirit and the spirit of my children . . . and it was possibly fatal to them physically, as well.

Suddenly, my spirit was filled with a sense of profound love and my soul began to sing in the highest of notes towards the heavens. As I felt this newfound love which began to open and sway within me, I became transformed by heaven and the demons could not touch me.

A priest raised up his arms as his vestments spread wide. Looking from behind him, the green layered garment began to display secrets to this transformation which would come into my life. His arms were like wings taking flight and on one side,

one arm, were the lives of the saints. On the other arm was the writing of Fr. Adolphe Tanquerrey, the great writer on Mystical and Ascetical Theology. In the center were many blocks containing deep truths of which I could not yet fully understand.

The celestial hosts descended towards me again and said very quietly and with great peace, "True love holds you in your own heart." I repeated the words back to them, "True love holds you in your own heart." And they again back to me, "True love holds you in your own heart."

Suddenly, my spirit and those of my daughter, Mary and my son, Jake were sitting on the altar next to a priest. Mary and I were on his right and Jake to his left. Performing the Holy Mass, we watched him intently, hanging onto every word. We had been so mesmerized by this activity, we hadn't realized that this might seem very odd to the congregation beyond the altar, so I pulled back.

As I did, the altar pulled back revealing a flowing stream around the altar, almost like a castle mote. And surrounding the altar and right next to the water's edge were every single one of my bookshelves containing the ancient sacred texts from every religion and throughout the ages.

As I gazed upon this spectacle, I worried that if an ancient sacred text were to fall, it would be ruined in the water. But there seemed to be a greater meaning as the water flowed gently by, in that the texts were being brought back into the water of the spirit, being made alive again . . . and it was good!

*Marilynn's Vision:*

The final end had come, the apocalypse, and all who were watching the final curtain call of life on earth were awaiting the frantic moments before all of them would die along with the world as they'd known it.

But yet . . . there was no hurry. Everyone had accepted what was impending and that there was absolutely nothing that any of them could do to prevent its coming. There was nothing to do but watch and wait . . .

Standing amongst them in the distance, I noticed that every single head turned to see the dark and ominous clouds which were overtaking the sky. An interior knowing indicated that this was a sign of the final moments before all of us would die.

The clouds were deep and heavy, overshadowing the earth in their blackish-gray depth. And they came quickly. Moments later, there were what appeared to be bubbles forming in the air in rectangular, squarish shapes as some kind of gas was being released. Whether this gas was the final result of a nuclear detonation, or gases from the earth after a natural catastrophic event, we didn't know.

We continued to look as the bubbles formed directly in front the vaporous clouds and every one of us knew interiorly that what would come next would be asphyxiation and death. There was nothing to do, the end had come, and there was no way to stop it, slow it down or prevent it. It was here, and we stared at the black death which awaited us all in complete submission and surrender to that which was to come.

*Mary's Vision:*

In a mystical vision of the night, I was sitting on a couch looking out at the snowy and mystical blizzard which was stirring up the ethereal realm. Interiorly, I knew I was sitting in what would become our new home.

Standing up to move towards the window, I looked out and saw someone approaching amidst this profound windy snow . . . which appeared unearthly in a sense. Rather than walking on the ground, this mystical mirage was floating towards me as a ghostly figure on the horizon.

As he came towards me, he smiled and I instantly knew he was St. John the Beloved, the writer of 'The Book of Revelations' and beloved apostle of Christ. Moving closer to one another at the window, I placed my hand on the glass as he gently placed his on mine from the other side . . . but the moment our hands met, a surge of energy blew threw me on the mystical horizon and my spirit flew back as it received this cleansing power from the sainted holy being. Again, he smiled and with that he disappeared leaving only a mist of twinkling stars to show he had come.

*Marilynn's Thoughts:*

And so it came to pass that the Lord in His infinite mercy provided a means and a mode of departure which worked to Gods' Infinite Perfection and brought us into a new life seven years after our

marital separation had begun. Patience . . . had borne fruit.







## Chapter Nine

*Marilynn's Vision:*

"Chiara, Chiara . . . Chiara, Chiara . . ." I heard my interior spirit shout as I saw the heavenly nuns off in the distance. Summoning me quietly towards them, I noticed that about five of them were in full habit who stepped forward but there were many others who were dressed in the brown robes of monks who lined up around them with their hands held in prayerful motion, heads bent down and their faces hidden from view. But their presence was palpable and powerful in its holiness and silence as they continued to bid me forward.

Their energy denoted some kind of mixture of the Catholic path with a quiet and restrained Buddhism.

As I arrived at the heavenly convent which consisted of empty space in the etheric sky, my spirit was suddenly struck with an almost ecstatic burst of blissful love which came from the heart of God.

Although I didn't know why, Andy (my ex-husband), was present sub-consciously. Another friend of mine, Rhea, also stood there quietly in awe of the holy wonder.

Vibrating uncontrollably as heat burst forth from chakric centers, I entered therein to greet in absolute quiet each of the nuns as the monk/nuns continued to guide my journey. With the meeting of each nun, my spirit again experienced this blissful energetic impulse which poured through my spirit as

if in a transparent but palpable upliftment to a higher celestial awareness. With each meeting, we would quietly bow and nod to one another as energetic pulses overtook my soul. But no words were conveyed, neither were they necessary.

As I continued through the convent without walls, the nuns and monk/nuns wished to take me to a final location. Hovering through the ethers, we slowly and methodically came upon a nun who was lying as if on her deathbed. Immediately, I knew who she was, but could say nothing as the interior voice continued to shout out at me. "Chiara, Chiara . . . Chiara, Chiara . . ."

There in the skylit mists, Chiara (also known as St. Clare of Assisi) looked up and smiled at me as she reached out her aged and tired hand. "You have come . . ." she said, as her smile beamed wider. "Come . . ." she continued to plead as her hand reached out to mine. The nuns and monk/nuns pushed me gently forward towards her as suddenly in an unexpected burst of energy, Chiara took my hand and swept me up into her.

For a moment there was silence in heaven as I lay within the aging and sick body of the Blessed Chiara. Blissful vibrations came from within and from without as I experienced an internal joy inexplicable in human terms. The external bursts of energy continued to come from the nuns and the monk/nuns who continued to silently surround me.

Slowly, Chiara released my spirit from hers, and my current time frame self separated from a time long past. Tired now, the Blessed Chiara turned to her

side, closed her eyes and said, "You have come, you have found us, now stay with us . . . " A voice with no apparent owner from the heavens proclaimed very quietly "The mystical portal has been opened . . . "

Within a few moments, the Holy Virgin came over to me and began dressing me in robes very much like hers and I knew that she wished me to be a holy mother.

Breastfeeding a young baby boy and girl which I took to be symbolic of my middle and youngest child still in great need of my presence, the Blessed Virgin watched in the distance.

And instantly my soul shot like an etheric jet to an entirely different destination.

To my left was a man I was not given to see. After all I'd been through, trust was not something I would give to such a moment. But I listened.

The Blessed Virgin had me step back and watch the two of us from a distance. As I watched, the man slowly and over a great deal of time morphed and changed into a devoted St. Joseph and eventually walked by my side - as I was dressed as the Blessed Virgin and he the Holy Saint Joseph.

It seemed to indicate the possibility that there might be someone in my life who might initially not be prepared for such a union, but if I were to step back and allow the Holy Spirit to do its work, that the Lord could take care of it all.

But it yet remained unwritten.

However, as God is mysterious indeed in His ways, such a thing was to occur . . . in the least likely way possible.







# Chapter Ten

## *Mary's Vision:*

Mom, Jake and myself were part of a Native American Tribe represented as if during the time of the American Holocaust against the Native Peoples, although it was clearly a depiction, a visual, an understanding, which we needed to grasp in the present time frame.

We were of a Native American Tribe not yet discovered by the whites. As most people who study history know, the whites wanted to take everything from the Native Americans. They wanted their land, their lives and they fully believed they were entitled to all of that.

Interiorly, I immediately recognized that the whites were an amalgamation of all those who had rose against us and had wished a similar thing. We instinctively knew another attack from Satan's minion's would come soon and it did.

It appeared that everything we were and all that we had worked for was destroyed. But as soon as we had been destroyed, everything we had done and everything we were was immediately built back up. We had some kind of unusual protection and no matter how hard Satan tried, his minions could not penetrate beyond God's forcefield.

## *Mary's Vision:*

Mom, Jake and myself were again in the Native American tribe. But very surprisingly and

happily, someone who had previously left the Way had rejoined us.

We knew Satan was going to attack viciously, just like the whites viciously attacked the Native Americans throughout their entire lives and never let up. Satan wanted our land, in essence, our stuff, everything that made pursuing God's mission possible . . . and most of all he wanted our souls.

But this time we were prepared. An impenetrable force field of angels guarded our land and we were given strength that we had never had before. The demons continued to attempt to throw things at us; weapons, axes, torches, etc. But they would only end up turning against Satan and his dominion. Setting himself up for his own failure, Satan's strength had greatly diminished because of the God-given protection which surrounded us with power and vengeance.

After the battle, my mother and I were unexpectedly walking down a path of wildflowers. Leading to the ruins of an ancient city hidden in the mountainous wilderness, we noticed this fantastic archaeological find was completely intact except for the wear and tear of time. In the dust below us were artifacts of our weapons from the attack and interiorly we knew that we had defeated the enemy. In this place from long ago, a lone island in the mountainous lands that surrounded us which had remained purely undefeated by the white man's efforts to destroy them, my mother and I knew we had once lived here. And somehow, the knowledge that this one place remained which had stayed unsullied from the white



man's holocaust against the Native Americans filled us with the knowledge that there were ancient forces helping us today to overcome the common enemy of both times.

We were the only ones allowed to discover this dwelling, because we had once lived there and only we were allowed to know what had happened in this sacred place. There was a force field in place which protected us and the village from intruders, but it would open quickly to allow us to enter.

As we knelt to the ground in great honor, we felt the perpetual protection which surrounded us from this ancient time and from the celestial hosts and angelic guardians who swarmed around us now refusing to allow the evil intent of Satan and his dark minions to cause us harm.

There was great peace in knowing we had this sort of angelic assistance all about us, especially for my mother who was weakened from many years of spiritual warfare and required more peace. The angelic hosts made it so that she almost had to do nothing but remain in prayer and allow God's holy angels to do the rest.

As for my brother and myself, we knew that we must be taught in the ways of the spiritual warrior, for we were to succeed her. For tonight, we reveled in the grace and goodness of God.

#### *Mary's Vision:*

Standing inside a large building which represented our lives; Mom, Jake and me were

looking outside at a strange phenomenon which was occurring below.

Inherently, I understood that the building represented our lives, our well-being, our financial security, our happiness, etc., all things Satan wanted to take from us.

But the building was like a fortress, and the demons kept running into doors all around the building and just bouncing off because of some strange light which emitted from every nook and cranny. Appearing a bit ridiculous, the minions of Satan just kept trying and trying to break into it so they could take what we had, and prevent us from using it to further God's Kingdom. But God and His celestial angels would simply not permit it.

To see such amazing protection from the Lord gave me a great feeling of safety amidst unsure times.



## Chapter Eleven

*Marilynn's Vision:*

"Bide your time," the angels said, indicating that I must be patient for the next step to take place.

*Mary's Vision:*

I was in a large city, and was walking through the streets. I knew that Satan's demons were somewhere nearby, but had no idea of their whereabouts until I heard a raucous. At this moment I appeared where they were, and saw them tormenting a young man. The demons could not see that I was there. Although I knew this man had done something wrong, I also inherently knew that he had in no way earned such a persecution from the demons. They were in his face and had pushed him up against a brick wall. The man had a look of absolute terror on his face.

Suddenly, I was walking the streets again, but I could still hear the raucous of the demons. No matter how far I ran, I could still hear them. Then, there was silence. But it was not a peaceful silence, but an eerie one. Suddenly, I was back again and the demons were beating this man. My brother came running and we pushed them off of the man and the demons left in anger and rage.

But interestingly, as they walked away, they left a path of thousands of scorpions in their wake. Everywhere they would walk, they left behind this demonic stench.

Suddenly . . . we stood in front of our former parish church. Leaning up against the tan brick wall of the church was an eerie individual who looked up to meet my eyes with a sarcastic glare. His face was darkened, and very creepy.

"Welcome!" He said sarcastically, "Welcome to the place where we tolerate all. We accept and support any behavior and state of being . . . " His sarcastic grimace met my eyes.

The inherently eerie creature finished, "We tolerate all - good *and* evil . . . " His sarcastic laugh echoed into the night as he disappeared in the ether apparently intercepted by the power of the Holy Eucharist present in that very church.

#### *Mary's Vision:*

Standing in line at the store with my mother, I was eyeing my surroundings. Out of nowhere I caught sight of the eerie demon, headed towards my mother and I at a pace which I knew to mean *danger*. Instinctually, I told my mom to get out of the store when suddenly, a man neither of us recognized or knew appeared and whisked my mother off to safety.

Beginning to run, I was hoping to get to safety fast. But I ran into one of my friends, knocking both he and myself to the ground. "I'm sorry," I said, "But I have to get out of here." I was gasping in fear now. "That demon is after me, he wants my mom and me but he *can't* find me."

"Whoa, wait a second, Mary, that's what I'm here for," my friend responded, still grasping tightly on my arm. "Don't worry, just stay with me." And

with that he helped me up and put me behind him, stepping out toward the eerie creature who was just a few feet away from me.

Suddenly, we were in our new parish church. The demon had come over to our new church on a quest to find us. Immediately, he made his intentions known. "I need your help." He said, looking at them with a deceptive smile. "I need to find three people, I intend to kill one of them immediately, throw one on the street to die a slow death and kidnap the other. I am sure you guys would be happy to help me, right?" He looked at them expectantly.

I immediately understood that this eerie creature intended to kill my mother and myself because we knew too much, and had much to do for God which was angering Satan. Then he was going to take Jake and try to turn him back over to Satan's ways.

"Actually, sir," my friend said, "that is not happening. Mary is our friend, and we will do everything to protect her and her family from you." He stepped forward into the demonic face, meeting his reptilian eyes with equal intensity towards the light as the demon had shown towards the darkness. "Now leave. And don't even dare trying to touch Mary, her mother, or her brother."

Everyone in the congregation stood the demon down and protected us. He couldn't harm us. Instantly, I realized that we now had divine protection and he could not harm us.

*Vision of the One Who had Previously Left the Way:*

Somehow, I'd felt an interior calling to return in a dream to the aid of those I had once left behind to join the world. As I entered into the dark reality of our shared battles with darkness, I saw myself and Jake and Mary at a younger age along with Marilyn being brutally assaulted by the demonic forces which wished to falter the greater plan of God within them.

As Marilyn was already in a coma from the beating she had undertaken, it was too late to reach her. But I fought to save my Mary and Jake. I knew that if I harmed those who had come against them in any way, I would become like them. So I didn't want to become like that and had to be very careful not to hurt them back while rescuing Mary and Jake. As soon as I could, I scooped up Mary and Jake and immediately whisked them off to a higher realm where they would be safe and happy.

Finally, they were taken to a beautiful and happy place above the constant chaos of the world.

I went back to see if I could save Marilyn, but I immediately realized when I got there that it was too late, or at least it appeared so. She'd been shot in the head.

(The gunshot wound to the head was likely symbolic not literal, in that the spiritual warfare already incurred had led to disease processes already in progress which would lead to eventual physical death.)

But interestingly, I instantly felt Marilyn's presence emanating from a very high heaven above us. She was at peace. And she had given all of us enough instruction so that we would not fall into the

path that so many in the world had chosen. We were going to be okay, but so was Marilyn for she was finally with her Lord. And she was beaming with joy.

Interiorly, I felt very deeply at this moment that it was not the earthly victory that God had required of her; but the faithfulness, patient endurance and the manner in which she had fought not only for the souls of all of her own biological children, but also the children of the world, the souls of so many who had been lost along the Way which had merited for her a high standing in heaven.

I understood and felt that Marilyn had earned this eternal reward because of how she had chosen to respond to the unfortunate decisions of the many who had come against her and her destiny with the Lord.

Despite what could easily appear to be failure on the ground, eternal victory had been won.

*Marilynn's Thoughts:*

It is always vital to remember the choice that all souls carry within them. Every soul has the capacity to completely energize an eternal program, just as every soul has the capacity to completely destroy the very self-same.

Any person can change the path that they are currently on, even if it be the path to perdition, and embrace the Divine Mercy of Christ, completely altering the journey and destination they are choosing. Nothing is set in stone, mercy remains available for any truly contrite and repentant sinner. We are bought with the blood of Jesus Christ,



therefore, let us never forget that this very self-same blood has the capacity with the use of discipline and self-knowledge to completely transform a wicked pattern in our life into something entirely pure and good.

But at this moment in time . . . this is how things were.

Over the next five years, however, the Lord began a deep work within my heart and the heart of my husband. You can follow that journey in 'The Mystical Captive Series' in three volumes.

And in a work which showed that all things are possible through God, we were reunited, our family came back together, he was able to reconcile his relationship with his children . . . all through the power of prayer, and his willingness to allow the Holy Spirit to work within him.

Never underestimate the charity of God to those who love him. For He came to restore that which had been lost, and in my life, He indeed restored it all.

Over time, all that is related in these pages was to be restored; each in its own time, each in its own way. Those who had walked away from the Lord, came back. Those who never believed, began to consider. Those who held grudges, let them go. Those who had died, underwent purification. And my heart was full.

But along the way there were losses, as well. Those who chose to part with the ways of light and embrace those of the darkness were many and varied. And such free choices cannot be detained.

But for those who hope in the Lord, nothing is lost that cannot be retrieved. For those who do not, we pray . . . because if they were to make one singular decision to do so, it could change their entire destiny.



## Chapter Twelve

### *Mary's Vision:*

Standing at the entry way to a captivatingly beautiful building, I found myself at the true headquarters of 'The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation.' To my left, I found the one who had previously left the Way cowering in shame. He had been far away from this place for a long time, and I was shocked to see that he had come here of his own free will. Helping him in, I led him through the halls and many offices straight to where I knew the library was.

The building was huge with mesmerizingly high crystal walls that were open to the dome of the dazzling stars of the Galactic Heavens. As my feet pattered silently along the cloud floor, I came upon a site which had never before crossed my eyes in any of my lifetime experiences.

As I turned into the double-door opening of the library, my eyes widened. Stunned to stillness, I gazed about me. The library, now an infinite zone comprised of walls covered in shelves of books that reached above the dome of stars in the sky, surrounded me in a warm embrace of sacred beauty. The one who had previously left the Way stood beside me gazing in awe as his eyes took in the unending shelves of books not only written by my mother, but by all of the prophets, mystics and sages who now floated briskly throughout the library. Removing and replacing books on the shelves, the

many prophets, saints, mystics and sages throughout time reviewed the texts and inspected their contents.

Leaving him at the doorway because he was not yet ready to come forward in his journey back to God, I approached my mother's work station. I found Mom seated comfortably above me at the top of a large flight of stairs in her reclining chair.

Typing away on her laptop, she peered over the computer screen and waved happily at me. Acknowledging her wave, I bowed and floated toward my brother Jake, who was following some of the prophets as they tutored him to be a future successor in 'The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation.' As I approached the two, I joined in on the training.

Continuing through the library, we began to contain energetically the true essence of many of these books and ancient sacred texts spread so perfectly throughout the space.

Along with the great writings of the prophets, saints, mystics and sages, there were many other texts which had come from the true stories of the many souls saved through the work of 'The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation.' The number of these souls astounded me as our tutor simply floated briskly to a shelf in the outer reaches of the stars and came down with a special book which he wanted us to see.

My mother's work had become a feature part of the library. The books she had written and compiled had saved so many from utter damnation.

Although I had known my mother was saintly, she had actually come from a background composed of thousands of saints and mystics throughout time

who had each made this kind of communication between man and God possible. She had come to Earth with a unique culmination of the knowledge of many of these prophets, saints, mystics and sages throughout time and from every religion of the world. Along with that, she was well respected among the angels and saints . . . and God considered her to be among His greatest servants.

The tutor now quietly walked away from my brother and me, leaving us to explore the premises. Peering through more corridors and hallways, I found the many thousands of saved souls working subconsciously in the building, working together to spread God's message further and further across the Universe.

Floating to and fro, they were spreading messages and releases that flew up into the sky and continued to spread throughout the Heavens to be delivered to earthlings.

As the energies began to shift and begin to pull me away, I took one last look at the library. The one who had previously left the Way remained at the entry way unable to move.

I was mesmerized by the mysterious workings of God . . .

EVERGREEN













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