

Destiny and Prophecy

Mystic Knowledge Series

Compiled and Written by Marilyn Hughes

The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation!

www.outofbodytravel.org



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For information, write to:

ISBN # 978-1-105-27852-5

*The Out-of-Body Travel
Foundation!*

www.outofbodytravel.org

MarilynnHughes@outofbodytravel.org

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

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INTRODUCTION:

The Mystic Knowledge Series is a group of compilations of the Mystic and Out-of-Body Travel Works of Marilyn Hughes on various subjects of scholarship so you may have at your fingertips all the Out-of-Body Travel Instructions on a particular area of study.

As many experiences would overlap into more than one area, we've chosen the best category for each Out-of-Body Travel Experience in which to place it in order to avoid repetition.

We hope this series helps those who are interested in a special area of study to read all the recorded mystical and out-of-body travel experiences that the author had on each subject.

These experiences are compiled from '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,' 'Galactica: A Treatise on Death, Dying and the Afterlife,' 'The Palace of Ancient Knowledge: A Treatise on Ancient Mysteries,' 'Touched by the Nails: A Karmic Journey Revealed,' 'Suffering: The Fruits of Utter Desolation,' and a few other published and unpublished sources.

PART I

CHAPTER ONE

The Difference Between Knowledge and Knowing in the Determination of your Destiny.

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 inability 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.

CHAPTER TWO

**A Vision of Destiny as a Child,
Understanding Others as Personal
Calling, Book Prophecies, Blocks to
Destiny, Eternal Contracts, Live in
these Mountains and Remember
Things, Silence, the East and the West,
Prophecy of World Events, Taking
Salvation to a Higher Level, Call of
Jesus.**

*"Out of my distress I called to the Lord, and
He answered me. From the midst of the
nether world, I cried for help, and You heard
my voice."*

*New American Bible, Old Testament, Jonah 2:2,
(Christianity, Catholic)*

*"I give praise to you, Father, Lord of heaven
and earth, for although you have hidden
these things from the wise and the learned
you have revealed them to the childlike."*

*New American Bible, New Testament, Matthew
11:25, (Christianity, Catholic, Words of Christ)*

Not long after my spirit had been sleeping, I began to hear the roaring sounds of a thunderous uprising in the heavens. Although I was unaware of the mechanism

of this vision, somehow my spiritual eyes opened to a sight unimaginable prior to this awakening.

The clouds had parted to reveal gold and marble steps leading high up into the sky, and at the top of this amazing spectacle was a throne. The Lord God sat in this seat, appearing to me in a human form wearing a white robe. Aside Him was the lamb, Jesus Christ who would remain silent for this very first vision. Angels were flying all around the holy sight, singing and performing celestial music of praise to the Lord. The power of God was so strong in this vision, that it cannot be expressed in words. "Holy, holy, holy," I thought. Humbling myself, I bowed in spirit form, to the Lord, my God.

Motioning me to come forth, the Lord presented another vision that somehow overlapped this one. In it, the cross was on fire, and I was trying to put it out. Certain people in the world could only see the fire, not the cross. As a result, every time I put the fire out, they would re-light the flame to the cross. Battling our fundamental differences seemed to continue without end, but finally, due to the grace of God, I was able to put the fire out completely, allowing

the cross to stand tall.

The Lord spoke to me, "The fire represents ignorance, and the cross, awareness." He conveyed that there would be much fire in my life, but that I would bear the cross. Many people would never see it, and this would cause frustration. Pausing, I bowed again to His majesty. "At a future time, you will take that cross to the world and present it as a living vision of the reality of God. Though others may think you are foolish, you are special."

Thunder struck and the heavens began to close. As I watched the heavenly messengers and the Lord disappear behind the clouds, I bowed to them. The Lord had filled my spirit with a love I could not describe. During a time when my life was filled with Godlessness, it had given me a certain peace to withstand the times. I was nine years old.

*"In a dream, in a vision of the night, when
deep sleep falleth upon men, in slumberings
upon the bed; Then he openeth the ears of
men, and
sealeth their instruction."*

*King James Bible, Old Testament, Job 33:15-16,
(Christianity)*

Lying amidst a stone complex, I awaited the guidance of someone to come. Resting peacefully, the spirit who had run with me on the racetrack of life appeared.

"In order to understand the true reality within your conflicts, you must see the window of perception that others see through." Projecting images of the way somebody I knew perceived reality, I immediately understood why we misunderstood one another. "Allow yourself to tune into other people's perceptions, so that you may understand the parameters of their vision. Love all beings, despite their present manifestation, as love is the only reality." He disappeared.

"There is nobody who lives happily with anger. Hence the enemy, anger, creates sufferings such as these, but whoever assiduously overcomes it finds happiness now and hereafter."

*A Guide to the Bodhisattva's Way of Life,
Chapter VI, No. 5-6, (Buddhism, Tibetan,
Author: Shantideva)*

After assisting a soul in flight techniques, I was taken into an ancient

looking bookstore. Noticing a large stack of books, it became known to me that they were my own. An astral publisher came in, sub-conscious astral, and handed one to me. The old and tattered book he gave to me had brown, taped pages. It appeared ancient. Looking up in surprise, I said, "Even this was completely pre-planned, was it not?" "Yes," he said, "All your experiences have been orchestrated to write a book written aeons ago." Then it was made known to me that Andy was the 'Dreammaker,' which meant he assisted in bringing my work into ground level manifestation.

"The experience of prophecy must come about through intermediaries. Man cannot attach himself directly to God's Glory, or perceive it as one sees a man standing in front of him. The perception of God involved in true prophecy must therefore come about through God's servants, whose task it is to provide such a vision."

*The Way of God, Part 3, Chapter 3, No. 5,
Paragraph 1, Page 208, (Judaism, Author: Rabbi
Moshe Chayim Luzzatto)*

Standing before a large murky lake, another woman was with me for whom I

was to take to a very special place. An octopus emerged from the waters and pointed to the far left of this body of water. "It is that way, my friend." He said. Thanking him, I wasn't quite sure what he meant, but I created a thought-form boat to take us in that direction. Getting into the boat, the woman with me spoke of how she didn't like this lake because it was so murky. "Well," I said, "we have to work through the things that aren't so clear in order to find true vision."

Floating along, we saw another boat up in the distance. A man was guiding it along and a monkey was hanging over the side. Waving wildly to me, the monkey called out, "Come on, it's that way, follow the glistening stars." Pointing to the sky, sure enough, on one side of the lake, though it was not night, the stars glimmered like emeralds.

Changing my direction to follow them, the woman began arguing with me. "I don't want to follow those, let's go in the other direction!" Coming upon a river that scurried out from the lake, a small wooden sign pointed in its direction, 'To Crystal Forest,' it said. The woman immediately

jumped out of the boat just as it got caught in the flow of the river. "Come on," I shouted, "come with me. I will take you to the golden river." "No!" She cried out, "I want to stay on the lake." Creating herself a thought-form boat to take her back to shore, she climbed aboard and went backwards. (Conceptually, as well as, physically.)

Not much time passed in my journey before the river waters became a beautiful iridescent golden color. In excitement, I glimmered at the beauty of the Crystal Forest where the trees were pastel pink, their leaves pastel violet, and the ground a pastel blue. Quasar was beckoning from a not so distant shore, and as I no longer needed my boat, it disappeared and I was completely immersed in the golden waters of the river. One of the musicians I had been working with was with Quasar, and he began singing a song called, 'Destiny.' As he did, his light began growing wildly in proportion to what it had been. Quasar called out, "Come on, remember your destiny!" As my soul began to feel the universal tug dragging me away, I allowed the energetic current of my destiny to become one with my night wind, and then I was gone.

"Their reward is with their Lord: Gardens of perpetuity wherein flow rivers, abiding therein for ever. Allah is well pleased with them and they are well pleased with Him."

*The Holy Qur'an, Part XXX, Chapter 98, No. 8,
(Islam, Words of Mohammad)*

A transmitter fell into my hand as my spirit rested among the stars. Pushing a button on the side, I said, "Hello?"

A voice returned the call. "It is Jozukel, I call from Jupiter." He said. "Ask whatever you wish and the answer will be yours." "You mean anything I ask will be answered?" I asked. "Yes." The dry voice came from the other end. "What is my biggest blockage to growth at this time?" "Stubbornness and inflexibility." "Okay, what can I do to help that?" "You need to see the value of relationships in their proper time perspective." Apparently, I had trouble letting go when it was time. Becoming very serious, the voice said, "There is so much that you are destined to do, and still you sit and do nothing." Surprised by this, I asked, "Tell me, what am I destined to do?" "Many higher selves are calling to retrieve the information we have given you, three

hundred incarnate spirits have already contacted you on many levels asking to become creative containers of expression for different aspects of your knowledge, and still you sit and do nothing."

Angered by this criticism, I responded like a moron. "Fine! If I am doing such a terrible job, remove me from this planet and take me back!" Calmly and without emotion, he said, "Yes, we can do that." Realizing my stupidity, I humbled myself. "I'm so sorry. What is it that I need to do?" A faint buzzing came from the device along with the now fading voice. "You will know when you listen to your inner wisdom. There is much to create, do not waste time on worry and unworthiness. Do not sit and do nothing." Then the voice was gone.

"The Adjusters accept a difficult assignment when they volunteer to indwell such composite beings as live on Urantia. But they have assumed the task of existing in your minds, there to receive the admonitions of the spiritual intelligences of the realms and then to undertake to redictate or translate these spiritual messages to the material mind."

*The Urantia Book, Paper 108, No. 5, Paragraph
1, (Christianity, Urantia)*

And it came to pass that I was shown the actual eternal contracts I had in regards to the salvation of souls. On each of them were written these words:

"Tiniest spark
Light cometh
I abide"

Within my sleeping, words and chants would constantly be filling my ears. I began writing some of them down. Rescinding form, a light figure was skipping by the sky. "Where are you going?" I asked. "I am off to the land of the rebels," he said, "the land where reason lies." Words began to flow from his soul to mine:

"Light befalls the virgin eye, dispensate all
crowning lies
Fortune comes on velvet masts, the truth of
souls encased
In the evening bronze, the night wind sings
Chanting visions and songs, calling forth the
Nefertiti wings"

"Calling bird release the past, ancient
 memory come to see
 Circling nature come to pass, spirit reason
 lingers free
 A voice must be listened, the calling be seen
 Perpetually unfolding, within the light
 beam"

"Who can I be? And where is the door?
 What are the answers? And what is this for?
 I am the light! The door is inside!
 The answer is love, to bring dawn to the
 night!"

*"But the wise, whose wisdom makes them
 full of eyes, pierce through the garment to
 the very essence of the word that is hidden
 thereby. And when the word is momentarily
 revealed in that first instant of which we
 have spoken, those whose eyes are wise can
 see it, though it is so soon hidden again . . .*

*In the course of such passages a secret
 emerges from its sheath, and as soon as it
 has been revealed returns thereto and once
 more conceals itself therein."*

*The Zohar (Kaballah), Volume III, Mishpatim
 (Exodus), Page 300, Middle, (Judaism)*

Taken to a mountain hold where I

saw a monk sitting in the clearing reading an ancient sacred text, wings began to emerge from my back, as a voice called from the distance echoing the Old Ones. "You are already so open to your memory. That's all you need to do, live in these mountains and remember things."

Past programs began to come out of me, old beliefs, thought patterns and horrid memories. "It is a purging," the voice said, "these things must come out, but you needn't analyze every piece. You must simply let them come out because they are no longer compatible. What was before will become as a past-life, a veil will actually proceed to fall. You will leave that life, as it will no longer be your concern."

A buffalo appeared who was in labor, struggling to give birth. Trying to assist, aspects of my past pushed me aside, and the calf was stillborn. "Let this be a warning to you, your past life must die in order for your new life to be birthed."

When you walk with the eternal, you can enter the world of noise to fulfill your mission, completely protected. But if you act on your own, you go alone. Because you are not energized properly, you become open to

invasion, losing focus and losing your head. World's noise and silence seldom intersect.

If you truly want the wisdom of the silence, you must live there for you cannot leave silence, live the noise, and then teach of silence. It is like discussing a far-away world that becomes a myth. And the messenger of the far away world becomes the fool. The silent one does not fit into the world of noise, he becomes an anomaly, an oddity, seen by those without true reason as being unreasonable in their claims of a higher world.

By leaving the peaceful reason of silence, the silent one becomes clouded with noise, thus, becoming confused and losing his reason . . . and ultimately his head. Silent ones cannot live in the world of noise, it is not compatible to who they are; although they may assist when properly energized for eternal functions. Noisy ones, though they may be intrigued with the oddities they may see in the silent ones, cannot go where the silent ones live. For the walk towards this silence is not just a passing fancy, it is a journey and a commitment. Traveling through much noise in order to find silence, when you arrive you will join many majestic

beings in their silence: mountains, rivers, streams, oceans, stars, moons, trees, bushes, flowers, herbs, deer, elk, squirrels, buffalo, wind, rain and snow. And the elements of the earth, fire, air, earth, and water, all remain profoundly silent.

"Listening is understanding the mystery of vibration because listening has to do with the inner vibration of the descending intelligence of the moment. Meditators become silence so that they can go to true vibration, which becomes the audible workings of vibration, of which ideas are made. Inner listeners, or people who are continually listening to life as it is unfolding, are true humans because they are picking up vibrational messages before the messages become crystallized energy or perceptual forms that can then be articulated by the brain."

*Being and Vibration, Chapter 2, Page 67,
Paragraph 2-3, (Tribal, Tiwa, Author: Joseph
Rael)*

For several nights, I awoke with voices in my ears. "The eastern star has come to keep the native going." "Reading Buddhist texts will make you fly more." And the following night, "Unite the East and

the West, the religions of the world. Darkness and light exist within all of them, illumine the four quarters." Conveying to me that it was my task to discover and distribute such knowledge, and bring unity to the people, I understood.

*"Then, pointing to His wounded Heart:
'This wound is the fiery furnace to which
chosen souls, especially the brides of My
Heart, must come to enkindle theirs. This
wound is theirs; It belongs to them with all
the graces it contains, that they may
distribute them to the world, to the many
souls who do not know where to seek them,
and to so many others who despise them.'"*
*The Way of Divine Love, Page 405, Paragraph 7-
8, (Christianity, Catholic, Words of Christ,
Author: Sister Josefa Menendez)*

Standing outside of form, the Lord made it known to me that He wished for me to sing as music began echoing through my vocal chords. Up until now, the Lord had not given me any indication as to whether He just wanted me to write these hymns, or if He also wanted me to use the voice that He had given me to perform them in some way. "It is My wish," He conveyed, "that you

use the voice I have given you to exalt My name, and as prayers of deliverance for souls on Earth and in lower realms." Conveying His wish, He began to magnify the energy within my vocal chords until my vocal range expanded and my voice became electrified with power.

"For I don't believe it is news to you that a certain omnipotence in singing is usually granted the Muses. If I am not mistaken, this is what is called Music."

The Fathers of the Church, Volume 4, On Music, Book 1, Chapter 1, Last paragraph, (Christianity, Catholic, Author: St. Augustine)

Unable to overshadow that which was to come, the grand vista of the canyon shuddered as the first blast came unexpectedly, the sound of it deafening to the human ear. Falling to the ground, I held to the Earth as several others ran off, the ground shaking in their wake. Covering my eyes, the light from the blasts was so blinding I was afraid I would lose my sight. Fighting off tears, the impending destruction shocked me. A prophesy of that to come? I didn't yet know. (Two years later, the World Trade Center fell on 9/11/01.)

Moments later, I was flying high above New York City as the darkness had taken such a hold on this place that the only way I could even fly through the crowd of demons in the air was to constantly and repeatedly recite Christ's name, over and over. Reciting the Savior's name held off the constant barrages of dark energy momentarily, but the infestation was so rampant, it could not be dissipated. Parasites and gargoyles were everywhere. Demons had taken charge; humanity had given away its soul.

Feeling very quickly fatigued from this constant battling, I tried desperately to continue my flight, as I knew my job was to bring more light in to attempt a turnaround on the ground. Questionable whether this could be done, ghouls, demons, goblins, ghosts were all around me, demanding my destruction. "In Jesus Christ's name, I demand for you to leave. In Jesus Christ's name, I demand for you to leave. In Christ's name, leave! In Christ's name, leave!"

Just then I thought of these demons, wondering who would pray mercy for *them*? Beginning to pray mercy for the demons and their charges, my spirit began flying high

above the murky cloud of evil. In sorrow, I turned away as no more could be done energetically tonight. All I could do was pray . . . and prayer was enough.

"And corruption hath laid hold upon all things on Earth, and the Providence of the True encompasseth, and will encompass them."

The Divine Pymander of Hermes, The Fifteenth Book, No. 39, (Mystery Religions, Egyptian/Hermetic, Words of Hermes)

Again, I was experiencing the coming times, the aftermath of a war. Looking for shelter, I could find none amidst the horrid chaos, but a native man approached me with peace, leading me to shelter in a cave. "You must understand the Jewish connection," he said, as I bowed in peaceful acceptance of his words. (9/11)

"Fortunate is he who greeted him with 'Peace,' and to whom he responded 'Peace.'"

The Siddur, Zemiros for the Departure of the Sabbath, Page 629, Stanza 7, (Judaism)

Swept into the coming changes prophesied by the millennium, a war was raging, and I'd been captured and held

prisoner. As the bombs would approach in the distance, everyone was instructed to close their eyes so as not to become blind. Laser beams were constantly hitting the Earth from an unknown source, casting burns and horrid injuries to all. Over time, after having been taken as prisoner of war, I became somewhat immune to pain and to torment. As I looked upon the face of one of the captors, I saw above him a horrid looking circular spindly creature, a demon.

Looking upon him, I spoke loudly so he would hear what I was saying to my fellow prisoners. "Our saving grace is that our captors are just as miserable as we are." The profundity of this was made clear to me in an epiphany of awareness, as I recalled the Exodus, the deliverance from a state of mind or perception. Our captor approached me with a whip, as I looked directly into his eyes. I recognized the demon who lived within him. "Race is thy justifier, accursed angel." I said. (Two years before the World Trade Center fell; this was the soul of Osama bin Ladin.)

Bowing his head down in shame, he walked away. Perhaps a prophecy . . . and a depiction of the karmic battle which occurs

within each soul to overcome its unfortunate state?

"There is another type of dal, the poor in intelligence, and his lot is the worst of all. Chazal have declared (Nedarim 41a): 'No one is poor except the one who lacks in wisdom.' Here there are many classes. A person has foolish ideas, has strayed from the true path and become wicked. In this case, one has to think of ways to make him repent, how to restore him to the correct path. The merit for such an act is extremely great. The Zohar Chadash expresses it in these words (Lech Lecha): 'R. Eliezer said: How great is the reward of a person who causes another to repent.'"

Ahavath Chesed, Chapter 7, Page 221, Paragraph 2, (Judaism, Author: Chafetz Chaim)

As the coming changes filtered through my soul, I watched as two distant tornadoes ravaged everything in sight. Awesome power was displayed before me, as I sat helpless, acknowledging the power of the Lord. Now dwindling, I looked outside to notice that a rainbow with eight rings of color (the immortal) was shining brilliantly in the sky. Immediately, a voice spoke these words from the Old Testament

in my ears:

"And I will establish my covenant with you; neither shall all flesh be cut off any more by the waters of a flood; neither shall there any more be a flood to destroy the earth. And God said, This is the token of the covenant which I make between me and you and every living creature that is with you, for perpetual generations: I do set my bow in the cloud, and it shall be for a token of a covenant between me and the earth. And it shall come to pass, when I bring a cloud over the earth, that the bow shall be seen in the cloud. And I will remember my covenant, which is between me and you and every living creature of all flesh; and the waters shall no more become a flood to destroy all flesh. And the bow shall be in the cloud; and I will look upon it, that I may remember the everlasting covenant between God and every living creature of all flesh that is upon the earth."

King James Bible, Old Testament, Genesis 9:12-16, (Christianity)

My heart understood the sign. The millennium would bring either great destruction or great movement within the soul of humankind, but God would not destroy all flesh, for many would remain to

renew His covenant upon the earth.

"To live in the world or to leave it, depends upon the Will of God. Therefore work, leaving everything to Him. What else can you do?"

Teachings of Sri Ramakrishna, The Worldly Minded, Page 96, No. 276, (Hinduism, Words of Sri Ramakrishna)

Shooting began between the world powers, as the planes were now overhead as the war had begun. "It is coming," I said to those around me. Mocking me, I quietly repeated with renewed vigor, "It is coming," as the Earth began to shake.

"In the name of Allah, the Beneficent, the Merciful. When the earth is shaken with her shaking, and the earth brings forth her burdens, and man says: What has befallen her? On that day she will tell her news, as if thy Lord had revealed to her. On that day men will come forth in sundry bodies that they may be shown their works. So he who does an atom's weight of good will see it. And he who does an atom's weight of evil will see it."

The Holy Qur'an, Part XXX, Chapter 99, No.'s 1-8, (Islam, Author: Mohammad)

Thrown into the center of the millennial disasters, a blizzard had come upon a mountain whose destruction was so severe that nothing remained. Entering a small cave where some survivors had gathered, I was grateful for the blankets they offered because I had been wandering in the snows for at least two days without shoes on my feet, only socks. When the snows came, everything had been destroyed; buildings, vehicles, they'd all been simply crushed by the winds and the weight of the snow. Ancient sacred texts were now buried beneath the ground by a heavy blanket of this snow. And this snow was not just snow, it was something else, but I couldn't yet define its substance. It was almost like ash. (This vision occurred about two years before the fall of the World Trade Center towers.)

During my stay within the cave, I began talking to the people about God and His ways, and that perhaps those among us who had not believed in Him, had now reconsidered because His power had been shown with such might. A particularly irreverent atheist immediately proclaimed his disbelief in God, and his view that those who did believe in such a myth were

morons. Making several arrogant statements, I interrupted, "Be careful of what you say during this time of God's chastisement," I said, "or you will be stricken down like many of the others." Other people in the cave were uncomfortable with me being so blunt about the truth, and began saying that we all had a right to believe as we shall choose. Correcting them, I replied, "For how do you think our world came upon this great chastisement, if not for the cowardice of God's people to insist upon respect for the Creator? It is, indeed, valid to offer freedom for people to believe as they wish, but it is not wise to sit aside as you do now, in the midst of the chastisement, and still proclaim man's rights above those of God. And if you refuse to proclaim Him, if you have not the courage to stand for Him, you, too, will follow in the fate of the atheist and those who do not respect God."

Angry, they kicked me out of their cave, expecting me to die in the snows. Walking alone, I had an interior knowing that God would allow no more blasphemy from their lips, for as soon as the chastisement had begun, I had an interior knowing to this effect. Passing the cave at a

later juncture, I didn't hear any noise. About a mile further down, I saw blood in the snows, and when I swept the bloody snows away, the face of the atheist. Other bodies were scattered about in the snow, all killed in the collapse of the cave. I cried. (In hindsight, one can see that these were the Al-Qaida in Afghanistan, whose lives were snuffed out when their caves were blown to bits by the American military.) Humankind had forgotten the Lord and become arrogant.

As I wandered down the mountain, I saw a heavenly body (an asteroid or a star) falling towards the Earth from the heavens, and I knew that with it much tribulation would come upon the world.

"In the spiritual world stars appear to fall from heaven to the earth there whenever knowledges of good and truth are rejected."

Apocalypse Revealed, Chapter 6, Verse 13, No. 333, (Christianity, Swedenborgianism, Author: Emanuel Swedenborg)

"And every free man, hid themselves in the dens and in the rocks of the mountains. And said to the mountains and rocks, Fall on us, and hide us from the face of him that sitteth on the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb."

*King James Bible, New Testament, Revelations
6:12-16, (Christianity)*

Swept into the potential coming changes, I stood aside a singular bomb. Set to take off in an hour, this was apparently America's response to an attack on its soil. (This occurred two years before the fall of the World Trade Center and the subsequent war on Afghanistan.) Waiting with several people in a bomb shelter for this momentous event which would alter the course of all of our lives, we were talking. Some were saying that the United States should make an all-out attempt to destroy everything, send off all nuclear missiles and completely destroy the country which would not give in to our demands. Others were chastising them, saying we should forgive them completely for their actions and leave them alone, despite their attempts at world tyranny. Calmly looking at them, I said, "But neither of your solutions is feasible, for there is a middle way." Intrigued, I continued, "A balance exists between justice and mercy, wherein a soul can offer absolution, but refuse to allow further harm."

Coming to life, the singular missile

began its birth pangs as the seed of destruction had been born, and began its flight. Moments later, we were standing amidst the aftermath, as a cloudy vaporous substance, much like fog, filled the air with its horrible stench.

"Even in time of dispute and quarrel, we should treat intimates and enemies alike and never think of retaliation. In the thinking faculty, let the past be dead. If we allow our thoughts, past, present and future, to become linked up into a series, we put ourselves under restraint. On the other hand, if we never let our mind become attached at any time to any thing, we gain emancipation."

A Buddhist Bible, Sutra Spoken by the Sixth Patriarch, Chapter IV, Page 524, Paragraph 1, (Buddhism)

Amidst the spectral of the future, I was shown my life resume. Upon it were many entries, most of which were voluntary posts, unpaid services the Lord wished for me to render to my fellow man. Others among them were tasks the Lord wished for me to fulfill for specific individuals who would come and go from my life through

the years. So I would not lose sight of the natural exchange in such matters, the Lord made me to see that I would also benefit and learn from those He sent to me. What stood out the most, however, was the entry stating that I would spend a great deal of my life in helping other couples to stay together, making use of the knowledge I'd obtained through my own fall from grace.

"When a man is beloved of God, He sends him poor men as gifts; if the man aids them, God places upon him a thread of mercy, marking him as beyond the touch of the Angel of Punishment."

*The Talmudic Anthology, No. 108, Stanza 5,
Zohar, i, 104a, (Judaism)*

"The Master is always with you. You have many more things to accomplish for the welfare of the world."

*Teachings of Sri Sarada Devi The Holy Mother,
Chapter X, No. 4, (Hinduism, Words of Sri
Sarada Devi)*

Red and in full bloom before me, the roses were dripping blood. In moments, the roses metamorphosized into a pencil drawing. Blood no longer fell from its petals, as it had become an engraved image within my soul and the souls of those who were

required to make such a sacrifice for the betterment of knowledge and the attainment of the Lord's will.

In Catholic mystical literature, to receive a vision of a red rose means 'martyrdom.' At the time of this vision, my physical ailments remained undiagnosed, and I was unaware of the path that lay ahead. Time would reveal the meaning of this vision.

"The bodies of other martyrs will be torn with iron, but thou wilt be transfixed, and martyred in thy soul."

Victories of the Martyrs, Appendix, Part II, Paragraph 4, (Christianity, Catholic, Author: St. Alphonsus Liguori)

Alighted in flame were the souls of the future, ignited in the flame of knowledge which had given them repast. But amongst them were a few seeds of darkness, who had come to bring disharmony to this future harmonious time. Occurring beyond a war, wherein many souls were lost, some of the good seed had been preserved to begin a new covenant upon the earth. As I gazed upon these souls, I became astonished, for what lay in their laps were scriptures for

their time. In a shocking moment, I realized that they were my own writings.

Experiencing a euphoric energy of knowledge, it imprinted upon every cell of my being the importance of these words, that each must be chosen so carefully so as to represent the truth, and that no words be given or interpreted in error. But there was a greater felicity to be attended to. Among the souls who'd been seeded to cause discord, I became aware of two souls who were to make a final attempt to thwart the new peace of the world by questioning the origin of these 'scriptures.'

"It must have been written as a fiction for the entertainment of the weak," one stated. If not for this warning given to my soul about this future, their efforts may have succeeded. But given such warning, the Lord bid me to state very clearly these two things. 1) Every word of which you read in this text is true to the best of my knowledge, as every experience did, indeed, occur to my soul in visions and out-of-body travel, and 2) Every word of which you read was written under divine inspiration, for the purpose of His greater glory. Although I remain a sinner, and I mistrust my own discretion, I

do trust in the Lord. Let it be known . . . so that there may be no doubt.

"There are moments when I mistrust myself, when I feel my own weakness and wretchedness in the most profound depths of my own being, and I have noticed that I can endure such moments only by trusting in the infinite mercy of God."

*Divine Mercy, Notebook II, No. 944,
(Christianity, Catholic, Words of St. Faustina)*

"In their blind deception they follow darkness as their light, taste the bitter as sweet, take deadly poison for remedy of their souls . . . In thy actions take counsel first of all from the interior knowledge and light communicated to thee by God, in order that thou mayest not go blindly forward; and He shall always grant thee sufficient guidance."

*The Mystical City of God (Abrid.), The Coronation, Chapter III, Page 640, Middle,
(Christianity, Catholic, Words of Mary)*

Standing amidst a heavenly abode, my soul began to float upon the ethers in a state of perfect bliss. All around were celestial sights, which confirmed the status of where I had traveled. Music was penetrating me at severe depths, as I allowed

it to fill my soul with warmth and light.

Suddenly an inspiration came upon me. Knowing that the next song to play in the celestial spheres would be an answer to a question I'd asked in prayer, I remembered what I had asked of the Lord. 'For what have I been placed upon the Earth, and what is God's purpose for my life.' A musical symphony began to fill me as I began to listen to the words of a woman who sang with force and dignity. At first I began to think I was listening to a Christian song because it spoke of the salvation of men, but then I realized there was a great deal more. As the song progressed, it became clear that the words being used were similar to the type I use in my own writing. She spoke of 'being the light,' and 'taking salvation to a higher level.' My soul actually experienced the two levels of salvation of which she spoke in the music. There is a salvation which comes to a Christian based on redemptive suffering of the Lord, and there is a higher salvation which comes to a soul after this who overcomes himself.

As her voice continued and my soul was filled with a huge awareness and bliss of God's will and purpose for my life, a

tremendous light came from the sun of heavens towards my spirit. "The purpose of your Earthly existence is to take salvation to a higher level, which is encompassed within "The Mysteries of the Redemption." Unable to be clearer, I was thrilled to know this. Surrounded in the cosmic energies of bliss in the heavenlies, I felt utter peace, realizing that though my words do not coincide perfectly with Catholic teaching, they define purification and purgation within the Earthly sphere. Reincarnation and redemption are inextricably bound on Earth because our world *is* one of the purgatorial realms, wherein a soul must continue to return until he gets it right.

In the larger sphere involving the actual mechanics of existence, there was no contradiction. Knowledge and mechanism are one, and they operate in a continuum beyond Earthly dogma.

Waking from this experience, I was filled with peace, and I *knew* beyond any shadow of doubt that the path I was following had been ordained by God for His greater glory.

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

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

Finally, my spirit was taken through a wild mountain woodland, where the destination was a grand lake. But when we reached the lake, it was empty, showing the barren and empty spirit which would result

from me following such a path. Sitting on the dry ground of the lake bed, I understood. The spirit within me would not remain active if I were to drain it of its sustaining inflow from the spirit world. In order to continue to bring heaven to earth, I must remain as a recluse and not of the earth. In this, I could continue to sustain the inflow from the heavenly spheres and work towards reanimating the spirit of the world and bring back the water which was sadly missing.

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

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

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

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

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

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

As I pulled him away from the cyclone, he was relieved and very excited about how it felt to be relieved of the bondage of it. Within a moment, we were both running joyfully up a hill on a green meadow. Wildflowers decorated the landscape, as above us the gates of heaven were open. Staring ecstatically at this gate of heaven, we ran with our faces lifted up towards the sky, unaware of our destination. Many Missionaries of Charity shared the hill with us and surrounded us in their joy.

Mother Teresa approached me with a very important message about our future work for God, but I cannot recall her words at this time. In her voice, I felt the urgency and the need for a change to take place in our future which would allow God to use us in a different way.

Continuing to gaze upon the sky, I didn't want to take my eyes off the heavenly gate because I knew I could only view it for a short time and it was so exquisitely beautiful. The clouds had parted to reveal a gateway full of light where lightning and electrical energy was continually expressing itself.

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

Sitting in classroom on mathematics, I was busily notating words and instructions which came as an influx from above, and as a result, was not paying attention to the class. Receiving instructions as to several new editions of my books to put out and in what manner, I heard nothing in the room. As I finished my notations, I realized that the teacher was finished and I panicked,

worrying that I would be unable to do the math homework which I thought was a task of great importance. But an interior knowing came over me that this was unimportant in my task, and that especially with my unique health issues, I needed to place my focus only on that influx from above. This came at a time when I had been questioning whether I should go back to college or not, and it was a clear indication that I should not for it was not my path.

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

Suddenly, I began to hear the voice of Christ. It wasn't explained to me, it was just something I knew. Speaking in Aramaic, He was telling me famous verses from the bible in His native tongue, and then repeating them in English. This mesmerized me to a point of ecstasy and I continued to walk forward as I listened to His beautiful voice. Before He appeared to be finished, He had

gone through about fifteen of the major bible verses and with each one I had been given an energetic influx of the deeper interior meanings of the words.

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

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

Gazing upon His countenance for

one last millisecond, I saw the city ahead,
prepared to go, and disappeared.

The Secret Prophecies



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INTRODUCTION:
The Secret Prophecies

As per the command of the Lord, I have written these prophecies down and kept them in a sealed document. Unable to fully understand or comprehend what they truly mean, and because it is entirely possible that I may not fully comprehend these events even at the time of my death, I offer myself as the Lord's servant, recording them and commenting no further.

Let them remain sealed as per order of the Lord, until He commands their release.

NOTE:

November 7, 2007 - Let it be done according to thy will. They shall now be opened . . .

And so it came to pass that the Lord asked me to open the sealed book of the Secret Prophecies here in this place, and it is now presented to you in its entirety.

The only comment I will offer is that to this day I do not know their import or understand their meaning. It is my assumption that I will not fully understand

until the days of my children are done. I present it as it was given and experienced with only the knowledge that I cannot know their meaning and a firm belief that every child that is born bears within them this same profound holy potential if we would only cultivate their natural affinities. I can only share the experiences . . .

I am reminded of the experience wherein Christ took me to meet one of the many 'unknown messiah's. It was made known to me at the time that there are many who are called to be a messiah to others. In fact, they may be innumerable. Some are well-known saints, others are completely anonymous people who walked the earth and did the Lord's bidding quietly.

Perhaps the meaning of these experiences lies in the fact that the potential exists within every one of us and our children to become a 'messiah' in our own way, in our own corner of the world. Just as each of us can choose to be creator or destroyer at any given moment.

If we look at that potential purely, perhaps we will see that as parents we wield a great amount of power in the future of our world. What will we do with our children?

Will we raise them to be messiah's, or will we encourage them to continue karmically circling and return again and again? Are we as parents willing to put in the time and effort it requires to bring out the highest potential in each and every one of our children to become the sons and daughters of Christ that they already contain within them at birth?

We go now back in time. It starts when I was undergoing the Rites of the Ascension. I was given to walk into a statue of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and initiated into 'Holy Motherhood.' This didn't make me special, it just gave me a unique responsibility with my children.

Our story begins three years before the birth of my middle daughter, Mary (now 12), and six years before the birth of my youngest son, Jacob (now 8). We are going back now fourteen years. My oldest daughter was five at that time . . .

CHAPTER ONE

Mary's Birth

"And Jesus said unto them, Verily I say unto you, That ye which have followed me, in the regeneration when the Son of man shall sit in the throne of his glory, ye also shall sit upon twelve thrones, judging the twelve tribes of Israel."

King James Bible, New Testament, Matthew 19:28, (Christianity, Words of Christ)

Appearing to me for many years before the events were to take place, a baby boy and girl, so similar in spiritual station that they were like twins, were to be born unto my womb. Different than me, my husband and my eldest daughter, Melissa; they were to be of higher spiritual station. Seven years passed between the birth of my first daughter and the continuing revelation which then began to manifest on the ground.

In the distance, a silhouette of twelve Indian chiefs flowed behind a young Indian man. As his deeply intense eyes caught mine, the young man said, "My name is Son of the Twelve Chiefs." Knowing him to be my future son, he disappeared.

"It has been prophesied," burst the voice of the old ones over the majestic mountain. Feelings of holiness filled me as I saw Son of the Twelve Chiefs again. A white door opened in the side of the mountain. "He who is known as Son of the Twelve Chiefs," the voice continued, "is to be born a master. He will be unlike the others for he comes through a different door. He will be born without karma." For only a moment, Son of the Twelve Chiefs spoke to me. "I leave you with this," he said, "for some; music is the expression of noise. But for you, mother, music is the expression of silence." Nodding, I understood that he spoke of the hymns the Lord revealed to me.

"He holds the twelve diadems of Light, and before Him stand twelve great ones, His own sons, like twelve bright forms (cihrag) of the Father of Light. Many gods, deities and jewels have been created, called forth and set up as attendants of the Lord of Paradise. And beside them (there are) the twelve great firstborn kings and rulers . . . Exalted is the praised Realm of Light where you dwell, pure and bright, beautiful and calm, full of joy, peace, and hope, life, ambrosia and

fragrance . . . "

Gnosis on the Silk Road, Chapter 1, Page 31, No. 3, No.'s 1-3, (Christianity, Gnostic/Essene/Parthian, Harper San Francisco)

Awaking, Andy's face held shock and holy wisdom as he related a vision he'd just had: Four green spaceships were escorting a center white spaceship. Coming ever closer to the Earth, Andy and I were in the green spaceships, of the Earth. But the center ship carried a very important and holy being - Son of the Twelve Chiefs. As he watched the guardian ships escort the lighted being, he *knew* that he had sworn allegiance to the death for the safety of this master. Much like the ancient samurai warrior, where no sacrifice could be too great, power radiated to all who witnessed as a complete knowing, as if there was *no doubt* as to the magnitude of he who was to be protected. It was as if he was stating simply, directly, powerfully and with no mistake, "I am here." Continuing their slow approach as Son of the Twelve Chiefs was getting ever closer to the Earth, this was to be a voluntary mission for he was coming into this world without karma.

Two spotted Cheetah's faces hovered in the sky as I looked upon the vision outside of form. Spots merged as the faces slowly became one. All at once, they were now singular. Soaring to the ground, he became a lithe and swift being. "He is to be born under the sign of the Cheetah," the voice from the sky sounded as if it came from a very ancient old man.

Son of the Twelve Chiefs appeared wearing full headdress. "I am charity," he said, "charity I cannot stop in myself." He paused. "In a sense, I am your son and you are my daughter, because in our unity we give birth to one another," he disappeared.

Time stood still as I was transported to a place of many clouds. Peace and serenity filled me as the angels surrounded me in a blanket of their golden wings. A moment passed, and the angels began to part for the entrance of another.

Walking with quiet and reverence towards me, the Mother Mary said nothing at first, as her white and pale blue robes blew in the spirit wind. Displaying

effervescent serenity, her eyes were astonishing. "If you are to birth the son," she said, "then it will be most vital to begin your retreat."

Andy awoke with eyes peeled to heaven as he relayed his vision. Looking down upon our wedding rings, simple bands that bore the sign of the cross, he said: "Zooming inside the ring, I was taken back to a village setting like that of ancient Jerusalem. The people were dressed as shepherds and townspeople of that time. Suddenly, a cross appeared in the ether above the people, a pale silver cross like that in our wedding bands. Appearing in a sitting lotus position, a man appeared in the sky with his palms outstretched and open. Unquestionably, he was a very holy being and one whom upon reflection *I knew* to be Son of the Twelve Chiefs. Feeling that he was similar to Christ in his love, power and wisdom, I was very humbled by his presence."

Despite the abruptness of being snatched from form, I felt no harm and surrendered to the will of God. Taking me

through many layers of existence, we finally stopped when we reached a completely white building that shone with iridescence.

Leading me to a room, the invisible spirit placed a cross about my neck made of green stone with an angel etched in gold. Leaving, the doors closed and I waited as the light cascaded through the single window.

Much time had passed before anyone came to greet me, but I'm sure it wasn't as long as it had appeared. Without notice, the door began to open slowly.

Bowing and falling to one knee, Christ entered the room wearing a white robe. Conveying as He approached, He placed His hands upon my stomach. As He did this, white light began to shine from all about Him and His hands and into my stomach. "I am filling you with the Holy Spirit," He said as His demeanor changed to a very stern and serious composure, "you are not to concern yourself with anything but birthing My son." Calmly placing me down upon my knees, knowing that the Holy Spirit was within me, I understood that he wanted me to nest . . . like a chicken . . . for the pregnancy I now bore may be troublesome. Going over my stomach again

as light continued to pour into me, I humbly spoke, "I am your servant." Quietly, he left the room.

Immediately there were dark vulturous creatures looming outside the window. Now that I had been implanted with the Holy Spirit, those demonic beings would try ever harder to stop God's mercy from being born again. A black-winged human-like figure and another short impotent demon banged relentlessly on the window. Instinctively and without understanding of why I chose to do this, I took the cross about my neck and showed it to them. "We are of the deer, elk and bear clans," I said. Speaking the words without knowing their meaning, I was surprised to see that the demons disappeared as soon as they were spoken.

"And Jesus had not told his disciples the total expansion of the emanations of the treasury, nor their orders, how they are extended; nor had he told them their saviours, according to the order of every one, how they are; nor had he told them what guard is at every (gate) of the Treasury of the Light; nor had he told them the region of the Twin saviour, who is the Child of the

Child . . ."

*Pistis Sophia, First Book, Page 2, Paragraph 1
(Christianity, Gnostic/Essene)*

"Mommy, mommy!" Melissa, our seven-year-old daughter called to me upon waking. "I had a dream." "Oh, what did you dream?" "I went in the sky to the mountain. All the animals were there, and God and Mary and Jesus were there." "Oh, really?" I replied. "God told me you were going to have a baby, and that he is Jesus' son." My eyes perked as she relayed her story. "God said his name will be Jacob."

(Let it be said that we are all sons and daughters of Christ, too.)

"When a child says one or two wonderful things by accident, then we may be confident that he will one day teach the Torah in Israel."

The Zohar, Volume V, Balak (Numbers), Page 269, Paragraph 1, (Judaism)

On August 7, 1994, my eldest daughter, Melissa's, birthday, it was revealed to us that I was pregnant. Mary was expected to arrive on May 13th, 1995.

An angel arrived very silently as she guided my spirit into my own body and within my womb and allowed me to observe my baby in her peaceful amniotic sac. But darkness lurked, and the dark side was continuing to try to harm this child in whatever way they could. Panicking, I thought, 'How can I protect such a small creature from forces so determined to destroy it?'

As I prayed, I began hearing the sounds of angels singing ancient Gregorian chants. Conveying the importance of remaining in retreat, I vowed to remain unmoved. Whisked away, I suddenly stood in the center of a large and beautiful cathedral. A Jewish Rabbi came forward and looked at me sternly, indicating the need for quiet in this matter until the Lord so deigned otherwise.

Walking forward, the angel was holding another baby in a respectful manner, as she handed a boy unto me. Reaching lovingly, the rabbi spoke, "Blessed is she who births a messiah, you shall name him Jacob." Handing the baby back to the angel, knowing it would be returned to me at its appointed time, I turned.

"He said, also, that a star would arise unto Jacob, which was Christ, who arose to reign forever in the house of Jacob (Luke 1, 32)."

The Mystical City of God, The Incarnation, Chapter VI, Paragraph 1, (Christianity, Catholic, Author: Venerable Mary of Agreda, TAN Books)

Appearing amidst a place entrenched in sin; I didn't know how I might add light to this quagmire. Hundreds of souls were there, and I had to do something. Standing up, I prepared to sing some hymns I had been given, but as I stood, my robes became blue and white as I was transformed into an emissary of Mother Mary. Angels began forming all around the sky, thousands or more who were singing. Every single soul in this place of sin looked forward. Moving aside, they created a clear path from the deepest pits of the place to the exit.

As I looked, I saw him at the end of that hall. Appearing much like Jesus but with shorter hair, my son awaited me in robes of white and began walking towards me. Arms outstretched, I began to cry at this vision of him. When he reached my hands, he embraced me and led me through what had now become a column of souls watching

him. Walking slowly and then ascending into the sky, my spirit rose to meet the angels as they began singing over and over .

..

**'My eyes have seen the glory of the coming
of the Lord
Glory, Glory, Hallelujah
Glory, Glory, Hallelujah
His Truth is Marching on'**

Hovering above them with thousands of angels and my son, I knew that deliverance was possible from any state of sin, and the mercy of the Lord is unfathomable for those who reach to it in pure contrition. Praise be to you, my Lord.

Traveling the fourth realms, my spirit was suddenly hit by a 'gunshot.' Attacks from the dark side can be felt as sudden extreme pain in a certain area, and I'd just been hit in the buttocks. Falling to the ground, I was lying on the floor, bleeding profusely from the area in which I'd been hit. The injury was causing pains in the lower pelvic floor, and was threatening to push me into premature labor. My soon to be

daughter was not yet due for two months.

A 'doctor' approached me almost immediately, "We have to deliver the baby right here and now," he said, "the wound is bleeding too much and if the bullet were to move it could enter the womb." Inherently, I knew which master he served. "You WILL NOT deliver the child now!" I spoke to him ferociously, "I will not move until the child has been in my womb long enough to be born healthy." "But you could die," he spoke with frustration at how quickly I recognized his purpose. "Then I will die, but this baby will not be born until its time has come."

Approaching in the form of a woman, a servant of the light approached as I grabbed a piece of paper and wrote, 'The Golden One.' Pointing to my womb which would eventually hold the golden one (but currently held his predecessor), she immediately understood and ran quickly to get help. In moments, she returned with a gleaming golden blanket with which she wrapped around my wounds and womb. Healing me, I was immediately transported from that place to what appeared to be a large celebration.

Thousands of servants of God were

gathered to celebrate the child's imminent arrival into the world. Process nearing completion, several monks approached me with amazing joy in their eyes. In a consensus consciousness voice, they proclaimed joyously the future birth of a world messiah, the Golden One. Making mention of three prophesied returns (Maitreya for the Buddhists, Son of the Twelve Chiefs for Native Americans, and Christ for the Christians) I only stared at them in disbelief. Speaking of the pregnancy which was yet to come, the full magnitude of what they were saying hit me like a ton of bricks and dumbfounded me. In moments, I began to disintegrate and return home, prepared to focus on this first birth.

Shooting through space, I had been guided to go to what looked like a regular classroom with the exception that its ceiling was open to the dark of the night sky. Servants of the Lord were gathered; about thirty had come for this event. Sitting with three women, I remembered who they were beyond the veil, but did not know them in this physical life. All in the room were manifesting special divine gifts from God in

their present Earth-walk.

About four seats down from us sat two men, one of whom manifested a very holy gift. As my thoughts were wandering, three people entered the room to preside over the group. Pointing towards this man, they indicated that he was going to demonstrate his very special and holy gift.

Standing up, his spirit became white light and within moments fiery bursts of immortal energy began enveloping his presence. I'd only seen this once before, when Christ became the messiah and accepted the living immortal energy. Before anyone could blink an eye, he began running around the room as a fiery ball of light, totally aflame. Overwhelmed and frightened, I was intimidated by his power.

Coming towards me, my fear took over as I ran and ran from him, but his pursuit knew no end. Encouraging this rather than asking him to stop, those who presided over the gathering were egging him on. "Come on," he said, "you need to experience this up close." "Listen," I replied, "I'm not comfortable being really close to you, okay. So why don't we compromise and I'll just hang out over here at this end of the

room, while you show me what you want to show me from way over there." Pointing to the farthest corner of the room, his laughing continued his pursuit, relentlessly chasing me for another fifteen minutes or so.

"Okay, I have an idea," he said, "is anyone else willing to volunteer to demonstrate this?" One of the women responded immediately, taking his hand and beginning to fly. As my fears subsided a bit, he finished his short demonstration, looking towards me with expectancy. "Okay," I said, walking towards him.

Placing his arm around my waist gently, we began to lift up into the air and fly across the room. Excitement overtook me as I began doing double-flips in the air, and as we flew, my own energy began emerging from my hands and feet into much smaller flames than his. But the excitement of igniting this immortal energy within my own soul thrilled me. On the other hand, I also felt inadequate in realizing how much more advanced his energy was than mine.

Without warning, he stopped dead in his tracks still floating midair. All was calm within the room and my fears had been diffused. Feeling only exhilaration at the

ignition of immortal energies within, I was surprised when he pulled from his pocket a diamond ring with a beautiful golden band which he placed on my right hand. Speaking to the group, he said, "This is the woman that I am going to meet and marry someday." His announcement confused and dumbfounded me. "We will have more than a marriage, as our eternal union will be a perfect uniting of souls. I will ignite within her the living immortal energy, and she will teach me of the knowledge. It will be a different kind of a marriage, a different kind of union." With this odd announcement, I stared at him confused. Quietly, we hovered to the floor.

With no further adieu, he walked away, rejoining his friends as if he had never come. Looking at the golden band upon my finger and the living immortal energy he had given to my soul, I knew. "The Golden One." I thought. A different kind of a union, a union of mother and child in the work of the Lord. Bowing at this revelation and prophecy, I quietly accepted his words and turned to go.

Torrential energies overtook my soul

as I awoke to the spirit. Returning in a spectacular manner, my future son and three other native souls, a young woman, middle-aged man, and an Old One with short gray hair, came to take my soul to the top of the mesas outside.

Converting himself into living immortal energy, he showed me the technique used in making that conversion. Tired and exhausted from the pregnancy (I was in my eighth month); his request to do as he did seemed overwhelming. So I watched as he lay on the ground face-first with his arms outstretched, spread-eagle. Beginning to generate energy first from his outstretched arms, his molecular structure began to liquefy. Becoming liquid molecules, he shot upwards into the sky flying and immediately spinning like a never-ending vortex of energy beyond any power I'd ever imagined.

Finishing, he came to me and requested that I do as he had done. Placing a white powdery substance upon my stomach, he told me to alter my molecular structure as he had just done. But my exhaustion was clear as I sighed heavy breaths of fatigue. Holding my face in his hands, he placed his

eyes near mine and said, "You are going to be healed through this." Immediately, I perceived that he spoke of a spiritual healing and pulled within all remaining strength to do as he said, beginning to focus my attention on altering my molecular structure.

Becoming liquid molecules, I began to fly. As he joined me in flight, we flew from mesa to mesa as I watched him spin like a vortex in complete awe. Although I was able to achieve this molecular state, I couldn't achieve the energy necessary to create this whirlwind of power that surrounded him, and it honored me to know that this was to be my son. Acknowledging my absolute fatigue, he flew over to assist in my landing. Generating this state had taken any remaining source of energy completely from me, and I couldn't keep my eyes open.

"It's okay," he said quietly as he laid my soul to rest upon the red earth of the mesa. Watching with utter respect and awe of his divine power, the three natives were silent. "Everything's going to be okay." For a moment, I opened my eyes and looked upon his face.

His adult face became that of a baby. Even as an infant, you could see the wisdom

and power in his eyes. 'He really will be different,' I thought. Changing to the persona of a toddler, his hair was longer but his face held a similar impression. One thing stood out, and this was that his physical strength apparently matched his spiritual strength. Returning to the adult image, I closed my eyes to the realm we now occupied.

Waking, Andy opened his eyes, too, and relayed that he had also seen our child. "I got the impression that he would have unusual physical strength," he said, "and that we would have to be very careful so that he would not hurt himself or others." I nodded.

Rumbling and shaking from within like an earthquake, the mountains emitted a powerful voice, "The Earth prepares to receive the son." Winds picked up and became like a typhoon as the night sky became brilliantly violet. Turning away from the sky for a moment, explosive and violent sounds louder than any thunderstorm I'd ever heard came from all sides. But as I looked to find their cause, I could not. All I could see was the Earth shaking violently

and the winds uplifting the world.

Turning up to the heavens, the stars themselves seemed to be blown by the winds. In fact, it appeared that the heavens were being *blown* all the way to the Earth! Stars were exploding, several at the same time; super nova's brilliantly showered their sparkles towards the ground. Before the stars exploded they briefly resembled the star of Bethlehem; a bright, triangular-shaped star lighting the sky with its embers. But within moments, the shapes would become more circular and deep blue, purple, green and red. As the colors encompassed the exploding super novas, they blasted into tiny particles of light which quickly hurled towards the earth creating monstrous winds and thunderous noise.

Echoing behind me the voice said, "The son comes." "Our son?" I asked. Due to give birth any day now to my daughter, this Universal spectacle amazed me in that it was presented in regards to the upcoming birth, which would fulfill the first phase of the coming. "God sends his son." Shocking, but eminently eternal and beautiful, I bowed as the winds began to cease.

Again, I saw the calamities which

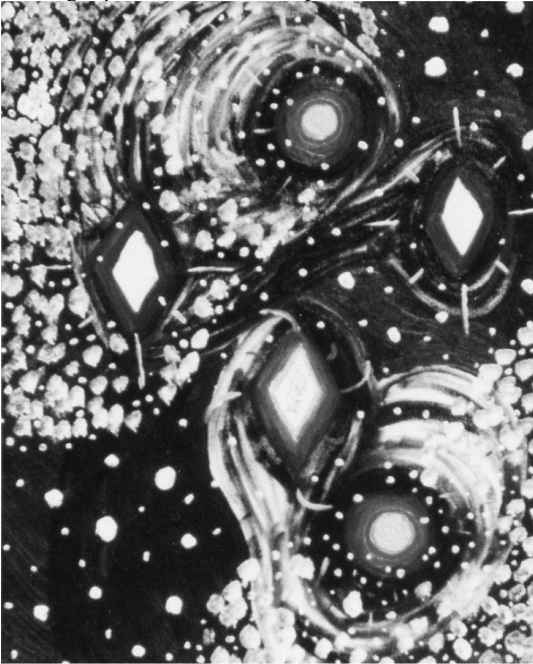
would hit the Earth, which years later I recognized as those belonging to the time of the fall of the World Trade Center Towers and the subsequent wars. "Preserve the ancient sacred texts, and all that is sacred." Knowing that the second part referred to my children and their destiny in the world, I realized the importance also of preserving the texts. "What good are the things that preserve the body, if that which resurrects the soul is lost?" Bowing, I nodded.

Going into labor that night, Mary Elizabeth was born the following day, May 8, 1995.

"Some have said that a holy woman will appear and be recognized as the [second] incarnation of the Christos. Others have said that a holy woman will attain supernal consciousness, give birth to a daughter, and it will be her daughter who is the Christ-bearer. In modern times, prophets of the Bride's reception have seen a different vision. It is the vision off a matrix of the Christ-presence embodied by a number of holy women. Thus, seers in our age speak of the Second Coming as brought about by many holy women, not a single woman alone . . . Just as the First Coming transpired through manhood and Christ was received

as a holy man, until a holy woman is received as the Christ-bearer in the same way Yeshua was received, the fullness of the Christ Revelation is incomplete."

St. Mary Magdalene: The Gnostic Tradition of the Holy Bride, Cycle Five, The Second Coming: Reception of the Holy Bride, Page 124, Paragraph 1 (Christianity, Gnostic/Essene)



God Sends His Son, By Marilyn Hughes

CHAPTER TWO

Jacob's Birth

"Krsna and Yogamaya appeared as brother and sister - the Supreme Powerful and the supreme power. Although there is no clear distinction between the Powerful and the power, power is always subordinate to the Powerful."

*KRSNA, Chapter 2, Page 26, Paragraph 3,
(Hinduism, Author: A.C. Bhaktivedanta Swami
Prabhupada, Bhaktivedanta Book Publishing)*

Traveling through the Buddha lands, Andy related that he had been shown the wonders of the Buddha's teachings, their vastness and depth. Suddenly, a voice began repeating over and over again . . . "The five tathagatas, the five tathagatas, the five tathagatas." Inherently, he knew that the five tathagatas were our family, that one member had not yet been born. Tathagatas, according to Buddhist tradition, are the unborn . . . the Buddha's.

Appearing for only a moment, the Dalai Lama said, "One has yet to be born; the five tathagatas are much stronger together than as separate parts. The youngest two

will be of higher knowledge than the others."

Listening to music, I saw Jacob, full-grown, playing the electric guitar. Implanting deliverance to mankind through music, a spiritual guardian walked forward calmly and laid out all that would have to come to pass before Jacob would be born. "Jacob will be different than Mary," he said, "although they come to fulfill a similar purpose, her essence does not hold all that Jacob's will hold."

"Some day a real musician may appear on Urantia (Earth), and whole peoples will be enthralled by the magnificent strains of his melodies. One such human being could forever change the course of a whole nation, even an entire civilized world. It is literally true, 'melody has power a whole world to transform.' Forever, music will remain the universal language of men, angels, and spirits."

*The Urantia Book, Section 2, Paper 44, Part 1,
Last Paragraph, (Mystery Religions, Urantia,
Uversa Press)*

Several monks had met me high in the mountains instructing me to go to a place of retreat. High in the mountains and

away from the coming changes. Suddenly my soul was elsewhere in a prophetic dream.

People were killing each other in the streets, and the battle was raging from all sides. Fighter jets were flying back and forth, dropping bombs and killing people at random. Machine gun fire was everywhere, as there was no peace to be found. There was a woman with short blonde hair who had led this fierce attack with a younger man. Looking into this woman's eyes, I was filled with shock that a *woman* could be so dark and such a personification of vile destruction. But her attacks were relentless, and no matter what, she wouldn't stop. A young pilot was preparing to drop a bomb upon them, knowing that this bomb could well kill all of them and maybe some of our own, as well, but there seemed to be no other option.

Another woman came rushing to me through the streets, her intention to find me a safe place because my womb did bear the holy infant (Although in the physical realm, I was not yet again pregnant.) But at the same time, I was watching from the future, and Jacob was simultaneously a full-grown

man caught amidst this chaos. Few places of safety could be found, so she directed me to take cover underneath a small wooden bookcase (which was presented as an allegory to the ancient sacred texts).

Moments before the bomb was to be dropped, time entered slow-motion. As it began to fall, I was transported below the plane to watch the raging fireball plunge to the Earth in tears as the finality of it was unbearable.

An explosion was heard around the world, the devastation was enormous. Now standing before the front lines, I watched the evil woman's life-force slowly leave her physical form. Burning bodies filled the empty charred hole which had opened the Earth. Horrendous in its smell, the atomic bomb bore fumes that could not be described. Survivors were getting ill and dying very slowly on all sides of this war from the radiation poisoning and the fumes.

Returning, the woman who was trying to protect me and child within me shouted, "You'll die! And the life within your womb will be destroyed." Shock filled my face, as I ran. "I'm still pregnant aren't I?" I shouted. Looking grim as another man

ran towards us, he said, "I found Jacob's body near the border," he said, "he's gone."

Screaming, I shouted, "I'm still pregnant aren't I?" Solemnly, the woman replied, "No life remains in your womb." Reaching my hands to the sky, I screamed, "NO!!!!!!!!!!!"

Understanding, I must stay in retreat so that Jacob could be born, raised and grow into manhood safely to fulfill his destiny.

Before my eyes, the two military rocket airplanes were about to take off. Highly advanced in their nature, they could take off like a rocket straight up into the sky. But something happened within seconds of takeoff and they plummeted to the ground from high up in the sky causing an explosion that rocked the world.

Coming nearer to the sight of the explosion, a man requested my presence for he had news to tell me. "Marilynn, it is time for you to know," he said, "that your medical condition was caused by the chemical spill you were exposed to ten years ago. There was much more damage done there than your government will allow you or anyone else to know. Eventually, Marilynn, you will

die from your condition."

As soon as we began driving, a bomb went off somewhere in a small town nearby. Confused by the fact that it didn't do much damage to property, the horrible smell was like a death gas. Another went off within minutes and the air was filling more and more with the coming of the dangerous fumes.

Deciding I would find a safe place in the mountains, Jacob and Mary would be protected there through the coming times. For the end can come like a thief in the night, just as Christ had prophesied two thousand years before, and we must choose to be prepared.

Flying away from an alteration one night, my son was in my perimeter. I was alone and he was around me, but I was yet unaware of His presence. Coming from behind, he put his arms around me. "Do not be apprehensive," he said, "for the seed will not come in the next six months . . ." I knew that he was speaking of the seed of Jacob, the pregnancy with son, "or the next six months after that." Indicating that the actual physical pregnancy would begin around September

of 1998, he spoke of energies which were coming into me now to prepare for this. "For the meantime, you must concern yourself with the life of seclusion and solitude. Focus on inner things, and do not concern yourself with the coming of the seed for there is no rush. Love will come to your soul at that time." I would only understand much later that the coming of the seed would precipitate a huge surge of love within me as I would experience a love unlike any I'd previously known through this child.

Taken into the energies of Christmas, Andy had an experience. Surrounded by the amazing excitement and wonderment of the birth of Christ, he was then taken into the energy of the second Christmas, the birth of our son. "It was just as amazing, exciting, wonderful and spectacular, if not more in some ways," he said. Conveying that he saw light rays coming from the sun down upon him, a spiral of sparkly light was born in front of him and encompassed him entirely. In ecstasy over these wonderful miraculous Christmas days, he was in awe of the birth.

Splendor and grace filled me as I was

shown an elite starship from a Universal federation which had appeared in the sky. Speaking to me in a loud magnetic voice, they warned me that I'd only be able to remember a portion of what they shared.

Speaking of their origins, I was surprised to note that they came from a star system I'd never heard of and one that was far away. As a very advanced spiritual society, they spoke of my oldest daughter, Melissa, and her wondrous destiny upon the Earth. Energetically, it was conveyed that she could far surpass me spiritually if she used the tools given her. Evolution is meant to go this way, as I was born into a family of great darkness, and proceeded towards the light, she had come from this light and could proceed to even greater heights than I might be able to accomplish.

Conveyed to me through words and energies, these heights were astonishing. Honored to witness her path, she had come from their star system which was a secondary alliance to Venus and these beings were higher than any extra-terrestrial life I'd experienced to date.

Having been born into great karmic difficulty from previously Earthly

incarnations, because of our diligence together in ridding herself of karmic malaise during her childhood, she'd energized the capacity to come into a greater, fuller and more significant aspect of her soul.

Oh, how I wish I could remember their words, for they were powerful, vast and beautiful. For now, I accept this knowledge as a great gift, and will continue to honor the holy union between the three children to be born of my womb.

Having been captured by several dark men, I was looking for an avenue of escape. Although pregnant in this vision, I was not yet pregnant in the physical. Waiting for me to find him, a very holy Native American man was hiding behind a tree. Giving me several petals from a red rose, he told me to place them in my mouth, "They will protect you from bullets," he said. "The child in your womb will also protect you as his identity, when revealed, will frighten your captors."

Placing the rose petals in my mouth, a spray of bullets came towards me, but I was protected. Continuing to walk, my potential captors were attempting to

negotiate with me regarding my release from their grasp. Looking at my swollen stomach in horror, one said, "Who do you bear in your womb?" "Maitreya," I said, "the Buddha to come." Shaking in fear, they moved aside as I walked quietly away and then disappeared.

Standing in the middle of the woods, a Native American woman showed me a simple wooden cross covered in blood. Searing pain was felt across my belly as I became aware that my son may have to undergo tremendous sufferings to fulfill his task. "Let it be done according to thy will," I thought quietly.

Andy had an experience: "A Caucasian man with reddish brown hair and beard was walking in a cave wearing a loincloth. His very existence and who he was infuriated the masses, whose rage would manifest as gnashing teeth and eyes around his body. I don't know if they were actually biting him, but it seemed - at least energetically - that they were attacking him from all sides. Surrendering completely to this torment, he didn't fight it at all. As a result of this repulsion from the crowd, he

went into a posture of crucifixion, to which he also surrendered and offered no resistance. Readily and willingly, he gave himself totally - bodily, spiritually - to the rage of the people as a sacrifice to God."

"What struck me the most was the level of rage the people had towards him just by him being who he was because he hadn't done anything wrong. His mere existence was enough to infuriate them to a state of wanting to crucify him, wanting him dead. It seemed like this was our son, but I don't know for sure, and that's all I remember."

After witnessing a marvel and spectacle of the heavens as the Mysteries of the Redemption were played out in the heavenlies, a holy message appeared, written in light upon the nighttime sky:

JESUS SENDS DOWN
 THY KINGDOM COME HEAVENS SON

Words cannot express what I have seen and been made to know, all of it was inexplicable, and I am without words.

Mary was giving birth to a small jelled statue of the sphinx, and I immediately knew that this being was an extra-terrestrial. Upon the sphinx's back was Christ crucified, and above its head, an angel.

Meeting me as a full grown man, my son appeared as the living immortal energy. A bit taller than me, he had wavy brownish-blond hair and a somewhat pale complexion. Hair at neck length, he expressed a deep love for me which filled me with joy. Both of us were joyous to be together again for a short time before the incarnation was to begin.

Continuing throughout the night, I learned secrets of his incarnation and of the quiet nature of his life until his mission were to be manifest. Shown to me that many might perceive him as a fool, the disguise intended for his true mission was so good that only the wise and discerning eye would be able to see through the guise he'd intended. Others would see him as a simpleton. Fascinating depth existed between the guise he'd created and the true depth of his purpose. It was shown to me as a comparison between a purse maker - the

guise, and a secret agent - the reality.

Coming times were shown very blatantly, where the possibility for war and other forms of world destruction could be possible. Falling within that time-frame, much of his purpose was to assist in the effort to avoid such strife if it came to pass. Not able to understand most of what I was shown, I accepted continued ignorance.

As the night wore on, I found myself suddenly surrounded by the holy energies of the conception, gestation and birth of Jesus Christ. A very sacred energy surrounded and filled me with visions of such a time. And as I experienced it, I knew that my womb was being spiritually prepared for the birth of Jacob. This very night, my womb conceived certain energetic aspects of Jacob which were vital to occur before the physical conception could take place. Much too holy to describe, my soul was surrounded in three qualities; conception, gestation and birth, as energetic spirals surrounded my body and soul filling me with vibrational ecstasies.

Andy had an experience: "Your

hands were wrapped around your stomach and you said, 'Not to worry, God has already implanted the seed within me.' It wasn't necessarily that you were pregnant already, but it was more like some spiritual aspect of it was already within you, almost like they didn't *need* me."

Melissa (Now ten years old) had an experience: "Mary appeared to me the way she appeared at Fatima. 'Everyone will conceive the Immaculate Conception,' she said as she disappeared, only to reappear dressed in a blue robe with a red coat, a crown of glory over her head, an angel under her feet, and angels all around her. And then as soon as soon as she appeared, she left, because I was scared."

Two men were fighting in the wild outdoors, but all I could think of were the poor tiny creatures like the mice and chipmunks who were in danger of being squashed during this brawl. Scooping up the tiny creatures in my hands, I suddenly noticed in the dirt a very unusual thing.

Appearing to be an archeological find, it was a clay ceramic doll. "That was

intentionally dropped into your lap, and it is a fertility doll," a male spiritual guardian said, as I noticed an ancient text with pictures of the many Incan artifacts next to the doll.

Suddenly, my soul waited in line to board a space transport vehicle. Walking towards our freedom, I carried the fertility doll with some books. When I boarded, we began spinning like a vortex for a very long time and when it was finished, I looked around me at my totally new surroundings. A space man approached, "When a woman is *in* eternity, it grows up to influential infinity." Then he was gone.

Amongst the multitude, he called me into his service. No one else could see him or hear that which he had spoken. "I wish to take your soul into a state of prophecy," he said, as he placed a gift in my hands; a rough-hewn stone which became clear and smooth upon closer inspection. I remained quiet. Filling me with knowledge, the stone emanated the concept of speaking when directed by the will of the Lord, and remaining quiet at all other times. And it emanated refinement, in one's character and

one's words. Saying much more, all that remained was inexplicable.

Again amongst the multitude, someone asked the man of whom they'd suddenly become aware a question. "Will the Messiah come again?" "The second coming of this I know for a certainty will come, but the messiah?" The second coming comes to each one of us as we accept the spirit of Christ within us. Interrupting him, I spoke suddenly as my spirit was now watching the future as if along the lighted lines of a dream. "Oh, yes," I said, "I've been told a messiah will come." With this, all were silent.

Piercing a line of prophecy, it appeared only to my eyes moving my soul along a line which followed its precepts. Along the way, I was told of two things important in his return, renunciation and resuscitation (regurgitation). Entering an ecstatic state, I followed this line of inquiry in a private manner.

Moving through walls and other solid items, my soul moved without its own cognition following this line of prophecy which only I could see. Heavenly music seared my soul in a state of rapturous peace

as the prophecies regarding the return of a messiah, the deliverer, were played to me as if by symphony. Others followed my movements with their eyes, unaware of the significance.

Following with a special attention because only he and I knew of his destiny or his importance, the others no longer saw him or knew of his import. Pleased of my recognition of him and the prophecies regarding his birth, he was joyous that I had followed completely in the energy of the prophecy allowing myself to be moved according to the will of God. "Let it be done according to thy will." I quietly spoke, as my soul became transparent.

Andy had a vision: "Showing me two large pure white crucifixes, one was behind the other. The one on the wall was of Christ and the one hanging on the doorknob in front of the other one appeared initially to be the same thing. Upon looking closely at the second one I noticed that it was Mary holding the baby Jesus. Upon reflection, I knew the message was that Marilyn's cross was to bear and guide our children."

Swishing through the atmosphere, the Pleiadian ship began its descent towards me. From my vantage point, I saw about five beings standing with their backs turned to me wearing brown robes similar to that of a monk. In my excitement, I edged closer to the hangar, where a singular Pleiadian being approached me. As she lowered her hood, I saw who it was and was astonished. My oldest daughter, Melissa, looked me in the eye and then returned to her ship having casually revealed another extra-terrestrial liaison.

Returning, the Pleiadian ships filled the galactic night sky with tens of ships. Many were circular, but there was a huge rectangular ship amongst them which took up much of the sky. Images of two babies were beamed at me in the sky. The first was a constant image which never wavered. The second, however, faded in and out of view. Inherently, I knew this to mean that we were definitely going to have a third child, but the question of whether we would have a fourth, had not yet been decided.

There was great suffering amongst

this multitude of laity who resided at a convent of nuns amongst the stars. Many of these souls were the troubled souls, who had gotten caught up in their own confusion, causing distress to others in their midst. Having been here before, I remembered it although its memory had just emerged within my soul.

Wearing the habit of a nun in the color of gray, I spent the day with about thirty children who were immersed in karmic confusion, and all of whom seemed to calm their energies in my presence. Mother Superior was watching me, but said nothing about my arrival or my work. Quietly and without interruption, she allowed me to take my solitary post amongst the troubled children and begin my work in calming their souls and teaching them about Jesus.

One young boy demonstrated a great interest in the second coming of Christ. "Whoever encompasses Him will be great, indeed." "Yes," I replied, "they will. But it will not happen as you seem to believe." Thinking that someone would *contain* the messiah, rather than inherently *be* it. Or that messiah's must come in only one form,

shape and size; rather than encompassing many important missions in the world. He had a misunderstanding.

Helping them to reach more harmonious and humble states, there seemed to be a great issue among them regarding the over-development of their ego's which led them to perform rash and extreme acts in the world, causing themselves and others great suffering. Wanting to prove they were special and unique, they believed they could only do this through extraordinary means.

After a while, the children rejoined the other sisters and Mother Superior for their lunch. Unbeknownst to me, the little boy who had asked about the second coming of Christ had gone rather berserk and had placed the Mother Superior in a great deal of danger. Causing a raucous with the other children and adults, it had become somewhat violent. Mother Superior handled it with ease, however, and they all returned safely. But when they had returned, I noticed something different about the little boy. Becoming rambunctious again, he began speaking and I noticed that his voice kept altering, which indicated demonic

possession. Walking over to him, I placed my hands around him and began repeating, "In the name of Jesus Christ, I demand that you leave."

Surreptitiously, he tried to repeat the words as I spoke them, but found it difficult at first because he was overtaken by the demon. But as I kept repeating the words, and he repeated after me, his voice became stronger until suddenly the demon was completely extricated from his soul.

Everyone who had watched was relieved, but I was now nervous that the Mother Superior might be angry at my interference. Taking me aside, the Mother Superior began walking with me quietly. "I've been watching you," she said, "and you are very good with the children. You teach them well, and your influence is good upon them." "Thank you," I replied, grateful that she wasn't angry. "You've made a significant influence on this troubled boy, amongst the others, and I am very grateful for that," she said. "Do you remember when you were with us last?" Interestingly, I did. Speaking of a young man I'd come to help long ago, she said, "Salieri did well in your presence." "Thank you," I replied, "did he continue

doing well when I left?" "No," she said politely. "He thrived in your presence, but couldn't hold onto it when you were gone. That's why he incarnated with you this time as your eldest daughter, so that your influence would be of a longer nature, with the hope that such influence might catapult this soul into an eternal destiny."

"Please stay and help us with the children as much as you can," Mother Superior said, "you are welcome here. And when you go, remember that the Lord will give you a place among the angels." Thanking her profusely, I was gladdened that this heavenly monastery accepted nuns of all types who served the Lord, disregarding their doctrinal status.

Andy had an experience: "Standing in a bedroom in our home, my attention became immediately focused on a very sweet, peaceful, elderly woman with radiant reddish brown hair that glowed almost as if she were surrounded in a fluorescent light. Sitting next to our bed, she wore dark-rimmed glasses and had shoulder length, thick curly hair. Focus and attention were completely on the bed where I noticed

Marilynn, but she appeared more in the shape of an energy than as a physical being. Manifesting as this energy, Marilynn was lying down on the bed with her hands over her stomach and appeared to be resting peacefully. Watching over Marilynn, the elderly woman was an angel, and she informed me that you were pregnant and that the pregnancy was 'in the patches.'"

"Noticing that the bed had a cover over it with many shapes embroidered in the material, I didn't understand what she meant by this, but the feeling was that she might be referring to a very early stage of actual pregnancy or a pregnancy to come and that it was important for Marilynn to stay in bed and rest a lot. Captivated by the presence of love, peacefulness and wisdom, it was an experience that I'll never forget."

The Mother Mary appeared to Andy as the Lady of Guadalupe, except *all* in blue, as energies came from both hands in a circular form of energies surrounding our family. Instinctively, he knew it to be protection.

On October 29, 1998 we found out we

were five-weeks pregnant.

***"This occurs in the entrance of the Messiah
in this period - 1998."***

*Edgar Cayce's Story of the Origin and Destiny of
Man, Inside Cover, (Christianity, Metaphysics,
Words of Edgar Cayce, Berkley Books)*

I was given to be with the baby while
my body was sleeping.

Hitting with full force, I became very
sick due to an undiagnosed rare
complication of pregnancy. Because it was
undiagnosed, it remained untreated and I
was on constant bed rest.

After walking in a thrift store in the
astral state, I was led to the back where I was
given three blankets by a generous older
lady, a grandmotherly type. The first blanket
rendered the Way of the Cross which was
placed over my shoulders in representation
of the path I now walked. The second bore
the mantle of Job, placed atop the first
blanket as a sign of the honor of this journey
into suffering. The third held the image of
the Blessed Mother of God, and was placed
upon the other two as a sign of her glorious
protection during this trying, difficult and
somewhat treacherous time.

Taken to watch an in-depth play regarding the Way of the Cross, it was performed at an old time 19th century theatre. Extremely intense, energetic knowledge entered through my pores.

Observing every station of the cross as if it were truly happening in front of me today, every few moments I had to remind myself that it was being depicted on a stage. Showing me the path I was following, I understood it to be a good and holy thing, despite its outward appearances to others.

During my seventh month of pregnancy, a huge grand white deer with striking antlers, which alone were about two feet high, appeared to me. Giving indication of great purity and grace, I understood these to be qualities held within the soul of our child.

Having spent the night being attacked by a whole squadron of demons who surrounded me and were levitating and chanting all sorts of horrid things, these demons appeared in human form but bore the energy of the satanic cult and witchcraft

crowd. Trying to overcome me with their sheer numbers, they had me surrounded. Because I said nothing, they began to think that they had won me over to their way and were very pleased. Surprising them, I began to sing the 'Hallelujah' chorus from 'The Messiah' by Handel. Pulling away, one male demon remained.

Coming closer, he looked like he was unsure, as if he really didn't know for sure the significance of Jacob but was perhaps suspicious of his import. "Why are you so excited about Jake being born?" he asked. Pausing, I acted dumb, "I don't know." Exasperated, the demons left in confusion.

Shown to me as a kangaroo with a baby in her pouch, the Lord allowed me to see a symbolical rendering of how close my son and I would be when he was born.

After this, Jake and Mary were shown to me as transparent and invisible buck deers with tall antlers of whom only Andy and I could see. Mary and Jacob were portrayed as being the eldest children with Melissa as the youngest, to give indication of the varying levels of soul evolution.

Melissa had a few experiences: "After undergoing a transformative encounter on the ground, Christ appeared in the sky wearing the crown of thorns, and at each side of Him stood an angel. Turning, I then saw Him standing on the Mount of Beatitudes."

"Awaking in the middle of the night, I saw the shadow of a shepherd holding a staff watching over Mary as she lay sleeping. Although at first I was afraid, I felt a sudden surge of peace, which made me feel safe."

"Reading bible stories in a dream, I looked out the window and saw Jesus walking with two angels who were watering our flowers as the Lord blessed them."

Jacob was born June 29, 1999 at 12:38 A.M.

CHAPTER THREE

*Jacob's Infancy, Mary's Toddlerhood, Melissa
Discerns*

At eleven days, Jacob and I were sleeping together in bed as he took me for an extended journey. Amongst our destinations, he showed me the state of many souls who were close to me. After partaking of this knowledge and being given information regarding the redemption of such states, we entered a holy place.

Flying in his tiny newborn body, wearing a blue-green nightgown, Jacob took me to a most wondrous location; a gathering of about 100 holy and wise men. Amongst them were many Native American Medicine Men, Padre Pio, and off in the distance, Jesus. Padre Pio was the focus of this journey, however, and I spent much time listening to him speak. Unfortunately, I was unable to recall what he had spoken to me about upon return, but I distinctly remembered that his customary sternness was not present. Very calm and accepting, he expressed love and acceptance to my soul. Guiding me in regards to Jacob, it carried great import, but was taken from my

mind upon return.

Jacob and I slept together much in these early weeks so that I might protect him from demonic attacks. One particular night at about three and a half weeks, Jacob was sleeping and began jumping and moaning. Comforting him, I chose to stay awake for a time. When I did fall asleep, however, several demonic intrusions were occurring.

Opening the door, a large black bat-winged creature with the body of a man and wings of a bat lunged at me with a huge knife. Through heavenly intercession, I was spared.

Later that same night in the sleep state, I found myself with Jacob in a haunted mansion inhabited by a demonic spirit. Looking over towards Jacob, the demonic entity had tried to suffocate him in his own feces by placing a dirty diaper over his nose and mouth. Immediately, I removed the item and slammed the demon with the might of God.

At nine weeks, I had an amazing experience wherein I was shown my hands as having holes in them much like the

stigmata. But rather than blood pouring out of these wounds, breast milk came from them. (Interestingly, I would end up breastfeeding Jake for 21 months.) Feeling the Lord's contentment in our bonding, I awoke.

Satan appeared at the foot of my bed at about ten feet tall with greenish-gray skin and small horns sticking out of his head. As his face is part beast and part man, he always appears in an exaggerated body type, almost as if he were a wrestler on steroids.

Yelling and screaming at me, I couldn't definitely ascertain his problem, but soon realized that he was mad because I was making an all-out war effort against him and his minions for the soul of my oldest daughter, Melissa, who was struggling with her dark side. Jesus and I were winning, and little Lucifer was upset about that.

Having taken Jacob to a mall in the astral state, I was returning to my car. Immediately realizing that someone had broken into the car, it appeared that they'd tried to steal the stereo. An unassuming police officer approached with the express

intention to help. But within moments, I noticed that there were two thugs hanging out not far away.

Instinctively, I realized that all three were demons and confronted them. "So what are you doing here?" I asked. "We are here for the boy," they said, "you shouldn't have taken him here; we're going to take him now." As the police officer backed away, one thug pulled out a huge butcher knife, threatening me with it. As I grabbed for the knife, he said, "You won't kill me, you don't have it in you." Addressing my abhorrence for violence, he'd forgotten that I was a mother protecting her young. "Try me! Go ahead and try me! I WILL TAKE YOU OUT TO PROTECT MY SON!" Unflinchingly, he said, "We are taking the baby." Reaching for the knife, I shouted, "YOU ARE NOT!" Looking around, there were many people wandering around ignoring our situation, but I shouted to the Lord for help and was immediately delivered.

Whisked off to the first home where my husband and I had lived, several elderly ladies had lived in that neighborhood most of whom had passed away shortly after we

had moved. Waiting for me as I arrived, they wished to see me. "Have you met the three kids?" I asked. Very happy at our reunion, they replied, "Yes, we have seen them, and they are doing wonderful . . . especially the Supreme Tathagata!" Knowing that they were referring to Jake, they were talking in an almost joking, but yet serious, manner.

Appearing to be about twelve years old, Jacob displayed the features of a person from India, although in his physical waking life he was light-skinned and blue-eyed. I was utterly obsessed with him.

Noticing a man overhead him sitting in lotus position in the sky, Jake referred to him as another father. It seemed that I might have peered into one of Jake's nightly journeys with one of his spiritual teachers or guardians.

The knock at the door did not indicate the holy presences who awaited us. Someone came to tell me that Pope John Paul II was at the door to see me. Worried because I hadn't showered yet, I rushed to get ready and greet him. Having come by boat, his boat was just outside the door on a

river which doesn't really exist in front of our house, but did exist in the astral.

Mother Teresa was with him and I was initially confused because I thought they were there to see me, and they walked right past me in search of my eldest daughter, Melissa. Talking quietly amongst themselves, it soon became apparent that they were discussing her potential future vocation. But it was not definite. Pointing out some of her issues, they observed that destructive tendencies would be her greatest obstacle to overcome in attaining to such a destiny. But they also made it quite clear, by the look upon their faces, that they felt my responses to her destructive tendencies were overdone. As my daughter appeared quite angelic, I was moved to tears that they were watching over her precious soul.

At ten months of age, my little sweetheart appeared to me as a young child of about two or three. Standing very coyly, he looked at me with his sweet smile holding his hands together in front of him. On his back were a set of wings which were identical in energy to the wings of St.

Michael. Showing the power hidden within the simplicity, they glowed with bright light as I cooed at my sweetheart.

Melissa told me of a most profound experience wherein she woke in a dream state and looked outside her back window. Behind our home were about 2,000 deer, lying in wait in several herds upon the ground. Amongst the deer were about 200 angels dressed in robes like shepherds, wearing a veil around their heads and carrying staffs. Although the robes were white, they wore a veil of blue on their heads that was tied around the top. Although they emitted a brightly glittering auric field, they did not display wings. Ministering to the deer, they were feeding them grain and giving them water. Melissa expressed her awe at this sight, but then turned to look in the direction of the altar in her room as she noticed that one of the shepherd angels was standing by her side as she watched.

A life-size painting of Jesus appeared in the ether and came to life, materializing in front of her as Jesus spoke to her soul. "These deer are the flocks of the world. They are the

souls that need to be taken care of by mature shepherds given by the Divine Father," Although He had spoken much more of deep profundity, she could not recall any more of His words. At her side, a shepherd angel continued to stand, keeping her company throughout the visitation.

Preparing to leave, Jesus filled her heart with an explosion of love which made her love Him in a way she had not yet experienced, and with this came a desire so strong to do His holy will and to discover His will for her in her life. Returning to her bed, she awoke in a state of wonder and awe.

Days later, she awoke in the night with fear in her heart, a fear of the darkness. Calling out to me for help, she said I appeared in a white robe surrounded in light, thus diminishing the darkness in her room. "Don't be afraid, I am always with you." I said. Talking for a few minutes, I conveyed to her that she needn't be afraid because God is always with her and she always has her guardian angels protecting her. As she calmly fell back to sleep, she saw a brush of angel's wings.

Years later, she's graduating from

nursing school and is ready to live out her vocation to serve the sick in the world.

Three monks were sitting in my living room, watching Jacob play in the center of them. Wondering if Jacob might be one of them someday, they disappeared.

My spirit was given a very large book entitled, 'Priest-ology.' Ironically, I'd just found this old text at a thrift store, and it contained within it lectures from divinity school, presumably for me to teach Jacob.

Breastfeeding in bed, my little sweetheart and I were doing bed bun (also known as breastfeeding in bed) and we fell asleep together. Entering into energy, I saw the two of us lying together on the bed witnessing the Living Immortal Energy as it circled around Jacob and into me and back again in a circular pattern of yellow light. Very intense and wonderful, I'd always known there was a special energetic exchange which occurred during this process, but now it had been confirmed.

Because I'd been diagnosed with Peripartum Dilated Cardiomyopathy and

accompanying heart failure, it seemed that my deteriorating physical health had sealed our family's fate, that of five members. Whatever question there had been at the time of the visitation of the Pleiadians when they had shown me a possible fourth child, appeared to be firmly sealed.

CHAPTER FOUR*Turning Three and Beyond*

Praying with Jake at bedtime, Andy was finishing up when Jake said, "Now we need to thank Jesus for the light in mommies room." Having just returned from a profound heavenly visitation, I had been asleep. No one else knew about my visit to the light . . . but Jake did.

Little Mary had a dream the same night in which I had met with all the prophets and saints to discuss my occupation in life. Seeing me soar through through the heavens as an angel, she thought I might have died, but within minutes I came back to the Earth and transformed back into her mommy again.

Realizing that I was very much alive, she also became aware that I traveled back and forth to different worlds throughout the day and night, but that didn't mean I was in danger. "I still have heart failure," I told her in her dream, "but I have a lot of energy now."

Mary had an experience: Walking

amongst a vast desert wasteland, Mary (now seven) was walking with Jacob (now three years) looking towards a man who was planting seeds. For some unknown reason, the seed man began to chase them away from his garden, and as the two ran, Mary began to wonder if they were in the 'right' place, the place where God would have them be.

Just as she began to think such thoughts, she saw a great light appear upon a nearby mountain of which she knew to be the light of Jesus. 'Perhaps they were in the place God wanted them to be, after all,' she thought, 'despite the symbolism of the spiritually barren lands they inhabited. Maybe it was God's wish for them to fill this barren land with spiritual life at some future juncture, to the protestations of the masses.'

Mary and Jacob arrived at home where the power had suddenly gone out leaving everything dark. Hearing the voices of many ghosts and dead people communicating in the house, she was frightened. So she called out to Jesus for help as He immediately appeared.

Surrounded by a huge light which filled the house, He walked towards her as

the disciple Thomas appeared at His side. No longer afraid, Mary began to enter into the mysteries of Christ's life and death. (This may mean that she will share the mystical gift that I have harbored during my life, being able to communicate with the dead, and that she needn't be afraid because Jesus will light her way and show her how He would like her to help them.)

Thomas approached Jesus and said, "Are you going to live forever?" Jesus nodded quietly that He indeed must die, saying, "No, I will be giving my life for your sins very soon."

At this moment, Mary joined Jesus at the Last Supper where she sat next to Christ and watched him break a very large piece of bread. Within moments, she was kneeling at the foot of the cross as Mother Mary stood with her. Before the great moment began, the Blessed Virgin turned to Mary and said, "Did you know that we share the same name?" Seconds later, they grieved Christ's sacrifice of which she knew had been for her and the souls of all humanity. (Jesus was showing Mary that this 'gift' would also be her cross to bear in this life, in order to serve Christ Crucified who died for her and to

distribute the graces which had come from His sacrifice, she must give to those lost souls who had not yet received them.) Within a moment, Mary had returned to her bed to see the face of Jesus watching over her as she lay sleeping.

Waking up, Jake had a dream. "I had a dream about a tiger. The tiger was playing with me, and he said I was a funny boy. Then I giggled." "Did your tiger have stripes?" I asked him. "No's," he said, "he had spots." Giggling myself, I wondered if his 'tiger' was actually the Cheetah prophesied many years before as his medicine animal.

Amidst a profound journey, I saw a stout, grayish older woman stealing something from the spirit world which was not hers to take. Although she had already taken that which was not hers to take, she also began to reach and claw towards Mary, who was portrayed as a small vulnerable embryo in my hands. Protecting Mary with my life, this woman had attempted to take her from me unlawfully. In the process, Mary's tiny body had been injured which now appeared to be enflamed.

Having gone into the spirit world on a lawful journey, the old woman had seen a special holy gift personified in Mary. But rather than honoring these gifts and the will of God in regards to such matters, she wanted those spiritual gifts for herself and others, and had attempted to take them by grasping it from Mary's vulnerable soul; although she knew it violated eternal law.

Entering an old building, the architecture of the building and dress of the people dated the time as late 1800's or early 1900's. A group of people had gathered for 'spiritualistic' teachings. Women filled the room, all richly adorned with long dresses, ornate hats, and make-up and jewelry to excess. A few men were scattered about the room amongst the two or three hundred person crowd. In the streets outside, horse-drawn carriages rode by on the mixture of brick and paved streets.

Having been called in to assist, myself and another soul had been given engraved invitations from the eternal so that we might be given entry to pursue the mission to retrieve that which had already been stolen. For the moment, the old woman didn't notice my presence, and thus, didn't

recognize me. Although I didn't have a true sense of what we were looking for, we knew that we would recognize it when we found it; an eternal directive would immediately make us aware.

As we listened to the speakers talking about relatively unimportant issues, we were sitting by a woman who wore two large dangling diamond earrings. Becoming synchronistically aware of the radiation coming from the earrings she wore, we were both given interior awareness that the two large diamond earrings were the items we had been sent to retrieve; they were receivers to the world of the dead, tools to communicate with the spirit world.

Realizing that this was the gift that these souls were attempting to use unlawfully, and which rightfully belonged to my daughter, Mary, we both reached quickly towards her and grabbed the diamond objects which were radiating into the spirit world. Beginning to run, we needed to escape from this torrent of souls who would attempt to regain ownership of this unlawful spiritual gift which is only bestowed when and how God pleases.

But we weren't quick enough and the

old woman who had initially committed this act against eternal law summoned everyone to stop us. They had been *using* a holy and spiritual gift, playing around with as if it were meant to be a parlor game.

Continuing to run, we were both stunned when the all-holy God intervened. A light descended from the heavens causing all of the hundreds of people to be unable to move. Frozen in place, they could still talk and many of them were shouting at us, asking us what was going on.

Flying towards a horse-drawn carriage which awaited our exit, we jumped in and were carried away from the scene within moments. Given a further spiritual gift of being unrecognizable to any of the people who had been at this gathering, this would protect us from further harm.

Mary's gift (her ability to see into both worlds) was returned to her soul *and* to the spirit world to be given by God in the manner in which He might choose. Further, Mary would be instructed in the manner of holiness and proper use of spiritual power, so that when her gift did mature, she would use it according to the will of the Lord, as opposed to the trivial and shallow will of the

masses.

On the following night, Jacob was shown to me as a tiny fragile preemie weighing about one pound. Trying to protect him, my physical and spiritual presence overshadowed his small and vulnerable form. Over time, he became a strong baby. Jake was now three years old and was very physically strong, but I took these messages to mean that our children remain very fragile in their spirit and body, and their destiny requires astute protection.

Jake, now 3 1/2 years old, began relating his own mystical experiences to me. Most of them seemed to involve battling dark forces, prevailing with the aid of St. Michael and Jesus.

On one occasion, he told me a lengthy battle between himself and a large creature, when St. Michael descended and vanquished the foe. Another occasion, Jake was battling soldiers at the foot of our driveway, and he prevailed. Jesus appeared to him and asked how he had banished this entire army. Jacob proceeded to explain to Jesus how he had done so with the aid of his innate spiritual gifts.

To even describe the hundreds of battles he engaged in at this time would be impossible as it would fill so many volumes. But Jake was very actively engaged in demonic warfare in the astral, and saw St. Michael frequently during this period of time.

After being shown the potential ravages of a world destruction, I was given to witness the infertility and inability to reproduce which became rampant among man and beast, facilitating a crisis which could lead to the end of the world as we know it. If they were to happen, I was shown the approximate time the changes that might lead up to destruction of such magnitude would begin .

After being assaulted by a witch, a demon came after me and threw a two foot long dragonfly-like creature onto my chest. The black creature had two large wings, rather than four smaller ones. Melissa immediately appeared on the scene, ran towards me and grabbed the creature, throwing it off into the abyss and probably saved my life.

On another occasion, I was attempting to save two young men who had become involved with a satanic group. Trying to leave the group, their lives were in danger and I was called in to assist them in their escape. Unfortunately, the demons behind the assault to come were very powerful and I was unable to save the lives of these two courageous souls, although their salvation had been attained.

Realizing that I had been defeated, the demons then came towards me. Knowing my life was in great jeopardy, I hadn't yet had a chance to call for help when my four-year old son appeared with another boy his age and went after the demons. One cannot explain how cute and funny it was to see these two tiny boys whipping the large and powerful demons with their mere presence.

Walking towards the demons, Jake's mere presence completely annihilated them and sent them immediately hissing back into the abyss. Reveling in the cuteness of this, I almost lost the powerful nature of the moment because he was so adorable. But upon reflection, I was able to realize just

how amazing this moment had really been.

Jake would speak about this little boy, who he called Charlie, for a couple of years as being a constant companion, teacher and fellow warrior in the battles beyond the veil. Charlie sometimes also appeared to him as a grown man, usually in a police uniform, watching over him as he slept and vanquishing demons who attempted to disturb his sleep.

Mary, now eight years old, had an experience about two weeks after the passing of our priest: "I was sleeping in the night. Suddenly, I was wakened by a light coming through my window. I saw angels around my bed, and standing inbetween them was Jesus. He said, 'Do not be afraid, Mary, you will have a new priest and the new priest I will give you will be a very good one.' Then it all faded into the ether."

Jake, now four years old, had an experience the following night: "Me and Mommy were at home in the backyard. I felt the presence of the baby Jesus in the manger. And then Jesus was talking to me and you from the sky. (Apparently, as an adult.) He

said, "The below world is ruled by Satan and the above world is ruled by God. You are going to get a new priest who is ruled by God."

Melissa, now sixteen, had an experience that same day: "In my dream, my mom called Mary and I to go talk with her about an experience she had about our well-being. In this dream, I saw her astral notes and the first one was a letter to my sister (Mary) from Jesus, telling her about how special she is and how Jesus loves her so much. On the second part, it related to the fact that I had become so mean-spirited towards my sister that I did not realize how hateful my actions had become. I suddenly realized what the true impact of my words and actions had truly been on my sister's self-esteem and that I needed to fix that."

Jake, still four years old, had some experiences one night: "I heard the sounds of a war that sounded like thunder. Then I looked in the direction of the noise and then I saw two red eyes, his head was big and he was looking (sneering) at me like this. And then I went over to him and I saw him roar

at me again, and I told him not to mess with me. And he told me that there's nothing that's better than *not* having a Jesus picture, that Jesus pictures are dumb. (We have Jesus pictures all over our house.) But then I told him that Jesus pictures are good and then he told me not to mess with Jesus pictures because they're dumb, but I told him that if you don't stop saying that kind of stuff I'll kick you back into your own world. I dug a big hole and kicked him back into his world." On the same night, Jake had this experience: "I heard a big noise, so I saw it was the same demon and he had brought some other demons through the hole into our realm. Mommy was sleeping, and I yelled, "Mommy," and she woke up and came over. Mommy jumped on them and kicked their butt and they fell back through the hole. "

Experiencing a very close call in regards to my health, I was ready to give up on my battle for life and surrender to death. In my bodily poverty, my life had been drained out of me during a horrible bout of incessant vomiting matters, which left me dehydrated and my heart struggling to

continue forth.

In my hazy fog of pain, it was difficult to see beyond my own boundaries; because my head felt like it was exploding, my stomach was truly exploding, my other end was truly exploding and my chest was searing with agonizing pain. I could barely even get up. But out of the corner of my eye, I noticed little Jacob crying quietly on a chair, because he was afraid of losing his mommy.

Without a second thought, I pulled myself out of this fog and sat upright. "For you," I said to my little sweetiepie, "I'm gonna come back and get all better. For you . . ." The little sweetie rushed over to me and smiled, hugging me tightly. As I quickly grabbed the glass of water next to me, I determined that I would rehydrate myself somehow and make it back. No matter how close to the edge I was . . .

The next two nights were filled with battles to keep me going and to bring me back, but we did succeed. And the following night, I saw my little sweetie pie sitting in lotus position in the back of a van. Sitting before him, I was swooning in my love for him as I kissed his hand repeatedly.

I find it interesting that giving birth to my son was the action that brought about my serious health status of heart failure, but my son's existence also gives me a strength I never had before to live on a daily basis in spite of it. The instrument of my 'downfall,' has also been the ultimate instrument of my own redemption. His birth marked the beginning of many births that have come since to bring me closer to the love of God; beginning with the unusually deep love my son and I have for one another but sustaining itself in the continual blossoming of an ever greater love between each of the members of our family for one another.

I can honestly say that I was reborn on the day that Jacob was born, and if it hadn't been for his birth, we would have all missed so much. The illness itself has been an instrument in the hands of God to bring about things within us for which we would have never before conceived; among them a much deeper love, compassion, caring and unity within our family.

Because of this illness, I have found within myself strength I'd not known existed, and have also discovered a greater and more profound trust in the higher

power that guides us all, along with the higher purpose for all that happens to us in this mortal life to prepare us for that life immortal beyond this one.

Jake (now four) had this dream when we were going through a difficult time in regards to employment:

"Well the general idea was we couldn't find any homes so we were walking through the woods and then we decided to rest in a cave. Then you were asleep. Then this big old demon came in and he sounded like thunder growls and when he stomped, dirt would tremble people down into the dirt and he had a big humped head and big eyes which were really wide. He had one eye as wide as his head, and his nose was pointy and narrow and would breathe out arrows. And then an evil snake came with an apple that would make me know evil and good. And I knew it was a bad apple so I didn't eat it. So then this demon was talking and he said, 'You'll see how powerful your mother is, I bet she's not very good at it.' But you were, cause, so . . . okay, then I woke you up and told you. And then you got up and got him. You jumped on him and then he ran

away.

But the second dream, it was the same demon, but you didn't kick his butt. You didn't, but *I* did. Cause you know where demons are scared of the word, 'Jesus,' so I just yelled, 'Jesus, Jesus, Jesus.' And then I said, 'Enough of annoying.' Then he ran away, and then that's the whole dream.

Jake (now five) had two dreams after we had overcome our adversity in regards to employment and had found a new place to live:

"It was weird. Dad let me and Mary out to look out through the fence. Then I saw a cloud around us, and then far away but close, we saw a smoke fire in our town that went towards me. And then when I ran out, Mary was like, 'Looks like you're right, there is a fire.'" Because I saw flames going straight up like a volcano. But Mary said it was a fire, not a volcano and she was right.

Then it got put out. After the fire, we looked through my window, we saw shooting lightning from the moon and it shot out lightning everywhere. And it might've hit Dad's truck, but it didn't catch on fire.

And then what happened, Mary had a bad idea. 'Let's go hunting for one of those lightning bolts.'

Then these demons came down and created fires which made people bad. Me and Mary ran out, and I was like, "Where are you going, we're going to have to give everybody warnings about this so they don't get in trouble with their parents and their parents don't get in trouble with the fires and the children." I stopped Jake here and he explained this.

"Because the children would be tempted by the fires, and then they would tempt their mom and dad with power."

Then the demons floated back to hell." I stopped Jake and asked him to explain how this happened. "Me and Mary put out the fires that would hold them up here and we put them out while the demons were in the fires. So the fires brought the demons back to hell."

Jake had another dream the following night:

"These demons were after me and Mary and then what happened . . . they were after me. So I was running back home. I saw an airplane and they were shooting

metal knife shooters and arrows that would catch the knife shooters and go through the clouds, trying to hit me.

Mom was there trying to find a way to make them stop shooting those things, but then what happened was I talked to them about being bad and then they understood about not being bad. So they then went after Satan and were trying to get Satan to stop doing bad things. Mom was happy that I was able to stop them from shooting their bad things.

Mary (now nine years old) was given a temptation in a dream (through a friend) to go into a movie depicting sexuality in an inappropriate way and declined to go, thus turning this sinful option away. As a result, she had a subsequent experience:

"I was looking out my window and I saw five caves. One said, 'You must be kind.' Another said, 'You must tell the truth.' Another one said, 'You must love your neighbor.' Another one said, 'You must not steal.' The last one said, 'You must be caring.'

Then I went outside remembering the caves. I went into each one and when I went into them, they showed me an example

of what I must be like in regards to each cave's saying. I thought, 'I need to change, big time.' (Because she felt the energy of those qualities in the caves as she was there.)

Finally, I was telling a friend of mine who had been involved in the previous temptation dream about the caves and I shared with her the dream and took her into each cave. She finally understood that she was going down a false path and she energetically changed. I took this as a sign that I should share these things with her."

Mary and Jacob both had powerful experiences the night before last. Mary was in school and received a note that she must go find Jesus. She wandered into the woods and found underneath a tree the Nails and Crown of Thorns. She knocked on the tree and Jesus came out of a door in the tree to greet her. He handed her the robe he wore during his passion, and said to her (in regards to my apparent impending doom) 'Do not fear, child, for no matter what happens, I will always be with you.' He gave her the Crown of Thorns, the nails and His robe to take with her and to keep safe in her closet for a time. She was given a vision of

me in heaven wearing a robe of white surrounded by what she described as the bliss and ecstasy of heaven. She said she knew that when I died I would still be right there with her just as powerfully as I was while on earth."

The same night, Jake had a dream. He said that he saw me lying in bed dying, and he looked out the window and there was a huge cloud of darkness and fire trying to drag us all into hell. But there was a light between me and the light which would not allow it to take us. Jake said there was a particularly gruesome demon who was enraged that he could not take me, and Jake said he stuck his tongue out at the demon and closed the window blind coming back to my bedside.

Riding the wanton train through the astral wonderland, my eldest daughter, Melissa - now seventeen, was sitting patiently as an angelic guardian opened her head and programmed within it a psychic shift.

Many hardships began to follow, apocalyptic in nature. Locusts surrounded the compartment of our train, and although

were protected in this small space, it was clear that something that was to come relied entirely on Melissa, myself and this male angelic guardian.

On some level, I understood our apocalyptic mission, but Melissa did not. It would take more time for her to understand.

Jake had two dreams: (5 1/2 years of age) "God told me that when I grow up, I would have to stop a war. Then me and Mary flew over to the place where the war was going on where I saw that one of the people who was being bad read mummies books and he stopped being bad. Then God gave me power and I used the power he gave me to restore all the buildings and houses for the people."

Mary and Jacob continued to have profound experiences regularly with the heavenly hosts and with the souls of those beyond.

A couple of short examples are these:

Jacob said (Age 5): "I'll tell you how it came true. When I once had a dream that came true and I saw the heavens on a cloud

and I saw Jesus and I also saw all the angels and St. Michael."

Mary said (Age 9): "I was with Mom in our house and we went into the canyon. She found a demonic green buffalo that she made go away. Then she showed me another buffalo which was brown and black. When she touched it, she was filled with the Holy Spirit and came into her power." (Buffalo medicine is that of prayer)

Mary said (Age 9): "There was a container on the table filled with water. Suddenly, a picture of our house comes into the container. Inside our house has been changed into a monastery."

Mary said (Age 9): "My mom has died and in a vision she says she will be with us forever, even though she is a spirit in heaven."

Mary said (Age 9): "I was able to be in St. Maria Gorretti's life. And after she was stabbed and died she came to me and said I should not be worried about what kind of death I might have because God will bless me no matter how it may come."

Mary said (Age 9): "There was a mirror underground. Demons had been coming out and making people lost souls."

When the demons came to our house, though, Jesus and an army of angels defeated them and did not let them enter."

Mary said (Age 9): "I was on my way to the top of a mountain. But when I reached my goal, demons tried to take me. When my parents saw what I was doing, and were concerned, I told them that I'd realized that I had been trying to reach my goal too soon to prove to people that I was special."

Mary said (Age 9): "My dad had gone to work. When he got to his office, I saw many angels sitting there helping him in his work for the Lord."

Mary said (Age 9): "I was praying and Jesus came and blessed me."

Mary said (Age 10): "Dad was in court. And he won the trial. Angels came and said they would help him throughout his life and work and then he was in his office and he was helped very well and he learned many lessons."

Mary said (Age 10): "I was sleeping and Jesus came to me in a glider and He took me to my future to what I could choose to be. And the answer was that I was to be someone, a religious person, who taught the Words of Christ and taught children how to

become closer to Christ. Jesus showed me the results of what would happen if I accepted and followed my mission."

Both Jake and Mary would continue to have profound experiences.

Mary began battling dark forces before she turned twelve, and she was shown that I would not survive the entire time of tribulation and the battle between good and evil to come because my body was beginning to give out, but that she and the rest of the family would carry on forward the mission that had been set forth.

Melissa was now soon to graduate nursing school, planning to serve the flocks of Christ in whatever way He would lay it out for her in the years to come.

Just as with all of us, each born into the holiness that God allows us in our innocence, that holy spark is either maintained or destroyed throughout our childhood and then finally determined by our own individual free will.

What will they choose? What will they do with these gifts the Lord has given them? Will they fulfill whatever these

prophecies proclaim? Or will they, like so many others, fall off of the path of spirit and follow the temptation of the world to become shallow and dense.

It is my opinion that these Secret Prophecies portend only the true destiny of all children who given the right circumstances of childhood and choice, have the potential to become everything spoken of in these pages. We are all potential messiah's to everyone we meet, and each one of us chooses either the shallow or the deep waters.

Prophecies about who we are to become can only be fulfilled by the subsequent choice of free will. I remember once being told that Potentials Unfulfilled have no meaning, while Potentials Fulfilled are eternal! And isn't it true that the Lord has shown throughout the centuries that anybody who chooses Him over the world, becomes a bit like Him - they become His sons and daughters.

And each time one of these appears, it is a Second Coming - Moses, Elijah, Jeremiah, St. Francis, St. Catherine of Siena, St. John of the Cross, St. Therese, Milarepa, Rumi, Paramahansa Yogananda,

Thoth/Hermes, Sri Ramakrishna, John Wesley, Baha'u'llah, Martin Luther, Master Dogen, Maitreya, Buddha, Nostradamus, Saint Mother Teresa, Saint Padre Pio . . . the list of them is endless and goes beyond the bounds of any one religion. They exist in every region of the world carrying the banner of every religion; the royal family of God. And they embody and take within themselves all that is holy around them, making themselves a vessel of splendor and grace in a myriad of ways through a kaleidoscope of spiritual and other gifts.

Perhaps the Secret Prophecies only portend the *divine potential* of every child born to this world . . . including yourself and your children. And each one of us is given the opportunity to receive the messiah through others and to be a messiah to others every day of our lives if we choose to see clearly.

Create the auspicious circumstances for yourself and your children, and make it possible for yourself and each of them to choose the depths rather than the shallow waters. Then shall these prophecies be fulfilled . . . as each of us grabs a hold of our greatest potential and seeks to fulfill it in

others, as well. Let no one be left behind as we strive to bring the Second Coming of Our Lord Jesus Christ into every man, woman and child born of this earth.

If it comes in this manner, than the gospel shall truly have been fulfilled in its entirety.

Destiny and Prophecy

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