

The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation Journal:

'The Stories of Cherokee Elder, Willy Whitefeather!'

As Heard by Susan 'Wren' Lake!

Issue Five!

By Marilyn Hughes

The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation!

www.outofbodytravel.org



Metalwork by Elisabeth McGuire

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For information, write to:

The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation!

www.outofbodytravel.org

MarilynnHughes@aol.com

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

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Compiled and Edited By Marilyn Hughes

From Stories Contributed by Susan 'Wren' Lake

Written in the voice of 'Wren:'

I wish to write about the Elders of which I have such a deep respect and love for. I hope this is informative and enjoyable for you all. Love and Blessings . . . Wren a.k.a. Usti Alitama

Osiyo all. It has been my experience with most Elders that when you ask a deep or direct question of significant importance, the dear Elder will not answer your question directly but instead tell you a story. Making you not only think for yourself, but answer your own question. For an Elder that is wise knows that we all carry the answers within ourselves and therefore the best place to look is within.

Sometimes this can be maddening, especially to the young. Sometimes my Chief Tsoi refuses to answer a question outright and will talk so skillfully around the point at hand that you just give up and to his delight drop the subject.

The Elder who has changed my life the most is my dear Willy Whitefeather, my mentor. He's 71 years young, and let me tell ya . . . he ALWAYS gives you a story. ALWAYS! He is a storyteller . . . Yep, folks can go mad, or just exercise patience.

One of his delightful traits is that he will slow you down, dallying and delaying so that you'll take the time to smell the roses. He cherishes every moment.

It is now time to introduce this great Elder to you. He will not sing his own praises, so I sing them for him in song. His name is Willy Whitefeather, Elder of the highest

caliber of the Cherokee (Tsalagi) nation. He's a nationally acclaimed lecturer, world renowned film-maker (find out more at the end of this article), but most of all he is a chief. He will not tell you this himself, so I will sing it for him along with the songs of his courage and bravery, the songs of his wisdom and kind nature. He is one of the most aware and kind men I've ever known and I sing for him. He has lived among the people of the Cherokee, Navajo, Hopi, Sioux and Inuit, being honored by their stories and carrying them forth in this talking leaf to you. Many of the chiefs who told him these stories have gone to the other side, and he carries the torch of all that they shared with him.

The Corn Giver

As told to Willy Whitefeather by Tawodi Perkins

Long before Columbus, the corn giver came to turtle island (America) her hair was the color of the sun and we remember her when we open the corn husks and we can see the strands of her golden hair. When we eat the corn raw its lactic like mothers milk. If we boil it, it won't digest, if we put it in fire, it goes back to the father, "POP" (slang) CORN, and popcorn in Spanish is Palomitos Blancos which means, little white doves. And you can see this when people are under " FIRE " the best comes out in them and during any disaster you can see men in white helmets and Red Cross workers in white caps running AROUND and helping people. The corn is the only food that makes us eat in a circle because we cannot eat the center cob. It teaches us that what goes around comes around. The corn honors the four races; red, white, black and yellow people. The corn honors the four elements. Grandfather would put SEVEN corn kernels in the EARTH, then he would WATER the corn, and the corn

would grow tall in the AIR and the sun's FIRE would shine on her and turn the corn into the colors of the sun. And the cloud families honor the four colors of corn, YELLOW clouds at dawn, WHITE clouds at midday, BLACK clouds at storming and RED clouds at sunset.

There is a song that many have forgotten to bring in the clouds, followed by a song to open the clouds. The corn honors the basic four directions, WHITE to the NORTH, YELLOW to the EAST, RED to the SOUTH and BLACK to the WEST. Take a gallon of WHITE paint and add a shot of YELLOW, RED and BLACK. Stir and shake it up and it is called 'Navajo WHITE.'

CORN came before spelling. CORN in Cherokee is SELU, It is written; 4 = SE and M = LU and if you put 4 M's in a circle you will create an 8 pointed star! (The Cherokee have the 7 pointed star, they are the TSALAGI ANIYUNWIYA , which means 'the people principal ' next to the Creators Star.) The CORN is the circle in the middle of the 8 pointed star, which shows us, what goes around comes around. CORN is the MAZE or Maize the path of life (Many tribes have the MAZE symbol, also seen on ancient rock drawings). A TU SELU or A TU SALUD Spanish for "To your HEALTH" Donadagotlevi, until we meet again . . .

Willy Whitefeather

The Seventh Log by: Willy Whitefeather

Seven men huddled around a camp fire on a cold and snowy night. Each one held a wooden log, and each one stared at the dying fire. A wealthy man held on to his log for he did not want to put it on the fire to warm the poor man across from him. The poor man also clutched

his log tight, for he did not want to warm the rich man. The preacher held his log tight, for the man across from him was not of his church. He did not wish for his log to warm him. The Priest kept his log of wood, for why should he allow it to warm one of a different faith. The black man sat and watched the campfire begin to smolder, yet he would not allow his log to warm the white man who sat opposite him. The white man would not throw his log on the fire to warm the man across from him, whose skin was so black.

The seventh man is you, my friend, as you sit and watch the other six men that are slowly freezing to death: not so much from the cold night but from the cold within their own hearts. The campfire has almost gone out. What is your decision? To get the fire going or let it go out.

One thing to remember is that the Cherokees are the Keepers of the Sacred Flame given by the Creator, and carried on the Trail of Tears to Oklahoma. And it has never gone out. Let us all rekindle the fire of Love, for the only thing we take with us when we die, is the Love we did not give . . .

Willy Whitefeather

This is a True Story about Cherokee Women

Long ago there was a fort which had fallen into, cheating the Cherokees in Georgia. The Cherokee Women became the War Women. They cut off their long hair and braids and split into seven equal groups of women. Surrounding the fort at dawn, the women began to scream the trill of the Cherokee Woman and they screamed in seven shifts towards the men in the fort. When one group got tired of screaming, the next group would step forward

and scream non -stop for seven days and seven nights. The men in the fort had guns. But they were holding their ears and complaining, "But captain, we can't shoot. They're women and they don't have guns."

After seven days and nights of non stop screaming women the men threw their guns down and the fort was abandoned.

And now to think that this is similar to the seven trumpets which made Jericho to fall in the Christian belief. All men come from women (womb of man). When a woman screams, she can break glass with her voice. Man cannot handle a screaming woman. Grandfather said one day little sister will scream . . . and that was Mount Saint Helen....and what came out of Mount Saint Helen?.....It was silica sand, broken glass. Mt. St. Helen was named after a Catholic woman who made the first stained glass, the rainbow colored glass, for the Church.

And then three years later on Dec. 14 1983, Wilma Mankiller became chief of the Cherokee Nation. And she said we must make a better world in the next seven generations for the children. And now today we see the return of the warrior women as women are cutting their hair short again and getting the tattoos of the warrior women as well.

One day as the rainbow and the native peoples will all come together as one. And they will solidify like the rainbow glass, to teach the good way, the right path of the human being. And it is then that we will make a good world for the children.

As spoken to me by the Elder Willy Whitefeather.

The River

The river Yunwiguahita and the flow of life are the same. On the river of water sitting in the back of your boat is a river guide, you are looking forward down river and your river guides you and steers you past boulders and rapids. The river tells you when to hard forward paddle and when to back paddle and move the boat away from rocks and boulders. On the river of life you have a guide who is also behind you and speaks to you quietly with feelings (such as a chill feeling between our shoulder blades). Your guide lets you know you are in the right flow in life and you can hard forward paddle and go forward. A gut feeling that something is not right is the river telling you to back paddle to avoid the problem boulders; these are the problems of drugs, alcohol and low self-esteem. If you are not aware of your guide and not paying attention, your boat will smash up against the problem boulder. But if you are paying attention and you back paddle, you will see two giant standing waves on either side of the problem boulder. The waves are called FEAR, False Evidence Appearing Real and the other wave is Free Every Anxious Reaction, both waves originating from FEAR. The fear is what keeps most people from living life. So knock down the waves. Sure, you might holler and scream, but when you get on the other side of the waves the water will be calm. Your friends or family might be back on the boulder yelling at you to come back and take a drink of this or a shot of that and you might feel sad and all alone. But you must look down at the calm water which is like a mirror which reflects your face, the sky, the clouds and the trees. You begin to smile and YOU NEVER LOOK BACK. Why? Because there's another boulder and rapids ahead and the river becomes a dance.

You lose fear as you go through the waves and you remember to go warily as you go over the top of the wave. Why? Because now you're going down into the gully and when you're all the way down, be happy! Why? Because now your going back up to the top of the next wave. And now you're dancing the HILL AND GULLY RIDER, THE DANCE OF LIFE WITHOUT FEAR!

The secret of life is to follow your bliss. Throw a stick into the river, watch as it goes past the rocks and boulders on around and on down the river on its way to the ocean. The ocean is like the Great Spirit that takes in all the fresh water rivers and turns them into salt water. The taste of the ocean and a human tear are the same. We always find choices in the forks of the river. We can take the left fork and continue on down river or take the right fork and jump ashore and walk back upstream and help people who are just starting down the river. And while we are doing that our problems are taken care of by our river guide. Willy Whitefeather

The Story of the Salmon

The Salmon is the Chief of the fish. It is good to learn the ways of the Salmon. The Salmon gather at the mouths of the rivers in Oregon, Washington and farther north. The sea gives them their last big meal and then they start their run upriver against the current and past the Sea Lions, the Eagles, the Osprey, the Bears the Fishermen. Many lose their lives but still they continue on jumping up the waterfalls and sometimes falling back, but never giving up. Another fast run at the Waterfall, the Salmon makes it and continues on against the river current. The Salmon jumps a few more falls and then arrives at the place where it was born to lay its eggs in the river. Then the Salmon dies while the eggs hatch and develop. The fingerling baby

Salmon are able to go with the flow of the river, down the falls with the current and back to the Sea.

The Salmon teaches us many things. It's best not to sit at an all we can eat cafe, and not go against the current of life. We should not to fear our enemies more than we love our children. And finally, we must leave a better world for the future children. Then we may die knowing that we did our best so that the kids can go easier with the flow of the river of life..... Willy Whitefeather

Cherokee Blood

Today I hear people say, 'I'm one eighth Cherokee or one quarter or one half.' So what's the big deal? What are you if you're grandmother was black? I never hear anyone say, 'I'm one eighth black or one quarter black or half,' they are just black. If your great grandmother was Japanese what do you say? I'm a quarter or an eighth? No, you say I'm Japanese.

Today a Cherokee is a Chrysler Jeep. Is the gas tank full, or one half or one eighth full?

A medicine man came to our little band years ago and he said, "If you have one drop of Indian blood, you ARE Indian!"

How many of you were born in America? Well aren't you Native Americans then? Learn This Land. Learn the ways of your people. Those things in Europe are fine, but leave them there and learn this land. Learn about your roots here. For without the roots the tree dies. Do it for the kids and for the future kids. Leave them a world of 'Hope', a world of getting along together. For in Cherokee tradition, if one person in the tribe was hungry, it meant the whole tribe was hungry.

One stick you can break, but the bundle of sticks you cannot break. It is strong. The Europeans put an ax

sticking up in the middle of the bundle of sticks. Their policy was to divide, conquer and facilitate the break up of the tribes. You can sometimes see their logo behind the platform of government speakers.

It's not the color of the skin; it's the color of the heart that counts.

If you have that Indian blood in your veins, do something to help your brothers and sisters on the reservations. The injustices still continue but in a much more subliminal manner. Since the Cherokee Trail of Tears and the Navaho Long Walk, the suicide rate on some reservations today is five times above the National Average.

Do whatever you can to benefit your tribe, your People.

I'm Cherokee and proud of it. I ain't no Jeep! Aho!
Willy Whitefeather

The Balloon Man

There was once a little Indian boy who was at a circus. He saw a balloon man with a huge bundle of helium filled balloons in his hand. He went up to the Balloon man and asked, "If you were to let those balloons go, would the red balloon fly the highest?" The Balloon man looked into those big, beautiful, brown, eyes of the boy and replied "It's not what color the balloon is, but what's inside, that makes it fly higher." Willy Whitefeather

Remembrance

There was once a happy village of Natives who lived in peace and harmony with Mother Earth taking from her only what they needed and giving thanks for

what was given. They lived this way for hundreds of years.

Then one day invaders from another land came and enslaved some of the villagers while others of the natives managed to escape the tyranny. The ones that escaped went deep into the mountains and created another village. They were happy they had escaped the slavery and tyranny.

Time passed and the slaves either chose or were forced to inter-marry with the invaders, bearing offspring from their unions with them.

More time passed and at last the invaders left their lands. Only a few had stayed.

They set their captives free to go back to their people with their children. The former slaves were so overjoyed and happy as they traveled, singing, to the village high in the mountains to rejoin and reunite with their people. This had been their dream for so long.

When they got there so full of hope and joy, they were turned away - sometimes in anger and resentment. They were told that their blood was now tainted and they no longer belonged to the People and the village that they loved and longed for so much.

In despair they left, feeling wanted by no one and totally displaced. They were filled with deep sorrow for what had been lost. For they knew they were not of the invaders, they were of the original blood of their people. Feeling this so very strong within themselves, they left with heavy hearts.

Soon they began to establish their own village, the village of the Matis - the Mixed Bloods. They lived together happily with each other again in peace and harmony with Mother Earth following the ways of their ancestors once again. They were a people of good heart and noble character. Willy Whitefeather and Wren

Reflections of a Hopi

Tonight I sat outside looking at the high mountains covered with snow and I began to go back to Hopi Land, the third mesa of Hotavilla where we had been but a few weeks ago. I started to get a feeling of the quiet strength of the people and the land that is now a part of my soul. I remembered Emery, the Hopi Medicine Man and his gentle wife Mildred, their home and family sitting quietly at the table as we sipped Mildred's herbed tea. She collected it on the Mesa. Hota, she called it. Listening to the laughter and soft voices of her family talking in their own language, such a warm and gentle language, to hear the laughter of the baby - Mildred's grandchild, Lindy - and the returning laughter of her mother, Divine, I felt peace.

My soul quiets and I feel at peace. There was a peace in that quiet land that soothes the soul and gentles the spirit. The way of life there is the same as it was so long ago - simple - and yet I can see some modern things about the house. Oh, that house with the Kachina dolls all over the wall. Mildred has a fine collection. The hand painted bowls and the sage and sweet grass hanging, the baskets all about in disarray - for Mildred and her daughters are weavers. This delighted me no to end, being a weaver myself. And the exchanging of ideas, admiring of the different baskets, the workmanship . . . it was all beautiful.

But the exchange of Spirit that was there was sacred and it crept in my heart and soul without me knowing it . . . until I felt at one with all that surrounded me. That house had a magic that is not apparent to the naked eye but yet is so tangible that after a few hours I just seemed to relax and let go of all fear, shyness, breath. My

breathing was a thing from within my very soul and not of the body, a peace that does pass understanding.

The teaching of the traditional foods and their preparation; the piki bread, the bean sprout soup, the special yeasted bread that is so traditional of the Hopi people and the sacred and traditional way in which everything was made was an education that is a privileged thing. I was so honored to learn.

All that come to Emery and Mildred's house are healed and fed. No one goes away hungry. And so many come . . . to be healed and to share at the table; ideas, laughter, good food and drink. Mildred sees all at that table and the world comes to her.

The closed ceremony was like nothing I have ever experienced and is something I feel I cannot divulge at this time without permission but, suffice it to say, I came away with a changed heart, changed mind and a soul that would never be the same.

I can say that it began at dawn with Corn Woman and did not end till dawn of the next day. Exhausted and exhilarated at the same time, I knew in my heart of hearts that I was not ever to be the same again.

About mid-day, when the ceremony was coming through our part of the village, a Kachina stopped and looked me straight in the eye for many minutes and I was spell bound and could only gaze rooted to the spot and uneasy, not able to move a muscle. I know that silently in my mind and heart he was saying to me, "Wake up! Become Aware! Now is the time and here is the place. Wake up! " I can say no more at this time.

The Medicine Man

And the Medicine Man said:

"The people will come asking to be taught. They will wish to find their roots and the roots of their people. Tell them the stories, teach them if they ask to be taught, such is the way of the People.

"What is in a man's heart - or a woman's - is the most important thing. All is Spirit and as we choose to use (or misuse) this Spirit, it goes out into the world and performs the intention or purpose behind the choice. Spirit is all there is. To choose Peace instead of war is the greater truth, AND is the way of Spirit. To choose love and honor instead of dishonor to those around you or to yourself is the greater truth and coincides with what Spirit intends for us.

"To choose Love instead of hate or ridicule is the sign of true holiness. All else is false, manmade and of the world, not the true intent of Spirit.

"If we could but love and let each other be, if we could but love and give honor to those around us, we will be doing what Spirit wills us to do and giving honor to ourselves and our People. Spirit will smile on us and we will be happy and guided on our path.

"When we do anything disharmonious it blocks us from seeing and doing the will of Spirit. Misuse of this divine gift is so very sad and causes tears for those who choose to malign each other. It causes there to be more disharmony in the world. There is so much of this now. My Brothers and Sisters! Let us instead choose to add to the harmony of this world and to the healing of our Mother Earth.

"Let us love each other without judgment or dishonor. For when we dishonor someone, we dishonor ourselves and even the Angels cry." Willy Whitefeather as Told to Wren - Usti Alitama

Compiled and Edited By Marilyn Hughes

From Stories Contributed by:

Susan 'Wren' Lake

wrenlk_ssn@yahoo.com

www.willywhitefeather.com

Willy Whitefeather is the Author of two books for Children: '**Outdoor Survival for Kids**' and '**River Book for Kids**'. His Film '**Hope**' has been honored at the International Film Festival in Sedona, Arizona where he spoke. Winning many awards all over the world, it carries the high acclaim of winning the People's Choice award hands down. It will now go onto the International Film Festival in New York. **Susan 'Wren' Lake** is a Beloved Spiritual Daughter of Willy Whitefeather and works to help promote his writings and film worldwide.

"'Hope' is a powerful and inspiring film with tremendous universal appeal. I wish everyone could see and be moved as I was, by its extraordinary use of images and sound to evoke a timeless story of our common origins, the current conditions of social and global destruction, then carrying us to a conclusion that is both moving and compassionate - a view of a possible peace which, as the film states 'lies within each of us.' My heartfelt thanks go to Willy Whitefeather and Luna Meda for this gift to the world."

Harry Belafonte

The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation Journal:
Question and Answer Forum!

Please Send Your Questions to:

magazine@outofbodytravel.org

For Future Inclusion in this Section!

Question from Lulu Dong in Bruettisellen, Zuerich, Switzerland: If we are dead and don't exist, is there a way to enter this reality?

And if we are not born and don't exist, is there a way to stay away?

Is there a door that leads in and out of this reality?

Is there a way to return once we have left?

Is there a mirror in this reality?

Is there an entrance into this mirror?

Is there a way in and out of this mirror?

Where is the entrance into this mirror?

And where the exit out?

If there is a possibility to study and read your way into and out of this reality?

Where is it written?

For such a possibility to occur, someone must teach and write about a way to enter and exit this reality. For if no one teaches and writes about a way to enter and exit, what will you study?

What will you read?

Where do you find the most ancient of all teachings and scriptures that reveal to you, the secret path?

Look deep inside at the bottom of my eyes, there you find the most ancient, the most intelligent and the most enlightened teaching of all, the wisdom about entrance and exit into this, my reality.

I see, the most enlightened, ancient and wise teaching of all is a very beautiful and very dark mirror, is beauty and darkness the nature of the most enlightened, the most wise and the most ancient teachings of all, will I have to pass through this oh so beautiful and dark mirror of my soul if I want to enter and exit your reality?

Yes, the nature of the most enlightened, the most beautiful, the most ancient, the most wise and the darkest teachings of all, is the teaching about nothing but death. Through this door you must pass if you want to enter my reality, and leave behind all you know.

What is death? And how do I pass death? Teach my mirror, teach me all about death and how to pass death!

What is there to teach about death ? What is there to know about death? Death is all about nothing.

Then teach me all about nothing!

Nothing is the nature of the most enlightened, the most merciful, the most beneficial, the most beautiful, the most ancient, the most wise and the darkest mirror of all, nothing is the nature of death. If you enter the mirror, nothing is where you come out.

Is nothing my real nature? Is nothing where I come from? Is death who I really am?

Death is a delusion and nothing is real! You are that nothing and your delusion is real!

My delusion is real? I exist but am dead? Where's the sense in dead?

You are not who you are, you are who you are not, you are everything, you are nothing, you are what my eye sees, and what my mind thinks, if my mind is infinite, you are infinite, if my mind is limited, infinity is limited.

And if this is not making sense, where do I find the scriptures that tell me who I really am and how I can travel in and out of the magic door?

You must imagine these scriptures existing, you must picture yourself reading them, you must picture someone writing them, you must use your imagination. If you can't picture yourself reading them and if you can't picture someone writing them, you must write them yourself.

I must write my own scriptures?

If you can't picture someone else writing them for you, you must write them yourself. Picture what you want to read, picture the truth, picture the scripture written by the most wise, the most beneficial, and the most merciful and picture what you wish them to tell you, than write what you picture them to speak. In other words, make up, invent, picture, imagine, and then write the most ancient script yourself. Write what you imagine the most wise to write. What would you like the most merciful to tell you all about? Picture it.

Picture a script about nothing but truth, picture a book, written by someone no one knows, the most ancient and oldest script, found on the internet, while you are looking for answers. Picture the script telling you the perfect truth about everything, picture the whole truth, picture the perfect picture, picture the perfect script.

Print the script, print just 3 pages

The first page tells you all about who you really are, and about who everybody else really is, the truth resonates deep within you and it is almost as if you are looking into a mirror, seeing letters. The truth is absolute. The few words make you realise everything that you are, just by reading them.

Picture the second page, in print, the second page is all about imagination and fantasy, it takes you into a world full of never ending imagination, it opens possibilities you never dared dreaming of, it must be written by a dead person, or someone who doesn't exist, it inspires you to make the universe a perfect place to exist, for everyone.

You print the third page, it reminds you how much work there is put into all these imaginations, and how delicate these teachings are, it reminds you of your own ignorance, and how everything you see is so natural and obvious, plain and evident, you're taking it all for granted, without realising what it takes to print the obvious.

You realise that everything lasts forever, that nothing ever perishes, and you destroy the book, shall someone else write what you want to read, shall those write what they want to read who want to read it, shall they imagine what they want to read who want to read it, shall they see what they want to see who want to see it, and not what you want them to see.

Ok, I admit that's a bit too long but it is Friday, and over the weekend you might find the time to read this, so here is, what I would like you to tell me about, tell me about that mirror, that secret door, how you walk in and out, how you walk through time and space, tell me what I need to do in order to pass this door, and where will I come out? That's it, have a nice weekend.

regards, Lulu

Marilynn: I absolutely love this question and I thank you so much for submitting it.

If we are dead and don't exist, is there a way to enter this reality? **Yes, because death and non-existence are not one in the same thing. Non-existence is one thing, death is a higher form of existence than what we presently experience as humanity.**

And if we are not born and don't exist, is there a way to stay away? **Not being born into this realm does not indicate non-existence. Many forms of life and consciousness exist outside our perimeter and sphere.** Is there a door that leads in and out of this reality? **Yes, many.**

Is there a way to return once we have left? **Yes, many ways.**

Is there a mirror in this reality? **Yes, we mirror to and for one another. Life itself mirrors to us and we to it.**

Is there an entrance into this mirror? **Awakeness.**

Is there a way in and out of this mirror? **Transcendence.**

Where is the entrance into this mirror? **Inside.**

And where the exit out? **Delusion.**

If there is a possibility to study and read your way into and out of this reality? **Yes, but it must be accompanied by practice.**

Where is it written? **The Writings of the Prophets, Saints, Mystics and Sages in World Religions - the Ancient Sacred Texts. There are many pieces to find in the quest.**

For such a possibility to occur, someone must teach and write about a way to enter and exit this reality. For if no one teaches and writes about a way to enter and exit, what will you study? It has been done by the Prophets, Saints, Mystics and Sages in World Religions. They have tread a pathway of ancient sacred texts which contain the many keys to heaven and the search for meaning.

What will you read? **The Bible, Bhagavad Gita, Sri Guru Granth Sahib, Torah, Talmud, Emerald Tablets of Thoth, Avesta, Pali Canon, Flower Ornament Scripture, Qur'an, The Hidden Words . . . there are thousands of these manuscripts. I've only listed the primary scriptural texts of the major world religions. From which door would you like to begin and I will tell you which book to study? For many, I recommend starting with St. Francis De Sales 'An Introduction to the Devout Life,' because it is truly a powerful door.**

Where do you find the most ancient of all teachings and scriptures that reveal to you, the secret path? **The Hymns of the Rg Veda are considered to be the oldest of all ancient sacred texts, figured at about 40,000 years of age. May I recommend checking out WWW. SACRED-TEXTS.COM where you may find reference to the most ancient and hard to find documents in the spiritual and religious history of the world.**

I see, the most enlightened, ancient and wise teaching of all is a very beautiful and very dark mirror, is beauty and darkness the nature of the most enlightened, the most wise and the most ancient teachings of all, will I have to pass through this oh so beautiful and dark mirror of my soul if I want to enter and exit your reality? **Yes, all souls must pass through purification's doors to enter and exit into the true reality of God.**

What is death? And how do I pass death? Teach my mirror, teach me all about death and how to pass death! **Death is a passing from one form of existence to a much higher, finer form of existence.**

What is there to teach about death? What is there to know about death? Death is all about nothing. **Although it seems so, death is not nothing. Death is a doorway into another world of higher and finer things. But death is also cessation, and we must cease frivolous thinking in order to allow that 'nothing' which is definitely 'something' to enter into our understanding. On a spiritual path, a soul expects to encounter tens to hundreds of spiritual deaths in one physical lifetime.**

Is nothing my real nature? Is nothing where I come from? Is death who I really am? **In death, you will find who you really are and it is not nothing. But it is nothing in comparison to the almighty God. We are, in our highest form, embodied love.**

My delusion is real? I exist but am dead? Where's the sense in dead? **All of us have delusions which we believe are real. And in the context of our delusions and our refusal to seek union with God, we remain spiritually dead. But the purpose of our lives in this realm is to seek that union, and thus, become alive again! The sense in dead is the affirmative confirmation that our existence here is temporary, impermanent and we must seek that which eternal and forever.**

You are not who you are, you are who you are not, you are everything, you are nothing, you are what my eye sees, and what my mind thinks, if my mind is infinite, you are infinite, if my mind is limited, infinity is limited. **Your mind is finite. Infinity is not limited by your mind.**

And if this is not making sense, where do I find the scriptures that tell me who I really am and how I can travel in and out of the magic door? **The writings of the Prophets, Saints, Mystics and Sages from every world religion throughout time! But then you must take the wisdom in the words, the path left behind for our use, and incorporate into your interior. It is in your interior, and the workings of energy that you may travel through that door.**

You must imagine these scriptures existing, you must picture yourself reading them, you must picture someone writing them, you must use your imagination. If you can't picture yourself reading them and if you can't picture someone writing them, you must write them yourself.

I must write my own scriptures? **We all write a 'scripture,' so to speak, of our own lives, our own journey. It is not necessarily in written form, but energetic on the pages of all life. However, you cannot write a scripture unless you first experience. Therefore, seek that which was written by those who experienced and found union with God**

and then wrote down how they got there. They leave you with keys scattered all over the ancient sacred texts throughout the world and time. Find those keys, bring them within and allow God to determine your destiny.

What would you like the most merciful to tell you all about? The Mechanics of Existence are a good place to begin . . .

You realise that everything lasts forever, that nothing ever perishes: And you realize also the exact opposite, that nothing lasts forever and everything perishes because the only constant within the eternal is change.

Tell me about that mirror, that secret door, how you walk in and out, how you walk through time and space, tell me what I need to do in order to pass this door, and where will I come out? Lulu, you've touched my heart! Remember that the secret to these things lies within a frame of being. That frame of being comes about through severe prayer, meditation, contemplation and spiritual reading. Go and read 'Come to Wisdom's Door: How to Have an Out-of-Body Experience!' which is available at www.outofbodytravel.org. This will give you direction as to how to begin.

Thanks for the questions and blessings to you!

Marilynn Hughes
www.outofbodytravel.org

The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation Journal:

Different Voices!

This is our section devoted to the writings and opinions of others, which may not reflect the views of author, Marilyn Hughes. Inclusion of any author's writings or work does not denote an endorsement or recommendation in regards to their writings.

Some of these will be individual writings of others on subjects of spiritual interest, other people's out-of-body experiences - some which may agree with and/or contradict the experiences of the author, poems, journals of spiritual transformation, and critiques - both positive and negative opinions and/or analysis, of the author's work.

We choose to include ALL of these because we feel that the ability to discuss our similarities and differences openly is 'ALL GOOD' as GANDHI used to say.

We welcome and encourage your submissions for possible future inclusion in this section, although we stress that we are a non-profit organization and payment is not available:

magazine@outofbodytravel.org

We have found that some of the best critiques, analysis, writings and experiences come from people all over the world in different walks of life who are pursuing their spiritual path with passion and are completely unknown.

THANK YOU ALL, whether you agree or disagree with our work, FOR YOUR COMMITMENT TO SEEK THE TRUTH IN WHATEVER WAY THAT TRUTH MAY COME TO SEEK YOU!

Find Your Niche and Make a Difference

By Dr. P.C. Simon

Education can open the path to opportunity and change lives for the better. I discovered this first hand when I was young.

I grew up as the son of an impoverished and much persecuted widow on a small farm in rural South India. Because my mother was so poor, she could send only one of her two sons to attend school. That son was my older brother, George. I had to stay home to cultivate the land and care for our few chickens and a cow. At first, I didn't mind but one day my brother was showing off by speaking English to one of his school chums. I could not understand what they were saying. My ignorance made me very unhappy. I wanted to learn, to attend school.

I pestered my mother until she relented and, with great personal sacrifice, she sent me to the local village school, six kilometres from our home. Every day, barefoot, I had to walk those six kilometres. When I came home, I had to attend to the livestock and other chores then study by kerosene lamp when we were fortunate enough to afford the lamp fuel. My prospects for a higher education were bleak but I wrote a competitive state scholarship exam and, by the Grace of God, I won the scholarship. Thus, I was able to take the first step towards continuing my studies. Eventually, I became a veterinarian and held many government posts in India, Sri Lanka, and finally Canada where I took a post graduate degree in microbiology and became a pathologist and research microbiologist.

As is often the case for Indians living abroad, I received letters from neighbours and even people I did not know in my home village requesting financial aid. It was incumbent upon me to help so I did.

Recalling my own experience of winning a scholarship and thereby being given the chance to help my mother and pursue a better life for myself, I decided that the best way to help the poor in my native village was to provide scholarships to bright children so that they may continue their education. These would be the children of coolies, rubber tappers, destitute widows, field hands, etc. With the knowledge and skills these children learned, they could obtain employment, support their parents, and improve their community.

Through careful management and sound investments, I had accumulated some wealth so decided to use it to create this Scholarship Fund. Our motto is “escape from poverty through education.” The only stipulation is that the child should have good marks and come from a poor family.

Though good marks are a requirement, exceptions are made based on the applicant’s background. The area is still rural and students may still have to walk many kilometres to school, returning home in the evening to do their chores and study by kerosene lamp. Books, pens and study materials may be beyond their parent's ability to buy. Poverty makes one prone to illness in an area where disease and malnutrition thrive. Father's desert their families, a deserted mother may have no means to support her family, the child may be in an orphanage without the emotional support of a family. All these factors can affect the ability to study and are taken into consideration.

Therefore, the student is requested to submit a short biographical profile outlining the family's circumstances along with the other documentation; a copy of marks obtained on the school leaving certificate, proof of income, and a letter from a priest, doctor, or community official to verify the applicant's statements. This package of documents is taken to the fund's local agent who interviews the applicant and visits the student in his/her home. The agent sends all the applications to me in Canada where they are further evaluated and approved or not. So far, the fund has sponsored more than 800 students, Hindu, Muslim, and Christian, to study in a variety of fields ranging from auto mechanics to medicine. These children can go on to make a difference in their world.

Each of us is able to make a difference. Find one small niche where our talents or resources can make life better for others. If we all do this, the world will change for the better.

Dr. P.C. Simon, Author

'The Missing Piece to Paradise'

'The Philosopher's Notebook'

**PLEASE CHECK OUT DR. SIMON'S WEB-SITES
WHERE YOU CAN OBTAIN HIS BOOKS AND ALSO
LOOK INTO HIS CHARITABLE WORKS WITH THE
POOREST OF THE POOR CHILDREN IN INDIA. DR.
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BOOKS:**

<http://www.interchange.ubc.ca/psimon/book2.htm>

CHARITABLE ORGANIZATION!

<http://www.interchange.ubc.ca/psimon/fund.htm>

Eyes of an Angel

By Paul Elder

Through shaded eyes we view the world
 Present, past, and future swirl
 Only fleeting glimpse there revealed
 The mysteries of life concealed

Though evidence in abundance shouts
 Thoughts of creation are lined with doubt
 Life's grand design in darkness robed
 Hints of spirit left un-probed

In days of science and truth unclear
 Man and religion fraught with fear
 Purpose and destiny remain obscured
 Life without meaning long endured

Promises of paradise and wonders to behold
 Man made dogma, imposed upon the fold
 But in frightened hearts there flickers still
 Desire for truth that guilt can't kill

So is it still by chance or sad intent
 Destruction looms with our consent
 While thoughts, the thief within our heads
 Leave us fearful in our beds

Then steadfast courage and honor bequest
 The hand of God we'll squarely test
 Until lust for battle be lost in the fray
 And restless spirit lights the way

Though the stock of angels be divine
 Must we yet refuse to see the sign?

Why is it only when troubles abound
He finds us kneeling on the ground?

When horrors plague our daily bread
And grieving thoughts we cannot shed
Is it then we pray our Lord to see?
Shallow promises made in desperate plea

Then comes an angel eyes ablaze
Heart secure and love unfazed
A glimpse of what was meant to be
Pure light upon reality

And oh what joys will they evoke
When God and angels first uncloak
Life's greatest treasures gleaned at last
Our hearts and souls in light are cast

The message comes from Heaven clear
His wrath was never lent to fear
You see, God has only love to give
It's man distorts the way we live

But in angel eyes love grows complete
While strong hands tremble in defeat
The truth of God is soon revealed
It's through our hearts that we are healed

Though late, we find that in the end
Matters not if we break or bend
It wasn't God we were meant to see
For only love can set us free

**If it's proof you seek, there's no denying
The truth is only found in dying
But in search of God, and where to begin
You need look no further than within**

By Paul Elder

<http://www.paul-elder.com>

E-mail: paul@paul-elder.com

**Web: www.paul-elder.com (Author, Eyes of an Angel,
Hampton Roads Publishing)**

**Paul Elder is now a program trainer at the Monroe
Institute near Charlottesville, Virginia. Please visit their
web site at: <http://www.monroeinstitute.com>.**

The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation Journal:

'The Stories of Cherokee Elder, Willy Whitefeather!'

As Heard by Susan 'Wren' Lake!

Issue Five

By Marilyn Hughes

The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation!

www.outofbodytravel.org



Author, Marilyn Hughes

Photo by Harvey Kushner

The fifth issue of the 'The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation Journal' is filled with stories and histories recovered at the feet of a Native American Old One, Willy Whitefeather by Susan 'Wren' Lake. Don't miss this touching journey as seen through the adoring eyes of a spiritual daughter.

In our Question and Answer Section, we answer a very lengthy and deep question of existence - the mirrors, the doors, the passageways. In our 'Different Voices' section, we begin with Dr. P.C. Simon, retired microbiologist, explaining how he brought about his non-profit scholarship organization which helps the poorest of the poor from the streets of India go to college. And Paul Elder shares a poem he wrote entitled 'The Eyes of An Angel.'

Go to our Website at:

www.outofbodytravel.org

For more information!