

The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation Journal:
'Discerning your Vocation in Life by Learning the Difference Between
Knowledge and Knowing!'
Issue Six!

By Marilyn Hughes

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



Official Dove of the Out-of-Body Travel Foundation!
**(To have your Questions, Articles,
Poetry or Art included in future
editions, submit to:
MarilynnHughes1@outofbodytravel.org!)**

Copyright © 2006, Marilyn Hughes

All rights reserved, including the right to reproduce this work or portions thereof in any form whatsoever without permission in writing from the publisher and author, except for brief passages in connection with a review.

All credits for quotations are included in the Bibliography.

For information, write to:

The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation!

www.outofbodytravel.org

MarilynnHughes@aol.com

If this book is unavailable from your local bookseller, it may be obtained directly from the Out-of-Body Travel Foundation by going to www.outofbodytravel.org.

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

Books by Marilyn Hughes:

Come to Wisdom's Door

How to Have an Out-of-Body Experience!

The Mysteries of the Redemption

A Treatise on Out-of-Body Travel and Mysticism

The Mysteries of the Redemption Series in Five Volumes

(Same Book - Choose Your Format!)

Prelude to a Dream

Passage to the Ancient

Medicine Woman Within a Dream

Absolute Dissolution of Body and Mind

The Mystical Jesus

GALACTICA

A Treatise on Death, Dying and the Afterlife

THE PALACE OF ANCIENT KNOWLEDGE

A Treatise on Ancient Mysteries

Near Death and Out-of-Body Experiences
(Auspicious Births and Deaths)
Of the Prophets, Saints, Mystics and Sages in World Religions

The Voice of the Prophets
Wisdom of the Ages - Volumes 1 - 12

Miraculous Images:
Photographs Containing God's Fingerprints

Miraculous Images and Divine Inspirations!

CHILDREN'S BOOKS

Teaching Stories of the Prophets in World
Religions for Young People!
(Ages 10 to Adult)

World Religions and their Prophets for Little Children!
(Ages 2 - 8)

The Former Angel! - A Children's Tale
(Ages 2 - 8)

Our Series of Books for Little Children on the
Miraculous!
(Ages 2 - 8)

Miraculous Images for Little Children!
Illuminated Manuscripts for Little Children!
The Tree of Life from Around the World for Little Children!
Apparitions of Jesus and Mary for Little Children!
Bleeding and Weeping Statues for Little Children!
Eucharistic Miracles for Little Children!
Stigmatists for Little Children!

Visions of the Soul Leaving the Body at Death from Around the World
for Little Children!

Visions of Heaven and the Afterlife from Around the World for Little
Children!

Incorruptibles for Little Children!

The Mystery of the Key to Heaven!
(Ages 2 - 10)

The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation Journals

*Journal One: The Importance of the Seven Virtues and Vices in
Understanding the Practice of Out-of-Body Travel!*

*Journal Two: My Out-of-Body Journey with Sai Baba, Hindu
Avatar!*

*Journal Three: The History of 'The Out-of-Body Travel
Foundation!'*

Journal Four: A Menage of Wonderful Writers and Artists!

Journal Five: The Stories of Cherokee Elder, Willy Whitefeather!

*Journal Six: Discerning your Vocation in Life by Learning the
Difference Between Knowledge and Knowing!*

Go to our Web-Site:

The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation!

www.outofbodytravel.org

For More Information!

CONTENTS:*The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation Journal:*

'Discerning your Vocation in Life by Learning the Difference Between
Knowledge and Knowing!'

Issue Six!

By Marilyn Hughes

**'Discerning your Vocation in Life by Learning the Difference
Between Knowledge and Knowing!'** 6

Question and Answer Forum! 12

Different Voices! 14

'Five Foot Nothin' of a Guardian Angel,' Dr.
James Lee Choron 15

'Spirit Dreams & OBE's,' T. Stokes 27

'Scientists and Psychic Antenna,'
T. Stokes 32

'The Ten Commandments,' J.D. Simbeck 35

'The Natural Order of Light and Dark,'
Andrew Peretti 36

Our Special Christmas Story:

'Would you go the Distance?,' Louise
and Aaron Bieber 39

The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation Journal:

'Discerning your Vocation in Life by Learning the Difference Between Knowledge and Knowing!'

Issue Six!

By Marilyn Hughes

There is a difference between knowledge and knowing. Knowledge is acquired intellectual learning, whereas knowing is experience with God, union with God. The two are entirely different experiences in that the first can contain much false knowledge, while the second is absolute truth containing no falsehood beyond all words. This kind of knowing cannot be put into words, and if any attempt is made to do so, it is no longer knowing. This is so because it becomes contaminated by the intellect and worldly concepts which cannot contain the all-powerful essence of God.

As you try to discern what it is you'd like to do with your life, I recommend that you step back. Does your ego get involved when you think 'callings' in that certain things are more 'noble' in your mind so that whatever you think might be the most 'noble,' is what you want to do? Contemplate an ancient saying from the Bhagavad Gita which states: If you give up what you are meant to do in order to do something that is not yours, you will lose what which was not yours and that which was yours both.

What does this mean? I guess I'd like you to contemplate a garbage man. Let me ask you this question. If God wishes this man to be a garbage man, is it a higher calling for him to go to medical school and become a doctor? I would hope that you would say no, because God calls us each to things. And despite the way society views

certain vocations, the world cannot live without any one of them. Without garbage men, we're all screwed. Forgive my bluntness. We should treat those who do this thankless job with a great deal of respect because not only are they doing a job for which they are not well paid, but they are also often given a certain societal stigma, they are often viewed at the bottom of the totem pole in society and our world can't function without them. In essence, they are sacrificing MUCH more than most of us to do God's will in their life.

Many years ago, we had lived across the street from a family of five kids who had all witnessed their mother's death in a car accident due to a drunk driver. One of the young sons was nine years old and is now about twenty one. He had suffered minor brain damage, but it affected his ability to learn. Many of us wondered if he'd ever be able to do anything. Recently, I spoke with his mother and found that he's holding a job as a garbage collector, and I was so proud of him. He's living in a group home for the handicapped which provides assistance and he's very happy. His mom said he may never be able to do anything but pick up garbage because of his ability to learn, but he's happy and he's doing God's will. And we are all benefiting from his vocation and sacrifice. No one will ever tout his name like they do Mother Teresa or others of the saints, but God knows his heart and soul. He knows what he suffered, and how he's gained victory since that horrible moment. And God will reward him greatly for his humility, grace and perseverance.

This takes me to the next level. What if you could never do anything at all? What if tomorrow you were paralyzed from the neck down and people had to take care of you? Would your life still have meaning? Or would it not be

good enough because you're not doing something mighty and noble like saving Africa? What if that's what God wanted you to do - simply survive and be here? Would it be good enough, or would your ego struggle with that?

So we come back to your vocation in life. I'm not saying that such noble things are not a good thing to think about or to strive for if God so wills. But as long as you strive for them because you believe them to be superior to other paths in this life than you have missed the point. And as long as you discern your vocation in life this way, you cannot find it. Because you must allow God to show you His will, even if He may choose to give you a more humble calling, or ask you to do something that a lot of other people do. What if He needs that from you?

So what's my point? Maybe nothing. But I believe I am trying to tell you that I think it would be very beneficial to you to start approaching your discernment without any preconceived notions about what is more 'noble' or better or holier. Let God tell you where He needs you. In other words, get out of His way. And be ready and willing to accept His call no matter where He leads you, even if to the most humble of places where no recognition will come your way.

Let me ask you to ponder this. When Mary and Joseph were given this great task to care for Our Lord, they knew they would do this all their lives without anybody knowing who they were, no recognition, utter ridicule, a great deal of torturous suffering and their reward would truly be only in heaven. Nobody knew who they were until they were long dead, and many other Christians along with them.

Pope John Paul II had to work in the rock pits and simply survive WWII in Poland before God could even begin with him.

Mother Teresa, one of the greatest saints of our time, did not change the world. After she died, more wars broke out than before. And think deeply on this . . . Jesus Christ did not change the world, either. He made redemption possible, but people are just as corrupt today as they were in His time. This teaches you something. You CAN'T change the world, and it is arrogant for you to think you can when your own Lord couldn't do it. But you CAN change your own little corner of the world. And through obedience to God's will for you, no matter how humble or exalted a place he gives you in this world, you will find the vocation that will serve God the most and bring the most love to the earth that you possibly can. But you still won't change the world. Even when you're gone, everything will continue; vice, violence, destruction, etc. But you will probably change a lot of individual people's lives by the impact you make on them.

Let me tell you of a mystical experience I had years ago. Several very large angels came to me and showed me the two outcomes of my life. The first was that I would try to change the world. In this image they showed vines and roots coming from below the earth and holding me tight to the ground. I was trapped, suffocated and nothing was truly accomplished. The second was to change my own little corner of the world in which I was shown a very happy, joyous family who had prospered much spiritually and risen above that of this world. I was shown friends and others scattered around the world who would be forever changed by my work, but they were few and far between.

I say the same to you, be happy with whatever God gives you to do. Be joyous about whomever He gives you to serve. Don't count the numbers, don't count the cost, just be blissful every time the Lord places you in a position to fill a need.

God rewards us when we are obedient. He rewards us when we are willing to be patient and wait upon Him. He rewards us when we choose to be joyful about doing His work whether it involves one soul or thousands, whether it involves working with other people or cleaning up trash.

The late Father Eddie used to constantly comment on the holiness of changing a diaper. Find the holiness in your everyday activity, in everything you do, and you will find peace. Find this holiness in following God no matter how great or how humble He asks you to be and you will find peace. Find the holiness in serving in any way that God so chooses. Whether He asks you to cut rocks in a rock pit like John Paul II, or if He asks you to be like Mother Teresa and simply walk into the street and see what is needed.

Remember, that in every age and time different things are needed. I had to totally let go of the great things others did in their day, in order to even become aware of the needs in my own. And it was only God who could reveal to me that doing my writing could fill some very important needs for people all around the world, but scattered, few and far between. And He did this when I was physically incapacitated. It was in my complete disability, that my soul became open to hearing the words of the Lord in visions and ecstasies. So was my physical incapacity of no worth? I would say not. The Lord asks us to see the value

in every path, every person, every soul . . . and even every failing. Because without the failings of others, we have no vocation. Without those who need my guidance in the spiritual realm, I have no vocation. Without my children who need someone to teach them and care, I have no vocation. Learn to truly love those you serve as being even greater than yourself, because without them, you have no vocation. God has given them to you as a gift, just as much as He has given you to them as a gift.

Never forget to see Jesus in every face, every calling, and every task you (or anyone else) may do in a day. The practice of contemplation is much like this. You learn to be in the presence of God throughout every moment of your day, whether in trouble or in bliss. You learn to be in the presence of God even as someone is losing their temper with you, and to feel compassion for their pain. Practice the presence of God in all you do, let go of your ego, and let God tell you what to do. Stop telling Him what you want to do.

Marilynn Hughes

MarilynnHughes1@outofbodytravel.org

www.outofbodytravel.org

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

Please Send Your Questions to:

magazine@outofbodytravel.org

For Future Inclusion in this Section!

Question from Daniel Schlather in Lordsburg, NM, USA:

I can't travel out of body. Every time I try, I feel like there are hands on my head keeping me from moving, can you tell me how to overcome this or what it may be?

Marilynn: From my estimation this could be one of two things. Either way, my advice to you is the same. Do not proceed further.

First Option: It could be a dark soul, lost soul, wandering spirit, demon, etc., that is hovering near you and wishes to mess with you. For this reason alone, I would stay in my body for now.

Second Option: It could be your own guardian angels pushing you back in because it's not the right time, or it's just not the right thing for you to do. For this reason alone, I would stay in my body for now.

Remember, we are not called to practice techniques because they are the truth. We are called to practice techniques to FIND the truth. Many people do get caught up in the 'experience' of spirituality and completely forget that the experience is only that.

Knowledge is to be obtained by entering knowing. We are not all called to enter into knowing, so we can also do this by following in the footsteps of the prophets, mystics, saints, sages and ascetics from every world religion throughout the world who captured their experience of knowing in words, in ancient sacred texts.

Some people may still be called to enter into knowing, but it is yet too soon. And by forcing the technique, you can alter the later destiny, as well.

So my words to you in this regard would be to watch and wait for your Lord to present Himself to you. In the meantime, live quietly in your being. Pray hard and meditate often. Try to make contemplation a part of your daily life. And if the time comes that this experience is meant to happen to you, it will come in God's time. And when it does, you will be glad you waited on Him.

Thanks for the question and blessings to you!

Marilynn Hughes
www.outofbodytravel.org

The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation Journal:

Different Voices!

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

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

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

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

magazine@outofbodytravel.org

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

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

Five Foot Nothin' of Guardian Angel

By Dr. James Lee Choron

To understand what I'm about to write here you have to know just a little about what happened long before the action of this event, and little about a girl named Sherry. Sherry and I spent our entire childhood together and well into our young adulthood. I was 20 and she was 17 when I went off to Vietnam. We had planned to get married when I returned at the end of my tour. We had wanted to before, but I didn't make enough to support us, and the promotion that I had coming at the end of the tour would have made the difference. She knew that I planned to stay in the Corps. Well, I was wounded, as you've probably figured out, but I was wounded in a way that made me unidentifiable at first. I had lost my ID in the hit and was reported MIA, and eventually KIA. It was several months - over a year actually - before the whole thing was sorted out? Just one of those things that happen . . . Now Sherry had sworn that she'd wait and she was. She'd have waited until Hell froze over if she'd known for sure I was alive. The problem was, just after I got to Vietnam, we found out she was pregnant. Now this was in the early 70s and you know what things were like back then. We had already put in for me to get home early on an emergency leave so we could go ahead and get married, and then I got wounded. She waited as long as she could, but with no word and no hope, she had to get married, get an abortion or give up the baby. Well, we're Catholic, so you see what had to happen. She had the baby and by the time she found out I was still alive, had married. I contacted her grandparents as soon as I was able. Her dad was a Marine

too and I wasn't sure where I could find him and her mom. They told me what had happened. We decided, all things considered, that it was best not to contact each other, best for the baby and for her new husband. They knew Sherry would leave the guy in a heart beat if she found out I was still alive and it would be a real mess. I agreed. From then on, it just went on inertia. She eventually found out I was still alive, but it was long enough after the fact that she went along too. The only contact we had with each other was an occasional message through our parents, mostly our grandparents, who were always close friends.

What you're about to read is an account of something that happened in August of 1991. Keep in mind that when this happened, Sherry wasn't dead and it was still ten years before she was even diagnosed with the cancer that eventually took her life. We had always had a very strong psychic bond. It was always something that the two of us thought was funny, and other people would laugh about. We always seemed to sort of think in tandem or in a close parallel. We could and most often did, finish each other's sentences and we knew what each other was thinking. It was more than just reading each other's body language and things, although we could do that too. We actually knew. The important thing to understand here is that even after we were separated we seemed to communicate with each other somehow. There was always a sort of signal in the back of my mind that I knew came from her, and it just sort of let me know that she was OK, sort of an all's well. It would change from time to time, I found out later that the times when it did change indicated stress, or that she was sick, or that something was wrong somehow, but it never stopped or went away. I also found out, much later, after she was gone that I was not the only one that experienced this. She felt it too. It was one of the things that made it tolerable for the two of us not to try to

contact each other for so long when we knew or suspected that it would just cause disruption, hurt and trouble for the others in our lives. There have been several times, and they have never stopped, that I can sense her presence, although I've never actually seen her. It seems to be, or have been, a form of astral projection. Once again, I've learned since she died that it was unconscious, but that we were both doing the same thing. She could sense me that way too. What you are about to read is the account of the first time I ever had her physical presence brought to my attention? One thing that you must understand here, before you go on, is this. There in the west, you have been told that what we had here in August of 1991 was some kind of putsch or coup. It was not. We had an actual, real and very dangerous shooting revolution. Here we call it the August Revolt, and it was infinitely far more serious than you've been led to believe. The only difference in this signal after her crossing over has been this. Always before, it was just a kind of I'm OK message. Now, it's more complex, and even though it's still at the very back of my mind and not something that I think of constantly, it's understandably different. It's still saying ?I'm OK?, but now it's letting me know, in no uncertain terms that ?I'm waiting?. The best way to explain how this feels is to compare it to something that I do understand. It's sort of like the Netcom's that they put in private aircraft. It parallels a known frequency with one that can be homed in on and followed to prevent a pilot from getting lost. It's sort of hard to explain, but I'm certain that she is making sure that when my time comes I can find her, or that when it's almost my time, she can find me quickly to come and lead me to wherever she is. I don't hear that in words, it's not a voice. But it's a feeling that is much deeper than words can ever be.

I suppose that I should preface this account with just a bit of background about myself. I am 53 years old and am a PhD Optical Engineer. I was born in Texas, the name of the town is not terribly important except to point out that it was, and still is, one of those quaint, tiny little towns where everyone knows everyone else. I have lived well over half of my life abroad. It has been well over 30 years since I was last in my "home town". I was raised a Roman Catholic, but for the vast majority of my life I have been what most people charitably call an "agnostic". To be perfectly honest, that is rather like saying "marginally pregnant" or "slightly dead". I went through the motions at times, usually on holidays and people's birthdays or anniversaries that were significant to me. I felt somehow drawn to do so, but for the life of me I could not understand why. In spite of that, for all intents and purposes I gave up my belief in a charitable and loving God and an afterlife in what was literally a blinding flash in mid 1973. It was at that time that the God that I had always worshiped spared my life, but tore out half of my living soul. There are many scars that a man can bring home from war, some of them can, in fact, be waiting for him when he gets home. And, as Bram Stoker allowed in his famous novel about Count Dracula, there are many things in this world that are worse, far worse, than death. It was not until eighteen years later that I had a portion of the faith that I had lost so long before renewed, although not in any "traditional" sense of the word. It happened like this.

A few weeks after it (The August Revolt of 1991) was all over and all of the excitement had died down or mostly so, Alexander Savanov came into my office at Kodak A.O. in Moscow. Sasha seemed to have something on his mind.

"Sit down and take a load off Sasha," I beamed as my old friend and comrade in arms came through the door.

Savanov seated himself across from me and smiled thinly at me. He looked concerned. No, not concerned, perplexed. I opened my desk drawer and took out a partially used half liter bottle of vodka. I tossed it across the desk to Sasha who caught it in mid air. "What they don't know won't hurt 'em. After what we went through a while back, they can't bitch. We deserve a shot every now and then."

Sasha nodded. He opened the bottle, took a drink, then closed it and tossed the "Russian Standard" back to me.

"Jim," he began. "Something's been on my mind. I've been meaning to ask you about it ever since things settled down, but... Well, you know, we haven't really had time and it's not that important. I'm just curious."

"What is it Sasha?"

"Jim, who was that woman?"

"Which woman?"

"Well, you know, I hate to mention this, but, you know, you had your moments on the barricades. You'd catcall and curse at our "honorable opponents" and call them all sorts of names in three or four different languages." He grinned grimly at me. "It was, well, it was like you were begging for a bullet."

"What about it. Maybe I was?"

"Well, when you did, there was this woman... She seemed to just dog your steps and watch over you like some kind of grim avenging angel."

"Hell Sasha, you know who that was." I gestured toward the reception desk. "That was Vetta. She went there with us, remember?"

"No, the other one." Savanov said flatly and without inflection in his usually animated voice. "The one with the dark hair and dark eyes. The young one. "She's the one who

had that old American army rifle. A real brute that."

My eyebrows shot up and I suddenly looked more thoughtful. I took the bottle out of my desk again, opened it and took a long pull. "What dark haired woman with an old American rifle?"

"I thought it was one of your daughters at first, and then I remembered that they aren't inn Moscow now, and besides, this girl was too old to be one of them. A real looker, too." He chuckled.

Savanov picked up a pencil from my desk caddy and begin sketching on the back of an opened envelope. "The one with the rifle that looks like this. I've only seen a few of them. We got some in the "lend-lease" from your Mister Truman. They're a real beast; a full-house 7.62, more powerful than our old Myosin and the semi-automatic Tokarev." He passed his sketch of the weapon to me."

"That's an M-1 Garrand. It's a 30.06 caliber. Our General Patton called it the finest battle rifle ever invented. He was right at the time. It would punch a hole in a fourth of an inch of steel plate at close range and kill a man on the other side. It's a brute okay. You say a woman had one of them? That must have been one tough broad or a helluva big one."

"No, she was a tiny thing really, maybe a meter sixty, maybe not quite that. That hand-held cannon looked like it would kick her teeth out if she ever tried to shoot it, but she seemed to know the piece and how to use it."

"Jesus." My mind went back in time. Later, Sasha said that a smile flashed momentarily on my lips. I remembered the day that Gunny had taught me, and Sherry how to shoot his Garrand, the one he'd brought home from Korea as another of his "souvenirs" one piece at time. I'd been about fourteen years old and Sherry had been almost twelve. Gunny hadn't wanted Sherry to try it. She was only about five feet tall then and might have weighed ninety

pounds soaking wet. Gunny, her dad, and I used to tease her and call her "Miss Five Foot Nothin'". She was always tiny. She never did get much bigger than that. That Garrand was almost as big as she was, but she was determined that if "Jimmy can do it, I can do it." I did, and she could."

While my mind drifted to the past, Sasha continued to talk.

"She would walk up behind you and to the right, raise that monster rifle to her shoulder and wrap the sling under her left elbow. Then she'd plant her right foot behind her to brace herself for the recoil..."

I saw the scene in my mind, except it wasn't on the Moscow barricades; it was in an East Texas cow pasture. It wasn't in 1991, it was... When was it? Half a lifetime ago? More?

"She gritted her teeth and squint her eyes and then ratcheted that first round into battery..."

I could see it plainly in my mind, just as if it were yesterday.

"Then she'd begin to slowly sweep the troops on the other side. She'd go slowly, from left to right, like she was watching for the first sign of one of them trying to fire at you."

I remembered Sherry and the Garrand. She'd done exactly as Sasha described. She'd done it just like she'd seen her father and me do first. Then she'd squeezed the trigger. The rifle boomed, the barrel jumped upward and Sherry rocked and slid backward a good six inches from the recoil, but she never let go. She recovered and wouldn't yield the piece to either me or Gunny. Six more rounds boomed out through that long ago East Texas summer. Every time that old rifle barked, Sherry took a beating from the Garrand that would make most grown men flinch in pain just thinking about it, but she never stopped. Hell, the

words "give up", and "quit" just weren't in her vocabulary; never had been and never would be. When the magazine was empty and we went and checked the target. Neither one of us, me or her dad, thought she'd even come close to it. We were amazed that she even kept shooting after that first brutalizing round. But, when we looked at the paper bull's eye, there were seven rounds in a space that Gunny could cover with a cigarette pack. And, Sherry stood there with one arm around me, holding the big gun cradled in her other arm, laughing.

Sasha noticed that I didn't seem to be listening and that I looked somehow "far away." He let his story trail off. It's hard to describe what I felt just then. It was a mixture of disbelief and the fact that if I let myself believe, I wouldn't just be scared, I'd be terrified.

"Well, who was she?" He asked?

"I don't know," I told him. "I know who it could have been, once. But, that's impossible. It's just: impossible:"

After Sasha Savanov told me about this, I talked to maybe two dozen other people who had been there through those three long tension-filled days. They all saw her too and thought that I did. I'm the only one who didn't see her. I didn't tell any of them what I thought... what I almost certainly knew. I've played dumb and innocent all these years. But ever since that day Sasha cornered me in my office and asked me "who was that woman," I've known that I have a guardian angel. I've got a little "Miss Five Foot Nothin'" guardian angel that came to watch my back when she knew that I didn't care one way or the other myself whether I lived or died as long as I went out fighting. She came with the most powerful weapon she'd ever seen, and certainly the most powerful one she'd ever used. She was there watching over me for three long days and two almost endless nights...and I never

even saw her. I guess it was meant to be that way. They say that God works in mysterious ways. There was a time when I had stopped believing that sort of thing, but I do now. There is no doubt in my mind that little "Miss Five Foot Nothin'", the tiny girl with the big gun, whom everyone saw but me, was there to watch over me. Looking back on it, I'm not real sure what the result would have been she'd actually used that old gun. I'm not real sure I want to know.

Well, that's one of about a dozen incidents that I actually have written up. I had intended to release them as short stories? Sooner or later, but I haven't yet, and doubt that I will. I have a manuscript done that's highly novelized. It changes the names and places, and adds an ending that hasn't taken place yet, but I suspect will, maybe not exactly the way I wrote it but I'm pretty sure I'm not too far off.

I could go on for days. Things like this have happened on and off for years. At first I'd just write them off as daydreaming or dreams, or just plain wishing for what might have been. But I know now. I know that Sherry is waiting for me. She's going to come for me. You do not just stop being when your body dies. I'd been communicating with her for years and didn't know it. Ever since she changed it's gotten stronger and stronger. She can pick up on things that we can't now. It was when she changed that her signal really kicked in on me. That's when I think she made up her mind that she wouldn't make a mistake, that she wouldn't take a chance on losing me for a second time.

I learned a lot in the time after she crossed over. Like I said, I didn't know it for over two years. Her signal, I guess you'd call it that, never changed or faded except for once, just very briefly. I learned later that this had been

right at the time she died. It was just sort of a fading, then it came back, almost at once, as strong as ever and getting stronger every day. That's why I never really thought to ask about her. I had made my mind up not to get involved, not to dredge up old memories for her or make things confusing for Sammi. I know that the guy I was talking to thought I was really torn up when he told me she was gone, but it wasn't so much that as it was the fact that somehow I knew that she not only wasn't gone but wouldn't leave.

It was about six months after her death that I finally worked up the nerve to talk to her mother. She's in her 80s now, like mine, and I didn't want to disturb her either. That was when I found out a lot of things then that I didn't know. One of the things that I learned was that when the August Revolt was in full swing, Sherry had seen some footage of it on the News. She actually saw, who she thought was me on the barricade in Moscow. Her mother said that she began to complain of not feeling well and went to bed (she was recently divorced at the time and visiting her mother to sort of unwind). Her mother said that she pretty much stayed in bed and slept for the biggest part of two days and didn't really begin feeling herself again until (she did not know it, but I did) the day the Revolt ended. I told a friend of mine about this when I found out about it. He's doing research into this kind of thing and has a number of case studies. He's board licensed MD and Psychiatrist. He told me that the most logical explanation that he could see, since he knew me well enough to know I didn't exaggerate, and also knew Savanov and two other people who saw this on the barricades, was that Sherry was still so strongly connected to me that when she saw the real danger, as opposed to what was televised (by tapping into what I actually saw) she came to me through an astral projection, or some form of astral traveling, and brought the most powerful weapon she'd ever had any actual experience with

along with her. He said that I didn't see her because I had conditioned myself to believe so completely that this kind of thing was impossible that I blocked out even something that was so strong that everyone around me could see it.

The day I cried my eyes out was the day that I found out that when she had gotten her divorce, not six weeks after I'd gotten mine, that she'd taken a wedding set worth several thousand dollars and literally thrown it into a dumpster? Then she put the cheap little "promise" ring that I'd bought her over eighteen years before back on. You see, at the time we didn't have the money for a "real" engagement ring. We were saving all we had for a "start" when I got home from Nam. I don't think they even make "promise rings" any more. In any case, she never took it off again. She was buried in it.

Dr. James Lee Choron

Author

Dr. J(ames). Lee Choron is a journalist and writer living in Mamontovka, a suburb of Moscow, Russia. He has resided in the Russian Federation for over seventeen years, and is a former senior executive with the Eastman Kodak Company. He is currently owner and Chief Executive Officer of Old Guard Productions, a company dealing in motion picture and television logistics and properties, and American Business Training, a company which deals with sales and customer service training for Russian companies seeking to introduce Western business practices and standards. James Choron was born in Dallas, Texas, in December 1953, and raised in the small East Texas town of Center, where his parents still reside. He is a graduate of Center High School, and Stephen F. Austin State University where he received a Bachelor's Degree in History, as well as a graduate of Moscow State University with a Masters Degree and a PhD in the same subject as well as a graduate degree in Optical

Engineering. Mr. Choron has been a working journalist for just over thirty-seven years, and has columns appearing in numerous publications in both Russia and the United States. He has numerous hobbies, primarily related to the “unexplained” and Historical research, both of which he has been involved for many years. He has published a number of independent articles on paranormal encounters and activities and on historical topics in such prestigious journals as Texas Escapes Magazine, Texas Highways, Military Magazine, Phenomenon Magazine and Fate Magazine, and is a staff member on several on-line publications and forums dealing with History and the Paranormal. He has a separate collection of articles entitled “Footprints in the Snow: Paranormal Russia” currently in publication with Zumaya Press in the United States and Canada and two historical novels “Scarlet A” and “Sisters of Sorrow” currently in publication by the Illya Resnik Library in the Russian Federation. A third novel, entitled “Soldier Boy” is scheduled for release in mid 2007.

SPIRIT DREAMS & OBEs

By T. Stokes

How do you tell with a night time experience, whether it is just a dream, and when is it a genuine nocturnal spiritual event? Speaking generally, when you wake and you feel you have been watching a film, that is usually a dream, which on various levels is the mind just clearing and sorting. However, when you awaken with powerful emotion still raw in your mind for some time after, this is as a rule an inner plane experience.

This for many years was called “astral travelling” the fashionably became an “O.B.E” or Out of body experience and recently this developed into “remote viewing.” This morning one of the strangest events to occur in many years of dream-watching shook me up considerably.

By watching the passing inner landscape you get a feel for what dreams represent, these have always been good omens for what has happened, and for what may happen in the future...

The cultivation and practise of remembering and studying dreams is known technically as “total recall” is of the most ancient of the psychic practises, and is mentioned many times in the bible, this science is known as “Oneiromancy” The ancient Egyptians were masters at deciphering the nocturnal signposts experienced in our dreams, the biblical tale of the pharaoh and the 7 lean years and 7 years of plenty, is particularly good example if used with the biblical numerological codes.

Certain numbers appear again and again in the bible, such as the number 40. Number 7 appears more times than expected because of its spiritual context. So if a number seems valid in a dream it usually has a numerological meaning too.

It is good policy to also ask what colours were seen as these too have meaning. The Luscher colour test can be a useful temporary guide in further analysing the signposts.

A good tip is to keep a dream book, so immediately on waking write down the events of the night, while it is still fresh in the mind. You can buy dream books with ready made dream meanings, but avoid these as each person will have their own individual meaning.

(You can also purchase a Dream Journal from 'The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation Store' at <http://www.cafepress.com/fndtnstore>

What I mean here is that a friend keeps spiders as pets and is not repulsed by them as most people are, and a medium friend of mine is utterly terrified of them, so how can they both when dreaming of a spider have the same meaning? To explain here, the keeper of spiders would subconsciously view them as perhaps curious and strange animals, whereas most people find them distinctly unpleasant.

Never underestimate the significance or importance of dreaming.

Another example is the common colour blue in a dream, it could represent the sky or the sea, totally different interpretations, sky is air and up, sea is water and down.

Rasputin's colleague, the occultist Ouspensky said, "that the subconscious is like an iceberg, nine times as big as the conscious or waking mind, therefore it is nine times more important, and nine times as real, therefore the real lives are led in the dream state and our conscious waking hours are when we are really asleep"

Hitler used this as a party slogan "with Germany awake." The intelligence community know the value of sleep deprivation, and at Guantanamo Bay these techniques were used to blur the narrow divides with reality and illusion. Prolonged deprivation results in "wake time dreaming" so necessary are dream experiences.

My own dream experience saw me at a battle field hospital, which both observation and feeling told me was the First World War, I remembered talking to several of the badly maimed men, and I realised that the familiarity I had, meant I knew these men, so my visit was not a single occurrence.

The shock and realisation that I was a regular visitor to this awful place, was only overridden by the "gnosis" or inner knowing that the smell of the primitive anaesthetic, and gangrenous tissue, mingled with the aroma of explosive powder, sweaty uniforms and stale urine, and of course the dreaded mustard gas, remained with me the rest of the day. Emotionally, it struck home, that I had to do all I could; this was as much a learning experience for me as the poor men, and what of the other poor men that were brainwashed on the other side to do likewise to these folk?

It is often said in intelligence training that the first casualty in war is truth. No man without government "psy-ops" or psychological operations involving the telling of lies would wish to kill another human being.

Some years ago Winston Churchill at his constituency in Woodford Green, Essex told me that in peacetime violent psychopaths, brawlers and killers were a menace, but come a war and the country was glad of them.

Kierkegaard said, "I know truth only when it becomes life in me."

And I had the inner knowing or "gnosis" that this was very real, and true at a deep level, a truth so real I could taste it. It is well known that sceptics who are unable to consider the possibility of any other view than theirs, are the most difficult to assist after death.

It is my considered belief that these men in their place of suffering, were in fact dead soldiers, and on the other side of life, held in the grip of pain and torment for ninety years by their scepticism, of course they not realising that they were dead, in their minds eye were still in the hospital having their wounds tended.

It has occurred to me many times, that the politicians who make, and then sit out these wars in places like Whitehall, have no idea of the suffering involved.

We have all heard of the medieval house with the ghost still walking the corridors 500 years later, but to see a full battle field hospital, some way behind the main lines, and hearing the gun bangs, the hollow eyed exhausted stretcher bearers running in with the remains of young men, sometimes conscious, often not, in a state of pain and anguish, left me with the strongest of desires to help, and herein I think lies the answer.

Most healers while in the sleep state will be at their work, the late healer Harry Edwards recognised the importance of this phenomenon, and once told me the sleep state is where the basis of healing trade craft is learned.

Could it be that I was there, as possibly were many others solely to assist the wounded both physically and spiritually? We have all seen at rescue circles the sudden transformation, as the realisation hits home that in seeing and following the light, suffering diminishes, as at last contentment enters the soul.

I believe that I along with others would enter the battle field hospital, at night to minister to the dying and wounded, the cries of the men are alive in my heart to this day, so for me it was a real experience on some deep level. Perhaps it is merciful that we do not remember our dreams, our ancestral memories can contain much that may trouble us, and much of value that would give us great joy.

“We are such stuff as dreams are made of, and our whole life is rounded with a sleep.”-Shakespeare-

What say you?

Yours,

T. Stokes, Lecturer in Paranormal Studies.

Most Known in the U.K. for His Work as a Medium with

Princess Diana

palmist@fsmail.net

SCIENTISTS AND PSYCHIC ANTENNAE

I felt that it necessary to explain that a powerful event or deeply emotional trauma, will imprint and embed itself into the very fabric of a building.

The point that sensitives will pick up, and receive the signals of this trauma is beyond the dispute of even the blindest of skeptics.

Those who have watched a mediumistic person enter such a room and touch and feel the walls, breathe the air, and walk about as if listening to sounds is an amazing experience and is so well documented as to not need repetition.

I would as an exercise try this yourself.

Wash off all impressions from the hands, come into the room and touch the light switch and the surrounding wallpaper, feel yourself enter into this, and blank your mental incoming messages, and see what comes up onto screen of the conscious mind, its technically called “psychometry” and literally means feeling with the soul or psyche, and is a skill that anyone can learn with practise, and is handy when buying a car, when meeting people or when travelling in risky areas, to keep this psychic antennae up.

The late occult writer Lobsang Rampa would get his students to practise holding a letter and before opening to “feel” what the contents were about.

As in most paranormal ability cases science eventually catches up and now a team known as S.O.C.O. (scenes of crime officers) will enter where a traumatic event has occurred and act exactly as the psychic. But they will also pick up the D.N.A on the light switch, the wallpaper etc. to arrive at the same conclusions; not mentally but with science.

New techniques that may someday come to pass might include the ability to analyze tiny skin flakes given off in a struggle. Now some of those flakes will contain adrenaline or sexual excitement hormones etc., which will point out as much info as the psychic. What is amusing is that for many crank skeptics who will not accept the evidence from psychic sources, will gladly accept it from scientific sources even though the scientific community is as ridden with as many fraudulent operators as the paranormal.

In fact “junk science” is an area where more than ever one should keep up the antennae.

I should also mention that scientists have caught up at last with “Synaesthesia”

Certain people can see colour with numbers and music, and when music is played they can see shapes and rows of numbers in the air.

Part of the training that I would endeavour to bring to my pupils on entering a haunted house, would be to try and see and hear with the sense of smell which is particularly relevant as it is connected to the brains oldest part, when we were still crawling out of the sea all those years ago.

This ability to use all senses and develop what the intelligence services call “Simulataniety,” is an old one in the psychic abilities arena, and perhaps a new one for the scientific community.

Yours,

T. Stokes, Lecturer in Paranormal Studies.

Most Known in the U.K. for his Work as a Medium with Princess Diana

You can check out a listing of some of his articles across the web by going to:

http://www.world-mysteries.com/gw_tstokes.htm

You can check out some of his prophecies over the last few years which are being documented at:

<http://www.illuminati-news.com/guest-writers.htm>

T. Stokes describes himself as a “piano tuner” but not with pianos - a tuner of people. When you lift the lid to most people, the deep notes show the material and physical arena, the middle notes the emotional landscape and the higher notes depict the spiritual side to man. At times we all need our inner keys looked at, maybe just dusted, cleaned and fine tuned. It is easy to recognize a neglected or damaged piano, but people are better at hiding their hurts. So a knowledge of many disciplines can be helpful. I have since childhood had a degree of spiritual insight, and many years of training as a paranormalist and counselor, have given me the title of, “Britains Psychic Agony Uncle.”
Contact: palmist@fsmail.net

Ten Commandments

By J.D. Simbeck

Ten Commandments seem a lot, but ponder where they lead:

Loving God – and neighbor too – that’s really all we need.

One God only -- not a group, to vainly claim His name.

Get to Church on Sunday, folks: your life won’t be the same.

Honor parents – right or wrong – for disrespect can kill.

Adultery means cheating. Stealing destroys good will.

Lying takes so many forms. Coveting just takes two:

Lust for someone else’s spouse...wanting what’s not your due.

How much is enough, you ask, and how long is our leash?
“The earth is the Lord’s, and everything in it...” Capiche?

By John Duff Simbeck

J.D. is a Cum Laude Graduate of Harvard University in Economics. He and his family run a successful business in Mancos, CO, USA. J.D. In his own words, he says he's a 42 year old living in the Four Corners, torn between a Rectory and a Rustic Yurt who's been a religious education instructor since 1990 and sleeps often at Holiday Inn Express. Contact: duff@simbeckliners.com

The Natural Order Of Light & Dark

By Andrew Perretti

**Light is
good,
active,
complex...**

**Dark is
bad,
stillness,
simplicity...**

One can find beauty in simplicity...

along with:

**purity,
uniformity,
clearness,
unity,
integrity and
innocence...**

One can find blamelessness in innocence...

along with:

**in-culpability,
impeccability,
probity,
guiltlessness,
integrity and
honesty...**

One can find trustworthiness in honesty...

along with:

**uprightness,
self respect**

**soundness,
loyalty,
conscientiousness,
fidelity and
sincerity...**

One can find truthfulness in sincerity...

**along with:
impartiality,
frankness,
candor,
guiltlessness,
fidelity and
reliability...**

One can find loyalty in reliability...

**along with:
authenticity,
steadfastness,
honesty,
safety
security and
devotion...**

One can find simplicity in devotion...

**along with:
allegiance,
adoration,
piety,
zeal,
service,
faithfulness and
Love...**

One can find all of the above in the dark...

Andrew Peretti is a successful businessman, writer and mystic. You can see some of his other mystical poetry at:

<http://www.ibcsolutions.net/TheLight.html>

<http://www.ibcsolutions.net/Paradox.html>

Contact:

andrew@ibcsolutions.net.

Our Special Christmas Story!
**Would you go the
Distance?**

Am I my Brother's Keeper?
**The answer lies in our experience with
Aaron Bieber Nov. 6th 2000.**
Thank God for saving such a loving Soul.
By Louise and Aaron Bieber

Guardian Angels are sometimes experienced in spirit form or Christians living God's love... both accomplishing miracles sent from God. We have been blessed with one such miracle and nothing will ever convince me of the absence of divine intervention.

Last November 6th during a serious blizzard which kept me snowbound in town Aaron was delivering a semi-load of french fries to Columbus,OH. That day he had taken a wrong turn and stopped in Dayton,OH to inquire about his route.

On his way across the lot of a truck stop he stumbled over a stump and bruised his rib and hit his head losing consciousness. At this same moment in time Tamara was on her way home and noticed she was running low on gas. She was about to turn around and go back to her regular gas station, but decided at the last moment to turn into the station where Aaron was laying unconscious. She saw him and called the ambulance, and followed him to the hospital. She talked to the Doctors, and finding out

that they had given him an MRI and discovered a brain tumor the size of a large egg, stayed at the hospital from 7a.m. until 5 p.m. during the surgery praying for God to spare his life. She also visited him every day getting to know him and praying that God would spare his life. They became fast friends and he seemed to know her when he opened his eyes after surgery.

Without anyone asking, she contacted Aaron's employer, found a driver to complete his load to Columbus, took his clothes home to wash, took his glasses to be fixed, and took him into their home on his release from the hospital. After four days of rest and recuperation they took him to the Airport and put him on the plane for home.

She did not know Aaron, and she had never stopped in the gas station before.

The evening of the accident I was staying at a friend's home in Aberdeen and was trying to reach him on his cell phone. Tamara could not reach me because I was not home due to the weather. Finally a strange person answered the phone, gave me the number of Aaron's broker who gave me the number of the hospital. As soon as I called they requested my permission to operate and the next morning he was in surgery.

I could do nothing but pray and I started a prayer chain thru Holy Cross church members, and my friend, Betty, started a prayer chain among her friends. It was a very serious surgery and Aaron came through it with flying colors. We have much

to thank God for sending him an "Angel" to watch over him while he was all alone so far from home. Coincidence? If Aaron had not taken a wrong turn and stopped to ask directions...If he had not tripped over the stump and been incoherent enough for them to give him the MRI test...he could have died from the tumor not knowing it was there.

If Tamara had not stopped in a strange gas station and found him...he could have died lying there in the dark. If she had not stayed the distance, visiting him, taking him in her home and put him on the plane for home when he was well enough... he would not have had anywhere to go or the strength to take care of himself, Coincidence?

I don't think so.

Yes, we believe that miracles happen today. We send Tamara Christmas cards every year and will never forget the gift of life that God Aaron through Tamara's selfless actions only caring for a complete stranger.

Aaron also drove through Dayton, Ohio later after surgery and they met again and went to dinner and a movie which was unusual for Aaron. He enjoyed sharing their love and care and still talks about his Angel and family.

Sincerely Your Friends,
Louise and Aaron Bieber

Tamara Lesley is the author of several books including 'Spiritual Harmony,' and 'A Chosen Journey.' She also has a book on learning to use

your spiritual potential entitled 'I am a Radio -
Transmitting and Receiving.'

You may find Tamara Lesley's site at:

www.spiritual-harmony.com

tleasley@sbcglobal.net

The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation Journal:

*'Discerning your Vocation in Life by Learning the Difference Between
Knowledge and Knowing!'*

Issue Six

By Marilynn Hughes

The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation!

www.outofbodytravel.org



Author, Marilynn Hughes

Photo by Harvey Kushner

The sixth issue of the 'The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation Journal' delves deeply into the issue of 'vocation' in life and how we find our own by undertaking to understand the difference between knowledge and knowing.

In our Question and Answer Section, we answer a question from a person who is being blocked from exiting his body. In our 'Different Voices' section, we begin with Dr. James Lee Choron of the Soviet Union who tells a story of true love that crosses all lines of existence. T. Stokes, famed medium for Princess Diana, shares her views on Dreams, OBE's, Scientists and Psychic Antenna. J.D. Simbeck write a short, but to the point, poetic examination of the Ten Commandments and Andrew Peretti shares with us some of his mystical poetry gleaned from his many mystical experiences on 'The Natural Order of Light and Dark.' Finally, a Christmas Special. 'Would you go the distance,' by Louise and Aaron Bieber about Tamara Lesley who went above and beyond the call of duty.

Go to our Website at:

www.outofbodytravel.org

For more information!

The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation!

Proud Member of the

www.forbes.com

Book Club!

Almost All of Our Books!

Recipient of the 2004

www.bookfinder.com

Global Media Mention!

**Bookfinder Selects 120 Books out of the 100
Million in Print!**

**The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation Received
THREE of those 120 Mentions!**

The Mysteries of the Redemption: A Treatise on Out-of-Body Travel and
Mysticism!

Prelude to a Dream: Book 1 of the Mysteries of the Redemption Series

The Palace of Ancient Knowledge: A Treatise on Ancient Mysteries!

Featured in the

Near Death Newsletter,

Near Death and Out-of-Body Experiences (Auspicious Births and Deaths):
Of the Prophets, Saints, Mystics and Sages in World Religions!

What's New

On Edge Life

Teaching Stories of the Prophets in World Religions for Young People!

Robert Bushman and

Astral Dynamics'

OBE Bibliography,

Odysseys of Light: Adventures in Out-of-Body Travel!