

THE PALACE OF ANCIENT KNOWLEDGE

A Treatise on Ancient Mysteries

Out-of-Body Travel and Mysticism

"He carried me away in spirit to the top of a very high mountain and showed me the holy city Jerusalem coming down out of heaven from God. It gleamed with the splendor of God. The city had the radiance of a precious jewel that sparkled like a diamond . . . The wall was constructed of jasper; the city was of pure gold, crystal-clear. The foundation of the city wall was ornate with precious stones of every sort: the first course of stones was jasper, the second sapphire, the third chalcedony, the fourth emerald, the fifth sardonyx, the sixth carnelian, the seventh chrysolite, the eighth beryl, the ninth topaz, the tenth chrysoprase, the eleventh hyacinth, and the twelfth amethyst. The twelve gates were twelve pearls, each made of a single pearl; and the streets of the city were of pure gold, transparent as glass . . . The nations shall walk by its light; to it the kings of the earth shall bring their treasures. The treasures and wealth of the nations shall be brought there but nothing profane shall enter it . . ."

The New American Holy Bible, Book of Revelations, Chapter 21, Verses 10-11, Verses 18-21, Verses 24, 26 (Christianity, Catholic)

By Marilyn Hughes

The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation!
www.outofbodytravel.org

DEDICATION

To God, my love and my all!

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THE PALACE OF ANCIENT KNOWLEDGE

A Treatise on Ancient Mysteries

The Former Angel! - A Children's Tale

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INTRODUCTION:
WHAT IS
THE PALACE OF ANCIENT
KNOWLEDGE?

(Excerpts from 'Galactica: A Treatise on Death, Dying and the Afterlife')

Having wandered through the small town and gone through several ritual passages to receive permission to enter the tiny building, my spirit was elated to finally be given the go-ahead to open the door. Another woman was with me, and had participated in assisting several souls this night, as we gazed upon a building no bigger than an outhouse with a mystical doorway.

Opening the door, we were excited to enter into a grand palace of ancient texts, much larger than the size of the entrance could have inferred. Six floors of white and gold gilded stairwells, each level filled with the ancient knowledge from throughout time. Gathering books, we slowly made our way from the sixth floor downwards. As we prepared to enter upon the first floor, we heard voices and mystical music coming from below. There was an exit available between the second and first floors, and when I heard the sounds, I said, "Perhaps we should quietly leave so as not to disturb anybody." "No, no, no," she replied, "When you hear Kabalistic music, it is an invitation. It would be considered rude if we didn't

introduce ourselves." Nodding, we proceeded down the stairs to the first floor.

Astounded by the ancient sacred texts, they were huge and voluminous, the oldest in the building residing on this floor. In fact, some of them were scrolls. Standing before us were a husband and wife with their four grown sons who introduced themselves as the 'Keepers of the Ancient Knowledge.' Honored and amazed, a Jewish woman was singing Kabbalistic music 'live' in the corner, and they all welcomed us with the utmost of kindness.

After sitting down with them to eat what they called a 'Pearly breakfast,' consisting of knowledge from the texts being energetically instilled within my soul, one of the sons took me over to a special section that they wanted me to see. Two huge volumes, at least three to four feet in height and a foot thick, were on the shelves next to several scrolls. The first was entitled 'Ave Maria,' and the second, 'The Mysteries of Our Lord.' Allowing me to open the second of these texts, I found mingled within the writing, a fabric banner which was a symbolic image.

As I looked upon it, the young man explained to me that the fabric banners of the cross which I made in the physical world held hidden meanings and were actually textual images. (One of my hobbies was to make fabric images of the cross with various symbols and designs.) Bouquets of flowers moved upwards through the top and above the cross, each blossom representing graces coming from the sacrifice of the cross. Placed upon each blossom were the sayings of Christ, forming a bouquet of the Word.

Showing me a set of keys, he made reference to my own library of ancient sacred texts, comparing it to this counterpart on the other side. By doing so, I realized its importance, even though it sometimes appeared to me to be just my own personal hobby. "You are also a 'Keeper of the Keys,'" he said, "Continue this task in the physical world, and when it is that you cross over, you will continue it in the next . . ." Motioning with his hands the vast expanse of the library, I was so excited that I would work here in the after-life.

Taking me to a large picture window, I was amazed to see a huge city. Skyscrapers made of diamonds could be seen off in the distance, while emeralds and pearls made up much of the rest of the expanse. Literally glowing with light, I was most entranced by the diamond skyscrapers which loomed in the distance. What a beautiful heavenly city! Handing me the keys, I began to disappear from the scene.

For several nights, my soul was given to observe aspects of my next task. Frantically writing, the energy seemed somehow different. Entering into the Palace of Ancient Knowledge, gold and white filled the space which was ornately decorated. Staircases of a grand whiteness were inlaid with gold as the oldest scrolls were kept on the first floor.

Taken immediately to a place within the palace I had not yet seen, my spirit was surrounded by filing cabinets stacked from the floor to the ceiling which was about thirty feet high. Every available space in this basement was filled, and I looked upon the

cabinets with expectancy. A man and woman were waiting my arrival, immediately showing me a set of two smaller filing cabinets. "I've been summarizing all of these filing cabinets into two," the woman said, "and I'm almost finished. I'll be giving them to you very soon."

Allowing me to look into one of them, there were tens of manila folders, each labeled with deep aspects of many manifold spiritual mysteries. An element of science emanated from them, as well, which excited me. Looking at lists of spiritual/scientific concepts which were to come, I nodded that I would be patient.

(Excerpts from 'Galactica: A Treatise on Death, Dying and the Afterlife')

"He carried me away in spirit to the top of a very high mountain and showed me the holy city Jerusalem coming down out of heaven from God. It gleamed with the splendor of God. The city had the radiance of a precious jewel that sparkled like a diamond . . . The wall was constructed of jasper; the city was of pure gold, crystal-clear. The foundation of the city wall was ornate with precious stones of every sort: the first course of stones was jasper, the second sapphire, the third chalcedony, the fourth emerald, the fifth sardonyx, the sixth carnelian, the seventh chrysolite, the eighth beryl, the ninth topaz, the tenth chrysoprase, the eleventh hyacinth, and the twelfth amethyst. The twelve gates were twelve pearls, each made of a single pearl; and the streets of the city were of pure gold, transparent as glass . . .

The nations shall walk by its light; to it the kings of the earth shall bring their treasures. The treasures and wealth of the nations shall be brought there but nothing profane shall enter it . . . "

*The New American Holy Bible, Book of Revelations,
Chapter 21, Verses 10-11, Verses 18-21, Verses 24, 26
(Christianity, Catholic)*

"In the middle of the park was a large mansion called Multicolored-Banner standing on a ground of jewels, adorned with pillars of sapphire, roofed with gold, surfaced with arrays of world-illuminating jewels, its base blazing with webs of countless jewels, graced by the scent of unsurpassed jewels of fragrance, perfumed by jewels of compounded fragrances, filled with jewels of awakening fragrance extinguishing the heat of the senses . . . "

The Flower Ornament Scripture, Entry into the Realm of Reality, Page 1209, (Buddhism: Mahayana)

"Does not Wisdom call, and Understanding raise her voice? On the top of the heights along the road, at the crossroads she takes her stand: By the gates at the approaches of the city, in the entryways she cries aloud: "To you, O men, I call; my appeal is to the children of men. You simple ones, gain resource, you fools, gain sense."

*The New American Bible, Old Testament, Proverbs 8:1,
(Christianity, Judaism, Words of Solomon)*

CHAPTER ONE

The Mystery of God's Will

Outside of my body, the stallions came rushing towards me as if in slow motion from every direction. About thirty horses were coming towards me as their manes blew in the wind. As I felt their power coming towards me upon my doorstep, one of the horses quietly laid down like a puppy, rolled over and cooed as I rubbed his belly. The others stood around us majestically as if to herald something wonderful to come.

But a warning was to foreshadow the good news as a voice began to bellow from behind me. "Don't you realize that you could be dead within fifteen minutes of any time?" (In 'Galactica,' I was diagnosed with a potentially terminal condition - Cardiomyopathy with associated Heart Failure) As the words were spoken, the tentative nature of my situation was shown to me in energetic fashion. Given warning to be aware of how quickly my life could end, I was told that my situation was very tricky and my life could depend on some of the choices I might make in regards to overdoing things or not. Nodding that I would be watchful of my condition, it was reiterated that any bad choice could result in my life being over in fifteen minutes.

Suddenly, my spirit was lying on a gurney amidst a beautiful church. Parishioners were looking at me from above, as they waited for the priest to arrive. Realizing that I was very sick, the priest gave me the anointing of the sick as the onlookers remained quiet and respectful.

Within moments, I was flown amidst a beautiful mountain range. Feeling ecstasy, I entered a huge mansion in the heavens filled with priests and nuns who were at retreat amongst this mountain hold. Watching their daily lives, I observed that they were not as different from the rest of us as I might have thought. There was a great normalcy in the religious life of which I hadn't expected.

An older nun approached who I immediately understood was one of my heavenly nurses. My health condition had become apparent in that my spirit had come to a halt on the floor and I was too tired to get up. Picking me up off the floor, she said, "We've got to get you up and going again. If you've still got nine years left, you need to get moving again and get back into life. Let's get you in the shower." Surprised and grateful by the possibility of which her soul heralded, I forced myself to get up and start pushing again.

In a spectral millisecond, my soul now stood upon a very holy isle. Having no idea how I'd gotten there, I was much too entranced to care. Amidst this spectral beauty lay sites from the holy land where Jesus had experienced some of his most important moments; the place of His birth and death, his tomb, and various places he'd visited during His life on Earth. Filled with holy wonder and awe, I was guided throughout the island with Andy, my husband, and a group of other spirits.

Wanting to stay in this holy place forever, I was very disappointed when we were being led towards a boat. Andy and all the others had boarded and were preparing to depart the island, but I had to

quickly take care of a quick health matter before I could go. My wonderful nurse was smiling with great peace as she bid me to take care of my health matter because they would be only too happy to wait. Turning to take care of this final task before departure, I heard the motor of the boat begin to start. Looking back, I noticed the boat had begun to leave the shore rather quickly. Running towards it, I reached out to Andy who raised his hands to me in a state of surrender and a wave good-bye. My nurse was smiling and also waving good-bye as they stranded me alone on this island containing the holy places within the Life of Christ.

Confused by this gesture, I sat down on a large holy rock and began to cry. So many things had gone wrong lately. Besides my obvious continuing health crisis, I'd completed my tasks in getting my work made available to the world. But it had not been received well. Because of this, I'd worried a great deal about whether or not I had done my job according to God's will. As I wept, I was instantly transported into the light.

Inside the light was a greater light that I could gaze upon. But each time I did so, I broke out into uncontrollable laughter. For what seemed like hours, I kept turning to look at this light, laughing uncontrollably for a time, and then looking away because I needed to stop for a moment. A grand male voice beckoned from the heavens into my consciousness, "If God is not worried about this, then you needn't be, either. Everything is going according to His plan." As usual, I began to laugh uncontrollably at this as the angel appeared before me

and began to laugh with me. "Just continue to do what we ask of you," he said, as he continued in roaring, unfailing laughter, "you don't need to know why."

Appearing in a flash of white, the doctor came towards me with a gleeful smile adorning his face. A grand energy of power came with him as he began to relate to me how well I had done in my fight to live. "You've really fought the good fight," he said, "and you've done a lot of good things along the way." Looking at him, my gaze conveyed, 'Oh, really?' Speaking of some of the doctors that I'd had over the past couple of years, he said, "You've taught them so much, and this will help them in the future with other patients. Do you really have any idea how well you've done?" Nodding 'No,' he continued, "I've had five other patients with the same condition you had and they are all dead. You have a *huge* will to live. God is pleased with you!" Smiling, I began to loosen up a bit.

Deep in my heart I was very happy to realize that, in God's eyes, I had really put up the good fight; although at the same time I realized that my survival was also an incredibly merciful act of God granted through the prayer of others. My choices and actions helped me in my fight to live, but they did not determine the outcome. God alone determined that outcome. So many people put up the good fight when faced with incredible odds and they still die through *no* fault of their own. Death in and of itself is not a failure, because we all will eventually lose that fight. But for the moment, God was allowing me to enjoy

the momentary and meaningful victory which had prolonged my life in the meantime.

Three large books fell onto the table which stood in front of me. Gazing down upon them, I noticed that the first book was a huge volume containing the writings of St. John Chrysostom while the final two were about Moses.

Standing before me in a deeply embedded cave, an archaeologist was pulling ancient writings out of the dirt which I inherently knew belonged with the New Testament. "The writings of St. John . . ." he said, as he looked at me with excitement, wonder and awe in finding them. For a moment, I was confused; thinking of the gospel of St. John and the Book of Revelation, but then I had a thought . . . Perhaps he was talking about St. John Chrysostom? Turning to go, I observed him excitedly dusting off the texts. I was determined to find these writings.

After finding out more about St. John Chrysostom, I discovered that he had been banished for telling people the truth and had actually died on one of his journeys into further banishment right along the road. A powerful preacher, he convicted people of their sins, and this displeased them. Almost everybody knows the story of Moses who did the will of God, only to have the people he'd led out of slavery turn on him and God to worship idols when things didn't go as they'd hoped in the wilderness.

For a moment, I understood that the Lord was giving me comfort in knowing that by doing His will, I would not necessarily be welcomed with open arms. This was not a measure of my works.

Soaring towards a veranda, I began to watch as

a heavenly river parade unfolded before my eyes. In this river, the water was of the whitest white, and as the parade began, it began to turn into spectacular colors of blue, purple, lilac, pink, yellow and gold. Spectacular displays of wonder were shown as spirits were floating down the river on parade floats and the water would continually change color.

Without any warning, my spirit was submerged in this water, following the parade route and feeling some type of energetic shockwaves in my soul. Whatever this water represented, it was of a high vibrational nature. Immersed in the water, I quietly floated along with my head just above the water as interior changes began to take place.

Riding the wave of an ecstatic bliss, my spirit landed in a bleacher of sorts on the gateway to heaven. A robed man stood before me, as several people had been led to sit in my midst to observe what was about to happen. "Behold the power of the Lord," he said, as he raised his hand in my direction. Having no idea what was going on, I turned to notice that several denizens of hell had begun to approach this heavenly station. Lifting my hands, lightning came from them and sent the demonic souls back into the lower realms. Suddenly, hordes of them appeared, as lightning came forth from my hands towards them, refusing them entrance to a realm in which they were incompatible. Being educated in the proper use of eternal power, the onlookers were dumbfounded (and sub-conscious astral).

Without warning, my soul was thrust from this heavenly sphere down below. Following a spiraling pole into the depths of the Earth, I noticed that there

were hundreds of caverns alongside me as I plunged. Passing by the many hell realms, there was an odiferous slimy green light that permeated this tiny little dirt passageway into the depths. Finally landing in one of the caves, the same slimy green light permeated the realm. Small in size, the cave held only a few wards. Each of them laughed in hysterics, as they said, "We like it here, because we can do whatever we want." Feeling claustrophobic and disliking the energy of the place, I was allowed to ascend the spiral pole all the way back up and into a heavenly realm.

Books lined the walls in this heavenly realm, and I was led to two in particular which contained the knowledge of heaven within them. Holding them, I observed a line of people being admitted into the realm. Noticing a young man wearing rap clothing and looking a bit unkempt, I reached towards him and said, "Stop, you don't belong here." The robed man came over to me and quietly said, "Look deeper." As I did so, the inner truth of this soul began to manifest upon his shirt. Interiorly, this young man was quite compatible to this heavenly realm and I had judged him inappropriately. But his words echoed into my spirit, 'Look deeper . . .'

As I waited amongst the souls in this heavenly realm, I observed that they didn't worry much about doing, but spent more time being. In the lower realms, a lot of agitation and chaos resided. But in the upper world sphere, all was calm.

Abiding in peace, I began to open the books containing this knowledge of which I'd hoped to obtain about heaven as I began to disappear from the

realm.

As my spirit had lifted out of form, I was surprised to see someone I'd not seen in quite a while; the man who had come to me in 'Galactica,' to receive assistance in liberation from hell. After battling his demons for him victoriously, he had died several months later and come to me in a wave of great light to kiss my hand in thanks. In the same context, I'd been shown that he, myself and one other man were all scheduled to die around the same time frame. It had been four months since his death, and the other man I'd been shown at that time was now also in the process of dying. Although like his predecessor, it appeared that it could be a lingering death of dementia.

Appearing to me in a dark gray overcoat and a hat reminiscent of funeral attire that had come from an earlier time in his life, he looked at me while walking by slowly and then stopped. Shouting out his name, I ran to hug him and he reciprocated, but something was concerning him; something of which he was not allowed to share. His expression remained blank, as I pondered on all that could be plaguing his mind.

For a moment, I thought about the large mess that had been left behind when he died, which was similar to what had happened to my friend Karleen when she had died. Things which had been left undone along with things that had been done incorrectly had left chaos in their wake. But unlike Karleen, who had asked many things of me since her passing in order to assist those she left behind, he

asked nothing of me at this time.

Suddenly, it occurred to me that his distress might not be related to that at all, but (not unlike grandpa who had come before with a similar expression on his face when I'd been in danger of death) perhaps he had come to herald a warning of the times. He had already crossed over, and the other man in question was on his way. Because I had been told on several occasions (since contracting heart failure and experiencing the battle for my life) that nobody in the spirit world had permission to tell me of the time or day of my demise, it was always placed as a mystery before me. Because of this, I'd been prepared for both possibilities; a lingering death which might give me many more years, or a sudden and unexpected departure. But never was it given to me to know anything as a surety; not unlike we all must live in not knowing the hour or the day . . . As I'd been very ill again, I nodded in understanding of what appeared to be a warning to again be very cautious.

Unexpectedly, he spoke. 'We knew each other before.' He said. 'Oh, really,' I asked in questioning manner. 'You were married to someone else and we were casual friends in another lifetime.' 'Oh . . . ' I said, trailing off into my thoughts trying to remember. We hadn't been that close in this life, either, so it made sense that we had a very casual acquaintance in another, as well. As he turned his head and began to walk away, I was suddenly in a darkened room inside an ancient monastery.

Again fretting over the unsuccessful attempts I'd made to bring my work to fruition, I asked if there

had been any real purpose in doing the things I'd done under divine command. Many things had gone into the winds of possibility with no apparent result.

A magnificent female angel appeared in a white gown adorned with very large wings. In her hands before her, she held a large single amethyst crystal. Coming towards me in a wisp, she gently pushed the amethyst into my face which immediately overlapped into me because we were all etheric. Suddenly, there was a large blazing explosion within my consciousness. Feeling and seeing the immense beauty from inside the amethyst, I began to also hear astonishingly beautiful music. Soaring sounds of mystical beauty filled my spirit, as I suddenly understood that whether or not anything happened with the seeds I had planted in a visible way in the physical world, something beautiful was happening within the souls of those who had received of it. Even if they responded with initial anger and rage at knowledge which contradicted their former views of reality (especially in regards to the knowledge of darkness), these seeds were creating a beautiful flowering of knowledge within them which was ordained of by God.

As the purple surrounded me, I began to return to consciousness.

"I solemnly assure you, the Son cannot do anything by himself. He can do only what he sees the Father doing. For whatever the Father does, the Son does likewise. For the Father loves the Son and everything the Father does he shows him. Yes, to your great wonderment, he will show him even greater works

than these."

*New American Bible, New Testament, John 5:19-21,
(Christianity, Catholic, Words of Christ)*

***"Listening to the Master's word hast thou not been
awakened; within thee has not arisen yearning for God
. . . Saith Nanak: Saved are those that the Master's
shelter have taken, and with pure heart on the holy
Word meditated."***

*Sri Guru Granth Sahib, Volume II, Raga Sorath, Page
1365, (Sikhism)*

***"My son, keep my words, and treasure my
commands."***

*The New American Bible, Old Testament, Proverbs 7:1
(Christianity, Judaism, Words of Solomon)*

CHAPTER TWO

The Mystery of the Conception of Life

Running towards what appeared to be a small bathtub of some kind, I knew that somebody was in grave danger. Before I could reach him, though, the tiny little fetus had fallen into the water. A man approached from the other side carrying some type of surgical tool in his hands, and despite my best efforts, I reached for it much too late. Below the surface of the water, the tiny fetus had been beheaded. As the soul of the baby hovered and sat next to the bathtub feeling the peace and tranquility of God, I raced to the aid of his war torn body. Taking his head and reattaching it to his body, I stood watch over him. The man approached again, trying to mash the baby's skull, but I grabbed his hand shouting, 'No!' With great effort and stillness, I waited at the baby's side because I'd been instructed by the eternal that this child could be healed if he were allowed the proper time to recover. Backing off, the man who had instigated the initial injury saw determination in my face and held back, although he seemed a bit confused.

Suddenly, in the sky appeared a series of ships which I knew to be of extra-terrestrial origin. Shaped much like the planet Saturn, they were globular with rings around the center. But rather than being orangish in color, they were a bluish violet. As they hovered above us, we felt their energies come into us and both myself and this man were immediately filled with the Holy Spirit of love. They, too, were standing in guard of this precious young life, but their

presence had awakened the man who stood before me to this truth. "Do you remember them?" He asked me in a state of awe. "Yes, I do," I said, "but from where I cannot recall."

Instantly, the man began to assist me in trying to help this very young fetus to survive. Using his skills to help rather than hurt, he started to repair the damage which had been done to such an innocent body. As he did so, I held the tiny hands of the fetus and watched as his spirit observed this from aside and made way to re-enter his body. On a subconscious level, this doctor had experienced the horror of abortion and had now been implanted with the knowledge to cease such harm and attend to helping instead. And then, suddenly, I was somewhere else.

A female duck was sitting on a nest filled with eggs and I'd arrived just in time to witness her moving aside to allow them to hatch. To my surprise, however, ducks did not emerge from her eggs, but rather, kittens. Iridescent kittens with white fur, they were lightly shadowed in individual effervescent colors of yellow, blue and violet. They were so adorable and cute; I wanted to cuddle them myself. But the mother duck was as much a mother to these kittens as she would have been had they been ducks, and she protected and nurtured them as any mother would. In her eyes, it was irrelevant that they were not ducks; they were still as much her children as any natural child would've been. And what was very clear was that they were meant to be together just as much as any other mother/child relationship, despite the fact that they were obviously not biologically

related. At this time, she allowed me to pick up one of her kittens, and I did so. A cute little white kitty with iridescent yellow streaks in her fur licked my hand as I held her. In this moment, I understood the beauty of adoption and how it fits perfectly into the will and greater plan of God. And then I was gone . . .

.

"There is a world of bodies, another of imaginings, another of fantasies, and another of suppositions, but God is beyond all worlds, neither within nor without them. Now, consider how God controls these imaginings by giving them form without qualification, without pen or instrument. If you split open your breast in search of a thought or idea and take it apart bit by bit, you won't find any thoughts there. You won't find any in your blood or in your veins. You won't find them above or below. You won't find them in any limb or organ, for they are without physical quality and are non-spatial. You won't find them on your outside either. Since His control of your thoughts is so subtle as to be without trace, then consider how subtle and traceless He must be who is the Creator of all this. Inasmuch as our bodies are gross objects in relation to ideas, so also subtle and unqualifiable ideas are gross bodies and forms in relation to the subtlety of the Creator."

*Signs of the Unseen, Jalalludin Rumi, Discourse 23,
(Islamic: Sufi, Words of Rumi)*

CHAPTER THREE**The Mystery of the Many Worlds**

As my vision was directed by an unseen force towards the back window, my spirit began to gaze at the cloudy sky behind my home. Suddenly, the presence of several races of alien life was felt profoundly and the sky lit up from many locations. Music began to emanate from the skies, as I smiled in a state of transfixed bliss upon the spectacle. A soulful chant was played out in harmonic feminine voices, singing of the shortness of time each of us have upon the earth to fulfill the calling of our destiny. As the lightning storm of light continued, I looked and listened in utter silence as a vague download began to enter into my soul. Some type of information regarding alien races and 'The Urantia Book' were being given to me, although in a very unconscious way.

"True and holy are Thy continents and universes; true and holy are Thy worlds and the forms created by Thee"

*Sri Guru Granth Sahib, Volume II, Raga Asa, Page 981
(Sikhism)*

"Above this, past as many worlds as atoms in a buddha-field, is a world called Radiance of Adornments Solid and Stable Everywhere, octagonal in shape, resting on a sea of mind-king crystal globes, covered by clouds of drapes adorned by all precious stones, surrounded by as many worlds as atoms in twenty buddha-fields, uniformly pure. The Buddha there is called Great Luminous Lamp of the Universal

Eye."

*The Flower Ornament Scripture, The Flower Bank World,
Page 231, (Buddhism: Mahayana)*

CHAPTER FOUR **The Mystery of Original Sin**

A woman who had passed from this world came to me wishing to show me something very intriguing in regards to original sin.

Standing beside my bed, she said, "I want you to see the demonic force which is plaguing my family which originally comes from my father." For a moment, it was given for me to know that her father had been a violent and sexually deviant man and during the abuse she had endured; the 'sin' of the father had been visited upon her and his demon given entry into her soul. Due to her lack of knowledge and discernment during life, she was unaware of the ways in which she had allowed it to be perpetuated in the lives of her family. Some of these ways included her attraction to the occult, and allowing her children to engage in games which promoted demonism and violence.

As she conveyed this information, a huge gale wind came down upon me as I looked into the eyes of one of the ugliest demonic creatures I'd ever seen. But it was so powerful, I had no time to think before I was forced to engage in furious battle very quickly. While battling, I called upon the Lord, shouting, "I am a temple of the Holy Spirit and am protected by the Lord of Hosts. Jesus Christ, I trust in You!" With that, this large red reptilian creature pulled back for a moment and disappeared.

My husband, Andy, was sub-conscious astral during this experience, but he suddenly sat straight up in his bed (in the spirit) and said, "It's behind you!"

As I readied myself to turn and face the creature, my husband shuddered and showed a terrified look upon his face. 'No, don't look at it, it's absolutely horrible. You don't want to look upon it!' Understanding that the demon had mustered up additional strength, I heeded the warning and did not turn to look at it but waited for its next attack. Coming upon me like a bolt of lightning, I battled furiously and again called upon the name of Jesus and then St. Michael the Archangel both of whom instantly rescued me.

The woman stood beside me as I looked at her in shock. The clear evil of what had been perpetuated upon her as a child was very clearly in my awareness. Quietly and with no emotion, she said, "They don't understand that a great deal of the problems they are facing has to do with their attachment to dark things and this particular demon in general which I allowed to be visited upon them by lacking in discernment while I was alive." During her life, she had not only perpetuated, but encouraged, such things. But she did so because she was plagued by this sin which was visited upon her by her father. Nodding, I understood. For a moment, I pondered the manner in which such original sin had been visited upon the third generation through entirely different means than that which had allowed the demonic oppression to begin in this particular family.

"O God that sentest us into the world: that didst reveal thyself by the law and the prophets: that didst never rest, but always from the foundation of the world savedst them that were able to be saved: that madest thyself known through all nature: that

proclaimedst thyself even among beasts: that didst make the desolate and savage soul tame and quiet: that gavest thyself to it when it was athirst for thy words: that didst appear to it in haste when it was dying: that didst show thyself to it as a law when it was sinking into lawlessness: that didst manifest thyself to it when it had been vanquished by Satan: that didst overcome its adversary when it fled unto thee: that gavest it thine hand and didst raise it up from the things of Hades: that didst not leave it to walk after a bodily sort (in the body): that didst show to it its own enemy: that hast made for it a clear knowledge toward thee: O God, Jesu, the Father of them that are above the heavens, the law of them that are in the ether, the course of them that are in the air, the keeper of them that are ion the earth, the fear of them that are under the earth, the grace of them that are thine own: receive also the soul of thy John, which it may be accounted worthy by thee . . . And as I come unto thee, let the fire go backward, let the darkness be overcome, let the gulf be without strength . . . Let angels follow, let devils fear . . . and grant me to accomplish the journey unto thee."

*The Apocryphal New Testament, Acts of John, 112, 114,
(Christianity, Words of St. John)*

CHAPTER FIVE
THE MYSTERY OF CONCENTRATION

Walking slowly wearing the garment of a nun, I was amidst a long line of Missionaries of Charity and monks who were engaged in spiritual practice. Mother Teresa was overlooking our practice and guiding us as we went.

Because of my clumsiness, I experienced repeated accidents; falling down, tripping out of line, knocking something over, etc. Each time, I felt so badly about myself because the monks and nuns around me were so very intensely mindful and full of peace. It seemed my soul was trying to overcome some remnants of agitation which remained within it. But each time, Mother Teresa gently came over to me, and took my hand in hers. "I love you," she said, as she gazed into my eyes with utter peace.

As she did so, I felt totally loved and strong enough to get back up and join this line of prayer and contemplation, working towards removing my fetters and agitated qualities which prevented my practice from being as penetrating as these souls who walked with perfect calm and precision.

*"I shall share with you fully what I know.
Meditation, control of the senses. And passions, and
selfless service of all are the body, the scriptures are
the limbs and truth is the heart of this wisdom."*

*The Upanishads, Kena Upanishad, #8, (Hinduism,
Translator: Eknath Easwaran)*

*"Lord! By my inmost mind am I contemplating Thee!
This helpless one in Thy Shelter keep. Grant union:*

*my life with love for Thee is brimful. My self ever Thy
beauty is contemplating; by realization of the Lord
attracted. Lord! You are protector of the devotees'
esteem, shatterer of suffering, fulfiller of all desires.
May the auspicious day arrive when the Lord to my
bosom be clasped."*

*Sri Guru Granth Sahib, Volume II, Raja Asa, Page 980,
(Sikhism)*

CHAPTER SIX

The Mystery of Death

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

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

In each case, they held onto an identity shortly before death which slowly disappeared into a vacuum as they approached the time of their passing. It was fascinating to watch, because every single soul was concerned with the way they were perceived by others and existed in the same trap of all humanity in that they understood themselves to be separate and distinct. But moments before they crossed over, I witnessed that a monk-like energy overcame each and every one, actually manifesting as an etheric brown robe overlapping their physical bodies. This occurred even with the little babies.

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

And as these souls died, they shot off like a rocket into that program, entering their eternal journey as if they'd prepared their whole life for it, even in cases where they clearly had not. It was not frightening or new to them, even though it had come upon them very quickly, for they were all in perfect peace.

Watching those left behind mourning for lost loved ones, I noticed a man who had just lost his wife who was currently engaged in prayer and contemplation for her soul. Frustrated that others had forgotten her so quickly, he was asking professional opera singers to sing the Divine Mercy Chaplet (A Catholic Devotion originating with Saint Faustina in the 1930's in Poland) on her behalf. Many

would begin, but would not finish the Chaplet and simply walk away because they had lost interest in it and the soul of his wife. As he wandered these astral hallways, I quietly said to him, "I will do it for you . . . ?" And I began singing quietly and growing louder as I awaited his response. "Eternal Father, I offer You . . . the Body and the Blood . . . Soul and Divinity of Your Dearly Beloved Son. Our Lord Jesus . . . Christ" Nodding that he accepted my gift even though I was not a professional singer, I continued to pray and sing on his wife's behalf. "In Atonement for our Sins, and for the Whole World. For the sake of His sorrowful Passion, have mercy on us and on the whole world. For the sake of His sorrowful Passion, have mercy on us on the whole world . . ." And thus, we sang together in quiet contemplation on the life of this soul and her entrance into eternal life.

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

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

*"Remember your last days, set enmity aside; remember death and decay, and cease from sin!"
The New American Bible, Old Testament, Sirach 28:6,
(Christianity, Judaism)*

CHAPTER SEVEN **The Mystery of Destiny**

Her face was glowing in the astral sky as I met Grandma Hornik for the first time. My husband Andy's grandmother had died long before we'd even met, but she had come to share with me her joy in our union. She especially appreciated the spirituality that I had brought back into Andy's life, as well as, that of her great-grandchildren. Her smile was endless as her joy was deep, and it felt so wonderful to be loved so deeply by this matriarch of one side of our family.

Traveling deeper into the cosmos, I had various experiences which were showing my incompatibility to the physical world. As I had again been questioning whether I should try to get back into the workforce and make some money, the Lord showed me each of these options and how it would interfere with my true destiny. If I didn't do what I do, being a mom, recluse, hermit and writer, I would forget to care about other people and the important issues in life.

Finally, my spirit was taken through a wild mountain woodland, where the destination was a grand lake. But when we reached the lake, it was empty, showing the barren and empty spirit which would result from me following such a path. Sitting on the dry ground of the lake bed, I understood. The spirit within me would not remain active if I were to drain it of its sustaining inflow from the spirit world. In order to continue to bring heaven to earth, I must remain as a recluse and not of the earth. In this, I could continue to sustain the inflow from the

heavenly spheres and work towards reanimating the spirit of the world and bring back the water which was sadly missing.

"But as one that looks up to the heavens and sees the splendour of the stars thinks of the Maker and searches, so whoever has contemplated the Intellectual Universe and known it and wondered for it must search after its Maker too. What Being has raised so noble a fabric? And how?"

Plotinus, The Enneads, III.8, (Mystery Religions)

"Myriads of mystic tongues find utterance in one speech, and myriads of hidden mysteries are revealed in a single melody; yet, alas, there is no ear to hear, nor heart to understand . . . Purge thy heart from malice and, innocent of envy, enter the divine court of holiness."

The Hidden Words, No. 16, 42, (Bahai', Words of Baha'u'llah)

CHAPTER EIGHT

The Mystery of Possession

Taken to a dark and dank old castle-like building, I met an older man who was very evil. Although he was an evil man, he was not an evil spirit; because one could say he was quite lost himself. (There is a difference between a demonic force, and a dark soul. His soul was evil, but he was not a truly energized demonic force.) After listening to him ramble on and on about his conquests for a while, I'd received enough information to realize there were two lost souls in his captivity and what I must do to go in and liberate them. But before I did, I planted a seed within this dark soul which would hopefully have great impact on his future liberation from evil.

Standing before him very calmly and quietly, I said, "I feel very sorry for you." "But why would you feel sorry for me?" He said with an almost triumphant, yet fading feeling about himself. Pausing for a moment, I quietly stated, "Because evil knows no joy." Great sadness overtook his face, and I knew the seed of light had been planted within him.

Within a second I was whisked away to a dark and very small cellblock. Appearing much like that of a political prison of our world, I knew that it was not (of this world) because the woman had a very old and open bullet wound to her chest which indicated that she had been long dead. She and her brother had been held captive here energetically in some way by this evil man, and by their ignorance of the fact that liberation could have come to them with the simple

act of calling out to God for help. "Help is about to arrive," I said, "prepare yourselves." Within moments, a 'tank' carrying two disguised angels (as soldiers) barreled through the side of the prison creating an open wall. "Go to them!" I shouted as the angels smiled at me and gave me a wink. The two went with the angels who revealed themselves within moments afterwards to the two they had come to retrieve.

My soul was swept into a house which appeared to be built around the 1970's. Immediately, I knew this home was that of a person who was exhibiting the signs of actual demonic possession and I was sent here to help. As soon as I entered the home, there was a feeling of utter terror. But as I met this woman at the door, I felt compelled to discuss with her that which was taking place. Describing physical violence, as well as, an obvious presence, she also pointed out a great deal of water damage around the home, as well. Around the back of the house, water was pooling around one side of the house. Inside the house, ceilings were in the color of brown and literally falling in. Understanding this to represent the inundation within this person's soul, I acknowledged the damage.

Before I was to give witness to the cause of all this fervor, she described this constant feeling of terror which was very much alive within the walls of her house. Showing me a bathroom, I was surprised to notice that there were at least ten toilets inundated with excrement symbolizing the level of this contamination. Asking the presence to come forth, things began to slowly become clearer.

As I did so, her home became filled with probably about 70 different spirits as they all materialized before my eyes. There were so many of them, the house was overflowing; men and woman, young and old, large and small, of every make and type.

Immediately, I asked her if she could see them, and she said, "Who?" I pointed to individual spirits, and actually took hold of one of them and placed them in front of her and asked if she could see them. She again said, "No. I see no-one." This amazed me because of the sheer population within her home.

As soon as they appeared, however, the feeling of terror dissipated. Great confusion arose instead, as I instantly realized these were not demonic spirits; but very dark lost souls who for some undetermined reason at this time had all converged on this place together and, in their multitude, were creating a very dark and terrorizing force.

Interestingly, as I had entered the home, the woman was in the process of packing her things. Having brought a pick-up truck with me, she was loading the truck and getting ready to move on. As she walked out with a box of things, she said, "I'm leaving because this house is much too haunted for my taste." Seeing proper resolve on her face, I patted her on the back as I made my way in. At that moment, I was a little concerned because I wasn't sure how I was going to be able to handle it, but I stepped forward anyway . . .

Waiting and watching, the woman was very intrigued with the process. But to her, it appeared that I was talking to the air and moving and pushing

on things that weren't there; although that was not the case.

Beginning to speak to each of these spirits, it took a great deal of time to make my way through the multitude. I found that they were very dark, but not demonic. Lost and very destructive souls, they became a terrorizing and possessive force because of their sheer number; something of which I didn't yet understand. Something drew them to this one location within or around this woman, and it appeared to be a mental illness from which she suffered which caused her to be more aware of spiritual presences, but yet, unable to handle them properly.

As I worked my way through the room surmising the condition of each individual soul, one of them came up to me and asked "Were you trained by one of those governmental programs?" In his mind, I was doing 'psychic' work. I told him "No." But he became intrigued when I mentioned to him that my father had been involved in 'top secret' government work for many years, but of a different nature. He was a scientist.

After a very long while, the entire group of around 70 souls were all converged in one room with me. Their darkness had been expunged to a great deal, as we had discussed individually with each one of them their status and what we needed to be doing. Taking the entire group outside of the house, the skies began to immediately thunder up as if a storm were coming. But then something beautiful beyond words occurred . . .

Within the swirling gray clouds of thunder, I began to notice individual sparks of light emerge one at a time. "Look!" I shouted to the crowd of souls, as they immediately drew their gaze to the sky. As they did, more and more points of light appeared and began to twirl and rotate until each spark of light transformed into a magnificent and HUGE angel. The sky was covered with the sight of dozens of huge white female angels bearing large and broad wings.

"Come on!" I shouted to all of them as I began pushing them up towards the sky. "Go!" At first, they were very sluggish and slow, but I kept pushing and they began to understand as they soared in a grand line towards the sky and towards the angels of God who had come to retrieve them and bring them to their true home.

Walking back inside the home, I noticed that about 10-15 remained. Frustrated, I said to them, "Come on, guys, what are you still doing here?" An older but very small woman smiled an impish smile, but it was clear that these ones were not yet ready to go. An inner prompting gave me this knowledge, but it also told me something else. "I'm coming back!" I said, "I will be back!" Although these Lost Souls were not yet ready to go, their energies had shifted dramatically and they were no longer projecting darkness, confusion or their former terribly dark ways. Although they had made progress, they would still be qualified as Lost Souls.

A large and tall man wearing all green began to belt out Christmas Carols. It seemed that he was doing so in honor of the liberation of so many of them this day, as though they had received their Christmas

present early this year by achieving liberation. But as they all began to join him in singing the Christmas Carols, I noticed that they were getting many of the words wrong. Wrong in a sense that it was quite clear that demonic forces had been influencing them to change the words. Laughing at them, I said, "If you're going to sing these carols, get the words RIGHT?" I taught them the correct words, and they all continued singing joyfully.

Despite the continuing presence of these souls as I was slipped away into the ether, I noticed that the roof was now in perfect condition and the flooding outside was no longer present. After returning from this experience, the woman experienced a general feeling of well-being, although she still continued to hear one particular voice.

In a subsequent experience several weeks later, my soul was taken deeply into the storyline of a soap opera. It was my task to verify this storyline and see if all that I was being told about it were true. Making calls to actors and actresses on the soap, I finally received a letter from the writers who quickly made it clear that no such storyline had ever been written into the soap opera. All the stories these voices were telling her were false and had no basis in reality.

A voice exclaimed to me, "The voices that she continues to hear are not real, but related to the organic mental illness from which she suffers. Now that she has learned to be diligent in guarding the gateway that this mental illness creates within her to the influence of spirits, she must also become diligent in taking the medications which will help to close the doorway more completely by altering the organic

condition within her brain which is the cause of her mental illness." She also had realized a tendency within herself to identify too closely with others, taking on some of their characteristics; rather than observing others from a clear sense of self. This was also a natural response of the psychotic illness from which she suffered and a very excellent realization.

As with medical conditions, it is the merging of both the spiritual and the physical sciences that brings about a full balance. If done from only one perspective, the answer may be incomplete.

Returning to the home I'd previously visited of the person who experienced the signs of possession, I noticed that the home had three wings. The first wing looked very much now like a new home, and the door to the second and third wing of the house had been closed and locked.

Going behind the locked door, I noticed the rot and decay in those rooms, but amidst that rot was a singular picture of Christ walking with His disciples. Gathering the picture to bring to the first wing of the home, I ran into an angel dressed as a construction worker who said, "I'll be working on fixing up some of this wood and restoring that which has been lost here. In the meantime, you take Jesus back into the first wing of the house and lock the door to these wings behind you." Nodding, I did exactly as he'd told me.

Gazing at the woman who lived in this house, I locked the door to the spirit world (the second and third wing), hung up the picture of Christ in the physical world (the first wing) and gave her a thumbs

up. The decision had been made to close the door entirely, and it was good in this case.

"Nothing in Heaven is servanted; nothing upon Earth free."

*The Divine Pymander of Hermes, First Book, No. 55,
(Egyptian, Words of Hermes)*

"As you hedge around your vineyard with thorns, set barred doors over your mouth; As you seal up your silver and gold, so balance and weigh your words. Take care not to slip by your tongue and fall victim to your foe waiting in ambush."

*The New American Bible, Old Testament, Sirach 28:24-26,
(Christianity, Judaism)*

CHAPTER NINE

The Mystery of Redemption

My soul was given to witness the crossing over of a holy priest. As I dropped off to sleep, I was honored to stand about twenty feet away from his hospital bed. Three huge white angels with gigantic wings stood on each side of his bed, and one at his head. At his feet, Jesus and Mary stood with their arms outstretched. Light came from their hearts and the heart of the angels into his, and I saw him coming out of his body and reaching his arms towards Jesus. As he did so, I saw a vision within a vision. Watching as he had performed the Mass during his life, Jesus overlapped his every move on the altar.

After spending weeks working on a project given to me by the prophets, saints, mystics and sage from every religion throughout time (to make my work downloadable for free on my web-site); I was given a great gift.

For a couple of weeks they had come with their requests, each one requiring a little higher level of technical knowledge. When I gave up on two occasions, they returned to me at night insisting that it could be done and I just had to figure out how it would work. After uploading and downloading day and night for two weeks in my compromised condition (heart failure), we finally had success and there was great joy in the heavens.

Taking me to an astral hospital, the spiritual doctors worked on my spirit and soul to rejuvenate me. Then they took me home. A few times in my life,

I'd been given to witness the line of angels that surrounds the perimeter of our property and home as heavenly protection for us. As a special holy gift for performing this task, they said I would get to see them again.

As they said this, the lines of angels appeared out of the ether. Golden and luminous, they were all smiling exuberantly in their joy that this task had been completed and this work of God was now being broadcast all over the world. Perhaps 200 angels protected our property, standing quietly in line in the form of a square around our home. Nodding with gratitude, I was returned to my body.

Boarding an airplane which was transparent and filled with people, I sat down as I noticed that there was a guide of some sort preparing to teach us. Surprised to notice that there were two priests among the group, I was also happy to see my own former priest sitting in wait.

"This is the airplane of Truth and Wisdom," said the guide as he began a lengthy discourse on the finer points of guiding souls properly. Although it was quite obvious that I didn't really know what to say or how to say it to those in need of guidance, it was also apparently clear that I was among those who were required to learn this skill of guiding souls towards God. Because of this urgency, there were three points of great importance for me to learn this night.

After steering the plane into the skies several times, which represented steering a soul properly upward to begin its own flight; we landed the plane

to focus on these finer points of inquiry. Firstly, they began to introduce new souls into my group, and as they did so, I became confused and mis-focused. This was my first failing, that I would lose focus too quickly when a new person came into the picture. Secondly, they began speaking with my former priest and discussing a failing of his which I had apparently shared. As he stood there in his shining robes, he nodded with calm acceptance of the fact that his primary failing in shepharding his own flock had been that he had done too much for his people, rather than teaching them compassionately to receive the tools he had already honed so well. By being brusque on occasion in regards to matters which appeared quite obvious to him, but were true obstacles to those who came to him for guidance, he scared them away in a sense. Nodding, I understood that the arrogance and conceit of wisdom can become a huge obstacle if you become unwilling to give others the tools they will need in a compassionate manner, rather than being annoyed that they need such guidance. Finally, it was time for me to go to my next class, but I quickly realized that my class had gone long over its expected time. This was my third error in that my classes lasted too long. An extension of the second problem, I was allowing people to become too dependent upon me, rather than giving them what they needed in a focused, concise, clear and compassionate manner, resulting in a certain co-dependency which allowed them to neglect utilizing and perfecting those tools within themselves.

Understanding, I turned to the angelic guardian and said, "Before I go, I want to let Father

know how much I loved him." Looking at me quizzically, the guide said, "Oh, you do? In what way?" Pausing, I stumbled. "Oh, I don't know . . . as a father?" Energies began to pull back as I quickly understood that my sincerity was in question. In truth, I had had mixed feelings about our priest. Sometimes, he had been great, but there had also been times when he had brought me to tears with his abruptness or gruffness regarding grave issues. Ironically, I realized that those very issues within him that had given me mixed feelings were issues that I, too, shared. It was almost funny to realize that. At that moment, I turned to Father and realized that he already understood that I'd had mixed feelings, and that me expressing my love to him was insincere, rather stupid and unnecessary. For the purpose of this exercise, it made it doubly important that I be honest with myself so that I could hopefully avoid that same pitfall within my own work in this life. It was his desire that I do so, perhaps his final gift to me.

Finally, it was time to leave and I followed the spiritual pull towards a classroom in another sphere. Many metaphysical thinkers had gathered there, and I sat down in a chair awaiting instruction. An older woman appeared who was apparently going to teach, but she immediately looked towards me and said, "Make sure we can hear your CD's, too." Surprised, I wasn't even aware that they knew of my work. Speaking of some kind of award the group had given me for my efforts in the field of Out-of-Body Travel, she said, "Frankly, we feel you've shown greater prudence in presenting the subject than we have." In a moment of surprise, I quietly said, "Thank you."

Suddenly, I was inside a metaphysical bookstore. Having come to sign books, the owner had instead regarded my humble manner as indicative of my lack of worth, and directed me to straighten shelves instead. Confused, I did as she asked, walking first over to where my books had been displayed. As I began to move them around and try to dust them, diamonds began to fall out of them, spilling onto the floor in droves. Concerned, I tried to vacuum them up, but found that that didn't work very well. Afraid, the owner of the store would think I was stealing from her, I attempted to gather up the diamonds, but they continued to spill out of my books all over the floor.

For a moment, I stood back up to notice that the entire room had transformed from what it had *appeared* to be to its *truth* in energetic reality. As diamonds continued to fall from my little corner of the store, I noticed that there were clothing racks of human-size scorpions hanging upside down from hangers. As I tried to straighten a few of the other books, crab-like creatures fell out of them as I jumped back in horror. Several customers had been in the store and had previously appeared as normal humans, but now one of them was adorned in great wealth and was a vampirical beast. When he smiled, you knew this. Two others were a lower-grade order of vampire, as they were not in disguise at all and their energetic nature was out in the open. A fourth person carried the look of an old hag, almost monstrous in her appearance. Her hair was knotted, unkempt and dirty, and her face held a witchy glare. In horror, I quietly slipped out a side door.

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

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

to a cove where mourners stood waiting to comfort me in my sadness and I began to contemplate.

As I did, an angel again pointed out to me the importance of learning not to do everything for others, but to allow them to receive the tools and then practice and hone them. Harkening off into the distance, the angel's hands were now directly pointing at a wall of water coming in my direction. Before I could look around me to find a means of escape, the tidal wave had hit and I was completely submerged in the waters. Nodding to the angels, I understood that I was receiving warning about new wave of illness which might place me in harms way. I would be careful. Then we were gone.

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

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

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

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

CHAPTER TEN The Mystery of Suffering

Lying in the middle of the room in an easy chair suspended in space, all those who could not understand my condition were gathering around me in agitation. "We need to build a hospital over there," one said, as another pointed in the same direction and said, "and a school there!" Completely unconscious, I was unable to respond. "Why won't she get up and *do* something?!?!?!?" One said to the other, as she responded with equal disdain and confusion.

Suddenly, out of the ether began to appear angels. Three or four Female angels with white robes and wings were gathered in a small circle around my chair watching over me. As the people continued to ask over and over, "Why won't she get up and *do* something?!?!?!?" the angels replied, "Because her heart doesn't work." Although they said it many times, it appeared that I was the only one who could see or hear them. Smiling at me, they filled me with assurance that I was not lazy, just sick.

Our former priest had given Andy, my husband, a gift, "a relic of the saints," he had said. Arriving at our campsite, Andy showed me a piece of a broken Mason jar, upon its jagged edge was a torrent of blood. "Father gave this to me because this blood is the actual blood of many saints!" He said excitedly. Confused, I felt evil in the room, but continued to listen. "Apparently, according to our priest," he said, "this was used by a demonic force to slit the throats of many saints."

Instantly, I knew I was in grave danger. This was not a holy relic, but a demonized instrument of death dealing the blows of death and persecution to the saints. Now the force behind this demonic instrument was seeking to slit my throat.

Remembering, I thought about the mixed feelings I'd had toward this priest which had arisen because there had been times where he had misjudged my illness and spread the persecution amongst the church. For some reason, unbeknownst to me, there had been a lengthy period where he had come to the conclusion that I was lazy. This perception had been spread amongst the congregation, and I'd gone through a period of great desolation as a result of it. There had been times when he'd made light of some of the mystics and stigmatists, because he seemed to have a disdain for supernatural gifts among the saints. At this moment, I realized that he had carried this unholy relic unawares, not knowing the truth behind his false views which had led him to bring persecution upon them. In his mind, he had thought he was properly chastising the sinner, when he had apparently been discerning the truth through incorrect means.

Taking the relic from Andy, I immediately brought it over to the campfire, trying to melt the jagged edge. Knowing that as soon as I went to sleep, this demonic instrument would animate and come after my throat, I sought to melt off the sharp side which could slit my throat unawares. After realizing it wouldn't work, I handed Andy a hacksaw and asked him to break it into many pieces. Again, it wouldn't work.

"I'm sorry, Andy," I said, "We're going to have to seek refuge from our campsite, find a hotel room where I will have some level of protection from this force which seeks my destruction." In moments, we were in a hotel room, but a loud buzzing sound was piercing my ears and driving me to distraction. Going about the room, I sought to find the source of the sound. As I found a fan in the bathroom, I attempted to turn it off. But as I did so, it only became louder and louder and louder and louder . . . and then suddenly, it stopped.

Waking to a darkened room, a huge blizzard had taken out the power, and all had gone silent. Because we usually sleep to the sound of a noise machine, the sounds immediately ceased. All was dark.

Returning to sleep, I found myself again in the center of a room in my chair unconscious. My husband and children flitted about me, unaware of my physical condition which had deteriorated. Picking myself up, I walked out the door and into a hot sunny oasis. Lying on the ground, I closed my eyes. As I did so, my garments and body became that of the medicine woman. From the ground came timbers and a leather sheet to hold my body as I realized that I was being laid out for burial in the Native American way. Baking in the hot sun, my consciousness receded to unconsciousness as I surrendered to my ill health. "It's the barometer," the angels whispered in my ear, "the barometer has dropped due to the storm and will affect your heart badly. Be careful." Nodding, I ceased.

In the spirit world, I was taken into the heavens to receive a message. We'd been reaching out to somebody on the Earth in regards to our mission with the music which had been given to me, and this person came to me in the astral and said, "Let's go ahead and do a demo and see what happens." Smiling with glee, I turned to my left and saw my former priest hovering in the heavens. Wearing his green robes, he smiled hugely and gave me a thumbs up. Ecstatic, I understood that because he had died and crossed over, he now understood my purpose and was supporting me. Giving him a thumbs up back, a small cell phone which had been attached to his garment began ringing. As it rang, I saw an image of the old woman calling. Father smiled and said, "Gotta take this, still a priest, you know." Understanding, I left him to assist.

Suddenly, my spirit was in the body of an older person who was unable to respond to external stimulus. For several moments, I experienced what it felt like to be in that body. Interestingly, I was very much aware of all that was going on around me, although I could not speak or move my body in any way in and of myself. In a nursing home environment, there were many people who were saying things all around me. Noticing that many said very unkind things, this was very hurtful. When one woman came over and spoke to me with kindness and tenderness, her act of generosity meant so much to me. Although I remained unable to respond, I understood the energies of love and hate that were coming towards me and others in the home. What an eye-opening experience this was to see that even

those who may be so sick that they are completely unable to utilize their physical or mental faculties understand the energies of love, hatred or indifference which come towards them. They feel it profoundly.

Returning to consciousness for only a few moments, I drifted back into the astral states to experience a warning. As I was getting up to tend to my son, I was walking towards his bedroom when suddenly time became suspended and appeared as if in slow-motion. In an instant, I was experiencing everything from outside of my body, as I watched my body fall in slow motion to the floor. I didn't feel the impact. My husband was kneeling over my body saying, "Oh, no. I think it's time to call 911." "Oh, no," I shouted to him, "I'm right here, I'm fine." But as I said this, I realized that I was sitting outside my body and my body was truly dead. Feeling the profundity of the warning, I knew that I must never take for granted my physical health because it was still very tenuous.

Before I could think or respond to this situation, a huge demonic attack ensued. An invisible demonic force had taken control of my body and was throwing me around the room, as I no longer had control of my spiritual being. Repeating over and over, I said, "I command you to leave in the name of Jesus Christ, I command you to leave in the name of Jesus Christ, I command you to leave in the name of Jesus Christ . . ." But I was making little or no progress, until my eldest daughter appeared on the scene. Noticing my condition, she knelt on the floor and began to pray with me. In a few moments, I was

liberated from the demonic attack. A Satanist had recently begun harassing me through the internet because of his hatred for God and those like me doing His work. I was made very much aware that this assault had come from him. Taking note, I arose feeling unwell but rested up and prepared for what may be to come.

Traveling through the wilderness, I was trying to keep up with the others but deathly aware of my inability to do so. My heart failure situation was simply making it impossible for me to do what I had done in the past. As we approached the familiar wilderness retreat which was the home ground of the infamous haunted mansion of which I had visited and worked on extricated members many times, I realized that we would have to stay in unheated huts overnight during our stay and that I simply wouldn't survive that.

Although no one around me was aware of my dire condition, I wasn't doing well at all when we did arrive at the encampment. Immediately, I asked about my van, but somebody had borrowed it and wouldn't be back for two to three hours. "Oh, my God!" I said, "I'll never make it that long!" Everyone was looking at me very funny except for one angelic being who appeared behind me and caught me as I fell in exhaustion. Looking into my eyes, I understood an unspoken message, 'Although no one else around you may understand the condition you are in, you will no longer be able to do many of the things - even in the spirit world - that you used to do. You need to surrender to that.' Although I had not yet even visited

the haunted mansion to assess the status of the lost souls inhabiting the place, it was clear that I would not be given entry this time because I was not strong enough to perform this task anymore. Sadly, I surrendered to this in the arms of the male angel and was suddenly transported.

Arriving in a beautiful apartment building, we were living on the top floor. A huge light came down from the heavens filling the place with sunshine and heat. Andy and I were organizing a new altar to God to be built in the living room, placing white and purple linens on the table top before retrieving our relics. We were peaceful with this reality and we accepted it. Outside the open back glass patio door, was a stunningly crystal clear pool. The bright light emanated from the water like a prism in the brightly lit sky. "I guess this is my retirement home," I joked to myself softly.

Suddenly, I had visitors who literally appeared out of the ether. As I'd mentioned previously, I'd helped a man who had been in danger of damnation by fighting the demons for him probably six months before, and he had come to kiss my hand shortly after I'd won his soul back for him, surrounded in light. His ancestors were suddenly filling my living room, about thirty of them. Some of them appeared to be brothers, cousins and recent relations and others went further back. Honored, none of us said anything, but I felt their gratitude that I had intervened on this man's behalf and made it possible for all of them to be together.

After a while, I walked into the bedroom to have some solitude for just a moment but quickly

noticed that there were two Native American men in the room. One of them had long straight black hair, and was very tall and skinny. I didn't feel like I knew him, but was entranced by his beauty. The other had shorter and frizzier long black hair. A beard and moustache adorned his face as he sat silently on a couch. "Hey, can I hear some of your music?" He asked, as I timidly pointed out, "Well, my music isn't fully produced or anything, but I guess it would be okay . . ." Before I could get to my CD's, I instinctively walked over and sat next to him. My inner spirit knew this man, and I felt an intense unconditional love coming from him towards me and vice versa. Quietly laying my head on his shoulder, he pointed to the other man in the room. "My friend and I have come here to bring you the Ancient Mysteries," he said as my head cocked upwards to look in his face with surprise. "Be ready to receive the emissaries . . ." Fading from view, they were instantly gone. "I guess I'm not retiring after all," I thought, "I just got another job that maybe I can physically handle. Cool!"

Looking towards the family members of my friend in the living room, I observed my eldest daughter in the room. "Hey, what's she doing here!?!?!?!?" I shouted because I was concerned that she was included in a group of ancestors who were dead! The man who appeared to possibly be the brother of the man I'd come to help looked at me and conveyed a warning. My daughter was beginning to learn how to drive, it was very important that this process be undergone with great care. She had work to do, and an accidental death would be unacceptable

in regards to her destiny being fulfilled.

Standing behind our home in the astral state, I was wearing a flimsy white gown staring off into the distance. All was well behind our home, but I noticed that somebody else's yard was now next to ours and that a huge tidal wave was coming towards it.

This person was a very kind and generous person, but had fallen prey to suggestions of demonic persecution. As a result, she had become very unkind to us, spreading gossip and rumors about me not really being very sick, but just lazy. Because this gossip had continued to spread, I had lost many friends and acquaintances. People I had to deal with in daily life like teachers and other medical or religious personnel developed preconceived notions about me that I could not suppress. Those who had previously come to visit, no longer did so. Their suspicions had been aroused and no matter what I would say or do, I couldn't undo the damage of the frothful words that had been spoken of me. So, she really had done some harm.

But I had chosen to generally forget about it, because I knew that many people who face long-term catastrophic illness are easily misunderstood. It is one of those things in life that cannot be known unless one has traveled its road. At some point, you either accept that many people will judge and misunderstand you and be okay with that; or you drive yourself crazy trying to change what usually cannot be changed.

What happens in such cases of 'demonic persecution' is that those people who do not guard

their minds, who do not recognize dark forces which can interfere with their thinking; become very easily manipulated by them as they make suggestions to them about other people, situations, etc., which may very well be untrue. Demons will present it to a person as if it were their own thought. Because it is also then presented to them as a strong gut feeling, or a powerful feeling of enmity; they may choose to believe it to be true and proceed forth from there. In this way, many 'demonic persecutions' are undertaken by the dark side.

Literally, they gather around a person or place in hordes and continually suggest falsehoods about a colleague, a friend, a neighbor, or anybody for which they've received permission from God to 'try by fire.' Those who are not paying attention and carefully scrutinizing their thoughts will most likely immediately fall right into line with the 'demonic persecution.' Those who take the time to think carefully about whether or not what is coming into their head makes any sense or has any basis in fact may be able to realize that it is a demonic suggestion and refuse to participate. It is all about free will, choice and discernment.

Suddenly, my family was in a room with this woman and her family and friends. She began to again go on and on about all the things I should be doing, how lazy I was, and what a rotten mother I was for not doing this or that (despite the fact that I couldn't physically do them), etc. etc. Walking closer to her, I said, "You really should be ashamed of yourself." Continuing in a very calm and quiet way, I continued, "Your entire life's work centers around the

importance of families and taking care of their needs, but you have allowed yourself to be so influenced by dark forces as to be unable to generate a single ounce of compassion for a mother of three young children with a terminal illness."

A huge bolt of lightning came down from heaven and struck her with force. As she stared forward in a daze of shock, I waited for a reply. But it took many moments for her to respond. "Oh, my God!" She cried. "I'm so sorry, I'm so sorry." Placing her hands over her face, she began to cry uncontrollably as the lightning bolt had awakened her from her sleep, making her realize that she had truly totally misjudged our family and had been deceived. This was difficult for her to accept, because she didn't previously think she could have been capable of making a bad judgment such as this.

Everybody got very quiet as she continued to bawl. Finally, I went over to her and picked her up and placed my arms around her. Hugging her tightly, I said, "It's okay, we understand. We forgive you." After she began to calm down, I said, "You know the funny thing about this is that you and I probably would've been great friends if it hadn't been for this stupid thing which has always been in the way." (We had a lot in common, actually.) "Maybe now that it's out of the way, that can happen." She nodded, still in tears, as if she were open to that happening. Again, I hugged her, "It's okay." I repeated. "We truly do understand. It's okay . . ."

"Now if any one should wonder, whence those who had at first been of this last class, now are so

different, let him learn that affliction was the cause, affliction, that school mistress of heavenly wisdom, that mother of piety. When riches were done away with, wickedness also disappeared."

The Complete Writings of the Early Church Fathers,

Nicene and Post Nicene, Volume 11, Homily 7,

(Christianity: Catholic, Words of St. John Chrysostom)

"For the dreams that disturbed them had proclaimed this beforehand, lest they perish unaware of why they suffered ill."

The New American Bible, Old Testament, Wisdom 18:19,

(Christianity, Judaism)

CHAPTER ELEVEN
The Mystery of the Ancestors

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

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

Grandma Hornik began to show me things about their lives, and I became acutely aware that there was much more to these people than our family histories presented. They wished for us to know them better and more intimately, showing me the foibles and the triumphs of each member of the family

during their lifetimes. There was no ego involved in this experience, it was simply a sharing of the life-wisdom gained by each ancestor; although again it was very energetic in nature and much of it was quickly forgotten as I resumed consciousness.

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

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

CHAPTER TWELVE

The Mystery of Communication with the Dead

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

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

'talents' given him by the Lord for their proper use.

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

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

Sitting down with me, she held in front of her a blank piece of paper which suddenly began to manifest a very skillfully done line-image drawing of her with her new look. Sitting down, we began to write a poem underneath her image:

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

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

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

That morning, I stumbled upon a new form of treatment for this problem which used bacteria and organisms to actually eat the infection out of your system, a totally new approach to treatment. I decided to give it a try.

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

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

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

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

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

towards the Incomparable Friend."
The Tablets of Baha'u'llah, Kalimat-I-Firdawsiyyih,
(Bahai', Words of Baha'u'llah)

CHAPTER THIRTEEN The Mystery of Friendship

Standing in the canyon with the mesa's surrounding me, I suddenly heard a beckoning female voice. "The spirit is calling you from the Earth." She said. Within moments, buffalo in motion began appearing out of the ether until there was a gigantic herd of several thousand all around me. Looking upon the buffalo with a sense of holiness, I knew great meaning lay beneath their appearance. Gratitude for gifts received and a beckoning call to return those gifts to others filled my spirit. Sometimes we are called to pray, and sometimes we are called to become an answer to someone else's prayers. At this moment, I felt a call to both.

Before I could ascertain all that was coming to pass, a wall of water came crashing towards us. The wave took myself and the buffaloes into its current as we began traveling 'into the spiritual waters' towards an unseen destination.

Recently, a woman with an advanced disease had come into my life. It felt to me that the medicine women from throughout the ages were calling me to be her friend for she had been praying for one. In a subsequent experience, I was instructed to treat her as family. And it would be so . . .

THE FLOWER IN THE VALLEY

*There's a flower in the valley, whose hair is dark as night
Her smile is bright as sunshine, and her spirit's filled with light
In essence, she's an angel, traveling earth in keen disguise
But her heart reveals her nature, as all is good and fine*

*Inside her suffering corridors are images revealed
Of God's profoundly mystic and unmistakable things
She walks her day with Jesus, His suffering and cross her plight
But beneath this solemn torment, lies true scarlet that's been made white*

*She wears her crown of thorns, with dignity, upright
And though many do not see it, God uses her to purify the night
We all walk with more stature because of the sacrifice she makes
Her offering to Heaven is every breath she takes*

*Welcome home, flower of the Valley, you've been missed it is so sure
But know we see your beauty with which God filled you to the core*

Entering my former home which was no longer compatible to me, I was shown some things about my own reality which were important for me to observe. The doors locked behind me as I entered and I became almost completely isolated. Realizing that the lack of social life and relationships among friends had caused in this previous location the absence of a vital energetic requirement for my life-force to remain healthy and vigorous; it was shown to me that this vital energetic requirement was better in our current location, but still required improvement.

Because I am a mother of three responsible for my children 24 hours a day and seven days a week, I entered my isolation with a certain sense of resignation. And there was purpose to this isolation; it was simply out of proportion to the needs of my soul. My isolation provided a monastic environment for which I was able to study and write. But as I stood alone in the house, a guide came into the home.

Appearing as a man in about his forties, he had dark black hair but was slightly balding. Wearing a baseball uniform, he was laughing and cracking jokes among his friends who had come with him.

Inexplicably, I began laughing and falling into a state of relaxation with them. Despite my usual solitary manner, I experienced for a moment how refreshing and fun it could be to be able to have friendly outlets from my continually serious existence in raising three children, reading ancient sacred texts and never leaving the house. Allowing me to observe, it became clear that this need to have human contact and friendships outside of my marriage and family was not wrong on my part. Despite the recent temptation which had come through another person in the form of the carnivorous demon, denying myself of all friendships was causing me actual physical and spiritual harm.

There is a time in the spiritual life when absolute solitude is not only preferred but necessary; when the soul is young and inexperienced in the riding of temptation. In this solitude a soul is able to cultivate the virtues and extricate the vices, becoming a better shepherd of its senses. But as the soul progresses, sometimes the Lord calls the soul out of that solitude, asking it to trust again in itself and its ability to discern and disarm temptation as it may arise . . . for the purpose of fellowship.

"Be well prepared and well minded; join your hands: he who is affectionate and merciful to the world is going to speak, is going to pour endless rain of the law and refresh those that are waiting for enlightenment."

*Saddharma Pundarika or the Lotus of the True Law,
Introduction, No. 99, (Buddhism: Mahayana)*

"Come aside to me, you untutored, and take up

lodging in the house of instruction; How long will you be deprived of Wisdom's food, how long will you endure such bitter thirst? I open my mouth and speak of her: gain, at no cost, wisdom for yourselves.

Submit your neck to her yoke, that your mind may accept her teaching. For she is close to those who seek her, and the one who is in earnest finds her."

*The New American Bible, Old Testament, Sirach 51:23-26,
(Christianity, Judaism)*

CHAPTER FOURTEEN **The Mystery of Reincarnation**

Having underwent a series of sexual temptations in regards to a particular individual, I'd prayed to receive knowledge in regards to what lay beneath the surface of this particular person who came across as a devout Christian, but sent out a great deal of sexual energy despite both of us being married.

Shown to me as a cannibalistic demon, this particular creature utilized the facade of great spirituality to lure victims into its perimeter and then feed on it like a cannibal. Its appearance was of a human sized hairy creature with fangs and blood dripping from its mouth. Parasitic in nature, the tendency of this demon was to conquer a quantity of people in its life, not only members of the opposite sex. Because it relied on the energies of others to live, it sought out relatives, friends and members of the opposite sex to fulfill its many voracious and unspeakable appetites. This demon presented a very terrifying influence, because it went after its victims in a very darkly powerful way, unrelenting in its quest to fulfill its quota of victims. But what was so alluring about the demon's guise, was its ability to create what appeared to be genuine feelings based on something substantial, when in reality it was not based on anything substantial or real at all. On the surface, this demonic force would present itself as a very good religious person whose character could not be questioned. But its victims would be confused by this internal struggle which they felt; something dark,

an underside which was well hidden. Its basis was in lust, greed and every form of vice; conquering and consuming.

From what I'd been shown, I surmised that this type of demon would afflict those drawn in by a unique lure. Thinking that true spirituality, eternal love or substance was present, the victim would fall easily into the sway and mesmerization presented to it, but then they would be completely consumed and destroyed inside and out by the person harboring this demonic presence.

If the intended victim were to suspect that an evil presence lurked behind this Godly guise, they would usually feel guilty for having such feelings because of the beautifully constructed exterior facade held by the harbinger of such a demon. If they were to fall prey to its many lures (sexual, familial, friendship, professional, etc.) because of the deception of false spirituality and eternal love, they would be completely destroyed when they realized that they had entered literally into a hornet's nest and a white sepulcher full of dead men's bones. They would be further destroyed financially, spiritually, physically and in every other possible way.

One point that is absolutely vital in understanding this type of demon is that the person harboring this believes in their own exterior facade of goodness. Many of them don't actually *intend* harm; they just don't recognize the actual harm that they actually inflict. Because their mode of operation is habitual and normal to them, it is stained upon them as original sin or karma. This is one of the great disguises of the demons; convincing their own wards

that they are good and righteous people, despite the underside which exists in energy and is enacted upon the lives of those closest to them or their intended prey.

But isn't that true as regards all humanity, in that most of us choose to believe we are basically good and righteous people, despite the wrongs we already know that we commit against God in our deeds *and* in our thoughts? Because of this very well-developed delusion of the dark side on humanity (and some of the doctrines taught by some religions or Christian denominations which make believer's feel that all that is required of them is belief in Christ), most people never even truly begin, much less fully enter, the process of intensive purification which is required of us in mortal realms.

There can also be some kind of charitable need used as a lure for the potential victim, and this type of demonic force often uses the kindness and caring of others against them, sometimes going so far as to turn their acts of kindness towards them into criminal deeds directed at the victim or prey. Examples might be anything from financial need, to something more difficult to ascertain. For instance, using the needs of a sick and perhaps innocent member of their family as a lure to bring someone in for their destruction.

Sometimes, in such cases where the exterior facade is believed by its bearer but the underside poses a threat of harm to you or your family (either energetically or physically), the only choice is to stay away from them because you cannot alter this energy without the recognition of its bearer which rarely happens, and this particular demonic force will truly

take you down.

Another manifestation which occurred in my own experience with this demonic force (which is only a further indication of its destructive powers) is that while I was under the mesmerization and fiery pull of this creature, I began to lose weight uncontrollably going into a state of serious cardiac cachexia. As soon as I had overcome the temptation and began to pull away, I inexplicably had an appetite again and began to put weight back on. Literally, this demonic force had been sucking the very flesh from my bones.

Unfortunately, it took about seven weeks for me to get a hold on this demonic force, which literally pulled at my body and mind in a way I'd never previously experienced. Aware of its presence at all times, it became an obsessive thought that never left me, making me unable to move forward in my own study or spiritual path. What defeated this demon was CONTINUAL spiritual reading, prayer and asking God to reveal the ugly true nature of this creature which held my mind in such a way as to make it seem attractive. What a horrendous demonic force! But I never ceased praying for deliverance and understanding. I continually read holy texts (such as the 'Philokalia' which is a compilation of the writings of the ascetic desert fathers of the church, and 'The Introduction to the Devout Life,' by St. Francis de Sales), to help me to overcome this minefield of temptation. When I'd finally overcome this creature, such a feeling of relief came over my soul. A huge sense of renewed humility also overtook me in that no matter how far along the path we may be; we are

always vulnerable to demonic attack. Remaining prudent in our thoughts, words and deeds, we must continue to be ever watchful of the next assault which may come in a way never before experienced, thus taking us off guard. Entering our souls as a tiny spark of fire, it can become huge and raging within a very short period of time.

As the soul who harbored the cannibalistic demon had remained in my perimeter despite my having overcome the initial onslaught, I begged the heavens through prayer to reveal to me the karmic impulse behind this uniquely strange phenomenon that had been laid in my path; and at such an unexpected time in my life's journey, as well.

Wafting through the ethers, I landed upon a time long ago, perhaps in the 1600's or 1700's. Unable to discern where I might be, I was living in a very large home with my husband who bore the soul of my current husband. Having several children and being very much in love, we were absolutely terrified when we heard from the doctor that he had an advanced case of cancer and had very little time left to live.

Among the more well off of the time, we lived very comfortably but had many friends and acquaintances among the peasants and others. Our closest friends were two peasants, a brother and sister. Instantly, I recognized them both. Their souls were in my current perimeter, the brother being the harbinger of the carnivorous demon and the sister, his current wife.

As my husband died very quickly, the brother

began to move in very close to me and, over time I genuinely fell in love with him. Thinking that the feelings that he'd shown me were true, we were married; although it was also for the sake of my children. But because I truly loved him and thought it was mutual, I was shocked when shortly after our nuptials had passed, he exhibited his true nature in a way I could not have guessed.

Entering into a room in our large home, he said, "I am now Master over all of this, and I will say how things are to be done." Angered to no end, I suddenly realized that this man (who had then harbored the same carnivorous demon he continued to bear hundreds of years later) had married me for my money. With rage, I went forward. "Oh! No! You will not!" I said.

Cowering back, he accepted my authority, but we never got past this betrayal and my realization that he had not truly loved me as I had him. His sister remained with us, not participating in any of the deception, but perfectly contrite to receive of its rewards. As a result, they both became more like servants of the household and the familial bond was broken and never mended. But despite this, we remained married and I never sent them out.

Returning to the present day, the knowledge of this demonic attack became clearer as I was given to see one further thing.

Bringing our new kitten over to this man to 'baby-sit' for a time, I returned to find that he had eaten the tiny little thing from the inside out. The fur and skin were still there, but nothing of its innards remained. Looking in shock, I observed the lifeless

body of the cat and remembering all that I'd been shown about the cannibalistic demon.

Despite hundreds of years, these two had continued to harbor this carnivorous presence and utilized it to live off of other people; financially and spiritually. In fact, in their present time circumstance, they were living in someone else's home just as they had in this previous existence with me. He was the active and she the passive participator in this 'way of life.' It truly was not a unique plan intended for individual victims, but a 'way of life' for them. The carnivorous demon would utilize a variety of approaches such as lust or the appearance of love, but with an end to greed and power. This guise was so well practiced and honed; it appeared with great sincerity and was very convincing and alluring to its prey.

It was shown to me that I had felt such strong feelings when I'd initially come upon his soul again because I had genuinely loved this man in our previous existence. And so the nature of this karmic debt had been revealed, and it appeared that resolution was required. As is the case in most karmic matters when another soul has not yet seen that which holds them to the ground; such a debt requires simply loving them, understanding, and letting go of the harm and all that was not meant to be . . . a necessary process for a soul who attempts to reach a greater height.

"How may transmigration be annulled? How find union with the Lord? Vast is suffering, birth and death. Perpetually fixed in the mind is doubt of

duality."

*Sri Guru Granth Sahib, Volume II, Raga Asa, Page 894,
(Sikhism)*

"According to Vedic opinion, there are two ways of passing from this world - one in light and one in darkness. When one passes in light, he does not come back; but when one passes in darkness, he returns."

*The Bhagavad-Gita As It Is, Chapter 8, Text 26,
(Hinduism, Translator: A.C. Bhaktivedanta Swami
Prabhupada)*

"Go not after your lusts, but keep your desires in check."

*The New American Bible, Old Testament, Sirach 18:30,
(Christianity, Judaism)*

CHAPTER FIFTEEN
The Mystery of Healing

As my medical condition appeared to continue to improve, I was taken to observe a map. Upon its fetters was a line drawn showing the journey we had taken from our previous home to our new location. Looking upon the map, my attention was drawn to a schoolroom around me which represented our former home. Teachers were gathering their books to close out the school year and janitors were preparing to close up the building. One of the very humble janitors approached. 'Class is dismissed,' he said. As he said this, I began flying simultaneously at the speed of light towards the location on the map which represented our new home. In the distance, I felt bliss much like that of approaching the Promised Land. The desert oasis in the distance was a liberation from the extended stay we had experienced 'being beaten up inside the Eucharistic Tabernacle,' something which had been shown to me in 'Galactica.' We appeared to be leaving the land of persecution to the land of light. In the distance, the desert oasis beamed with light.

Suddenly, I was standing in our new home. Outside, my huge living room crucifix had been nailed to a large pole. Winds began to stir around it, and I became nervous and afraid that it might blow off the pole and shatter. As the winds picked up, a short but powerful gust blew it off the pole. But rather than shattering, it gently landed on its feet, standing solidly on the ground by a mystical force. A sense of wonder filled me as I heard a voice in the

wind. "You have been taken off the cross," it conveyed. "And rather than being shattered to pieces, you stand tall." Indeed, the crucifix stood tall in the distance as I watched in awe.

Although I still technically had heart failure and would continue to take many meds, I was realizing that in some energetic way I had been taken down from the cross for a time to finish certain heavenly tasks. My condition had improved in a miraculous way and I was doing things now that I never thought I would have been able to do again. Somehow, my life had been restored by God's holy will. Dumbfounded by this phenomenal gift of grace from God, I could only stare. No words came to my lips as I remained silent.

Within days of this profound experience, I began to cough up small amounts of blood.

Entering into a deepened state, my spirit began to vibrate as the vision of the angels came near to my conscious view. All around me, the spirit wind vibrated with light and my soul entered into an ecstatic view of peace and silence beyond my pain and agitation.

Gently lifting my feet, the angelic forces began to move and manipulate my body in ways which were healing and helpful to my current crisis. In the distance, I could still hear them thinking to one another. "She's experienced bleeding in her lungs, what should we do about this?" One thought, as the other began to instantly respond with energetic assistance to various parts of my body including the chest. It was conveyed to me that I had done the right

thing in asking for the divine physician in prayer.

My soul was almost as if in rapture, as utter peace and serenity surrounded me. Continuing to move my limbs and sending vibrations throughout my body, I surrendered to their assistance as I suddenly noticed my spirit was heading towards some type of gate or door. As I headed towards it, my vision began to go black and I instantly understood I was approaching death.

Uncertain as to whether this death was going to happen or not, I began to observe the goings on. As I came closer to the gate, it seemed as though my physical vision was going further and further black, as if in reference to the process of turning from one state of consciousness to another. Instinctively, I knew that if it were to go full black that I would be dead and ready to begin seeing in my new spiritual vision.

But as I headed towards about 90% black and noticed there was only a small light still shining through my earthly vision, an angel very calmly and quietly approached me and said, "Not yet." Without having a moment to think, I began going back towards the other direction although I was still very unable to associate myself with my earthly self and still regarded myself as bordering on the 'dead.'

Pointing towards my physical body and the Earth which lay almost as if in overlay above it, I looked to see what she wished me to look upon.

My husband was sitting beside the bed waiting. Although I knew he couldn't hear me, I was so happy that he had come and began to speak to him. "I'm so happy that you cared enough to be here for this," I said, "I love you." But he just smiled at me

with love, because he couldn't hear me.

Two friends approached, trying to wake my physical body, but unable to do so. As they turned to walk away, one said, "I think she's truly going this time." Although they were very much at peace, I felt their sadness and a certain loss to their souls in my absence which could in some way be necessary or required for their further movement forward.

Lunging forward, I realized that I could not yet surrender to death. By lunging so, I pulled myself out of the 'death' vibration and back into my physical body. For many moments, I struggled to bring myself back to consciousness. But as I did, the angels hovered above me smiling.

Conveying to me, I felt a sense that despite my exhaustion and fatigue in my earthly burden and battle, there was much more to be done. It appeared to be their wish that I push forward and not give up the fight, and they were prepared to hold me up with supernatural force despite the terminal conditions which raged within my body. Nodding that I understood their wishes, and their calling to come and aid me in times of greater danger, I listened. "God wishes it so," they said, as they whisked off into the heavens and I awoke to greater strength. Immediately, I understood that I wasn't finished yet.

"For he had found many a secret justice in this seeming tyranny of the watchman, and seen how many a mercy lay hid behind the veil. Out of wrath, the guard had led him who was athirst in love's desert to the sea of his loved one, and lit up the dark night of absence with the light of reunion. He had

***driven one who was afar, into the garden of nearness,
had guided an ailing soul to the heart's physician."***

*The Seven Valleys and The Four Valleys, The Valley of
Knowledge, (Bahai', Words of Baha'u'llah)*

***"Ward off the grief from your heart and put away
trouble from your presence, though the dawn of youth
is fleeting."***

*The New American Bible, Old Testament, Ecclesiastes
11:10, (Christianity, Judaism)*

CHAPTER SIXTEEN
The Mystery of Knowledge

And the filing cabinets of knowledge began to open:

Gazing across a large rocky plateau, there were a series of steps ascending in circular fashion towards a center point. At the center, there was a huge area of flat rock with a singular tree in the very center. A voice said, "There are 100 steps to the Tree of Knowledge." Pausing, it continued, "There are five keys to opening its door; Knowledge Wisdom, Understanding, Joy and Peace." As I gazed upon the mystical mirage before my eyes, the mists enveloped my spirit and whisked me away.

"Hear ye, these words of wisdom, hear ye, and make them thine own, find in them the formless, find ye the key to beyond. Mystery is but hidden knowledge, know and ye shall unveil, find the deep buried wisdom, and be master of darkness and light. Deep are the mysteries around thee, hidden the secrets of Old, search through the KEYS of my WISDOM, surely shall ye find the way."

*The Emerald Tablets of Thoth the Atlantean, Tablet VIII,
The Key of Mysteries, (Egyptian: Hermetic, Words of
Thoth)*

"Within the mental sheath, made up of waves of thought, there is contained the sheath of wisdom. It has the same form, with faith as the head, righteousness as right arm and truth as left. Practice of meditation is its heart, and Discrimination its

foundation. Wisdom means a life of selfless service."

*The Upanishads, Taittiriya Upanishad, 4.1-5.1,
(Hinduism, Translator Eknath Easwaran)*

"The Supreme Personality of Godhead said: It is said that there is an imperishable banyan tree that has its roots upward and its branches down and whose leaves are the Vedic Hymns. One who knows this tree is the knower of the Vedas."

*The Bhagavad-Gita As It Is, Chapter 15, Text 1,
(Hinduism, Translator: A.C. Bhaktivedanta Swami
Prabhupada)*

"Say: Is that (doom) better or the Garden of Immortality which is promised unto those who ward off (evil)? It will be their reward and the journey's end."

*The Meaning of the Glorious Kuran, Surah XV, No. 15,
(Islam, Translator: Marmaduke Pickthall)*

"Say to Wisdom 'You are my sister!' Call Understanding, 'Friend.'"

*The New American Bible, Old Testament, Proverbs 7:4
(Christianity, Judaism, Words of Solomon)*

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

The Mystery of Territorial Spirits or Demons

Gloriously decorated, the home appeared as if it were a mansion, although in reality, I knew it to be a family home. A large group of people had gathered there as some benefactor was planning to give this home to a poor family who had undergone a catastrophic medical event. In this case, it appeared that the doctors who had assisted the family were going to give them this home, but there was something sinister about it. Something was very amiss, although I could not yet ascertain it. One thing was clear in that this gift was being given to glorify the givers, more than to assist the family in need.

Wandering around the house, I noticed a large, ornate, circular stairway and quickly ascended it. But as I did, a huge windstorm overtook my soul as I looked upon the face of a particularly terrifying demon. Sitting upon a 'throne' was a man who was not ethnically a black man. But everything he wore was black, his skin was black and his eyes were a piercing red. Around his head was a large black turban and winds of evil literally blew from him in a heated storm of fury.

Tearing down the staircase, I found myself back in the familiar part of the home. People were continuing to enjoy the party, completely unaware of this unusually sinister presence. Noticing that the temperatures in the house were quickly beginning to rise, I understood that the demonic force was about to overcome this home.

Walking quietly to the intended recipient of

this gift, I informed her of the demonic nature of it and that the home was completely possessed. Even if it were to be given to her for free, she should not take it. Unable to ascertain whether or not she would abide by this advice from the eternal, I was flown away from the scene of impending doom.

"Self-complacent and always impudent, deluded by wealth and false prestige, they sometimes proudly perform sacrifices in name only."

*The Bhagavad-Gita As It Is, Chapter 15, Text 17,
(Hinduism, Translator: A.C. Bhaktivedanta Swami
Prabhupada)*

"He who digs a pit may fall into it, and he who breaks through a wall may be bitten by a serpent."

*The New American Bible, Old Testament, Ecclesiastes
10:8, (Christianity, Judaism)*

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

The Mystery of Mysticism

Wandering around trying to find my home, I suddenly realized that I'd been wandering in the place where we had formerly lived and it was no longer compatible to the path of my soul. In that instant, I shot immediately to our new home where we currently lived.

Instantly maneuvered into a high-powered vibrational raising, a force beyond my own control began moving my arms and legs around in some form of astral physical therapy. Because of the natural degeneration of the body which occurs in heart failure, this was very helpful to me. Feeling bliss and joy as they assisted me, I turned to notice a television screen in front of me which was depicting daily life on the screen. Bored to death, I turned it off and turned my attention to another television set which was doing the same. Equally boring, I turned that one off, too.

Continuing to receive higher and higher vibrations and astral physical therapy, I heard a thundering rumble as the roof of the house instantly disappeared and my head was turned upwards towards the heavens where the entire cosmos appeared. Because of my recent temptation with the cannibalistic demon, my gaze had been incorrectly attuned towards the Earth and I'd been mesmerized for a short time by the delusion presented to me. But as I gazed at the cosmology of the sky, I entered into an eternal mesmerization and an ecstatic state of Samadhi. I couldn't take my eyes off of the upper

ethereal heavens.

Continuing to raise my vibration and work on me physically, the process went on for quite some time because I'd been taken very deeply into ecstatic bliss. When the time came to begin returning, the vibrations subsided very slowly, so as not to jolt me back too quickly. Because I'd prayed for help in dealing with this cannibalistic demon which had proven quite a foe, I understood that the Lord was guiding me to turn my gaze from the physical world up into the heavens, a higher sphere, wherein the answer would lie. Understanding, I agreed that I would do this.

"In this world, there is nothing so sublime and pure as transcendental knowledge. Such knowledge is the mature fruit of all mysticism. And one who has become accomplished in the practice of devotional service enjoys this knowledge within himself in due course of time."

*The Bhagavad-Gita As It Is, Chapter 4, Text 38,
(Hinduism, Translator: A.C. Bhaktivedanta Swami
Prabhupada)*

"Only heart to heart can speak the bliss of mystic knowers; No messenger can tell it and no missive bear it. I am silent from weakness on many a matter, for my words could not reckon them and my speech would fall short."

The Seven Valleys and the Four Valleys, The Valley of Contentment, (Bahai', Words of Baha'u'llah)

CHAPTER NINETEEN
The Mystery of the Lord's Call

As I'd recently been trying to get some volunteers together to organize a ministry providing for some of the unmet needs of the sick, primarily that of friendship, I'd been inundated with people who felt they weren't 'called' to such a thing, or that they were too 'busy' to sit with a homebound individual who just needed a friend.

Exhausted, I'd gone to sleep flustered in the reality of realizing that I was probably the only one who understood these needs and it would be very difficult to get such a ministry going without the help of others. The problem was, however, that those who had never experienced catastrophic illness just didn't understand or 'get' the needs of those who had them. And those who had catastrophic illnesses, such as I, were generally too sick to do anything requiring endurance or reliability. When you're sick yourself, you never know which days you'll be functional and which ones you will not, so you can't plan ahead or plan to care for another person with any degree of reliability.

Floating around a particular minister's church, I was lying flat on my back indicating the nature of my fatigue. The members were discussing discipleship and seemed utterly obsessed with gaining converts to the faith. Trying to get their attention, I wished to help them understand 'true discipleship,' but they couldn't hear me. As I whispered in frustration, several angels appeared. "You will not live to see this ministry completed." They said. "It

must go into the hands of those physically able to accomplish it. Tell the ministers that Discipleship is not about doing what you like to do best, but about doing what needs to be done. This is the sacrifice which makes it pleasing to God. Ask if someone is willing to receive this torch because it needs to be taken, not because the task at hand is pleasing." Nodding yes, I turned.

Suddenly, my body was lying flat but being held partially upright by a group of many angels who began to sing songs. Asking them questions about my family and other earthly concerns I'd had, they began to sing a song which surprised me. "You'll soon be passing away . . . don't worry about it. It is no longer your concern . . ." As they sang, peace filled me and a detachment from earthly things. Faces of many people I'd known during my life who had passed away appeared before me. Some of them were teachers from my childhood, but they all turned to acknowledge my presence and smiled in welcome. Falling into the music of the angels, I allowed my spirit to rest in their hands.

An invisible guardian took my hand and began leading me to a place that I knew instinctively represented the church run by the minister I had previously received a message for about discipleship. Surprised, we were wandering towards a large cliff. The ground was wet and muddy to the point of having your feet sink into it deeply with every step, but we continued onward. Climbing below the cliff, we saw a very muddy cave which resided below the cliff. In the rocky crag, the congregation sat in the

two-foot deep mud, completely unaware of the defilement and filth surrounding them. Instinctively, I understood this filth to be the true nature of the minister's ego, which was ill-formed and self-serving.

In a previous experience, the Lord had shown me this minister sleeping as his grandchild was entering perdition. Because he'd been taking care of the child for a time and this child was extremely unruly and exhibiting unbelievably violent and dark tendencies, he held responsibility for his correct rearing while under his care. But he was 'asleep at the wheel' and not fulfilling this duty. Because of his ego, he considered ministering to his congregation of more importance than the primal and first responsibility given to us all to properly rear our children in the ways of the Lord. For him to be a minister and nix this duty was considered a severe misjudgment and act of laziness on his part for which there was eternal wrath.

Appearing for only a moment, the angelic guardian manifested out of the ether to nod knowingly at my soul with piercing eyes. Wearing a long robe of white enhanced by a pair of white wings which were folded upon his back; his hair was short, curly and white. Nodding my understanding of what I'd seen back to him, I interiorly knew that this minister and his church were impure and I must stay away. He disappeared and I was instantly in another realm.

"Enlightening beings provide for all , able to give up everything they have, internal and external, unfailingly causing their minds to be forever pure and

never to be narrow or mean . . . The virtues of giving their tongues they dedicate to all sentient beings, praying that based on this excellent cause all may attain the universal tongue of the enlightened."

The Flower Ornament Scripture, Ten Dedications, Page 623, (Buddhism: Mahayana)

"If the mystic knowers be of those who have reached to the beauty of the Beloved One, this station is the apex of consciousness and the secret of divine guidance. This is the center of the mystery: 'He doth what He willeth, ordaineth what He pleaseth."

The Seven Valleys and The Four Valleys, The Fourth Valley, (Bahai', Words of Baha'u'llah)

CHAPTER TWENTY **The Mystery of the Rapture**

Whispered into an energetic reality which represented some of the views held by denominational Christians, I realized that I had joined a group of people who were preparing for the end times. It was my task this eve to begin preparing myself, and to go through this experience with them so as to better understand the doctrine and its truth's and falsities.

Gathering my ancient sacred texts and religious relics, I was placing them into boxes to be taken with me into the holy kingdom. Doing this represented the gathering up of all of the spiritual wisdom and knowledge I had learned in this lifetime, and preparing to unite this knowledge with my soul as it prepared for the Rapturous end moments of this world.

What happened next was inexplicable and yet very profound. Unknowable and yet perhaps revealed in the smallest of senses.

My spirit was now amongst a group of souls all wearing white robes in preparation for this coming end time. Many of the women were having their hair cut off due to some ritual of purity which was required of them. Following their lead, I had mine cut off, too.

A ritual of adoption began wherein we were joined with others who would be members of our spiritual family, but there was something amiss and off. A young Native American boy was given to me as an adopted son, who I immediately recognized, but

we were completely incompatible. Although he wore the robes of white, he had a smirk on his face and was simply going through motions. Very little faith or belief backed his soul, as he actually was a very lost child in this confusing array of doctrine. He, like many of the others present, believed that all that was required of him was to *accept* Christ. They had not penetrated into the understanding of Christ's admonition to be perfect as our heavenly Father is perfect. Although they wore the robes of white awaiting the rapture, they were quite impure and had not really changed very much in their lives since accepting Christ. They had never truly entered into a purgative purification process.

In order to understand the import of this moment, you must also understand who this young Native American boy had been. Two months before this event, I had met a young Native American boy of about nineteen in the local park. In a way that was very unlike myself, I felt an undeniable compulsion to go speak with him and his friend who were doing drugs and smoking openly and were obviously in trouble. "You two look awfully young to be throwing your lives away like that." I'd said. Getting nervous, they both tried to deny they were as young as they were. "I have a very distinct feeling that if you don't change the path you are currently traveling, you are going to die very young." I said. Looking at me with utter disdain, the Native American boy said, "Why should *you* care, you don't even KNOW me?!?" "I'm a mother," I replied, "I care about everyone." With a confused glare, he stared. "Well, I've been trying to quit the smoking and drugs, but it's hard." "Yes, I

know. It's very hard, but I hope very much that you will succeed. I wish you the very best in your attempts at quitting." Acting annoyed, he and his friend drove off, sharing a whiff of the finger out the side door of their car.

Three weeks later, my husband received a call in the middle of the night. "We have a homicide," was the message from the officer. A young Native American boy had been stabbed fourteen times in the park by a drug dealer. Although it didn't strike me immediately, I began to wonder if this might be the same boy whose path I had crossed. When Andy showed me the picture of the victim, I let out a sigh of disbelief and disappointment. The young man I had spoken to had indeed died young, but he'd also died in a most horrific manner. And he'd died very much alone . . . it took several days to even identify him and notify his family.

Because of these things, this heavenly 'adoption' became all the more significant. And the impending rapture of which he was about to see contained within it knowledge for which this particular soul, as well as those of the others present, had need.

At that moment, an angelic presence beamed across the heavens and entered into my spirit allowing me to pronounce that the Rapture was about to occur. Still unsure of what was to happen, I lifted my arms to the heavens to receive of it.

Coming in a fury of light, the heavens opened before me as shooting stars began to shoot across the heavens and into my soul. I began to see the universe and all its planetary systems spin around me, and I

was lifted up into the cosmic ethers to become one with this powerful energy which fulfilled the coming of the great day! Spinning and merging with these energies, the heavens were opened to me like a cosmic fire spinning and merging with God and all that is and is to be. My essence was in a state of utter rapture, ecstatic bliss and unity with the Almighty. In a specialized instant, my spirit was lifted away from the Earth and into the universal heavens where I could see our planet in the distance, and I felt the omnipotent and awesome Presence of God. In a shattering light, a bolt of omnipresence came towards my soul like lightning and my robes became *whiter* than snow.

In this instant, I understood that my recent triumph over the lustful temptation which had come in the form of the carnivorous demon had rendered my soul to an even greater triumph in the eyes of God, for who can triumph except those who fight the battle between good and evil in their own souls? As this purity was imparted upon my robes and my spirit, I fell as if in a swoon into the hands of loving a God, surrendering my spirit to the fall of the wind. As I did so, I returned to the Earth and to the crowds which had awaited this Rapture with me.

Utterly quiet, I didn't realize for several moments that these folks had watched this event happening to me, rather than joining me within it. And suddenly I understood that the misnomer within the denominational faiths about this Rapture is their literal rendering of it as an event which happens *simultaneously* to believers alone, and that this is its only requirement. When in reality, the rapture occurs

individually to a soul who truly enters and perseveres in the battle of its own purification. When a soul is determined to conquer its own vices and sin, the Lord lifts him up out of the mire of earthly delusions and lusts, to bring it to a higher purity attainable only in energy through the hands of the Lord.

All those around me were wandering around still waiting and wondering. They didn't understand. For a moment, I regretted cutting my hair along with them, because it had not been required, and my longer hair had represented a certain spiritual freedom. Several of them became very agitated waiting for the Rapture and the End Times to happen on a grand scale, because even though they had just seen it, they still held to their wrong understanding. They were cranky, uptight and exhibiting signs of agitation. Unresolved karma exhibits itself as agitation, and unpurified vice does the same.

Whenever a soul truly enters into the purgative way, the path of purification, they are entering the end-times for their own soul. As they achieve various triumphs of virtue along the way, they will be taken up into the heavens in a state of rapture. Belief in the Lord is only the first step; we are required to fight the good fight against the darkness within ourselves in order to triumph and be *taken up*.

As the clandestine heavens appeared above me, my spirit began to experience an unusual state wherein I was watching my family as if I were no longer there. No matter what I would say or do, they were unaware of my presence. With interest, I looked on as I noticed that my husband and eldest daughter

had come up with a plan for the family, and everyone was truly okay. Surprised and relieved by this, I wandered around following them as they implemented their plans for life 'now that I was gone.'

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

In a millisecond a great mountain appeared before my eyes and my spirit was airborne. Upon the mountain in the distance, an ancient prophet wearing a robe of deep blue and carrying a staff appeared. Standing upon a rocky edge, he beckoned me closer. He began to speak words of great depth and wisdom, and I attempted to write them down with clear accuracy. His words impaled my soul with intense longing to know the things he had to teach, but I wasn't given to remember a single iota of them upon return.

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

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

Speak."

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

"We say to you, as if the Lord himself had said it, that we who live, who survive until his coming, will in no way have an advantage over those who have fallen asleep. No, the Lord himself will come down from heaven at the word of command, at the sound of the archangel's voice and God's trumpet; and those who have died in Christ will rise first. Then we, the living, the survivors, will be caught up with them in the clouds to meet the Lord in the air."

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

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

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

CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE
The Mystery of Purgation

Entering into an overcast realm where winds pelted and burst against the residents at all times, I came upon a small house. Carrying with me an old familiar and very cranky cat, I had a sense that I must be coming to visit a long past neighbor of mine whose cat I held in my arms. Upon her death, she had given me charge of the cat, which happened to be unusually cranky and nasty towards children. Because of this, I had found the original owners of the cat and returned it to them.

Answering the door, our old friend Joyce opened the door with a somewhat 'not happy to see me' kind of greeting. During her life, Joyce had not been the most friendly sort, but she had opened up to me a lot near the end as we'd become closer friends. Trying to hand her what used to be a previously beloved cat of hers, she indicated she no longer wanted it. Another grayish cat came to the door who appeared to be very loving and sweet, and it was apparent that the new cat represented certain qualities she hoped to cultivate in her new life. A very young woman with shoulder-length brown hair stood beside her at the door who was of the utmost of sweetness, friendliness and kindness. Immediately, I knew this was a guide to her who lived with her to show her kindness and teach her new ways. Joyce had led a very rough life of abuse and hardship, and much of this had imprinted itself upon her soul.

As she didn't invite me in and almost acted as if she no longer knew me, I was sent off into the

frantic winds to go to the house across the street which represented my former home which had been across the street from her. The skies remained gray and the winds blew with fury, and off in the distance I saw something which I could not delineate. Was this a part of this purgatorial realm which my former friend occupied, or was this a prophecy of things to come in our now war-trodden world? A nuclear blast was seen in the distance, as I watched the glow fill the dark sky. Catapulting waves of wind began to blow . .

Winds began blowing hard as the light from the nuclear blast in the distance had now passed. Wondering what it might mean, and hoping for the best, I began emerging into physical waking consciousness.

"The virtuous acts performed by enlightening beings are all to develop and complete the living. To have them destroy obscurity and annihilate affliction, subdue the demon armies and fulfill true awakening."

The Flower Ornament Scripture, Clarifying Method, Page 437, (Buddhism: Mahayana)

"Refuse no one the good on which he has a claim when it is in your power to do it for him."

The New American Bible, Old Testament, Proverbs 4:27, (Christianity, Judaism, Words of Solomon)

CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO
The Mystery of Ancestral Demons

Entering into an energetic reality of our home, it appeared that we had gone far back in time. Although our current home was new and never lived in before, it was built on ancient land with a rich past. Unfortunately, some of the darker sides of this past were unbeknownst to me at this time.

Inside, a play of the previous realities upon this land began to be shown to me, as I entered into a place of torture and death which was beyond my ability to comprehend. Although it wasn't made clear how, the Catholic Church was responsible for many of the crimes in this location. Many women had been tortured and killed in heinous fashion, as well as other souls who had been tortured and murdered in various horrendous ways. (This was Native American land, however, and it might be fair to surmise from what we know of history.)

Flabbergasted, I turned to my husband, Andy, who was also stunned by this vicious past, and the powerfully demonic forces which inhabited the land as a result. "Do we have to stay here?" I asked him.

A knock on the door led me to a very quiet monk. He wore robes of light blue, his hair was dark brown and he had a moustache and beard. "Come." He said. "Stay. Purify it. Stand tall for the light." His face pierced my own with such power, that I simply turned back towards the room and gathered all of my strength. "Okay," I said. "I will stay and purify it. I will stand tall for the light."

Entering the room, the demonic forces which

had taken hold of this land were terrifying, but I was no longer afraid of them or the past that they had heralded. Calling out to the dark forces, I shouted with fury. "I will not leave! I will fight and destroy you!" Beginning to barrage the room with eternal energy which had been conveyed to me by the monk's presence, the light began bouncing all around the room, throwing out the dark forces in a torrential flood of rain. Within moments, the forces which had been with this land for centuries were gone, and I turned quietly away.

"A thick mist, a darkness and cloud is spread over all the earth. And, showing this, the Apostle said, 'For we were once darkness.' (Eph. v. 8.) And Again, "Ye, brethren, are not in darkness, that that day should overtake you as a thief." Since therefore there is, so to speak, a moonless night, and we walk in that night, God hath given us a bright lamp, having kindled in our souls the grace of the Holy Spirit."

The Complete Writings of the Early Church Fathers, Nicene and Post Nicene Fathers, Volume 13, Homily XI, (Christianity, Catholic, Author: St. John Chrysostom)

"If you seize that Glory that cannot be forcibly seized, I shall rush upon you, so that you may never more blaze on the earth made by Ahura and protect the world of the good principle."

The Avesta, Yast 19, Verse 48, (Zoroastrianism, Words of Zarathustra)

"My son, sinners entice you and say, 'Come along with us! Let us lie in wait for the honest man, let us, unprovoked, set a trap for the innocent; Let us swallow them up, as the nether world does, alive, in

*the prime of life, like those who go down to the pit . . .
My son, walk not in the way with the, hold back your
foot from their path!"*

*The New American Bible, Old Testament, Proverbs 1:10-
15, (Christianity, Judaism, Words of Solomon)*

CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE
The Mystery of 'Psychic' Perception

Entering into an ecstatic state, my spirit and body were vibrating at speeds beyond my own imagination. Before my face, lights began to appear resonating all across my interior landscape placing my mind and spirit into an even higher state of peace and rapture. I watched the lights for a very long time. Smiling faces of those I'd known before who had died before me crossed over into my vision . . . and they waved as if in welcome. Exterior movement was long gone, as my world was completely consumed and taken away from all that was physical into the ether. Continuing for several hours, I rode the waves of ecstatic rapture in silent gratitude.

Again, the vision of things to come appeared before me. Standing in my kitchen, I fell to the floor. Although I tried to speak, I was unable and my eldest daughter was actively engaged in calling 911 while telling my younger daughter to wait by the door for them. "No!" I was trying to shout out. "I don't want to wake up in the hospital!" But she couldn't hear me and I faded off into the nothingness as all went black.

In the distance, I saw him sitting in a very peaceful lotus position. Paramahansa Yogananda was meditating quietly and I was facing his side. As I watched, I was given to see how he was able to tune into any realm, much like a radio, at will. Ringlets of light and laser beams of energy were moving from his third eye and crown chakra into many differing realms, sometimes all at one time. Nodding my

observation, I was taken elsewhere.

"And those persons who only believe in perception by the senses, those monks, nuns, male and female lay devotees who by the sage were admonished of enlightenment."

*Saddharma Pundarika or the Lotus of the True Law,
Sadaparibhuta, No. 8 (Buddhism: Mahayana)*

"O Brother! Not every sea hath pearls; not every branch will flower, nor will the nightingale sing thereon. Then, ere the nightingale of the mystic paradise repair to the garden of God, and the rays of the heavenly morning return to the Sun of Truth - make thou an effort, that haply in this dust heap of the mortal world thou mayest catch a fragrance from the everlasting garden, and live forever in the shadow of the peoples of this city. And when thou hast attained this highest station and come to this mightiest plane, then shalt thou gaze on the Beloved, and forget all else."

The Seven Valleys and The Four Valleys, The Valley of True Poverty and Absolute Nothingness, (Bahai', Words of Baha'u'llah

CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR
The Mystery of Stewardship

Sitting up in bed in my astral body, I noticed my husband, Andy's, spiritual body sitting up also and looking out the window. Intrigued, I turned to see what he might be looking at and was stunned to notice a huge fireman of about seven feet in height outside our window watching over and guarding Andy in his new work. Recently, he'd been promoted and was now in charge of the most serious cases involving murders and homicides. His uniform was a burgundy-red, and his face showed seriousness and resolve.

Suddenly, an image began to overlap with his. An ancient Anasazi Indian became infused upon this huge man's chest, with long dark black hair blowing in the wind. Wearing a white leather garment, he/she also stared deeply into my eyes with great power, seriousness and resolve. I say he/she because I was unable to ascertain whether this being was male or female, and there was an indescribable sense of she/him being both. Within seconds, I fell back towards conscious reality.

But subsequently, before entering awareness, I was swept up into a puff of air and was now standing over my middle daughter, Mary. In the ether, I saw the face of my grandfather (her great-grandfather) in his early twenties. Then he merged into the face of himself as an old man, and was now bowing down, looking upon Mary. Conveying, he thought, "I wanted you to know that I watch over all of you, but in a special way over Mary." "Opa!" I nearly shouted,

as he disappeared into the ether. ('Opa' was the German name we called him for grandpa.)

But a final spiritual wind ushered me into its presence, bading me to look upon both of my girls who were now sleeping. In the spirit world, a false spirituality began to play out before my eyes. I was shown that although my daughters kept up an exterior facade of spiritual depth, their inner world was lacking and filled with worldliness. "How long has it been since they asked God what He wanted them to do, rather than doing what they wanted?" A spiritual guardian whispered. "Do they really wish to fulfill God's will, or only their own? Do they engage in spiritual reading of their own accord, or only when you insist upon it? You will not be here to guide them forever; they must take responsibility for the life in which they choose. Do they wish to serve God or themselves?"

Interiorly, the two of them were shown as being very out-of-control, giving into many desires, lusts and cravings of the world; while exteriorly they were almost using their false spirituality as a means to fulfill vice. For instance, using the facade of spiritual depth to attract members of the opposite sex or to gain favor among others who perceived them to be truly spiritual and valued that quality.

Nodding to the spiritual guardian, I attempted to continue to sleep, but the ethereal winds would not allow me to do so. Waking several times, I finally concluded that this message was to be delivered in the middle of the night, a symbolic and very real 'waking' of the body and soul. As I shared with them the words of the angel, they both bowed their heads,

acknowledging their guilt.

We discussed that spiritual reading, prayer and contemplation don't have to be overwhelming. It can be as simple as reading a couple of pages in a truly sacred text each day or every other day (Like 'The Ascent of Mount Carmel' By St. John of the Cross) and allowing it to penetrate within you throughout your day, becoming the object of contemplation, meditation and prayer alike. By applying such small disciplines into your daily life, these little seeds of understanding become as drops of water into a pitcher penetrating gradually into our sub-conscious and conscious minds. Slowly, it becomes a part of our way of thinking and being in an almost passive way as the hand of the Holy Spirit uses the words of the Masters throughout time to hone, guide and prune us into who we must become. But it requires a small discipline on our part and of our own choosing in assuring that those seeds are placed within our mind each day, creating fertile ground through which God may work in us.

"They protect us when in distress with manifest assistance."

The Avesta, Yast 13, Verse 146, (Zoroastrianism, Words of Zarathustra)

"Who will apply the lash to my thoughts, to my mind the rod of discipline, that my failings may not be spared nor the sins of my heart overlooked."

The New American Bible, Old Testament, Sirach 23:2, (Christianity, Judaism)

CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE
The Mystery of Homosexuality

Standing betwixt a borderland and the Earth, my soul was mesmerized upon the sky. As I'd gaze upon the various orbs such as the moon and other planets which were visible in this realm, I saw hieroglyphics upon their face. In the skies themselves, messages in various Asiatic, Hieratic, Aramaic, Hebrew and other languages would appear to me at random filled with beauty and awe. Although I understood them at the time, I would not be able to read them in my conscious waking state. Their full meaning lay beyond words, but they were, in essence, a beckoning to my spirit to the world beyond.

A larger young woman was waiting nearby, expressing agitation and anger. Coming over to me, she asked me why I was staring and gazing at the sky in such an obsessive manner. In an ecstatic bliss, without lowering my gaze from heaven, I said to her, "My dear, I am being prepared for death. The Lord calls me from the highest of heavens and I cannot take my gaze away from Him, for He is my All. I cannot wait to go to heaven! But I must continue to wait . . . until it is time. But He echoes to me tonight that I must be *prepared* to go now." "Why would you want to go there?!" She said, as I did remove my gaze from the sky to look upon her face to understand what type of pain would cause such a reply.

"I don't ever want to go there . . . especially if people like the ones I know go there. They don't accept me; they hate me, just because I'm gay." Immediately, I was given interior understanding of

this woman's plight. Taking her hand, I said, "Oh! No, you do not understand." Looking at me confused, she said nothing but listened. "Those who are unwilling to accept you as you are on Earth cannot themselves go unto heaven until they, too, have been purified of their defects. They only go to heaven once they realize and understand that they have been mistaken to not accept you as you are. When you enter into heaven, you will be accepted as you are, beautiful in God's sight!"

Lifting my eyes back to the ethereal display above me, I asked, "Can you not see that?!?!?!?!?" Pointing to a Hebrew inscription on the left hand of the sky, I shuddered at its awesome wonder as its knowledge filled my soul in beckon. Nodding, she said, "I don't see anything in the sky." "Oh," I said with intrigue, "Then you must not yet be ready to cross over. You're not dead, yet, are you?" Nodding, 'No,' I nodded back. "Ahhhhhhhhh . . . then go back, my friend, and blame not heaven for the failings of man. And I will see you again, yes? . . . when it is your time also to die?" She smiled and disappeared as my gaze again became fixed upon the hieroglyphics of the orbs and the ancient languages upon the sky.

"By dint of knowledge the leaders produce many illustrations, arguments, and reasons; and considering how the creatures have various inclinations they impart various directions."
Saddharma Pundarika or the Lotus of the True Law,
Skilfulness, No.106, (Buddhism: Mahayana)
"Let the man among you who has no sin be the first

to cast a stone at her."

*The New American Bible, New Testament, John 8:7,
(Christianity: Catholic, Words of Christ)*

CHAPTER TWENTY-SIX
The Mystery of the Circle of Life

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

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

Lining up while holding their caskets, I was the only one who stood alone without my casket. I never approached my casket, but ignored it. Some type of spiritual guardian was at the front of the line,

waving his hand gently as each person would disappear with his casket, one at a time. But at this moment, the 'pilot' of the spiritual aircraft tapped me on the arm and led me back to the plane. My time was finished, and we left the island instantly.

As I was being sent back to my body, a call was heard in the ether. A young girl of whom I'd known when she was younger had taken a very seriously wrong turn in her life recently. Although she had cut off her family in order to marry a drug dealer and be part of a large crime family, she was wishing that some way could be made to open the line between them again. She had made this almost impossible because she had children with this man and the people with whom she had united were very dangerous.

Hearing her plea, I sent word back to her soul that I would pray for her; but that I could think of no way to fix this situation at the moment. Sadness overcame me, but a certain sense also of the natural order of things. Some mistakes can be fixed. But there are many mistakes we as human beings cannot necessarily be easily remedied and do carry life-long (and sometimes eternal) consequences. Perhaps repentance and forgiveness could eventually alter her path again to the light . . .

Whispering further, my soul began to go back in time to my childhood home. Excited to be there, I was led around the house to touch certain things from my past which had given me joy. First, I noticed the old countdown to Christmas calendar on the wall my mother had out every year. Placing my hand on it, I

was shouting with glee to Andy who accompanied me sub-conscious astral. Looking in the garage, I noticed our old couches were still there and I hurled myself upon them and reveled in the energies. Looking out the window, I noticed my sister riding her bike just as she had many years ago along the tattered streets of our hometown.

Many times, I'd been sent to my past to work through difficult times and otherwise, but this time it was different. It was time to come full circle and be grateful for my whole life in its entirety and the gifts it had given me in my spiritual acceleration. As I reveled in remembrance, I began to disappear.

*And blessed be He unto Whom belongeth the
Sovereignty of the heavens and the earth and all that
is between them, and with Whom is knowledge of the
Hour, and unto Whom ye will be returned."*

*The Meaning of the Glorious Kuran, Surah XLIII, No. 85,
(Islam, Translator: Marmaduke Pickthall)*

*"The Cyclic Scheme, to them, is but to Him a stair."
The Seven Valleys and The Four Valleys, The Third Valley,
(Bahai', Words of Baha'u'llah*

CHAPTER TWENTY-SEVEN**The Mystery of Chaos**

Reappearing after quite a long absence, my old friend, Karleen (who had died and continued to appear to me occasionally), showed me to her present abode. An old duplex of sorts, she was staying on one side of the two-story building and appeared to be quite happy. In a border realm, she was still working through many of her mortal aspects, and she showed me several shopping bags on her counter to indicate that she was still struggling with an attachment to material things. Looking down as if to indicate the disappointment she had in herself, she had opened a sliding glass door on one side of the home.

Looking up, I quickly ascertained that this realm was filled with torrential winds. A huge torrent was coming across the sky, literally soaring across the atmosphere at what appeared to be hundreds of miles per hour. "Close the glass door!" I shouted to her. But she just smiled, indicating that she liked the winds. "Come on, Karleen," I said, "You know that those are the winds of karma and you must enclose yourself away from them in order to have a chance to overcome them." But she was defiant because she was still very compatible to the chaos of the karmic winds that prevailed in this realm. It was clear that she was in this realm for the purpose of purification, but she didn't wish to close out the chaos because it invigorated her and made her feel alive. "All right, then," I said calmly, as I sat down. "God will take care of it anyway." As soon as I said this, the door was slammed shut by an angelic force, and the karmic

winds were shut out from her perimeter.

Saying nothing, we smiled at each other as I began to disappear from her realm.

"I reveal the law in its multifariousness with regard to the inclinations and dispositions of creatures. I use different means to rouse each according to his own character. Such is the might of my knowledge. I likewise see the poor wretches, deficient in wisdom and conduct, lapsed into the mundane whirl, retained in dismal places, plunged in affliction incessantly renewed."

*Saddharma Pundarika or the Lotus of the True Law,
Skilfulness, No.108-109, (Buddhism: Mahayana)*

CHAPTER TWENTY-EIGHT **The Mystery of Motherhood**

Crying out to me in the night, an angelic guardian came upon a galing wisp of wind to tell me one of the sayings of Jesus Christ. Repeating it twice, I cannot recall what it was that was said, although I remember it penetrating my soul deeply as the words were spoken to me. "These words of Jesus are really important to you now." The Angel said, as he disappeared into the night.

Continuing to struggle with my desire to serve God to my best ability by making my writings available as easily and cheaply as possible to anyone in the world, I hit a stumbling block because of the simple realities of the publishing world and how expensive it is to produce books. Asking God in prayer if there was more I could do beyond providing the e-books for free download, I received a vision.

One time, when I was very close to death, an image of roses had come before me in a most beautiful and profound manner as I had felt the presence of the Blessed Virgin Mary responding the rosaries being offered for my healing. These same roses appeared again to me for the first time since that moment, but this time there were three very beautiful, pronounced and vibrant roses. Interiorly, I heard these words, "Don't worry yourself, my child, you have done your work well. Worry yourself with the three beautiful red roses (my children) that the Lord has given you. Be at peace."

Another angelic guardian came into the room showing me the relationship between various

mothers and their children. In contrast, I was then shown the relationship I had with my own children and their truly deep abiding love for me. "Do you know how unusual it is for a child to love their parent so truly?" Because I'd never really considered this, I nodded, 'No.' "You are a true success because of this . . ." He paused. "Do not lose heart, and do not let yourself be diverted."

"Saith Nanak: Thrice blessed is the wife who with her noble Spouse has bliss."

Sri Guru Granth Sahib, Volume II, Raga Wadhans, Page 1187, (Sikhism)

"Happy the husband of a good wife, twice-lengthened are his days; a worthy wife brings joy to her husband, peaceful and full is his life. A good wife is a generous gift bestowed upon him who fears the Lord; be he rich or poor, his heart is content, and a smile is ever on his face."

The New American Bible, Old Testament, Sirach 26:1-4, (Christianity, Judaism)

CHAPTER TWENTY-NINE
The Mystery of Pride

With barely a pause, I found myself sitting at Holy Mass with my children. Another man had come to the Mass who was involved in feeling self-important. Right before communion was to be distributed, he shouted out, "I ate within an hour of this Mass, but I am planning to receive Communion anyway." In the Catholic Church, you are required to fast at least one hour before receiving Jesus in the Holy Sacrament of the altar because it is considered blasphemous to mix the food of Christ with mundane food of the world. The priest simply said, "No, you cannot receive communion if you have not fasted. The Church has come up with these rules over hundreds of years of study, trying to find the most appropriate means to give the sacraments to the people." "You don't understand," the man again said, "I intend to have Communion anyway." Getting up, he moved closer to me in the church and sat down with a young child. Within moments, he shouted, "You stop acting like a jerk!" to his child.

"That's it," the priest said, "you are to leave the Church immediately and I'm demoting you to a second degree Catholic." He wouldn't leave. Quietly, I walked over to the man who remained arrogant and rude, and said, "You need to leave NOW." "Why?" He asked, truly puzzled. "I KNOW you don't understand, but you NEED to leave NOW!" The Church and all within it phased off into the ether.

An Angelic Host began to convey to me. "There are some like this man who believe that they

are entitled to more than others simply because of their position in this world or some other earthly attainment. They often go so far as to believe that they are entitled to receive more from God, as well, and this is blasphemy. All are equal in the eyes of God, and we are all required to humble ourselves before our Lord and fellow man, as well." These are often the types who can't themselves live up to what they require of others in their perimeter because they are often excessive in their demands of those around them. Yet, they don't see this in themselves, because they believe themselves above others; and therefore, they expect exceptions to be made for them. Not unlike the ungrateful servant in the parable that Jesus told who was forgiven of a huge debt, but then threw another man into prison for a small debt owed him.

"Whensoever thou comest forth turn thy face toward the Inviolable Place of Worship; and wheresoever ye may be (O Muslims) turn your faces toward it (when ye pray) so that men may have no argument against you, save such of them as do injustice - Fear them not, but fear Me! - and so that I may complete My grace upon you, and that ye may be guided."

*The Meaning of the Glorious Kuran, Surah II, No. 150,
(Islam, Translator: Marmaduke Pickthall)*

"He will die from lack of discipline, through the greatness of his folly he will be lost."

*The New American Bible, Old Testament, Proverbs 5:23
(Christianity, Judaism, Words of Solomon)*

CHAPTER THIRTY

The Mystery of Ministry

Entering into the cyclone that was surrounding our reality right now, I understood it to be related to some circumstances which plagued Andy at his job. Seeing the grand destructive nature of this cyclonic energy, I rushed over to shield Andy from another onslaught which was heading his way.

It became known to me that the goal of his current job situation was to eventually retire and leave the cyclone of energy to pursue another path. But he had to make preparations to do this at some point.

As I pulled him away from the cyclone, he was relieved and very excited about how it felt to be relieved of the bondage of it. Within a moment, we were both running joyfully up a hill on a green meadow. Wildflowers decorated the landscape, as above us the gates of heaven were open. Staring ecstatically at this gate of heaven, we ran with our faces lifted up towards the sky, unaware of our destination. Many Missionaries of Charity shared the hill with us and surrounded us in their joy. Mother Teresa approached me with a very important message about our future work for God, but I cannot recall her words at this time. In her voice, I felt the urgency and the need for a change to take place in our future which would allow God to use us in a different way.

Continuing to gaze upon the sky, I didn't want to take my eyes off the heavenly gate because I knew I could only view it for a short time and it was so exquisitely beautiful. The clouds had parted to reveal

a gateway full of light where lightning and electrical energy was continually expressing itself.

Gradually, we began to disappear from that realm, re-entering the physical world.

Sitting in classroom on mathematics, I was busily notating words and instructions which came as an influx from above, and as a result, was not paying attention to the class. Receiving instructions as to several new editions of my books to put out and in what manner, I heard nothing in the room. As I finished my notations, I realized that the teacher was finished and I panicked, worrying that I would be unable to do the math homework which I thought was a task of great importance. But an interior knowing came over me that this was unimportant in my task, and that especially with my unique health issues, I needed to place my focus only on that influx from above. This came at a time when I had been questioning whether I should go back to college or not, and it was a clear indication that I should not for it was not my path.

At that moment, thunder struck and a huge torrent of rain began falling all around the building outside. As the class began to scatter, I suddenly found myself alone trying to find my way back down the stairs to the exit of the building. When I arrived, however, I was shocked to find that all was again sunny and dry.

Suddenly, I began to hear the voice of Christ. It wasn't explained to me, it was just something I knew. Speaking in Aramaic, He was telling me famous verses from the bible in His native tongue, and then

repeating them in English. This mesmerized me to a point of ecstasy and I continued to walk forward as I listened to His beautiful voice. Before He appeared to be finished, He had gone through about fifteen of the major bible verses and with each one I had been given an energetic influx of the deeper interior meanings of the words.

Ahead of me was a huge city, and I heard Christ say, "Start walking . . ." Interiorly, I understood that He was sending me to this city and I began to walk. But I saw a car drive by and quietly asked, "Could I possibly get a ride?" At that instant, I was hovering above the car and Jesus Christ appeared in the passenger seat. Wearing robes of blue and red, his face looked older than I'd seen him in many paintings. His hair was very dark and there were lines of age within His brow. Although I was outside the vehicle, it was as if I were inside with Him and we began to drive in the direction of the huge city.

"For this reason do I send you forth." He said. "To tell the good news to all nations and peoples . . ." Interiorly, I understood that He wished for me to go forth into the world with my message in a more profound way, much of which would be fulfilled in these new editions of my books which were to be released worldwide.

Gazing upon His countenance for one last millisecond, I saw the city ahead, prepared to go, and disappeared.

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

Being led into a room, he noticed that my departed friend, Karleen, was sitting quietly on a couch knitting. A young boy, whom he immediately understood to be my father's brother who had died at the age of five after being hit by a truck, was also in the room. About five others were there, family and friends - all deceased, gathering to assist at the moment of my death and aid in my transition. Immediately, he was made to know that there was one or two more who needed to arrive, and when they were in place, I would be crossing over.

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

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

Sitting at table with a former colleague who had gone another direction in his spiritual seeking and become a 'channel,' I was quietly writing down notes of things that God was dictating for me to do. Agitated and anxious, he sat next to me with no words. A woman came into the room and addressed the two of us, "I need guidance," she said, "I'm looking to understand and to know what I must do to progress in my spiritual path." Although I didn't speak immediately, he did. For a moment, I remained interiorly focused upon her question, but was very quickly distracted by my 'colleague' who was now rapidly rambling on, assuming that we understood he was 'channeling' to her. At first, I tried to listen to see

what he might be telling her, but it quickly became evident that I would not be allowed to even hear his words because I was being drawn into a cosmic state.

As my view was directed upwards, I gazed upon the sky with awe and ecstatic silence. A beautiful sky blue window began to open, surrounded in the whitest and puffiest clouds. Inside this window was a long cylindrical tube, but it was alive somehow. Almost like an organ of the body, like a radiantly sky blue, purified and perfect intestine, if that could make sense. Understanding instantly that this was a cosmic tunnel to something, I watched the tunnel bend and sway in the sky like a living thing.

Then the music began to play. To the music of 'Born Beneath the Soul,' a song I heard and wrote in 'Galactica,' I heard the heavens speak thus. "Come to wisdom's door, come to wisdom's door, come to wisdom's door, (ohohoh) the Lord will show you. Come to wisdom's door, come to wisdom's door, come to wisdom's door, (ohohoh) the Lord is waiting . . ." Repeating several times, it was a cosmic beckon to this young girl's soul to find God and be shown the answer to her question.

Suddenly, I was released from the cosmic state and back again in the room where my former colleague was becoming more and more animated. It seemed that he was becoming very agitated because this woman was beginning to doubt what he was telling her, and within minutes he was ranting almost like a lunatic. Although it may seem insensitive, I quietly chuckled at the ridiculousness of his behavior to myself (although he didn't see.) Without saying anything further, I just began to sing the song that I

had heard, continuing to write down the dictations from above and never looking up or directing my attention towards the young girl. My former colleague had gone off into his own world and didn't notice that she turned my way and began to listen . . .

For weeks, I had been honored to see Christ almost nightly as He gave me further instructions on the final publications of my works. Every detail was covered in exquisite detail, and if I missed something, He would tell me of it the next night. Finally, it appeared that I might be wrapping up the work on the previously written books when He came again.

"We have much to do and not much time left within which to do it." He said, conveying great urgency. Sharing instructions on how I might reorder my life to accommodate a coming onslaught of energies and intensive work, He made me to know that we were going to work together to finish the Palace of Ancient Knowledge. A flurry of instructions began to follow nightly as to which texts I was to study that day and the work began with a pulsating roar . . .

"It is the virtue of teachers to aim not at praise, nor at esteem from those under their authority, but at their salvation, and to do every thing with this object; since the man who should make the other end his aim, would not be a teacher but a tyrant. Sure it is not for this that God set thee over them, that thou shouldest enjoy greater court and service, but that thine own interests should be disregarded, and every one of their built up. This is teacher's duty."

*The Complete Writings of the Early Church Fathers,
Nicene and Post-Nicene Fathers, Volume 13, Homily VIII,
(Christianity, Catholic, Author: St. John Chrysostom)*

CHAPTER THIRTY-ONE **The Mystery of Perception**

Entering into a border world, I immediately became aware of two different states of perception that I was being pulled in and out of in order to observe them.

The first state of perception was that of an earthbound soul, the physical perspective. Three-dimensional in nature, there was great beauty in it, but a flatness as the vision I had was directly in front of me and almost like a flattened movie screen. The second state of perception was that of the spirit in death and was intriguing in that it was very globular. My view was not just straight ahead, but above me, behind me, to the sides of me, etc. My vision was multi-dimensional and very expansive as if I were viewing reality from every aspect of my being, rather than simply in front of my face.

But there was an energetic shift with each view, as well, which will be hard to describe. In the first earthly view, I was in a state of total peace. For a while now, I had experienced a certain serenity in my impending death which I hadn't always had before. It seemed to me a simple stepping over into another life, rather than such a ripping away from my past (a view I had experienced frequently when I was initially diagnosed). But despite this peace, there was a blandness which perhaps came from the fact that this path was reaching its end. But most certainly it also came from the fact that the earthly path was less vast than the other. In the second spirit in death view, I was in a state of excited peace. Total serenity

overcame me, but it was a serenity filled with a liveliness and excitement. It seemed that there was so much more to this world than the simple three-dimensional reality from which I had come. There was so much more to know and understand, and I found this exciting, but in a serene sort of way. It was perhaps as if my molecules were more enlivened in this other world, enlivened towards higher knowledge and vaster plains of truth to follow and expand upon within my true sphere of perception. For perception in this other world was like a sphere, rather than the flat screen of the earthly three-dimensional view.

Suddenly, I was ripped out of this interesting observational situation and awoke.

"Be not content with the ease of a passing day, and deprive not thyself of everlasting rest. Barter not the garden of eternal delight for the dust-heap of a mortal world. Up from thy prison ascend unto the glorious meads above, and from thy mortal cage wing thy flight unto the paradise of the Placeless."

The Hidden Words, No. 39, (Bahai', Words of Baha'u'llah)

"Were anyone apprised of that which is veiled from the eyes of men, he would become so enraptured as to wing his flight unto God."

The Tablets of Baha'u'llah, Excerpts from Other Tablets, (Bahai', Words of Baha'u'llah)

CHAPTER THIRTY-TWO **The Mystery of Repentance**

A woman entered the astral counterpart of the room who had been involved in the perpetration of an injustice against a family which had caused grave harm. A man had been fired from his job unjustly . . . through the use of slander and falsehood, primarily because he was a man of conscience. Although it was not overtly a Christian persecution in that different false reasons were given for the action, it was a Christian persecution. Through God's grace, the family had come through it not only unscathed, but better than they had been before; despite the fact that they had been forced to relocate and several members of the family became sick for a time as a result, one becoming gravely ill. But getting through it so well did not change the fact that this woman had participated in creating the evil that they had been forced to overcome and her soul carried that.

Sitting quietly in a corner in the place where she worked, the woman walked in the room and was not happy to see me there. Over the past year, I'd seen her several times in the astral as the progress of this persecution had played out. Part of my purpose was to take her through the process required of a soul who had committed a grave evil.

In the beginning, I had seen her and her fellow conspirator standing on a boat surrounded by grave torrential black winds as a specter from the heavens pronounced the inevitable onslaught of divine justice upon them both. She had looked terrified as she realized her mistake in choosing to unite and align

with the man who stood with her, a dark choice. She could have just as easily aligned with the good, which was embodied within the man she had chosen to persecute. The man engaged in the action with her was unmoved, because he was truly dominantly dark while she was ignorantly so.

For months, I would see this woman while she remained obstinate in her sin. Wishing to justify the action she had taken, it was necessary to believe the falsehoods she had participated in creating in order to fire him in the first place. My spirit would be called in to the office to dance 'in the spirit' upon and throughout their desks, proclaiming the righteousness of God. Initially, this annoyed her and her cohorts. Over time, it intrigued them. In the end, it made them feel a sense of longing for this spiritual freedom being demonstrated to them in my spiritual dance.

This leads us to the encounter of this night.

Expressing annoyance at seeing me again, I came to her very boldly this eve carrying a CD. With me was the man who had been persecuted so unjustly, and she asked him to leave. "No." I said to her very quietly, refusing to be unkind no matter what she might do. "I carry with me an album which contains the energetic truth of what transpired here between you and this man, and this energetic truth reveals that he has more right to be here than you do! He will not be leaving." (This was despite the fact that he no longer lived in this location or worked there, but energetically it represented him retaking his reputation back and restoring the potential which had been lost through this evil act.) Placing the CD into

her hand, she was taken aback, but suddenly thrust into an ecstatic experience of the energetic truth contained within it. As I pulled it back, she said nothing, just quietly walked away.

Continuing to remain in the office, I instructed the man to stay.

While she was gone, my spirit was given to go to a Buddhist retreat center where she had been scheduled to arrive. The monk who ran this astral monastery informed me that she had not shown up, and that I must go find her so that I may insure her arrival there so she may take the next spiritual step within the confines of this redemptive repentance which was being energized within her sub-consciously.

Returning to the office, we waited only a few more minutes as she returned with her husband. Uncomfortable, but no longer combative, they approached him slowly with caution. Wishing to ask her why she had not gone to the Buddhist monastery for further instruction, I resisted this impulse because it appeared something unexpected was about to happen. In their hands, I observed a CD containing the energetic truth of their repentance within it as they handed it to the man for whom they had harmed. All three of them touched the CD at the same time, as the husband of the perpetrator asked the man and his family if they would join them for Christmas dinner.

Within this was great symbolism, as they were asking the family to join them in their rebirth in Christ. They were also symbolically making a new choice to align with this man who had represented the eternal pathway, the path towards good . . . and to

rescind the alignment they had previously chosen with the man in their office who had represented the evil road. Although it was unclear as to whether this was a conscious or solely sub-conscious change, it was more than we were expecting and indicated they had both taken a step beyond what had been scheduled for tonight. The Buddhist monastery would be unnecessary now because they had gone beyond intellectual understanding of their 'canker' to a recognition of their 'sin' and a need for the application of mercy through Christ.

Confused, the man was unsure as to how to proceed and I instructed him. "Proceed now with kindness towards your former persecutors and a detached understanding of the energetic truth within this persecution. Remember that you were innocent in this act, and that you hold energetic dominion over this domain because of this. Proceed with kindness, but do not forget that you hold dominion which means you must not allow them to ask you to leave this domain. You hold the dominion, because you contain the right. Those who contain the right must lead those who contain the night. Kindness . . . detachment . . . truth. But you must *refuse* to be unkind to them, no matter what they do." As a light descended upon the three hands who had now contained within them the energetic truth of this dark encounter, I disappeared.

"It being impossible for man to be without failings, he exhorts them not to scrutinize severely the offences of others, but even to bear their failings, that their

own may in turn be born by others."

*The Complete Writings of the Early Church Fathers,
Nicene and Post-Nicene, Volume 13, Commentary on
Galatians, Chapter VI, (Christianity, Catholic, Author: St.
John Chrysostom)*

***"Except such of them as repent and amend and make
manifest (the truth). These it is toward whom I relent.***

I am the Relenting, the Merciful."

*The Meaning of the Glorious Koran, Surah II, No. 160,
(Islam, Translator: Marmaduke Pickthall)*

CHAPTER THIRTY-THREE
The Mystery of Bearing Fruit

My consciousness became aware as I was standing amidst a large farm field. Somebody who followed a very traditional religious path had been tilling it, and to the side was a shop filled with the fruits of his labors. Lately, I'd felt very badly about the fact that my work did not fit into any traditional peg and I wondered whether or not I was wrong to follow it despite this. Turning to go see what this farmer had in his store, I was shocked to find he had a very fruitless farm. Barren twigs with one grape were for sale along with other very pithy fruits of his labor.

For a moment, I wandered around and looked at the sparse fruits from his farm and then realized that sometimes those who strictly follow very traditional paths don't bear as much fruit as those who are willing to be led by the spirit a bit out of the beaten path in order to more fully understand, know and serve God as He may please, rather than as man is comfortable. And . . . you will know them by their fruits.

"In those days all the earth shall be cultivated in righteousness; it shall be wholly planted with trees, and filled with benediction; every tree of delight shall be planted in it. In it shall vines be planted; and the vine which shall be planted in it shall yield fruit to satiety."

*The Book of Enoch, Chapter X, Verse 23-24, (Christianity,
Words of Enoch)*

"Let it be the possession of one who, through

Righteous Order, may have it given to him in accordance with Your Sovereign Power. He who may make the farm to flourish in the vigor of your blessed prosperity."

The Avesta, Yasna 50, Verse 3, (Zoroastrianism, Words of Zarathustra)

"Nanak! Those that bear not the Master's teaching in mind, and in their own presupposition think they are wise - are like to the seedless sesame plants, that in the field are left standing alone. While in the field left, saith Nanak, all wish to despoil them. Despite flowering and blossoming, these poor ones are with ashes filled."

Sri Guru Granth Sahib, Volume II, Raga Asa, Page 981, (Sikhism)

"One who is in knowledge of the Absolute Truth, O might-armed, does not engage himself in the senses and sense gratification, knowing well the differences between work in devotion and work for fruitive results."

The Bhagavad-Gita As It Is, Chapter 3, Text 28, (Hinduism, Translator: A.C. Bhaktivedanta Swami Prabhupada)

CHAPTER THIRTY-FOUR
The Mystery of Creative Balance

Sitting quietly in my home preparing to go back into my body, a doctor who had seen me once appeared in my room with great urgency. His subconscious astral soul appeared to have a message for me, but I was confused by this since we had barely known each other. "Why would you receive a message for *me*?" I asked. "We barely even met." Breathless in his urgency, he said, "What you must understand is that when two people bond through caring, an energetic union is formed which creates such a possibility. Although you were unaware of how much I had chosen to care about your situation, I energetically latched on with great fervor to your well-being." "Wow." I said with surprise. "I had no idea how much you had cared. After all, I'm just one of many patients. But tell me, what message do you have for me?" "It is this," he replied. "If you continue to work as hard as you have been doing, you will most assuredly die prematurely. You must balance the creative energies that work through you to create more balance." Pausing, I thought of those creative souls throughout time who had literally worked themselves to death by not properly balancing the great eternal impulse which worked through them. Mozart, for instance. "Thank you," I said, "thank you so much. You're very right, I have been working too compulsively, and I must find more balance. Thank you!" Again, I disappeared and awoke within my body.

"By the Star when it setteth, Your comrade erreth not, nor is deceived; Nor doth he speak of (his own) desire.

It is naught save an inspiration that is inspired, Which one of mighty powers hath taught him, One vigorous; and he grew clear to view when he was on the uppermost horizon. Then he drew nigh and came down till he was distant . . . And He revealed unto His slave that which He revealed. The heart lied not (in seeing) what it saw. Will ye then dispute with him concerning what he seeth? And verily he saw him yet another time . . . The eye turned not aside nor yet was overbold."

The Meaning of the Glorious Kuran, Surah LIII, No. 1-17, (Islam, Translator: Marmaduke Pickthall)

"See for yourselves! I have labored only a little, but have found much . . . Work at your tasks in due season, and in his own time God will give you your reward."

The New American Bible, Old Testament, Sirach 51:27, 30, (Christianity, Judaism)

"As to more than these, my son, beware. Of the making of many books there is no end, and in much study there is weariness for the flesh. The last word, when all is heard: Fear God and keep his commandments, for this is man's all."

The New American Bible, Old Testament, Ecclesiastes 12:12-13, (Christianity, Judaism)

"And now the hand can write no more, and pleadeth that this is enough. Wherefore do I say, 'Far be the glory of thy Lord, the Lord of all greatness, from what they affirm of Him."

The Seven Valleys and The Four Valleys, The Fourth Valley, (Bahai', Words of Baha'u'llah)

142
HYMNS

Eucharistic Jesus

Marilyn Hughes

1. 2. 4. 5. 8.

1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14.

3. 6.

7. 8. 9. 10. 11. 12.

Musical score for guitar, page 143. The score consists of six staves of music, each with a treble clef and a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). The music is written in a 4/4 time signature. The notes and chords are as follows:

- Staff 1: Measure 13: E (open string); Measure 14: E (open string). A slur connects the two notes.
- Staff 2: Measure 15: A (open string), 7, (fret 7), A (open string), 2 A (fret 2), 3 E (fret 3). A slur connects the notes from measure 15 to the end of the staff.
- Staff 3: Measure 16: 4 E (fret 4), 5 A (fret 5), 6 A (fret 6). A slur connects the notes from measure 16 to the end of the staff.
- Staff 4: Measure 17: 7 E (fret 7), 8 E (fret 8), 9 A (fret 9). A slur connects the notes from measure 17 to the end of the staff.
- Staff 5: Measure 18: 10 A (fret 10), 11 E (fret 11), 12 (fret 12). A slur connects the notes from measure 18 to the end of the staff.
- Staff 6: Measure 19: 13 A (fret 13), 14 A (fret 14), 15 B (fret 15). A slur connects the notes from measure 19 to the end of the staff.
- Staff 7: Measure 20: 16 B (fret 16). A slur connects the note from measure 20 to the end of the staff.

EUCCHARISTIC JESUS

Moderate

Lyrics

1. 4. 8. I wanna place my arms around you
I wanna wash my sins away
I wanna wrap my arms around you
And fly away . . .
2. 5. I wanna eat the bread of Heaven
Receive new life and heavenly grace
I wanna ease my pain in Jesus
And fly away . . .
3. 6. Come to me, dear Jesus Christ
Feed me in your sacrament divine
Fill me
Instill in me
Your life
7. Is there one worthy to receive You
Are any of us without sin?
But still you offer us the Kingdom
But still you offer to forgive

You Need to Relinquish

Marilynn Hughes

The image shows two staves of musical notation. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. It contains a melody with notes G4, A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, G4. Above the staff are handwritten annotations: 'D' above the first measure, '2 F' above the second measure, and '3 D' above the third measure. Below the first measure are the handwritten numbers '1. 2. 3. 4.'. The bottom staff is also in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp and a 3/4 time signature. It contains a bass line with notes G3, F3, E3, D3. Above the first measure is a handwritten 'C' with a plus sign, and above the final measure is a handwritten 'D'.

1. 3. You need to relinquish
You need to relinquish all that you are
2. 4. Time has been Wasting
It's almost too late to follow your star

THE PALACE OF ANCIENT KNOWLEDGE

A Treatise on Ancient Mysteries

Out-of-Body Travel and Mysticism



By Marilyn Hughes

Photo by Harvey Kushner

Continuing the journey begun in *The Mysteries of the Redemption: A Treatise on Out-of-Body Travel and Mysticism* and **GALACTICA: A Treatise on Death, Dying and the Afterlife**, the author takes you ever deeper into the core mysteries of the spiritual world. Deepening ever further into the understanding of many of the mysteries of our time and throughout the ages, the author slowly goes into that subtle etheric maze of secrets known only to those mystics who have traveled the gateways of time throughout the ages to find them, revealing their etheric mystery to our thirsty lips.

THE PALACE OF ANCIENT KNOWLEDGE: *A Treatise on Ancient Mysteries* reveals an even deeper, more hidden part of man, and the missing pieces to the knowledge of our existence which presents itself to us in our world through the many traditions, religions, faiths and creeds. Showing their unity and diversity, her journey shows us of the ever weaving thread of destiny and wisdom which beckons each of our souls back into the light of God! In the words of a monk in blue to the author when faced with the ancestral evil of the land and tempted to flee. . . "Come. Stay. Purify it. Stand tall for the light."

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BIBLIOGRAPHY

Having made a shortened list of some of the more important texts of the world religions, I've made careful note to include texts which have been drawn to me in sacred vision and have been an integral part of energizing my spiritual path. Most of the texts in the bibliography have been brought to me through eternal guidance.

World Scripture is an excellent starting point, as it contains scripture from all world religions on various subjects, as well as, a detailed listing in back of the prescribed texts from all major and minor world religions.

Scriptural texts are the foundation or the root of knowledge. Visionary texts are the branches of the tree. Lives of prophets, saints, mystics and sages are the leaves.

Words in italics are actual book titles, while the unitalicized words are not title names, but rather authors and saints to glean from.

Hinduism: *The Bhagavad Gita As It Is, Srimad Bhagavatam, Upanishads, KRSNA, Autobiography of a Yogi, The Divine Romance, Man's Eternal Quest, The Gospel of Sri Ramakrishna*

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