

The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation Journal:

'Reverend John MacGowan – Forgotten Protestant Mystic'

Issue Fourteen

Compiled by Marilyn Hughes

The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation!

www.outofbodytravel.org



Reverend John MacGowan

(To have your Questions, Articles, Poetry or Art included in future editions, submit to: MarilynHughes1@outofbodytravel.org!)

Copyright © 2008, Marilynn Hughes

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

All credits for quotations are included in the Bibliography.

For information, write to:

The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation!

www.outofbodytravel.org

MarilynnHughes@aol.com

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

Having worked primarily in radio broadcasting, 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.

Books by Marilynn Hughes:

Come to Wisdom's Door

How to Have an Out-of-Body Experience!

The Mysteries of the Redemption

A Treatise on Out-of-Body Travel and Mysticism

The Mysteries of the Redemption Series in Five Volumes

(Same Book - Choose Your Format!)

Prelude to a Dream

Passage to the Ancient

Medicine Woman Within a Dream

Absolute Dissolution of Body and Mind

The Mystical Jesus

GALACTICA

A Treatise on Death, Dying and the Afterlife

THE PALACE OF ANCIENT KNOWLEDGE

A Treatise on Ancient Mysteries

Near Death and Out-of-Body Experiences

(Auspicious Births and Deaths)

Of the Prophets, Saints, Mystics and Sages in World Religions

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

Miraculous Images:
Photographs Containing God's Fingerprints

Miraculous Images and Divine Inspirations!

Suffering:

The Fruits of Utter Desolation

Touched by the Nails

(Watch and Wait)

A Karmic Journey Revealed!

At the Feet of the Masters

CHILDREN'S BOOKS

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

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

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

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

Miraculous Images for Little Children!
Illuminated Manuscripts for Little Children!
The Tree of Life from Around the World for Little Children!
Apparitions of Jesus and Mary for Little Children!
Bleeding and Weeping Statues for Little Children!
Eucharistic Miracles for Little Children!
Stigmatists for Little Children!
Visions of the Soul Leaving the Body at Death from Around the World
for Little Children!
Visions of Heaven and the Afterlife from Around the World for Little
Children!
Incorruptibles for Little Children!

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

The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation Journals

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

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

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

Journal Four: A Menage of Wonderful Writers and Artists!

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

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

Journal Seven: When Tragedy Strikes

*Journal Eight: Comparing the Buddhist Avalokiteswara's Descent into
Hell with that of Jesus Christ!*

Journal Nine: Huzur Maharaj Sawan Singh - Sant Mat (Sikh) Master

*Guru and Grandson Maharaj Charan Singh - Sant Mat (Sikh) Master
Guru*

Journal Ten: The Great Beyond

Journal Eleven: Ghosts and Lost Souls: Our Responsibility

*Journal Twelve: The 800th Anniversary of Jalalludin Rumi, and
the True Spiritual Heritage of Afghanistan and the Middle East*

Journal Thirteen: Pensatia - Forgotten Rosicrucian Mystic

*Journal Fourteen: Reverend John MacGowan - Forgotten
Protestant Mystic*

Go to our Web-Site:

The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation!

www.outofbodytravel.org

CONTENTS:

*The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation Journal:**'Reverend John MacGowan – Forgotten Protestant Mystic'**Issue Fourteen*

Compiled by Marilyn Hughes

<i>'Reverend John MacGowan – Forgotten Protestant Mystic'</i> <i>Marilyn Hughes</i>	7
<i>Question and Answer Forum!</i>	25
<i>Different Voices!</i>	31
G.R.S. Mead <i>'The Evolution of Catholic Christianity'</i>	32
Bardaisan – Forgotten Gnostic Mystic of the Early Church <i>'The Hymn of the Robe of Glory'</i>	37

The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation Journal:

'Reverend John MacGowan – Forgotten Protestant Mystic'

Issue Fourteen

By Marilyn Hughes

Our forgotten mystic this month, was a Baptist Minister of the Gospel in Devonshire Square, London who lived from 1726 to 1780. Somewhat controversial in his time and certainly in our own, he wrote a great deal of work not all of it mystical. But he is most remembered for the most controversial aspect of his theology which came about after undergoing an unusual mystical experience wherein he was given to enter into the infernal abodes and begin listening to the diabolical dialogues of the devils, and by so doing, learning the various ways that the dark side would easily subvert such simple souls as ourselves. Here follows his own recollection of the event which led to the writing of this fascinating work:

The Story of Reverend John Macgowan

“Know then, that not far from my humble cot, there is a widely extended, most tremendous and gloomy VALE, first formed, as is supposed, by some dreadful earthquake, or some other remarkable convulsion in nature. The confines of this valley, on the outside, are every where nearly level with the surface of the ground, but the precipice within is to the last degree horrible, inasmuch that few have fortitude enough to approach it. The ancient bards very justly called it HORRIDA VALLIS, and we from them, the Vale of Horrors. This horrid vale has long been supposed, by the credulous vulgar, to be the haunt of infernal spirits; and some people imagine that it is the only place on earth where they freely converse about the dark designs of their mal-administration.

My curiosity continually prompting me, at last conquered my native timidity, and I resolved, if possible, to find an entrance into this unfrequented, unknown, and dreadful place.

But many months, I may say some years, were spent in this fruitless search, and I despaired of success. At length, however, having entered a very large and unfrequented wood, one side of which led to the very edge of the precipice, as I walked a few furlongs down a gradual descent, gloomy beyond whatever I had seen before, I came to a huge rock, all overgrown with ivy and moss. It had the appearance of an ancient ruin, somewhat in the form of a pyramid; the bottom occupied a considerable space, and the spiral top was hardly concealed by the highest branches of the tall and aged oaks which surrounded it. Near the ground, by chance, I discovered an opening almost choked up with baleful hemlock and nightshade. At first I thought that this could be no other than the cave of some ancient Druid; but approaching it, and having with much toil cleared away the noxious weeds, I found, what I had long sought for, an entrance into the dreadful cavity.

Here my resolution almost failed me, and I was at the point of relinquishing the long projected enterprise. At length I recollected myself a little, and resolved to descend into the place, though, as I thought, not much less horrible than hell. The passage, a little within the entrance, led downwards almost in a perpendicular direction; but its straightness, and the natural unevenness of the rocks that formed it, rendered my descent more practicable and safe than I at first expected. Down, however, I went, fathoms I know not how many, ere I found myself at the bottom, and from an easy opening entered the gloomy vale.

Looking up, I saw rocks upon rocks projecting over my timorous head; and I perceived myself to be within the most hideous inclosure that ever mortal eyes beheld. The vale being solitary and gloomy as death itself, I said in my heart, Surely if damned spirits are permitted to visit the earth this must be their rendezvous, and two to one I shall see some of them. I therefore observed carefully my retreat; and by several marks on the rocks which formed it, I hoped that, on my emergency, I might be directed to the entrance of the cave, by which alone I could return to the society of mortals.

I soon found that my precautions were far from being unnecessary; for I saw, by the feeble light which glimmered in the place, a form most frightful making directly towards me. My heart bounced in my breast with terror, and swift as a hare prest by sanguine hounds, I ran to my little sanctuary. No sooner had I entered it, but the fiend stalked up to the very door of it. The hair of my head stood upright, the blood ran down my back as cold as Greenland ice, and I looked on myself as a dead man; having often heard of miserable wretches being torn in pieces by talons of merciless infernals. But as the hideous form attempted not to penetrate into the cave, nor seemed at all conscious of my being there, I recovered myself a little, and reviewed it with less apprehension of danger. At length he espied another of his clan, to whom he called, and with whom he held the following dialogue, which made such an impression on my mind, that I afterwards recollected the most part of it; and here present it to the worthy reader. The name of this devil, as I afterwards understood was AVARO, and that of the other

FASTOSUS."

*The Dialogues of the Devils, Reverend John Macgowan,
1863*

Macgowan's work was controversial in his time and remains so today because he held nothing back, and many of the dialogues that he recorded were severe and cutting to the Christian Church, the Papacy, the Priesthood, the Jews and frankly every living person.

One of the greatest gifts of his writings which shows a similarity to C.S. Lewis's Screwtape letters, although that book was written as a fiction, is the insight which Macgowan provides into the subtlety of temptation and how easily mankind can be led astray.

In one of the dialogues between two of the demons, Fastosus and Avaro, the two discuss how intricately they are involved in the fashions of the time and how easy it is to lead women and men into vanity and lust simply by making certain types of clothing 'fashionable.' In the dialogue, each demon claims to be behind the designs of the greatest clothing makers of the day and they take great pride in taking down so many so easily by so doing.

But the dialogues are very detailed and cover every possible sin, most of which seem to be suggested to us as humans by minimizing its import, making those who follow the moral law closely to be prudish, and creating a perception of fun and good times around such acts.

Interestingly, in their attacks on the church, they took prideful credit for the widely utilized system of the day in the Catholic faith regarding the selling of 'Indulgences' which are meant to guarantee the faithful a ticket to heaven through the Catholic Church. The attacks

on the church don't stop there, as they speak openly of their great victory in convincing a certain Pope to decry a doctrine of infallibility and in their words replacing the one true God with a man. At the time, and probably it could be conceded as being somewhat true in certain Catholic circles today, money was a huge part of the Church. And the devils Avaro and Fastosus brag about their many schemes to lead priests to greed with parishioners of means in order to attain political status in the church.

But the devils, of course, don't stick only to the leaders of faith communities. The dialogues continue on a long rant about the ease with which they've taken so many souls of children by creating laxity in parents, and accusing them with slothfulness in their parenting:

"Here dwells the parent who spends wastefully what should regularly support his family, so that his children are brought up in the most dissolute, and irreligious manner, as a preparative to the most vicious practices . . . Another sort are very careful to preserve the bodies of their children, by providing diligently for them the necessaries and conveniences of life; as they grow up are careful to preserve them from the highway and the stews, by putting into their hands a business by which to obtain a comfortable livelihood; and after all prove the murderers of their children. For, on the one hand, they restrain them not from bad company, which leads to destruction; company that corrupt the principles, vitiate the conduct, and lead into bad practices, such as Sabbath-breaking, gaming, lying, and swearing."

*The Dialogues of the Devils, Reverend John Macgowan,
1863*

In his work, we here from five demons other than Beelzebub himself who appears frequently throughout the work, mostly being spoken about by his minions. Each demon has certain charges, vices and destruction for which he is to look after in the world:

Fastosos - Vanity
Avaro - False Piety
Infidelis - Infidelity
Impiator - Impiety
Discordans - Discordance

The devils speak openly about the events which led to the fall of man, the anger of Beelzebub at the station of man and the rage that built within his heart:

An Account of the Fall

“(The Demon) Fastosus: I have already told you, that as soon as I was born, I obtained full dominion over the adherents of Beelzebub; this taught the angels of the deep, that the only way to seduce innocent beings was to inject my nature into them; and that the seeds of pride being once sown, they could not fail of most abundant fruitfulness. Man was originally created in a holy and happy estate, a perfect stranger to those evils which now prevail over, and reign predominant in the natural and moral world. You could not have seen so much as one symptom of pride or covetousness or other vice, either in Adam or Eve, in their primitive state. They love without unchastity, and enjoyed without uncleanness; nor were they in the least acquainted with the racking torments of jealousy. No anxious thoughts, perplexing fears, nor distracting cares, disturbed their peaceful hearts. Envy, anger, shame, and resentment were strangers to the new

created pair, and never set foot in paradise before my arrival there. Their sole delight was to contemplate the beneficence of their God.

Our eagle-eyed angels when they saw the noble deportment of man, soon perceived that he was of the same nature, which the Son of God was predestinated to assume, (for as some think, he might, out of love to the human nature, appear occasionally to the heavenly hosts in the form of man) for the resisting which decree, they were damned to the depths of ever-burning hell. The first discovery Beelzebub made of the blessed situation in which man was created, filled his noble mind with such violent agitations of rage, envy, malice, and pride, that his fury burst beyond all bounds. He stamped and raged in a most tempestuous manner; insomuch that he shook the sable firmament of hell, and brought his confederates to inquire the cause of his anguish. A council thus convened, after the prince had a little recovered from the first shock of transporting rage, he related to them what he had discovered concerning the inhabitants of Eden."

*The Dialogues of the Devils, Reverend John Macgowan,
1863*

Perhaps my favorite part of the dialogues is a profoundly interesting section wherein the demons discuss the events immediately before, during and after the Crucifixion of Jesus Christ. I'll let it speak for itself:

An Account of the Crucifixion from the Perspective of the Demonic Realms and the Demons

By Reverend John Macgowan

(It should be noted that the reference to the Jewish people in this excerpt is in no way exclusive in the mass of writings by Reverend John MacGowan. The demonic dialogues take great pains to excoriate the sins of all; including the Christians, the Papacy, the Priesthood, the Vanities, Greed and Sins of Laypeople People and everything else underneath the infernal register which excludes none. Because of the nature of this particular historical event, the Jewish priests played a role and the Reverend's accountings of the discussions of the demons are biting and very harsh – but in the entirety of the Dialogues of the Devils, this harshness is not exclusive to the Jews or any one group, but to all under the pain of temptation and sin which includes us all.)

“(The Demon) Infidelis: It happened in the process of time, our friend Judas found an opportunity to betray him into the hands of the principal priests for the goodly reward of thirty pieces of silver; for even Judas would not serve the devil for nothing. At the same time my son Slavish Fear, who is a spirit of gigantic stature, fell upon and routed all his followers, so that none of them remained with him in his last temptations. As soon as Immanuel was seized and fettered, they led him in triumph to prison and judgment, where our steady friends Hatred and Falsehood were appointed witnesses against him in behalf of the commonwealth. So very hard did they swear against him, that he was brought in guilty, as had been agreed on before hand. As soon as the jury of priests brought in their verdict, the devil Crudelis, and Pilate, who sat as judge, arose and gave sentence against him; which for its singularity, I shall repeat.

1. That the Jewish ploughers should make their furrows long and deep in his devoted flesh.

2. That his face should be marred with shame and spitting.
3. That his cheek should be bruised by the slavish hand of the barbarous smiter.
4. That he should be delivered over for further torment to those who pluck off the hair.
5. That in point of the greatest contempt, his temples should be torn with a mock crown of piercing thorns.
6. That he should be crushed to the earth beneath the weight of the cross, to which he was to be nailed for execution.
7. That in his extreme torture, he should have no drink, but the sourest vinegar mixed with gall.
8. That in the most barbarous manner which devils, priests, and soldiers could devise, his mangled body should be stretched upon and nailed to the accursed wood. And,
9. As unworthy of either, that he should be lifted up betwixt heaven and earth, a spectacle to devils and men, and there hang till he was dead.

As soon as the sentence was denounced, the devil Malevolus cried out, "Away with him, soldiers, away with him,-come, let us crucify him, his sentence is by far too mild, away with the varlet to Calvary." So they led him away to crucifixion.

At the same time our infernal nobility were struck with amazement, at the seeming power which man had gained over Immanuel; and great Beelzebub, in the midst of his astonishment, thus addressed his senators, "Once was a

memorable time, that we made such an attempt to subvert the government of God by resisting the power of Immanuel; but great was our defeat, and dismal our overthrow. Our designs were not only frustrated, but we ourselves in the height of our confusion, fiercely hurled from the resplendent summit of primeval glory into the yawning gulph of unfathomable perdition, where we are still reserved in these horrible chains, to the judgment of the great and terrible day. A day, the very thoughts of which make this noble frame of mine to tremble as the quaking asp. But how it comes to pass, I know not, these earthborn sons of ours seem exceedingly to surpass us in power: for I saw Immanuel stand fettered at their bar, dumb as sheep before their shearers, he opened not his mouth. I am much afraid there is some hidden mystery in it. What is this? - My undaunted mind is not wont to misgive me thus! - What can this unusual tremor which now invades my heart portend? I hate timidity - and yet I cannot help fearing that this commotion of my intellects is ominous of some event fatal to our interest.

I cannot deem it possible that the God of heaven and earth would patiently submit to such indignities, had he not some ends to answer by it, to which we at present are strangers. Often have I prophesied true; but O! May my prophetic mind be mistaken in its present timorous forebodings. Meanwhile let us, my infernal brethren, harden ourselves in despair; for it is now long since Hope took wing and fled from these dreary mansions. Strong in fury and fired with revenge, let us quit ourselves like devils and avowed enemies of righteousness. As for me, I hold it good that we instantly fly to the assistance of our devoted friends the Jews. Having this unexpected opportunity, let us not fail to improve it to the best

advantage; let it not be owing to our negligence, if the state of Immanuel be not overturned. Let not us have the hell to reflect, that we omitted any thing which might tend to promote the interest of darkness.

Great Beelzebub finishing here, and his motion being universally approved of, all the legions of reprobate angels, a few excepted, who were left to look after the affairs of the damned, took wing for earth, to assist at so very amazing an execution. Arrived at Calvary, they formed themselves into an invisible ring around the elevated cross, where to their unspeakable astonishment and wonder, hung Immanuel the maker of the world; and you may be assured they did not fail, as far as it was in the power of fallen spirits, to torment his oppressed soul. Aye, aye, so successful were we devils, priests, and soldiers that day, that no less was hoped for than a decisive victory over the Son of God.

But, how shall I speak it? To the everlasting mortification of the infernal peers just as Immanuel was to all appearance ready to expire, on a sudden he exerted his mighty power, seized old Beelzebub and dashed him against the cross, then casting him to the earth, he so bruised the head of the serpent with his heel, that there is great reason to believe he will never recover as long as he lives. It would have grieved the heart of the very Crudelis himself to see the abuse which our great and venerable parents received on that occasion.

(The Demon) Impiator: Well, sire, I cannot but think how truly the prophetic mind of Beelzebub foreboded his

misfortune: but what were the rest of the chiefs a-doing? Why did not all the veterans flee to his assistance?

(The Demon) Infidelis: A pertinent question indeed, considering by whom it is made, my son. But I assure you, we were never so greatly mistaken in our days as at that time. For when we thought ourselves sure of the victory, to our sad experience we learned that Immanuel was strongest in death. For even when he was a-dying, he laid us all under the most perfect arrest: none of us could take one step, either backward or forward, but as he gave permission; so that being spoiled of all our power, we could not help ourselves much less the afflicted prince. This done, he cried out with a voice which shook the very foundations of both earth and hell, "It is finished;" and was then conveyed by Death into an invisible state.

This done, once more we thought the day our own; but here I cannot omit that fearful stagnation of nature which happened then, and the set of new preachers which were introduced. For when all under our influence had forsaken Immanuel, who was betrayed by one, denied by another, and forsaken by all his preachers; the indignant sun could not endure that sight, as if angry and ashamed of the proceedings of the sons of men, covered his face with a sable cloud, and denied one smiling ray to delinquent earth whilst his Lord was ignominiously crucified. As if it had been seized with uncommon tremor, the earth itself fell into a fit of violent convulsions, the mountains reeled, the rocks rent, the graves opened, the dead arose, and all to preach the sufferings of the God of nature. An invisible hand rent the veil of the temple, that cloth of extraordinary texture, in twain from the top to the bottom, and a voice was heard to say, "The glory is departed from Israel, and now the most holy place is laid open."

Death having conveyed Immanuel to its lonely mansions, the resolute, though maimed Beelzebub, our great prince, recovered himself as much as was possible, his head being incurably broken; mustered his maimed forces, and went to the assistance of Death, if possible to keep Immanuel fast prisoner in the silent tomb. Nothing doubting, but if this could be, we should render all that he had heretofore done and suffered, null and void. The better to succeed in the important enterprise, we sealed the door of the sepulcher, and set a watch of faithful soldiers instructed by the chief of the Jewish priests; and still to make the security stronger, every fiend did his utmost to impost weights on the buried body of Immanuel, to prevent his resurrection from the solitary grave.

But to our eternal confusion, on the third day of his invisible state, he arose, shook himself from the dust, came to the door of the sepulcher, burst it open, and laid hold on Death, who stood as sentinel next to the door of the tomb, trampled him under his feet, and by main force wrenched from him his poisonous sting, that sad repository of all his strength. This done, he said, "Henceforth, monster, hast thou no power over the people for whom I have died." Then he broke impetuously through all the lines of martial infernals who stood in firm phalanx around the tomb; seized the lately wounded chief, who was very ill with a fever in his mind, arising from his disaster upon Mount Calvary. He took the fiend, the great Beelzebub, chained him to the axle of his chariot, mounted his seat, and rode triumphantly through the gathering crowds of joyful saints, who on golden pinions descended from heaven in solemn strains, to hymn their all-conquering and triumphant Redeemer.

Oh my friends! My dear infernals, it must have pierced your hearts with the most poignant sorrow to see him dragged in triumph through all the hosts of saints and angels, who fearless stood in blazing ranks to see the longed-for solemnity; and at the same time to see our beloved friend Death lie gasping for life at the door of the sepulcher. Great was the confusion of the infernal brigades when they saw their principalities spoiled, and Death and Satan so terribly handled: yea, so tremendous was their amazement, that to escape the avenging hand of risen Immanuel, they retreated even to the nethermost depths of hell; and his scattered disciples again resorted to his erected standard. But the greatest disappointment and consternation was, when we understood that after all our diligence and hazardous exploits, we, with our auxiliary priests, &c. had done nothing but what the hand and counsel of God had predetermined should be done; that by our seeming victory over Immanuel, he had for ever subdued us under his feet; and that our hatred, envy, and cruelty, were fully recompensed into our own bosoms; now deeper damned than ever.

(The Demon) Avarice: Ah, father, these were troubles indeed, such as do not happen every day; but it is not for us to desist from tempting when our designs miscarry, then should we not act the part of desperadoes, such as we are.

(The Demon) Infidelis: Ah, gentlemen, great was the cause of my dismay, for Immanuel gave such demonstration of his Messiahship, that all which was written in the prophets concerning him was exactly fulfilled in his life and death; yea, so very striking was the evidence that many cried, "Truly this is a just man;" and others, "Truly this is the Son

of God." Therefore I greatly feared that all the world would become believers in him, and consequently shake off my yoke. But I was much obliged to my good friends, the Jewish clergymen; for their reverences greatly befriended me, and warmly espoused my interest; exerted their utmost power to establish the throne of the great Infidelis, and to destroy the early seeds of Christianity sown by Immanuel, and now beginning to grow.

Immanuel having in opposition to all the powers of darkness, finished the work for which he came down to the earth; he triumphantly ascended to his native heaven, to the primeval embraces of his eternal Father, and assumed all the ensigns of his eternal Father, and assumed all the ensigns of empyrean glory.

Soon after this the high festival of Pentecost drew on, and I as formerly, attended at Jerusalem in the midst of many thousands, who according to the law, came up to worship upon that occasion, not only from Judea, but from nations very remote. I dreaded no harm at the hands of a few illiterate fishermen, having not been informed that any of the rulers, or of the scribes and Pharisees had believed in Jesus, and therefore was at no pains to prevent the multitude coming up to the solemnity as usual. But here was another shock my kingdom sustained; for Peter the fisherman, who so very lately like a dastard impiously denied his Lord with profane oaths, now filled with the Holy Ghost, stood up in the midst, and clearly proved that Jesus was the very Messiah, and upon this occasion played off the heavy artillery of Sinai on the consciences of my people, which was attended with success so fatal to me, that no less than three thousand were pierced through the heart at once, and fell on the field of action. Now it was

that my evil apprehensions were again alarmed, plainly perceiving that the artillery of the word was leveled against my person, and that the first end of the gospel was the subversion of my diabolical government. However I drew up all the forces which I possibly could in the hurry of that surprise, and had just time to give one general discharge, my soldiers crying out as they gave the volley, "These men are drunken with new wine." It was but a poor opposition to doctrine so powerful I allow; but it was the best that could at that time be made, for we were obliged to retreat in much confusion, and leave the Christian fishermen masters of the field.

As soon as we were a little recovered from the disorder into which that unexpected misfortune had plunged us, I summoned a council of war, in which the self-righteous Jews were the principal, next to our infernal train. I myself gave special orders that some method should be concerted effectually to destroy the name of Jesus; for, said I, "If we let them alone, all the people will believe in their doctrine." In this council, it was resolved, to raise an army of those who were the greatest adversaries to the name of Jesus, to whom orders should be given to kill, destroy, and cause to perish all who believed in this way, till the Christian religion should be banished from the face of the earth. This army was raised, and the command given to Saul of Tarsus, at that time a mighty zealous for us, and who for a season made a dreadful havoc of all that believed contrary to the faith of the priests; for it ought to be observed, that the opinion of the priests has been esteemed true orthodoxy and the only faith, in all ages and countries.

But here another sad disappointment and loss befell me, for as this same captain Saul was on his march to Damascus to fight a pitched battle with the Christians, it so fell that Immanuel himself was taking a tour in the valley to see how the pomegranates budded, and falling in with trusty Saul on his journey, unveiled his own personal excellencies to him, and laid him under an immediate arrest. As soon as he saw the beauties of Immanuel, he felt the most sincere esteem for his person, and conceived the most exalted sentiments of friendship and love. Yea, he was even so much grieved that ever he had drawn his sword against him, that he renounced the service of Infidelis on the spot, took the oath of allegiance to Jesus, and thenceforward hated my person and government with the most perfect hatred; and did what he could to overturn our state and subvert our government."

*The Dialogues of the Devils, Reverend John Macgowan,
1863*

As the passage speaks for itself, I shall simply state that in the spirit of Reverend John Macgowan and his particular work with the demonic realms, we are tackling a question about the mystical assaults of demons that occur after a soul begins turning back to God and utilize some very well known mystics to assist in our answer – St. John of the Cross and St. Teresa of Avila. And in our 'Other Voices' section, we entertain an article by the late G.R.S. Mead about the beginnings of the Christian religion, Catholic in particular, comparing the differences from the Early Church practices to those which we have today and conclude with a poem by Gnostic Mystic Bardaisan about Jesus Christ entitled 'The Hymn of the Robe of Glory,' a fitting end to a discussion of this sort.

MarilynnHughes@outofbodytravel.org

www.outofbodytravel.org

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

Please Send Your Questions to:

magazine@outofbodytravel.org

For Future Inclusion in this Section!

Question from Bengta Kaminem, Sweden: For many years now I try to have out-of-body experiences, and I've recently read much from your books. I feel I starting to make progress and began having some beautiful experiences. But something changes and I now seem to experience something like battles with demons? Not often, but a few times. It is frightening, and I don't understand. They seem to come to suggest me to do things. I've changed much of my life since I began searching for God, and my life is different. When I see them, I wonder if I have followed the wrong way, should I go back? Am I doing something wrong? What's causing this?

Marilynn: This, too, is a very common question and I appreciate you asking it Bengta. Not only is it a common question, but it is a common experience of most souls as they begin to leave the more destructive things of their past and try to turn towards a more moral life. Those who have mystical propensities will experience it even more so because it is visible to them in a very tangible way.

What may have begun as a very beautiful awakening into the worlds of God suddenly descends into what feels like a continual battle against dark forces who seek to impede our way. But because it is so intense, scary and obviously disturbing, we are easily tempted to think we've followed the wrong path. That is their goal, according to St. Teresa of Avila.

“As the devil’s intentions are always very bad, he has many legions of evil spirits in each room to prevent souls from passing from one to another, and as we, poor souls, fail to realize this, we are tricked by all kinds of deceptions. The devil is less successful with those who are nearer the King’s dwelling-place.”

St. Teresa of Avila, I Mansions, ii; Peers, II, 210 (From ‘I Want to See God,’ by P. Marie-Eugene O.C.D.)

The demons come to us for a very simple reason. Before our awakening, we were in the palm of their hand. We could rest peacefully, because they had nothing to fear in losing our souls. We were sleepfully content in our incorrect views and ways of life, and they had no need to fight for us. We were already their own. But when we turn to God sincerely, a battle ensues for our soul. This battle is so intense, it can rage for years and the very first thing that the demonic realm will attempt to do is convince us that we are going through a phase, that this is stupid, extreme, ridiculous, and our old life was just fine. It makes it even easier if we have family and friends who back up those kinds of doubts and views.

“For here the devils once more show the soul these vipers – that is, the things of the world – and they pretend that earthly pleasures are almost eternal: they remind the soul of the esteem in which it is held in the world, of its friends and relatives, of the way in which its health will be endangered by penances . . . Oh, Jesus! What confusion the devils bring about in the poor soul, and how distressed it is, now knowing if it ought to proceed farther or return to the room where it was before.

St. Teresa of Avila, II Mansions, i; Peers, II, 214 (From ‘I Want to See God,’ by P. Marie-Eugene O.C.D.)

And they will come after us with every possible temptation from our past, our tendencies to vice and even

trying to convince us that we are unforgivable due to our past sins.

“(Sometimes the devil) suddenly lays hold on my understanding, sometimes by making use of things so trifling that at any other time I should laugh at them. He confuses the understanding and does whatever he likes with it, so that the soul, fettered as it is and no longer its own mistress, can think of nothing but the absurdities which he presents to it – things of no importance . . . It has sometimes seemed to me, indeed, that the devils behave as though they were playing ball with the soul, so incapable is it of freeing itself from their power.”

St. Teresa of Avila, Life, xi; Peers, I, 70 (From ‘I Want to See God,’ by P. Marie-Eugene O.C.D.)

“Beware also, daughters, of certain kinds of humility which the devil inculcates in us and which makes us very uneasy about the gravity of our past sins. There are many ways in which he is accustomed to depress us.”

St. Teresa of Avila, Way of Perfection, xxix; Peers, II, 169 (From ‘I Want to See God,’ by P. Marie-Eugene O.C.D.)

If we make it through these difficult times, he will come again with the sole intention of causing continual disquiet in the soul.

“As he [the devil] sees that he cannot succeed in thwarting them in the depth of the soul, he does what he can to disturb and disquiet the sensual part, to which he is able to attain – now by means of afflictions, now by terrors and fears, with intent to disquiet and disturb the higher and spiritual part of the soul by this means, with respect to that blessing which it then receives and enjoys.”

St. John of the Cross, Dark Night, Bk II, xxiii; Peers, I, 477-8 (From ‘I Want to See God,’ by P. Marie-Eugene O.C.D.)

When this first begins to happen, it truly is warfare and the soul tends to battle the demons over vices which once held hold of them with solid foundation. But as time passes and the faith becomes more and more deep, St. John of the Cross and St. Teresa of Avila explain that an easier path becomes available to us.

“As soon as the first movement or the first attack of a vice makes itself felt . . . one need not oppose it by an act of the contrary virtue, according to the first method, but should have recourse immediately to an act or movement of anagogical love which is opposed to the attack. But thus uniting our affection to God, it happens that the soul – by elevating itself – quits the things of earth, presents itself before God, and is united with Him. By this fact, the vice, the temptation of the enemy are frustrated, the temptation fails, the idea of doing evil lacks an object. The soul . . . divinely withdraws the flesh from temptation.”

St. John of the Cross, Dark Night, Bk II, xxi; Peers, I (From ‘I Want to See God,’ by P. Marie-Eugene O.C.D.)

“May what I have said help the true servant of God to make little account of these horrors, which the devils present us with in order to make us afraid. Let him realize that, every time we pay little heed to them, they lose much of their power and the soul gains much more control over them. We always derive great benefit from these experiences . . . The fact is, I realize so clearly now how little power the devils have, if I am not fighting against God, that I am hardly afraid of them at all: for their strength is nothing unless they find souls surrendering to them and growing cowardly, in which case they do indeed show their power.”

St. Teresa of Avila, Life, xxxi; Peers, I, 207-8 (From ‘I Want to See God,’ by P. Marie-Eugene O.C.D.)

During the battle, the lengthy period of time when a soul is releasing his past and moving away from the

comfortable and familiar grasp of the darkness, it helps to know that there is a way to discern between that which is coming from God and that which is coming from the tempter.

“But he [the devil] will not be able to counterfeit the effects which have been described, or to leave in the soul this peace or light, but only restlessness and turmoil . . . ”
St. Teresa of Avila, VI Mansions, iii; Peers, II, 285 (From ‘I Want to See God,’ by P. Marie-Eugene O.C.D.)

And St. Teresa of Avila also points out that the fruit of a true journey towards God is ultimately humility - which can be a sign for us to determine the genuine or less genuine nature of our own path or that of another.

But the good news is that the battle does eventually come to an end. In my own case, it went on for about three years, and I, too, felt a sense of overwhelming hopelessness, and often wondered why this didn't seem to have any end. But I realized when it did end, that the Lord tries us by fire to make sure we are ready to go wherein He wishes to take us. And when we have proven that indeed we are, He Himself protects us in a new way and peace is again restored.

“Afterwards, when he sees that the soul is completely surrendered to the Spouse, he dare not do this, for he is afraid of such a soul as that, and he knows by experience that if he attempts anything of the kind he will come out very much the loser and the soul will achieve a corresponding gain.”

St. Teresa of Avila, II Mansions, i; Peers, II, 214 (From ‘I Want to See God,’ by P. Marie-Eugene O.C.D.)

You may ask yourself, ‘Well, then, is it really worth it?’ And yes, it is. Because when you pass through the fires of the tribulations, you emerge stronger, more faithful, truer,

purser and with a sense of assuredness of your place with the Lord. There is no part of your body or soul which wishes to return to the previous way of life which brought so much suffering, heartache and meaninglessness with it.

In the end, God is our only end. And the fight to attain Him is worth the war against those who would keep us as slaves of their own.

Keep up the good fight, and persevere Bengta!

*With Love,
MarilynnHughes@outofbodytravel.org
www.outofbodytravel.org*

The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation Journal:

Different Voices!

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

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

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

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

magazine@outofbodytravel.org

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

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

The Evolution of Catholic Christianity

By *G.R.S. Mead*

THE historical origins of Christianity are hidden in impenetrable obscurity. Of the actual history of The Canon. The first half of the first century we have no knowledge. Of the history of the next hundred years also we have for the most part to rely on conjecture. The now universally received canonical account was a selection from a mass of tradition and legend; it is only in the second half of the second century that the idea of a Canon of the New Testament makes its appearance, and is gradually developed by the Church of Rome and the Western Fathers. The early Alexandrian theologians, such as Clement, are still ignorant of a precise Canon. Following on the lines of the earliest apologists of a special view of Christianity, such as Justin, and using this evolving Canon as the sole test of orthodoxy, Irenæus, Tertullian and Hippolytus, supported by the Roman Church, lay the foundations of "catholicity," and begin to raise the first courses of that enormous edifice of dogma which is to-day regarded as the only authentic view of the Church of Christ.

The first two centuries, however, instead of confirming the boast of the later orthodox, "one church, one faith, always and everywhere," on the contrary present us with the picture of many lines of evolution of belief, practice, and organization. The struggle for life was being fiercely waged, and though the "survival of the fittest" resulted as

usual, there were frequent crises in which the final "fittest" is hardly discernible and at times disappears from view.

The Gospels. The view of the Christian origins which eventually became the orthodox tradition based itself mainly upon Gospel-documents composed, in all probability, some time in the reign of Hadrian (A.D. 117-138). The skeleton of three of these Gospels was presumably a collection of Sayings and a narrative of Doings in the form of an ideal life, a sketch composed by one of the "Apostles" of the inner communities and designed for public circulation. Round this nucleus the compilers of the three documents wove other matter selected from a vast mass of myth, legend, and tradition; they were evidently men of great piety, and their selection of material produced narratives of great dignity, and cast aside much in circulation that was foolish and fantastic, the remains of which we have still preserved in some of the apocryphal Gospels. The writer of the fourth document was a natural mystic who adorned his account with a beauty of conception and a charm of feeling that reflect the highest inspiration.

At the same time the canonical selection most fortunately preserved for us documents of far greater historic value.

In the Letters of Paul, the majority of which are in the main, I believe, authentic, we have the earliest The Letters of Paul, historic records of Christianity which we possess. The Pauline Letters date back to the middle of the first century, and are the true point of departure for any really historic research into the origins. On reading these Letters it is almost impossible to persuade ourselves that Paul was acquainted with the statements of the later historicized

account of the four canonical Gospels; all his conceptions breathe a totally different atmosphere.

Instead of preaching the Jesus of the historicized Gospels, he preaches the doctrine of the mystic Christ. He not only seems to be ignorant of the Doings but even of the Sayings in any form known to us; nevertheless it is almost certain that some collection of Sayings must have existed and been used by the followers of the public teaching in his time. Though innumerable opportunities occur in his writings for reference to the canonical Sayings and Doings, whereby the power of his exhortations would have been enormously increased, he abstains from making any. On the other hand, we find his Letters replete with conceptions and technical terms which receive no explanation in the traditions of General Christianity, but are fundamental with the handers-on of the Gnosis.

The picture which the letters of Paul give us of the actual state of affairs in the middle of the first century is that of an independent propagandist, with his own illumination, in contact with the ideas of an inner school on the one hand, and with outer communities of various kinds on the other. Whatever the inner schools may have been, the outer communities among which Paul labored were Jewish, synagogues of the orthodox Jews, synagogues of the outer communities of the Essenes, communities which had received some tradition of the public teaching of Jesus as well, and understood or misunderstood it as the case may have been.

The Gentilization of Christianity. Paul's mission was to break down Jewish exclusiveness and pioneer the way for the reutilization of Christianity. The century which

followed this propaganda of Paul (50-150) is, according to Harnack, characterized by the following features:

(i) The rapid disappearance of Jewish (that is to say, primitive and original) [popular] Christianity.

(ii) Every member of the community was supposed to have received the "Spirit of God"; the teaching was "charismatic," that is to say, of the nature of "spiritual gifts."

(iii) The expectation of the approaching end of the age, and the reign of Christ on earth for a thousand years--"chiliasm"--was in universal favor.

(iv) Christianity was a mode of life, not a dogma.

(v) There were no fixed doctrinal forms, and accordingly the greatest freedom in Christian preaching.

(vi) The Sayings of the Lord and the Old Testament were not as yet absolute authorities; the "Spirit" could set them aside.

(vii) There was no fixed political union of the Churches; each community was independent.

(viii) This period gave rise to "a quite unique literature, in which were manufactured facts for the past and for the future, and which did not submit to the usual literary rules and forms, but came forward with the loftiest pretensions."

(ix) Particular sayings and arguments of assumed "Apostolic Teachers" were brought forward as being of great authority.

At the same time, besides this gentilizing tendency, which was always really subordinated to the Jewish original impulse, though flattering itself that it had entirely shaken off the fetters of the "circumcision," there was a truly universalizing tendency at work in the background; and it is this endeavor to universalize Christianity which is the grand inspiration underlying the best of the Gnostic efforts we have to review. But this universalizing does not belong to the line of the origins along which General Christianity subsequently traced its descent.

G.R.S. Mead, Our thanks to www.sacred-texts.com

THE HYMN OF THE ROBE OF GLORY

*By Bardaisan – Forgotten Gnostic Mystic of
the Early Church*

When I was a little child.
 And dwelling in my kingdom, in my Father's house,
 And in the wealth and the glories
 Of my nurturers had my pleasure,
 From the East, our home,
 My parents, having equipped me, sent me forth.
 And of the wealth of our treasury
 They had tied up for me a load.
 Large it was, yet light,
 So that I might bear it unaided--
 Gold of . . .
 And silver of Gazzak the great,
 And rubies of India,
 And agate (?) from the land of Kushān (?),
 And they girded me with adamant
 Which can crush iron.
 And they took off from me the bright robe,
 Which in their love they had wrought for me,
 And my purple toga,
 Which was measured (and) woven to my stature.
 And they made compact with me,
 And wrote it in my heart that it should not be
 forgotten:
 "If thou goest down into Egypt,
 And bringest the one pearl,
 Which is in the midst of the sea
 Hard by the loud-breathing serpent,
 (Then) shalt thou put on thy bright robe

And thy toga, which is laid over it,
 And with thy Brother, our next in rank,
 Thou shalt be heir in our kingdom."
 I quitted the East (and) went down,
 There being with me two messengers,
 For the way was dangerous and difficult,
 And I was young to tread it.
 I passed the borders of Maishān,
 The meeting place of the merchants of the East,
 And I reached the land of Babel,
 And I entered the walls of . . .
 I went down into Egypt,
 And my companions parted from me.
 I betook me straight to the serpent,
 Hard by his dwelling I abode,
 (Waiting) till he could slumber and sleep,
 And I could take my pearl from him.
 And when I was single and alone,
 A stranger to those with whom I dwelt,
 One of my race, a free-born man,
 From among the Easterns, I beheld there--
 A youth fair and well-favoured.
 . . . * * * * *
 * * * * *
 * * and he came and attached himself to me.
 And I made him my intimate,
 A comrade with whom I shared my merchandise.
 I warned him against the Egyptians
 And against consorting with the unclean;
 And I put on a garb like theirs,
 Lest they should insult (?) me because I had come
 from afar,
 To take away the pearl,
 And (lest) they should arouse the serpent against
 me.

But in some way or other
They perceived that I was not their countryman;
So they dealt with me treacherously.
Moreover they gave me their food to eat.
I forgot that I was a son of kings,
And I served their king;
And I forgot the pearl,
For which my parents had sent me,
And by reason of the burden of their . . .
I lay in a deep sleep.
But all those things that befell me,
My parents perceived and were grieved for me;
And a proclamation was made in our kingdom,
That all should speed to our gate,
King and princes of Parthia
And all the nobles of the East.
So they wove a plan on my behalf,
That I might not be left in Egypt,
And they wrote to me a letter,
And every noble signed his name thereto:
"From thy Father, the King of kings,
And thy Mother, the Mistress of the East,
And from thy Brother, our next in rank,
To thee our son, who art in Egypt, greeting!
Up and arise from thy sleep,
And listen to the words of our letter!
Call to mind that thou art a son of kings!
See the slavery--whom thou servest!
Remember the pearl
For which thou didst speed to Egypt!
Think of thy bright robe,
And remember thy glorious toga,
Which thou shalt put on as thine adornment,
When thy name hath been read out in the list of the
valiant,

And with thy Brother, our [? next in rank],
 Thou shalt be [? king] in our kingdom."
 And my letter (was) a letter
 Which the King sealed with his right hand,
 (To keep it) from the wicked ones, the children of
 Babel,
 And from the savage demons of . . .
 It flew in the likeness of an eagle,
 The king of all birds;
 It flew and alighted beside me,
 And became all speech.
 At its voice and the sound of its rustling,
 I started and arose from my sleep.
 I took it up and kissed it,
 And loosed its seal (?), (and) read;
 And according to what was traced on my heart
 Were the words of my letter written.
 I remembered that I was a son of kings,
 And my free soul longed for its natural state.
 I remembered the pearl,
 For which I had been sent to Egypt,
 And I began to charm him,
 The terrible loud-breathing serpent.
 I hushed him to sleep and lulled him to slumber;
 For my Father's name I named over him,
 And the name of our next in rank,
 And of my Mother, the Queen of the East;
 And I snatched away the pearl,
 And turned to go back to my Father's house.
 And their filthy and unclean garb
 I stripped off, and left it in their country,
 And I took my way straight to come
 To the light of our home, the East.
 And my letter, my awakener,
 I found before me on the road,

And as with its voice it had awakened me,
 (So) too with its light it was leading me
 Shone before me with its form,
 And with its voice and its guidance,
 It also encouraged me to speed,
 And with his (?) love was drawing me on.
 I went forth, passed by . . .
 I left Babel on my left hand,
 And reached Maishān the great,
 The haven of the merchants,
 That sitteth on the shore of the sea.
 * * * * *

And my bright robe, which I had stripped off,
 And the toga wherein it was wrapped,
 From the heights of Hyrcania (?)
 My parents sent thither,
 By the hand of their treasurers,
 Who in their faithfulness could be trusted therewith.
 And because I remembered not its fashion
 For in my childhood I had left it in my Father's
 house
 On a sudden as I faced it,
 The garment seemed to me like a mirror of myself.
 I saw it all in my whole self,
 Moreover I faced my whole self in (facing) it.
 For we were two in distinction,
 And yet again one in one likeness.
 And the treasurers also,
 Who brought it to me, I saw in like manner,
 That they were twain (yet) one likeness.
 For one kingly sign was graven on them,
 Of his hands that restored to me (?)
 My treasure and my wealth by means of them.
 My bright embroidered robe,

Which . . . with glorious colours;
 With gold and with beryls,
 And rubies and agates (?)
 And sardonyxes varied in colour,
 It also was made ready in its home on high (?)
 And with stones of adamant
 All its seams were fastened;
 And the image of the King of kings was depicted in
 full all over it,
 And like the sapphire stone also were its manifold
 hues.
 Again I saw that all over it
 The motions of knowledge were stirring
 And as if to speak
 I saw it also making itself ready.
 I heard the sound of its tones,
 Which it uttered to those who brought it down(?)
 Saying, "I"
 Whom they reared for him (?) in the presence of my
 fathers,
 And I also perceived in myself
 That my stature was growing according to his
 labours.
 And in its kingly motions
 It was spreading itself out towards me,
 And in the hands of its givers
 It hastened that I might take it.
 And me too my love urged on
 That I should run to meet it and receive it;
 And I stretched forth and received it,
 With the beauty of its colours I adorned myself
 And my toga of brilliant colours
 I cast around me, in its whole breadth.
 I clothed myself therewith, and ascended
 To the gate of salutation and homage;

I bowed my head, and did homage
To the Majesty of my Father who had sent it to me,
For I had done his commandments,
And he too had done what he promised,
And at the gate of his princes
I mingled with his nobles;
For he rejoiced in me and received me,
And I was with him in his kingdom.
And with the voice . . .
All his servants glorify him.
And he promised that also to the gate
Of the King of kings I should speed with him,
And bringing my gift and my pearl
I should appear with him before our King.

This is one of the remaining tracts of the 'Hymns of Bardaisan' which were destroyed in the early centuries of the church.

Bardaisan – Forgotten Gnostic Mystic of the Early Church – Our thanks to www.sacred-texts.com!

The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation Journal:

'Reverend John MacGowan – Forgotten Protestant Mystic'

Issue Fourteen

Compiled by Marilyn Hughes

The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation!

www.outofbodytravel.org



Author, Marilyn Hughes, *Photo by Harvey Kushner*

The fourteenth issue of the 'The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation Journal' continues a series of issues which will cover forgotten mystics from different religious traditions. This issue deals with the compelling Baptist Reverend John MacGowan, 18th Century Author of the 'Dialogues of the Devils' among his many works!

In our 'Question and Answer' Section, we answer a question from Bengta Kaminen of Sweden about the assaults of the dark side during the mystical journey utilizing the words of some of the very well remembered mystics, St. John of the Cross and St. Teresa of Avila.

And In our 'Different Voices' section, the Late G.R.S. Mead takes on the question 'The Evolution of Catholic Christianity,' we finish with a 'The Hymn of the Robe of Glory' by Forgotten Gnostic Mystic, Bardaisan. Join us in this new journey into the forgotten mystics from around the world and find yourself enthralled with some of the less remembered but greatly profound words of those whose lives served a mission which was tragically forgotten to time.

Go to our Website at:

www.outofbodytravel.org

For more information!