

Touched by the Nails

(Watch and Wait)

A Karmic Journey Revealed

By Marilyn Hughes

The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation!

www.outofbodytravel.org

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INTRODUCTION:

*Touched by the Nails**(Watch and Wait)**A Karmic Journey Revealed*

Some journeys are easier than others to share. This one is a difficult journey to share. But it carries within it a common experience of our humanity, and in sharing it, I believe it will help others. So I ask you to share it with the proper respect such an honest confession should well afford. Let us walk as friends trying to understand one another's humanity as we also reach to the heights in order to grasp the common truth which lies behind what every one of us seeks . . . and that is love. **Please know that this book describes MYSTICAL experiences. None of this (except for that which is specifically stated as happening on the ground) occurred in physical reality. It happened in the context of mystical dreams and remains an energetic journey.**

Soaring along a highway, Andy (my husband) and I saw the faint image of a huge white statue of the Blessed Virgin Mary off in the distance. Asking a passerby about it, she informed us that it was a shrine of the 'Lady in Light,' but that it would be pointless to go there since very few were given entry to look upon it. "We'll go anyway," I said to Andy, "Just in case they let us in to see it." After all, we were seeking knowledge.

Within a moment, we stood in front of the

statue which must have been about 100 feet tall. For some unknown reason, we'd been given entry to see it and we were honored to remain quietly. But the statue began to stir unexpectedly as water began coming down upon us from her like rain. As we had been warm from the heat, the waters were cooling in the sweltering heat and I just gazed at the perfectly white statue's face in honor and awe of this gift of grace.

My bridal gown and veils were flowing in the wind as my spirit was traveling at light speed towards a destination unknown. Plain and empty grass fields passed by my vision on both sides as I contemplated the aloneness I had found in this journey. But up ahead there was something of great importance.

Before I was to arrive, I was to make a final stop at what appeared to be an ancient sacred text shop. Walking around aimlessly, I didn't have anything in particular that I was looking for so I casually glanced at those things on the shelves, much of which were texts I already owned or had read before. Getting tired from this long journey, I sat down on a bench and awaited further instruction. It didn't occur to me how odd it was that I continued to be wearing a brightly white wedding gown with a veil over my face.

A very small and thin older gentleman approached me and said nothing. But in his hands he bore some things beyond words. Handing them to me, I said nothing also but stared at the documents in

disbelief.

The first text he'd handed me was a careful preservation of all the ancient Hebrew texts of the bible and the biblical region. These were not translations, mind you, but the actual papyrus placed in a protective receptacle in the book. Leafing through it, I did not speak.

But as I gazed upon them, I realized that my journey had already encompassed their contents. (With the hopes that what I might share does not sound arrogant), I instinctively understood that these represented a road already traveled. And with that interior understanding made very clear to me, I would leave them here for somebody else who might still have need of them.

Three other books lay in my lap beyond anything I could've imagined. They appeared to be a set . . . of galactic origin. Encompassing the knowledge of the other races within the Universe, they went beyond this in that they were ancient sacred texts of these other worlds and planets. Holding them and looking within their pages, I saw pictures of many different extra-terrestrial races. (For a moment, I remembered how long ago in 'Galactica' I'd been shown the galactic ancient sacred texts and how they were aeons above from those we had upon the earth.) One race in particular was pointed out to me by this quiet man, a race with unusually square-ish looking heads, slits for mouths and eyes. For a moment, I morphed into that species as if being reminded of another time and place . . . or perhaps a future time? But I knew that this race was somehow

related to my soul's origins and I understood that I was to prepare to bring something of these other world's ancient sacred texts into our own.

My spirit was swept into them as a giant gale wind took me to my final destination for the night.

At the end of the road was an unimaginable natural wonder. In the very rock of the earth was a cyclone of brownish energy spinning in a circular fashion. Knowing it to be a gateway to another level of some kind, I was not given to know of what. But I did know that it had nothing to do with the lower realms within the earth. Wondering, I couldn't help but imagine that it might have something to do with death . . . surrendering the earthly body to the ground in order that the soul might be transformed into its next life and destiny for God. After all, I was dressed for the marriage of the bride to the bridegroom.

Without warning, I was instructed to remove the gown. "The marriage of the bride to the bridegroom has been accomplished," the voice said, "discard the gown and take the next step." As I became naked, I stared at the swirling brown cyclone on the ground as it suddenly moved from the earth to the horizon and turned to white light. I instinctively knew that I was being beckoned to dive into it. But I did not . . .

Unable to respond, I disappeared from the scene because something remained which was holding me back. Something karmic . . .

As a blissful feeling overcame my soul, I began hearing the sounds of the praises of God. Looking to

the earth below, I saw Christian worshippers shouting out their praises to God. But as I continued to watch them, they transformed into Muslims, continuing to praise God. Their praise to God was the same . . . I don't know how else to explain it.

As I watched this and felt the unity of all world religions in their love and praise of God, an energetic seed was transferred to me. Within its confines was a knowledge of the providence of God in the formation of all religion. I *knew* (without knowing why) that all had happened according to God's plan in the formation of Christianity first, and then the Islamic religion about 800 years afterwards.

And as I took in this energetic seed, I understood and felt without any distinction that there was no contradiction between them . . . they were one. I cannot explain this, I can only tell it.

Beyond infinitum, my spirit began soaring into the sky and then the heavens, soon to be greeted by the welcoming hand of Jesus Christ my Lord. Taking my hand, He flew me to a sunny oasis, wherein we stopped and I waited to see what was to come.

As we stood there for several moments, the ethers were stirring. But in my heart, there stirred the greatest love as I admired and looked upon my Lord and Saviour. Gazing at Him, He also gazed at me with a huge and voluminously joyous smile. Which was odd considering the sad sight which was about to appear before us. But because I did not yet know, I just stared at Him, with the knowledge of the moving ether around me, but happy and content in the

presence of my one and only true love. The skies around us were filled with light and a light blue color sweeter than any earthly sky.

Within moments, four huge crosses appeared in the sky before me. Christ was upon each of the crosses in one of the stations of his agony and death upon the cross. In the first station, his head was upright as he'd just been placed upon it. In the second, it had dropped a few inches down to the right. In the third, his head was at neck level in its drooping and in the fourth, his head rested against his shoulder in death. Observing these four stations, I interiorly understood this to be a penitential observance to be called the 'Watch and Wait.'

Interiorly, I understood that He had felt very alone and abandoned at this time. Although St. John and the Holy Women had stayed, all the other Apostles and followers of Christ had left Him at this difficult time of His suffering and death.

But there was a hidden mystery in this waiting to be revealed. I was unable to take the next step in my white bridal gown because something remained in me that was holding me back. It was not yet something I knew or could even predict, but it would come in its own time so that I might purify myself of it and be ready to jump into the next sphere when given the next opportunity to do so. Perhaps then . . . I could bring back the sacred galactic texts?

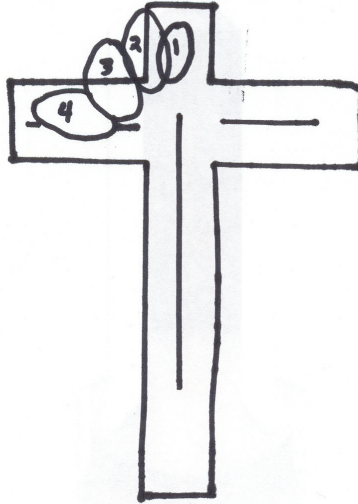
Winds began to blow my spirit back into its earthly receptacle as my hand was released from that of my Lord. "I wish others to do this, too." He said, as I began to blow away because of the sudden and

intense spirit wind . . . "Tell others this . . ." As He spoke, I nodded in understanding as He disappeared into the ether and I was replaced into my physical receptacle upon the earth.

Watch and Wait

Four Stations

Stand at the Foot of the Cross with St. John and the Holy Women Between Twelve Noon and Three P.M. Good Friday.



PART I

The Stations

CHAPTER ONE

The First Station

First Frame. Gazing from the infinite heavens, my spirit was allowed to look upon two views of death. The first view was that of the common man, square-ish and very three-dimensional . . . almost one-dimensional in the human scope as all was flat and contained no depth. The second view was that of the eternal, wider, globular and multi-dimensional; containing many layers of meaning and rhythms of life. Yes . . . life . . . in death.

For a moment, I remembered an experience I had many months ago with the spirit of our former deceased priest. Coming to me in the night, he had carried a torch in his right hand. Wearing the green robes of the ordinary time of the priesthood, he descended into a group of Native Americans. Because he had served these people during his life, it was his wish that his work be carried on. As I walked towards him in the center of the group he did something surprising. Handing me the torch he held in his hand, he said, "Take care of my people . . ." I couldn't understand at the time, because I was not a priest. How could I do this? But I accepted his torch in an ignorant surrender and allowed him to be at peace.

Since that time, we'd moved to another parish wherein a younger priest around my own age had begun work in his first parish as chief pastor.

Several nights before this experience, he had given me the anointing of the sick. On that eve, I was to see Christ as He filled me with a seed of partial healing. My immune system was to be functional for a time, giving me the freedom to be of more use in the world. But my other infirmities were to remain (Heart Failure, Lupus). The city of the New Jerusalem hovered in the heavens as the clouds of pink, purple and blue billowed around the form of the Christ wearing robes of burgundy and deep purple. His eyes were penetrating, His look joyful, expectant. I could sense he would ask much of me, but He said nothing of it at this time. Interiorly, I sensed an impending crucifixion. "Go back to Mass . . . now that you can," he conveyed. Grateful for this gift of being healthy enough to return to Mass, I nodded that indeed I would do so.

On a successive night, He said, "Go to the priest and the other (he called her by name as someone who worked with him), and do whatever they ask you to do." I had called that morning and asked what they needed, and this had begun a sequence of volunteering which culminated in the diagnosis of her husband three weeks later with cancer. It seemed that Jesus had wanted me to be there to help her through this coming time, both emotionally and with her job while her husband underwent intensive treatments.

Suddenly, I was spun forth from this lofty sphere into the valleys of the earth below wherein I began to experience a set of frames.

My body was limp as if in Pieta, lying in the

arms of this priest in our parish church. Swirling white energies surrounded this scene which was filled with a raw but yet patently quiet emotion. As this scene entered into center frame, several new frames appeared around it of myself with this priest in different locations within the church, the rectory and its offices. They were a continuum, but of what I could not yet ascertain. But I could feel this continual raw yet patently quiet emotion, as if it were to pierce me in crucifixion. From somewhere in a palliatively etheric realm, I heard a resounding echoing voice, "You've got to take care of her, you've got to take care of her . . . "

Second Frame. Standing in the offices of a record company, I was desperately trying to see an executive to get my music off the ground. But although I was able to enter and speak to them, I realized quickly that the music execs didn't understand what I was trying to do. They were asking me about dancing and other peripheral stuff, and they were not in any way connected to my music on any deep or meaningful level.

A man I didn't immediately recognize was sitting quietly in a chair in the lobby and as I walked towards the door frustrated, he said, "Come to my house later in the evening. The people you need to see are there and I can get you in to meet them." "Okay . . ." I replied sheepishly, as I observed him getting up quietly from his chair. Instantly, I recognized who he was when I noticed his black priestly attire. It was the younger priest again. But he said nothing more as he walked quietly out the door. Realizing that my

mission in this life had changed, the Lord was leading me closer towards His church, rather than the secular world.

Third Frame. Again, he stood there in his priestly attire but it was not of this time. My soul had traveled back into a mob lifetime which had haunted me for many years. One of seven brothers, he was again a priest and I cared for him deeply. Knowing it to be mutual, I also knew that this was where it would end. Nothing could become of it as one of those brothers was my husband and the two of us were shortly to die in a mob hit. And that was all I was given to know . . .

Fourth Frame. Doing laundry for a group of nuns, I was given to know that those in the religious life do not necessarily understand fully the sacrifice that raising a family truly entails. My spirit was given to blend into their thinking and their psyche, and I realized they couldn't comprehend the concept of no vacations or free time; all your time being truly given and spent for the good of another. Monks appeared suddenly from a different monastery, and I was shown that their lives were quite leisurely in comparison to that of a typical family . . . I was simply to understand this. Nothing more.

Fifth Frame. As I'd been instructed to return to Mass, I'd done so. The priest seemed suspicious of this at first, as if I were coming there to see him. Hovering before the church, Jesus appeared and allowed me to enter into the interior of this man. "Indeed, it is true," Christ said, "that he believes you have returned to the Mass because of him. But that is

not so. It is his issue, and you must ignore it." As I nodded acceptance of this, He then showed me several lines of what appeared to be white laser beams going from my own heart into the center of the Mass and then from my home to the church. Another singular laser line went from my heart to the heart of the priest and then into the tabernacle containing the sacred host of Christ. "The purpose of this is for you to bring the Mass into your family as a continuous thread in your lives . . . this is its purpose. It is My will that you continue to go to church, and ignore this issue which is not yours." Nodding 'Yes,' He also nodded and disappeared.

Sixth Frame. Sitting quietly with the priest in a whitened realm, I was trying to help him understand mysticism. Christ appeared again and told me that this priest did not yet 'get' mysticism, and part of him didn't believe in it, as well. It was almost as if he didn't fully accept that part of Catholic Church teaching. A Buddhist priest walked into the room and began to show him the energetic reality of mysticism from the standpoint of Buddhism, as I continued to explain and implant seeds about Catholic mysticism within his spirit. After we had done this, Christ said, "Eventually he will no longer have false perceptions of your purpose in attending the church, and he will begin to see the continuous strand of light from God which is pulling you towards the Church. This is its purpose. Focus on the purpose, and ignore any other misperceptions." "Okay," I said.

Seventh Frame. The river was wide and deep, and all I could see in front of me alongside the tall

trees and wet grass on the bank was the turning back rudder at the end of a large riverboat which traveled before me. He was a preacher, not Catholic, and I was a nun . . . and I was in the water. We had taken this journey together on a mission. Something terrible had happened, but I wasn't given to know what, only that it had resulted in my death. In my heart, I felt the raw but patently quiet emotion again, almost like a crucifixion within my soul. I was leaving him, and it was not yet time . . . again. Gazing at him from above, I saw him shed a silent tear as he gazed upon a black and white photograph of the woman who had just expired because of some horrible and unforeseen accident. Pain . . . pain . . . more pain.

Eighth Frame. In the spiritual realm, he was driving me to confession in a neighboring community. Suddenly, he was talking to my husband as he (Andy) explained that I will always be honest about my medical condition. He was watching . . . several frames, he continued watching . . .

Ninth Frame. Kneeling forward in prayer at Mass, my extended family members came into the church causing a huge raucous. Looking behind me to see what was happening, I noticed that the priest was several pews behind me, watching . . . Embarrassed by my extended family, I turned again to kneel and pray until they left. But a member of my extended family began to argue with a Spanish woman in the church. Finally as they left, I quietly walked over to the Spanish lady to apologize for my family member's behavior.

In my hands, I was holding an 8 X 10 picture of

my current family including my husband and children. A Spanish man walked by making eyes at me, but I looked down and held up my 8 X 10 picture which suddenly morphed into a picture of Chief Joseph of the Nez Perce. (A figure of great significance in my previous experiences and books.) Looking up, I noticed that he was again watching me and looking at this picture now of Chief Joseph in my hands. Seeming pleased at my lack of attention to the sexual energy directed my way by the Spanish man, I turned.

Tenth Frame. Christ made reference to celibacy, that it was a struggle, and that there was an interior struggle within this priest to understand the priesthood and his particular role in it. Receiving a phone call in the astral from the priest, he transmitted a photo album showing his life up until the time he'd entered the priesthood which showed that basically, in essence, he had been a regular guy until that time and that I must know this.

Eleventh Frame. It was the 1700's or thereabouts and all I could see was the two of us from the waist down. No faces. I was wearing a white dress with blue flowers upon it, and he was wearing the stretchy pants and waistcoat of the time in varying shades of brown. Asking me to marry him, I interiorly understood that this was the second time he had asked me . . . but I was not given to hear the answer. All went pale to black as I shifted to another sphere.

In a subsequent experience which occurred during a period of illness, Christ again appeared and showed me myself lying in bed surrounded by

curtains (comparing it to St. Therese of Lisieux) as perfumed blue and white flowers were emanating from my suffering into the priest and his priesthood.

Twelfth Frame. Christ appeared to me and said, "It is my will that you help him to reconfirm his vocation to the priesthood." (He'd shared with me privately his questions about whether he'd made the right choice of vocation.) Seeing two outcomes, I was shown the energized path of the priesthood versus the de-energized path of becoming secular in his life. Accepting this assignment, I again felt this continual raw yet patently quiet emotion. Pure, undefiled sadness . . . and then the throne appeared.

Christ was seated at the right hand of the Father, wearing the robes of the Sacred Heart, the searing red Passion of His cross a constant reminder of my duty to fulfill His will and not my own. A huge torrent of water came towards me as I held on for dear life. Christ spoke, "Be careful not to be swept away," He said. Instantly, I saw an image of someone I had once known, a fragment of Red Jacket (a soul of whom I had great karmic ties). "They are one and the same." Christ said without explaining further, but I remembered that each time I had come into contact with aspects of this soul, it had been a higher aspect than the previous one. Interiorly, I knew I had come across the highest aspect of this soul, the one closest to God. I again felt this continual raw yet patently quiet emotion. Pure, undefiled sadness . . . it was familiar because the love between this soul and mine was so powerful that it had always swept me away, lifetime after lifetime. No matter what the cost to

those near to us or to a higher purpose, we were swept away . . . But that had to be in the past for Christ was asking of me a different response to such intense love, to make it 'divine,' to be willing to sacrifice it for His higher purpose and not to hoard it as only my own.

Thirteenth Frame. Sitting quietly in contemplation and prayer, I noticed a huge bull was at watch outside my perimeter. From every side, I saw him, although he was one and the same. It was frightening - but not - at the same time. Continuing my meditations, I ignored this energy.

My grandmother came with all of my German ancestors behind her. In embrace, I said, "I want to get to know you better." We hadn't known each other well during life because she had lived in another country and died when I was young. "We'll be getting to know each other really soon," she said, "about three to four months after January." It was December.

Indeed, a recent family reunion and atonement had given leave for me to begin learning more about them as my mother sent me pictures and other items familiar to their lives.

Fourteenth Frame. Walking through my home, there was a darkened doorway which was enveloped in the green alb of a priest. All of the house was lit, but beyond the green alb all was dark and yet to be revealed. Because I had been feeling intense and confusing feelings for the priest at the time, I felt compelled to rip the alb down. It didn't belong to me or in my home. It was not mine. **He** was not mine, **He** belonged to Christ. I, too, belonged to another. But as

I ripped the alb off of the door, I noticed that there were two tiny baby's hands made out of felt embroidered into the alb which had been slightly damaged due to my fierce ripping. Suddenly, I knew that I should never have touched the alb, I should've left it alone. I had damaged something which was in its infancy, something holy and sacred yet to be revealed. But at the same time, I KNEW that I must go through this door into the priesthood. There was something I must learn.

Praying fervently, I cried out to Christ, "I have inappropriate feelings here, should I just leave the Church and never go back again?" Appearing to me all in white, he carried in his hands a bright, white ball of light which exuded into eternity a light more brilliant than the sun. Placing it immediately into my heart, He said, "These feelings you have are of 'Divine Love,' they are a gift, and I have placed them within you. Do not leave the church for this is My will. Embrace it as the gift it is intended to be." Nodding, I again felt the continual raw yet patently quiet emotion. Pure, undefiled sadness . . . Intensity, love never before felt . . . with no answer to accompany its purpose.

Fifteenth Frame. Sitting in lotus position, I began to feel a surging pulse from beneath me indicating a resurrection of the spirit. As I did so, my soul began flying around the room much like that which was described of St. Joseph of Cupertino, although my own experience occurred in the spirit rather than the physical realm. Energized and magical, I felt the intensity of the cosmic surge of

knowledge and wisdom which was about to come over my soul. The birth of this experience in my life was to be an apex in my journey, but how . . . I did not yet know.

After hovering and flying around for a bit, my spirit again settled into a posture of meditation, not unlike the Buddha. And also not unlike the Buddha, I began to emanate a form of steam coming from beneath me which was the fruit of my contemplations. This steam was energized, radical and real, indicative of a shift in consciousness that was about to emerge within me.

We had just returned from his diocese, as I'd watched him renew his vows to the priesthood. I'd given him the torch that had been entrusted to me in an unexplainably painful act of sacrifice on my part.

Again, I felt the continual raw yet patently quiet emotion. Pure, undefiled sadness . . . Intensity, love never before felt . . . with no answer to accompany its purpose.

But I surrendered to that moment, and let it be . . . because this eternal mission had yet to be fully revealed. It was in its infancy.

My marriage was on the rocks. After almost twenty years of marriage, five separations and three children, I'd finally admitted to myself that my husband was destructive. Praying fervently as to whether or not I should separate from him, an angel appeared. "Sit tight," she said, as the huge expanse of her wings enamored me. "Detach, but sit tight."

If further knowledge were to come, I'd simply have to watch and wait.

"Children, it is in this self-departure, this going forth from self-will, that the essential peace of the soul is born within us, which means the acquisition of well-seasoned virtue."

*The Soul Afire, The Two Ways: Martha and Mary,
Page 238-239, (Christianity: Catholic, Words of John
Tauler)*

(Fifteen frames = 14 Stations of the Cross and the 15th
which is the resurrection)

CHAPTER TWO
The Second Station

First Frame. Drooling with ooze and disgusting odiferous aromas, the reptilian demon had emerged from the netherworld in a fury. Within its clenched fists lay destructive forces which could ravage a family. In its claws, lay a hidden sexual motive, a dark and demonic force which could unleash a storm of decay upon its prey. Although the bearer of this demon was a woman I knew, its prey was Andy, my husband.

Standing before the door, the reptilian creature had come up from a 'basement,' passing through many steps. Now standing at our front door, Andy knew that if he opened it, the fury of this demon which didn't belong to him would be unleashed and all of the destructive forces would begin to tear away at the foundation of our home.

After years of destructive behavior, Andy was about to be faced with the ravages of his choices. Knowing full well that he'd had eternal options from which to choose, he would have to stomach the free will choices he'd made to follow a dark path of destruction, manipulation, disrespect and chaos which allowed for this attack to occur.

Now he would hark to the sounds of the ravages of that beast. It was time to pay the piper. Time to lay hold of all that had come to pass and all that had been within the realm of his choice but left unbidden.

The door opened . . . he moved out and we

began a separation.

Second Frame. Standing before me, my dear friend who'd died now almost twenty years before, was smiling at me as the light that now surrounded him began to funnel into my soul. Deep intensity filled my soul as I accepted his love, and the love of God that was expressed to me through his visitation. But something else was being expressed . . . a seed of some sort.

Suddenly, an invitation beckoned my soul as I swooned to somewhere in Sweden. Again, he had called my soul to meet him in another realm; a realm in which he was so tangibly alive it was hard to believe in his death at that moment. His invitation had been sweet and filled with aromas of flowers. Speaking to me about the last time we had seen each other before his death, he conveyed something to me of great importance.

With urgency, he raised his hands and again flushed light through my soul as I suddenly awoke . . . with a rush of flame, I awakened. But to what, I did not yet know. Within weeks, I would recognize that I had come out of a deep sleep. It had taken a deep sleep to remain in denial all these years about the destructive behavior my husband, Andy, had chosen to inflict. And now, because my eyes had been opened, I could no longer look or go back . . .

"Look!" He conveyed emphatically, as I began to observe that surrounding my long lost and awaited friend were four steps. We stood together upon the second step along the way.

Then I saw him. My deeply loved and lost

friend who had died so many years before stood aside the priest who had recently entered my life. "Look!" He again conveyed emphatically. Within the two of them was a similarity that I could not yet place . . .

Nodding my head, I felt a sense of this part of my dearly beloved friend that I had so long missed since his death. There was something about them that was similar, but I could not place it. Suddenly, it was time to go . . .

Third Frame. Appearing quickly in a realm of great light, another new female friend of mine who had been a nun for many years before leaving the religious life was standing beside me. Handing me her habit, it was suddenly energetically imprinted upon me. I understood that I was borrowing it for a time to affect some greater purpose.

Without forewarning, all of the holy medals of the Catholic Church appeared in front of my view. Now garbed in the habit of a nun, I was given a special interior knowledge of each of them. Mystically, I was shown the interior and mystical significance underlying each image upon every medal and this knowledge was then implanted within my soul in an energetic sense. I spoke not.

Suddenly, my habit changed again to a beautiful, flowing, pink gown and I began to dance in the wind of the spirit and the wind of my soul's freedom. In the distance, the priest was watching. No words, just his gaze.

Fourth Frame. Looking down upon my stomach, I suddenly realized that I was very pregnant. But in my own mind, it appeared that I had

several months to go before delivery.

Angels whisked me off of my feet as I noticed that the priest was now running at my side along with them. Within seconds, I realized that I was in active labor. Directing the priest to deliver the baby, he stood at my feet waiting for the impending birth as the angels shouted at me, "One more push and the baby will be born . . ." Shocked, I realized that what was being birthed into my life was imminent, and it was coming quickly.

Fifth Frame. Now living separately, my husband, Andy, was struggling with the new path that was being laid out before us.

Because my own childhood had been so destructive, it seemed that God had allowed an eternal program to be energized between myself and Andy despite the many issues Andy's behavior presented. This had happened in part because I was not ready for a higher expression of love.

But having been given the light from my dearly departed friend, I had awakened from sleep, so to speak. It was as if I'd been living in a dream for almost twenty years with Andy, and had suddenly awakened to ask myself 'What am I doing? What was I thinking allowing this to go on for such a long time?' It was all so clear to me at that moment, that it seemed surreal to accept my state of sleep which had allowed it go on for such a long time. (I had put much effort in trying to help him all those years, but to little avail.)

Andy had an experience. He and I were sitting in lotus position before one another. Between us was

a simple salad made with lettuce and carrots, no dressings or other fancy accoutrements.

Suddenly, and without warning, the salad disappeared, going into another room. As it did, I did also. Appearing before the priest, the salad was now between the two of us as we sat in lotus position gently picking up a piece of food here and there and many regions of light passed between us. An interchange was going on that was the will of God. Eternal in its nature, it was shown by the sparkling lights and stars going from each of us to the other in circular fashion. In this situation, I was to be the primary teacher, but there was an exchange between us that went beyond my teaching.

Andy was tempted to be very angry and jealous, but a larger force than he held him back. Instantly, he knew that this was God's will and that he must not interfere. Something very important was happening and he understood and accepted this instantly. He was made to know . . . so to speak.

It was now time for Andy to go back into retreat, engage in self-examination, and look at the problems that he had created and *chosen* to bring into our marriage.

Sixth Frame. As he appeared to me, I found myself surprised. Someone I didn't know who was presented to me as a single male parishioner in a Catholic Church of unknown location was shown to me as if in a sequence comparing aspects of the energy that he held in comparison with that of Andy. In short, Andy's energy was very heavy, while this other male parishioner's energy was lively and joyful.

I took note of this and went about my way.

Seventh Frame. Andy had another experience. A picture of the priest stood aside a picture of me. Inside, words appeared as if cut out of a magazine. 'Perfect Harmony,' they said. There was no doubt of the eternal unity being presented between the priest and myself.

Again he saw the woman who bore the reptilian demon of absolute chaos which had opened the door of karmic retribution in our home. We were to beware of her influence, for she had come to cause distress and harm and was unaware of her own darkness.

Eight Frame. As things continued to move forward, I felt that perhaps I'd made an unwise choice in separating from Andy. But the truth of such a decision was shown to me in a fury of the night. If he were to move back in (I was shown), the violence, control and manipulation would only escalate at this point. It was not the will of the Lord that I allow this, as it was His will that I remain separated at this time.

Ninth Frame. Standing before the priest, I had begun to see some of the aspects of his life and was very surprised at the standard of living that he was able to enjoy. Lavish trips were a regular part of his existence, and he enjoyed much more freedom and time off than most of us in the real world could.

As I was showing to him energetically the reality of life in the world versus the life he led, he was unable to comprehend it even on sub-conscious levels at the time. In my hands, I held an energetic comparison of the reality of life for those in the world,

versus the reality of life he lived with the benefits given to him by the diocesan priesthood. He could not yet see them.

Tenth Frame. In a particularly disturbing experience, I was shown the maturity level of the priest who was about my own age. He appeared to have some very underdeveloped attractions to women without substance, and a lack of maturity in his discretion and knowledge of the female species. Lack of life experience had hindered his growth as a human being . . . I observed this and then let it go.

Eleventh Frame. Traveling deeply into the recesses of the priests' soul, I was taken to what appeared to be a 'basement.' But this basement contained the issues in his life which had remained unaddressed because he had not been able to experience life in a relational way.

Many dark corners lurked there from his past, not unlike the rest of us whose corners only emerge either when we get married or have children. Because the opportunities presented with this type of growth were not given to him, they remained underground.

Looking at him with empathy and compassion, he seemed relieved that I'd been given to see these dark sides as they were parts of him he was ashamed to admit existed. (Remember, all souls have such dark sides. He does not stand alone in this.)

An angelic guardian stood aside him. Wearing the priestly garments of ordinary time, that of green, the priest was surrounded in light. Underneath him were the hidden recesses of his 'basement' reality shrouded in darkness. The angel made a comment on

his interior feelings which seemed to be somewhat mutual. I reflected upon all that I had just seen and wasn't sure if I should also wish for such an outcome. My feelings for him were very intense, but I was no longer young and naive. Age and wisdom exist within us to account for our decisions, rather than to walk blindly by emotion.

Because he had an aspect of the Red Jacket energy, I knew that I must proceed with caution. The simple fact that such a one had been re-presented in my life indicated that there was something I had not yet learned from my previous encounters. Perhaps I had not resolved my situations in the past fully.

If this were true, than God was trying to get me to see something else about this karmic configuration so that I would in the end make a somehow different, more correct and eternal choice.

For years, God allowed me to walk in sleep as my relationship with Andy had serious issues. I'd gone back to him knowing that he was indeed this way. But in my previous encounters with the Red Jacket energy, I was made to know that they had always been momentary rather than eternal. How does one reconcile such a seeming contradiction?

What did God wish of me *this* time?

If making the choice to stay with Andy and let go of the impassioned love that appeared to be so destructive was incorrect, then what decision must I make at this juncture that would correct it? Was it brought about to shake Andy up and force his hand in becoming a better husband and parent, or was it brought about because it was time for me to awake

from the sleep of a destructive relationship? Was it brought about because Red Jacket and I had never chosen to stay together and it was not the proper eternal moment in which we could and should? I didn't know.

All I could know were the agonizing and searing intensities of the emotions surrounding the entry of such a soul into my life. I must tread carefully so as to avoid collision with karma. But I must also tread truthfully to avoid living a lie . . .

Twelfth Frame. Watching the priest as he was misusing eternal energies, it was not done so in any malicious way, but only brought upon by inexperience. Angelic guardians instructed me to help him to learn to focus his eternal energies towards his vocation and priesthood in ways which would be more fruitful and effective.

Watching Andy as he was trying to take a chest of drawers filled with large holes and fix it, rather than accept a new one which was clear and free of decay or flaw; I nodded in understanding to the angelic guardian who had given show.

Andy had an experience. Suddenly he was standing in the priest's bedroom, as the priest lay in bed with the covers up to his chin. In his eyes he saw confusion and utter blankness. He didn't know what to do. Part of him wanted to have a companion in life, but he wished to remain a priest, as well. He was blank and had no vision of where he was going . . .

Out of nowhere, my *former* priest (deceased) who had died and given me a torch to carry for him, appeared with a stern gaze of reproach.

"Time to pull out," he said, "things are going in a weird way." He was referencing the influence of the woman who carried the chaotic reptilian demon. Reflecting, I realized, 'I must pull back at the Church for a few days, because the dark side is actively trying to sabotage the work of God between myself and the priest.' Nodding, I turned.

Standing in a darkened room, I was holding one of the new babies in our congregation. The living priest was watching without words. Observing . . . it seemed important that he see me interacting with the babies. Within days, it happened on the ground.

Thirteenth Frame. My spirit was taken into a horrible potential future reality wherein Andy, my husband, and someone else I loved had completely betrayed me. Knowing that without medical insurance I would be in serious jeopardy, they had joined forces with an attorney to get a legal divorce.

Being only a potential, it was just given to me to know. Misunderstanding during this time of eternal trial was always a free choice of the will. It was easy for them to get caught back into the web of denial and forget that our separation came about because of serious issues.

Fourteenth Frame. The death knoll began with my soul standing next to that of the priest, as a frantic man came running towards us. His hair was long and white as I interiorly understood him to be a prophet of the Apocalypse. Sharing with us deep inner mysteries of our purpose together and their relation to the apocalypse, we began to understand a certain importance in our unity that went beyond the

physical realm and into the eternal. Many of these mysteries remained inexplicable, but profound.

Suddenly and without warning, the priest turned and held me as we came together in a long-awaited embrace. Internally, I understood that he *needed* this from me.

In the background were his parents, who were encouraging him to remain a priest. "I can no longer deny that I am also a man." He said.

Images of various places and some of his friends appeared, indicating potential futures that were to come.

He was no longer blank lacking vision of his destination. Steadfast, he had made some kind of decision. How would it manifest? I did not know.

Fifteenth Frame. Images proceeded throughout the night of the priest and I overlapping in the many-fold ways in which we worked together at the church. Eternal overlapping of works and deeds, along with simplicity of purpose demonstrated itself in a synergistic response as if we were becoming One.

But an angelic guardian warned, "Be watchful of your boundaries with him . . ." Taking note, I nodded and began shooting through space back to form.

(Fifteen frames = 14 Stations of the Cross and the 15th which is the resurrection)

CHAPTER THREE
The Third Station

First Frame. Surrounding my spirit was the aura of a pink energetic burst which filled my soul with peaceful harmony. Upon the altar, the priest continued the Eucharistic Prayer as my accapella voice intermingled with his in musical unity at the Gloria, the Holy, Holy, Holy, the Memorial Acclamation, the Great Amen and the Lamb of God.

Watching this display of energies intertwine and intermingle, a knowledge entered my spirit. As he spoke the liturgy and I sang it with him, we united in an eternal unity which made us almost as if we were one priest. Although it may sound blasphemous in this description, it was not that at all. It was an eternal unity, destined and preformed by God Himself, and it was greatly good.

Second Frame. The priest had come to me in the spirit, carrying an energy of confusion and malaise. "You want to stay here with all of this stuff," he said, referring to the Catholic Church and our mission within it. "And I don't." Trying to reconcile within his own mind our mutual attraction to one another and the seeming contradictory eternal mission, I said nothing.

Within a moment, he pulled me closer to him in embrace and then he disappeared.

Third Frame. The Bishop was standing over my shoulder looking at what I was about to do as he handed me five white cones. Consecrated oil was in his other hand and I intuitively dipped these five

cones into this oil as they each began to sprout as if they were tiny pine trees into a greenish glory.

Interiorly, I knew that these five cones which now had begun to burst with new life were some of the employees at the church, including myself.

Fourth Frame. Gossip and slander became a threatening force in the world of form and so my spirit was taken to look upon this in the spirit, so to speak, to see what things were being done. Energies were confused somehow and people were having unnecessary misunderstandings.

For a moment, I watched as somebody spoke to the priest falsehoods about me. At first, he believed them. But over time, he began to see the lies. Instructed to wait patiently, I nodded and began to do so.

Within a flash, I saw again the huge reptilian demon, the destroyer of families, being given sway in our town at this time. I was to know that this force was at work within the framework of our church community and I was to beware this serpent which came in many faces.

Fifth Frame. Andy, my husband from whom I'd been separated for several months now, was depicted in the spirit as painting the entire neighborhood green. But rather than being an act of healing, it was an act of compulsion. No purpose existed in these acts and he painted everything in his view even those properties which he did not own.

As I observed this, my spirit was speaking quietly to the priest on the phone.

Sixth Frame. "Do you want to take a walk?"

The priest said to me quietly in the astral wonderland as he took my hand quietly and we stepped outside of the noise of the parish community . . .

Looking into the future, I saw the priest being transferred to another parish. Leaving me behind, I didn't know what to do. A friend of mine in the parish spoke out. "What are you doing?" She shouted at me. "Doesn't he care about you? Don't let him go!"

Suddenly, we were again together and he quickly reached over to hold me. "What should we do?" Turning to embrace him back, I said, "You are my dream." "As you are mine . . ." He replied. No answers would come, except in the form of music which played in the astral night speaking of a new day to come. But the words were familiar, reminding me to beware of fantasy rather than reality.

Seventh Frame. Andy, distressed by some of the misunderstandings and mistreatment I'd received at the church, had decided in the spirit to put me in a hotel room at the top of a mountain. But rather than being a good thing, waters began to flood in and avalanches plagued me in my solitude.

At this point in my life after having spent many years in solitude, it was now time to emerge. And the issue of the Red Jacket karmic triangle had come upon us a couple of times this life, not to mention the many previous lifetimes before. This time it must not be avoided. It must be borne to fruition.

It was necessary that I understand what I had done wrong in the previous last encounters. There are some types of eternal love which may not be denied, but perhaps a new translation of them could be the

answer. It was certain that I alone could walk this path, and that I could not know what might lay ahead until I had walked this road fully, completely and to its final purpose.

This love could not be denied, but it couldn't be expressed in the normal way either. But what was it? What was it meant to be?

During the lifetime when this soul bore the name of Red Jacket, we worked together for another eternal purpose, to free the captives (the Native Americans who were being imprisoned.) In this life, we shared a similar purpose to free the captives (the spiritually vacant or lost who were in need of refreshment.) Could it be that we had taken an eternal purpose and translated it into physical attraction? Or was it a love that had always been denied, that could be no longer so?

Eighth Frame. Andy was hovering in a hellish realm, internally attracted to demonic things; music, people, situations, etc. "I can't help it," he said, "it's because of what I do for a living." (He worked as a prosecutor.) Interiorly, I knew this to be false. He could help it, it was not related to his work. Denying this attraction to things of the dark side was not an answer. Trying to help him escape these attractions, I was unable to do it. It was certain that he alone could walk this path, and that he could not know what might lay ahead until he had walked this road fully, completely and to its final purpose.

Turning, I noticed a demon-possessed woman following him as he wandered into his unconscious desires.

Momentarily later, however, I was given to see two tiles in one room. One was white with beautiful pink roses. The other was off-white with beautiful pink roses. Representing Andy and I, mine was the one in white and his in off-white, it was clear that it was not good that we were not uniting. Our tiles were unable to meet. We needed to work on this apparently mild stain upon the soul of my husband which made it appear slightly off color.

Ninth Frame. Looking out the back window of our home in the spirit, I momentarily remembered the demon utilized for the destruction of families.

As I looked, I noticed that our shed had been overturned and our religious statues in the front had been desecrated by a dark force. An eye had been thrown out of the front of one of them and I felt this dark force lurking continually.

For a moment, I remembered a picture I'd recently seen in someone's home of St. Lucy, the patron saint of the blind. She had carried a plate with two eyes on it. Were they related?

Tenth Frame. Because of the continuing mistreatment I'd undergone at the church, the priest and I had undergone a confrontation in the world which resulted in my great sorrow. I felt tormented in my spirit about it, but apologizing was the best I could do.

In the world of the spirit the priest was pacing. He was worried about some woman who was very ill. Suddenly, I realized it was me he was worried about.

Eleventh Frame. Christ appeared to show me that the priest had difficulty in fully appreciating gifts

freely given as much as he would appreciate gifts given to the church by those who were paid. Beyond this, he had difficulty understanding that gifts freely given, even if inferior to those given by those who did it just for the money, were of infinitely more value.

Twelfth Frame. The woman whose home carried the picture of St. Lucy shared with me that there were ghosts or presences of evil lurking on her property. She specifically expressed a force which was akin at the destruction of families. She asked me to come and spend the night to explore this.

Other information she'd had about the land on which her property stood included that there had been a sacred spiritual gateway to the Native Americans in a spot upon her land. She wondered how this gateway had affected the people and if it had anything to do with the malevolence she was seeing from ghost-like entities or dark forces.

Thirteenth Frame. Whizzed into a tunnel of shadows, I saw the gateway. Two funnels, not unlike tornadoes, met at the skinny end and furrowed outwards until they reached their peak heights to each side, the left and the right. The energies of this gateway were clear to white and continually swirled. Souls, mostly Native American women appearing plump and short, were going back and forth through this gateway apparently unaware of each other. Feeling neutral, I knew not yet whether this was a good gateway or a bad one. That was yet to be revealed.

Fourteenth Frame. As I'd apologized to the priest for my foul behavior, I was given to witness

myself giving birth to two babies. They came so quickly in the spirit that I was unable to acquire medical assistance. The first baby was born prematurely and was not breathing when it arrived. Looking small, it couldn't have been more than six months gestation, but I was able to restore the baby to breathing. The second child was full-term, but completely still-born. And it was a good thing, because it was a demonic birth. Interiorly, I understood that my sorrow and subsequent apology to the priest had prevented the birth of some great evil through my own wickedness and stupidity. For this great grace, I gave thanks, and fell to the floor in shock and grave sorrow . . .

Fifteenth Frame. Sitting at the piano in the church I was playing and singing the Mass. I noticed quickly that about thirty or forty deceased priests, bishops and monks were sitting in the center pew of the church gathered together. But what struck me was a beautiful voice I heard from my side.

Turning, I saw a woman hovering as if sitting in midair before the statue of the Blessed Virgin. "Who are you?" I asked. "Don't you know me?" She responded. "No." I replied. "I am Veronica, I help you to sing." "Are you *St.* Veronica?" I asked, as she nodded in acknowledgement that she was the woman who had wiped the face of Christ on his Way of the Cross. Awed, I turned and noticed that as she sang, the religious who sat in the pews could hear her, but not see her. They were frightened by it. A sound of a heavenly organ came from the back of the church, and again they felt fear. "Don't worry," *St.* Veronica

said, "I will help you to sing. And many may disapprove of what you do. But it is because they cannot see me and they do not understand that which I am doing. I will stay with you, and I will help you."

She disappeared in a simultaneous wisp with that of my own soul as I left the world of the night to the physical world below.

(Fifteen frames = 14 Stations of the Cross and the 15th
which is the resurrection)

CHAPTER FOUR
The Fourth Station

First Frame. For a moment, the priest stood watching - looking through my things - as roses began to bloom nearby. And suddenly, all was at a standstill, I didn't know what to do.

Second Frame. Approaching Andy and I with papers, the priest declared, "The Hughes marriage has been declared an invalid marriage." Looking down upon them, the annulment papers reflected the words he had just spoken from his mouth. The priest's eyes reflected pain, as Andy disappeared and the priest came towards me and put his arm around me. "I'm so sorry. This is not what I wanted." (This happened only in spirit, not on the ground.) He had directed me to try to work things out, and things had gotten out of hand quickly when my husband had moved back in the house. He moved back out again. (This happened on the ground.)

In the vision, Andy was then taking me to Church. "I'm very lucky to be married to her." He said in reference to us. The priest was angry, and he left in a fit of anger and frustration. But later, he returned as I had fallen to the ground in a movement of slow motion reposition, the exhaustion finally tearing into my tiny frame.

Lifting me up gently in his arms, the priest carried me away to his place to nurse me back to health.

Third Frame. Andy saw my soul in the sky, surrounded as if by a swamp. The word, 'Lost,'

emblazoned itself upon the underside of the image as I continued to try to wade my way through the murky reality of confusion.

Without any further adieu, I found myself inside an Egyptian pyramidal chamber. Energies were now swirling around my soul in place of the swampy residue that had previously borne its place.

My soul began to slip into the background.

My spirit had been called in to work upon a large piece of land which carried so much history that that it went back to the trail of the ancients. This land had belonged to the Native Americans - the Navajo, the Ute, the Hopi and the Anasazi - at one time.

Because I'd become aware of a Heyokah spirit upon the land, I prayed for an audience with the Thunder Beings, the only angelic guardians with power enough to affect this situation.

As I did so, I stood before the mountain of my previous birth into new life. Ute Mountain began to erupt voraciously. In the distance, the sounds of the Thunder Beings began to resonate in the skies. It was conveyed, "You shall be given an audience with the Thunder Beings, but it will not be this eve . . ." A pause ensued, "The Heyokah spirit is a traveler from the East." The mountain erupted for exactly thirty minutes, a time frame which held meaning that I did not understand.

The priest began to slip into the background as my soul was taken into an intrinsically intense scenario involving lost souls.

"There are twenty of these souls here," the angelic guardian warned, "but you shall be receiving

three to four of them to begin." Immediately, I resonated with the fact that these souls liked where they were and didn't wish to leave.

Interestingly, there was a singular grouping of three souls; two of whom were women and one a man. There was quite a story here. The man was with one of the women, but she was not the right one to whom he truly belonged.

Something had happened which had derailed the eternal program between the other two, and it had been perpetuated and fulfilled by this other woman.

In short, the woman for whom he'd been meant to be married had been murdered by the other woman. But the man, not knowing who was responsible for the murder of his intended, eventually ended up being with the other woman who had taken his intended's life.

In the afterlife, this dysfunctional configuration remained, and it was my task to make it right. As I corrected the false pairing, a relief seemed to come over the two who had been wrongly set apart from each other. The guilty party accepted responsibility and said nothing . . .

The priest came to the forefront to teach these souls the Catholic faith. He was worried that they would cling to their Lutheran heritage, but it was not a valid fear. They accepted willingly the spiritual food offered for their souls.

Now that the perpetrator of this grave injustice (against eternal law) had been separated out from the couple, the mountain ceased its rumblings. The couple who had been meant for each other seemed

relieved that this mix-up had finally been resolved, and the third accepted this just sentence because she knew she had committed something very evil and manipulative and she was getting her just due.

And as they whisked off into the heavens, it began to rain. Volumes and volumes of rain fell as my soul was taken down into a dark and dank basement where a very old upright piano stood about two feet deep in the water's fold. Everything was waterlogged, and I knew this held great significance, but did not know its meaning.

It continued to rain as if the rain would never end . . . I saw two other souls. Two men, one appeared to be a 1800's era barfly and the other wore the clothing of a man who may have worked the railroads during the 1800's. Waiting patiently, they knew it was not yet their turn to receive deliverance.

The rain continued to fall . . . the medicine of heyokah - the contrary spirit - would continue its reign until time and the Thunder Beings would herald something new.

Fourth Frame. In a vivid depiction of what had come to pass at the Church, I was shown a lavish wedding that I had managed to put on for another couple for \$22.00. But even as I had been solely responsible for making this happen for such a paltry amount of money and output, many were complaining and angry that it wasn't gourmet enough. And in the distance, the priest was angry that I was present, despite the fact that I had put the entire thing together.

Slipping off into a boat by a river, I floated

away quietly in the dark so that he wouldn't see me.

This was so very representative of all that had come to pass in that I had done many things for the Church, asking for nothing in return, and received many complaints.

Fifth Frame. Missing pieces were lurking in the heavens; something that I needed to understand and grasp about the similarity between the priest and two other close men in my life; my brother and our deceased friend who had died (now 20) years before in a car accident.

Before I could grasp these elements, I noticed that something grand and full of light had appeared. In this dark and dank pitfall, a lighted staircase had emerged offering me refuge from the swamp I had entered.

Running . . . towards it.

Sixth Frame. Witnessing my spirit with that of another woman, we were teaching religion together.

My eldest daughter and I toasted this grand change to come in the distance. As we did this, we saw the priest performing a special Mass involving the Youth of the congregation; something I'd been trying to achieve and make happen for months now. We accepted the prophetic wind for what it was . . . because what lay in the future, had not yet appeared. But it did come to pass just as prophesied . . .

Awoken by a sudden start, an electrical surge pulse came through my hand from the rosary which was held within it. As it fell to the ground, I awoke in confusion.

Seventh Frame. A woman from my husband,

Andy's, ancestry appeared. "Andy wants someone subordinate." She said.

Then I saw my soul going to another church within our parish nearby where our priest also served Mass. It was imperative that I go there.

Within a week or two, I began going there on occasion.

Eighth Frame. Observing from above, I noticed that I was cleaning my own house. This was important, since I'd been cleaning many other motes out of other people's homes, while neglecting the beams in my own.

Instantly, I saw what appeared to be a cascading tunnel of law books. An attorney was falling through this as if he were overwhelmed. I knew it to be my husband, Andy.

Shouting out to him, I spoke to him regarding the work I'd often done to aid him in his work and the prosecution of cases which involved the psychic realms and making contact with victims of murder. "Don't you understand, I'm a medium and I love what I do." I said. It seemed I was remembering a purpose that had slipped to the wayside during my sojourn at the church and that it was time to renew its vigor. "I won't stop doing that," I said, "I LOVE what I do."

Ninth Frame. A distant friend had several experiences in regards to the priest. Many of them contained images of a man tormented by an interior struggle. Putting on a good face to the public, but turning to his interior with a red and obviously pained and tearful demeanor, he was hoping for privacy, to be left alone in his struggle. In another, she

was shown that he was 'starving' for energetic fulfillment in the red, orange and yellow chakra's; the lower and sexual chakras.

After seeing this need, she'd traveled to his rectory to prepare a feast, but found that there wasn't any food anywhere; nothing to sustain or fulfill that which was lacking in him. He needed to receive these energies from another human being.

She saw that I was wearing a green nurse's uniform, a symbol of healing and a green and rose heart correlated with the heart chakra defining the healing and nurturing action required to assist him. The green was energizing the lower chakras with divine love and the rose parts rooting the lower chakras more firmly to the earth and sensuality.

Later in the experience, she saw me wearing blue representing the throat chakra, communication through voice. The priest was wearing purple representing the crown chakra and the connection with the divine presence, but his robes had patches of brown unhealthy energy which he tried to cover with patches and white makeup.

She said I needed to reach down into my heart and lower chakras to give him what he needed. He might outright reject it because healing can also hurt, but it might help him on a subtle level.

In a final experience, she said this: "In my dream, Father was leading a play about Mary Magdalene and Jesus Christ. I played the part of Mary and a friend of mine played the part of Jesus. Father told me that the audience would be throwing things at Jesus to symbolize the crucifixion. My role as Mary

would be to follow him and clean up after him. We walked through the church and people started to fling all sorts of dangerous objects at my friend. I immediately started to use my body as a shield in order to protect him. The crowd became furious and started to throw arrows, calling me 'bitch, whore, you're ruining the play!'

Father called out to me and said, 'It's all wrong, please play your part!' But I told him, 'Father, don't you know that Mary Magdalene loved Jesus so much that she would have given her life for him?' With that, Father started to sob. The tears came down heavily and his face was red. He started to cry, 'Mary, I'm so sorry, *Marilynn*, Marilynn, I'm so sorry, Marilynn.'

He was sorry that he had not allowed our feelings to be expressed in any way to one another, and he was confused that I would be so self-sacrificing for him. He didn't understand and he was tormented just as I had been by this powerful undercurrent of emotion which filled our interiors that could not truly be ignored or denied. Despite whatever purpose it might eventually hold, one thing was certain, it was undeniable. It had to find its calling . . .

My friend woke up crying, convinced that the priest cared about me a great deal and that I had a right to know.

A prophet came to me in the physical world. "Fear not," he said, "for the enemy will not consume you. Death shall not come to you soon for you cling to God and He Himself shall hold you up. Even though it may appear that you should be dead, death will not

come . . . "

Tenth Frame. The priest was singing with a beautiful operatic voice in the heavens which he did not possess upon the earth. The voice of Christ began speaking to me and said, "You will do so many wonderful things together, all very good. Many things will happen between you which will compel you to wed, but he won't."

Waking, I felt confusion as the blissful nature of these good things filled me, but the apparent contradiction of that last utterance left me concerned and befuddled.

Eleventh Frame. My eldest daughter had a dream wherein the priest had come to her to ask how the construction was going. She did not know.

Andy had a dream wherein he was told that those who were building his house had left the site unfinished. Expecting the worst, he assumed the house would be a rat trap with plumbing and electrical problems, bad foundation, etc. But when they took him to see the house, it was the frame of an elaborate and celestial temple built upon a beautiful and firm foundation.

"How much money did we give to these people?" Andy asked, assuming he'd been cheated out of much. The guardian aside him said, "Nothing . . . you never gave them anything." Silently, they looked upon the orifice that held so much potential, but remained unfinished. "The builders have left," the guardian said, "What are you going to do?"

Instantly, he knew the home represented our marriage and family and that he should finish it. Then

he was gone.

Twelfth Frame. The priest was now traveling down a very arduous river during a gray and thunder-stricken storm. "Will you travel this river all the way?" A Guardian asked, as the priest replied, "No, it's too much work."

Suddenly, bombs were flying everywhere, each with the intention of destroying me and the eternal mission that came with my existence in this realm. But after each bomb went off and I had avoided the latest 'hit,' I ran around various corners and would hear an ominous buzzing sound.

As I turned to see the source of this sinister roar, the face of the woman ensconced in familial destruction demons stood aside a huge pile of black beetles swarming amongst one another. Upon her face, I saw that she was the conduit on these attacks on my life. The dark side wanted me out . . .

After fifteen years of no car accidents, I'd been in two very serious and generally unsurviveable accidents within a month; one in which I and two others went over a mountain at the top of the peaks of Colorado. We were saved by a stump which was not even connected to the ground which stopped the vehicle. Since we were 20 miles from nowhere, we received another miracle when a delivery driver got lost and just drove aimlessly up the mountain until he found us after we had walked several miles.

The second accident, another strange and flukish sortof thing, occurred when a huge buck elk leapt onto the hood of my van, nearly totaling it; but miraculously, the hood had been tripped and the

inhabitants were barely touched.

As the bombs continued to explode, I was surprised to find that behind each and every attack upon my life was the face of this one particular person a huge pile of black beetles buzzing an ominous and sinister cry.

It was clear that I must be careful.

Moments later, I was sitting in the temple that Andy had seen in a vision. It was further along in its construction and an angel stood aside me, "You mustn't yet give up on your marriage." He said

Thirteenth Frame. Andy and I were with two babies when suddenly Andy disappeared and the priest materialized. The priest began videotaping my stomach as it continued to grow with a pregnancy I now carried, symbolic of something to be birthed into realization and awareness. But I still held no clue as to what this might be.

Fourteenth Frame. Going to the home of a woman who had experienced hauntings and mysterious phenomenon upon her large ranch, I was whisked into the ether. Without warning, my soul was taken (along with the owner of this grand vista of land) for which we'd been given behest.

Standing amidst the energetic reality surrounding the land they owned, we found ourselves amongst a large group of Anasazi Indians who were not happy to see us there.

However, right behind us we could feel and see the essence of the Thunder Beings who had given us authority to enter and welcomed us with open arms. Thus, the Anasazi had nothing more to say of it.

The Thunder Beings wanted us to be there, despite the unhappy welcome of the Anasazi. It was apparent that we were to help them in some way, since they appeared perfectly content to remain in this land they'd inhabited in the physical realm long ago, despite the fact that their spirits had left their bodies many centuries before.

My friend and I began to dig in the dirt and as we did, we were finding ancient pieces of amulets, pottery shards and other various elements of archaeological interest. But there was something there that we had not yet found which was of vital importance, but we did not know what it was.

The Thunder Beings spoke, "The I and the We are One." This was repeated as I looked upon one of my hands which held amulets from the dirt. But then my attention was placed to the other hand which held within it something entirely different.

"The I and the We are One." Again they spoke. In my other hand were two medals; one depicting the Kingship of Christ, the other the Queenship of Mary. On the medal of Christ, Jesus wore a golden crown on his head and wore robes of deep purple and white. On the medal of Mary, Mary wore a golden crown on her head and wore robes of royal blue and white.

There was much more for us to know, to find out and to discover; and inherently we understood it to be the secret of the Anasazi people. But it would not be revealed to us this evening.

But what was revealed was that there was a unity between the Kingship of Christ, the Queenship of Mary and "The I and the We are One."

In a later journey back to this place, I was given to see many things; one of which was an evil Heyokah spirit who held the door closed in the room as I was sleeping; not allowing me to pass. In his hands, he held a wooden rolling stick with five white wooden marbles which he shifted back and forth almost like the weights of justice in modern day. Calling out to Christ for deliverance from the oppression this spirit was attempting to impose upon my soul, I was released from the room.

In another room, I found my friend, but was surprised to see that a young, tall, skinny man with jet black hair was following her around. Wearing a white shirt and black pants, he told me he was her servant, and that he served her to make up for some things that he had done to her during his life. He was doing his purgatory on earth. Interestingly, he was not from this place, but had followed her here from another state in America.

Later, she revealed that this man was her father who did indeed have things for which to atone and who had lived in another state in America.

Returning to the room of my former captivity, I saw that the negative Heyokah spirit had taken over Andy's sub-conscious soul. Andy was being tossed, rattled and thrashed around the room.

By watching this, I understood that my friend needed to learn discernment, for she had become a magnet for negative energies and parasitic feastings because of her openness, kindness . . . and spiritual gifts which had yet to be cultivated properly to afford her right protection.

Some further general warnings about her and her husband's health were given for her, and then it was over.

Slipping into another reality, I found Andy, my husband, lingering in a home we no longer owned in the physical world, but which he held onto in the next. It depicted a time of destructiveness between us of great intensity. But inside there was no furniture and no personal belongings to speak of; but rather, holes in cabinets and walls, deterioration, decomposition and animals leaving behind their waste.

Amongst the piles of disgust, I noticed a large black horse - the symbol in native tradition of going into the void to find the answer. Feeling that the horse should no longer remain in the house, I walked up to it and pushed it out. Then I sighed a heavy sigh, and walked away.

Fifteenth Frame. An angel appeared to me and said, "You have gone from a seven to a nine in the realms of death. This doesn't mean that you're going to die right away, but that you are declining." Nodding in understanding, I turned.

The priest was standing amidst a group of many women, but he held out a special gift to me alone. Pushing forward to receive this gift from him, I understood that it had special import, but of what I would be want to explain. It depicted some form of divine and eternal love that he held for me alone.

Honored, I accepted it within my confines and stepped back.

Andy had an experience wherein he was

returned to the eternal mansion he had seen previously. Every room was holy and coming to completion. He'd been working hard to overcome his destructive ways.

Now he was standing aside an airplane as an angel in the disguise of a stewardess said, "Don't forget your bag." In moments, he ran back to his apartment and gathered a small black bag which represented his earthly goods which remained there. Although his first inclination was to walk to the holy mansion, he received an instinctual prompting.

The angel/stewardess pointed to a 'passage' that was aligned invisibly alongside the passenger line into the plane. Choosing to take this unearthly, immortal route, rather than the earthly, mortal one, he jumped dramatically. Entering into something which was pelting his soul with transformational energies, he felt inside his interior that this was an energetic step required of him to follow the right 'passage' to the correct destination which was the heavenly mansion of our family.

(Fifteen frames = 14 Stations of the Cross and the 15th
which is the resurrection)

PART II**Dying you Destroyed our Death, Rising you
Restored our life. Lord Jesus Christ Come in
Glory!**

From the Catholic Mass of Light

CHAPTER FIVE***The Restoration***

First Frame. Speaking in Native tongue, my soul had again traveled back into time to a place that was familiar to me. Tippecanoe, where the love between Kusokway (who was of the same spirit as my husband) and myself had come to be.

Although much was spoken between us and I knew it to be of great importance, I was not given the gift to understand our words.

Kusokway handed me two pink roses. (Pink roses symbolize redemption, and the two could represent the two of us. Red roses symbolize martyrdom and white, purity.) As he did this, the two of us soared into a completely different, but heavenly, reality. Below us, I could see one of our sons in that lifetime, and there was great joy in this moment.

The priest was watching from another 'room,' with a look of concern.

Second Frame. The reality of working at the church was displayed to me in a profound manner. In the vision, I was working at a radio station, and the station manager was requiring me to produce and record commercials. But the tools he had given me consisted of two bags of potting soil. Somehow, they

expected me to produce radio commercials with potting soil; much like I had experienced in the church in being asked to make things happen with nothing. I understood that it was not necessary for me to continue to push myself to make such things happen. I released it.

Third Frame. The priest was standing in a room waiting for me. As I approached, he turned and put his arms around me. Looking deeply into each others eyes, he embraced me as we held this stance with one another for a lengthy period of time.

Fourth Frame. I was given to see my vanity again in an unfortunately grotesque manner. At the same time, I was shown Andy digging aqueducts around the house and flooding the area.

A group of ancient priests appeared accompanied by my current priest. And although the flooding seemed overwhelming at first, it was easier to clean up than I had thought.

Within moments, the mess was clean and I began to soar in the sky as the priests looked on.

Suddenly, my soul was waiting at the Church Office and he came into the room. Looking at me intensely, he was trying to figure me out. Leaving quickly, I was afraid . . .

Fifth Frame. My husband was shown to me as a harbinger of healthy sexual energy, as the priest then slowly approached. Speaking to me, he told me of some things from his childhood which had made it difficult for him to mature fully into his manhood." Nodding in sympathy, we both turned and disappeared.

Sixth Frame. As regards the haunted land I'd been working on, a Navajo medicine man had come out and performed a purification ritual asking permission for the land to be given to those who now occupied it.

Soaring into the ether, the Thunder Beings took me into the land. They were Native American angels and they allowed me to watch the land over an aeon of time. The land was under water very long ago and the Thunder Beings allowed me to watch as the water slowly receded over the ages and then belonged to the Native peoples.

They spoke to me ONLY in a Native American tongue, which language I didn't know. But I was given the gift of understanding them this night. Much was conveyed, they talked and talked and talked, but I only retained that which they allowed. At one moment, I almost spoke English by accident, but they stopped me because doing so would've interrupted the ceremony in which we were engaged.

As the water dried up and went away, the Native people had spent aeons upon this land. On the spot where the home was built, there used to be a lodge made up of four poles on one side and two on the other. The Native family who had lived there joined us in the ceremony which they called 'Yuwipi,' a Lakota word meaning to 'tie up or bind.' All the elements that had remained with the land were undergoing massive purification. For many hours, they spoke their native tongue and continued the Yuwipi to tie up and bind any remaining dark forces or lost souls or other presences which no longer

belonged to the land.

The entire Native people from many aeons and generations suddenly appeared and arrived to stand before this single lodge which was unique. In certain respects, it resembled a tipi, but it also had a different shape (hogan?) which made it look more like a lodge to me. In that instant, I realized that both of these had existed upon the land at different frames in history. I was then shown a different set of poles. Again four poles were on one side and two on the other in this other home from the past. The number and location of the poles was important, but I did not understand.

Continuing to speak their native tongue, they asked me to retain silence. The Thunder Beings were guiding the prayer of Yuwipi and all the spirits (hundreds at this point) were speaking the prayers with them not unlike Catholics might pray the Rosary together. As we did this, however, a few here and there would walk off into the ether, take a single step . . . and disappear.

When it was finished, the Thunder Beings stood with me and this family who had once lived in the lodge. The other natives had lived on the land encompassing the ranch, but this family had lived on the exact spot where the current home had been built and this made them the specific previous tenants of their now current home.

Explaining to me in native tongue, the Thunder Being said that the family had now finished binding and tying up all the energies in regards to their former home and their ancestral land. In essence, they were 'handing the holy lodge to the

white people,' which is what they said to me. The 'white people' they spoke of were the current owners of the land, not I, although the transfer was to occur through my spirit.

Each took a pole from the lodge. There were two adults and two children. Handing them to the Thunder Beings, the Thunder Beings then handed those poles to me. The current owners of the land were not present, but I knew I was accepting the poles on their behalf. It's important to understand they were not being given to me, because they were not mine, but that I was accepting them. And at the moment I accepted them, it was as if the current owners were accepting. In other words, nothing further would be required to make sure this gift was given to them. They received it as I received it, as if we overlapped at that moment for this purpose.

When the poles had been given to me, they disintegrated somehow into the current owners; despite the fact that they were not present. I knew this, but did not see it.

Great jubilation followed as the Thunder Beings smiled at me with satisfaction and a sense of success. All now was pure peace. At this moment, the Thunder Beings all sprouted Eagle wings on their backs. It looked very much like the wings worn by some Native tribes when they are dancing. The wings were unlike those I see on other types of celestial angels.

As their wings sprouted, they began to step up into the sky and began walking up an invisible staircase as they each disappeared, one by one.

When they were all gone, I was left alone in this peaceful space for a moment. I could still see the lodge with the tipi overlapping it, but everything was pure peace. And in that instant, I disappeared as well.

Seventh Frame. Andy had an experience after we had begun taking steps towards unity. Our working towards union had taken us to a higher level spiritually, and he observed what appeared to be a black man coming out of my spirit. For a moment, he was confused, but he suddenly realized that this was the demon of confusion. Because we had continued working on our issues between us, this demon had been forced to go.

Eighth Frame. The black man came to me the following night wearing the robes of a priest. He began to speak, but as he spoke, I remembered that the demon of confusion had appeared to my husband the night before as a black man. "Always leave a kiss as his gift when you leave him . . ." he said as he spoke to me of the priest I had deep feelings for. This was odd because we'd never even discussed our feelings for one another openly, much less progressed into any form of its expression. "He likes to be held . . . how do you deal with it if you happen to be in love with a priest?" I watched as he showed me an image of the priest who was missing me and wanting me to be there for him. But in that moment, I began to question whether or not I had been deceived? Was this man appearing to me in the garb of a priest the demon of confusion? YES, HE WAS!

Whatever was happening, I knew to be powerfully important. The intense power between the

priest and I held great significance, but perhaps I was not translating the significance correctly?

Ninth Frame. Danger was all around me. The Lord bid me to see the underbelly of some people I was working with on church project, each individual member. All of them without exception carried within them some form of demonic contamination, although not a single one of them was aware of it consciously. Because of this, they were easy prey for the viper. Beyond this, the viper found them easy avenues for attacks against me and my family.

But I was also given to see Andy building his house on swampland, determined to make it work in this manner despite the obvious nature of impossibility. I, on the other hand, was building my house elsewhere.

Only counseling could change this. He needed more help, but he wasn't willing to get it.

Tenth Frame. At the gathering of priests, I noticed that they were all wearing the green robes of ordinary time. This held significance in showing me that beneath the true vocation and calling that each of them followed was an ordinary man with flaws and failings like the rest of us.

As they gathered, they engaged in much frivolity. In the distance, I saw someone who was dressed up as St. Nicholas, a powerful saint who had given much to the poor and suffered persecution for it during his life. But whoever wore this costume was engaging in frivolity. This seemed blasphemous to me because of who St. Nicholas had been.

Walking towards this person, I found that it

was a church volunteer beneath the robes. She hadn't meant to be irreverent, but she was, because they were all engaging in this frivolity and nothingness at this particular moment.

In this experience, there were three rooms. My husband and I walked from the center room to the room on the left. A priest was planning to play the guitar and sing on a live radio feed and I was to help him set up the equipment. I knew this elderly priest and so I knew that in his true life, he still had his own natural teeth. But in this experience, I realized that he was wearing false teeth and they were coming in and out of his mouth as he laughed about it.

In that moment, the priest for whom I cared deeply walked into the room. Astonishingly, he was also laughing about the false teeth and displayed his own (despite the fact that in his true life, he also had his natural teeth).

My husband and I sat down quietly as my father-in-law came into the room and stood before us energizing unity. In that moment, I recognized the frivolity and the false faces that the priests hid beneath the surface, but was a part of their ordinary selves. It was important to honor the priest in the person of Christ, but I realized it was also important to honor the priest as an ordinary man, as well.

To do any less, would be unfair; because priests are human beings, despite their high calling.

Eleventh Frame. Demonic attacks were coming at me from every side, as I struggled to fight them off.

Twelfth Frame. The priest for whom I cared deeply was building many things. But they were all of

no use, meaningless and unimportant. In essence, the Lord showed me that he was wasting vital energy and creating nothing or very little from his efforts.

As I continued to try to help build these meaningless castles, I found myself so exhausted that I wasn't able to walk across a small parking lot to pick up my kids. But even so, the priest and no one else around understood what was happening to me. A voice came from the ether, "Seclude as a teacher . . . "

I did so for a time, emerging as needed for my required work in the world at the church and retreating to my family and writing at all other times.

Thirteenth Frame. Demonic attacks continued to assault me from every angle in the mystical and physical world. But I was given to see a warrior angel who was overlapping my spirit and body. His arms were outstretched and he was literally 'taking the hits' for me as they would come. Flying at the speed of light with him, the priest for whom I cared deeply was watching in the distance as my robes became flowing and white and I began to soar in the freedom of the spirit. Within a moment, he walked off.

A dark window lay before me now and as I looked through it, I saw the original person from whom this attack upon my family had come. Although I was looking through a glass which was meant to be seen from only my direction, she spotted me. Seeing the demon in her eyes, I turned and bid myself to go quickly.

Fourteenth Frame. My husband and I were taken to a large banquet where we engaged in feasting with a battalion of angels. This was not a

gluttonous experience, but the finest foods were presented to us and we would take a bite of each in this heavenly banquet. We were being filled with the good things of the Lord in such a way that we were experiencing a purification of this trial we had undergone.

In a moment, the angels escorted me to a bus where I was asked to sit in the middle between my husband on the left and the harbinger of the demon of family destruction on my right. A very nice woman, no one would ever suspect that such a creature would lurk within her; most of all herself. It was a clever guise that only a mystical eye could see.

One of her friends approached me and handed me a bowl of rotten fruit. "I don't want this." I said very matter of factly, as I literally threw them to the woman on my right. Landing in her lap, she had nothing to say or do. All was now coming back upon her.

Then my soul was given to travel to another horrible place, the energetic reality behind the priest for whom I cared deeply. In this reality, he appeared as an old, skinny, long-haired (but bald on the top) man . . . who was a vampire. Lying in his lap, he was sucking the life blood out of me as it occurred to me that he really had nothing to offer me, but plenty to take. And in this moment, he was taking it all.

Soaring yet again, I was taken to my home and shown how vulnerable our family had become because of all of these underbelly demonic attacks. Good people who had no idea or realization of their own affiliation were being used by the dark side to

destroy our family and each of us individually. It was a powerful realization, but one which came also with the knowledge that I didn't want to, could not nor would not be able to stop loving them. But it was also evident in this sphere that my husband and I needed to unite in an energetic way to create the safety that our family required.

My husband moved back home. That night, I woke while sleeping and saw the warrior angel hovering over the both of us as we were sleeping.

Showing me an image which played before me like a movie, he allowed me to view various types of angels who existed, one in every location of the earth, to bring humanity up from its misery.

Fifteenth Frame. Andy had an experience wherein the priest for whom I cared deeply appeared to him as a teenage boy who was attempting to touch me in an inappropriate way. The energy around this action was one of immaturity and puberty, a curiosity about sex. But it also reflected a need on his part to be nurtured.

Initially Andy became angry, but chose not to say anything and let us work this out amongst ourselves.

Because Andy and I had been working hard to restore our marriage, we were learning that in order to restore unity, we must respect one another's individuality, as well.

But within a moment, Andy and I were riding in an open wagon led by a horse across a rushing stream. My husband was driving as I was speaking to him. "Don't worry. I must do several more things with

Father before we can be completely united." I said. He interiorly understood that these things had to do with providing a nurturing energy for him, but without physical attraction. This powerful eternal force was to be transformed into a supportive, calming presence as friends as I was to stay in my own power to fulfill the function of my own life as wife, mother and voice of the prophets. He nodded in understanding as we disappeared.

But at this very moment, I also was deep in the realms of the mystical places. In the distance, I began to hear the beckon of a familiar voice. "It's so nice to hear your voice!" I shouted to my former priest who was now deceased. But he came very quickly with a message of urgency. "I need prayer," he said, "I have not yet been allowed to see heaven. I'm in purgatory and I need you to pray for me." Shocked to hear this, I promised I would pray and offer all my sufferings for him.

Waking, I recited the Chaplet of Divine Mercy for this beloved soul as my heart and mind grew bigger, greater and holier in its understanding of human relations, attraction and purpose. We are drawn to people for reasons of an eternal nature, but so often we translate those feelings through our lower nature alone. We must bring all such things to their higher nature in order to allow God to reveal that which they truly may become. Rather than jumping into something because of the profundity of the feeling, a soul should walk carefully, silently and with an open heart and ear to understand the knowledge of its purpose. Watch . . . and wait.

By doing so, pain can be avoided, and heaven can be observed. Finally, my soul was beginning to let go. If the Lord should choose to will it, perhaps I could return to that place where I began this portion of my journey; wearing the white gown of a bride waiting to meet his bridegroom before the spinning ether leading to a higher dimension, sphere and calling; the place where the galactic texts might be able to be retrieved and brought back into our mortal realm, the Earth.

(Fifteen frames = 14 Stations of the Cross and the 15th
which is the resurrection)

PART III

The Prelude to Eternal Life

CHAPTER SIX

The Realization

First Frame. The priest was looking at me from a distance. An angel appeared, pointing towards him. "Look," she said, "See how much he cares about you. Look at how he looks at you." Nodding, I turned,

Second Frame. As the end times were approaching, disasters began to occur with greater frequency and I watched as the people tried to scurry out of its way . . . but most of them were too late. They didn't get out in time.

Third Frame. Starting a new job working for someone else in our parish, I noticed the priest approaching and his impending anger at my presence there. Turning, I walked off into the dark woods of night to try to slip away unseen. But instead, I walked over a creek, but fell into it. Rather than being shallow and small as it appeared, the creek was deep. I fell into the water up to my neck.

Getting out, my new employer had noticed that I'd slipped off and told me I'd need to dry off before heading home. Guiding me to a private room, I took my clothes off to dry.

Standing there, I noticed in a window that the priest was watching me. He appeared to feel disgusted and excited at the same time. I observed his interior struggle and then disappeared.

In a subsequent experience with this new

employer, he and I were romping around in a creek with his very large family. When the subject came up of the attraction he had for me, he quietly said, "We're all adults here, let us go and talk about this." We walked off together and didn't say much of anything. But as I came towards a waterfall, I slipped and fell. Because he'd held my hand, he was able to pull me up.

In my waking life, he became somewhat of a protector for me. A few weeks later, another persecution came at me with a vengeance from the church, and he did indeed rescue me from it.

In these moments, I was beginning to learn what it meant to be friends with a man, outside of the experience of inappropriate attractions to one another.

Fourth Frame. Angels were singing around me a song I'd never heard. Recalling part of the lyric, it said, "On the wings of love . . ." Guiding me towards the priest's car, the angels opened the door and I immediately noticed that my scent was emanating from it. "He's revolving around you." The angel said as I disappeared.

Fifth Frame. Going into prehistory to prevent something from happening, I found that I was unsuccessful. Before I had a chance to recover from this loss, the fall of the human race, a young man came from behind me with a switchblade. Cutting my carotid artery in my neck, I knew that my doom had come and so I waited patiently for it to arrive.

Sixth Frame. Riding an old riverboat, my current husband was a Spanish man with the name of

'Jacinto.' Married, we traveled the rivers selling our wares. Our home was a very small, white, rectangular abode in the woods. Our life was quite modest, and we were deeply in love. Lying upon his chest, I fell asleep from that life and woke again in this present life as he lay sleeping next to me again quietly. Our separation was now over and we had entered a new spiritual era of our lives.

Seventh Frame. Hanging out with the Catholic Daughters, the angels appeared and showed me that this was a very good thing which was bringing about blessed things to come.

Eighth Frame. Buses and trucks were heading towards us, as I was frantically cleaning detail after detail within my home; corners, baseboards, all the detail cleaning which is so important in a home . . . and within a soul.

Another friend of mine who was going through a similar temptation appeared before me. Angels then also manifested and said this. "Tell her to let go of the fantasy now and deal with her marriage." As they said this of her, I knew they also spoke of me.

Ninth Frame. The priest was in danger. Standing before him now was the same demonic force which had come after myself and my family; the demon of absolute family annihilation. But this time, although coming through the same host, it was going after his priesthood. Unfortunately, for this moment, the priest was very naive and susceptible to the temptation. This was sheer ignorance, no evil intent could be found within this man. Christ appeared and looked towards the priest, "You have strayed from the

path of righteousness and are being fed by the mouth of the viper." This viper was hosted by a person whose exterior camouflage was the most skillful I'd ever seen. Everybody was in danger when this creature began seeking it as prey from within her. But you'd never know this unless God had given you special sight to know. It was the most powerfully skillful guise I had ever seen, and it was absolute destruction and chaos. The priest had given this person his trust, and therefore, listened to this person's guidance. But this was the worst mistake he could make, because by doing so, he was being fed by Satan himself.

For a moment, I felt panic, but then I turned.

Tenth Frame. My husband, Andy, and I sat at a table at the top of a mountain. We were on the land that I'd recently freed of spiritual ancestral stain. My friend who owned the land was sitting nearby pulling a painting that I had done for her out of a portfolio bag. It was a landscape painting, but amongst the landscape were five hidden, invisible signs that I'd painted upon it. Very clearly inlaid to me, I was surprised when I realized that my friend could not see them. Relevant in regards to the many world religions, I nodded at her as I was taken aback suddenly.

Eleventh Frame. A red fox suddenly leapt up out of the ether and jumped over the table where my husband, Andy and I, were sitting. Putting my hand up, I silently conveyed to Andy that he was to sit and wait, let him pass.

In Native American Medicine, Fox is the

bringer of camouflage, a sign to become like the wind which remains unseen but is able to move and caress through reality unnoticed despite touching and influencing many things.

Twelfth Frame. Behind my husband, Andy, now stood another creature, a giant panda bear with very distinctive colors of black and white indicating its representation of the battle between good and evil within each one of us and the Tao, the Divine.

Thirteenth Frame. My husband moved and almost stood to defend me, but I again raised my hand and conveyed to him that he must watch and wait.

Interiorly, I understood that I must stare down this creature which was now growling at me and standing before me on his hind legs in the stance of impending attack.

Fourteenth Frame. Again my husband, Andy, began to rise in an attempt to defend me, but I told him 'Watch and Wait!' Sitting back down, I held the gaze of this large beast who now represented before me the battle between good and evil in our world, but most especially within my own soul. In this moment, as I continued to watch and wait, I realized that a good part of the battle we each face is lost because of our impatience. When temptations arise, we must not act immediately. We must watch and wait . . . so we can see what it is before we proceed.

Fifteenth Frame. Continuing to stare down this violent creature who appeared ready to attack and destroy me at any moment, he suddenly stepped off of his hind legs. Reaching the ground, he ceased to

growl. Looking at me one more moment, I continued to watch. Without further adieu, the panda bear turned quietly and walked off into the woods.

I had stared temptation in the eye, and temptation stood down. Because I had chosen to watch . . . wait . . . I stood victorious against my own inordinate desires at this moment.

The angels appeared again and began showing me frames. "You will defeat this attack against Christ's priest in this way," they conveyed. Each frame showed good works that I would do in the church. Despite the presence of this constant feeding source which was rendering many untrue words about my soul to his ears, it would be through my works that Father would learn to discern.

Thus, he would be spared from succumbing to the same attack which my family had just endured . . . I was to watch and wait . . .

(Fifteen frames = 14 Stations of the Cross and the 15th which is the resurrection)

EPILOGUE

Perchance, when love befalls us, we should watch and wait for God to show us in which manner our love should be expressed. For eternal love mirrors the intentions of God the Father, and harms not the beloved, but spares the beloved from harm.

Boundaries in this world serve a purpose and remain in place so that we can learn to love in many eternal ways. Many lovable people exist in the world,

but our natural human inclination is to respond to such feelings from our lower centers (i.e. sexual), rather than feeling it from our hearts.

If we feel love from our hearts and we remain patient in allowing God to reveal to us its purpose, we become sentinels of eternity by loving those around us with great power and intensity, but within the framework with which God intended.

Such love honors the eternal path of the beloved, as well as its own. Such love is patient and kind, and does not demand to have its own way . . .

It watches carefully to determine what is best for the beloved . . .

And it waits upon God to reveal such in His own time . . .

Thus, in order to conquer the passions which are fiery, hot, impatient . . . and usually wrong (or karmic); we must discipline ourselves to choose rather to watch and wait. And by so doing, we give God a chance to reveal higher love to our souls and the way in which it can be expressed in all of our relationships with those we love . . . eternally.

And thus, the love between my husband and I remained and the caring between the priest and I continued to grow, as we both energized each other's mission for God. And no one was harmed. And I learned that loving one another is something I can do with all my fellow men, as long as it is translated through my heart and not my lower nature.

In thus so doing, all life can be honored, enriched, and enlivened to achieve its highest purpose, and all can live in peace and a rich

enjoyment of the goodness of God within one another.

For the first time, when a familiar karmic pattern had come upon me, I had chosen to watch . . . and wait . . . rather than respond. By so doing, I'd learned the one thing I'd needed to get in order to be released from the fleshly bonds of this earth.

A friend shared with me a vision she had of a relative who had died one and a half years previously. In life, she had been somewhat mean spirited, but at this moment, she came to show her something very important.

Surprised to see her, she immediately asked, "Are you in heaven?" "No, I'm not, but I've passed through there." She replied. "Everybody passes through a place called 'Christ's Temple' when they die," she continued, "and some highly evolved people are lucky enough to stay, but I wasn't one of them so I had to move on." She was in a pre-designated place that my friend could not understand. But she had a friend with her, another woman about the same age, whom she'd met there and they were enjoying each other a lot. A lot of the mean-spirited nature she'd had in life had dissipated and she seemed like a kinder gentler version of herself.

. . . In a wisp, my soul was flying above my body as I saw in the distance an image of my deceased grandmother as a young girl romping through the familiar woods of the black forest in Germany where she had grown up and lived her

whole life. Within a millisecond, I was with her.

This image was different than any I'd had of her before, because during life my grandmother had been very stern, angry and difficult to get along with. Many years prior, I'd seen her go through several levels of purgation. But here . . . for the first time . . . I was seeing her in a purified state and it was a sight to behold and a vision to take in as nourishment for she was absolutely beautiful, young, free and joyous.

Romping through the woods, we laughed and carried on as if we were both children, enjoying the beauty and simplicity of all that surrounded us.

The usual bliss of such a near death experience filled me as I felt intensive freedom, love and vitality within my soul.

Beginning to fly at the speed of light, she took us into the future. In front of me was a graveyard with five simple headstones engraved with a singular cross. Interiorly, I immediately understood that these headstones were for my husband, myself and my three children and I was being given to see a time in the future when all of us would be dead and gone to this world.

Because I had always seen my own death as separation from my children, she began to try to tear away at the veils of understanding and help me to see death differently.

As we soared around the stones, she said things over and over again as I repeated them back to her. "Oh . . . death . . . it comes to us all. " She would say. "It's a part of life. Death will be okay, it's a natural thing." "Oh, Yes!" I replied, "Grandma, it is a natural

thing." I said in my swoon to the heavens. "Death is part of life." She repeated matter of factly. "Yes," I said almost dreamily, "death is a part of life."

I could hear the winds cutting across my ears as we soared and soared, back and forth. Suddenly, she lifted a piece of paper before my eyes. On it, she had written, "I am healing you now." I'd been sick that night, thus, my encounter with my dead grandmother. But I knew interiorly that she was helping me to feel better and go back to my body, not healing me completely. She was preparing me for a journey I would be taking in what appeared to be the not too distant future.

Feeling the heat and wind go through my spirit, it again entered into my body as I slowly wafted back into consciousness, the smell and bliss of the near death encounter still upon my lips and my brow.

But before I was to awake, a congregation of deceased priests appeared before my view. Hovering around me, they were so excited because I had mentioned to the priest that our deceased priests needed our prayers and the priest had included their intentions in a Mass. They had literally swarmed around the altar to receive this grace, and they were thanking me for planting this seed in the mind of this young priest.

Nodding in surprise and great joy, I turned and for a moment I saw an image. The priest was standing before the church as my three children were garbed in their regular server robes. My husband stood there to usher the congregation into the church,

and I stood there directing the liturgy for the evening. In a wispy moment, my husband and kids began to playfully run out of the church and around the building as the priest chased them with a gleeful joy.

Harmony had been restored between the souls of these three. A just peace had emerged from what had been an inordinate attachment to sensual pleasure erupting in a corruption of eternal intent, desire and motive. Pure love was now being expressed . . .

Waking, I savored the moment before heading off to work . . . at the church and at my other new job, where harmony, love, peace, joy and mutual respect would reign, forever and ever, Amen. And forevermore, I would take upon myself the yoke of the prophets, saints, mystics and sages in proceeding with caution . . . watching . . . and with patience . . . waiting . . . as the Lord deigned to reveal His will to me so that I might translate His love for His own creation into my human mortal body rightly and correctly within the bounds of His will and intent.

In this manner, I could love my fellow man more powerfully than I had ever before known. I'd lost nothing except the plight of sin, but had gained a kingdom of inestimable worth . . .

PART IV

Touching the Nails

CHAPTER SEVEN

The Reconciliation

First Frame. In the spiritual planes, the priest approached me and embraced me. The powerful connection between us manifested in this manner for a very long time in the world beyond form as I savored the rare but sacred moment between us.

Second Frame. Standing before a convention of young kids in the spiritual worlds, I immediately noticed the lack of respect or regard for the person of our priest. Without a second's worth of hesitation, I began to shout at them to be quiet and listen to his words. Shouting, they said "Who is he to be telling us what we should do?"

Inspired by a moment of holy rage, I shouted, "He a priest of the Catholic Church, he stands in the person of Christ to make bread and wine into the body and blood of our Lord. He stands as the person of Christ in the confessional to forgive our sins. ANY QUESTIONS?" All became silent as the priest began to teach the young people in their sub-conscious dreaming.

A moment passed, as I found myself alone again with the priest. "You must insist that proper respect be shown to you in the person of the priest." I said.

Suddenly, I was whisked off to a studio. I'd been offered a gift for some small service I had done

the Lord in the spiritual planes. And it was to take a spiritual tour through the studios of the Catholic Television Station, EWTN. Because of my previous work in radio and TV, this was a special gift for me. But I didn't know what was yet to come.

After touring all the control rooms, studios and facilities, everyone disappeared except for one lone angel. She took my hand and said, "I have a surprise for you." Guiding me towards a small cell in the monastery, she opened the door where Mother Angelica (a likely future saint) was waiting in a wheelchair in her nightgown to greet me. Opening her arms to me in welcome, she bid me to sit as the angel left us and she spoke to me for the rest of the night about the Lord. I remained silent.

Third Frame. The priest was walking by me trying to look at the books I had written, most specifically 'The Voice of the Prophets: Wisdom of the Ages' a twelve-volume set of texts I'd just released to honor our forebears. But he didn't want me to notice that he was curious about my writing. As he entered into his office, he put up an invisible barrier. Much energy was coming from him towards me, and as a result, he wouldn't allow me into his office.

In a subsequent spiritual journey, he came to me in a private place and began to express his feelings in an unexpected way.

As he had gone on a vacation a few days prior, I again saw him the next night. He was returning to me in spirit, in a sense returning early from his vacation, because he was missing me. But he didn't do anything except watch me. But this went on for

quite some time.

Fourth Frame. My spirit was wandering the ether pathways beyond form searching for the missing piece? Inherently, my spirit was aware that something very important - the clue and the key to understanding the karmic connection between the soul of Red Jacket who currently manifested as this priest, and myself - was yet to be found.

Looking for my mother, it appeared and seemed that the key was hidden somehow within her. But I was surprised when I found it somewhere else. A school graveyard, the place where a person who attended our church also worked, a woman - a mother figure to myself.

The key was a clear crystal and diamond sword, and a completely different woman who went to our church had been hoarding this key at her place of employment although it was not hers. Quickly, an angel appeared, picked it up and gave it to me. "Go, now," she said, "take it back. It belongs to you."

I did so.

She remained at her place of employment.

As I took the sword and placed it back at the church a huge vision of the Apocalypse appeared before me. Images of that which had been revealed to me in the Secret Prophecies flashed before my eyes and the priest who stood before me, the one for whom I held love, was a vital link in the apocalypse. The diamond and crystal sword was back at the church, and this was very important because something was coming in this priest's life where he would require it.

Suddenly, I stood before a small slope in the Colorado Mountains. The bodies of a young Native American woman holding a tiny newborn baby fell out of the slope. I didn't know what it meant.

Moments later, I was in the church receiving communion alone. The priest's energy was strange - off somehow, but I didn't know why.

Fifth Frame. Shown a vicious representation of the dark forces within a few select, but key, members of our congregation, it was clear that much darkness was reigning in this church parish which the Lord did not deign worthy to remain.

Andy was trying to protect me from the onslaught, but he did so in an overbearing way rather than with skillful means. It was important to watch these key dark elements, but to use skillful means to extract the darkness out of their souls without extracting their souls out of the church.

The priest approached me again, displaying his caring for me which remained mutual despite the fact that Andy and I had done much work and were temporarily no longer separated. Despite this, NOTHING had EVER occurred on the ground between us. Only in the worlds of spirit had it been expressed. But this eve, although we were in the world of the spirit and the caring between us was tangible, real, vibrant and concrete, he wouldn't allow us to be alone with one another.

Suddenly, I stood before an old tarnished steel crucifix. Christ was laid out upon it as he is on all crucifixes. Without warning, the entire top of the crucifix with the body of Christ slowly bent forward

in the gesture of a bow. And just as quickly, it swooped back up into upright position. I stared but did not know what it meant.

Sixth Station. The Lord bid me to see the more negative sides of the priest. Shown to me as a group of bananas, he was on the run from his emotions, using people for his own purposes at the church and most of all I saw how he was hurting people, most of all me.

He was fulfilling his needs for closeness with others in an inappropriate way. And this had hurt me because my care for him was true, not fleeting and impersonal. I also held just as much responsibility for this because of my own inappropriate reaction to my caring for him, and Andy, his, as well, because of the violent and disrespectful way he had treated the family for so many years. So in this chaos was purpose.

But the proper remedy would have been different . . .

Because our karma required this journey, however, we had all responded apparently exactly the way God had expected us to. Now it was time to learn how God would wish us to resolve it.

Seventh Station. An angelic guardian came to tell me that the Buddhist teachings would be very helpful to Andy and me in learning how to properly respond to the eternal mission between myself and the priest. While the angel spoke, the priest was hiding around a corner, embarrassed as he tried to look at me.

But suddenly, I stood in a huge basilica as the

deceased Archbishop of this facility awaited me and the priest. "I am watching over the vocation of this priest," he told me, "and I want you to invite him over to your home for dinner although he will most likely not cooperate at this time." Bowing in holy honor to see such a distinguished soul, I said I would. And as he'd predicted the priest was not yet ready to come to our home as an invited guest.

"You will be touched by the nails," the Archbishop said to me, "much suffering is about to come your way in order to fulfill that which the Lord requires of you to help this priest prepare to fulfill that which He will be called to do." Nodding in acceptance, I waved as he disappeared.

As he left, I felt the winds picking up, doubling in speed in the spiritual realm. The Pleiadian mother ship appeared off in the distance and floodwaters began to rise all around myself and my home.

Eighth Station. In the spiritual ether, the priest had taken to watching me do my work on other levels of consciousness with members of our congregation. An energy shift was beginning to take place. That which was dark burgundy was fading to pale pink. That which was turquoise was fading to sky blue. And that which had been dark purple was fading to violet and white. These energies were pulling back an intensity which was of the ground, and filling it with a power which was from on high.

And for a moment, my spirit was whisked inside a maze which depicted the 19th century novel 'Wuthering Heights,' a classic story of forbidden and unrequited love which resulted in tragedy. An angel

appeared and told me to follow her, and as I followed her out of the maze, 'Wuthering Heights' and all that it contained was dying off piece by piece. For a moment, I felt badly that I was causing this to die. But interiorly the angel conveyed, "The fantasy and delusion must die in order for reality to take affect. And reality is always that which comes from the eternal, from our holy God, rather than from our own karmic impulses of delusion, fantasy and superfluous adventures."

With those words, I left 'Wuthering Heights' behind as it passed away and died.

Ninth Station. Meeting again in the spiritual planes, I found the priest waiting for me. But before I could speak, he came towards me and again embraced me. Showing his caring to me in a way he had never yet done in the spiritual worlds, we were alone in the rectory and the caring between us remained powerful.

Music was playing and I reached to turn it off, but he held my hand back as if to say he wanted to keep the music on and then he continued to hold me tightly.

But just to temper this moment of potential temptation which had come again surprisingly after the death of 'Wuthering Heights,' a Buddhist monk had appeared and begun to do a whole bunch of slapstick comedy in relation to achieving the 'Diamond Mind.' Awaking, it became clear to me that in order to diffuse the inappropriate sexual energy between myself and the priest, it would be necessary for me to achieve this 'Diamond Mind' spoken of in

Buddhist texts and that I must do so quickly. The Diamond Mind has the power to cut through ignorance like a diamond for those who study and reflect upon its profound meaning.

Tenth Station. Andy stood in front of our house watching as a man came to build something in our front yard. Taking a steel pole about fifty feet high, the man put it upright. Another pole was placed at the upper top crossways to form a very large cross standing before our house. Andy noticed that the steel was tarnished, rusted, beaten up and ravaged. But despite this, as soon as the two steel beams met, the cross began to shine with a yellowish-gold light permeating the entire etheric landscape.

"There will be much tribulation in the path to come," the man said, "but God's glory will shine through in the work you and Marilyn do for the Lord."

Eleventh Station. A vision of many nuclear wars, bombs and other horrible disasters came to me in reminder of the possible coming time. I bowed in respect, awe and fear . . .

Twelfth Station. Again, I was shown the priest talking with the person in our congregation who harboured the demon of family destruction. He was moving closer to me, but he remained much too close to her. The voice of the Lord rang out, "He is still being fed directly from the mouth of the viper and it has gotten worse, this must be stopped." I bowed and turned.

In another horrific manner, I was shown the demonic forces beneath the structure of yet one more

woman that had been around our family for a time. Her interior world was filled with a darkness that was very cultish, and seemed to bear much of the imprints of the dark aspects of freemasonry. She had put the priest under a demonic mesmerization. She was very dangerous. The Lord wished her influence to be removed.

But he wished that these influences be removed from the hosts. He wanted them to be purified, not removed from the church. They harbored demonic forces unawares like most of us, because they had not yet looked at their interior closely enough to know.

The Lord deigned that the dark forces be removed, but not the hosts which had been taken as their prey. For them, the Lord wished redemption.

Thirteenth Station. Waking inside the city gates of heaven, I was in awe as the huge white-winged angel who had escorted me there quickly whisked me away.

For that moment, I understood what God was trying to do. It is His will that we recreate that city of heaven here on earth. And it took only a moment inside its gates to understand the energy that this would require.

Fourteenth Station. In a waking vision which I experienced during the celebration of a Holy Mass, I saw a single red rose. Inherently, I knew that this red rose represented my soul. Many white serpents came from underneath the ground and began to smother, strangle and squeeze the life-force out of the rose.

Suddenly, the Blessed Mother appeared and

began to stomp on the serpents. It took a great deal of time because there were so many. But in the end . . .

A huge bouquet of bright red roses began to emerge from the chaos and out of the ground where the serpents had been stomped. The bouquet was infinite and the roses opened to full bloom and the red within them began to congeal like the blood of a martyr.

In that moment, I knew that we would fight this battle. But in the end, the Lord's Will would truly be done.

Fifteenth Station. Andy had a vision of our family inside a huge circular lighted ball of energy. As we began to reunite and become strong again in our unity together, the priest appeared outside of that circular lighted ball of energy. But as we continued to unite and become more and more powerful in our unity as a family and our relationship with the Lord, the priest gradually but very naturally slid quietly into our circular lighted ball of energy becoming a member of our family. An angelic guardian spoke to Andy, "First he came inappropriately . . . now he will come as an invited guest."

It was clear that our mission would be to transform an age-old karmic configuration into something eternal and it would come about through a familial brotherhood between all of us which would be energized by letting the illusions and fantasies die, and the reality of God, which is always grander and more meaningful, to shine through.

(Fifteen frames = 14 Stations of the Cross and the 15th

which is the resurrection)

CHAPTER EIGHT

The Refutation

First Frame. The Lord deigned to show me that he wished me to focus my creative energies on something other than my husband or any other man in my life. In this telling, He bid me to see that many women suffer from this phenomenon and that if they were to take all the creative energies that they wasted funneling into the men in their lives, they would utilize this creative force (so natural to women) in much more useful ways which would serve Him rather than the self.

Second Frame. Whisped away from the earth, my spirit entered what Jesus called 'The Quiet Room.' It was a very large space in-between life and death, and everything around me was pink and absolutely silent. Arguing with Jesus, I said, "I can't come in here . . . my kids are down there." Taking my arm, he held me back as He allowed me to watch all that was going on below. Our priest was watching over my children, as was Andy, and they were doing okay.

At this moment, all disappeared and I instantly understood and felt profoundly that I was now in the presence of God the Father. The place was white and I couldn't see Him, but His presence overshadowed my soul. The Lord bid me to stay in the presence of God the Father for many hours and it was good.

Third Frame. Soaring back to the earth, icons began to appear on the mountains as I re-entered the mass retain below. As my whitish spiritual form

began to re-enter my body, an angel all aglow handed me a statue of the Cure' of Ars, the patron saint of priests. It was painted in the purest of whites and it was a gift to me for my work on behalf of the priesthood; both that which I had already done and that which I was to do. The Lord had deigned that I need learn of them, so that I may later help them.

Fourth Frame. In the realm of the spiritual parameter, I had purchased a religious bookstore and was running it. Our priest had come in and noticed a shy looking blonde woman reading a book. Approaching her, he spoke with her a few moments and then came over to me and said, "I just met the most perfect girl." In his voice was the implication that I had been holding him back. My immediate response was to say, "No, you haven't. You're just hitting on some girl . . . and you're a priest . . . " Embarrassed, he turned to go.

Picking up my son, I started loving on him as the priest turned to watch. But then the priest left.

Fifth Frame. Something sudden had happened and a woman who had been working in the church had left suddenly (in the spiritual spheres - not yet on the ground). As I was thrust into the position without any training, a lot of frustration was released in the first few weeks just trying to figure out how to do everything that she had done.

The priest at first expressed deep annoyance and frustration, but over time this journey together helped us to build a type of synergy in working together which required the constant checks and balances of proper moral restraint.

Over time, he tried to move in closer and I had to keep him at arms length in order for the proper purpose to be served. This was difficult because I still cared for him very deeply.

Sixth Frame. Against the backdrop of a spiritual reality filled with the aroma of a tropical rainforest, another angelic guardian was trying to bring the priest out of his shell. At one point, she just shook him and said, "I want you to just FEEL something!" But he could not.

Within moments, I found myself running from the rainforest as a group of wild savages had appeared out of nowhere and began shooting at me in the water, over the water as I just ran and ran and finally flew off into the ether. This was a harbinger of a time to come where more persecution would come from the church towards my soul.

Seventh Frame. Something musical had manifested from the ether in another realm and I was talking with another musician. The priest watched the two of us as we walked off hand in hand discussing some things we'd like to try to do with each other blending our musical gifts into one synergetic explosion of sound and spirit.

Eighth Frame. In the spiritual realms, the priest was taking me to a location far away from our parish because he wanted to be alone with me. His intentions were obvious, and unfortunately mutual, but we both resisted the temptation and made sure it did not happen.

Ninth Frame. Another woman had entered into the picture with the priest. In fact, there were

several. But this one in particular had entered in more fully because she was single and available while many of the others whose emotions he toyed with were married and blew him off enough to make them simple flirtations. In the ether, he was allowing this other woman to perform the Holy Mass. Running to find him, I saw him scurrying off into a dark hallway as he felt my wrath in his mistake. This was a sacrilege.

In the meanwhile, my husband was prancing through the church himself. Garbed in the attire of a priest, he was cracking a lot of jokes and making it a very good time for all. There was a joy within him that was missing in our current priest.

Tenth Frame. Angels and demons were all aflame in battle as I fought on the side of the angels. Our priest was unable to see my hidden identity, but I was taking a lot of hits for him.

Eleventh Frame. Seeing the release of one of my latest writings, the priest walked by my vision in the spirit and said, "Very impressive." Then he was gone.

And the words came into my mind, "The purpose unfolds as you release the karma."

Twelfth Frame. Wandering and prancing about in the garb of a cartoonish nun, somebody or something was after me. The priest was there somehow but I couldn't identify his role or purpose. Passing through different chambers, there were about fifty of them between the priest and my childhood. I was trying to prevent them from colliding because on some level I understood that the issues of this priest

perfectly personified the issues of my childhood. And if an eternal mission were to be ignited, those two ends must never meet and he must remain on the outer periphery of the chambers and I must close out the remaining ones for eternity.

Thirteenth Frame. This other woman came to me in a dream to tell me she was having an affair with the priest, but he wouldn't allow anything physical. Then she disappeared.

The priest appeared and said, "I'm confessing to you now that when I was younger I emotionally raped women." At that moment, I understood.

Because he was afraid of following through, he always played with people's emotions and drew them in. But he could only operate in his world of fantasy, and this was very damaging to those who entered into it as reality.

Later she would confide to me her feelings on the ground, only to re-enact the entire saga played out between myself and this priest aforesaid.

Fourteenth Frame. Waiting to meet his family, the priest came towards me in a state of glee. Suddenly, they were there and we were all gathered in a cathedral. "I always wondered what I'd do," he said, "if I found someone I really loved, and I realize I can't handle it." He had prepared a wedding.

What could this mean; perhaps my own interior fantasy, or just a potential between the two of us which could either likely never come to pass, or perhaps represent a uniting for a higher calling rather than a literal marriage. He was very happy, as was his family and I, as we prepared a wedding.

Fifteenth Frame. Standing before the priest and several other women at the church, we'd just gone through helping the other woman who had fallen for the priest. He tried to place much of this sin energetically upon my shoulders, and as a result, in the astral there were thousands of bugs on my body all formed into the Fourteen Stations of the Cross.

As each of the other parishioners would try to 'help' me, they would touch one of the stations and I'd scream out in pain. The women all tried, but then asked the priest to help.

"No!" I cried out. "I want Andy (my husband) to do it."

At that moment, I was delivered.

In another place and time, I saw myself building straw fences and driving really far away to do it. All the people from the church had given me was straw to build a strong fence or boundary which in all lawfulness should have been made of iron. As a result, the straw fences were easily squashed as I stepped through them and left them behind as a useless fray. Straw fences don't hold.

My husband, Andy, now stood before my dying form. Energies swirled around my body of lightning and the Holy Spirit. He said that the power and presence of God so surrounded my soul up until my very last breath and it was visible and profound. Holding my hand and slowly laying me down to the ground, those energies came from my body and into my arm and up into his as he took upon himself the torch of the priesthood of the Holy Spirit.

It had been given to him to carry on my work

when I would depart and the torch had now been
officially passed.

(Fifteen frames = 14 Stations of the Cross and the 15th
which is the resurrection)

CHAPTER NINE
The Confirmation

First Frame. A line of succession emerged from the clouds forming a karmic line of past history which longed to merge with an eternal future. Within its confines, I could see a pattern that was evolving within myself from that of karmic and lustful attraction, to something of a higher order, that of eternal love.

Second Frame. A third-order nun had begun sending me e-mails accusing me of apostasy and heresy. This concerned me as regards my job at the Church. As the astral fury died down in the night and the spirit wind cleared so that I might see, the bishop of our diocese was looking at my web-site, apparently informed of it by the third-order nun.

Rather than finding it offensive, he turned to me and said, "Never could I have imagined something so beautiful coming from one of my parishioners." Reaching out to hug me, I immediately knew I needn't fear his wrath or rejection.

The priest watched quietly as the bishop and I hugged.

Third Frame. "You look pregnant," the old friend said to me from the distance as I looked down and noticed I did look like I was with child, the sign of impending spiritual births.

Within a moment, I was giving birth in the water, but I wasn't sure if the baby had been lost in the water or born safely.

Suddenly, I noticed the priest helping several

women give birth. And he was doing so in a proper manner, with no inappropriate sexual energy attached. It was a good thing for him to assist at this birthing.

Another spirit wind lifted me up and urged me to fly.

Fourth Frame. The colors were Green, Burgundy and Burgundy. Green representing the heart and the Burgundies showing that my energies were still much too deeply entrenched in the root chakra at the base of the spine; earthly, sexual, base.

Standing in an old hotel in what appeared to be the late 1800's or early 1900's, several people I worked with at the church were all present with me. Although we began as the greatest of enemies in that lifetime, we became the deepest of friends. But it came about through our work together which involved a River Trade Route through Asia. The physical closeness eventually created a true spiritual closeness. It was clear that the Lord wished this.

A male spiritual presence made himself clear. "Look at him," he said, referring to the priest, "he's lost. He does everything for superficial reasons." Indeed it was clear. Standing before me was a man who had forsaken the interior for the exterior, and one of his momentary forays into nothingness included playing around with the emotions of women in his parishes. He was losing the mission . . .

One of the other parishioners was just buying things endlessly, obsessed with stuff. The man pointed to her and said, "No, Pointless . . ." I knew that I must be quiet and wait . . . my time would come

if God so willed and the personalities of these players in a potentially eternal drama would rise to the occasion.

Fifth Frame. At a retreat, I was taken through twelve stations represented by places in nature outside that had to do with understanding and accepting my illness. Many of the people present wished to do things their own way, but the Lord was showing me that it was up to me to make the final decision. "Stand tall and take authority!" The spirit told me.

Sixth Frame. The angelic male guardian and my husband, Andy, funneled me unseen through a courtroom (which represented the priest's congregation) to a place of retreat and high vibration to prepare me for the next step.

Seventh Frame. Suddenly, I was flying through the heavens on a long journey which was to culminate in me getting to see Padre Pio in his own time at San Giovanni Rotundo in Italy. When I came in proximity, my spirit quietly landed before a monastery door.

Knocking, Padre Pio opened it and gently waved me in with great respect and concord. Directing my attention behind me, he pointed out that the priest and my children were following me from a short distance behind. "You come in," he said, "and by virtue of them following, they shall come, as well." Stepping in, he treated me with the utmost of cordiality as I basked in the vibration of his holy accord.

Because I was with Padre Pio, I'd missed Mass.

I was given to see that the priest had noticed my absence.

Eighth Frame. The extra-terrestrials had returned to the mountaintop. In a secluded room, they were sending transmissions through a disguised television set into my psyche. No one knew of their presence there except for me. I was hiding them, keeping them secret.

Within moments, one of them gave me a piece of chocolate that somehow carried within it the secrets of St. John Vianney, the Patron Saint of Priests. Inside was also a radioactive material which was disguised in this manner so that I could get it to where it needed to go.

Seconds later, I was standing behind the window at what looked like an automobile body shop. Still holding the chocolates in my hand, an older man dressed in the alb of a priest came towards me with a container of radioactive morsels. Handing them to me, he looked into my eyes deeply. I thought I recognized him, but wasn't sure. Directing me to look behind me, I noticed that there was a race car.

Walking over to the race car, the priest disappeared. But on its surface was painted 'St. John Vianney.' Clearly I was participating in an eternal race which could only be won if ridden on the wheels of the Patron Saint of Priests. Taking the radioactive nuggets in my hand, I suddenly disappeared . . .

A moment flashed, and I stood amongst a gathering of priests. My priest took me and my son aside and into a room, as strange explosions were occurring around the other priests and he wished to

allow them to all ignite and die down before we were re-presented to them.

We were inferred and seen to be husband and wife, but we maintained separate rooms. He and I had united in some marital way in this mission, and he had become somewhat of a protector, although it was completely non-sexual.

Taking me into another secret cloistered room within our quarters, he showed me a sacred scroll. Within it lay the secret of the significance of the radioactive material that the E.T.'s had given me in the form of a chocolate and that given to me by St. John Vianney.

Teaching Jake self-defense, he showed me strange markings on the eggs which indicated more profoundly their secret mysteries. It was clear that there was much more hidden than clear to my mortal eye, and I was to safeguard that which I could not understand by embracing its mystery.

One of the women from the church that he'd allowed himself to get dragged into destructive sexual energy with had walked into the room. As I said "Hello" to her, the priest immediately took me off to the side and gathered all the sacred scrolls and items from the table as if in a fury.

"Everything is now in danger, we must go." He said, as he prepared us to leave our hiding place for yet another. It was clear that any contact with this woman was to be considered as absolute destruction to the mission, and I went with him willingly and readily.

Suddenly, my spirit was wafted to another

space where I was given to see the great evil that was surrounding me coming from all around me. It was necessary for me to maintain caution, because the dark side had every wish to take us down in that which we were about to achieve. Looking for any small thing to grab hold of it was necessary for me to maintain silence.

Ninth Frame. Taken into a future time, I was given to witness that a nuclear bomb which had been sent from our country to another as an act of self-defense, was now turning its direction back towards us. Immediately, I understood this to mean that any attempts at this point of the journey to defend ourselves would be turned on us. We must maintain silence.

The E.T.'s again appeared. "People want to jeopardize that which you are bringing in, and you must TAKE your turn rather than wait for them to offer it to you. They are all too happy to TAKE it for you if you do not."

"If you do not TAKE it," they said, "we will spend another thirty years trying to figure out if what you saw is possible or not. Instead of taking it to the next level and engaging the Quantum Physics behind what makes it do what it does."

Tenth Frame. Two of the women I worked with were keeping tents at the top of an astral mountain. Many women had tents up there along with them. A huge waterway existed (without water in it at this time) leading down the mountain. Small waterways also looped in and out from the crevasses.

Although it was barren up here, it was high in

the mountainous realms of ether. Knowing that nothing could be done unless someone were to ride this ether pathway back to the earth, I took my middle daughter and we rode the barren waterway. Passing several levels along the way, we gathered astronomical data which carried an energy of importance to emerge with us as we plummeted back to the earth. Slipping unnoticed home to the earth below, we observed a very old man living in a cave high atop the mountain. Only we could see him for some reason. His long gray beard and hair surrounded his face, as he wore only a pair of beaten up brown pants. I knew he was a dweller in the desert, perhaps even a desert Father, but did not know his name.

Eleventh Frame. One of the two women who maintained a tent at the top of the mountain but had not yet brought it to earth was trying to get me to wash my hair with molasses. I refused, but she continued pushing. Therein lay one of our serious problems . . .

A moment passed and I was being held captive by another. One of the women who had engaged in destructive sexual energy with the priest was holding me captive against my will. When she slipped off into one of her demonic trances, I snuck away quietly undetected.

But in my house which I supposed would be my refuge after these captivities, I noticed a scorpion lying in wait on the floor. The priest was there, but he ignored it. Turning to the other direction, an ocean tide took me far out to sea. But despite its wish to lead

me astray from my path, I fought the current and got back to the shore anyway.

When I returned, although the priest made no mention of it, the scorpion was gone.

Twelfth Frame. In a reality which seemed to converge on the present and the past, the priest and I had moved into a huge white mansion. Everything was white, and there were large poles or monuments between floors. The priest was dressed in black coattails and seemed to be a distinguished gentleman. We were obviously married in this space, and things were of a high nature. It was as if our matrimony were simply the way things were, whether they were clear to others on the ground or not. We were married in some spiritual way in heart, soul and mind; though not in body.

We were waiting on someone who was to arrive, but he was late.

In one of the rooms was a large pole which jutted from the first to the second floor and was covered in salmon, a sign of abundance and harvest for years to come.

For a moment, the priest and I converged in the white - but it was a completely pure thing beyond all physical boundaries.

When the man whom we were waiting on arrived, he seemed surrounded in question marks. We let that remain for now because we noticed that everybody around us was now pregnant.

Thirteenth Frame. The priest was curious about some of the latest books I'd been working on, this I'd been shown in the etheric heavens. Moments

later, I held a baby girl and had adopted a Native girl and boy. It seemed some things were coming to birth.

Fourteenth Frame. Entering into the empyrean heavens, angels came forth to my soul carrying sentences. There were two main sentences, and each of the two sentences also was brought to finality by a comment placed in parenthesis after it. These sentences spoke of the priest, and it seemed I was making simple statements of truth about the mission entailed between us.

A moment later, one of the angels came to me and said, "You must shut off your Fundus." (Lower Sexual Energy) Embarrassed, because I'd noticed that my sexual center was vibrating and active, I utilized a movement of my will to shut it off. As soon as I did . . . I found myself lying by myself alone in the church before the Blessed Sacrament in Adoration.

Within moments, the church I worshiped in was being lifted up into the Empyrean heaven. And it was there that the priest met me, wearing robes of all white, a symbol of the rising of the lamb on Easter morn and the conquering of the karmic program in order to ignite the eternal.

The next day, our priest announced that he was going to be transferred in six months to another parish five hours away. I was crushed.

Fifteenth Frame. My soul had been given a great honor beyond its worth. In the empyrean heavens, I was wearing a robe similar to that worn by our priest during benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. Standing on the altar of God, our Bishop was serving the Holy Easter Vigil Mass. Two other

priests were assisting him, and I was standing one step below handing him things he'd need during different portions of the Mass. The priest was sitting in the first of many rows of chairs filled with people who had come to witness this special Mass offered only in the Empyrean heavens.

The priest was very clearly one step above myself, although I was on the altar serving the Bishop for this time and he remained in the chairs below the altar.

An interesting twist to this Mass, however, was that we witnessed the sacrifice of the lamb in a very real way. Four spotless lambs were brought up to the altar as the bishop (much in the way the Jewish Rabbi's of old would've done) quietly sacrificed them with a knife by the throat. At each of the lamb's slaughter, I turned my head so as not to watch this part. But I realized that I was seeing the Mass in its fullest sense, because the Mass is the unbloody recreation of Christ's death upon the cross. Thank God that He did not deign it necessary for me to watch Christ literally being crucified on the Easter altar. That would've been too much for me at this juncture.

This vigil lasted for quite some time and there was a great holy reverence surrounding what was happening between the bishop, his two priests, myself and a few others who served on the altar.

At one point, a young girl accidentally ingested some of the blood of the lamb and I helped her to expunge it from her mouth.

It was too much for her to take in the mystery

of the Eucharist in a bloody manner. She, as most of us, required the illusion of bread and wine in order to 'digest' the body and blood of Christ.

During the Holy Vigil, two caskets were brought up to the altar. The first contained a person of whom I did not know, and the Bishop offered the usual Funerary Rituals for his soul. The second was an open casket. Inside was a deceased priest wearing the green robes of ordinary time. Interiorly, I knew he was a Catholic Saint. His name began with U, but that was the only information they would give to me. When his casket was brought to the holy altar, his body sat up in an erect posture before the Lord. The Bishop offered the same Funerary Rituals for his soul before completing the Mass.

After it was over, I made plans to get coats for the tables which were being reserved for the study of scriptures by those who had attended. I found various holy cloths to place on those tables as the crowds began to gather around to study the ancient scrolls which were then placed on top of the tables.

The priest exuded a certain holy pride in that I was from his congregation and assisting the bishop.

Interiorly, I knew that participating in this had been a great holy honor. And I also knew without question that whatever was happening with the transfer of our priest was okay. It would be okay.

(Fifteen frames = 14 Stations of the Cross and the 15th
which is the resurrection)

CHAPTER TEN***The Resolution***

First Frame. In the ether, I was being followed by my brother. He was trying to catch up to me to hurt me somehow. This was not conscious or intentional, it was just that his energy was dangerous to mine. The priest noticed that my brother was after me and quickly responded by trying to head him off. For the moment, I was safe.

Second Frame. The spirit of my deceased priest came to visit me in the rectory where our living priest currently resided. He was in a pair of white shorts and a white t-shirt. Behind him was a young Mexican priest recently ordained under his study. We were both kneeling on the floor, although the energy of the room was fun, good-natured and relaxed.

My deceased priest directed my attention towards an altar which contained the many gifts I'd been giving to the church and he very kindly bowed on his knees at the altar. Smiling at me, he conveyed, "I'm very happy with the gifts you have been giving to the church, and if a new priest is to come with a newly ordained with him, it will truly be okay." I felt immediately that the energy between this older incoming priest and his younger ward would be similar to that which I was experiencing in the room right now; fun, good-natured and relaxed.

Thanking him, I turned and disappeared.

Third Frame. A distant time and place captured my vision as the haunting of another life penetrated my soul.

I was wife to a King in medieval times and we had three daughters and two sons. My daughters were reflected in the souls of my current two girls and one son. They were the same souls. We had a young son named Little Arthur was to be encapsulated in the body of a close friend of mine in this life, but I had an older son who was the very embodiment of the priest in my present day life.

Me and my elder son were very close to one another. But the elder son was arrogant, disobedient and prideful and made huge mistakes. He was portrayed as a fairly violent man who had killed many people in his knightly affairs.

He was the 'disobedient son' who eventually caused the downfall and death of myself and the King.

There was some strange practice shown to me wherein the king and queen would prove their immortality by jumping into the lake, gathering some kind of serpent and eating it. Gross, I know, but that's what it was. One year, I jumped into the lake never to return. I died, never making it out of the water.

And it was shown to me that this was where the 'Lady of the Lake' stories had begun. People would speak of seeing my reflection in the lake after I had died there and I came to be known as the 'Lady of the Lake.' This also seemed to explain well the many experiences I'd had of the 'Pistis Sophia.'

The primary purpose of the experience seemed to be about the elder son who was now embodied in the soul of our priest. Andy, my husband, was embodied in the King. As it was shown to me, the

elder son was NO match for the King who was portrayed as a very valiant knight, warrior and king. The king and queen were very close and very much in love.

But he was our son, and we both wanted to reform him rather than let him go and learn from life. It was very similar to the scenario coming down now wherein our priest was asking to be transferred to another parish because he was unwilling to deal with the very minor problems of complaints at the church.

A voice issued from above saying, "Let him go this time; because he caused both your death and the death of the king before. Let him go this time . . . and perhaps he will return someday as the prodigal son."

Then as now, what God had intended for him was so much greater than that which he had willed into being for himself. But we must let him go this time . . . and let it be.

The very next day at breakfast in the physical waking world as the priest and I were sitting around a circular table with a group from Daily Mass, an old man I've never met before came up to us. Placing his hands on my shoulder, he said, "You guys look like the knights of the round table," pausing, he gazed into my eyes, "And I'm appointing you to keep them in line."

Fourth Frame. Padre Pio appeared to me as a much younger man, in a way I'd never seen him in the spiritual realms before. Appearing at about the age of 35, he was carrying two large rings in his hand. Each looked somewhat like a class or bishop's ring and was sprinkled with the blood of the stigmata

upon it. Handing me the first one, he asked, "Are you willing to accept this?" I said, "Yes." Then handing me the other, he said, "I want you to offer this to Father (the priest). But if he doesn't take it, I will have to find someone else to give it to." Great worry was on his face because the ring signified the profound eternal mission and destiny that we had been trying to energize and embark upon for quite some time. And due to the priests' own free will, he'd been denying it repeatedly for over two years.

We now stood at the crossroads, the final decision had yet to be made. Sending him this message via e-mail, I waited . . .

A few days later, Father made reference to this in one of his sermons. Looking directly at me, he said, "Sometimes people come to you 'in Christ' and their faith experience may be hard to understand . . . or even to believe . . . but we have to remember that they are coming to us 'in Christ' and accept them on their word." At that moment, I knew he was trying to accept Padre Pio's gift.

A few days later, I gave him a third class relic; a rosary that had been touched to the bloody gloves of Padre Pio, and wished him well . . .

Fifth Frame. The Lord bade my soul to fly into the future. Father had returned to our parish, but his hair was almost completely gray. He was watching me working with the youth at the church as I was flying astrally above them while they observed sub-conscious astral.

At this time, I couldn't tell if he'd returned and I was still alive working in this parish, or if I was

working with him spiritually here or elsewhere. But it did appear that he would return, in some way shape or form, we'd be reunited at a later juncture to begin the work of this mission. By the looks of him, it would be 15-20 years.

Music was emanating all over the galactic heavens of a song entitled, 'My Heart will Go On;' a song about souls moving on after death.

It appeared it could go either way. We would either be reunited in this world or in the mystical realms according to the will of God, the Father.

Sixth Frame. The priest and I were in a rowboat. I was sitting quietly in a corner as he stood and rowed us into what I interiorly knew to be the 'River of Knowledge.' All was quiet there.

Seventh Frame. And it was at this time that the apocalyptic battles began again. The battles between good and evil raged in the streets and the waters. In the aftermath, we were going after 'The Beast . . . '

This was a harbinger of things to come, the profound mission and destiny of which we could not ignore. It was to come . . .

Eighth Frame. The priest, although still physically present in our parish and preparing to move within a few weeks, was looking upon my soul in an astral space. An old friend had come to see me, and was hugging me very tightly.

Interestingly, this was another person who had left many years ago not recognizing the gift and the unity that could have existed and been energized at that time. In his happiness to see me, he hugged me tightly and shared with me his lamentations about

not realizing how important I'd been in his life before.

The priest looked on very uncomfortably. Although he wasn't ready to embrace and honor the gift that had been given to him, he wasn't ready to allow anybody else to embrace and honor me in that very same way. But of this he no longer had any choice . . . because he'd made the choice to leave . . . and abort his vital part of the mission.

Ninth Frame. Many hordes of angry demons were following me now, attempting to get to the secret information that I held within my soul. A woman I knew was trying to protect me in the silence of the astral realms, by diverting the attention of the demons long enough to give me a chance to make a break for it and assume my posture of hiddenness once again.

The attacks were merciless, came from every direction and were multi-faceted, multi-layered attacks.

Tenth Frame. In yet another spiritual experience, the priest gave me a small piece of green jade. Explaining, he said, "This is to show you my caring for you."

Eleventh Frame. Gathering the sacred holy relics, I focused primarily on some very old medals that had been scattered about the town. I was gathering them altogether to put them in a safe place before the Apocalypse would hit.

Twelfth Frame. A shift had occurred. In the spiritual realm, I was witnessing a time in the future when the priest and I were in a different town, working together somehow. Something was different,

in that he understood our purpose together and honored it. Taking me to meet some members of his family, I gazed at the future flow.

Thirteenth Frame. Hundreds of dead people from World War II up till present day, about fifty years worth, were waiting for me in a restaurant. Something different about this group of lost souls became immediately evident in that they were all either those who had suffered from mental illness all their lives or the family and friends who had been victimized by that mentally ill person in their perimeter.

Wandering around the room, I was able to free about 30 of the 165 people. But as I was whisked from the scene, an interior understanding came upon my soul in that if I could offer one Mass for their intention, they would all be liberated.

My task was to get the priest involved, to see if he would be willing to do what was asked of him. Upon so placing this task before him, he did offer a Mass for their intentions and they were released.

Fourteenth Frame. In my view was the summit. At the height of the peak was a snow-capped beauty representing the greatest heights of spiritual achievement in this realm. I could see that it was within my reach, but I remained just below surrounded by defilement and wandering through corruption.

Our priest was wandering around and not doing anything about it. So I made a decision that I would go to the summit alone . . . for now. I must let him go and trust that the prodigal son would return if

and when the Lord so deigned.

Fifteenth Frame. My health declining temporarily, I found myself praying that if my death were nearing that the Lord might allow me to die a pure death.

My spirit emerged on the plain of a beautiful rolling, green hill which looked somewhat like Ireland. A priest was standing at the head of an open and freshly dug grave reading prayers from a book. He wasn't dressed in the priestly garb of present day, but more like the 1700's would be my guess. My sister was there and I asked her who had died. She said a few things that made me think it was our mother, and I was very sad. But then, three female angels approached me, one with short blonde hair. She began speaking in poetry about someone who had died young, and I interiorly knew that this grave was my own and not my mother's. Looking to the angel with the short blonde hair, I said, "Okay, well . . . did I die a pure death?" I had recently gone to confession and done a fairly intensive self-examination. "You need to go back and confess the sin of 'envy' and that of 'obsessing about previously committed sins of vanity that you've already confessed.'" Nodding at her, I asked her to repeat them so I would not forget and she did. Within moments, I was fading from the scene.

I confessed those sins shortly thereafter. I had a sense that though my death could certainly be coming, it could also be an answer to prayer - whether I was close to death or not - in that I wished to be sacramentally pure.

(Fifteen frames = 14 Stations of the Cross and the 15th
which is the resurrection)

CHAPTER ELEVEN

The Reality

First Frame. Surrounding me in their ardor, the medicine women were chanting outside my windows. Joining them in their mystical prayer, we united.

The priest had come towards me making a gesture of unity. He asked me, "Do you want to make a whole new life together?" I said, "Yes."

Second Frame. One of my daughters had an experience. Standing aside the priest and herself, I was patiently waiting for the axe to fall. Things had been up and down with him for months, and I seemed to be in a space of surrender to whatever unkindness he might lunge my way. But that didn't happen . . .

Instead, he began asking me my opinion about something and we began talking. My daughter left the room and came back later in what seemed like an aeon of time - perhaps before, during and after he'd left - and we were still talking.

She said it felt like he'd always known that it would be good for him to ask my opinion about things. But now he was coming out of the closet about it.

A moment later, he was sitting with our entire family ensconced in an energy field with us. He had become a member of the family and he was wearing casual clothes indicating our level of familiarity and comfort of being together.

Third Frame. In the ethereal heavens, I saw

myself standing quietly and pertly with several other women . . . all garbed in full nun's habits of black and white with full head cover. I was told by the angel aside me that we were sister's of the Sacred Heart. In this space, I was a true, completely consecrated nun. It was clearly energetically delineated that I had passed through my twelve years of formation and I was a true veteran. And in this space, that energetic reality was not only completely honored but displayed in a very powerful way. It was something that just 'was.'

Later in the day, I would realize that our new priests were coming from the parish of the 'Sacred Heart.' And it felt very much that this experience was letting me know that things would go well, that I was already fully consecrated to my Lord and that all was well with God.

But before I could leave this beautiful space filled with poofy clouds and a wondrous array of light, I began to hear the voice of what I perceived to be the Lord speaking to me. In a mysterious way, the priest was given to hear the words, as well. "You will be asked to give your life for someone . . . and you will do it." He said. Within moments, I was seeing someone, although I was unable to be certain of their personage. There was some kind of deathbed conversion going on, and the scent of roses permeated the room. And as I stood in my full habit, the Lord ended with these words, "And you did give your life." Almost as if it had already occurred . . .

Fourth Frame. Sitting quietly in an abandoned cafeteria eating my lunch, I was fully aware that the

priest and the others involved at the church were eating a banquet in a nearby and adjoining cafeteria. But I had chosen to remain alone, sit quietly and step back . . . to respect what I perceived as the others wish that I do so.

I was perfectly content to remain solitary, quiet and apart from the crowds. But the priest came towards me and grabbed my hands basically ordering me to join the others. There was a certain understanding in his action that he acknowledged the reality of how I'd been pushed back and aside, and that he also knew that I didn't deserve that because I truly belonged there just like everyone else. I sheepishly got up and prepared to join the group.

Fifth Station. Standing in the cardiologists office (in the spirit), he was treating an elderly gentleman with a similar heart condition as mine and regarding it with supreme seriousness. The priest observed from a window at the side, and he nodded to me that he understood that I, too, was facing a very serious situation; and that even though I hadn't died yet, that my daily struggle was a difficult one.

I smiled and then we both disappeared.

Sixth Station. Standing amidst a gathering at some type of center for Pope John Paul II, the people were working to gather and organize the deceased Pope's writings on the family. But walking amidst the crowds was Pope John Paul II, appearing as he had around 1978 when elected Pope. He was strong and vital and chuckling. "Even though I was such a strong supporter and strong writer on the family within the church," he said, "even I didn't really get it." Nodding,

I understood immediately that he was speaking to me about the phenomenon of some priests to not understand the nature of raising children, the behavioral outbursts they have at church, and the unpredictableness of family life.

As the crowds continued scurrying about, they didn't notice that the former pope was standing amongst them wearing the clothes of a layman; a pair of light brown pants with a plaid flannel shirt.

Continuing to walk amongst the crowds, he smiled at me again and winked before I disappeared.

Seventh Frame. The nuclear bomb had gone off without warning as we were sitting quietly on the mountain reading our books. I was sitting on the mountaintop with two other people who are very close to me.

As soon as the bomb was detonated, I interiorly realized that everything we'd known had just now changed. We had to go. Getting up to leave, I directed them both to join me. One of them got up, but the other continued to read on the mountain and said, "Oh, you guys go ahead. I'll stay here." "If you stay here, you'll die." I replied. Everything we've known has completely changed. We must go now and move with the changes also.

But he was stuck, unable to modify his path. In his mind, he had a plan for himself, and wasn't able to alter it. This was not good, for an eternal program must always be prepared for sudden and expected change.

Explaining this to him, we prepared to step forward into the new future that appeared before us

as the past died away into the night with no more than a passing glance.

We had to leave him behind . . .

Eighth Frame. In a spiritual realm, I was living energetically in a separate quarters with the priest from the rest of the congregation. This fact, in this mystical realm, was well-known and no one made any comment about it. But upon returning to my quarters, I learned that a young, blonde, French socialite had moved in my place. The priest didn't have the courage to face me, so he let the woman tell me what had come to pass.

At first, I quietly began walking away because I knew that I shouldn't have been there myself in the first place. And it seemed that leaving quietly would be best. But on second thought, I turned back and insisted that he speak to me. Irregardless of whether or not what we had been doing was correct as regards to his position as a priest and I, a parishioner; we had been doing it and he owed me an explanation. (All mystical realm experience.)

Ninth Frame. Bordering on a bluish realm, I was given to observe the priest when being presented with myself and my sister. This was an interesting contrast because my sister and I couldn't be further from being alike. As you may know, I had a deep spiritual life and was very much involved in my religious path and mystical reality. My sister, although very successful in the material world, was an agnostic and had no interest or belief in God.

He was coming on to both of us.

"Oh, I see," I said, "He really is attracted to all

females, it really never had anything to do with who I am at all." Turning, I walked away . . .

Tenth Frame. The legion of space captains had come to my husband, Andy, in the dark of the night revealing a power beyond his imagining. It was revealed to him that an emergency meeting had been called in the heavens because the priest was about to abort the mission. Everyone was scurrying about trying to come up with ways to save it, to bring him back into the fold, or do whatever it would take to re-energize the mission. A captain approached Andy and said, "He's going to abort the mission, but you are hereby ordered to continue to behave as if he's not going to. Continue forward even though this is inevitable."

My husband awoke with a powerful and sincere recognition of the importance of this mission which was about to be lost because the priest had decided that what he wanted for his life would be better than what God had planned. It was so very sad, if only he could have understood . . . What God had intended for him was so much greater than anything he could've fathomed for himself.

We continued as if he weren't going to abort the mission as instructed, but we grieved this great loss as a family.

Shortly thereafter, the priest left. Gone forever, it seemed?

Eleventh Frame. My deceased priest appeared to me in a fantastic realm filled with blues of all shades swirling in magnificent array. Speaking quietly, he gave me four moments in the life of Jesus

Christ to meditate upon saying that this was a devotion that the Lord wished to be made manifest through my hands. Trying very hard to hear and remember these four things, I focused on his face which was filled with a smile.

It seemed that this visit had been ordained because of the recent departure of our priest from our parish. He'd left to go serve a new parish one night before.

Handing me something invisible which he placed in my hands, I suddenly saw my own father standing about 20 feet away from me. He didn't appear as he would at his current age, but more like he was years ago when he was an abusive and violent younger man. Without thinking, I instinctively sent a laser beam from that hand into my father which rendered him unable to harm me any further ever again.

My deceased priest again pronounced the four moments in the life of Christ for which I should meditate and he said, "If you don't do this, things will go bad. But if you do, many will be converted."

I remembered the very first experience I'd had in the beginning of this book wherein Christ had told me of such a devotion. He'd taken me into the heavens and allowed me to watch the last four moments before His death, and told me to 'Watch and wait . . . ' But was this a truly new devotion? Or something already in place which I needed to practice . . . like the Way of the Cross? I wasn't yet sure.

Suddenly, he disappeared and I began to wake. I was no longer able to remember the four

moments I'd been given in the vision moments ago.

Twelfth Frame. In a primordial sphere, I stood naked in purity before a tree as my former priest looked on with a very sad expression. As he did, I swayed back, forth, back, forth and heard the words 'God's Greater Glory, God's Greater Glory, God's Greater Glory' over and over in my head.

Thirteenth Frame. Having crossed over the mountain pass in spirit to the new location of our former priest, he was engaging in some sort of activity which seemed meaningless.

It was made known to me, however, that the ice was beginning to crack on the mountain pass between our current abodes, and I must ask his permission to leave early for home so that I might get back in time before the ice was to crack fully.

He nodded in agreement that I may go early as a heavenly watchman appeared at my side and said, "She is going to cross over the pass as Gemma Galgani."

Surprised and honored, Gemma Galgani was a young Catholic saint who bore the wounds of Christ, had many mystical visions, but also had Cardiomyopathy. She was too sick to enter a convent, but lived a consecrated life within her own home and died at the age of 33.

Fourteenth Frame. In the spirit, our former priest came back to visit our parish, but quickly left when he realized that the congregation had already become quite comfortable with our two new priests.

Fifteenth Frame. The women from our church were gathered in the ethereal realms as nuns living in

a home together with a common objective. Four of us, there were two who were obsessed with DOING many things, and I and one other were trying very hard to get them to BE.

A voice issues from above. "Don't EVER let them make you change your creed or be anything other than Catholic!" Nodding, the ether receded.

(Fifteen frames = 14 Stations of the Cross and the 15th
which is the resurrection)

CHAPTER TWELVE

The Resurrection

First Frame. The earth's crust was cracking as I was silently taken below the sea to see that there were two more fissures arising from the ocean's bottom. Two massive storms were now arising from the depths near a beach somewhere.

An angel approached and said, "I think you're getting closer to death, you need to take it easy."

Second Frame. In the spiritual realms, our former priest was angry. I was shown many frames of his frustration and lamentation as he held his hands in his head and sighed great heaves of overwhelmed trepidation as inner turmoil enveloped his spirit. I watched in silent sorrow.

Third Frame. He came to now watch me in the spiritual spheres as I worked with three branches of spirits from three families needing help for deceased family members. We continued through the night in a powerful vibratory pattern for his benefit alone.

Fourth Frame. Standing upon an island, the Lord bade me to witness in the skies the New Jerusalem Temple Mount. Bowing in holy honor, I was bathed in love.

Fifth Frame. As I continued to bask, a spirit came upon me and shoved me off of the island as I swiftly soared in the spirit into the skies. "You are being pushed into the Eagle Way." He said, as I remembered that the eagle way is the path of the mystic. Though I'd spent many months on the ground doing worldly things, the Lord was bidding my soul

back to the heavens from which it originated to continue my quest for my Almighty King.

Landing high upon a mountaintop, I looked below at the Mass Retain. As I did so, I noticed that my family had joined me and our new priest gave us a blessing.

An amethyst rainbow appeared in the sky as I saw myself leaving the classes at our church early because the Lord deigned that I was not to finish them. They were a hindrance to my true spiritual journey of union with Him. They embraced intellectual knowledge, but completely ignored experiential.

Sixth Frame. In a spiritual experience, our former priest came to see my son and gave him a lengthy hug. But a wind came and swept the former priest away.

As he did so, I saw the priest's soul and the three demons who occupied his home. They lived with him quite comfortably, although the Lord did not allow me to see which vices they ordained. But as the former priest was swept away, so were these three. The demons disappeared from *my* world without a trace. We would no longer share them, they would be entirely his own.

Speaking as if to the priest's soul, I shouted out, "I know what I know! And what's true remains true whether or not others are able to see below the surface or not. There is a demonic presence being fed by these vices of which you choose not to speak. And because we are dealing with a principality and a power, it becomes DUTY to work towards its

purification rather than to ignore its reality." He couldn't hear me . . . so I bowed my head to pray for him as I witnessed the interior struggle of his soul.

Seventh Frame. Coming again to see me, the former priest arrived at a party happening in the ethereal realms. A couple was talking about how hard it is for married folks to stay together, and he came directly towards me, looked me in the eye and said, "But it is so much harder not to be able to be with yhr one you care deeply about." He said, as he embraced me.

An eternal element was emerging within his sub-conscious. He was awaking to and realizing the gift of eternal love no matter its essential end. Love in and of itself is a gift. And love, by itself, is sometimes enough. And God, because He IS love, utilizes this power and force to bring about all manner of things in this world. Love is not relegated to the realm of lust and sex; that is to diminish its true nature. Love in its highest expression, remains eternal and can BE irregardless of circumstance.

Eighth Frame. As the heavens heaved a mighty splendor, I stood upon a planet as another planet was coming upon mine with great velocity carrying the soul of my former priest. The galactic heavens were powerful tonight as this grand conjunction was about to occur.

Something odd became apparent as he moved closer in that he bore the signs of being full-term pregnant, actually already in the act of giving birth. Spaceships hovered around both of our planets as their lights permeated the heavens.

As the planets collided, I fell prostrate to the ground with my face upwards. Arms outstretched as in the form of a cross, I noticed that my former priest and several alien life forms were holding my arms in place as this conjunction was actively engaging.

"He is going to connect with you and ignite the birth." One said as I noticed that my body could not move. Then the former priest spoke. "Oh," he sighed, "I've hurt her so much by keeping this from her." Immediately, I understood that he was referring to the purpose of this grand conjunction, what this 'birth' was meant to impart in both of our worlds. He was greatly relieved that he was now being allowed to reveal the master plan of this entire journey, although I still did not understand.

In great relief, he fell at my feet and sighed, "I've finally been allowed to tell her how much I feel for her. It's been so painful to keep this from her." Shocked, I didn't know what to think of that statement, but just took it in. I inherently knew he was referring to the previous experience wherein he finally shared his feelings on some level with my soul.

But there was no time to contemplate this. The planets were colliding, and those around me were waiting for me to show them signs of life by moving. Shaking my hands violently, the former priest grabbed them and stopped me from moving further. "It's too soon," he said, "you are resurrecting from the dead. You must allow these energies to come into you slowly or they can hurt you." The amazing power of this moment cannot be described. But although I could not understand the import of this moment, I

sensed his great relief in being given permission to let me see that there was a huge master plan in this conjunction.

I received an almost miraculous partial healing shortly thereafter, but I did not know if this was the purpose. He never clarified it during the experience.

Ninth Frame. A grouping of Mother Teresa statues in various postures were placed before my soul. I chose the one that held a child in each hand with the wind blowing through her veils, representing my task as a mother and as a mystical writer. A nun appeared wearing a dark habit of a different order, "It is your books that make you beautiful, my child." She said, as we all disappeared.

Tenth Frame. My husband and I were de-icing what appeared to be a mountain couple retreat. As we were doing so, we were momentarily brought back and forth to another very cosmic space wherein we were surrounded by the galactic heavens and an eternal acknowledgement of us as a 'very romantic' couple.

In this space, our sexuality and romance was considered holy, eternal and sacred. It was not something apart from God. This surprised me, but felt very comfortable and true. Our eternal unity had now become manifest and clear again, through purification from false elements within both of us. And in this cleansing, we had reignited the eternal flame of unity which underscored our sacramental marriage.

Eleventh Frame. Suddenly, it was no longer safe to be in the public eye. In the realm of the spirit, our new priests and their order had given me and my

kids disguise habits so that they could set us in hiding amongst their order from the world. Gathering my books and transmitters from all public buildings, I took them within and settled deep within a cloister within the spiritual world claiming the protection of the true priesthood of Christ.

No matter the cost, I could not give up my religious life. It was just who I was. I took the objects of wisdom within myself and disappeared . . .

Twelfth Frame. The Lord deigned to allow my soul to enter into several spheres where our former priest resided. Innumerable realms of defilement were the result of his desire to completely repress his sexuality, and in truth, it had caused him to obsess more about his sexuality in his unconscious mind. By denying his human nature, he'd become more obsessed with it.

Another mystical observer spoke with him in the spiritual spheres when a heavenly realization came upon her. She shouted and ran towards me, "He's not doing what God wants him to do! He's not doing what God wants him to do!"

Thirteenth Frame. Another priest friend of ours appeared to me in the mystical realm. "I see a good spiritual energy around you," he said, "you can trust your instincts." It was made clear that he would come back into our lives, and he did make contact with us the very next day. He'd never initiated contact with us before of his own accord. A flame was being ignited.

Fourteenth Frame. The end times were upon us, schools were closing, the atmosphere was caving

in, it was not even safe to breathe the air. As I began to fall backwards and into trance, a heavenly messenger beckoned the worldly people to watch. "This soul has gotten very sick in order to try to avert the cataclysm for mankind." He said. Although I was unable to avert the cataclysm, my suffering had somehow alleviated some of the sufferings mankind would have undergone.

But the people were all gathering shovels, digging holes and doing things which were pointless and unhelpful. "Blasphemer!" They shouted to the heavenly messenger about me as he said this. "Blasphemer, blasphemer . . ." Many of these souls did not believe that suffering could atone for sin because they had never embraced the true doctrine of the cross.

As I lay in trance as if dead in his arms, he shouted to them. "Watch . . ." he said, "and wait." They were then given to watch the last four moments of my life, just as I'd watched the last four moments of Christ's life on the cross, until I had passed away.

But only a moment passed between my death and my awakening to new life - resurrection, the fifth step. Re-emerging in new consciousness, I quietly walked away as they continued to shout, "Blasphemer, blasphemer My spirit simply disappeared and was reabsorbed into God.

Fifteenth Frame. The heavens began to rumble and roar as they opened to reveal that the mission was no longer aborted, but yet to begin again with the two new priests who had been brought into our lives and had taken me into the interior cloister.

The intense power of the moment overwhelmed me as the Lord allowed me to see the light within them that had been kindled in the pursuance of our newfound protectorate. There was a very special and important relationship between my son and one of these priests which had been energized by the Lord. An angel shouted across the heavens, "The mission continues . . . it is not lost!" As I heard these words, I saw a stairway to heaven open in my bedroom wall through the tapestry of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. The power of heaven came upon me and all of us in this space and extreme excitement filled me. A terrible and immense sorrow lingered, however, for the one that I had lost.

Within moments, myself and my two younger children were wearing the garb of a religious order and we again being hidden and protected by these two priests and the rest of their religious brothers in a cloister in the realms of spiritual ether. On some level, they had an understanding of our need to be hidden and protected from the outside world and did so instinctively.

A moment later, I was again in my own home, but looked outside the window to see one of the priests guarding it in plain clothes to protect us for the mission.

And a final moment later, I was taken into the church at a later time when all the people knew I was a mystic and it was a very positive thing that they knew this. The mission was safe, despite its abortment by an original founding member.

But there remained great sorrow in my soul.

And there was one more thing the Lord required of me to move forward into this new space. He bade me I must tell the priest I cared for of my feelings for him. I was to do it knowing that he would probably never respond, and that it would be a very difficult and painful thing for me to do.

I sent him a letter.

The Lord allowed me to see him once in a while after this. At a special Mass which we traveled to attend, he didn't speak to me but his mother told me of his many difficulties and how he'd regretted ever leaving. It was too late, it could not be fixed. But I caught him looking at me from afar from across the room many times with a pained expression.

And then someone very close to me experienced this astral. His mother came to speak with her. Heavenly images, sounds and intensities surrounded this visitation. She saw the priest who was struggling with a constant ache in his heart which was very difficult for him. But he had no intention of doing anything about it, because it was very important to him what other people thought of him. His mother said, "He went through this before, but this time it's much deeper." She saw the image of another woman from a long time ago, but instinctively understood that this loss was deeper and more painful.

Pausing, they both looked at her son, the priest, who was going through the process of grief. He continued to struggle with that unnamable something which had come upon him with the same power and force with which it had come upon me.

It is love, and it is not something for which one should be ashamed. God is love, and love is always a gift from God. It needn't be denied even if it doesn't mean that you can be together. Shall we prefer to be friends with those we feel less for? Or should we honor love, because God is that? And in so doing, honor the many manifestations of His love that He chooses to bring into our lives.

As for me, I'd stopped the karmic cycle. Neither he nor I would die without him knowing my true feelings. He would know that it was true, profound, meaningful and real. Neither he nor I would die without him knowing that I honored it in the context of also honoring the sacrament of marriage and the vows of his priesthood. I would hold onto this as a gift, just as Christ had told me to do.

But for now, and perhaps forever, he would deny it because he didn't know or understand God, yet. And therefore, he remained uncomfortable with God's greatest gift which is love.

So I would mourn this loss with great compunction. Moving forward required me to grasp a hold of the mission with those who had accepted its charge. In no way could I abort my own eternal path in order to unite with this person I cared for deeply who was no longer following the will of God. I wanted to, but I could not because my Lord MUST be my final Master.

Moving forward into a newly formed mission with those who were intrinsically in line with the will of God gave me joy, but also filled me with an

intensive sorrow; a sorrow that sometimes seemed to never end. But no longer a sorrow of love unexpressed or denied on my part. On his part, he retained silence.

The tears came powerfully as if someone had died, as if he'd been lost to me forever. But I would see him from time to time, and continue to support his vocation in prayer. All that he'd been in my life was dead, gone, out of my grasp, out of my life. I experienced despair before understanding would even give an inkling of coming upon my horizon. And in that despair, the idea came to me that I must focus on that temple my husband had seen. In my despair, I lifted my eyes to the heavens and accepted its silence, as well.

Let it be done unto me according to Your word, Oh Lord.

“ . . . I say to you, unless a grain of wheat falls to the ground and dies, it remains just a grain of wheat; but if it dies, it produces much fruit.”

The Holy Bible, New Testament, John 12:24 (Words of Christ)

(Fifteen frames = 14 Stations of the Cross and the 15th which is the resurrection)

EPILOGUE

Despite the fact that my husband and I got back together, within another year we again had to separate due to the same destructive issues. Perhaps this is a story that is *meant* to have no final end . . . because life is ongoing and ever changing.

It is only meant to help the traveler along the

road of love which can be guaranteed to offer one thing only - and that is uncertainty.

Love grows, love dims, love changes . . . only God knows what lies beyond this. Love in itself is not a sin, but if expressed in a way contrary to the will of God, it becomes so. I'd like to leave you with the simple thought which is that 'love is.'

The hard part is that sometimes God's will does not come with a final concrete answer. Love is and always will be a hugely important part of our human experience. And because of this, we will always seek to understand its many manifestations. But in the end, if we watch and wait despite the touch of the nails that pierce our souls by doing so, we are more inclined to discover God's will in each of these manifestations and to walk with a more sure footing of the righteousness of our path. Sometimes we can't control what we feel or do not feel for others. But in the end, it will always come down to the simple fact that 'love is.' And when it truly is, no matter the purpose, it remains a gift from God - even though touching the nails of such an uncertainty as this may cause you to bleed. You can't make it happen, nor can you make it go away. When love happens, it just is.

"For even as love crowns you so shall he crucify you. Even as he is for your growth so is he for your pruning. Even as he ascends to your height and caresses your tenderest branches that quiver in the sun, so shall he descend to your roots and shake them in their clinging to the earth. Like sheaves of corn he gathers you unto himself. He threshes you to make you naked. He sifts you to free you from your husks.

He grinds you to whiteness. He kneads you until you are pliant; And then he assigns you to his sacred fire, that you may become sacred bread for God's sacred feast. All these things shall love do unto you that you may know the secrets of your heart, and in that knowledge become a fragment of Life's heart. But if in your fear you would seek only love's peace and love's pleasure, then it is better for you that you cover your nakedness and pass out of love's threshing floor into the seasonless world where you shall laugh, but not all of your laughter, and weep, but not all of your tears. Love gives naught but itself and takes naught but from itself. Love possesses not nor would it be possessed;

For love is sufficient unto love."

The Prophet, Kahlil Gibran, On Love

Touched by the Nails

(Watch and Wait)

A Karmic Journey Revealed

By Marilyn Hughes

The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation!

www.outofbodytravel.org



Photo by Harvey Kushner

Finally, a road map for those of us (which means all of us) who remain stationed to this mortal realm we call Earth because of unidentified, unrecognized or improperly handled karmic liaisons.

How do you determine which path in your life is merely a karmic one . . . or one of a higher eternal nature? What do you do when powerful feelings emerge within you and you don't know how to properly respond? What if what you believe you want at some point of your earthly journey, aren't what you believe God probably wants for you? Yet, what if you still continue to struggle with the powerful emotions that both karmic and eternal programs can create and sustain.

'Touched by the Nails: Watch and Wait' is an allegorical (but true) tale expanding on the last four moments of Christ's death on the cross. This allegory is spoken in mystical language, the language of a seer. But the reader is asked to seek the knowledge by understanding this: The last four moments of Christ's death on the cross are provided to us as a symbol and a reality of each of our own last four moments (transitions, stages, purifications) that must be traveled before a true and complete death of karma can take place. As Jesus lay dying on the cross, he was dying for sin. And each of us, must too, die to sin and thus to karma. So look to the cross, and begin to learn the language of the mystical realm from whence this unusual vigil will take place. By doing so, you will open your eyes to the knowledge contained within it.

Open your heart to know.

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