

# Prelude to a Dream

## *The Mysteries of the Redemption Series*

### Volume 1 of 5

A Treatise on **Out-of-Body Travel** and **Mysticism**

*Lost Souls, Reincarnation, Karma, Dreams, Rites of Passage, Initiation into the Mysteries, the Ascension, the Nature of Good and Evil, Mystic Paths of the Prophets, Heaven, Hell and Purgatory, Angelic and Demonic Kingdoms, Ancient Mysteries, Sacred Texts, Original Sin and the Redemption*

By Marilyn Hughes

*An Experiential Thesis on the Exposition of the Worlds of Spirit and Form, and a Course of Evolution into God's Many Mansions Through Mystical Training and Out-of-Body Travel into the Heavenly and Hellish Realms; with the Substantive Goal of Absolute Purification of all Defects, Cravings, Desires and Sins which Prevent the Unification of the Soul with Almighty God, the Sole Purpose of Human Existence.*

*"Blessed are your eyes, for they see: and your ears, for they hear . . . In My Father's House are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you . . ."*

*King James Bible, Matthew 13:16, John 14:2, Words of Christ*

*"Saith the Lord, though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow."*

*King James Bible, Isaiah 1:18, Old Testament*

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#### DEDICATION

*I dedicate this work to Almighty God, as well as, to the Prophets, Saints, Mystics and Sages throughout time and of all world religions and creeds, as well as, my husband Andy, my children, Melissa, Mary and Jacob and my dearly departed friend, Karleen.*

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

**Books by Marilyn Hughes  
Listed in the Back of the Book**

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## INTRODUCTION:

# Prelude to a Dream

*The Mysteries of the Redemption Series***Volume 1 of 5***A Treatise on Out-of-Body Travel and Mysticism*

As a child, angels would whisper in my ears, "Born of darkness . . . into light," proclaiming this coming path of purification and entry into the mysteries of the redemption within my soul. But as I became an adult, my life was spent enraptured in vice, lost in delusion, selfishness and mortal desire; I no longer knew virtue, but deluded myself into thinking that what I perceived, felt, and wanted, was virtuous. My choices were reasoned, well-thought out, and filled with intellectual integrity. Their only flaw was that they were not true. Because I was so lost in my own stupidity, pride and arrogance, I couldn't have possibly even fathomed that my soul was in such desperate need of something as grand as the redemption. I was unaware of my iniquities, and I was lost.

Truth has many layers, and although the epiphany of all knowledge cannot be obtained in our limited human form, when you ascend the layers and reach various epiphanies along the way, some of those previous layers may no longer appear to be true, but their truth lies in the evolutionary context of a soul's journey. If you take a hardened sinner and make him into a saint, there will be many different levels in-between the current state and the goal, and those levels will be no less significant because they

don't contain all knowledge.

And so the Lord, in order to guide us gently and with mercy, peels each layer of our humanity one at a time allowing us to view it in its truth, thus taking in the knowledge of ourselves and our flaws. And as each layer subsides, so, too, do our worldly passions and clingings. For *all* who are born to the Earth are born of darkness (the stain of karmic delusions and original sin) . . . but not *all* are reborn into the light. Purification heralds the soul's reckoning . . . thus, energizing it to participate in the greatest mystery of this Earthly realm, the Mysteries of the Redemption!

May I offer you the hand of a wretched soul lifted by grace? May I share with you the journey of one who was "Born of darkness . . . into light?"

*"Blessed are they who wash their robes so as to have the right to the tree of life and enter the city through its gates."*

*New American Bible, New Testament, Revelations 22:14,  
(Christianity, Catholic, Words of Christ)*

*"Christian Soul! If you seek to reach the loftiest peak of perfection, and to unite yourself so intimately with God that you become one in spirit with Him, you must first know the true nature of perfection of spirituality in order to succeed in the most sublime undertaking that can be expressed or imagined."*

*The Spiritual Combat, Chapter 1, Paragraph 1,  
(Christianity, Catholic, Author: Dom Lorenzo Scupoli)*

*"I, Thoth, have ever sought wisdom, searching in darkness, and searching in Light. Long in my youth I traveled the pathway, seeking ever new knowledge to gain, until after much striving, one of the THREE, to*

*me brought the LIGHT. Brought HE to me the commands of the Dweller, called me from darkness into the LIGHT. . . Each soul on earth that loosens its fetters, shall soon be made free from the bondage of night."*

*The Emerald Tablets of Thoth the Atlantean, Tablet V, Page 28, Paragraph 5-6, (Mystery Religions, Egyptian/Hermetic, Author: Thoth)*

*"Then, the crown prince Manjusri said to the Licchavi Vimalakirti, 'Noble sir, how does the bodhisattva follow the way to attain the qualities of the Buddha?' Vimalakirti replied, 'Manjusri, when the bodhisattva follows the wrong way, he follows the way to attain the qualities of the Buddha.' . . . Manjusri: 'Noble sir, one who stays in the fixed determination of the vision of the uncreated is not capable of conceiving the spirit of unexcelled perfect enlightenment.*

*However, one who lives among created things, in the mines of passions . . . is indeed capable of conceiving the spirit of unexcelled perfect enlightenment . . . For example, noble sir, without going out into the great ocean, it is impossible to find precious, priceless pearls. Likewise, without going into the ocean of passions, it is impossible to obtain the mind of omniscience."*

*The Holy Teaching of Vimalakirti, Chapter 8, Page 64-66, (Buddhism, Mahayana)*

*"God therefore arranged and decreed the creation of concepts of both perfection and deficiency, as well as a creature with equal access to both. This creature would then be given the means to earn perfection and avoid deficiency."*

*The Way of God, Part I, Chapter 2, No. 2, Paragraph 4, (Judaism, Author: Rabbi Moshe Chayim Luzzatto)*

***"One must deliver himself with the help of his mind, and not degrade himself. The mind is the friend of the conditioned soul, and his enemy as well. For him who has conquered the mind, the mind is the best of friends; but for one who has failed to do so, his mind will remain the greatest enemy."***

*The Bhagavad Gita As It Is, Chapter 6, Dhyana Yoga, Text 5-6, (Hinduism, Words of Krishna)*

***"Allah causes the night and the day to succeed one another. Surely***

***there is a lesson in this for those who have sight."***

*The Holy Qur'an, Part XVIII, Chapter 24, Section, 6, Verse 44, (Islam, Author: Mohammad)*

***"Announce the praises' of him who called you out of darkness into his wonderful light."***

*New American Bible, New Testament, 1 Peter 2:9-10  
American Bible (Christianity, Catholic, Words of the  
Apostle Peter)*

***"As the door of the lodge is opened, all the men cry: 'Hi ho! Hi ho! Thanks!' and the men are all happy, for they have come forth from the darkness and are now living in the Light."***

*The Sacred Pipe, Chapter III, Page 42, Paragraph 2,  
(Tribal, Oglala Sioux)*

**"Born of darkness . . . into light."**

Allow me to explain a simplified version of how we may understand the varying realms in which we are going to travel. Perhaps this can give you a point of reference in which to understand the make-up of various realms. Please feel free to use the illustration located in the back of the book, 'Universal

Sphere of Realms,' to picture this image in your mind.

Various realms of existence can be compared to a series of concentric circles which begin in the center and continue to expand outward into larger and larger spheres. The center point of those concentric rings would be the point of total and imminent darkness, as each of the successive rings outward would represent a greater attainment of light.

Numbering the realms, you would begin in the center, starting with the number one and moving outward with each ring. Using this process 1) realms one and two represent the lower and hell realms, 2) realms three and four are mortal realms (third & fourth-dimensional reality, our world), and 3) realms five and above represent the heavenly realms, continuing to expand outwards into greater and greater attainments of light.

With this understanding, we continue towards the three major paths outlined in this book, which coincide with several monastic traditions.

The journey begins on the Ascension pathway (Purification) in realms five and above, the heavenly realms. It continues on the Alteration pathway (Discrimination) in realms three and four, the mortal realms (third & fourth-dimensional worlds, the Earth). Finally, it concludes on the Absolution pathway (Discipline) in realms one and two, the lower and hell realms.

Within most monastic/mystical traditions, you will find that there are three grand phases of soul development. In the Buddhist tradition they are referred to as Purification, Discrimination, and Discipline. In the writings of the Early Christian



Church Fathers they are referred to as Purification, Enlightenment and Union. You will find these three phases, using Buddhist terminology, within these pages, as well.

Purification deals with reincarnation, personal karma, and misunderstandings about the true nature of eternal love. Karmic misunderstandings resonate towards darkness, even if they originate from ignorance, thus, purification seeks to alter personal thrusts which resonate toward delusion, self-gratification and vice. In purifying these aspects of habitual sin, the Lord redirects the soul towards paths of virtue.

*The path of Purification leads to the Ascension of the soul.* (In the Ascension Pathway, you will encounter eight phases of the Purification process: Awakening, Co-creation, Surrender, Rites of Passage and Initiation into the Mysteries, Emergence of Karma, Mirroring of Karma, Ignition of the Eternal Flame, and Ascension.) The soul travels this path by beginning to explore the heavenly realms, realms five and above, the worlds of life and light, for the purpose of discovering the true nature of eternal love.

Discrimination deals with dark and light forces in the Universe, and becoming energetically capable of recognizing and altering them at God's command. Being able to identify the serpent from the lamb is the first goal, but then the seeker begins to take on the knowledge of energetic evolution in regards to mortal beings, and how to affect it in ways which lead souls, including their own, towards progress.

*The path of Discrimination leads to the Alteration of reality, in energy and on the ground.* (In Part II of this

text, you will encounter three phases of the Discrimination process: Rites into the Medicine, Rites of Evolution, and Alteration of Reality.) The soul travels this path by beginning to explore the mortal realms, realms three and four (third & fourth-dimensional worlds, the Earth), for the purpose of attaining spiritual discretion and the ability to alter negative thrusts.

Discipline deals with sacred practices and teachings from the prophets, saints, mystics and sages of every world religion throughout time. Intensive self-scrutiny and disciplined techniques lead the soul ever deeper into the knowledge of darkness and evil, heaven, purgatory and hell, and the continual combat that rages in every soul between these forces.

*The path of Discipline leads to the Absolution of the soul, an interior cleanliness which serves God* (In Part III of this text, you will encounter five phases of the Discipline process: Ancient Sacred Paths, Entry into the Knowledge of the Lower Realms, Self-Scrutiny, Original Sin, and the Mysteries of the Redemption.) The soul travels this path by beginning to explore the lower purgatorial and hellish realms, realms one and two, the realms of dominant darkness and pure evil, for the purpose of intensive physical, spiritual and mental discipline, which is achieved through the deep examination of evil in the self and the world.

Among the out-of-body/mystical experiences you are about to read, you will find paintings of various things I've seen in the spiritual world, music of various melodies I've heard while traveling, and pictures of some of the prophets, saints, mystics and sages who grace the pages of my book with their

words. These can all be found in the back with descriptions of who they are, and from what religion they have come.

For those who will never see during their lifetime what I have seen, may I provide you with a window? For those who will, may I give you a map? For those who seek comfort in the world beyond, may I hand you a warm blanket? For those who just want to know, may I ask you to come with me . . . ?

Join with me as we enter now the Ascension Pathway, Karmic Purification, the Awakening . . .

## **Prelude to a Dream**

### **THE ASCENSION PATHWAY - PURIFICATION**

#### **Karmic Purification**

**This path of purification begins with the ascent into the upper worlds of light, the heavenly realms; five and above, whose ascent aids the traveler in understanding the true nature of eternal love.**

- 1) Awakening
- 2) Co-Creation
- 3) Surrender
- 4) Rites of Passage and Initiation into the Mysteries
  - 5) Emergence of Karma
  - 6) Mirroring of Karma
  - 7) Ignition of the Eternal Flame
  - 8) Ascension

**PRELUDE TO A DREAM  
(Awakening)**

*"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)*

**CHAPTER ONE**

*"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)*

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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)*

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(Thirteen Years Later, three months after the birth of my first daughter)

My prayers were long, deep and arduous, like a fire raging inside my soul, wanting to know the truth of all existence. It came in the morning, like a thief in the night, without foreknowledge or preparation. Turning to get out of my bed from sleep, what *felt* like my body began vibrating at a speed indescribable in human terms. Feeling numb all over, I didn't know what was happening to me. The noise was so loud, it sounded as if I were surrounded by jet engines. I was afraid.

Lifting my arm, my hand now became two, as a light sparkling image of it moved from inside my body to the outer air. My physical arm didn't move. Rolling over, my spirit rolled out of my body as my ethereal form bounced up to the ceiling. My body below looked like a gray clump of matter. As a fearful thought overcame me, I shot back into my physical form.

***"God also decreed that the bond between the body and the divine soul should be somewhat loosened while man sleeps . . . The freed portions of the soul can then move about in the spiritual realm wherever they are allowed."***

*The Way of God, Part III, Chapter I, No. 6, Paragraphs 4-5, Page 183, (Judaism, Author: Rabbi Moshe Chayim Luzzatto)*

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Far away, but moving at great speed towards me, I stared reticently at the light that glowed before me in bed. Remaining still, there was nothing I could do. Moments later, the light permeated my soul and was within me, spurning the vibrational sensations of before. Unafraid, I had previously prayed to the Lord to deliver me from my fear, after my disconcerting re-entry within the last experience. The loud noises returned, as my body and spirit hummed to the rhythm of high intensity.

Suddenly, without any instigation, I felt an incredible connection to all things, all life, to GOD! It was as if I now understood all the mysteries of the Universe, at least for this moment. There is a oneness between all life that I could completely comprehend and feel. Absolute calm and peace filled me in this new state of love.

Six presences appeared out of the ether, three on each side, and gently lifted me out of my body. The presences were ill-defined, only elliptical expressions of absolute light. Their love for me was so complete, that I was moved to depths I cannot explain, but I also felt God's love for me and all of creation. For a moment, I felt like I was nestled in His chest like a tiny child that He wished to form according to His will.

Reveling in this absolute love and peace, I only momentarily noticed that all my 'physical' senses - like sight and hearing - were now coming from my entire consciousness, rather than a specific vantage point of an eye or an ear.

Looking below, I saw the gray clump of matter that was my body with more interest. This sense of

separation was profound, this knowledge that beyond all doubt, I was much more than my body. Engine-like sounds of the astral plane could be felt, as well as, heard. Everything was uncomfortable because it was so new, but the all-encompassing love that filled me was the most amazing aspect of this moment.

After a short time within this immensely loving embrace, the six essences gently lowered me back into my body, decreased the vibrations slowly, and as I began waking to physical consciousness, distinctly faded away into the ether from where they had come.

***"The kingdom of God is not a matter of talk, but of power."***

*New American Bible, New Testament, 1 Corinthians 4:20,  
(Christianity, Catholic, Words of the Apostle Paul)*

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Immense vibrations began again as I sought refuge into the spiritual world. Noticing my baby daughter floating on the ceiling, I instinctively realized that babies travel out of body in their early days adjusting to the physical world. Rolling over to get out of my body, I looked towards a window, realizing it would be interesting to see if I could actually get out of the room. Movement was strained, but I quickly learned to move by WILLING it, rather than wading like water or moving some vague image of feet.

Floating towards the window, I began to permeate it, but found that the particles in solid objects were tighter vibrationally than air. Interestingly, the temperature was a constant, it did not change once I was outside, and there were two



frequencies visible, a higher and lower vibration separated by a distinct line with an upside down V in the center. Flying down the street, I ended up in a neighbor's backyard watching a dog that was staring right at me and barking profusely. My neighbor appeared at the back door to calm the animal, but did not notice me.

As I thought of my home, I was immediately returned; and as I spontaneously thought of my childhood home, it appeared right in front of me empty and devoid of furniture. Indeed, our thoughts are quite powerful, for they appear in the spiritual planes immediately when we think of them. Their physical emergence takes more time, which makes us less reticent to realize the connection between our lives and our thinking.

For a moment, I listened to the voices. I heard them every time I entered into this vibrational state even before leaving the body. It was like being in a big room where hundreds of people were carrying on conversations. Suddenly, it became known to me that these voices were actually the thoughts of humanity resonating through the ether. Many of the voices were agitated and scattered.

*"Thought is inexhaustible. Since the world began, thoughts in unimaginable numbers have passed through the ether. One could not begin to count them ..."*

*Man's Eternal Quest, Universality of Yoga, Page 22,  
Paragraph 3, (Hinduism, Kriya Yoga, Author:  
Paramahansa Yogananda)*

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Relaxing comfortably when the vibrational

feelings began, I had no desire to leave my body as I was feeling so embraced by the connection I experienced with all that is. All I wanted to do was absorb this massive peace, serenity and love. Over time, I learned to call these experiences vibrational raisings, and I had them quite frequently.

Energetic knowledge was imparted to me as I absolved myself into the ether, small keys of wisdom, and a place for me to begin my quest. Conveying to me the importance of living in the moment, a spirit voice rang in my spirit, "It's not what you are, but what you *become*."

Do not judge yourself or others, rather, learn. The past is dead, live in the present. And when mistakes are made, do not dwell on them, rather, alter them. And perhaps most importantly, be willing to see and embrace your own imperfection. For it is only in embracing our faults, that we can become capable of altering them. But all wisdom in this state is imparted by energy, it is not of words. Hours later, my peaceful soul began coming down from the vibrational state, returning me to a conscious state, changed and renewed.

***"Trivial thoughts, insignificant thoughts, when followed they distract the mind. Not understanding those thoughts the roaming mind runs back and forth. But by understanding those thoughts, one ardent and mindful restrains the mind. An awakened one has to overcome them completely so they do not arise to distract the mind."***

*The Udana, Chapter 4, 4.1 Meghiya, Page 56, Stanza 1,  
(Buddhism, Theravadan, Words of the Buddha)*

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As the vibrations began, I found myself separating with more ease and quickness, and doing it through the use of thoughts, rather than rolling out. But to my surprise, as soon as I had split from form, I was in a space I could only call a black void, rather than my bedroom. Frightened to no end, I immediately shot back into my body. It seems that any fear at all will always send you right back to your body, a special way God protects us from that for which we are not yet ready. Willing myself to separate and go back to the void, I did this two more times before I finally became so determined that my fear was overridden and I was able to remain there.

Passing through the black void, I crossed over into another dimension. It was very bright, light and airy, I almost felt like my spirit was a feather. Spirits whose forms were only light occupied this place, and it seemed that they knew me. Interestingly, they immediately recognized that I was an astral traveler, not one who had died, like themselves. Calming myself, I eased up on my fears.

Up in the distance, another spirit began to approach me. Walking along the sky, my dear friend (who had passed on several years before in a car accident) was now coming towards me. Feeling an urgency from him, as though he had something very important to tell me, I was very disappointed when I realized that my surprise and shock at seeing him was so powerful that it blocked us from having any communication.

Beginning to laugh, his seriousness diminished as he gently hugged me. Somehow, he knew that this was all I could handle for this visit and he turned to

walk away.

As though hit by lightning, my spirit soared at the speed of light back to my form.

*"The caravan of my prayers is moving toward Thee.*

*It has been delayed now and*

*then by blinding sandstorms of despondency."*

*Whispers from Eternity, Page 117, Paragraph 1,*

*(Hinduism, Kriya Yoga, Author: Paramahansa Yogananda)*

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And so it came to pass that I was taught the ways of the spiritual body and the spirit world. All things; hearing, sight and movement, are concurred by the will, not a singular movement of a body part. In relegating from the physical to the spiritual body, you may roll out or learn to WILL yourself out of form. In time, I would learn that almost all functions in the spirit world are related to our thinking.

And the ways of the spiritual world, too, differ from our world, in that every thought you may have, manifests before you. If you think of someone or a place, you are immediately transported to that place. And because the vibrations of spiritual ether are so much higher than physical matter, you must undergo hundreds of what I call vibrational raisings, which increase your vibration on a soul level, coming via the crown or third-eye chakra, or throughout the entire body. This makes you compatible to higher-realm travel.

Later, I began having atonement experiences with people from my past, wherein we would meet on the astral plane in a sub-conscious manner and work through any hurtful things said or done to one

another. Very few people ever actually intend harm to another, it is the limited understanding that we carry within us which makes us say and do things insensitively.

Also beginning to work with lost souls, these unfortunate souls were usually unaware that they had died, and required assistance to get to the other side. These things I learned with fervor and with joy, for they were only the first steps of many required of me to continue in this journey I had undertaken in God's name.

*"There is no mystery which is more excellent than these mysteries on which ye question, in that it will lead your souls into the Light of the lights, into the regions of Truth and Goodness, into the region of the Holy of all holies, into the region in which there is neither female nor male, nor are there forms in that region, but a perpetual indescribable Light."*

*Pistis Sophia, Fifth Book, Page 313, Paragraph 1,  
(Christianity, Gnostic/Essene, Words of Christ)*

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Transported to a beautiful mansion in Europe, I noted that although the language being spoken was not English, I understood it. With my connection to knowledge which followed me on all my episodic events, information was usually available to me as it proved necessary.

A woman lived in this big mansion all alone, and immediately I knew that she had been my mother in a previous life, which was interesting considering I hadn't yet really thought much about reincarnation. Her present lifetime had no connection to me at all. Widowed and bitter, I could feel the sadness that

enveloped her soul as if it were my own. Having a boyfriend living with her in her home, her adult son lived next door. The son had just come over to see his mother, and I was intrigued, because, after all, in a certain sense he was a brother of mine. Wearing a blue, polyester suit, I went over to him to try to make him aware of my presence, forgetting my immaterial nature. For a moment, he looked towards me confusedly as if he felt my presence, but then he blew it off and turned away. Journeying forward, I found myself in another place.

Flying through a horrible ghetto, I appeared invisibly in a barroom behind a father and son. Apparently, they lived upstairs and owned the bar below, and the small brunette boy of about eight years was quite upset. His father also had brown hair, was very skinny and was very drunk. Getting loud and raucous with several friends, it seemed that this occurred on a regular basis.

In his anger, the son ran over to the table, grabbed a pitcher of beer and poured it all over his father's head. Responding in a fit of rage, the father began to chase the boy around the bar. Because of my special condition, I could read his thoughts, and I knew that this man had the potential of seriously beating the boy.

Floating in-between them, I sent powerful loving thoughts to both of them. Universal acceptance poured through me from the Lord and into them, as suddenly the father began to calm . . . and they both began laughing. Putting his arm around his son, the tension had been diffused and my presence was no longer necessary.

Flying high up into the night air, I cannot express the immense joy I felt within my spirit. Soaring over a small clearing in the woods, I noticed a man was sitting on the hood of his car staring into the night sky. Reading his thoughts, I understood that he was searching for answers, the meaning of life. Rushing energy and desire to share the truth came over me, as my spirit suddenly materialized into a white wispy form. Circling the sky, I sent messages of eternal peace and joy. "There is no need to fear God, for He is of love. Experience God within yourself by journeying inward!"

Somehow, I knew he'd received my message, though I don't know if he actually saw me in a conscious way, or if the manifestation occurred to him in a sub-conscious state, which can happen to people in their dreaming, or in their conscious form wherein they don't consciously experience the event, but another aspect of their soul processes the incoming flow. For any of us who aren't ready to hear the truth consciously, the Lord speaks to our sub-conscious, gently easing the truth of His love to our surface, and calling our souls to unite with Him.

***"If a man wishes to travel a certain road, Heaven guides him to it."***

*The Talmudic Anthology, No. 108, Paragraph 7, Makkot, 10, (Judaism)*

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After rolling out of form, I found myself looking upon a strange tunnel I had not yet seen. Dark and mysterious, a bright light burst forth at the end. Drawn almost incomprehensibly toward it, I began shooting down the tunnel at what seemed like

light speed and suddenly began falling DOWN.

Having been dropped into a man's body, I noticed that I was wearing the form of a soldier sitting behind a rock barricade waiting for an impending battle. The uniform he wore was reminiscent of the Cavalry, but I didn't know when this war had occurred.

And despite my previous view which had not truly considered reincarnation one way or the other, I immediately KNEW that it was true, without doubt or fear. It was as if this journey had opened my soul to remembering such things in a distant way.

***"I remember as many eons as there are atoms in a hundred lands."***

*The Flower Ornament Scripture, Chapter 39, Entry into the Realm of Reality, Page 1426, Stanza 2, (Buddhism, Mahayana)*

My attention turned to the captain now instructing us on the upcoming battle. Informed that we would start shooting when we were told and continue for a certain stretch of time and then we were to stop, and all would count their wins and losses. It would all be over, for a time.

Calm and accepting of my duty to perform this act of violence; I was surprised when, without any understandable warning, I was overcome with holy rage. My mind was full of terrifying thoughts of the injuries I could inflict or sustain, and the lives that would be lost. For what? For that brief moment, I KNEW the terror of a man in battle, and it was profound.

Running over to the other men, I screamed to them, "We don't have to do this; we don't have to kill



each other! They can't force us to pull the trigger!" Walking away, I deserted my brigade with three men following. Holing up in a nearby house, the shooting began, and with it; the screams, carnage, dying, suffering, barbarism. We cried uncontrollably.

Overwhelmed with grief and emotion, the spirits of the Lord quickly pulled me up and back through the tunnel through time, and led me to the present day. Moved, the power of God was working on my soul deeply, profoundly, in a way I could not yet understand.

***"The immature run after sense pleasures and fall into the widespread net of death. But the wise, knowing the Self as deathless, Seek not the changeless in the world of change."***

*The Upanishads, Katha Upanishad, Part II, (I), No. 2, Paragraph 2, Page 90, (Hinduism, Translation: Eknath Easwaran)*

## **CHAPTER TWO**

***"Therefore do not be afraid of them. Nothing is concealed that will not be revealed, nor secret that will not be known. What I say to you in the darkness, speak in the light."***

*New American Bible, New Testament, Matthew 10:26, (Christianity, Catholic, Words of Christ)*

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As I had drifted off to sleep, I began dreaming a horrid scene repetitively. We were driving down the highway when suddenly a frantic man began to run in front of our vehicle. His terrified thoughts

were displayed all around his person in this spiritual arena. Driving past him, we had assumed he was a lunatic, as his demeanor was frightening and morose. But when we passed him, we came upon a horrid accident wherein several people had been killed. Their bodies were very mangled, and we began to feel as if we might throw up.

Each time the dream progressed, I woke up in a cold sweat. I didn't understand what was happening to me. But each time I dropped off to sleep, I had the dream again.

Praying to the guardian angels around me, I asked to understand, and as I did this, I began to achieve knowing.

Having driven to a neighboring city that day, we had picked up a lost soul, who had apparently died in a horrible car accident some time before. It became known to me that many people who die quick and violent deaths, especially those who have no spiritual foundation, become lost after death, or don't realize they have passed on. Some are not even able to 'see' spiritual beings or things of the spiritual world because their vibration is still quite physical, and much too low to sense them. Because their lives and perceptions are so physical, they often wander about the earth trying to get their loved one's attention, but to no avail. When they are not recognized, they panic. After suffering some major trauma in death, the soul feels it is caught in a void wandering aimlessly alone.

Understanding this, I was still quite terrified. A frantic ghost was now relying on me to help him, and I was still trying to deal with my fear of a ghost being present in my house.

As directed by the eternal, however, I began to communicate telepathically to the spirit. Feeling his incredible need to cling to me, I again tried to calm myself, and then affirmed to the soul my need for boundaries. He respected them immediately. "I love you," I conveyed to him, "but you must look behind you and SEE the light of God! Call out to your guides, ask them to take you there." The spirit was intrigued and began doing as I asked, but again became clingy, frightening me. "You are no longer of the physical plane, you have moved onto greater things. Turn around! Ask!" His resistance intensified and I could feel the heat forming in pools of sweat on my body. Panicking, I ordered him, "In the name of Jesus Christ, I can no longer help you, turn . . . and go to the light!" Suddenly, I felt a spirit wind blow by as a gush of ecstasy overcame my soul. Intuitively, I knew the soul had seen the light and I was feeling his profound joy.

***"Let the groans of prisoners come before you; by your great power free those doomed to death."***

*New American Bible, Old Testament, Psalm 79:11,  
(Christianity, Catholic)*

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Whisked to a new dimension, a black space where all life manifested in yellow light, huge monolithic musical chambers surrounded my spirit echoing a serene celestial music that cannot be described. Rectangular ellipses of light with no edges, many spirits were waiting by the chambers for me to come. My arrival had inspired happiness and joy.

Lying down on the platform of yellow light,

my spirit was floating mid-air, as one of the spiritual guides lifted his arm and the musical chambers began to emanate energy from their core into my spirit. Vibrations filled my soul, and when the energy became too strong, the spiritual guides around me transmuted it into my spirit. Each emanation of the light made me feel such profound joy and a oneness with God and all created things which were inexplicable. For in this reality, there was no separation between God and His creation.

***"One with each other! These poor earthly words cannot convey a true idea of the Divine Unity . . . in that Unity all feeling of 'difference' between God and the soul disappears; and therefore, between each soul and all other souls."***

*The Divine Crucible of Purgatory, Chapter XVIII, Page 151, Paragraph 3, (Christianity, Catholic, Author: Mother Mary of St. Austin)*

***"I am the one who comes from what is whole. I was given from the things of my father . . . if one is whole, one will be filled with light, but if one is divided, one will be filled with darkness."***

*The Gospel of Thomas, No. 61, (Christianity, Gnostic/Essene, Words of Christ)*

Returning to this state subsequently, the six entities stood around me, three on each side. Allowing me to observe the colors and vibrational patterns of my soul, they determined what medical problems I may encounter if these anomalies were left unaddressed. Raising their hands synchronistically, beams of white light shone down from them healing my auric disturbances and causing immense warmth. Reasons for these manifestations in my auric field

were made known to me, as I became aware that my attachment to the perceptions of others was making me sick.

***"All worship and spiritual discipline are directed to one end alone, namely, to get rid of worldly attachment. The more you meditate on God, the less you will be attached to the trifling things of the world."***

*The Gospel of Sri Ramakrishna, Chapter 33, Page 653,  
Bottom, (Hinduism, Words of Sri Ramakrishna)*

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Lifting my soul into a spectacular cathedral filled with Sunday worshippers, I began flying around spreading love amidst the rounded and exquisitely painted ceiling.

Although the facial expressions on the people didn't change, much of the congregation felt my presence sub-consciously. Human souls experience things on many levels of consciousness, but most are only aware of the conscious, waking state. Telepathically, members of the congregation asked questions. "What does it feel like to do that?" Responding, I replied, "I just went through the ceiling, now I'm floating to the floor. Now through it. Out the window I go, oops, I'm coming back!" Receiving confirmation from their sub-conscious minds that they'd received the message, my spirit was beckoned to return.

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Becoming aware of another presence around me, I mistakenly took it for a lost soul because of the uncomfortable feelings I had about his presence. Becoming clear that this soul was desperately trying

to receive forgiveness from his wife and child, I didn't understand why I couldn't get him to leave or to go to the light. Over time, I began feeling a certain conflicted love for this soul, and begged it to reveal to me its purpose. In response to my inquiries, I was taken on a journey a few nights later.

Tossed through the time-tunnel, I felt the presence of a Native American. Conveying his name to be Red Jacket, my spirit was suddenly crashing into a different time and place.

Hurled into the 1800's, we looked from above at an old Native American camp which was sparsely populated. Several teepees were scattered around and a fire pit was burning in the middle of camp. Very poor, the people were scavenging for food to feed their children. The men were absent, and the women and children were trying to fend for themselves during the time of the Indian wars. Autumn winds were blowing in, and I couldn't help but feel the tremendous cold they would soon be facing in winter. Intense suffering was apparent on all of their faces.

And then I remembered something, I felt it. Intense love filled my soul. Although the feelings were quite powerful, memory was coming only in flashes. Red Jacket and I had been together in some distant time and place, but for some reason we were separated.

It came to me in a flash of knowing. Red Jacket could not leave his people in these conditions, and I could not bring myself to join them and give up the comforts of the white man's world in which I had lived.

*"All life and all existence here, with all its joys and all its woe, rests on a single state of mind, and quick passes that moment by . . . Out of the unseen did they rise, into the unseen do they pass, just as the lightning flashes forth, so do they flash and pass away."*

*Path to Deliverance, C Wisdom (Panna), Page 175, Middle, Stanza 1 and 6, (Buddhism, Theravadan, Author: Nyanatiloka)*

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Entering the vibrational state, I began to consciously will myself out of the body. A familiar but as yet unidentified voice began to speak, saying that it wouldn't be necessary to leave the body to travel amongst the dimensions. My spirit could go inward.

Changing perspective, my mind entered into a hypersensitive state wherein it began working at an unfathomably high rate of speed. Inherently, I knew that I was feeling what it was like to be dead, and I was surprised by the activity that is apparently present at life's end.

Identifying himself, the voice told me his name was 'Emmanuel' and that he had been with me for quite some time and that his purpose was to teach me about the oneness of all life. An energy surge came over my spirit connecting me to an even greater ultra-sensitive state of oneness with God the Father. Knowledge of oneness became so expansive, that it was earth-shattering to me.

'The purpose of astral travel,' he conveyed, 'is to bring eternal knowledge from this heightened state, back into the limited human form.' Further, the

process was very slow and tedious because only small amounts of knowledge can be retained with each journey.

In order to approach God, I would first have to let go of all that I perceived myself to be, as separate or distinct, because that part was of no use to God or to the evolution of my soul. What remained after the removal of such things, were the eternal soil upon which the Lord's blessings would bear fruit.

*"Hence, one of the Prophets of God hath asked: 'O my Lord, how shall we reach unto Thee?' And the answer came, 'Leave thyself behind, and then approach me.'"*  
*The Seven Valleys and the Four Valleys, The Third Valley,*  
*Page 55, Paragraph 2, (Baha'i, Author: Baha'u'llah)*

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Emmanuel came and went many a time to bring me into the understanding of oneness and to assist in raising my vibrational level. Upon this visit, however, Emmanuel taught me how to transmute the energies of vibrational raisings into my own soul. As the tremendous amounts of energy had begun forging through me, he guided me to stop and bring the energy to a level of love. Rather than fighting the immense energies, I had to allow it into my spirit. Sometimes, it would get so powerful, my head felt like exploding, but upon transmutation, the energies would expand in such a manner as to alter my worldly perceptions and attachments, bringing me to greater light. After a few hours, I literally begged him to stop.

*"All earthly things, except those absolutely necessary, must die through our complete disregard for them, even though they are not wrong in*



***themselves. We must control our minds and not permit them to wander aimlessly about."***

*The Spiritual Combat, Chapter 9, Page 23, Paragraph 2,  
(Christianity, Catholic, Author: Dom Lorenzo Scupoli)*

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Leaving form, my spirit was sent directly to a group of spirits whose work was quite unusual. Called the 'disaster team,' they were responsible for disasters and the souls who perished in them. Suiting up in silver boots and helmets, I joined them for an evening of work worldwide.

Responsible for the victims of airplane disasters, earthquakes, tornadoes, car accidents, fires and all other types of tragic, sudden death situations, they wore the silver boots and helmets to make easily recognizable amidst the chaos of fires, floods and other catastrophic events. Whisked from one disaster to another, they worked non-stop as they helped souls all over the globe. An 'energetic pull' would come to take them to their next site, and they would be there instantly.

In each instance, the team pulled dying souls out of the mass of smoke, fire, wreckage and physical obstructions, literally shoving them up and out of the mess to the heavenly guardians who awaited their delivery. Most souls were so disoriented, that they didn't know they had passed on. Souls were plundered beneath such a mass of smoke and flame, they couldn't see anything. Because their deathbed had almost become the abyss, the screams of terror were immediately transformed to tears of joy upon seeing the heavenly lights above.

***"The people who walked in distress have seen a great***

***light. Upon those who dwelt in the land of gloom, a light has shone."***

*New American Bible, Old Testament, Isaiah 9:1,  
(Christianity, Catholic)*

After my time was finished with the 'disaster crew,' I was shown astral support groups which operate on sub-conscious levels to help souls through their lives. Being sub-conscious, most people don't remember them upon waking, although some remember portions in dreams. Groups exist for every crisis one can experience in this world, and also for teaching specific spiritual knowledge. My spirit was allowed to sit in on a group discussing changing 'negatives' in their lives into 'positives.'

***"The coming of the kingdom of God cannot be observed, and no one will announce it, 'Look, here it is,' or 'There it is.' For behold, the kingdom of God is among you."***

*New American Bible, New Testament, Luke 18:20,  
(Christianity, Catholic, Words of Christ)*

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Entering into another lost soul's dream, I witnessed his death. Attempting to rob a young couple's home, he had entered when the couple had left to take a walk, not realizing that their young child was still in the home. As soon as he found their daughter, he locked her in a closet. When the couple returned from their walk, they noticed the broken glass and immediately searched for and found her, but police cars were already arriving as the neighbors had called the police when they noticed the disturbance. Checking through the house, the police didn't find the robber immediately, and assumed he

had gotten away.

But the father knew of a room that was normally sealed off from the house and asked the police to check it out. Upon entering the room, they were immediately confronted with the armed robber, firing five shots, killing him instantly. Now, he was a lost soul.

Compassion for this soul overflowed in me as I was filled with knowledge of him. Apparently, this had been his first crime, and he had already made a decision that it would be his last. When he had seen the face of the little girl, it touched him, but as should be expected when someone participates in any crime, he had paid with his life, and his destiny had already been sealed. This soul believed he was going to go to hell, and that he deserved every flame he was about to embark upon. He'd actually *seen* the light, but did not go.

Telling him that God loved him, he began to cry. Beginning to increase his energetic intensity, I asked that he respect my space and boundaries. As I explained some universal truths to him, he was excited by the incredible love that God had for his soul. Our Lord had been moved by his true contrition at the moment of death.

Absorbing knowledge with ease and joy, he became hesitant to leave when I told him of his next destination, the light. (Lost souls are often uncomfortable leaving the only contact they have had since death) Telling him to stay near me as long as he felt he needed, I conveyed to him that when he felt ready he could depart directly for the light. This calmed him a great deal, and within moments, he left

for the light, leaving a cool breeze in his wake.

***"All our masters in the spiritual life emphasize that when the soul is free and empty of all inordinate attachments, God can then work without all hindering; He is free to accomplish His own divine designs."***

*The Divine Crucible of Purgatory, Chapter XIV,  
Paragraph 1, (Christianity, Catholic, Author: Mother  
Mary of St. Austin)*

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And so it came to pass that I helped dozens of lost souls, only two of which I choose to mention at this time.

A dying soul beckoned my spirit to await his entry into the void, as his death was coming quickly by the electric chair. Leaving his body and entering the astral state, I embraced him and welcomed him to the other side. Angry, he said, "Alright, where am I going to be sent now." Obviously assuming he was going to hell, I told him that there was only love for him. "Wait a minute," he said, "that's crazy!" Waiting patiently for him to absorb this truth, he finally said, "Okay, I can handle it, tell me more." Leaving him with the knowledge that he was greatly loved by God, I gave him the information he would need to go to the light. As his guides descended in a wispy light, he reached his hand to them as he paused to say good-bye.

As I was not made aware for what crime this man was executed, or whether or not he was guilty, I considered it an interesting example of God's all-knowing wisdom; that only He knows the heart of a soul.

Another lost soul was treating me very badly in an astral realm wherein he had created a table. Unless I showed him 'proper identification,' he would not allow me to pass. No identification that I presented was sufficient, and so I quietly stepped aside waiting for instruction.

A beautiful angel appeared and told me of this man's life. Believing his whole family had not loved him, the final straw had come when his wife left him. After committing suicide, he had created this reality which allowed him to reject others. Understanding his feelings, it occurred to me that although his conclusion was incorrect, his feelings were quite real.

Returning to his table, I sent energies of love and understanding. "I'm so sorry that you suffered so much in your lifetime." I said. "But you know, you really are loved greatly. Let go of this illusory reality you have created for yourself. There is so much more to be experienced. The Universe is a loving place and you are an important part of us all." Looking up, a moment of caring was shared, and the objects of his self-imposed prison began to disappear slowly.

Apologizing for treating me as he had, forgiveness began to emerge within him for his wife and family. Moments later, he returned to the light.

***"Love is a light that never dwelleth in a heart possessed by fear."***

*The Seven Valleys and the Four Valleys, The Fourth Valley, Page 58, Paragraph 1, (Baha'i, Author: Baha'u'llah)*

***"Sentient beings are muddled by afflictions, their conceptions and inclinations are not the same; According to their mental states they perform***

***inconceivably many acts, thereby forming the oceans of all lands."***

*The Flower Ornament Scripture, Chapter 4, The Formation of the Worlds, Page 186, Stanza 2, (Buddhism, Mahayana)*

### **CHAPTER THREE**

***"In Tibet we say that just as it is the nature of fire to burn and of water to quench thirst, the nature of the buddhas is to be present as soon as anyone invokes them, so infinite is their compassionate desire to help all sentient beings."***

*The Tibetan Book of Living and Dying, Chapter 19, Page 300, Paragraph 4, (Buddhism, Tibetan, Author: Sogyal Rinpoche)*

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During a vibrational raising, energetic waves began pulsing through my body beginning at my feet and working up towards my head. When it reached its pinnacle, I felt a jerking sensation in my forehead (sixth chakra) and my eyes jerked upwards. Appearing beside me, a female angel began funneling energies throughout my body and instructed me on how to hold energies more efficiently and refine them to make a stronger connection with the heavenly realms.

Having left form, my soul was vibrating at speeds higher than I'd gone before. Knowing that I was bordering on a much higher dimension, my eyes were closed, perhaps with fear of what I might see. I still had a fear of seeing ghosts, which was odd considering the journey I had undertaken.

Emmanuel's voice echoed before me. "This is an important step, one that you must take. In order for you to grow in your abilities, you must rid yourself of the fear of ghosts." Willing sight, I immediately became dumbstruck by the vision of Emmanuel before me. Emmanuel's dark hair framed his small face, his white robes glowed with light, and all around him a beautiful yellow, purple and white aura encircled his spirit. All around him were beautiful pastel shades of ether; blues, purples, greens, yellows, and among this ether was a silvery glitter quality. "See, it isn't so bad to see a ghost." Emmanuel said in jest. But I was so overcome with the beauty of this place, I cried out, "OH, MY GOD! THIS MUST BE HEAVEN, THIS REALLY MUST BE HEAVEN!!!!" Emmanuel's eyes were deep, loving and enthralling.

Emmanuel's eyes turned to the right, and suddenly my spirit was swirling away from this place back into the time-tunnel, all black with a bright light at the end. Red Jacket's voice was heard in the ether, calling me to go with him. As he reached his hand to me, I took it.

Soaring at light speed, I suddenly became aware that I was now falling down. With a loud thud, I entered into a body. My immediate instinct was to look down, which gave me many clues as to where I had entered. Wearing a long dress with a petticoat, I noticed how heavy these clothes felt. Walking along some dirt roads towards a dingy bar, it occurred to me that my current self was overlapping another life, and that I was here to observe . . . not interfere.

The bar was like an old barn with the front doors opened wide. Inside, a man whom I knew to be my husband was arm wrestling with a group of men who were very loud and boisterous. He wasn't a big man, being slightly shorter than myself with straight sandy-brown hair. Two men near him were very large and unusually dirty. Sporting wavy black hair and mustaches, I supposed they might be Mexican. All the men were wearing dirty brown pants with suspenders and soiled shirts that apparently used to be white. Some had old cowboy hats on. My husband ordered me to leave as soon as he saw me, for this was no place for a woman, and they were busy with men-folk talk. Angry, I turned to go.

On the way back to our home, I noticed that I was walking around a western fort. Prisoners quarters made out of sandstone rock sported windows with metal bars. A young Indian boy's face motioned to me. "We are very hungry, they do not feed us. Can you help?" He said. Promising that I would return with food, I went upon my way.

Returning to the prison later, I took note that the guards were quite intoxicated. One had fallen asleep and was lying in the dirt smelling strongly of whiskey. The other stood against the prison wall in his blue cavalry uniform, holding his rifle upright. Bottle in hand, it wouldn't be long before he joined his friend on the ground.

"Sir," I said with a curtsy, "I would just like to bring the prisoners some food for their bodies and perhaps some food for their soul." I said. "I've prepared something for them to eat, and I know that



they will be ready to hear about the Lord on a full stomach. I'd be mighty appreciative if you would let me help these poor souls enter into heaven." Flippantly, the guard moved away from the door, unlocking it. "Well, ma'am, that's mighty Christian of you. Good luck to you and God bless," he said.

Walking into the door, there was a short flight of steps going down to the disgustingly filthy room which was about 10' X 10' and housed about fifteen prisoners. There were other cells, but I didn't venture into them. Apparently, some of the more dangerous prisoners were kept in those privately locked cells.

Appreciative of the food, the young boy ate voraciously, although the others remained suspicious. At this moment, I realized that this was the moment I had made the decision in that lifetime that I was going to help the Indians. Ascending the rock stairs, a flash of light pulled me out and shot me back home to my present life.

***"You and I have passed through many births, Arjuna.***

***You have forgotten, but I remember them all."***

*Bhagavad Gita, Chapter 4, Verse 5, (Hinduism, Words of Krishna, Translation: Eknath Easwaran)*

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My husband, Andy had a dream wherein I wanted to buy myself a gift consisting of a set of engraved porcelain steps. Each step was engraved with a spiritual quality that my soul was seeking, and although Andy didn't initially want me to buy the gift because of its great cost, Emmanuel stepped in and told him that these steps represented the journey of my spirit which was a very important gift for me to give myself. Realizing its importance, Andy bought it

for me, awaking with a newfound attitude towards our journey.

***"Your life consists in drawing nearer to God. To do this, you must endeavour to detach yourself from visible things and remember that in a short time they will be taken from you."***

*The Voice of the Saints, Chapter 2, Page 13, Stanza 3,  
(Christianity, Catholic, Words of Blessed John of Avila)*

***"Consider the shortness of time, the length of eternity, and reflect how everything here below comes to an end and passes by."***

*The Voice of the Saints, Chapter 2, Page 12, Stanza 4,  
(Christianity, Catholic, Words of St. Gerard Majella)*

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While leaving my body, I noticed something odd while looking down at my bed. There were two images of my husband, Andy. Undergoing a vibrational raising, Andy's physical body lay on the bed while his etheric was raised just above. Vibrating rapidly, a spiritual guide was at his side overseeing the raising and Emmanuel stood aside. 'Andy would not remember this,' he conveyed, 'and they wanted him to know that they were working with him.' Emmanuel then began raising my vibrations in preparation for a journey.

Taken to a coliseum, I was waiting to hear a speaker. From behind me, I could feel an immense amount of love being directed at me. Turning, I saw a large man with sandy-blond hair, dressed rather Romanesque, looking at me with incredible recognition and deep love. I turned away.

A woman was speaking about spiritual teachers and their role in evolution, when she

suddenly whisked over to where I was sitting. Asking me to turn around, the woman had noticed the intensity of the love coming from this person behind me.

The Romanesque man began to change his image. Long black hair and olive skin framed an aged and worried Indian man's face. Red Jacket embraced me, his happiness obvious, as I felt feelings for him that I didn't yet understand. Reaching his hand to me, I took it and in a flash of light, we were in a vast and beautiful forest.

Sitting down in the brush, he hugged me tightly as energetic knowledge about our life together was conveyed to my soul. Instantly, I knew that we had been lovers, and that this had happened sometime during that Cavalry lifetime. Unfocused memories came to me, and I was overcome with emotion.

One thing was certain . . . he had returned for a reason and I knew that his coming held great importance for my soul.

*"Thy letter from which the fragrance of reunion was inhaled hath been received. Praised be God that following the firm decree of separation, the breeze of nearness and communion hath been stirred and the soil of the heart is refreshed with the waters of joy and gladness."*

*The Tablets of Baha'u'llah, No. 11, Lawh-I-Maqsud, Page 163, Paragraph 1, (Baha'i, Author: Baha'u'llah)*

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Meeting Emmanuel in an empty house, he informed me that I needed to work through blocks that I had in regards to the permeation of physical

matter. Presenting me with the 'Emmanuel Physical Illusion Workout,' I began flying through the ceiling, walls, doors and windows until I started doing so with more ease.

*"O now, when the Dream Bardo upon me is dawning!  
Abandoning the inordinate corpse-like sleeping of the  
sleep of stupidity, May the consciousness  
undistractedly be kept in its natural state; Grasping  
the (true nature of) dreams, (may I) train (myself) in  
the Clear Light of Miraculous Transformation:  
Acting not like the brutes in slothfulness, May the  
blending of the practising of the sleep (state) and  
actual (or waking) experience be highly valued (by  
me)."*

*The Tibetan Book of the Dead, The Appendix, III. The Root  
Verses of the Six Bardos, No. 2, (Buddhism, Tibetan)*

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Andy, my husband, had a dream in which he saw himself in a room which contained an imaginary line bordering on another dimension. Suddenly, a small man with short black hair came through the imaginary line. Immediately recognizing him, Andy shouted, "Little Chinaman, you're here!" The little man giggled and quietly jumped back over the line.

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Entering the dream of a handicapped man in a veteran's hospital, we talked for a short period of time. The young man had a bandage around his forehead with only a little bit of brown hair showing. Apparently, he had few visitors and was very lonely.

Offering universal love and acceptance to him, we talked for quite some time before he suddenly burst out, "You aren't from here, are you, Ute?" I

didn't know what to say. He continued. "Like, I mean, you're a spirit aren't you?" Red Jacket immediately pulled me out of his dream.

My confused glance held an unknowing as I asked him, "Why did he call me Ute?" Red Jacket didn't even pause before he answered, "Because that is who you are." Upon return, I discovered that it was a tribe of Indians in the western United States.

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An old friend from ten years prior appeared to me in another dimension, apparently brought here for an atonement. We'd gone to school together and been very cruel to one another as children. It was apparent that we had been brought to this space to work things out. Apologizing for his cruelty, he bade me to know that he truly did love me very much, and that his actions were not at all reflective of his true feelings. This surprised me, but gave me great joy, as well. Sharing my own confession of guilt, I apologized in return for my own acts of uncaring towards him. Embracing, all that remained between us now was unconditional forgiveness and love. This person I'd literally not thought of for years, who had seemed such an insignificant part of my life, was now pulsating within my heart in such a powerfully loving way. From this experience, I realized that even when people's feelings are hurt by another, it is very often an expression of love trying to understand itself. Our small piece of karma had been worked out, and we were now atoned.

As I began to meet many people from my past, I found that working out these seemingly small events in my life, allowed my spirit to become more

open to receiving love from God. Because the nature of these hurts is rejection, a soul can close itself off, through the actions of others and itself, to believing it is not worthy of love. Because of this, every interaction we have with one another becomes important.

*"A man in this world will not be able to be pure of sins; for if he is pure of one, he will not be able to be pure of another . . . For this cause, therefore, I have rent myself asunder and have brought the mysteries into the world, because all are under sin and all are in need of the gift of the mysteries."*

*Pistis Sophia, Fourth Book, Page 292, Paragraph 2,  
(Christianity, Gnostic/Essene, Words of Christ)*

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Red Jacket took me to a beautiful prairie. Tumbleweeds blew by as we rode separate horses towards an awesome mountain ahead. A third horse appeared with a young Indian boy riding. Instantly, I knew that this was our son. Disappearing as quickly as he had come, Red Jacket waved his arms and we were no longer there.

As he hovered above, I was now in the body of an Indian woman sitting in a small camp. Two teepees could be clearly seen in the firelight, and they were painted with a red jagged line around the bottom of them. Many more teepees were shadowed by the night. Sitting by the fire, the forest serenaded me with the sounds of the blowing wind and the calling of the night animals. Instinctively, I knew this had been my home somewhere in time.

Taking Red Jacket's hand, I was quickly pulled away.

***"I will see the hand of God in all that happens to me, attributing nothing to individual people, who are but instruments used by Him in the work of my sanctification."***

*The Voice of the Saints, Chapter 3, Page 17, No. 3,  
(Christianity, Catholic, Words of Blessed Raphaela Mary)*

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Playing repetitively in my mind, a lost soul's horrific death began coming to me as I was slowly releasing form. Determining to keep things in perspective, I knew that I must do so if I might be of some assistance.

A woman had been working in a power plant standing outside by a large looming tower. Suddenly, an explosion was heard, a fire ensued and people were running towards her. Another explosion went off, and before she had a chance to run, a third. Extremely traumatized, she had been blown to bits. Because it was so gruesome, I fought the fear that came with it by determining that I would see this from a spiritual reality rather than a physical illusion.

Beginning telepathic communication, she felt responsible for the explosion because of a mistake she had made. Unable to respond because of her horror at being responsible in a small way for so many deaths, I conveyed to her that everything was going to be alright, despite the suffering she'd endured. Chaotic and frantic, she hopelessly tried to communicate with those she'd left behind, but although she could hear them, they couldn't hear her and this made her panic more.

Conveying god's love for her, she calmed immensely. "You mean I won't be judged for what I

did, even though it took all those lives?" "God loves you, honey, and there isn't anything you could do to turn him away. His love is complete. It is unconditional." Telling her to stay with me as long as she felt the necessity, I informed her that when she was ready, her own spiritual guardians were waiting to take her back to the light. Half an hour later, she turned to meet them.

*"About this time (the deceased) can . . . hear all the weeping and wailing of his friends and relatives, and, although he can see them and can hear them calling upon him, they cannot hear him calling upon them, so he goeth away displeased."*

*The Tibetan Book of the Dead, Book I, Part II, Page 101-102, (Buddhism, Tibetan)*

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Having projected into another dimension together, my husband, Andy, and I had entered into a foggy realm filled with haze. Waiting to see Emmanuel, we sat in anticipation of the great being we awaited, speaking of our honor in knowing him.

When Emmanuel arrived, however, he appeared to us in street clothes. "Do not make me more than I am. As I am divine energy, so are you. Do not glorify me." Surprised by his response, we quickly realized that he was right. "We will meet again, my friends," he said, shortly before he disappeared.

*"It is I, John, who heard and saw these things, and when I heard and saw them I fell down to worship at the feet of the angel who showed them to me. But he said to me, 'Don't! I am a fellow servant of yours and of your brothers the prophets and of those who*



*keep the message of this book. Worship God."*  
*New American Bible, New Testament, Revelations 22:8,*  
*(Christianity, Catholic)*

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Outside of form, my soul was traveling quickly towards a most majestic mountain range. Red Jacket was speaking behind me as I traveled through the ether. Three mountains were in sight, two smaller ones surrounding a snow-capped beauty in the middle. "There is a being," he said, "who is at ONE with these mountains. The animals and the trees are her friends, and she speaks with all life. In her heart, she has lived here for centuries."

Reaching the mountain, I looked up to notice a horse had been carved into the bluish rock which appeared to be in motion. Soaring to the midsection, my spirit was directly before the horse's heart, listening to its rhythmic beat. "And you, my friend, are Heart of the Horse!" Red Jacket said, "It is your name, it is your legacy."

*"Because mountains are high and broad, the way of riding the clouds is always reached in the mountains; the inconceivable power of soaring in the wind comes freely from the mountains."*

*Moon in a Dewdrop, Mountain and Waters Sutra (Sansui-Kyo), No. 2, (Buddhism, Zen, Words of Zen Master Dogen)*

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Having many, many atonements which all ended in a beautiful display of love and forgiveness, I was surprised when I found myself embroiled in two separate instances wherein those I had sought forgiveness from, were not yet ready to give it.

Leaving them with my apologies for their hurt feelings, I told them we'd meet again when and if they chose to be ready to atone.

Much later, one of them appeared to me in an empty theatre. Occupying the first seat in the second row of chairs, a brilliant red curtain completely closed off the stage. Behind the curtain, you could hear the sounds of a performance. Sitting behind him, he turned to me and smiled, "As the curtain conceals the illusion, I am ready to discard my own." Conveying that he was now at peace, I thanked him for his understanding and again was overwhelmed with a rush of love and forgiveness.

Moments later, I was pulled away.

*"Hazardous and slow is the path to the Unrevealed, difficult for physical man to tread. But they for whom I am the supreme goal, who do all work renouncing self for me and meditate on me with single-hearted devotion, these I will swiftly rescue from the fragment's cycle of birth and death, for their consciousness has entered me."*

*The Bhagavad Gita, Chapter 12, No.'s 5-7, (Hinduism, Words of Krishna, Translation: Eknath Easwaran)*

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During an intensive vibrational raising, I began to see a globe of purple and white light rotating. As this occurred, Red Jacket spoke in my ear:

"I am like the great tree,  
 who after bearing witness  
 to day and night for hundreds of years,  
 cries silently to the Great Spirit,  
 'Oh, I understand!"

There is oneness between light and dark!  
 The tree silently and peacefully dies . . .  
 making room for new life,  
 and becomes one with all that is."

*"God has also set the one over against the other; the good against the evil, and the evil against the good; the good proceeds from the good, and the evil from the evil; the good purifies the bad, and the bad the good . . . "*

*Sepher Yezirah, Chapter VI, Section V, (Judaism)*

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Entering the time-tunnel, I began falling into another time. Again, I emerged in what appeared to be the Cavalry lifetime, crossing a river over a swinging bridge.

Across this river was a large prison community which consisted of a few small shacks surrounded by wooden fences. Stone shacks with leaky grass roofs were guarded by armed men at the entrances to prevent escape.

Bringing food to the prisoners had eventually led to helping them with other tasks, like washing clothes. Used to my frequent visits, the guards let me pass without a word. A young Indian woman met me at the gate, which was highly secured because many escapes had occurred amongst the Indian prisoners.

Three Indian men lived in one of these huts, who called themselves brothers, but I knew they were not biologically related. A special bond existed between me and these brothers; we were close friends and confidantes. Red Jacket was one of these

brothers, and there was an obvious attraction between us. Five women lived in the shack next door, all who would escape but one, who died from the cold during the winter.

Pushing a large wheelbarrow containing food, blankets and clean clothes, Red Jacket jumped in as soon as we were safely in the hut. Dirty cloths and blankets were used to cover him. At that moment, I realized I was responsible for the escapes.

On my way out with the prisoner, I ran into my husband who was entertaining three guests. Trying to impress his guests with lavish gifts, they were celebrating one of the men's recent graduations from a military school. "Why don't you join us in our celebrating, honey?" He asked, as I nervously looked down upon my cart. "In a moment," I replied, "Let me put my cart in the house and I will meet you at the general store." Turning to leave, they acknowledged that they would meet me there. At that moment, I realized that the soul of my husband in that life was the same soul as in my present. Although they looked nothing alike, there was a recognition that went beyond the flesh, deep into the windows of another kind of knowing.

Hiding Red Jacket in an old abandoned log cabin, he stayed in a closet until nightfall, as all the other prison escapees had done. Formerly an old storefront, the old cabin was nailed shut after going out of business and no one went in there. Bringing the cart to my home, I headed for the general store.

Many people went to this log building to socialize. Inside, a man of about fifty-five with gray hair was smoking a pipe and catering to my husband

who was buying expensive cigars for everyone. There was a wooden counter with a very old version of a cash register. A big selection of rifles was hanging on the walls. Annoyed at my husband who was much too concerned with wasting money on people who didn't need it, I slipped into the background. Talk turned to the current Indian escapes, and after expressing my outrage, I excused myself to leave.

Later as night had fallen, I slipped off while my husband was at the bar. Red Jacket was ready to go, but before he did, he unexpectedly pulled me close to him. After spending some very intimate time together, he looked at me very seriously. "You are one of us, and do not belong here. Come with me and we will share our lives with each other. The Indian people will accept you and love you!" A big part of me wanted to go, but I didn't have the courage to make such a hasty decision. Night was upon us and he had to leave. "No," I said, "I love you very much, but I can't leave . . . not yet, anyway." Embracing me, he said, "I love you with all my heart." Moments later, he was gone. Crying softly as he departed, I pulled myself together so as not to arouse suspicion.

Returning to form, I was shocked to realize I had done this.

*"For whoever has the courage to conquer his passions, to subdue his appetites, and repulse even the least motions of his own will, performs an action more meritorious in the sight of God than if, without this, he should tear his flesh with the sharpest disciplines, fast with greater austerity than the ancient Fathers of the Desert, or convert multitudes*

*of sinners."*

*The Spiritual Combat, Chapter 1, Page 6, Paragraph 3,  
(Christianity, Catholic, Author: Dom Lorenzo Scupoli)*

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Swept through the tunnel of time, I found myself in a small house with several Chinese men and women. All of us were living with an aging master who we called 'Little Chinaman.' Very thin and bald, he was a gentle soul who taught us of the Way.

My current husband was a young Chinese man with jet black hair that shone in the light, a beautiful smile and very tall and muscular. Three other disciples lived with us, but Andy was Little Chinaman's prize student and friend, who took care of the house and grounds in exchange for his teachings.

Discussing our lessons, two other disciples and I approached Andy to ask him questions. As I approached, however, his aura became bright red and yellow, his rage obvious. Immediately, my over-self, which was observing from inside my former body, became aware that this sub-conscious anger resulted from our past lifetime during the Cavalry days.

Little Chinaman was in town for the day leaving our studies in the care of Andy, who responded to my presence by ordering me to do extreme and strenuous physical labor. Becoming very tired over time, I begged him to let me stop, but he pushed and pushed as his auric red intensified with every order. Unexpectedly and suddenly, I went into cardiac arrest and died.

Shocked, this had not been his intent, and for years Little Chinaman tried to help him to get over

what he had done, for he had no conscious desire for me to die. But Little Chinaman was wise and knew of our past life, and he helped Andy to overcome some of his rage during that lifetime and begin to forgive.

***"Some lands are dirty, some are pure; Pleasant or painful, each is different. This comes from the inconceivable ocean of acts: Cyclic phenomena are always like this."***

*The Flower Ornament Scripture, Chapter 4, The Formation of the Worlds, Page 190, Stanza 3, (Buddhism, Mahayana)*

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Having traveled again through the time-tunnel, I found myself lying in a field of grass wearing a pale blue gown. Deeply in love, the object of my affection laid beside me, wearing the traditional knickers with stockings, black lace shoes, a vest and a puffy shirt. Telling me of a home he had bought for me, I didn't hear what he was saying due to my obsession with his piercing green eyes framed by locks of dark wavy hair.

But it suddenly became apparent to me that he was married and I was his mistress, a courtesan sometime in the 17th century. Intending to 'keep' me, he wanted to provide me with a home and all my other needs. Angered that he had not consulted with me in choosing a home, we began to argue, but I eventually agreed to move into the home he had chosen for me.

Before I could make the move, however, a sudden and unexplained break-up had occurred. It appeared that it was possible his wife had found out about us, and demanded that it stop. Never hearing from him again, I was heartbroken, and didn't marry

in that lifetime.

Dropped into a later time in the same life as an old dying woman, I passed over to the other side and wandered aimlessly as a lost soul for several years. But at the very moment when I called out to God for help, an angel appeared and led me to a door. Inside, my lost love sat next to another man who appeared to be his son. Many people were gathered in the room, all of them appearing very young. As I floated in, I tried very hard to keep my hoop skirts quiet so as not to arouse attention, but they made no noise in the spirit wind.

When I came into view, my lost love turned and flashed a big smile, sending me an energy of great love. Drawing me to him, everyone was watching an event on the earth-plane below. Introducing me to his son, the grown man looked up in surprise. "So you are the woman my father loved so much!" Surprised by this, I acknowledged that it was mutual.

A very elaborate funeral was going on below, and I was unsure as to what the fuss was all about. Overflowing with joy, my lost love chimed, "My son, of whom I am very proud, was an important man!" Looking to see if I could recognize him, I was surprised to notice that he was a historical figure. A beautifully carved beige basket was lowered into the ground as the mourners cried.

As we watched, the angel conveyed to me that he could not have left his wife without a scandal, and they had stayed together for proprieties sake. Despite this, he had loved me very much and that love was real. Finally, she revealed that this was the same soul



as that of Red Jacket. A light went on in my soul.

Taking my hand, we soared away. From the mind of the woman I used to be, I never considered my acts as immoral, because I was so lost in love that I never even considered the pain of those I'd hurt. Because of this fog I had chosen to live in, at the time of my death I became lost.

*"Do not cling, in fondness and weakness, to this life. Even though thou clingest out of weakness, thou hast not the power to remain here. Thou wilt gain nothing more than wandering in this Sangsara (illusion). Be not attached (to this world); . . ."*

*The Tibetan Book of the Dead, Book I, Part II, Page 103, Paragraph 2, (Buddhism, Tibetan)*

## CHAPTER FOUR

*"But if you are able to confess, I wish you to do so, and if you are able, and do not, you will be deprived of the fruit of the Blood."*

*The Dialogue of St. Catherine of Siena, A Treatise of Prayer, Page 173, Paragraph 1, (Christianity, Catholic, Words of God as Received in Ecstatic Vision, Author: St. Catherine of Siena)*

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And so it came to pass that I was taken into many past lives, all of which I confess to you now. For all of my lifetimes were seemingly stained with the sin of lust. And it appeared that the three key players (myself, my husband and the soul of Red Jacket) remained the same. For time immemorial, we had been incarnating over and over again, never

understanding or transforming this horrid pattern of betrayal and lust. Further, Andy's greed and control issues remained a constant, also remaining unaddressed for aeons.

The seven deadly sins are a very important part of purification and they are as follows: Gluttony, Lust, Greed, Pride, Sloth, Vanity and Avarice. We all incarnate with certain stains upon our souls that have yet to be purified, and most of us have one prominent vice. For me, it was lust, for Andy, greed.

It is not the conscious desire of most souls to cause harm, and yet they do. Why? And how do we end the cycle of pain? The answer is purification, which comes about through a very involved eternal process to awaken the soul to its own delusions about the true nature of love, transform those perceptions, and alter the stimulus response through eternal understanding.

*"The world, however, is given to pleasure, delighted with pleasure, enchanted with pleasure. Truly, such beings will hardly understand the law of conditionality, the Dependent Origination of everything; incomprehensible to them will also be the end of all formations, the forsaking of every substratum of rebirth, the fading away of craving, detachment, extinction, Nibbana."*

*The Word of the Buddha, Page 2, Paragraph 2, (Buddhism, Theravadan, Author: Nyanatiloka)*

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Soaring through time, I ended up in the body of an Indian woman on a reservation around the early 1900's. Living with my seven-year-old child, my Indian mother had died, and my father, an

aristocratic white with gray wavy hair, was making one of his infrequent visits to see us. I felt nothing for this man, as he had not raised me.

Located near a small forest, our small square homes were built around each other in an almost circular fashion. Every night, the community would gather around the campfire to talk and share stories. My husband and the father of my little girl, was fighting in the war, and we missed him greatly.

Going to the commissary, we were stocking up on supplies. In the distance, I thought I saw a familiar face. "Gray Robe! Is that you?!" I called out, running towards the Indian man, but as he turned I could tell that he was trying to conceal concern. Somberly, the man replied, "Gray Robe has just been reported as Missing in Action." Beginning to cry, he continued, "We were good friends. He was very brave and he loved you and your little girl very much." Carrying the supplies, we returned together to the reservation.

At camp circle that evening, I remained silent. Standing up during the gathering, the man told the others of my husband's status. Our chief took me aside and patiently placed his hands on my shoulder.

Being very much in touch with the spirit world, he explained to me what had happened. "Gray Robe was in a healing lifetime," he said, "his aura was filled with the color green. Giving back to those he has taken from in the past, he chose to move on." Suddenly, it became clear to me that Gray Robe was an incarnation of Red Jacket, and he had given his life to pay back for the lives he had taken during the Indian wars. "Hold his love within your heart, and set him free." His wisdom was peaceful, and I

knew he was right. Raising our hands to the sky, we both chimed to the heavens, "In our love we set you free, Gray Robe." While gazing upon the full-moon, I drifted away from the past and soared back to my current life.

*"Perhaps I have lived before, In some strange world  
where first my soul was shaped. And all this  
passionate love, and joy, and pain, that come, I know  
not whence, and sway my deeds, are old imperious  
memories, blind yet strong, that this world stirs  
within me."*

*Reincarnation - An East-West Anthology, Western  
Thinkers, British, Page 146, The Spanish Gypsy*

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Joining several runners about to begin a marathon race, I was quite determined to take a slow pace in what appeared to be a long journey ahead. Other runners quickly passed me by, perhaps thinking they had somehow gained something by doing so. However, I was quite pleased with my pace because I had perceived everything along the road, although a part of me could not help but wonder if I should speed up and keep pace with the others. After some time, the others sped by so quickly I saw only a blur in their wake.

Another runner appeared beside me without my notice, keeping the same pace that I had chosen. Immediately sensing my distress, he spoke to me. "The other runners are caught up with the finish line, and you are more interested in the path." I looked over at him, and said, "But I feel so separate and apart from their reality." Interjecting, he smiled at my confusion. "As you should! You feel the oneness and

you see their reality for what it is. They see it from a different illusion. To them, physical life is all there is, winning is all there is. Spiritual growth requires a different perspective, one that you now have. Growth comes from within, not without. By taking life at the pace you have chosen, you allow yourself to perceive more accurately what the world truly represents. You embrace the divine plan and trust it completely, they do not. They feel that their importance lies in finishing the race with the fastest time, and you see that the race will never end. Every perception along the path is an important and crucial one. If you miss the flower on the side of the road because you ran by too quickly, you will need to return to perceive it in the future. In their ignorance, they may think they are passing you by, but the truth is you have not even entered their race. Your path is parallel to their road, but they have not yet begun the path that you seek. The irony is that the race is an illusion. Do not compare yourself with those who see only illusion. Walk slowly down your path of increasing awareness and opening perceptions as it is this path that leads to enlightenment."

Taking my hand, he and I transcended the race and sat together on a stone. "Knowing what you know about the universe, would you choose to again become ignorant of it?" My response was a resounding, "No!" "You may feel lonely and separate at times in your physical world because of your differing perceptions, but truth is a wonderful gift, and those who have the truth have everything. Your loneliness is just another part of that illusion. Is it not true that we are always with you? Is it not true that

we are available to you at all times? And if this is so, then your loneliness is only a false perception on your part. You are never alone, it is an illusion!" Letting my hand go, he cried from the distance, "Remember, you have universal truth . . . you have oneness. How is it that you could ever be alone?!" In moments, I was returned gently into my body.

***"Do you not know that the runners in the stadium all run in the race, but only one wins the prize? Run so as to win. Every athlete exercises discipline in every way. They do it to win a perishable crown, but we an imperishable one. Thus I do not run aimlessly; I do not fight as if I were shadowboxing. No, I drive my body and train it, for fear that, after having preached to others, I myself should be disqualified."***

*New American Bible, New Testament, 1 Corinthians  
10:24, (Christianity, Catholic)*

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Traveling to a point in time which appeared to be several hundred years ago, I lived as a woman named Thread Bare in an Indian camp with my father, Night Bear. Our camp had split into three factions due to three differing perceptions: Night Bear led a group that believed in war and strength, the man I loved led a group that believed in unity through music, and I led a faction which believed in birth. Unable to meld our perceptions into one, we became separate.

Surrounded by mountains and pines, several women in our camp were preparing to give birth. Going into labor one clear dark night, a woman gave birth at the very moment that a lightning-bolt struck a tree. In honor of this exalted sign of birth, we named

the baby, 'Lighted Pine.'

With the child's birth, we realized the stupidity of our separate ways, and we summoned the other camp leaders for a gathering to reconcile our differences. Radiating immense love, a woman from the camp of music spoke to me. "Now we can share our music with you, our way of perceiving." Smiling, I replied, "I would love to hear your music, it's wonderful that Lighted Pine has opened us to perceiving in many ways." Her gaze became serious, "It is good that you want to hear our music, as it is all written by our leader and they are all love songs written for you." Turning, she walked away, as a huge pine began to glow in the center of our camp. Becoming the center of unity for the people, it reminded us that the Lord shares differing gifts with differing people, and that when we close ourselves off to only our own, we lose a part of the wholeness which is God.

*"The door of the lodge is soon opened for the second time, representing the coming of the purifying Power of the north, and also we see the light which destroys darkness, just as wisdom drives away ignorance."*

*The Sacred Pipe, Black Elk's Account of the Seven Rites of the Oglala Sioux, Chapter III, Inipi, Page 40, Paragraph 3, (Tribal, Oglala Sioux, Words of Black Elk)*

### THE TWIN TREES

*Two trees stand tall in the woods, one a birch and one a pine*

*The pine tree is taller to show the effect of time*

*The birch tree looks up to the pine and turns to call her friend*

*She says, 'I love you very much but I must sing my own song.'*

*'I want to grow up towards the sky, and see the flocks of birds!*

*I want to grow above the woods, and see the prairie herds!'*

The pine responds lovingly, 'Go, pursue your dreams,  
But don't get struck by lightning, like all the tallest trees!'

'Growing tall may be it for you, but me, I'll stay right here.  
I'm safe beneath the tallest pines, but do what you must, my dear.'  
The birch grew taller over the years, she grew towards the sky  
She saw the prairie herds afar, and she watched many birds fly by

One day she looked down towards her friend, buried beneath the trees  
'Oh, lovely pine, I love you so, but I have learned to be.  
It's time for me to move along, I've grown, so, as a tree  
Tomorrow, I will end my stay, as there is much more for me to see!'

A storm was brewing the very next day, and the birch was not surprised  
A lightning bolt hit her branch, and the birch tree quietly died  
The loving pine cried softly, as she could not understand  
When suddenly she felt a touch, on her branch she felt a hand

She looked below her branches, to find the source of the touch  
A human being sat next to her, eating a bagged lunch  
The human looked up at the pine and smiled the biggest smile  
'It's good to see you, friend, it has been quite a while!'

'It could not be,' the pine tree thought, 'my dear old friend is dead.'  
But doubt crept away, light shone in her eyes and knowing came instead  
The tears flowed long from the pine trees eyes, but the pine tree was not sad  
She spread her branches and began to grow, through the forest roof above her  
head

The pine grew tall over the years, she grew towards the sky  
She saw the prairie herds, afar, and she saw the birds fly high  
Then one day, the clouds came in, and a storm began to brew  
The pine was struck by lightning, its eternal life ensued

She looked down from the heavens to find her human friend  
Her friend appeared beside her, and reached out to her a hand  
They smiled at each other with wisdom, as they now understood the divine plan  
'Come on, friend,' said the human, and they went to earth as man

***"Which is the way to the dwelling place of the light,  
and where is the abode of darkness, that you may  
take them to their boundaries and set them on their***



*homeward paths?"*

*New American Bible, Old Testament, Job 38: 19-20,  
(Judaism, Christianity)*

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Leaving form and soaring through the time tunnel, I was dropped into the body of a brassy, short-haired blonde wearing a red cocktail dress which appeared to be from the twenties. My husband, who I immediately knew to be Andy, was wearing a hat and a gray suit which appeared to be from the same time frame, and he was mingling with guests across the room. We were at a big party being held in a red brick mansion with white pillars and a circular driveway. About 100 people were in attendance. Parked in front of the house were two model-T cars.

Very suddenly and from behind, I felt something being pressed to my back which I immediately knew to be a gun. Dragged to an empty room, I heard shots being fired in the room I had just left. The two men who had taken me here beat me and then shot me in the chest three times, and then rushed away from the scene of the crime.

Amazingly, I was still alive as the paramedics placed my body on a stretcher and took me to catch an awaiting ambulance. As we exited through the main room of the house, the coroner laid over my dead husband's body. Guests were watching anxiously as we were removed from the home.

Lying quietly in my hospital room, I knew I was close to death. Trying to phone the police to tell them who my attackers were, I didn't have the strength to call before losing consciousness, and I

realized that they would never know that it was a mob hit.

When I returned to consciousness, I could still feel the pain from the gunshots. As Andy woke up, he asked me what was wrong. When I told him, he looked at me strangely and said, "I just had the exact same dream!"

***"Resentment and anger, these are foul things, too, and a sinner is a master at them both. Whoever exacts vengeance will experience the vengeance of the Lord, who keeps strict account of sin."***

*The New Jerusalem Bible, Old Testament, Ecclesiasticus 28:1, (Judaism)*

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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*)

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Entering into a large white mansion, I was directed to a huge room which was completely white and empty except for a small old gentleman who sat in a folding chair at the far corner of the room. Closing the door, the spirit who directed me left as the old, old man motioned me to come nearer to him.

His tired eyes showed the wear and tear of time and the sufferings of life, but he gently looked up at me and said ever so quietly, "And you will be my teacher." Immediately confused, I said, "But there are so many teachers . . ." He interrupted me, "And you will be my teacher." Frustrated, I asked, "But what will I teach *you*?"

As he looked up, books appeared all over the room, each one heralding a special holy gift of the knowledge of God. As I looked at the books, a voice from above spoke, "You don't need those books, as it is all within your heart." Putting the holy books down carefully, the old man again repeated, "And you will be my teacher."

Completely dumbfounded because I realized the status of my own wretched life, and I couldn't imagine being qualified to teach anything, the old man spoke again, "I am an old foolish man, and I represent a very old and foolish society. And YOU will teach me!" Bowing to the old man, I agreed, although I didn't understand the nature of the task before me. Turning to leave, I shot like a star back into my body as all disintegrated into midair.

*"From the intuitive kind of knowledge arises the*

***highest possible mental acquiescence."***

*The Ethics of Spinoza, On the Power of the Intellect, The Strength of the Mind, Page 153, (Judaism, Author: Baruch Spinoza)*

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Twenty students and I were preparing to take a test in a very unusual schoolroom. Everything was foggy, and our desks were scattered around a lake. Beyond the shore, was a distant island referred to as the 'island of truth.' The teacher was a young, balding thin man of average height. Very much like a spelling test, he would tell us his truth and we had to write it down exactly as it was said. Trouble was he spoke so fast that no one could possibly keep up with him. Getting three out of ten right, I asked the teacher for another chance because I had a true yearning to know the truth. Ten stone pillars could be seen on the distant island, and the teacher's desk was set right on the shore of the lake. According to the teacher, the truths were etched in those stones. "Only I know what those pillars say," he said, "and because of that no one will ever pass this test. The answers are on that island, but don't try to jump across, as many have tried and never returned!" Confused, I agreed not to go.

As another group of students came in and failed his test, I realized that his words were not difficult to understand but he meant something different than what he was saying. In essence, it was a trick.

Understanding enveloped me as I realized I didn't have to jump across the lake, but willed my etheric body to the island of truth. On the island,

there was no fog, and I looked upon the pillars to find their ominous wisdom, but found that there was nothing written on them at all, only a constant energetic whirling which could be seen. Many souls were on the island experiencing joy, and I immediately knew these were the ones of which the teacher had spoken. They'd found the truth and had no need to return. In his fear, the teacher could not see them on the island, though they stood right before his eyes.

It was then that I knew that the real truth was that the man on the bank was afraid to step into awareness, because he was afraid of the unknown. Perpetuating his own fear, he told others that only he knew the truth. Despite this, a few brave souls realized that they must seek after the truth anyway.

At that moment, several of my spiritual guardians appeared and conveyed, "Never give your power to the man on the bank. You must go to the island, yourself."

*"See that you do not reject the one who speaks. For if they did not escape when they refused the one who warned them on earth, how much more in our case if we turn away from the one who warns from heaven."*

*New American Bible, New Testament, Hebrews 13:25,  
(Christianity, Catholic)*

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And as it had come to pass, I had continued dealing with many lost souls, although my spirit was becoming weak in will to do such a task because of the intensity of trauma involved with these souls. Emmanuel, knowing of my distress, had agreed to give me a short respite from this harrowing work, but

with one condition; that I take a small journey with him.

Flying into a dimension of absolute whiteness, all about us was glowing with bright light! Passing by a series of rooms through arid hallways of light, we eventually came upon a humongous library. Telepathically asking the angelic librarian for some specific material, I marveled at the beauty of her. Her lightly girded wings quickly assisted her in soaring around the towering columns of perpetually white books to find that for which Emmanuel and I had come. A glowing white book glided through space from a high shelf into Emmanuel's hands below.

Perusing through the book, I noticed that there were many listings that looked like want-ads. Coming upon a listing for my name, Emmanuel covered four of the five tasks listed below it, allowing me to see but one: "Being in the physical realm to aid in the journey of lost souls." Instantly, I understood that I had made a commitment to this task well before my lifetime, and I could not quit this job. Turning to Emmanuel, I promised him that I would fulfill my vow to the Lord, and I felt great sorrow at my earlier fear and trepidation.

*"Therefore, we are not discouraged; rather, although our outer self is wasting away, our inner self is being renewed day by day. For this momentary light affliction is producing for us an eternal weight of glory beyond all comparison, as we look not to what is seen but to what is unseen; for what is seen is transitory, but what is unseen is eternal."*

*New American Bible, New Testament, 2 Corinthians 4:16,  
(Christianity, Catholic)*

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Coming to me in sleep, Emmanuel directed me in achieving the vibrational state required to leave the body of my own accord. As he focused my energy on the chakra centers of the body, he told me to pull all that energy into the sixth chakra, or the third eye. As I did so, I entered into the vibrational state.

My soul was immediately transported to another dimension and I heard a distant Gregorian chanter singing these words:

"I am the grandfather, old and wise  
I know the answers you just can't deny  
But you have not found me yet  
But you have not found me yet"

Swept away by the beauty and mysterious echo of this chanter, it was repeated over and over again as a glowing shrine of jewels appeared before me. In its midst was an old, old man with long white hair and a beard, sitting in a lotus position, adorned in a pure white robe. Eyes closed and legs crossed as if in meditation, his hands were placed on his knees.

Enchanting me, the music held me in its rhythm, as it was conveyed clearly to me that I must find him.

***"When you find your place where you are, practice occurs, actualizing the fundamental point."***

*Moon in a Dewdrop, Actualizing Fundamental Point  
(Genjo Koan), No. 11, (Buddhism, Zen, Words of Zen  
Master Dogen)*

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An old parchment stood upon an easel in a

clearing in the woods, as an Indian man quietly directed my attention to it. "This is a map of your spiritual growth in this lifetime. These are the next few steps you will take before meeting your Indian master." Realizing he spoke of the grandfather, I continued to listen. "And this is what you have mapped for the rest of this lifetime."

Although I could see the map, I was unable to really understand the details of the path, only the essence of the journey. Pointing to the bottom corner, he said, "And down here in the corner is the day you have chosen to leave this earth." Nodding, I understood.

Standing in an old dirty attic, I suddenly found myself looking for an old box covered in jewels. When I found it, I noticed several slips of paper inside indicating heavenly promises I had made to teach certain individuals and groups of people in certain areas of the world. Below it was an old black and white photograph of me teaching a group of people. Extremely uncomfortable, because I knew I was not qualified to teach anyone anything, I quickly put the box away.

Destinies must be revealed in order for us to fulfill them. At the time of its revelation, we can be left with hesitation in wondering whether or not we are up to the task. We aren't, but God is. Therefore, put your faith in God's abilities, and worry not about your own.

*"Faith is the realization of what is hoped for and evidence of things not seen . . . By faith we understand that the universe was ordered by the word of God, so that what is visible came into being*



***through the invisible."***

*New American Bible, New Testament, Hebrews 11:1,  
(Christianity, Catholic)*

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Working with a theatre group, I was playing many different roles, none of which suited me. Asking me to return for the tryouts for the next play, the director; a middle-aged short balding man, told me he had another part for which he'd like me to try out. In the meantime, I was sent to a crystal enclosure. Huge shimmering white crystals covered the ceilings, walls and floor, and I sat in a corner soaking up the intense vibrations.

Returning to the theatre group at the appropriate time, the stage was filled with dancers who were performing a drama about human nature. Only two people had showed up for the play, and the actors were disappointed. Entering the backstage area, the director ran to me holding a white flowing garment. "It is the Age of Aquarius," he said, "and you are the Aquarian! You must play this part as it comes natural to you!"

***"The sage dwells in affairs of nonaction, carries out a doctrine without words. He lets the myriad creatures rise up but does not instigate them; He acts but does not presume; He completes his work but does not dwell on it."***

*Tao Te Ching, No. 46, (Buddhism, Taoism, Words of Lao Tzu, Translation: Victor H. Mair)*

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Traveling through the time tunnel, my spirit plummeted into the body of a woman, who was living on a ranch in the prairie in what appeared to be

the 1800's Ranch. With hair of light brown, I wore a blue flower print dress with a matching bonnet, while my husband, a thin small man with long black wavy hair, a weathered cowboy hat, brown leather pants and a vest, stood next to me. Walking outside to meet our two children, a four year old girl and a two year old boy, I noticed the small three room cabin with a pillared porch behind us as we approached two farm hands who were working with the animals.

Suddenly, the sounds of galloping horses could be heard from the distance and before we could look up or respond, gunfire rang out. Three outlaws sped through in a flash, killing the two workmen and myself.

Continuing to observe from above, my husband was walking away from a freshly dug grave. Feeling a peaceful surrender, my spirit was calm in knowing that I had to go, and thus, I did.

*"So we are always courageous, although we know that while we are at home in the body we are away from the Lord, for we walk by faith, not by sight. Yet we are courageous, and we would rather leave the body and go home to the Lord. Therefore, we aspire to please Him, whether we are at home or away."*

*New American Bible, New Testament, 2 Corinthians 5:6,  
(Christianity, Catholic)*

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Flying through a small park out-of-body, I came upon a nice picnic table area with some shade from a large tree. A female spirit approached me with three friends, and I felt immediately uncomfortable without knowing why. Telling me that they knew I was learning from Emmanuel, they

began to ask questions. "Don't you think that unconditional love is impossible to attain? And if we are always experiencing the now, then what about the future?"

Feeling irritation, I didn't know what to say, when suddenly the woman began changing form . . . and in moments had turned into Emmanuel.

"It's you!" I shouted at him, laughing at my own delusion. Responding immediately, he said, "You fear exposing yourself and being scrutinized. You fear being called a teacher. It scares you to think that others may try to give their power away to you and expect you to know all the answers." Pausing, he reflected concern in his eyes. "The answer is simple. BE. If you don't take another person's power, they cannot give it. And if they desire proof, they do not desire the truth." Standing, he disappeared.

***"An evil and unfaithful generation seeks a sign, but no sign will be given it . . ."***

*New American Bible, New Testament, Matthew 13:39,  
(Christianity, Catholic, Words of Christ)*

***"He who knoweth things as they are and not as they are said or seem to be, he truly is wise, and is taught of God more than of men. He who knoweth how to walk from within, and to set little value upon outward things, requireth not places nor waiteth for seasons, for holding his intercourse with God."***

*The Imitation of Christ, Second Book, Chapter 1, No. 7,  
(Christianity, Author: Thomas A Kempis)*

CHAPTER FIVE

*"No longer is my consciousness limited to a phial of flesh, corked with ignorance. No more did I move through Thine Ocean of Spirit day and night, years, incarnations - so close, yet without contacting the Sea. No longer do I thoughtlessly dwell in Thee, knowing and feeling Thee not."*

*Whispers from Eternity, Page 163, Paragraph 1,  
(Hinduism, Kriya Yoga, Words of Paramahansa  
Yogananda)*

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After many journeys into the heavenlies seeking atonements with others, I found myself in a celestial realm of white filled with musicians. Finding myself playing the bassoon with a trio, we were standing on white pedestals which hovered in the clouds. Many musicians were playing all around, but none of the performances seemed to interfere with one another.

Moments into our performance, a short stocky Native American man approached with long black hair. Immediately mesmerized, I began staring at him and felt as though I knew him.

Taking my hand, we walked away from the podium. Entering a small room, we both laid down on what appeared to be thin air. "You wanted to experience what it means to be. I will show you what beingness is. Lay your head on my shoulder and be." As I did so, I felt complete love, peace and joy in a way I never had in my physical body. Skyrocketing vibrations filled my soul, as other spirits passed by us with total respect for our state of being. 'Being' was

considered superior to 'doing.'

Heading down another corridor of light hours later, he said, "It is important for you to receive these energies so that you will be able to meet with the Indian master." Taking me into a large crowded room, he led me to a table where many books were stacked. Picking one up, its title read, 'Cheyenne.' "My name is Cheyenne, as I was a Cheyenne Indian. I will call you Ute."

In a moment he was gone.

***"First keep thyself in peace, and then shalt thou be able to be a peacemaker towards others. A peaceable man doeth more good than a well-learned."***

*The Imitation of Christ, Second Book, Chapter III,  
Paragraph 1, (Christianity, Author: Thomas A. Kempis)*

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Emmanuel was watching closely as the group lined up in a circle and put their arms on each other's shoulders. As music began, we all began dancing in a circle. "Stop," Emmanuel said. "Look around you and tell me, who were the followers and who were the leaders?" We all looked around and could not decide, as each person in the circle was doing both. "Let this be a lesson to you. Know that you will always have things of the spirit to share with others, but that you should constantly follow the beckoning of your inner soul as there will always be more to learn."

***"When exhaustively contemplated, these teachings merge in at-one-ment with the scholarly seeker who has sought them, although the seeker himself when sought cannot be found."***

*The Tibetan Book of the Great Liberation, The Seeing of Reality, The Yoga of the Nirvanic Path, Page 224,*

*Paragraph 1, (Buddhism, Tibetan)*

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Thrust through the time tunnel, I found myself surrounded by souls from the mob lifetime. Quite scared, I didn't know what to expect, and when they did absolutely nothing, I didn't know what to think. One of the murderers spoke, "We want you to know that we are very sorry that we killed you and your husband. As you know, our actions came as a result of our illusion and we have all grown and evolved since that time. We do love you very much, and we hope you can forgive us and let this go."

Energetically, I knew that this was sincere . . . without doubt, without fear. Although this felt somewhat strange, I accepted their apology and thanked them for taking the time to work this out with me.

***"Remember the last things, and stop hating, corruption and death, and be faithful to the commandments. Remember the commandments, and do not bear your fellow ill-will, remember the covenant of the Most High, and ignore the offence."***

*The New Jerusalem Bible, Old Testament, Ecclesiasticus  
28:6-7, (Judaism)*

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Sucked into another place and time, my spirit entered the body of a dark-haired woman, a blonde man with a very muscular physique standing beside me. Holding my arms, I had just been captured and brought to an illegal slave labor camp where women worked in the fields until they were sold to wealthy men as servants.

Appearing very Romanesque, I recognized this spirit as the soul of Red Jacket, who was apparently one in the same. I remembered how he had appeared to me in both ways in the coliseum to show me the connection.

Known for messing around with a lot of female inmates, I ignored his advances and pretty much blew him off. As a result, he began coming into my hut and talking with me for hours at a time, and eventually we developed a deeper friendship and love for one another. My life became easier as a result as he became more and more protective of me, giving me easier jobs and finding things I could do to help him with his work.

At some point, the illegal operation was discovered by proper authorities, who arranged for a siege on the camp to free the women. Women were running everywhere during the uproar, and amidst the chaos, I decided that I, too, must go.

Waiting for him to come with me for quite some time, I finally turned to leave before it was too late. Frantically running, I was at a safe distance when I heard his voice calling me. Turning, I saw him motioning for me to return, but there were also guards coming to retrieve me. This was my only chance at freedom and I took it. Staying to defend his world, I took off to find what was left of mine.

In a flash, I was no longer in the body, but watching from above as I observed him sitting in my hut with incredible sadness and tears showing upon his face. Surprised, I hadn't realized his feelings for me had been so strong. The spirit of Red Jacket appeared beside me, as I observed the irony of this

switching of roles as prisoner and keeper.

***"He that leadeth into captivity shall go into captivity."***

*King James Bible, New Testament, Revelation 13:10,  
(Christianity)*

***"As you have done, so shall it be done to you, your deed shall come back upon your own head."***

*New American Bible, Old Testament, Obadiah 1:15,  
(Christianity, Catholic)*

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Shall we pause for a moment to consider reincarnation? Reincarnation is an accepted tenet of many Eastern faiths, such as the Hindu's and Buddhists, and some western faiths including the Mystical Cabalists of the Jews, the Sufi's of Islam and the Gnostics of Christianity. Some of the Early Church Fathers taught this doctrine before it was declared heretical at the Council of Nicaea in the fourth century. Jesus spoke of reincarnation in the bible, but He spoke more deeply on the subject in the Pistis Sophia and other Gnostic Gospels.

***"Jesus answered and said to him, 'Amen, amen, I say to you, no one can see the kingdom of God without being born from above.' Nicodemus said to him, 'How can a person once grown old be born again? Surely he cannot re-enter his mother's womb and be born again, can he?' Jesus answered, 'Amen, amen, I say to you, no one can enter the kingdom of God without being born of water and Spirit. What is born of flesh is flesh and what is born of spirit is spirit . . . Nicodemus answered and said to him, 'How can this happen?' Jesus answered and said to him, 'You are the teacher of Israel and you do not understand this?***



*Amen, amen, I say to you, we speak of what we know and we testify to what we have seen, but you people do not accept our testimony. If I tell you about earthly things and you do not believe, how will you believe if I tell you about heavenly things? No one has gone up to heaven except the one who has come down from heaven, the Son of Man. And just as Moses lifted up the serpent in the desert, so must the Son of Man be lifted up, so that everyone who believes in him may have eternal life."*

*New American Bible, New Testament, John 3:3-15,  
(Christianity, Catholic, Words of Christ)*

*"Is it not rational that souls should be introduced into bodies, in accordance with their merits and previous deeds . . ."*

*"Every soul . . . comes into this world strengthened by the victories or weakened by the defeats of its previous life. Its place in this world as a vessel appointed to honor or dishonor is determined by its previous merits or demerits. Its work in this world determines its place in the world which is to follow this."*

*Reincarnation - An East-West Anthology, Page 36, Early Church Fathers, Contra Celsum, De Principiis,  
(Christianity, Catholic, Words of Origen)*

*"It is absolutely necessary that the soul should be healed and purified, and if this does not take place during its life on earth it must be accomplished in future lives."*

*Reincarnation - An East-West Anthology, Christianity, Early Church Father, Page 36, (Christianity, Catholic, Words of St. Gregory)*

*"Mary answered and said unto the Saviour: 'My Lord, before thou didst come to the region of the*

*rulers and before thou didst come down into the world, hath no soul entered into the Light?' The Saviour answered and said unto Mary: 'Amen, amen, I say unto you: Before I did come into the world, no soul hath entered into the Light. And now, therefore, when I am come, I have opened the gates of the Light and opened the ways which lead to the Light. And now, therefore, let him who shall do what is worthy of the mysteries, receive the mysteries and enter into the Light.'* Mary continued and said: *'But, my Lord, I have heard that the prophets have entered into the Light.'* The Saviour continued and said unto Mary: *'Amen, amen, I say unto you: No prophet hath entered into the Light; but the rulers of the aeons have discoursed with them out of the aeons and given them the mystery of the aeons. And when I came to the regions of the aeons, I have turned Elias and sent him into the body of John the Baptizer, and the rest also I turned into righteous bodies, which will find the mysteries of the Light, go on high and inherit the Light-kingdom . . . The rest of the patriarchs and of the righteous from the time of Adam unto now, who are in the aeons and all the orders of the rulers, when I came to the region of the aeons, I have through the Virgin of Light made to turn into bodies which will all be righteous,- those which will find the mysteries of the Light, enter in and inherit the Light-kingdom.'*  
*(Elias is the Greek form of Elijah)*

*Pistis Sophia, Fourth Book, Page 293-294, (Christianity, Gnostic/Essene, Words of Christ)*

***"Behold, I will send you Elijah the prophet before the coming of the great and dreadful day of the Lord."***

*King James Bible, Old Testament, Malachi 4:5, Old Testament, (Christianity)*

*"And his disciples asked him, saying, 'Why then say the scribes that Elias must first come?' And Jesus answered and said unto them, 'Elias truly shall first come, and restore all things. But I say unto you, that Elias is come already, and they knew him not, but have done unto him whatsoever they listed. Likewise shall also the Son of man suffer of them.' Then the disciples understood that he spake unto them of John the Baptist."*

*King James Bible, New Testament, Matthew 17:10-13,  
(Christianity, Words of Christ)*

*"Naked I came forth from my mother's womb, and naked shall I go back again."*

*New American Bible, Old Testament, Job 2:21,  
(Christianity, Catholic)*

*"The victor I will make a pillar in the temple of my God, and he will never leave it again."*

*New American Bible, New Testament, Revelations 3:12,  
(Christianity, Catholic)*

*"And then cometh Yaluham, the receiver of Sabaoth, the Adamas, who handeth the souls the cup of forgetfulness, and he bringeth a cup filled with the water of forgetfulness and handeth it to the soul, and it drinketh it and forgetteth all regions and all the regions to which it hath gone. And they cast it down into a body which will spend its time continually troubled in its heart. This is the chastisement of the curser."*

*Pistis Sophia, Sixth Book, Page 315, Paragraph 2,  
(Christianity, Gnostic/Essene, Words of Christ)*

*"And these hand it over to their receivers, in order that they may lead their souls out of the bodies, - they hand over to them the peculiarity of the seals, in order that they may know the time when they are to*

***lead the souls out of the bodies, and in order that they may know the time when they are to bring to birth the body."***

*Pistis Sophia, Fourth Book, Page 288, Paragraph 1,  
(Christianity, Gnostic/Essene, Words of Christ)*

***"For many are the pleasant forms which exist in numerous sins, and incontinencies, and disgraceful passions, and fleeting pleasures, which men embrace until they become sober and go up to their resting place. And they will find me there, and they will live, and they will not die again."***

*The Nag Hammadi Library, The Thunder: Perfect Mind,  
Page 303, Stanza 2, (Christianity, Gnostic/Essene)*

***"Whoever knows that he has lived before, and sees heaven and hell, and has arrived at the destruction of birth, him I call a brahman."***

*The Group of Discourses II, III. The Great Chapter, 647,  
Page 73, No. 647, (Buddhism, Theravadan)*

***"I mind not if I must pass through sextillions of lives, undergoing the throes of birth and the pangs of death; leaving behind me a heap of my mangled fleshly forms - if at last I find thee."***

*Whispers from Eternity, Page 21, Paragraph 2, (Hinduism,  
Kriya Yoga, Words of Paramahansa Yogananda)*

***"A single soul can be reincarnated a number of times in different bodies, and in this manner, it can rectify the damage done in previous incarnations. Similarly, it can also achieve perfection that was not attained in its previous incarnations. The soul is then ultimately judged at the end of all these incarnations.***

***Its judgment will depend on everything that took place in all its incarnations, as well as its status as an individual in each one."***

*The Way of God, Part II, Chapter 3, No. 10, Paragraph 2-3,*

(Judaism, Author: Rabbi Moshe Chayim Luzzatto)

**"The first light that God created was so bright that the worlds could not endure it. God therefore made another light as a vestment to this one, and so with all the other lights, until all the worlds could endure the light without being dissolved. Hence grades were evolved and lights were wrapped in one another . . ."**

*The Zohar (Kaballah), Volume V, Balak (Numbers), Page 301, Bottom, (Judaism)*

**"You were without life and He gave you life? Again, He will cause you to die and again bring you to life, then you shall be brought back to Him."**

*The Holy Quran, Part 1, Chapter 2, Section 3, No. 28, (Islam, Words of Mohammed)*

**"I died as a mineral and became a plant, I died as a plant and rose to animal, I died as animal and I was man. Why should I fear? When was I less by dying?"**

*Coming Back, Chapter 1, Page 4, (Hinduism), Quotation from Rumi, Poet and Mystic by R.A. Nicholson, 1950, Page 103, (Islam, Words of Sufi Poet Rumi)*

**"In the third chapter of St. John, in the verses three to nine, we find another incident which clearly refers to the rebirth of the Soul. Here Jesus is telling how important it is for a man to be born again in order that he may enter the Kingdom of God. Nothing is said as to how many times or how often a person must be reborn in order to purge the being of its sins and attain that purification which would admit one to the Spiritual Kingdom."**

*Mansions of the Soul, Chapter XII, Page 169, Paragraph 2, (Mystery Religions, Rosicrucian, Author: H. Spencer Lewis)*

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Traveling to a convention of sub-consciously

astral souls, I was told that I must speak to them of the truth. Telling them that they could venture inward and do wonderful things, they responded with religious tenets of several Christian faiths. When told that they could experience out-of-body states, they began laughing. "What are you, some kind of nut? That astral projection stuff is a bunch of garbage!" Smiling at them, I replied, "Is that so . . . hmmm. Well, would it make it any clearer if I told you that you are all out of your bodies right now?" In a wild state of panic, they began to notice their transparent nature. "Oh, my God!" They screamed. "How will I get back to my body?" Calming them, I told them to will themselves back to their bodies and they would be fine.

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Cascading upon the sands of a beach, Emmanuel told me a story:

"Notice how vast the ocean is and how many drops of water exist out there. Every few moments, some of those drops come into shore on a wave; a small amount in comparison to the size of the vast sea, but they come in to see if there truly is such a thing as a shore."

"They have heard stories about a shore, but all they have known is the vast expanse of the sea. Some of those drops come in, look and say, 'No, I am only dreaming,' and rush back to sea. But a few of those drops see the shore, grab onto a piece of sand and say, 'It is real, there really is a shore!' In their excitement, they beckon to the ocean, 'I have found truth, the shore exists, and it is real!' But the drops of water far out to sea think it is only an impossible dream. Other

drops continually come and go, some finding the shore, others frightened by what they see. Wanting so much to share the truth of the shore, the drops continue to beckon. In frustration, they get angry at the drops further out. 'How can you be so blind? The shore is right in front of your eyes!'"

"A voice inside of them says, 'Only a small amount of water can hold onto the sand. The beaches are small in comparison to the wide expanse of the sea. You have made it to shore, now move on my friend and make room for another drop to fill your space. Help them by letting them find the shore themselves. But do not stop beckoning, as the stories of the great shore are what lead them to question its existence.'"

"So the drop evaporated into the heavens and made room for another drop to grab onto the shore. From above, he saw a tiny drop fill his former space and find truth. Then the drop shed his physical shell and in his place a tiny new soul came. It rained and the new soul began its journey to find the shore."

"Remember, my friend, continue to beckon, but move on and allow others the space to find the truth. It is all a great flowing plan and each will find the truth in his own time. We love you in your imperfection; love others as we have loved you."

*"But the souls of the just are in the hand of God, and no torment shall touch them. They seemed, in the view of the foolish, to be dead; and their passing away was thought an affliction and their going forth from us, utter destruction. But they are in peace. For if before men, indeed, they be punished, yet is their*

***hope full of immortality."****New American Bible, Old Testament, Wisdom 3:1-4*

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Flying through the blackness of space, I ventured to a distant planet as the stars rushed. Reaching my destination, an astral spaceship orbited, and in the small silver craft, a being who manifested as a human, was communicating with someone on a radio device. A disagreement ensued and she cut off communications to speak with me.

Telling me that there are some alien life-forms with which one should avoid contact, she explained that they come from scientifically evolved societies, rather than spiritual. In their view, human beings were much like laboratory rats. Although they meant no harm, they were not aware enough to realize that they did indeed cause harm. Beaming me over to one of their spaceships, she wished for me to know what they looked like.

Big black eyes and large white craniums were the trademark features of these aliens, and one of them was wearing a black robe. Rather than astral matter, like the spacecraft of the previous moment, their craft was made of physical matter. In a moment, I was returned to form.

***"Judge thou fairly, I adjure thee by God."****The Epistle to the Son of the Wolf, Page 81, Paragraph 1,**(Baha'i, Author: Baha'u'llah)*

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Riding a horse frantically through a small western town, I was rapidly escaping the white men who followed. My long black braids flew in the winds and my buffalo dress was warm in the fall air.



Up ahead, I saw three Crow Indian men and rode towards them, hoping they might help. As they turned and galloped away, I followed them, riding through the prairie grass and entering a plot of woods. "Why didn't they wait for me?" I wondered, but continued to follow. Losing them in the woods, I turned around and got off of my horse. Bending over, one of the Indian men placed an ax in my back. Searing pain enveloped me as I tried to leave my body, but I hadn't yet died. Only moments passed, however, before my body fell to the ground and I passed.

Meeting me on the astral plane, the Indian responsible asked forgiveness. Conveying that he had been misled by the white man to go against his own people, I knew that his words were true and sincere and accepted. Suddenly, I recognized this man as the same man who had shown me the map of my spiritual journey. "Of course I forgive you, and I thank you for the help you are giving me now." Relieved, he hugged me and left.

***"If you have drawn your sword on a friend, do not despair; there is a way back."***

*The New Jerusalem Bible, Old Testament, Ecclesiasticus  
22:21, (Judaism)*

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Soaring from my body, I was suddenly catapulted into a dark world of ghettos. Feeling very unsafe, it seemed as if I'd entered into a chaotic energy belt and I didn't know what to do but continue to fly away, running from my fear as fast as I could. Before long, I came upon an empty amphitheater and quietly sat down.

Noticing at once that I was wearing the robe of a monk, my head was bowed down in contemplation. A noticeable presence could be felt coming from behind, and a huge warm light was beaming upon my backside. Meekly turning to see who it was, I saw the Romanesque image of the man from my past life, but glowing with white and yellow light. Light emanated from all around him as he spoke to me. "I am your guardian spirit. Why do you fear?" Looking at him in awe, I could not answer. "No harm will ever come to you, as I will protect you always." Reaching out to him, our hands met in a shimmering bolt of light.

In a moment, we stood upon the shore of a great ocean, and I knew that this gift from God was soon to end. "I am always there for you." He said. "If you allow yourself to feel my presence, you will know that you are safe." He disappeared in the blink of an eye.

***"Know that He wishes more love than fear from you. Therefore, Abandon yourself to His love, and let Him act in you, with you and for you, according to His desire and good pleasure."***

*Thoughts and Sayings of Saint Margaret Mary, April, No. 29, (Christianity, Catholic, Words of Saint Margaret Mary)*

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Before leaving my body, I heard Emmanuel's voice in the ether. "I now set you free my little bird with golden wings, may your wings span the entire universe. I give this being to the Indian master, Kutahey!"

Sucked out of form, I entered into a thought-

form. Groups of people from my life, past and present, were working together in the accomplishment of some elusive goal I could not see. Angry that I was not part of the group, I said, "Don't you see? Who I was a year ago, is not who I am today!" They couldn't understand and asked me to leave. "I like you the way you are," I said, "Why is it so difficult to like me the way I am? Am I really so different?" Tears were welling up in my eyes, but they were adamant, and I left through a side door.

An old dear friend of mine was sitting alone in this next room, hurt and upset that his father was in trouble. Wanting to know how he might be able to help his father, he was seeking the counsel of a wise being whom he was unable to see. "Why can't you see him?" I asked, as his eyes lit up. "But, you can!" He shouted. "The being is behind that door!" Pointing to a door behind him, he begged, "Would you talk with him?" "Of course I will go, maybe he can help you." I answered, permeating the door to float into the next room.

A peaceful bald monk sat behind a small table in robes of white. Smiling at me as I entered, I respectfully spoke, "My friend is having a very serious problem with his father, and he feels that you know what he should do." Looking at me intensely, he gazed several moments before he replied, "Why do you feel so strongly about finding an answer for this entity? What does he mean to you?" "Well," I replied, thinking upon the nature of our age-old friendship, "I love him very much, and I think I understand his despair as my own father is very much like his. I could never help him and I had to leave him to his

own reality." Laughing, the spirit spoke again, "My child, you are wiser than you realize. Perhaps you could give him an answer yourself. Did you realize that when you feel such love for another being, that in that state of loving completely, all answers come to you. All the answers are simple." Nodding in agreement, he then asked, "Do you understand the thought-form in the previous room you put yourself through." "No, I did not. It was very frustrating for me." "My child," he replied, "you experience frustration in your physical world because people don't see who you are. They don't see who you are, because they don't see who they are. They cannot forgive others, because they cannot yet forgive themselves. Their disappointment is real, but it is not at you . . . but rather, themselves. Having not accepted that all the answers lie within, they find none. Believing unconditional love to be too simple, they do not become a part of the divine energy of love that flows through every being. They still try to *do*, rather than *flow*. My dear friend, you have chosen to flow with the divine plan of oneness and love. We do things through you, rather than by you. Few will see that in your world so you must see it yourself. Recognize this and your frustration will turn into understanding and love." Thanking him, I turned to leave, but he quickly stopped me. "Wait, my friend, I desire to speak with you more. Will you return?" "Of course," I responded, "but why do you want to talk to me? After all, I'm not anywhere near your level of evolution!" Laughing the beautiful spirit said, "I want to teach you, I am Kutahey!" Thrilled and excited, I realized he was the grandfather I sought. "But you do

not look the same as before. You appeared as an aged Indian, and now you appear to be a monk from India. Which one are you?" Patiently, he replied, "What I am is who you are. Cannot I be both, and more! Do not limit your perception of me. Go through that door you have entered and confront your fearful thought-form. If you can enter into understanding and love, it will disappear and be replaced by whatever beauty you desire. We will meet again!"

Floating through the door, my friend was no longer there. Appearing for an instant, he said, "I have found the answer inside myself. Thank you."

Cruising through the next door, I found the other people still there, ranting and raving. "Your anger is not at me, but yourself. Understand who you are, and you will understand who I am." Lying on the ground, I willed my sight to cease. The noise stopped. As I willed my sight to return, they were all gone, and I was laying in a magnificent field aside a snow-topped mountain peak.

Lying in the grass, I marveled at the blue of the sky before returning to form.

***"Make no great account who is for thee or against thee, but mind only the present duty and take care that God be with thee in whatsoever thou doest."***

*The Imitation of Christ, Second Book, Chapter II,  
Paragraph 1, (Christianity, Author: Thomas A Kempis)*

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Outside of form, I was watching parts of the life of a fundamentalist preacher in preparation to assist him at his moment of death. A hateful man, he used fear to influence people to join his congregation. A long-standing feud existed between him and

another minister who believed in a loving God, and the two churches had an agreement to help each other out with supplies. Withholding things out of anger because he could not convert the other to his way, the older, balding and small man died of cardiac arrest in his pulpit preaching hell-fire and damnation.

As his spirit rose to meet me, I looked at him very lovingly. "Fearing God, you never found Him. Fearing truth, you never understood. In your ego, you took power from others. And in your blindness, you saw only evil." Pausing, the spirit of the dying man looked at me in dazed confusion. "When you look at me," I asked, "what do you see?" "Love!" He cried out. "I feel so much love!" Smiling, I responded, "Now you have the truth. Remember my words when you choose your next lifetime." Beamingly happy, I watched him enter paradise before returning to form.

***"My daughter, all your miseries have been consumed in the flame of My love, like a little twig thrown into a roaring fire. By humbling yourself in this way, you draw upon yourself and upon other souls an entire sea of My mercy."***

*Divine Mercy, Notebook 1, Page 99, Paragraph 2,  
(Christianity, Catholic, Words of Christ, Author: Sister  
M. Faustina Kowalska)*

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Beckoned to the aid of a treacherous lost soul, I found an escaped mental patient who had died after shooting several children at an elementary school and then taken her own life. In her current thought-form reality, she was still shooting at thought-form children who were wandering in and around several

thought-form school buses.

Walking towards her, my presence evoked intense anger and she began shooting at me viciously with her thought-form gun. Continuing my slow approach, the bullets flew right through me. Fear filled her eyes as she realized I was in control and not she.

Falling to the misty ground, she put her hands over her eyes and cried. Placing my arm around her, I sat with her quietly embracing her with my being and love. No words were exchanged as she slowly accepted the love.

Moments later, a male spirit approached wearing a police uniform, with several back-ups behind him. Doing so to make her exit a bit easier, they acted as if her thought-form reality was real and the police had come to 'take her away.' Handing her to the other guides, he said to me, "Why don't we get together after your next assignment and go mountain climbing?" "Okay." I said with a bit of trepidation.

After finishing my next lost soul assignment which regarded an abused child who had died in very unfortunate circumstances, the guide re-appeared in a flash of light. Taking my hand, we were immediately transported to a shimmering rock mountaintop. "You know," he said, "this is a great place to go after a day at work. It re-energizes your being." I smiled, but remained quiet. "Next time I have a lost soul to deal with, I'm going to look you up. You're very good at handling them. Do you know why?" My tired face looked up as I quietly said, "No." "Do you have any idea why you created so much turmoil in the first half of this lifetime?" Finally, I decided to speak. "Well,

probably because I'm an idiot." He laughed and then said, "You really don't see it, do you? When you deal with these lost souls, you are able to access memories from this lifetime and truly understand their pain. Those souls know that what you offer them is real understanding. Most importantly, your love for them is real and it is this that breaks their delusion." Looking up, I asked, "Do you mean to say that I chose those hardships to prepare myself for my work with the lost souls?" Nodding that this was true, he hugged me openly. "I know you don't recognize me," he said, "but we have known each other for a very long time."

Feeling familiar, I still could not place him. Taking my hand, we were gone in an instant, but my soul was left to contemplate the perfect imperfection of our world. A childhood filled with violence from my own fold, had been created to serve the Lord's greatness, to serve His lost ones down the road. How vast and . . . how magnificent!

*"Of what use is it to be impatient in trouble and contradictions? We only increase our burden thereby. The two thieves who were crucified with our Blessed Redeemer were suffering similar torments; but the good thief was saved because he bore them with patience . . . The same trial, says St. Augustine, leads the good to glory because they suffer with patience and resignation."*

*The 12 Steps to Holiness and Salvation, Chapter 12, Peace of Heart, Paragraph 1, (Christianity, Catholic, Author: St. Alphonsus Liguori)*

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Lifted up as if like a vase into a dimension of



incomparable beauty, I was standing with a group of women who were talking loudly. At the same time, they were becoming increasingly bothered by my presence. "What did you do to create such a bright light around you?" One asked. "I am flowing with the divine plan of unconditional love and existing in a state of peace and being." I said. They stared at me in silence before I was whisked away.

Pastel blue ether filled my spirit like a loving embrace from God, and a magnificent light beam emanated from above down into this dimension. Several spirits were hanging around this light, so I followed them to see if I could find out what it was. "Touch the light," one of them said to me, "and you will be allowed to speak to Jesus." In awe, I placed my hands around the light, and no sooner had I touched it, than a massive energy surge pulsated into my soul and a powerful voice spoke. "My dear one, you come to me with fear and worry. Let us understand what you fear so as not to hide your light." Immediately, I knew this was Jesus Christ, and I bowed down in great honor.

Showing me a thought-form, less aware souls had come to speak to Jesus, but because of their doubts could not make the connection. Feeling sorrow for these souls, I asked Jesus if I could help them, and He replied, "Don't expect to be validated by the earth-plane, just feel strength within yourself and do the tasks you have set out to do. You may be misunderstood even by those who are called teachers. Some of them are so involved in the monetary aspects of what they do, they no longer see. They may perceive you as a threat. If only they knew that you

represent what they could become! You will lead beings to themselves, thus, away from their lucrative businesses." The energy current paused.

"I have a task for you that you will become aware of when the time comes. Remember that your growth is of the utmost importance as our task will depend on your continuing evolution. Don't stop for anyone, as venturing forth will force others to follow your lead and venture inward themselves. You are greatly loved and I am very happy with your progress. Let your light shine brightly." Pausing for a moment, He asked, "Marilynn, why do you think we are able to speak with you?" Confused, I replied, "I really don't know, I know I have just as many faults and imperfections as everyone else, it has left me wondering . . ." He interrupted. "We are able to speak with you because you put your ego aside and ask to be told the truth. When we tell you the truth, you know it as such despite your prior view of reality. Truth is a simple thing, yet for some impossible to accept. Love is all there is." I knew inherently that Love as the absolute was the core of all life, despite the existence of delusion and shadow upon the earth. Despite the evil that arises in this world, love is all that is *eternally* real. Although this is true, it cannot be understood while in a physical body and it is only upon leaving form and entering into knowledge that this can be comprehended.

The connection slowly dwindled. .

*"I went up to the light of truth as if into a chariot:  
And the Truth took me and led me: and carried me  
across pits and gulleys; and from the rocks and the  
waves it preserved me: And it became to me a haven*

*of Salvation: and set me on the arms of immortal life."*

*The Lost Books of the Bible and the Forgotten Books of Eden, Odes of Solomon, Ode 38, (Judaism, Christianity)*

**TEMPEST BEFORE THE FALL  
(Co-Creation)**

*"Simply give yourself over completely for the sake of your Enlightenment-seeking Eye; give up your life for the sake of the Teaching. How could you possibly arouse your will to realize enlightenment in the vain cause of fame and gain . . . just call to mind your own original intention to realize enlightenment and reflect upon whether this is what you are now concerned with or not."*

*The Denkoroku, Chapter 17, Saint Ragorata, (Buddhism, Zen)*

**CHAPTER SIX**

*"I have spoken but according to my knowledge and only with such sense of right as a creature of clay may possess. But how can I speak except Thou open my mouth, and how understand, if Thou give me not insight."*

*The Dead Sea Scriptures, The Book of Hymns, Page 193, Stanza 1, (Christianity, Gnostic/Essene)*

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And so it came to pass that the Lord revealed to me that many spirits on the other side of existence had specific purposes in the realm of inspiration.

Anyone who brings into the world something of a higher nature, is bringing it with the aid of higher sources who inspire him in his work; whether it be artistic, like writing, painting, music, etc., or scientific advancements. It also became clear that every soul is given a special holy gift, their life purpose, but only the few ever attain to it, because so few choose to do what is necessary to become able to bring within them a sacred mission.

What is necessary is twofold. First, a soul must be willing to be completely transformed, and second, a soul must be willing to do whatever God may ask of them.

In order to be completely transformed, a soul must be able to view itself with honesty. Most souls do not see their own vice and deadly sin, because these vices are held intact by an intricate working of delusion within the mind. We can rationalize our actions in every which way, but truth. Let me again mention to you the seven deadly sins, and advise you to take a careful accounting of them within your life: Gluttony, Lust, Greed, Pride, Sloth, Vanity and Avarice.

If you are honest, you will find that you most probably practice each of the deadly sins to some degree, and that one or two of them hold prominence. The purpose of the journeys into lives from long ago is not for mere fancy, but to provide you with knowledge of the patterns of your existences, which become clearer as you witness lifetime after lifetime of repeating similar patterns in entirely different settings. In perusing past lives, it is wise to peruse with a thorough eye, and with true diligence. No soul

resides upon this Earth unless it remains necessary, and no soul leaves this earth until it is no longer so.

Doing whatever the Lord asks of you can require many things. The Lord helps those who help themselves, and many souls lose their holy destinies because of their unwillingness to make it happen on the ground. We are the hands God works through to make things happen in this earthly realm. For an eternal destiny to manifest in the physical realm, it must first be energized from above, and then below. God energizes us from above, but we must complete the process by energizing and *doing* it on the ground.

Beyond this, it is vitally important that a soul learn the proper balance between action and surrender in bringing things to birth; acting when inspired to do so, but having the discipline to cease action when energies are in gestational phases. Eternal programs, just like babies, are birthed in their own divine time, not according to our earthly whims.

Beginning to understand that although my awareness of it had often been void, there were many guardians, angels and spirits whose purpose it was to assist me in bringing out this work. Knowing this, I felt a sense of expansion in that the Lord directed my every step, giving me the knowledge that I needed at each juncture to accomplish His will. Finally, a soul cannot bring something of heaven to earth, unless he is willing to transform his selfish desires for fame, money, power or wealth, into the desire to create for the purpose of furthering eternity, alone. Vice cannot be attached to such a pursuit.

*"My dear Mother, I am a little brush which Jesus has chosen in order to paint His own image in the souls*

***you entrusted to my care."***

*Story of a Soul, Autobiography of St. Therese of Lisieux,  
Chapter XI, Page 235, Paragraph 2, (Christianity,  
Catholic, Words of St. Theresa of Lisieux)*

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Kutahey appeared to me as an ancient priest in a white foggy realm. Many souls were present from a particular time when a tyrannical ruler had lived. Due to this man's incredible obsession with obtaining power, many atrocities were committed and lives lost. All the people in the room were victims of this terrible man, and I listened carefully as they spoke.

Moments later, Kutahey had each of us line up so that he could tell us who we were at that time. Waiting patiently, my turn came rather abruptly when Kutahey spoke quietly. Giving me a familiar name, one I remembered hearing from history although I knew nothing specific about this persons life, he smiled and said, "A man with sarcastic humor." Having no idea who this was, I asked him to tell me more and he said, "Hangaroo." Panicking, I asked, "Did I hang people?" Kutahey bent over and wrote the horrid name down on a piece of paper. "That is for you to find out, my dear one."

***"For there is no part of the World void of the devil,  
which entering in privately, sowed the seed of his  
own proper operation, and the mind did make  
pregnant, or did bring forth that which was sown,  
Adulteries, Murders, Striking of Parents, Sacrileges,  
Impieties, Stranglings, throwing down headlong, and  
all other things, which are the works of Evil  
Demons."***

*The Divine Pymander of Hermes, Thirteenth Book, No. 44,*

*(Mystery Religions, Egyptian/Hermetic, Words of Hermes)*

Returning to my body, I was dumbstruck that my soul could have ever been in such a state of evil. Upon researching the name, I found it was all true, he had been an ancient tyrannical ruler who had done atrocious things.

Bowing in shame, I knew this experience was to teach humility. Our souls have journeyed a great walk, in days of glory and days of evil. No soul can be purified until it is willing to see the darkness within itself, and no soul can comprehend evolution until it absolves within itself the long ago and darkened past from which it came, with the present day seeker who absolves to know only God. If a soul were *not* in darkness from incarnations past, it would no longer be required to walk of the earth, a place where darkness purifies itself to become compatible to the light of God. Those who walk here, walk because their soul still retains the shadows, mysterious and deeply hidden. A soul must lift up outside of itself in order to see clearly, so that the greater part of itself may take dominance over the soul's flight.

***"From that which was deficient in itself there came those things which came into being from his thought and his arrogance, but from that which is perfect in him he left it and raised himself up."***

*The Nag Hammadi Library, The Tripartite Tractate, The Imperfect Begetting by the Logos, Page 73, Paragraph 6,  
(Christianity, Gnostic/Essene)*

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Leaving form, two spirits took my hands and rushed us through the time tunnel. Plummeting

downward, we entered a sunny hot and barren desert with red cliffs and cactus. In the near distance, there was a small and worn cabin. Looking down, I noticed that I had taken on the manifestation of a middle-aged fat dirty man with razor stubble. Wearing a pioneer hat, dirty old brown pants and a flannel shirt, I took a glance at the other two who had come with me. Manifesting as a little girl and a woman, they were wearing long tan-colored dresses and bonnets.

Noticing my confusion, the woman explained. "We need to look the part for what we are about to do. There is a woman in need here, and we have come to help her." Time was of the essence, so I followed their lead by manifesting a horse and beat-up carriage and began our trek to the cabin.

Knocking on the door, my partners filled me with knowing about our task. A young bedraggled woman answered the door, bending over slightly as I began to speak. "Howdy, ma'am," I bowed to her, "We don't mean to intrude, but it seems we're lost and we were wondering if you might be able to help us." Holding the door tightly, she was suspicious. Pointing to the others, I continued, "This is my wife and our little girl." Loosening up, she pulled away from the door. "Come in," she said, "I don't have much to offer you. My husband passed away of heat stroke, and I just gave birth to these two babies." Walking into the home, the twin baby girls were asleep on the floor. My 'wife' spoke up, "Maybe we can stay and help you with your babies in exchange for a roof over our heads. My husband and I could help with food and fixing up your home and that beat up carriage." The woman brightened, "You wouldn't



mind?" "Oh, not at all," said my wife, "I love little babies and you need some rest." Leading her to bed with a smile on her face, she assured her that the children would be cared for while she recuperated from birth.

Staying with her for several weeks earth time, one night astral time, we prepared her for her journey out of the desert. One morning at the breakfast table, she looked at us shyly and asked, "Where did you all come from?" "Well," I said, "we came from the east." Quiet for a few moments, she then added suspiciously, "I saw you all come out of a cave in the desert, a cave that wasn't there before and isn't there now." Looking down, she tried to be nonchalant. My wife broke in, "Oh, you must have been hallucinating; after all, you'd just given birth." Changing the subject, she added, "Well, it looked real to me. How is that wagon doing?" Smiling, I replied, "I think it's about ready to make the trip. Are you sure you want to make the trip alone?" "There's nothing for me here," she said, "it's time for me to move on."

Having repaired her wagon, we sent them off out of the desert, as we prepared to go the opposite way. We knew that she would be meeting another 'chance' person along the way, and that she would be okay. Riding off into the desert, we quickly jumped into the time tunnel and I returned to my physical body.

*"The stage in which the consciousness of the living entity is attracted by the three modes of material nature is called conditional life. But when that same consciousness is attached to the Supreme Personality of Godhead, one is situated in the consciousness of*

***liberation."***

*The Teachings of Lord Kapila, Chapter Nine, Text 15,  
(Hinduism)*

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Vibrating rapidly as it lifted slowly towards the ceiling and then passed it, my soul was going further up into the heavenlies. Watching my house go further and further away as I ascended to the stars, my spirit was now standing amidst the heavens, the stars and darkness of deep space enveloping me in peace. More moments passed as I went further and further away, watching the earth become a blue ball surrounded in white swirls. Turning to face the blackness of space, the stars slowly began to move. As they did so, they began to form a tunnel which appeared to be much like a black hole. The circular motion of the stars around this tunnel in space was almost dizzying, and it seemed to make you enter into another awareness. In my mind, I heard the name, 'Star Tunnel.'

Shooting towards the tunnel, my spirit almost entered . . . but was quickly pulled back from the ominous and powerful sight.

***"For shining steadfastly upon and round the whole mind, it enlighteneth all the Soul; and loosing it from the Bodily senses and motions, it draweth it from the Body, and changeth it wholly into the Essence of God."***

*The Divine Pyramander of Hermes, Fourth Book, No. 18,  
(Mystery Religions, Egyptian/Hermetic, Words of Hermes)*

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Focus in the out-of-body state is quite vital to conscious recall. Beginning to do affirmations upon

exit, I would repeat to myself, 'Conscious, fully conscious.'

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And so it came to pass that the Lord placed two souls in my care who were very dear to Him. Musicians, the Lord had given them an eternal option with their creative works.

Entering into the realms of inspiration, one of these souls and I entered into a large white space which seemed to be inside a building but had no roof or walls. Marble white steps led to an airy celestial sky and the darkness of night made the shooting stars descent in the astral sky all the more ominous and foreboding.

Four entities appeared to us, three male and one female. The woman was wearing a Victorian servants dress. The men had long thick brown hair down to their shoulders and were wearing greenish-white stretchy pants and leather jackets. All of them communicated only in song.

Asking them questions, their melodies were often joyful and exuberant, but they also encompassed a haunting karmic tone which gave me the impression that the music they created aided in the karmic transformation of souls. As we sang together, they looked deeply into my eyes to convey their identities. Becoming aware of their purpose, I shouted to my companion, "Do you know who these entities are? They are the musical entities that work with you!" Disappearing, a thought-form album cover remained on the floor. "Temple of the Dolphins," it said. They were a band of spiritual guides who brought music into our world.

For a great time, our souls were united in purpose, to assist in bringing that which was of heaven into the earth through these dearly beloved souls of the Lord. Appearing to me and energizing me for this function many times, the Temple spirits and others worked in the progression of this work of God. But apathy and unbelief on the ground eventually forced its halt.

*"Many men are incited to do works of virtue for the sake of certain temporal goods; nevertheless inordinate desire for temporal goods is not on that account without sin. So even if most people perform works of virtue for the sake of glory, nevertheless inordinate desire for glory is not on that account without sin, since works of virtue should not be done for the sake of glory but rather for the good of virtue, or better still for the sake of God."*

*On Evil, Question IX, On Vainglory, Article 1, Page 339,  
Reply to 6, (Christianity, Catholic, Author: St. Thomas  
Aquinas)*

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Having left form, a sort of melancholy had taken over my soul as to make it unaware of the pathway it had taken to arrive at this unusual place. A knowing told me that I was on another planet, and that this entire land was known as the land of the Assisi's.

A mountain range that I inherently knew to be called the Assisi's loomed overhead the ocean beach I stood upon. An omnipresence of rich color entranced me in this world, for everything held richness deeper than I'd remembered upon the earth. A spiritual community lived here, souls in no need of bodies,

who honored the way of the Lord.

*(As St. Francis of Assisi neared death, he asked his body to be turned in the direction of the city of Assisi and he spoke these words:)*

***"Lord, as in days gone by many evil-doers lived in this city, so now I see it has pleased your abundant mercy to show this city the fullness of your grace. May it become a dwelling and a home for all who acknowledge you and seek to glorify your name forever and ever."***

*The Prayers of St. Francis, A prayer for Assisi, Page 46, (Christianity, Catholic, Words of St. Francis)*

Going into the mountains with a group of subconscious astral spirits, they had come here to learn flight, as well as, to become more at one with the natural laws of life and the earth. While I was leaping down mountain cliffs and through trees, the subconscious souls would grudgingly try to walk because they hadn't yet learned to fly.

Coming across a steep mountain drop, I noticed an iridescent lake below filled by a crystal river. A meadow surrounded the waters with beautiful flowers in bloom. Soaring down, I dove directly into the lake, although my spirit did not become wet. As I got out, I sat down in the meadow to rest, and motioned the tepid souls to join me. All declined but one brave soul, who injured her ankle preparing to make her descent. Massaging her ankle, she suddenly pointed to the sky and shouted, "It's the Assisi Marauders."

Memory came upon me as I recalled that the Assisi Marauders were a group of spiritual guides who focus on creation energy. At the time, there were

five marauders who all manifested as men.

Looking up, I noticed five white-winged horses carrying the men who wore all black, with capes blowing in the wind. Waving, I knew that these guides had something to do with St. Francis of Assisi, but that was all I knew.

*"Then I saw the heavens opened, and there was a white horse; its rider was (called) 'Faithful and True.' He judges and wages war in righteousness."*

*New American Bible, New Testament, Revelations 19:11,  
(Christianity, Catholic)*

As they passed, I was entranced by their Godly power, because they were extremely energized beings who performed the function of energizing works of creation on the ground which empowered the evolution of souls towards God on earth. Rather than being a source of creative works like the Temple of the Dolphins, their energies were actually those that brought things into manifestation upon the ground.

Flying back up the mountains and rejoining the group, we eventually returned to the ocean-side community. To the spirit who had hurt her ankle, I said, "If you allow yourself to trust, you will be able to fly with ease!" What this means is that flight is a gift given solely through the power of the Lord, if you try to do it on your *own* will, it doesn't work correctly. Give all power to God, and then flight comes naturally.

A short old man wearing a white robe approached me, and I immediately knew that I had known him for centuries, but this was the first time I remembered him in my current lifetime. A great sage, I knew him to be the master sage of the Assisi

Marauders . . . and my teacher.

Spirits began assembling in the clearing and a voice could be heard echoing across the sky. "Everyone stop what you are doing as the ceremony is about to begin. A new Assisi Marauder has been chosen!" Oohs and aahs were heard from the crowds and I felt an indescribable excitement. Looking to the old teacher, I asked, "My father, who is this being? Do you know?" Smiling, he said nothing.

Suddenly, the white horses came from the distance, flying overhead. Carrying their respected passengers, they landed right before me. One of the marauders, a blonde man, walked up to me and handed me a card proclaiming my rite of passage, "Welcome back, my friend, you have been missed," he said. My very own white-winged horse flew in from the sky, landing next to me. Beckoning me to ride him, I hopped on and flew into the sky with the marauders.

Landing in an isolated area, a white-winged stallion stood by one of the marauders who looked especially familiar to me. Intensely attracted to his energy, we sat aside each other in the grass. Feathered black hair, and rough beard and mustache made him quite mysterious as he stared at me without regard to the intrusiveness of the act. Suddenly pulling me closer to him, he looked directly into my eyes and said, "You could be my fantasy."

Pulsating energy surged into my spirit, words holding power and meaning far beyond what I could presently understand. I wanted to know more, but the spirit wind pulled me away, returning me to form.

***"Lord Jesus Christ, you are the good shepherd. You grant us your loving mercy without our having deserved it, and many a time it must endure the pangs of sharp pain. Since you have called me to your flock, I beg you by your grace and strength that in trouble, anguish and distress I may never turn away from you."***

*The Prayers of St. Francis, Lord, help me, Page 38,  
(Christianity, Catholic, Words of St. Francis)*

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Lying in bed completely awake, an unseen hand touched my hip. At first I was startled, but calmed down immediately, knowing within myself that this was an angelic visitor. Returning the hand began sending an intensive energy throughout my spirit. Entering into a silence that cannot be described, I felt an absolute peace I'd never known before in this life. Above me, I saw the spirit of the Assisi Marauder who had spoken the mysterious words to me. Transparent, he appeared for only a moment, as his hand remained on my hip pulsing this silent energy throughout my soul. Reveling in this newfound silence, I surrendered and let go to the powers of God to energize my soul.

***"For the knowledge of it is Divine Silence, and the rest of all the senses; for neither can he that understands that, understand anything else, nor he that sees that, see anything else, nor hear any other thing, nor in sum move the Body."***

*The Divine Pymander of Hermes, Fourth Book, No. 17,  
(Mystery Religions, Egyptian/Hermetic, Words of Hermes)*

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Taken to the Midwest, I met up with the



Reverend Sam Malone. Speaking for hours on love and truth, he soaked up knowledge like a sponge. Hugging him as his guides came to return him to his body, he thanked me. Taking his hands, his guides asked, "Sam, will you give this gift of truth to others as we have given it to you?" Nodding that he would, they took him home.

A few months later earth time, but the same night astral time, Sam got into a bit of trouble with some criminals. Held hostage with a group of others, Sam began to feel sympathetic to his captors, in his mind condoning their violence.

Flying towards Sam, I suddenly transformed into an Assisi Marauder. Pulsating royal blue lights shot out from my soul like stars. Speaking to his sub-conscious, I said, "The Reverend Sam Malone, I remember you, do you remember me?" Looking startled, his sub-conscious mind responded, "I do, yes, I really do." "Do you remember your vow to me?" Silently, he waited. "It is wonderful that you allow yourself to see the twinness of man, realizing that your captors have more than one side to them. But you must never condone violence. NEVER! With the truth we have given you, you can set everyone free. SPEAK TRUTH TO THEM, REVEREND SAM MALONE!" Immediately, Sam began to speak and within moments he had de-energized the violence that had almost come to be. Leaving the scene, I knew all would be well.

A woman appeared to me with a rack of designer clothes. "Would you like to wear any of these beautiful clothes?" She asked. Looking at my marauders outfit, I responded, "This fits very well,

thank you." Smiling, she beamed. "Very good! You know your role! May I tell you more?" Excited, I begged her please continue. "The blue stars that shoot from your being are very powerful. You come from the stars and your world lies through the star tunnel. Do you not remember traversing the star tunnel to reunite with the Assisi Marauders?" Surprised, I had not. "Blue light is a high spiritual energy. In your heart, you know this. Return to your illusion and flow with who you are." Pulsed into my body, I awoke.

*"Therefore the sage is sharp but not cutting, pointed but not piercing, straightforward but not unrestrained, brilliant but not blinding."*

*Tao Te Ching, No. 58, (Buddhism, Taoism, Words of Lao Tzu, Translation: Gia Fu Feng and Jane English)*

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Now that time had passed and I'd become accustomed to such things, the visitation from my friend who had died was no longer shocking. Out-of-body, he came to me to convey to me a message of his love for me. Appearing at the age of his death, I said, "It's so good to see you again. I've missed you . . . a lot!" Staring through me, he could sense all my feelings and love.

Coming closer, he hugged me, "I had no idea you felt that way about me." Noticing my embarrassment, he hugged me tighter, "Hey you don't have to be embarrassed. Remember, I'm dead. I don't have an ego anymore. To tell you the truth, I had a crush on you, too."

Showing me that he was working with some of his former friends sub-consciously, he had become

their guide. Admitting frustration, it seemed clear that very few of them were able to see or hear him, which made his work very difficult. Whisked away, I acknowledged death as both an end . . . and a beginning.

*"Blessed be Thy name, O God of mercies, for Thou hast done great and wondrous things . . . and in accordance with Thy goodness towards us, Thou has oftentimes opened for us gates of salvation, when we were oppressed."*

*The Dead Sea Scriptures, The War of the Sons of Light and the Sons of Darkness, Of thanksgiving for victory, Page 422, Paragraph 2, (Christianity, Gnostic/Essene)*

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Going to the front yard, I noticed a black thought-form sports car descending from the sky driven by a tall stocky man from India with short curly black hair. Motioning me to enter, I reluctantly did. "I am the messenger," he said, "I have come to tell you of my return." Confused, I responded, "What return?" He became very serious. "I will return for you in a short time. At this time, you will leave everything behind and come with me." Angry, I protested. "What, are you crazy? My husband and child would never forgive me if I died now." Waving his arms to the air, he began to show me aspects of this date of my death, and it appeared to be in the summertime. "But there is so much more to do." I said, after watching the thought-forms. "When I come to take you, you will have manifested everything you planned. We need you for other matters." I didn't say anything. "The spirit world is preparing for your return. Your tasks have just begun. You will know

when I am coming for you." Looking down, I said, "But I just don't know. My family will be mad at me. A big part of me wants to go, but another would like to stay and watch the manifesting." Smiling, he replied, "Ultimately . . . it will be your choice when to go, Marilynn. Remember that you have known all your life that your stay could be short. However, you can change that decision and create something new." Returning to my body, I had a migraine. I had a big decision to make.

*"My soul, confined in a fragile frame, cried for release. Within the fenced garden of the charming senses no more I loved to abide."*

*Whispers from Eternity, Page 157, Paragraph 2,  
(Hinduism, Kriya Yoga, Words of Paramahansa  
Yogananda)*

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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.

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And so it came to pass that I underwent many powerful and arduous vibrational raisings at the

hands of the Assisi spirit. Of the many things he taught me, he showed me that joining our fingers together at the tips in a meditative or vibrational state, multiplies the energy coming through the soul. And it also came to pass that my white-winged horse would come to my bedside with regularity, to take me to fantastic places of universal joy and love, places like the crystal forest where everything was created from pastel shades of crystal, blue, purple, pink, green, and a golden river flowed through this spectacular place which was a place of intensive creation energy. In so doing, he showed me many things of wonder, many different groups of spiritual guides who aid in creating music, art and writing on the earth. I was made to know that there were others who aided those in the sciences, as well. And as my understanding grew, I came to understand that in order to be able to bring these things into my world, the earth; a soul's parts, both physical and spiritual, must be unified.

As I made more and more contact with these and other creative spirits, they began to give me mystical and allegorical poetry, whose meanings are deeper than they initially appear, much like parables. And once in a while, as with the seashell poem, the words which were given me were also imbued with a mystical melody which would not leave my head.

#### THE SEASHELL

*What, before the sea, lies a creation as timeless as man?  
 Beckoning, Yearning, as the tide forever takes it on its path  
 The circling chambers, they run to completion like life itself  
 If ever you've wondered, the answer you'll find in the ocean's seashell*

*The seashell, beauty to few, home to many  
 Within lie the secrets of time long due  
 Listen and learn, the ocean speaks volumes through its spiraling bough*

*Lying quietly, the peaceful being awaits to be heard  
 If only a moment, before tide comes to heed natural course*

#### SPIRIT VOICES

*The voices in the anteroom, are priceless like an old heirloom  
 The message in the words they say, remind me not to lose my way  
 Though many do not hear a sound, let me tell you what I've found  
 The voices speak of things to come; they tell me that my path is love*

*And down the path, I've had to free the spirit voices inside of me  
 Yearning and longing to truly know love, I follow the path of the golden dove  
 Inside, I know that all that I see, is only the spirit inside of me  
 Wherever I go, the path is now clear, I follow love and dispose of my fear*

***"This is why I speak to them in parables, because they look but do not see and hear but do not listen or understand . . . But blessed are your eyes, because they see, and your ears, because they hear. Amen, I say to you many prophets and righteous people longed to see what you see but did not see it, and to hear what you hear but did not hear it."***

*New American Bible, New Testament, Matthew 13:13-16,  
 (Christianity, Catholic, Words of Christ)*

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It was about two weeks from the present, and I was about to witness from above what would be my future death. Three big men grabbed me in a crowded parking lot and threw me into their car. Driving for several hours, we ended up in the mid-west somewhere. A bunch of rednecks, they didn't do anything to hurt me, but they were careless drivers and we all died in a head-on collision on the highway. There was no pain, only freedom, but after I left my

body, I was upset that my loved ones still in physical form could not hear or see me. Trying to communicate with them, I channeled, poked, jumped on their backs and put my hands over their face, but all to no avail. Looking at the angelic guardians awaiting me, I asked, "They won't be able to communicate with me?" Calmly, they replied, "They are not yet ready to do that, Marilynn. Do you now remember why you chose to incarnate?" Laughing, I said, "Probably so I could get them to pay attention to me." "Exactly, it is much easier to manifest with a physical point of power on the earth-plane. You chose to return for that very reason. This is also why you chose to create this possible time of departure; you never liked the limitedness of the physical plane." The angelic spirit chuckled. "Well, I've changed my mind." I said. "If I can't communicate with them from here, then I have to go back." Then it occurred to me that the reason the car carrying the messenger had been black was because my death would not have been pure, but still stained from unresolved karma if I had left at this early juncture. "Are you sure that is what you want to do?" They asked. "Yes, there is too much to be done for me to bow out now." The spirit reiterated. "You are making your final decision now, are you SURE?!" "Yes, I am." I said confidently.

Looking at the three guys who kidnapped me, I asked, "Is it okay if we call it even? We can all go back and agree that our karma is balanced." Agreeing wholeheartedly, they nodded their acceptance of my offer, and with that my potential death was altered. I raised my face to heaven, and gave a prayer of

thanksgiving to the Lord.

***"I have seen God, face to face, and my life has been saved."***

*The Five Books of Moses, The Schocken Bible Volume 1,  
Genesis, 32:31, (Judaism)*

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Hovering above my bed, my white winged horse descended from the sky and beckoned me to ride. His wings were a combination of feathers and fur, and when I touched them I felt completely energized. Climbing onto the horse, a voice overhead spoke. "You are truly a marauder now, flow with love and be with us always. Do not fear expressing all that you are and all that you feel. There is no shame in love." Taking me to several places that night to energize eternal creations on the ground, my spirit white-lighted special receptacles of eternal creation, like record companies, publishers, radio stations, etc. (Another time, the Assisi Marauders allowed me to come and watch as they invisibly worked with huge power on individual souls who were being energized to bring eternal ideas into their creative work on the ground.)

I WISH YOU COULD SEE THROUGH MY EYES JUST ONE TIME

*I wish you could see through my eyes just one time  
See where I go, what I've seen, where I fly  
If you could peek through the windows of my minds' eye  
You'd never again ask yourself why*

*The beauty you'd see, the love you would feel  
The knowing, the adventure, the freedom to heal  
All that you've wanted to believe could be true  
Lies waiting inside, just waiting for you  
Close your eyes softly, and allow yourself sight  
Crystal forests, winged horses and long, holy nights*



*There's nothing to fear, there's no need for fright  
Love is all that remains when you enter the light*

*Let go of the fear, let go of your pain  
Release yourself from the illusory game  
When it comes right down to it we're all the same  
Let the spirit descend as your consciousness wanes*

*I wish you could see through my eyes just one time  
See where I go, what I've seen, where I fly  
If you could peek through the windows of my minds' eye  
You'd never again ask yourself why  
You'd never again ask yourself why*

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Given a book by several spiritual guardians, they explained that the purpose of it was to teach me how to do a better job with souls in the unconscious world. Containing a listing of courses for spiritual guides, I was directed to look upon a course entitled, 'Telepathic Communication with Sub-Conscious's.' Understanding, I took the book and returned back to form.

***"The soul's secret door suddenly opens; and, oh, what bliss I feel at the sight of Thy light!"***

*Whispers from Eternity, Page 185, Paragraph 2,  
(Hinduism, Kriya Yoga, Words of Paramahansa  
Yogananda)*

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Leaving my form behind, I was swept away to a beautiful mountain valley to fly with the wind and watch the beautiful creation of the Lord below. But as I soared upon a field of flowers, I noticed someone familiar sitting amidst the meadow. My friend who had passed on was waiting for me with an urgent message. Hugging him with intensity, I kept looking at him to make sure he was real, as he was so tangibly

alive in his new life. In fact, he seemed MORE alive than he had been during his earthly sojourn.

"Why are you so argumentative with Sister Mary Christian?" He asked. "Who is that?" I blurted out, not recognizing this person's heavenly name. "This is important, I have to know." Blurting out the name of one of the souls I'd been working with on music, he nodded that this was correct. Apparently, it was not fitting for someone sent to guardian a soul to become annoyed or frustrated because of the soul's struggles. Ashamed, I asked, "What should I do to make up for my argumentative nature?" "Give her servitude." He said, as he directed my attention to all around us.

Many spirits had suddenly appeared who were working with souls on sub-consciously astral levels. "See all these spirits," he said, referring to the spirits of the dead who were present, "they cannot leave here completely until they have fulfilled all of their contracts. You are lucky because you can work with your people from a physical perspective. Though you are sometimes perceived as crazy, at least you can plant CONSCIOUS seeds of remembrance." Nodding that I understood, I felt compassion for these souls and all the angels who try so hard to catch our attention, despite our reasoned thinking which prevents us from even opening our eyes to see them. Pulled away, my spirit returned to form.

*"May my instruction soak in like the rain, and my discourse permeate like the dew. Like a downpour upon the grass, like a shower upon the crops: For I will sing the Lord's renown. Oh, proclaim the*

***greatness of our God!"***

*New American Bible, Old Testament, Deuteronomy 32: 2-3, (Judaism, Christianity)*

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Soaring through the stars, my spirit was beckoned towards the sun. Venus and Mercury were full of splendor as I soared passed them at the speed of light. Finding myself on the outskirts of a city of light in the inner recesses of the sun, everything here was pure essence; the spirits were ether, and their forms were like fluorescent yellow lights. Wanting to go further, I noticed a pathway that went from this inner recess to a place further and deeper, but as I moved towards it, I was pulled away. A voice echoed, "You have seen what you were meant to see. Return now, and tell of it." Bowing, I did so as I returned to form.

On two successive occasions, I was given to return to the sun, but found that the strong vibrational force of the sun was much higher than my own, and my spirit was unable to endure its power. Flying towards it six times, I finally reached my goal when a spiritual guide whispered instructions in my ear. Focusing my energy on my sixth chakra or third eye, my vibrational state began to increase. As it slowly increased significantly, I was able to make it back to the sun. Again, I noticed many ether islets resonating from the center. "Pathways," I thought, "but to where?" Immediately, I was transferred home.

***"We are drawn to heaven by him, like beams by the sun, not being restrained by anything."***

*The Nag Hammadi Library, The Treatise on the Resurrection, Page 55, Top, (Christianity, Gnostic/Essene)*

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Taken to a blue space, the sky was of emerald blue and the ground pastel. A female came in and laid my spirit down, floating in midair. Smiling and very cheerful, she started to put many different blue stones on my eyes and on my chakra centers, especially my throat. A yellow and purple cloth was laid over me as my soul went into vibratory bliss. "What are you doing?" I asked. "We are preparing you to go to new places." She said, excitedly. "Oh, good!" I retorted, "Do you think I can go back to the sun?" Laughing, she said, "Of course, you will go there and way beyond."

***"Only sages are effectively able to know strategy, so their words prove truthful and their expectations prove accurate."***

*Wen-Tzu, Understanding the Mysteries, No. 85,  
Paragraph 2, (Buddhism, Taoism, Words of Lao Tzu)*

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Bringing a group of sub-conscious astral souls to a special place lit by twilight, they were to meet a very holy being. Speaking to them of astral flight and the spiritual journey, I prepared them for this powerful spirit to arrive. Feeling a huge energy surge, the sky began to glow and twinkle in illumination and I knew she had arrived. Descending from the sky, the dark-haired Indian woman held familiarity, as I said, "May I introduce you all to my beautiful sister, Quasar!" As she appeared, she hugged me in recognition and love as my eyes welled up in tears. Glowing in a way that cannot be described, there was an oval light that surrounded her manifestation. Love was evident in every

peaceful motion of her body.

"In death as in life," she said, "astral flight is one of the most beautiful things you can experience. Those who believe enough to allow it into their lives are greatly blessed and greatly loved." One of the male spirits interrupted, "Astral flight? That sounds very different." Obviously from another time frame, the man was wearing a three-cornered hat like the ones found during revolutionary war days. "In your present state," Quasar patiently explained, "it may sound quite different, but in our natural state, it is a normal state of being. It is not very different from what my own race, the Indian people, did for centuries."

Another spirit interrupted, "What tribe of Indian are you, Quasar?" Waving her hands across the sky we began to see thought-forms of soldiers tracking down a tribe that they intended to imprison, but as the Indians went over the crest of a hill, they transmuted themselves and flew away. Confused, the soldiers couldn't understand how they had escaped. Putting her arms around me, she said, "I am of the Bird tribe, more specifically the Robin people. The last of us left the earth-plane long ago, but some of us have returned as power points." She looked at me. "My people reside in the stars as we no longer have need of physical bodies. You are here in a very special time. Many of my people have returned in this time frame to help bring in the new energy."

Quasar took my hand, shooting us straight into space at the speed of light. Soaring through the star tunnel, we viewed galaxies and universes unimaginable and impenetrable to a human mind. In

the distance, I saw the planet where the Assisi's resided. Within moments, our consciousness had been expanded to take in a vast knowledge of the grand nature of the universe, but with a limited understanding through human eyes of things celestial.

*"But I said, Sir, teach me about the faculty of these authorities - how did they come into being, and by what kind of genesis, and of what material, and who created them and their force? And the great angel Eleleth, understanding, spoke to me: 'Within limitless realms dwells incorruptibility. Sophia, who is called Pistis, wanted to create something, alone without her consort; and her product was a celestial thing.'"*

*The Nag Hammadi Library, The Hypostasis of the Archons, Page 167, Paragraphs 5-6, (Christianity, Gnostic/Essene)*

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Soaring amidst an astral woodland, a spirit spoke, "Stop what you are doing and let your mind totally clear." As I did this, the spirit continued, "Allow the subtle influence of the wind to take you wherever it may." Surrender catapulted my spirit to the heavens. And it came to pass that on subsequent journeys, I was returned to the Crystal Forest where Quasar had continued to energize creation within me. Returning to the sun several more times to observe the mysterious ether pathway, the mystery of it would not yet be revealed.

*"Sonarington. This sphere is the 'bosom of the sun,' the personal receiving world of the Eternal Son. It is the Paradise headquarters of the descending and*

*ascending Sons of God when, and after, they are fully accredited and finally approved . . . There are numerous orders of divine sonship attached to this supernal abode which have not been revealed to mortals since they are not concerned with the plans of the ascension scheme of human spiritual progression through the universes and on to Paradise."*

*The Urantia Book, Paper 13, No. 1, Paragraph 7,  
(Christianity, Urantia)*

## CHAPTER SEVEN

*"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)*

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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)*

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Entering the time tunnel, I soared into a different reality which appeared to be a Japanese soldier camp in World War II. The majority of those here were men, although two women were seated directly in front of me who had had long shiny black hair and wore pink pant outfits. Sitting down to join them, they asked me who I was. "I am a time traveler," I said to their completely shockless faces, "I am a writer from the future." Pausing, they awaited an old thin man to arrive who appeared to be a cook. Directing me to speak to the men, they ignored me momentarily as one man said that their regulations wouldn't allow me to speak. Allaying them, I made myself be heard. "Are all of you so caught up in your illusion that the only words you will allow into your reality are those of your regulations book? Have you ever stopped to consider why you follow those regulations?" They began to pay attention to me. "You all act as if you are zombies with no control over

your future, yet everything is available to you. War is only the answer for young souls who feel that their reality must be perpetuated on the world. Is there not room in the world for many viewpoints and many soul-ages? Why do you allow yourselves to be used as pawns in the game of unevolved beings? You should be taking charge and leading them, because you know what is real and what is not. How many more will you kill for someone else's argument? How many of you will die for an ideal that is not your own? Enter into love, and bring about peace!" With that, all the men entered a contemplative state.

Coming to hug me, the cook said, "Thank you, man of peace!" Looking down, I realized that I was indeed manifesting as a man. "I have a gift for you to thank you for the gift of truth you have given these men." Handing me a beautiful golden statue of a man sitting in a lotus position, he continued, "This is the golden man of Nikko; please take it back to where you come from as a token of our friendship." Touching it, I said, "Where I am going, I cannot take this. I am a time traveler and physical matter will not go through the time tunnel. But let me hold it a moment and bring it back fully with my memory." Accepting this, he hugged me again and said, "I want to make this a good hug, because I will probably never see you again in this lifetime." In a flash, my spirit was sucked into the time tunnel.

Entering into a battle scene, I was on a riverboat during the Civil War. Small and beat up due to the war, five men were left on our boat and four on theirs, as all the rest had died. Walking to the front, I yelled to the guys on the other boat, "Why

don't you guys come over for lunch?" Obviously taken by surprise, they thought it was a good idea and they came over. Tension was in the air as everyone was still armed, but no one wanted to die and they were willing to take a chance at peace.

As we ate lunch, I asked the other boat crew where they were from and they said, "Louisiana." Smiling, I replied, "My family lived in Louisiana for a short while when I was a kid." One of the men on the boat I originated with got angry. "Hey, whose side are you on, anyway?" "I am on everyone's side." I said. "You all seem pretty much the same to me. Only you know why you're killing each other." One of the Louisiana boys broke in, "When did your family live in Louisiana?" He asked. "Well," I answered, "the late twentieth century." Looking at each other as if their confusion was bordering on anger, I continued, "I realize that this is the nineteenth century, but I am a time traveler, I've been sent to tell you of the futility of war." Now they became silently contemplative. "What have you gained by killing your brothers and what have you lost?" Some of the men began crying. "Those you have lost are doing very well, as they have moved on into the spirit realm and into their unlimited forms. Do not worry about the past, but think about the future! What a beautiful reality you could create if all of you would enter into love." Standing to leave, I hugged them. "I must re-enter the time tunnel now and return to my time frame. I will not see you again in this lifetime, but I love you all. Think about your choices." Quietly, I walked into the tunnel as they looked on. In a moment, I was gone.

Again, it is important to achieve balance, and there are times when one must stand against dark forces that manifest upon the earth. But war is not just, for there are always innocents who die for someone else's cause, and guilty ones who go free . . .

Returning to form, I was interested in the gift given to me by the Japanese man. Upon looking in the dictionary, I found that Nikko was a town in central Japan on Honshu Island, famous for its shrines and temples. The sacred gift of love would be forever displayed on the shelf of my spirit.

#### THE CALL OF WAR

*Why do you shout the call of war, tell me friend, what is it for  
In fear, we cry damnations name, in love, we join our brother, tamed  
All is well beyond the veil, the call of swords linger in still  
Temptations tempest calls the young, but in our hearts we are but one*

*What is the fight, the cause you seek, to quell the thoughts of different speech  
Or are you fighting for what you are, and if so, what is your cause  
For who you are is what I am, all life joins as one in the land  
Who you are is what I seek, share your beauty, don't fight with me*

*Tell me of your earnest dream, and I'll tell you of what I see  
Beyond the veil, we know each other well; love brings mirrors to us all  
Mirror your dreams; I'll catch their glare, the vision of a bright, white, eagle  
feather*

*I'll mirror back all that I view, the beauty that I've found in you  
The mirroring started, memories begin, love's veiled tempest starts again  
All we are as bearers of light, together, our vision will dawn the night*

***"Never begin a war yourself, God does not like bloodshed, fight only in defence."***

*Nahjul Balagha, The Author, 34 to 40 A.H., Page 55, No. 1, Imam Ali Ibn Abu Talib, (Islam)*

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Entering the body of a young cave man, my father was at my side. Long grayish-black hair

framed his old and tattered face, and he wore a small piece of animal hide around his midsection. Standing in a small plot of dirt, a cliff lay to my right and a small hill was in front of me. Very little vegetation was in the area, only a few small trees and bushes. In my hand was a long spear, and about twenty feet in front of me was a huge Mastodon.

The beast was intensely gazing my way, and I knew that I would have to make a move soon. It was imminent; it would be either him or us. My father whispered in my ear some words which came from a language I didn't recognize, but at the time, understood. "You must spear him in the heart," he said, "and you must get it right the first time. There will be no chance for a second try!" We were in grave danger.

Suddenly, the Mastodon got up, his thick legs and armor showing strength that I could not hope to match. Instinct took over, however, as the creature lunged forward. Pushing the spear in the direction of his heart, my father and I leapt back as he continued our way. It seemed clear that I had missed as the animal prepared to smash us with a single swipe of his front legs, but suddenly, he bent backwards and began to die. A small wound near the heart was evident when he rolled over. My father was very proud.

***"The Master said, A man can enlarge his Way; but there is no Way that can enlarge a man."***

*The Analects of Confucius, Book XV, No. 28, Page 199,  
(Buddhism, Confucianism, Words of Confucius)*

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Gently guided into the body of a peaceful

native woman from a long time ago, I was married to the chief of this small band of the Ute tribe, whose people had not yet been exposed to the white man. My name was Dove Song. Young and naive, we lived a very peaceful life until the white men eventually came.

On the occasion of the white man's arrival, our tribe threw a big party and danced for them, but the white men had come in military dress. In a completely unexpected move, they began firing at random at our people during the dancing and six were killed.

Taking myself and twenty warriors with him, the chief journeyed into the camp of the white man, still convinced that their harm was accidental and their intentions were good. The chief thought it might have been a misunderstanding, but just in case, we did bring a war party in addition to the twenty warriors which hid in the hills behind us, in case he was wrong.

Entering the camp, the white men led the chief inside a tent to talk. As soon as he was out of sight, the soldiers approached us. Holding a knife to the throat of each one of our warriors, a woman came towards me and held a knife to my stomach. In moments a command was given to kill each of us simultaneously. After she shoved the knife into my stomach, my body lay upon the ground dying, as she scalped my long black hair while I was still alive.

When the chief emerged from the tent, he screamed! "My beautiful Dove Song!" As his war cry began roaring across the sky-tops, havoc ensued as the hidden war party emerged. The chief died only

moments later not far from my side. Remembering this now, I knew that this was the beginning, the first sign that the white man had come to do harm.

THE DOVE SONG

*Destiny's wind came calling, you listened to the voice  
You heard the cry of freedom, for a moment, released the noise  
Our paths of light have crossed, and love's been shared and embraced  
Tomorrow, you'll remember, your purpose in this race*

*But in your heart, remember  
With every passing sound  
Flying on the wind stream  
The dove follows you around*

*Part of me is with you, my spirit knows your place  
Inside my soul remembers, every single face  
No matter where life takes you, your path is not alone  
For many walk beside you and fly just like the dove*

*I'm hidden in your spaces, but I'm always by your side  
Open to my presence and find where love abides  
Remember in the darkness, that life is very near  
I come to you as a dove, for your soul I shed a tear*

***"It is time for all to seek deliverance from the pains of birth, death, old age, and sickness. Outflows of depravity and defilement are everywhere, and there is nothing in which you can find true joy."***

*The Three Pure Land Sutras, The larger Sutra, No. 33,  
Paragraph 3, (Buddhism, Pure Land, Words of the Buddha)*

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Leaving form, I met with some spiritual guides who were demonstrating their techniques for bringing light into the sub-conscious state. "Though there may seem to be little change consciously in a being," they said, "there can be much activity in the sub-conscious mind. Changes occur on subtle levels

and these changes will eventually surface in the conscious state."

Watching them perform this work on a soul, a tall spirit wearing a white robe began sweeping light across this soul. Beginning to shine brightly, the different spirits present began working on their own specialized areas. One spirit touched different parts of this soul, igniting them in light. Another spoke softly to this soul, speaking universal truths. All of this was being done without any conscious awareness of this person on the ground, but was ignited by the soul's prayers and desire to move closer to God. Fascinated, I returned to form.

*"Moreover, the desire to go is the measure here. When there is the desire to go, one who has made his mental resolve in this way goes visibly, carried by the force of the resolution like an arrow shot by an archer."*

*The Path of Purification, Chapter XII, The Supernormal Powers, No. 132, (Buddhism, Theravadan)*

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Watching as a blue crystal faceted spaceship shaped like an hourglass was descending from the sky, my spirit was mesmerized by the scene. A spirit voice began speaking behind me, "Not long ago, this spaceship arrived from Venus carrying souls who wished to incarnate in human form. Only a few saw as the spaceship came to Earth because only a few were able to see through their spirit's eyes. It was an astral spaceship, and your child was on this ship." Coming to a halt, the spirits inside began pouring out. My oldest daughter, who was only two, ran up to me, her destiny clear and known to her. In her childlike body, she spoke with authority and conviction. "I



have come from a world of peace and tranquility, a world where love is all that is. I enter now into a world filled with turmoil and no inner vision. Like you, mother, this society will not sustain me. My destiny will not be to fit into this society, but to teach society new ways. Be patient with me." As tears streamed down my face, I held her tiny hand and acknowledged that I would. For a moment, I touched the glittering blue crystal plates upon the spaceship, and felt the power that fueled this vessel.

*"He who lives under the guidance of reason endeavors, as far as possible, to render back love, or kindness, for other men's hatred, anger, contempt, etc., toward him."*

*The Ethics of Spinoza, On Human Bondage, The Little Pleasures and the Great Sin, Page 108, Paragraph 2, (Judaism, Author: Baruch Spinoza)*

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Entering into the atmosphere of the earth and then space, I watched as I passed by Venus and Mercury, and suddenly my soul shot directly towards Venus. Entering what appeared to be a city, it looked much like a very clean and glistening version of earth except that the corners of all the buildings were rounded, there was an omnipresence of color and all was silent and peaceful.

Thinking about Quasar, I sent a question out to the universe. "Can I please come to see you Quasar?" Shooting through the heavens, the flight of my spirit hit soaring proportions in speed unlike ever before. Knowing that I was going very FAR away, the stars flew by in a streak of white light, and suddenly my soul plummeted.

Landing on something, I noticed the great amount of white mist all around me. Angelic music was emanating from all directions and you could FEEL it as well as hear it. A small speck of purple light appeared, and it began to grow larger and larger, coming nearer and nearer. It didn't stop growing until it was a huge ball of purple light, as large as any star around me. "Quasar," I shouted, "My God, you are beautiful!" Enveloping me in her love, I felt the high honor it was to be in her true presence, that of a star.

*"What these higher entities accomplish with the physical entities (below them) is called influence (Hashpa'ah). All influences that are directed from the higher entities toward those below, pass through the stars. The stars are therefore the closest things to the terrestrial world having such influence."*

*The Way of God, An Essay on Fundamentals, Page 373,  
Paragraph 2-3, (Judaism, Author: Rabbi Moshe Chayim  
Luzzatto)*

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Standing at the foot of a forest, I noticed two Indian men wearing jeans but no shirt, their hair long and black, and each bearing a feather hanging down with the flow of their hair. Andy was with them, and as soon as I saw them they smiled and raised their hands. Beckoning me to follow them, they both turned into eagles and flew into the sky. Landing about one-hundred feet away, they waited for me to get nearer to them as I flew with a fury to keep up. But once again, as I got close, they turned into eagles and soared off to reappear next to a large waterfall which fell into a wide lake. Andy disappeared and

reappeared with them wherever they went. As I approached them at the waterfall, I asked, "Why is Andy with you?" They quietly responded, "We are of the Bird Tribe and Andy is our brother." I was thrilled to hear such news, as they continued, "Follow him in times of distress. His knowledge is different from yours, but just as vast. You understand the realms of spirit, which is wondrous indeed. Andy, however, understands the intricacies of living in a physical world with the spirit of love fully incarnate."

"Our journey represents the fluidity of your life on the earth-plane. You shall never stand still for long, as you will constantly move from one mind space to another more appropriate for the path of knowledge." With that, they turned into eagles and flew off deeper into the forest as I frantically followed them. Andy disappeared. Continuing several more times, we went deeper and deeper into the woods. My yearning to catch them and to understand grew deeper and more passionate. Finally, they spoke in unison as they took their final leap into the forest. "Follow us deeper into the forest, oh beautiful spirit! We will guide you! As you follow us deeper into the great forest, you will enter into deeper understanding and awareness of truth." Flying faster, I still could not catch them. "Wait, I am coming!" I shouted, "I want to come with you!" Shouting back, they said, "It is wonderful that you desire so much. Fly, spirit, fly! We will constantly be moving deeper into the forest of understanding and love, so you, too, must be moving in order to follow us. Never stop flying, my brave little soul, as it is this willingness to move and change that will fuel your growth!" Digesting their

words, they disappeared to my sight. "I will follow you!" I shouted, "Thank you for showing me the way! I love you!"

*"Those whose vital spirit is scattered outwardly and whose intellectual ruminations ramble inwardly cannot govern their bodies. When what the spirit employs is distant, then what it loses is nearby. So know the world without going out the door, know the weather without looking out the window; the further out it goes, the less knowledge is. This means that when pure sincerity emerges from within, spiritual energy moves in heaven."*

Wen-Tzu, *Further Teachings of Lao-tzu*, No. 20,  
(*Buddhism, Taoism, Words of Lao Tzu*)

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And it came to pass that I learned how to maneuver through many dimensions of my own accord. One secret I learned was that when no tunnels appear to you, as there are many different tunnels of travel through time and dimensions, you must *think* of them and WILL them to appear in order to traverse them. (Shout out "The Corridor!")

*"Apply your heart to instruction, and your ears to words of knowledge."*

*New American Bible, Old Testament, Proverbs 23:12*

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Taken to a fear thought-form on the astral plane, a group of people were making fun of me and provoking me physically. When they approached, I held out my hand and touched them, and they fell back from the force of the light. Two native men walked in the room wearing blue flowing jackets with white shirts and pants. One of them immediately

came near me as I instinctively raised my hand. As he fell, I looked at the other spirit with him who had the most beautiful long black wavy hair. "Kutahey!" I shouted. "It's you!" Looking behind me at the man who had just fallen to the floor, I cringed, "Cheyenne, I'm so sorry!" He was unconcerned, however, and motioned me to listen to Kutahey.

Embracing me, Kutahey asked, "My child, are you on our side?" Thinking a moment, I replied, "I represent many sides, whichever I can understand in the now." "That is perceptive of you. However, we come to you with this group of beings you perceive as hurting you. Why is it that you don't perceive us as hurting you, after all, what I am is who they are?" I pondered. "Well, I know that you love me and want to help me grow in my awareness of love." I said. "Yes," he replied, "that is true. We want to help you, yet you are afraid. What is it you truly fear, my child?" Sheepishly, I replied, "Rejection." Kutahey smiled and put his arms around me. "They will not reject you, my beautiful child. At the core of their being, they are so grateful to receive this truth. It is their ego that wants to reject your words as those words force them to re-evaluate their entire reality. See their core of unconditional love, not their crust of anger and misunderstanding. The ego is the hardest obstacle to overcome, as many will hold onto it to define themselves as separate and somehow different. Truth, however, is that what I am is who you are. We truly are all one entity." "Thank you," I said as I hugged him good-bye, "I've missed you."

*"At the root of this precept lies the reason that we were commanded to emulate in our actions the*

*qualities of the Eternal Lord, blessed is He. (One) of His attributes is that He abounds in loving-kindness - i.e. He deals with human beings beyond the strict line (letter) of the law."*

*Sefer haHinnuch, Volume 1, No. 76, Paragraph 2,  
(Judaism)*

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Because of my work with many souls, I was beginning to realize that higher and sub-conscious aspects of souls can be quite different from their physical counterparts. It was my duty to serve the higher good of the soul, rather than the personality on the ground, which oftentimes believes it needs something different than its true requirements.

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And so it came to pass that my soul underwent several journeys into cosmic elements, quasar and pulsar stars, the rings of Saturn, as well as various other planets. Going to these places filled my soul with energy unattainable in any other fashion, because they were filled with spiritual power.

#### SUNSTREAMS

*Lying in the sunstream, beauty lies to vision seek  
All that bears the skin to warmth, holds my heart in raptures keep  
Sunstreams, light-filled fantasies, flowing to the gentle force  
Senses swaying, songs of the breeze, finding those deep in my heart*

*Yellow beams of sensual flair, calling cells, reaching out  
Ray beings send my soul to haste, sunstreams blending every part  
Memories glistening, calling forth, passions flowing, drawing near  
From the deep-filled ember hearth, all who dwell inside are dear*

*No one calms him, words cry out  
The sunstreams purpose follows prose  
The lighted glisten heralds praise  
Spirit enters sunstreams throes*

*"The One Life, moreover, is not to be thought of as dividing and splitting itself up into bits, parts, and particles, in order to accomplish the process of Creation, and the Manifestation of the World.*

*Instead, it is to be thought of as merely reflecting itself in the many individual mirrors of expression, just as the sun reflects itself as One in the millions of falling raindrops, or in a million tiny jars filled with water. There are millions of reflections of the One, but only the one One in reality."*

*The Secret Doctrine of the Rosicrucians, Part V, Page 64,  
Paragraph 2, (Mystery Religions, Rosicrucian)*

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Freed in a flash of light, my spirit soared until it reached its destination aside an Indian man who wore only a buck-skin. "Follow me!" He said, as he darted to the heavens. Leading me to an endless river of iridescent blue, he motioned me to get into the water. Creating a thought-form canoe, I prepared to climb in when he calmly said, "No, YOU get in the river." Disposing of my thought created canoe; I jumped in the water and noticed that it was very warm. An unseen protective spirit got into the water before me, and the Indian man was behind.

Traveling through the waters, we journeyed into a cavern wherein the river flowed. Stopping to look at the man behind me, I gently said, "Which way do I go?" "Follow the inner caverns," he said, "they will lead you to the core." But as I moved ahead, the water became very cold. "This water is so cold!" I shouted, not wanting to go further. "The water is only as you perceive it." He said. "A path rarely

traveled has little light. Follow the river to the core, and bring forth your deepest understanding and awareness. By doing this, you will bring light and warmth to your river. Open the channel between your higher self and your physical manifestation, and you will travel this part of the river often!" Flowing inward, I looked back and noticed he wasn't coming with me. He had read my mind and said, "This journey must be taken yourself, but I will wait for you on the bank."

Feeling the intensity of the unseen presence in front of me, I knew I wasn't truly alone, but I was still frightened. As this journey continued, my memory was blocked, but I returned with a poem in my head and a certain understanding that I had taken my first journey to my own inner core, my higher self. And that this journey was vital in the process of purification.

#### WALKING IN THE SHADOWS

*Here I am, walking in the shadows, doing my best to see the light  
Here I am, walking in the shadows, when I look, the glare's too bright  
I know there's something to making dreams come true  
I feel your presence and inside, I remember you*

*Feeling the power of the universal flow  
The energy comes through me and is awesome in its show  
And somehow when you're near me, I hear the night wind cheer  
"A spirit's discovered illusion and reality is now clear!"*

*But here I am, walking in the shadows, doing my best to see the light  
Here I am, walking in the shadows; I wonder why the glare's too bright  
Only fear blocks my sight, from now on I'll follow the path of the light  
Submitting to trust as fear is illusion, it's time to end this path of confusion*

*And somehow when you're near me, I hear the treetops roar  
"A spirit is now conscious, and fear presides no more."*



*Here I am, walking in the shadows, the shadows of my spiritual guide  
Here I am, love belongs beside me, because I am a part of the light*

***"They see the Lord in the cave of the heart and are  
granted all the blessings of life."***

*The Upanishads, Taittiriya Upanishad, Part II, 1.1, Page  
142, (Hinduism, Translation: Eknath Easwaran)*

***"Love opens the minds interiors but fear closes them .  
.."***

*Divine Providence, VII, No. 139, (Christianity,  
Swedenborgianism, Author: Emanuel Swedenborg)*

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And so it came to pass that I traveled more and more into literally dozens of past-lives. Many of my lifetimes dealt with lust issues, unrequited love, danger, and unfulfilled dreams. From the ancient days of Maya when I was a queen, to my many lifetimes among the prairie as an Indian man and woman, to the medieval lifetime as Queen Gridimaria, a hermit who lived all alone in castles of stone. In fact, I was made to know of a legendary song which spoke of her, "She lives all alone, in castles of stone, who is this Queen . . . Gridimaria."

Performing with a troupe of actors in the middle ages, I never fulfilled my potential completely, and again was unrequited to the love of my life. An accomplished dancer from a poor family, I became a servant to a rich family whose man of the house often raped the help. Escaping with a man who loved me, I was free, but unable to fulfill my life dream as a dancer. A Jewish girl during the Second World War, I was spared the torment that so many Jews suffered in concentration camps, when I was

shot fleeing from German guards. Many lives, as men, women, rich, poor, healthy, handicapped, from every culture of the world . . . but each bore the mark of karmic stain. And throughout this process, I underwent hundreds of vibrational raisings, and assisted scores of lost and sub-conscious souls.

***"All these things arise dependently, from causes, yet they are neither existent nor nonexistent. Therein is neither ego, nor experiencer, nor doer, yet no action, good or evil, loses its effects. Such is your teaching."***

*The Holy Teaching of Vimalakurti, Chapter 1, Page 13,  
Stanza 4, (Buddhism, Mahayana)*

***"You associate with living beings by frequenting their migrations. Yet your mind is liberated from all migrations."***

*The Holy Teaching of Vimalakurti, Chapter 1, Page 15,  
Stanza 3, (Buddhism, Mahayana)*

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Unrelenting and merciless, a force drove my spirit through space to arrive upon the planet of the Assisi Marauders. Standing in the midst of the Assisi Mountains, I reveled in the beauty of all around.

Sitting on the ground, I suddenly noticed a shadow of a man at the top of a cliff in the distance. In the mild wind, a cape blew behind him. "Could it be?" I thought. Disappearing from that spot and materializing in front of me, it was my special friend, the Assisi Marauder with his white-winged horse standing in the distance.

"It's been a long time," he said, "but this visit will have been worth the wait." Starting to talk about old times, he tried to awaken my memory of him, but I couldn't recall his connection to me, although my

senses were always reeling in his presence. My soul *felt* our past, but I had no historical landmark within which to place it. Taking my hand, we flew high into the sky within the universal spheres.

Stopping in a huge rotating white mist, he said, "This is the vortex, the ultimate tool of creation!" The mist spun like a top into the center of the cloud. Motioning me to enter into the vortex, I flew in and began spinning slowly at first, but increasingly faster until I was nothing but a blur of energy. "Create with this vortex!" he shouted, as I focused my thoughts on the creative projects the Lord had asked me to fulfill. As time passed, I eventually came out of the vortex, rejoining my friend.

Flying back to the place where my body lay sleeping, he said, "You will create your own vortex, follow the example of the stars!" Willing myself to spin, it didn't take long before my spirit spun, relentlessly consumed in my own personal vortex. Winking, he waved good-bye as he left for the stars. "Thank you!" I called out as he disappeared.

*"In a state where Being is fully maintained the process of experience becomes powerful, and the experience of the object becomes deeper and fuller than before. This art of being on the level of experience is natural in a fully integrated life where one is able to live all values of the transcendental, absolute bliss-consciousness of Being together with experiences of the various aspects of relative creation."*

*The Science of Being and Art of Living, Part 3, Chapter 2, Page 119, Paragraph 3, (Hinduism, Author: Maharishi Mahesh Yogi)*

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Hovering on the astral plane, I was confronted by an image of a spirit that began throwing rocks at me, and taunting me with disgust. Ducking, I wanted to avoid being hit, but suddenly realized that this was not a real spirit, but a thought-form I had created from my own insecurities. Turning to her, I said, "That is not who you really are, you are an eagle!" No sooner was it said, than it became such and flew away.

A spiritual hand took mine and we flew me to another destination. Entering a huge warehouse, it was filled to overflowing with paintings, sculpture, musical scores and books. Looking around, I noticed a small man dusting everything with love and care. Walking over to him, I said, "Sir, what is this place? There are so many beautiful paintings!" Smiling as he looked up, he said, "This is the warehouse of all unfulfilled dreams." "Wow," I replied, "all this beauty, and yet unfulfilled?" Quietly chuckling, he said, "Until the bearer is ready to allow it into their reality, I watch over their dream. When they are ready to let it in, their dreams will be as bright and new as the day they were conceived!" Looking at a painting, I asked, "Can anyone bring these beautiful things in?" "Oh, yes," he said, "but as you are aware, you must desire it with all of your heart. Your friends have many dreams warehoused here; I could really use the space so I am hoping that they will allow them into their reality very soon!" He spoke of the two musical souls I'd guardianed. Musical scores were lying all around, piled up in boxes for them. Feeling sadness for their loss, he said, "There are

many very beautiful dreams, are there not?" Nodding 'Yes,' the spirit who had taken me to this place placed his hand in mine and led me home.

*"If a piece of canvas painted upon by an artist could think and speak, it certainly would not complain at being constantly touched and retouched by the brush, and would not envy the lot of that instrument, for it would realize it was not to the brush but to the artist using it that it owed the beauty with which it was clothed. The brush, too, would not be able to boast of the masterpiece produced with it, as it knows that artists are not at a loss; they play with difficulties, and are pleased to choose at times weak and defective instruments."*

*Story of a Soul, Chapter XI, Page 235, Paragraph 1,  
(Christianity, Catholic, Author: St. Therese of Lisieux)*

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"I have come to talk to you about freedom." The spirit of Abraham Lincoln said. "And who better to talk of freedom than you, Mr. Lincoln?" I retorted with a smile. "That's true," he replied with a grin, "However, I am no longer Mr. Lincoln. I'm only appearing this way for the sake of effect." Inherently, I knew that his soul had gone onto other things, and that this historically significant lifetime of his was nothing but a vague memory of a distant past. "Freedom, like the wind, flies to completion but never truly ends. When you are giving the gift of freedom to others, there are guidelines to help you complete your task. In the beginning, fly like the eagle. In the end, set like the sun. But forever, patrol like the moon. Always there, but in the shadows." "How beautiful that is, sir." I said with respect. Sobering, he

replied, "The universe is beautiful, my child, and though this may be difficult at times, love means giving freedom, all spirits are born to be free, in pursuit of their dreams and in all that they see. Be like the sun, watch and shed light, but make room for the moon in the darkness of the night."

My guardianship for these two souls was complete for now, but as with all souls I was instructed to guide, there was an energetic bond that would remain which would alert me to their condition and status for the remainder of their lives, almost like a homing signal. If they ever needed me again, this mechanism would call me into action. "Thank you, Mr. Lincoln." I said, as he disappeared. Another spirit wind blew by whispering these words. "Potentials are filled by seekers." Then it was gone.

*"They perform their journey together, in union, and moving about collectively. For they act with cause or without cause, moving in a body. Of all these acting with one another, but differing in development, the increase and diminution will now be stated."*

*The Anugita, Chapter XXIV, No. 3-4, (Hinduism)*

### **DESCENT OF THE LAMB (Surrender)**

*"And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it: for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof."*

*King James Bible, New Testament, Revelations 21:23,  
(Christianity)*

## CHAPTER EIGHT

*"The Mahamati asked the Blessed One, saying:  
Blessed one, is the purification of the evil out-  
flowings of the mind which come from clinging to the  
notions of an objective world and an empirical soul,  
gradual or instantaneous? The Blessed One replied:  
There are three characteristic outflows of the mind,  
namely, the evil out-flowings that rise from thirst,  
grasping and attachment . . . and from becoming  
attached to it, are gradually purified and not  
instantaneously."*

*A Buddhist Bible, The Lankavatara Scripture, Chapter  
VIII, Page 325, Paragraph 3-4, (Buddhism)*

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Zooming to a place among the stars, a spiritual exposition was in progress and I was to demonstrate one of the main events. As soon as I arrived, spirits came and whisked me away to a demonstration site. A thought-form body lay in the middle of a cavernous space. Quickly informing me of my job, they asked me to enter the immaterial body and use it to demonstrate to sub-consciously astral spirits the separation process of body and spirit. About a hundred sub-conscious souls entered and stood around my 'sleeping body,' when someone else came into the room who immediately took me aback. "What is it about that person?" I thought, feeling intense love and recognition. Calmly, he stood in a corner in the back.

Entering into a vibrational state, the spirits began to narrate what was happening. "As you will see if you look through your spirit's eyes, the

separation of body and spirit has begun. The light body has now determined its separate status by allowing the spirit to fully feel the frequency of the soul." As she spoke, I began to focus on my sixth chakra and begin the raising of my vibration. "Marilynn is now raising the frequency of her vibration higher so as to maximize the ease with which she exits the body. Without this step, you may shoot right back to your body after leaving. Allow your spiritual eyes to focus now, as her spirit is rising from the body and out." Slowly lifting upwards, I felt the freedom of my soul.

Flying around the room, I came upon the soul who seemed so familiar. "I am blessed to be with you again, Marilyn," he said. In his eyes was such intense adoration, I felt a bit overwhelmed and quite curious, but I didn't recognize him. Continuing my flight around the room, I would touch the sub-conscious souls as they would shout out in joy. "I felt it, I truly felt it!" Again making my way around the room, I came nearer to the one who inspired such tremendous emotion. "Who are you, beautiful spirit?" I asked. His peaceful smile did not change. "My dear Marilyn, we have walked the earth together many days. We have flown the stars many nights. It is our love that you remember and it is wondrous, indeed!"

Reaching his hands to me, he held them for a moment in silence. "You have been confused lately. You feel uncertain about your task. I have returned to clarify it for you. You are paving the way for the Mithra's return." Contemplating a moment, I asked, "But what is Mithra? I have searched my soul but found no memory of it." He had nothing to say. "But



what does Mithra represent?" With a final hug before his departure, he said, "Your task will be to find out."

Returning, I discovered that Mithra was the 'Beneficent One' or God of light and wisdom according to ancient Zoroastrian texts. Mithra was the word for 'God' to Zarathustra.

*"So may you in both worlds, may you keep us in both worlds, O Mithra, lord of wide pastures! both in this material world and in the world of the spirit."*

*The Avesta, Part II, Yast 10, No. 93, (Zoroastrianism)*

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Nestled in the sky was a huge city of light built within the mountains. As I entered, I followed the huge corridors which led in every direction, watching thousands of souls fraternize. A meeting place of some sort; spirits were introducing themselves to one another and then walking off together. Many musical and creative souls were here, and everyone wore interesting clothing. Underneath a see-through illuminated gown, they wore a robe spun in colors and design that represented aspects of their soul, and those with similar designs seemed to be drawn to one another in their interests. Wearing a white gown with a very large coral pink rose emblazoned on the back, another friend was present who wore a gold-tone gown.

Continuing our journey through the city, we noticed that there were no true ceilings as the walls of light seemed to go on into infinity. Many of the hallways were of different colors and designs, but all of them glowed with the luminescent light of love. Turning a corridor, I noticed someone with a very familiar feeling wearing a similar rose who was

talking to another male spirit adorned in blue. Observing a woman who was a vocalist in a band called 'Galaxy' wearing a gown of pastel colors vibrating together, she was spectacular.

Turning to leave, my friend wanted to explore another part of the city alone and we waved good-bye.

Instincts led me to a spiritual compound, a place to rest my soul. Finding somewhere to rest, I closed my eyes and absorbed the light. Suddenly, I felt a hand on my shoulder and opened my eyes to find the man with the rose standing above me smiling. Wavy brown hair framed his illuminating face, and his green eyes glowed like emeralds in his spiritual form. There was almost a blooming quality to his eyes which was very unique and mystical.

Standing up to greet him, he was initially very kind and polite, but suddenly his demeanor changed.

"By the way," he said, "I saw your friend stealing from you. I just thought you would like to be aware of what kind of person she really is." First I was angry, but then I calmed. "There is nothing for her to steal from me here. If it were true, it would not matter as all that I have is truly the property of the all that is, the oneness, which we are all part of. Everything belongs to all of us as there is plenty of abundance for everyone." The man with the rose smiled widely. "Very good," he said, "you are learning trust!"

Reaching to my hand, he guided me back to the heart of the city of light. "Surrender to trust and love," he said, as he stopped in the middle of a large corridor and raised his arms to the heavens, "we will

meet again!" Looking into his deep emerald eyes, I nodded as I was then whisked through the heavens to my home.

***"So let one's mind be guarded. Let one's domain be right thought. By putting right view to the forefront .***

***.. a bhikku will forsake all bad destinations."***

*The Udana, Chapter 4, 4.2, Page 57, Stanza 1, (Buddhism, Theravadan, Words of the Buddha)*

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"Come with us, we have a job for you!" The group of six spirits said to me as they hovered above my bed. Soaring out of my body, I followed them to the home of a pregnant woman in need of assistance. As we hovered above her, the spirits explained that her baby would die during the night if we didn't wake her and get her to seek help. Creating thought-forms in her mind, we spoke to her in her dreams.

Because that didn't immediately work, one of the spirits pointed a finger at the woman's stomach and light came through, inspiring the baby to kick really hard and wake up his mother. While we worked to make the mother aware that something was wrong through her sub-conscious, the other spirits worked on the husband's sub-conscious through his dreams. Awakening the husband said, "What's going on?" The mother replied, "Something is wrong with the baby, take me to the hospital." Rushing out, our job was finished and the spirits took me outside.

"Good job," the leader said to me. "Thanks!" I replied. Turning to leave, they made no mention of getting me back home. "Wait a minute!" I cried out "Aren't you going to take me home?" Laughing, they

said, "Of course not! YOU find the way home. Follow the voice of your inner spirit." With that they disappeared.

Panicking, I didn't even know what part of the world I was in, so I began to float aimlessly for a while before coming across a beautiful forest. Two pathways were clearly delineated in front of me. A spirit appeared for only a moment and said, "One path is the way of the spirit, the other, the way of the intellect. Surrender to the will of your spirit and you will find your way home."

Surrendering my soul to God, I let go of all physical and spiritual control of my faculties. If I had been in a physical body, I would have fallen to the ground from the weight of surrender, but in the spirit surrender caused my soul to be lifted into a flight directed by the Lord. Having given my soul to patience, and allowing it to fall from its own forces, it was able to accept higher ones, thus causing heavenly movement. In moments, I was back home.

*"Were all created things, visible and invisible, to direct themselves towards Him, thou wouldst find them winging their flight unto the Supreme Goal, the Spot wherein the divine Lote-Tree exclaimeth: Verily, no God is there but Me, the Almighty, the All-Bountiful."*

*The Tablets of Baha'u'llah, Tablet 13, Lawh-I-Wiyyid-I-Mihdiy-I-Dahaji, Page 195-196, (Baha'i, Words of Baha'u'llah)*

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While traveling amongst the fourth realm (dimension), I ran into a bit of a problem, as the fourth realm is much like the third, it carries both

darkness and light. Having gone into a bar, a woman had warned me. "You shouldn't stay here; we can't guarantee your safety." But I'd noticed an old friend of mine, and talked for such a long time that before I knew it there was a mob of people with very dark energy around me were emanating seriously harmful intentions.

Before I could think about a solution, a monk came scurrying through the crowd. Wearing a brown robe, he had long curly brown hair. Picking me up, he took me away from the dangerous place. Somehow along the way, though, the monk switched places with another monk who was larger and bald. Reacting intensely at first, I was afraid, but as he swept me up and carried me through a corridor, I thought to myself, "I am eternal; no one desires to hurt me."

Entering into a very lighted place, the other monk was waiting. "Very good," he said, "you recognized my brother with love. In order to surrender, you must be willing to place your entire reality in the hands of the spirit. Your knowingness becomes who you are, not just a separable part of the whole. In order to surrender, you must now be willing to relinquish all forces contradictory to your role of love." Nodding as he spoke, he asked me to repeat after him. "My spirituality is who I *am*. Therefore, I will not enter any reality of negativity and fear simply because another fears the true reality of love and oneness." The other monk was waving his hands, creating an energy vortex around our circle. "Though some do not understand, it is not my role to make them believe. My role is to continue my

journey onward. Any being who will continue to be in my reality must join me where I am, for I will no longer join them where they are if it be in fear."

Placing their arms on my shoulders, they began filling me with light. "Who are you, beautiful spirits?" I asked. "All that is love is all that I am. All that I am is all that you are. All that you are is a mirror of God." Pausing a moment, he asked, "What have you allowed to remain in your reality that does not express love, what barriers do you still hold to surrender?" Considering the question deeply, I asked, "But how can you relinquish everyone who is unaware?" With total calm, they replied, "If you are to enter into a world of peace and love, you must become peace and love. If you are to change the reality that you occupy, you must change the energy that it encompasses. Is it not true that you accommodate these beings in their negativity because of their refusal to deal with who you *are*?" I nodded yes. "Do as they do. Do not allow their negativity around you, as they have unconsciously asked you to keep your loving reality away from themselves. You needn't suppress who you are, because of their limited perception of what it means."

Getting up, the monks turned to go get something. When they returned, they held a stack of paintings with held images of themselves and other spiritual guardians of mine. "Display these on the walls of your spirit and we will protect the structure of your home."

*"If a lay person learning the Way still clings to wealth, covets comfortable housing, and keeps company with relatives, despite having the*

*aspiration, he will confront many obstacles in learning the Way."*

*Shobogenzo-zuimonki, Book 3, No. 11, Paragraph 3,  
(Buddhism, Zen, Words of Zen Master Dogen)*

Flying about the earth, I noticed a Venusian Blue Crystal spaceship hovering around. Several hunters saw it from the woods, and were staring at it. Materializing amongst them, I walked towards their campfire, "Look up there!" They shouted at me, assuming I was another hunter. "Oh, that." I said. "That is a crystal spaceship from Venus." For the first time they all looked down to see who I was, and with a look indicating that they thought I was a moron. "Venusians have been coming here for several decades now, incarnating in the tribes of man to bring in the path of the spirit." Arguing amongst themselves, one of the men said, "You must be one of them escaped crazies!" Smiling, I replied, "You don't believe what I tell you, so I must rejoin my ship." Sheer shock accompanied their faces as I shot towards the sky, hovering about them for a few moments before entering the crystal spaceship.

Inside the ship, I saw no instrumentation but noticed the Venusian spirits were joyous beings. Shooting towards the heavens, we glowed through the sky. No matter, the time was nigh, soon the tribes of the earth would awaken, and until then I must return to the world of form.

*"On the mansion worlds, after your vision range is extended and you are freed from the fetters of material comparisons, you can begin to comprehend the meaning of those realities which 'eye cannot see nor ear hear, and which have never entered the*

*concept of human minds,' even those things which 'God has prepared for those who love such eternal verities.' You are not always to be so limited in the range of your vision and spiritual comprehension."*

*The Urantia Book, Paper 24, No. 6, Paragraph 2,  
(Christianity, Urantia)*

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Entering a cavern, large stalagmites about fifteen feet high ascended from the rock floors. When my guide and I arrived, a man was waiting who was sub-conscious astral. "I want to bring in something really special," he said, referring to his work on the earth, "Do you think you can help me find it?" Our guide lifted his arms to a side wall of the cavern as a river began to instantly flow through it. As they walked into the river, I stood by and watched as the guide lifted his arms to the sky and they both began to glow with light. Addressing me to join them, we created a power triad of light, and afterwards, the man walked through a door in the wall of the crater while our guide disappeared.

Following the man who walked through the door, I noticed him playing music on a piano. As I came up behind him and began to sing along, he began to cry. Reaching in a flood of emotion to hug me, he said, "Now I know who you are!" Intrigued, I asked, "Well, who am I?" Quickly, he jumped up and ran over to a drawer in a desk. Pulling out some drawings, he explained, "I was given these drawings years ago, they are pictures of my spiritual guides." Handing them to me, he pointed to two drawings right next to each other. "As you can see, these two guides are the same." "Oh, my God!" I cried out, as I



looked at them. "I was told many years ago that one of my guides would be incarnating to help the earth-plane." Continuing to look at the pictures, they were of me. One of them was a drawing of my physical manifestation, and underneath it, it said, 'Marilynn.' To the left was a drawing of myself as a luminescent golden angel, and underneath it, it 'Odyssey (Marilynn).'

Sharing with me that he was soon to be passing and that I must continue his work, he said he would guide me from the other side as I had done for him. All of this came to pass, in that he crossed over and began to guide and direct my soul in the continuance of this eternal mission from the other side of existence.

*"In order to be inspired to extract the essence of our precious human life we must appreciate the nature of our spiritual situation . . . The first of these is that we should make every effort to accomplish the spiritual path."*

*Training the Mind in the Great Way, Point One, Page 55-56, Bottom & Top, (Buddhism, Tibetan, Author: Gyalwa Gendun Druppa the First Dalai Lama)*

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Emerging upon a city of light, I ascended a crystal staircase permeated with white light and walked through a long hallway before I entered a distant back room awaiting the entry of someone. Many people were waiting in this room, talking openly about their various roles in the manifestation of the work I was to bring into the earth, but as he entered . . . all became silent. Absolutely peaceful, his long black hair went all the way down his back and

he wore a red buffalo skin. Speaking at the other side of the room, his very way was of calmness and serenity.

Moments later, he floated over to me, very quietly putting his hands on my shoulders. For a few moments, we just stared into each others eyes, feeling the intensity of this soul's vibration.

Communicating intense eternal love, I witnessed the way of the peaceful spirit. Wanting to touch his long black hair, he knew my innermost thoughts. "Please, touch my hair." Slowly, I lifted my hand to his hair. "It's so soft." I said. "And it's so long! Your whole being is so beautiful." Nervously, I moved back, but he came towards me. "You may call me Long Hair. Surrender your reality to spirit and flow within the now." Mesmerized by his entrancing gaze, he said, "My dear loved one. Once you experience truth, you cannot split yourself between the physical and the spiritual. You exist spiritually in the spirit realm, and commence physical illusory reality when you return to your body. You have transcended the illusion, and must bring reality into your illusion. You can no longer act according to illusion . . . anywhere."

Hugging me, he took my hand and placed it on his hair, again. Feelings surged through me as I felt his hair, memories of many days among the Indians, memories of my love for their ways. "Remembrance is food for the spirit, drink of it often. What I represent before you is a part of you that will never die. Feelings such as these flow into eternity, just as we who watch you from the sky fly with you always. Never doubt our love for you. Our separation is

temporary, and our love is eternal. One such as you may find it difficult living in a reality devoid of intensity as you know it. Know that such intensity exists in the world of surrender, the world of truth. The world of spirit, my world, is yours, as it is every soul's." Cautiously, I looked up and he continued. "Surrender. Follow the longings of your spirit, once you let go, you will let us in. That is the time that I will return. An open spirit is an open sieve for us to travel. We are with you always, but it is when you flow with the river of surrender that you become aware of us." Warmly embracing me, he turned to leave.

Another Indian man walked in the room, this one with short black hair. Searing eyes met mine, as everyone else left the room as he entered. "Do you remember who I am?" he asked, as he approached me. Saying nothing, I nodded; 'No.' Waving his arms, the room that we were in became a clear starry night sky.

Pointing to a galaxy in the distance, he took my hand and we soared towards it. Reaching a planet in the galaxy, we hovered above. A lifetime in this world played before my eyes, a love unrequited due to circumstance. He'd been an android, but a conscious form of life, and I was human. A union between our two forms of life was not possible. Although I loved him deeply, I knew that our differences were irreconcilable, so I let him go. Finding him a female android, they eventually fell in love.

"We have been together other times," he said, "the manifestations I show you now should be

familiar." I couldn't remember no matter how hard I tried, but I could FEEL, and my spirit remembered the deep and true love between our souls. "That was a beautiful gift of love you gave to me in that lifetime," he said, referring to the lifetime on another world, "I am returning those gifts to you now. I am helping . . . we are all helping you to bring in so many things. You still cling to illusions, however, rather than surrendering to the wind of spirit."

Pausing, he looked into my eyes with a passion that made me feel inner conflict. "Try to remember the days when we walked the plains together, or the days of ancient Maya when you were my queen. We are who you think we are, but will not believe. Allow our Odyssey to descend and let Marilyn go, for she is but a vehicle. Our love is vast, indeed!" Intense eyes looking into mine, he suddenly was gone.

Entering into the body of an Indian woman, I was sewing a dress made of buffalo skin. Noticing my dark skin and long black hair which flowed forward when I bent over, I suddenly looked up to see an Indian man. Outside of the teepee arguing with his mother, she was trying to warn us that we were in danger. Living outside the Cheyenne encampment because I was from another tribe, one which the Cheyenne abhorred, she warned us of an impending attack.

In the night wind, we heard the sounds of distant drumming and the Cheyenne war call. "Whatever happens," my Cheyenne husband said, "KNOW that I love you." Quietly, I responded, "And I, you."

About twenty Cheyenne armed with knives

and tomahawks burst into the teepee as a young brave grabbed my husband, slashing his hand. Feeling intense pain, I watched as he was taken away. Instantly . . . I felt absolute terror.

Running through the woods the next moment, the war party was chasing me, as within minutes my violent death occurred. Leaving the body as I hung upside down from a tree, slashed and bleeding, I could still feel the penetration of the knives as I returned to form.

#### LITTLE GIRL WARRIOR

*Who are you, sad Indian face? You stare at me through eyes of grace.  
A noble child, your breed stood tall. Amongst the thieves, you held to the soil.  
Your painted cheeks cry out to me, create a dream, curiosity  
Surrounds your face, hair long and black. In my mind, I look back.*

*There was a day when you were here. Your beauty shows a tiny tear.  
The way of love destroyed by man, they took it all, they took the land.  
Speak to me, little girl warrior. I know your face tells a story.  
Your spirit calls to all mankind, "Open your eyes, listen for the signs!"*

*"The day has come for my return. The ways of old will spark and burn.  
All that I am, an Indian child, returns again with passion wild."  
The voice rescinds, my heart stirs. Her heart speaks out, but no one hears.  
A knowing look, I glance her way. "I hear you child. New dawn, new day!"*

***"Taken by the waves of afflictions, sunk in the  
torrents, they are tormented by a hundred miseries in  
the triple world, wrapped up in the clusters, thinking  
of them as self - For their sake we strive, to release  
them from pain."***

*The Flower Ornament Scripture, The Ten Stages, Page  
720, Stanza 5, (Buddhism, Mahayana)*

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Rescinding form, my spirit was taken through the corridor to a realm of deep blue as I awaited the

arrival of someone I was to meet. Floating and wearing a long colorful gown, she had a bandana wrapped around her auburn hair. "I am Madame Trinidad," she said.

Quickly coming towards me, she began speaking. "A destiny is unfolding for you, my dear child, one so vast as to open a door of transcendence from fear for all spirits incarnate in human form!" Looking in her eyes, I sighed, "That sounds like a big job." Her serious nature did not change. "It is, my child, it is. There are many who follow your destiny and each part of the awakening is precious to the whole. A voice cries out, a soul is stirring! Many souls in the voice of one are calling! 'I am remembering who I am, I am waking!' The gentlest movement has been stirred deep within the spirit of manifest life. Secret longing and unknown remembrance of love greater than any in form! The longing to know and to understand, no longer lies dormant, but is turning in its sleep. Reaching out to the surface, it finds an ego that has grown so large as to block its entrance into the vehicle of physical life." Taking my hands, she looked deeply into my eyes. "Those who have awakened must become vehicles of transcendence, as there will be no confrontation to fear centered thinking. Fear is dissolved through love. All life stirs for the love of the Great One."

Stopping, she created a scrapbook to show me, "This is for you to remember me by," she said, "go ahead, look through it." Inside were newspaper clippings and other physically grounded stuff. "No, thank you," I replied, "I will not allow physical grounding and negativity into my reality, for love is

all that I see." She brightened. "Very good, my child of the stars. GO! Show others what you see! Not only through words, but through expression! And don't allow physical interference in any form. Show those who sleep what it is to *feel* love in its totality. Act with love towards all life, all consciousness. Recognize that their destiny is parallel to your own, despite their limited knowing. Let your own love, peace and transcendence express itself in physical reality. All life stirs for the love of the Great One. This is how fear will dissolve into nothingness."

Releasing my hands, she foraged through a small purse she had created. In it she found a band-aid and put it on my finger. "The ego oriented planets have a gift for you; a band-aid to filter out all the negativity in your work with them." Chuckling quietly, I said, "Planets?" "Aaaaah," she said as she pointed her finger upwards, "An observant spirit, indeed! I did say planets, as you are manifesting in several at this time. We are opening the bridge of light between the other side and physical manifest worlds on several planets." She stopped and picked up my bandaged finger. "As you will notice, it takes very little to filter out negativity as that energy has no power. The power of love is of a much higher vibration than fear, and one who is love cannot be truly harmed by it. It is only when one exits love and enters fear that an equal confrontation takes place. Once those shadows are seen, they are no longer a mystery and they disappear. A light lit bright in a pocket of darkness forces those in fear to see their shadows. In our realms, we speak not of love, for we ARE love. Anything else is foreign to us. Bring this

reality into the illusion!" She began waving her arms wildly to and fro with a flow of energy that now encircled us. Suddenly, she shot towards the sky in a flash of light and disappeared.

***"The secrets of Divinington include the secret of the bestowal and mission of Thought Adjusters. Their nature, origin, and the technique of their contact with the lowly creatures of the evolutionary worlds is a secret of this Paradise sphere."***

*The Urantia Book, Paper 13, No. 1, Paragraph 5,  
(Christianity, Urantia)*

***"His blessings will be sought for by the offerers, those who are living now, and those who have lived, as will they who are to me, the immortal souls of the righteous in eternity."***

*The Avesta, Yasna 45, No. 7, (Zoroastrianism, Words of Zarathustra)*

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Entering into a realm of existence whose beauty was beyond words, the angel who had come for me and I sat atop two large gray rocks atop a hill in an iridescent plain of green grass and trees. Blue emeralds seemed to dot the sky as stars shot constantly to and fro across the dark sea-colored horizon. Feelings of love rushed through us; a playful, joyful love. And for a moment, I thought to myself that this place reminded me somewhat of the hill in Galilee where Christ taught.

Up in the distance, a man wearing a white robe and clutching a tall cane began to approach. "Oh, my God!" I thought, "Could it be?" Jesus of Nazareth approached as light emanated from every oracle of his bountiful spirit. Smiling peacefully, he sat on a



rock in front of us and began to telepathically convey.

"My dear child, you asked to be filled with My spirit and I have come to fill you. I am the pulse of life and love. All that I Am is all that you can be." (Christ was not saying that I could be God, like Him, but rather, that the qualities that He personified in His existence as Jesus of Nazareth could be imitated by those of us on the Earth.) Responding, I cried, "I want to be like you, Jesus. I want to personify love." Lifting his arms up to the sky, I noticed the intensity of all that he created with a single movement of his arm. Shooting stars paraded from the sky like a palisade of ice in a winter mountain cathedral. "What I am is a thought on the canvas of life; I cannot be described in words, but felt through the soul." Intrigued, I said, "It is hard for me to understand. I am beginning to truly *feel* all that you have spoken. But it confuses me that so many speak your words with little or no feeling. I feel no understanding coming from them. Why?" Patiently, he replied, "The words of my incarnation as Jesus of Nazareth are vast and well-spoken among men, but their meaning is felt by only a few who have opened their hearts. Love is all that I am and everything I will always be, concepts cannot enclose me for I am vast when set free in the heart of man." Quieting, his light never waned in brilliance. "How can I become more like you, my Lord?" I asked. "Very good, my dear child!" he said, "a true yearning to know the truth. An open heart will hear the truth in whatever form it comes." A pause. "Set out to know me, not as a concept, but as a light within darkness, a touch when you're all alone, a true existence in the realms of consciousness. I am

not dead, for I live in every crevice of every rock, in the rushing water of the streams, and all the pulsating rhythms of life. I am the consciousness of one known as Christ, and I love you greatly. Hear me call your spirit into service." "I hear you," I cried in ecstasy, "I want to serve God." "I know, my dear child, I know. What I am cannot be expressed through anything but love. Open your spirit and my spirit will flow ever so gracefully with your own for we are truly one. My guidance will help you in times of confusion." Reaching out to touch my shoulders, I knew His love was vast enough to encompass every living soul who only so much as asked for his true guidance, not out of fear, but out of love for Him. His peaceful eyes met mine, and I began to disappear.

MY MESSIAH

*Destiny calls the night wind's cause  
The birth of wisdom flies in the stars  
The name emblazoned, a holy being  
My Messiah, you've come again*

*Flutes fill the spaces deep in my heart  
But travelers reckon the pathways to chart  
The vision of love, the glory of light  
My Messiah, My Lord, I saw you tonight*

*Embers of knowing and truths of the past  
The spirit of love fills lands with its cast  
The eyes hold a vision, the seer of thoughts  
I call for your wisdom, my Messiah, you're home*

*A moment is captured, a moment of love  
Reuniting, assembling, returning to God  
My thanks fill the hour with all that's divine  
My Messiah, you've come, you knew it was time*

***"Jesus said, 'Come to me, for my yoke is easy and my***

*mastery is gentle, and you will find rest for yourselves.' They said to him, 'Tell us who you are so that we may believe in you.' He said to them, 'You examine the face of heaven and earth, but you have not come to know the one who is in your presence, and you do not know how to examine this moment.'"*

*The Gospel of Thomas, No. 90-91, (Christianity,  
Gnostic/Essene, Words of Christ)*

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Entering the chapel, the Native American man came over to me as I sat waiting for this night's quest. Wearing a charming smile that never dimmed, his long black hair was slightly graying. What struck me the most was the medicine wheel he wore around his neck lying quietly on his bare chest. Pictures of sheep were etched on the piece, they were running to freedom. "Those with few words," he said, "need not listen to those with many. The meek and timid sheep does not always stand reluctantly in silence. Will you run to freedom?" He spoke of my attachment to those in my past who did not share my spiritual journey, and were very much holding me back. Then he was gone.

Leaving the chapel with one of these incompatible people, we arrived at our vehicle. Noticing that the parking space overlooked a large cliff, I looked over the side to see a Native American encampment below. Yearning to join them, I watched their dance of life as the men dived in and out of the coral reef, hunting for fish, and the women danced happily around the campfire preparing what they had caught. Turning away from that which would have given me peace, I went with the other

person out of a sense of obligation, who wanted to go to a store in a shopping center. Following on foot, I immediately sensed that something was wrong when I entered the store. Fear and foreboding exuded from every pore of this place.

Looking to the wall, I saw a sign that read, "This is the house of Satan, a place of fear. All that reside here follow a falsehood, though they believe in its reality. All that they are is all that they have chosen to be, a sad state, indeed. If you are love, do not reside here!"

As I ran to the door, the person with me refused to leave, and in so doing, some rather horrible demons came to 'sacrifice' this person to their 'God.' (Materialism, Greed and Worldliness) As I ran out, a man with pointed teeth tried to grab me for sacrifice, as well. But I looked at him calmly and replied, "I am of love, I know that you are not real. You are but a fear within the hearts of many men."

Looking down, he let go of me and sadly replied, "Loving being, thank you for giving me hope. As I am a creation of the fearful mind of man, I play my part with grace. Oh, but I do wish for the day when all mankind sees me for who I truly am, a distortion of truth. It is then that I will join you as a creation of love." Nodding that I understood, I turned to go.

"Let me help you!" He called out. "In order to leave this fearful reality of the world, you must follow the path of the flowers! They are the path of new life and love, the path of completion, as well as, the seed of new awakenings!"

Running towards my car, another incompatible

person was now present and prepared to drive. "Drive towards the path of the flowers," I told her, but she refused and immediately entered a ghetto which represented her chaotic and agitated thinking. Wanting to rescue the other person I'd left behind in the store, I reluctantly agreed. Moments later, however, I changed my mind. "I will not return to a place of fear," I said, "he has chosen the way of fear, and ultimately death of the spirit. However I know that he will be fine as his Father will be with him and show him the Way." "We have to help him," she said, "he could die!" Knowingly, I replied, "He has already chosen the way of fear, but he will not truly die."

Pointing in the direction she had taken, I said, "That is not the way to the truth, we must take the path of new life!" She disappeared, as suddenly the windshield became a torrent of wind filled with rose petals and magical displays of blossoms in color. Pastel blues, pinks, peaches, purples and white filled my vision as I soared through the path of the flowers.

Awaiting me at the end of the path was the Native American man with the medicine wheel. Flying to him in a fury, I entered his arms which were held high in embrace. Changing color, his medicine wheel was no longer orange (restraint) and red (passion), just red. Although I didn't know it, he was energizing my walk into karma. A soul must walk many extremes in its path, from one to its opposite, in order to eventually achieve balance.

"Thank you. Thank you for showing me life!" I shouted as I hugged him gently. Putting his hands on my shoulders, he said, "My child you have surrendered to love! I rejoice, indeed! Every time

you overlap another's fearful reality, you enter it, as well. Do not enter fear, whatever the cost, for the road to surrender requires a purity of love in the spirit."

Pointing to the path of the flowers, he said, "You have traveled this path, now do not return to the start of it. Transcend those in fear, do not participate. Fear cannot understand love, and love cannot understand fear. Words will not change what is in the heart. Keep your own heart pure." "I will," I said, "and thank you . . ." He turned, and disappeared.

*"Behold, I am sending you like sheep in the midst of wolves; so be shrewd as serpents and simple as doves."*

*New American Bible, New Testament, Matthew 10:16,  
(Christianity, Catholic, Words of Christ)*

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"Fill me with light!" I shouted in the midst of a vibrational raising, "I will transmute it into my being!" An angelic spirit descended holding a lighted wand. Sparkly light surrounded her lithe form and golden hair, as rays of light surged into my third eye and pulsated through my body like a wanton tornado as she waved her wand.

Suddenly, my spirit soared out of body and began to fly effortlessly through the heavens. Like a massive snowstorm, the stars flew by me in quick bursts of heavenly light. Speeding by planets and galaxies, my spirit landed upon the body of a star.

Bright and awesome, the light was extremely bright but did not hurt my eyes. In a surge of instinct, I plunged onto the surface, almost hugging the star with my soul. As I lay, the starlight merged into

every crevice of my soul, and my spirit took on some of the immortal energies of the star. A white mist enveloped me, particles of starlight, which created a feeling of absolute bliss.

An unseen force pulled my soul away, and during my flight back I passed by a planet of purple and blue, swirling with a marble rotating design. Seeing planets with parallel sets of rings, as well as, double rings that rotated in opposite directions around the planet. "Thank you, Great Spirit," I shouted to the heavens, "for filling me with light!" An inaudible 'your welcome' was felt from within my soul and all around me in the star-filled blackness of night.

***"Jesus said, 'Images are visible to people, but the light within them is hidden in the image of the father's light. He will be disclosed, but his image is hidden by his light.'"***

*The Gospel of Thomas, No. 83, (Christianity,  
Gnostic/Essene, Words of Christ)*

***"For he saith, Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God has prepared for them that wait for him."***

*The Lost Books of the Bible and the Forgotten Books of Eden, I Clement, Chapter XVI, Verse 8, (Christianity)*

## **CHAPTER NINE**

***"Hence virtue is perpetually feeble, the great strength of evil being extremely intense, and except for a Fully Awakening Mind by what other virtue will it be overcome?"***

*A Guide to the Bodhisattva's Way of Life, Chapter 1, No. 6,  
(Buddhism, Tibetan, Author: Shantideva)*

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Soaring, hundreds of maggots began exiting my body through the bottoms of my feet. Knowing that these disgusting little things were there because of old beliefs, negative thoughts, and delusional thinking, it appeared that some of that darkness of my karmic journey was beginning to be released.

As they fell out into the sky, they would slowly extinguish into non-existence and disappear. Apparently, it wasn't necessary to analyze each piece of darkness, just to allow it to dissipate.

Watching them fall, images of past lives were presented to me like a vision within a vision . . . a lifetime as a highway robber; a bedraggled man riding a mule in the desert looking for his next victim . . . a lifetime bound in a wheelchair . . . other lives of suffering through poverty, disease and injury.

Less than a millisecond passed before I was now looking upon a marble temple, the steps leading to its pinnacle at my feet. A group of souls was listening to a white-robed teacher, "All of you who have come today are bringing in changes," he said, "I have only one word for you, and that is love." Lowering his head, everyone began to feel an intense energy of love beyond words, and they immediately understood what he had meant.

Floating up towards the marble steps, I sat down, and suddenly felt a presence behind me. "We are calling you into service, my child; allow whatever comes to enter for we will be asking many varied tasks." The familiar voice of Long Hair spoke, "This is



the Temple to the Indians, and many of us reside here in total harmony and love." He paused. "You have lived here in the past." Not surprised, I felt very comfortable and familiar here. "You are *becoming*, my child," Long Hair continued, "Lessons are being learned and released into the universe. Surrender is near as the spirit cries for more awareness. Much can be accomplished through an open sieve." At that moment, I recognized the importance of his message, for it indicated the absolute certainty of the path. When you are *becoming*, you are *not there*, yet. Quietly, Long Hair floated away effortlessly.

Standing before a seeking soul, I looked down to notice that I was manifesting as Odyssey, a higher aspect of myself who appeared as a golden transparent angel. Preparing to journey back to my body, I called out, "The Corridor," as it appeared before me. "What is it all about?" the seeking soul asked. "Love, my dear friend, it is about love." Light poured from my third eye to him, as my soul entered the cloudy violet corridor.

***"For maintenance is perpetual creation, and  
continuance is perpetual coming to be."***

*Divine Providence, Chapter 1, No. 3, Paragraph 2,  
(Christianity, Swedenborgianism, Author: Emanuel  
Swedenborg)*

#### DAWN OF NIGHT

*Resurface moon, dawn of night, feel the stars, address their light  
Time is nigh, the pathway cleared, leave the form, and enter sheer  
All is past, all is now, the future exists in the center of the Tao  
Go to reclaim a birthright vast, to reason, strange, a conscious clash*

*Flight of the wind becomes your own, the spirit light lays seeds to sow  
Drop seeds of light on mankind's heart, a beautiful gift, a wondrous art*

*Back to the stars in essence form, there's someone there at the doorway home  
Who are you familiar face, a dear old friend exists in grace*

*The moon recedes and day draws near, the spirit's called, the spirit hears  
Return to form, awake to day, remember none but illusory clay  
But next night draws, plan spirits return, a place forgotten, the pathway home  
Resurface moon, dawn of night, feel the stars, address their light*

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After I'd entered a wanton woodland, a green bus with circular windows arrived to take me to my destination. Other sub-conscious astral souls were among us, and an argument had broken out between two of them.

Ignoring the dispute, they were caught up in their ego's, arguing over who had the most exciting experiences to talk about. Interfering, the driver said, "Someone is here who can help both of you," he looked right at me, "an extra-terrestrial being with more knowledge than meets the eye." Uncomfortable, they looked at me with expectancy. "All our experiences are truly the experience of the One. When the two of you begin communicating through love, your misunderstanding will be clear."

Quiet followed the remainder of the short journey, and when we arrived at my destination, the bus driver handed me a glass of juice. "Take this," he said, "this is the juice of surrender. It will help you become one with the flow." Drinking the sweet juice quickly, I exited the bus.

As I looked at the trees, I saw an unusual sparkle coming from them, and I felt deep love for them. Becoming more flowing, my spirit was swaying to and fro in the light beam that was my soul. Beginning to enter into a deeper state of total

oneness with all that exists, I eventually became truly liquid, understanding things very clearly which had previously been a struggle to me.

Many souls were experiencing the oneness, and I was asked to join in the mass consciousness experience. Afraid, the angels came to comfort me, assuring me that what I was about to experience was an important element of truth. As the many spirit lights became one, I felt an ecstatic feeling of utter peace.

Becoming non-existent as a separate soul, I entered into a truly indescribable state, wherein I became a liquid part of the mass of all life. The beauty of this experience filled me with love and deep intense knowing. No longer was I the fragment, 'Marilynn,' but a singular molecule in the structure of life. 'Liquid mass in the consciousness of One,' triggered a profound knowing. The *you* must die, in order to become a part of the *One*. Broken down into the molecular state, I experienced a singular molecule in a liquid strand of life . . . a thought within the mind of God.

Returning to form, I was forever changed.

*"Although they are similar in appearance, common people behold forms and other such things and conceive of them to be really existent; they do not understand them to be like an illusion. But since yogis do understand them to exist in such a way, it is here that the yogis and the common people disagree . . . Although it does not appear to the common person, because it appears to those yogis who have merely seen personal identitylessness, there is no mistake in its being a deceptive truth . . . Compared to the*

*worldly view of things as permanent and so forth, the yogi's vision of momentariness is posited as a vision of Reality itself."*

*A Guide to the Bodhisattva's Way of Life, Chapter IX, Answers 5, 7, 8, (Buddhism, Tibetan, Author: Shantideva)*

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Calling to the universe, I shouted, "The Causal Plane, please take me to the Causal Plane." My spirit shot through the heavens in one constant motion, and stopped in a black void. A rounded light doorway beckoned, and I entered with fury. Inside, geometric gems shot up from every crevice in the ground. Tall and pastel colored amethysts and diamonds permeated every inch of this place. Triangular shapes seared into the sky like arrows; and power, direct and beautiful, shone through the illuminated forms. Blue green skies and tiny glittering stars emanated like sparklers on the fourth of July.

Stopping to engage, I began concentration and focus on the manifestation of my work on the ground. As light came from my heart center, a glowing beam shot straight from myself to the energy vortices creating an explosion in light. "Thank you, Oh mighty universe, you are wondrous, indeed!" I said. Upon return, I received light for several more hours.

*"How shall I ever be able to tell you of the riches and the treasures and the delights which are to be found in the fifth Mansions? I think it would be better if I were to say nothing of the Mansions I have not yet treated, for no one can describe them, the understanding is unable to comprehend them and no comparisons will avail to explain them, for earthly*

***things are quite insufficient for this purpose."***

*Interior Castle, Fifth Mansions, Chapter 1, Paragraph 1,*

*(Christianity, Catholic, Author: St. Teresa of Avila)*

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Approaching with a smile, the Native American man approached as my soul awakened from sleep. Taking my hand, we soared through the time tunnel, entering the body of a native woman in a small tribal encampment laid by the river. "My name is Spinoza," he said.

Standing in a field, he asked me to take flight. Shooting towards the sky in a rush of delight, we began soaring in ecstasy. "There are three levels of transcendence, Swallow Bird," he said, "these are low, moderate and high level. You are now ready to become more of what you are becoming, but there is one more thing you must learn in order to become of high level transcendence. This is the manipulation of matter through spiritual means."

"I know what you mean," I responded. Flying into a grocery store, I noticed a poor man was leaving with little food for his family. Creating a disturbance, I picked up some food and flew into the parking lot as he exited the store. When he wasn't looking, I dropped it into his basket. Spinoza was pleased. Continuing with this process, we stopped at several more places wherein we manipulated matter through spiritual means, in essence, doing the work of Guardian Angels.

Finally, he directed us towards the moon. "Create an unexplained disturbance on the moon," he said, "something that will perplex mankind when they find it." Following his direction, I created

handprints in the rocky surface. Taking my hand, Spinoza flew me back to my home.

An entire tribe was waiting at my house, concerned that they might wake my husband. "What are you all doing?" I asked. "It is in celebration of the new transcendent being that is you!" Spinoza gave me one last hug, "The tribe of Swallow River rejoices at your memory of them. The tribe cannot stay in this place for long, but we are preparing a home where we can abide together in harmony and the flow of nature, and in this place we will commune often." Spinoza kissed me on the cheek and turned to fly away.

Several native women specifically asked me to record the contents of their visit. "You are no longer who you were yesterday, that being is an image in the illusion of time. Do not forget who we are, for we are the tribe of Swallow River."

*"When, through illusion, I and others are wandering  
in the Sangsara, Along the bright light-path of  
undistracted listening, reflection, and meditation,  
May the Gurus of the Inspired Line lead us, May the  
bands of Mothers be our rear-guard . . ."*

*The Tibetan Book of the Dead, The Appendix, II, The Path  
of Good Wishes for Saving from the Dangerous Narrow  
Passageway of the Bardo, No. 2, Page 199, (Buddhism,  
Tibetan)*

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And so it came to pass that I learned how to transform dark energies that one takes on from another. Putting both hands together while in the vibrational state, allow each finger to join with the corresponding finger from the other hand. As the energy increases and grows, you place one of the

energized hands on the chest and abdomen (heart and emotional centers), which releases the negative energies immediately.

*"When mindfulness is set with the purpose of guarding the doorway of the mind, then alertness will come about and even that which had gone will return. When, just as I am about (to act), I see that my mind is tainted (with defilement), at such a time I should remain unmoveable, like a piece of wood."*

*A Guide to the Bodhisattva's Way of Life, Chapter V, No. 28-29, (Buddhism, Tibetan, Author: Shantideva)*

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Flying through the ceiling, I was greeted by a large astral spaceship. Round with many glowing lights emanating from two circular chambers underneath, I followed my inner knowing and quickly shot up inside. A man and woman appeared, the female with long black hair pulled on top of her head, and the male was tall and brunette with a stocky build. Wearing bright uniforms, she wore one in emerald blue, while he wore one with a smoky rose color.

Emitting peace, they held out their arms in welcome. Coming forward, I sensed communication but it was not clear. Putting her hand on my forehead and sending a pulsing energy force through my spirit, she held it still until it exploded inwardly in light, creating an opening in my soul. Communicating telepathically, they conveyed, "We are from the galaxy of Alpha Centauri. We come from a completely telepathic race. We have come to help you to open your channels of telepathy. Join us as we return to our world to show you who we are."

Soaring at the speed of light, I couldn't feel any movement from the chamber of the spaceship. Blue metallic walls surrounded a circular room where two chairs awaited. She and I sat down, while the man lay on the floor. Watching as they demonstrated the way of light, the female turned to the male and they closed their eyes. "I am feeling a very intense emotion!" She thought loudly, "It is a strong joyful vibration that I am sensing." Holding out her hands to the man, he gently touched them. "Share what I am feeling." She thought. Holding each other's hands for several moments, they were able to sense and feel everything from one another just by touching. "It is a beautiful vibration you have tuned into," the man thought, as they both glowed with light.

Turning to me, they laid their hands on the top of my head, allowing me to sense the vibration through my crown chakra. Vibrations of love and joy filled my soul. "We have come to open your telepathic channels, will you let us?" "Yes," I thought, "I will." Looking into my eyes, he thought, "Remove the barriers you have created to freedom, enter the flow of the higher will and all will be known to you. We are what you will become. We are what all people of the earth will become. Do you feel the flow?" "Yes," I thought loudly, "I feel it, it is within my grasp, but I don't quite have it!" Embracing me tightly, the humming vibration began to grow and increase in frequency.

With a sudden jolt, a massive force pulled my spirit back, releasing a part of me that had no true identity. My soul fell to the floor in the freedom of the release, and a massive light beam was now within



my life force. "Spirit, you are now a part of the flow. Feel its beauty and the vibration of peace!" Flowing back and forth, I thought, "All that is, is all that I am." They smiled, and the woman began to think. "We all come from the same place, my dear spirit, isn't it wonderful to go home?"

Before I could reply, they opened a window to the universe. Peering outside of the spaceship, a huge planet was directly before us. "This is our home," they thought simultaneously. So illuminated by light, you could not distinguish its color; and an enormous sun, half the size of the planet, began rising from the horizon.

Peering in awe, the universal movement directed me to form.

*"Moreover, such individuals are 'universal' in their sympathies, and can feel with any form of life with which they come in contact . . . Many of the great illumined souls of the race, having this consciousness in at least some degree, find themselves 'at home' with all manners and conditions of mankind, and in many cases with the lower life forms, as well . . . It may be seen at once that when one has a feeling of fellowship with all Life (and such individuals have this to some degree), then there are created certain bonds and links of sympathy and unity which serve to unite the individual more or less strongly to all living things."*

*The Secret Doctrine of the Rosicrucians, Part VIII, The Three Higher Planes, Page 14, Paragraph 2, (Mystery Religions, Rosicrucian)*

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Rescinding form, I took my husband's hand

and flew to the bedroom door in our new country home. Behind the door was a large carving of the sun with two distinct faces portrayed. One side of the carving displayed a happy face, while the other half glinted with fear and suspicion. Looking somewhat like an ancient Aztec sun calendar, Andy became frightened when the image became animated and prepared to speak. Directly at Andy, he quietly said, "Boo." Andy's fear was quickly deflated by this humorous gesture. "Who are you?" I asked the being. "I am a sun spirit," he replied. "I am confused by the two sides that your faces represent," I said, "Which are you?" Becoming fully fearful, he said, "To those who come to me in fear, I teach them about fear." Becoming fully loving, he continued, "But to those who come to me in love, I teach of love. I am whatever you perceive me to be."

*"Know ye, O my brother, that fear is an obstacle great; be master of all in the brightness, the shadow will soon disappear. Hear ye, and heed my wisdom, the voice of LIGHT is clear, seek not the valley of shadow, and light only will appear."*

*The Emerald Tablets of Thoth the Atlantean, Tablet VIII,  
Page 45, Paragraph 5, (Mystery Religions,  
Egyptian/Hermetic, Words of Thoth)*

Suddenly, a spirit jumped out of the carving and became an Indian woman. Noticing that my medicine wheel had manifested on the wall, she took it and flew out the window towards the woods. Running after her, I begged, "Please return my medicine wheel, it is a most cherished possession." Following her, I was determined to retrieve my sacred object. Reaching the backyard, I noticed a

massive ribbed tunnel which had opened, leading to an interior woodland.

Running through the tunnel, I turned a curve and fell to the ground. Now in the midst of a dense, thick forest, the woman was standing on a cliff just above a river. "No!" I screamed out as I saw her jump into the river, "The paint will be ruined." Flying towards her, I jumped in the water, as well.

In the water, I quickly forgot about my medicine wheel as I emerged at the surface to observe hundreds of Native Americans coming out from hiding in this beautiful forest glade. Emerging from the depths was the woman who had taken my medicine wheel, which was now washed clean. The painting was gone.

Looking around me, I saw our home in wavy energy form. "These realities overlap," she said, "though you may not see this world with your physical eyes in your body, know that this world is here. We exist on top of your world as interspersed energy. Know that you may traverse the tunnel to our world at any time." Handing me the medicine wheel, she continued, "Paint what is within your spirit upon this wheel, be willing to take your spirit far. Know that your medicine wheel of life can never be broken . . . only changed." Understanding, I thanked her.

Returning to the house, Andy was still looking at the carving on the door, "I am here, I am there, and I am everywhere I please." It said. Taking his hand, we returned to the physical realm, knowing that the tribe of Swallow River had made its home with us.

Within moments, my spirit was awaking back

to the physical world, only to fade back and re-enter the spiritual spheres, this time through the time tunnel.

Entering the body of a young Indian woman, I was holding a tiny newborn baby. Another woman lay on the ground recovering from labor. "Will you raise my baby?" she asked, "her father does not know that she is his and I will not tell him." "You should tell him, Clear Heart," I responded, "Kusokway will change for his baby." "No," she quietly retorted, "he will not know she is his. He lives in another camp and will never find out." Pausing a moment, she looked intently with great anxiety into my eyes. "Please, Lone Wolf Child, will you take my child and raise it as your own?" Noticing the tears in her eyes at such a heartrending request, I put my hand in hers. "It is an honor to be asked, and I will take this child as my own." Her face shone with relief as she looked at me with love and thanks. Moments later, she turned to sleep from the fatigue of labor.

Kusokway was a wild spirit who enjoyed many women and his freedom. A very handsome man, it was easy for him to get away with it.

Lone Wolf Child was my name in part because of my appearance. Not terribly pretty, I had a large bone structure which made me awkward, and my face was covered in pock marks from a bad case of acne. Consequently, I spent much time alone as men were not often attracted to me. Deep inside, however, I was terribly in love with Kusokway, though I always had known he would never have any interest in one such as myself. Nevertheless, the feelings I had whenever I was near him made me unable to let

go of this love I held for his soul. Clear Heart had known this. Giving me Kusokway's baby, even under these circumstances, was an act of honoring my love for her *and* the baby's father. Having no desire to raise the child, she'd known that I did.

About six months after the child was born, I was unexpectedly needed in another camp. My skills as a midwife had become well-known, so I packed Wet Eyes (My child was named for her excessive crying) onto my back in a papoose, waiting for my escort to arrive before leaving for the other camp. Many Clouds, an old and wise man, was coming to protect me on my journey.

The three-day journey gave us much time to talk, and Many Clouds had known of my secret love for Kusokway and the birthright of this child. "You must tell Kusokway of his child," he said with exasperation, "we will be in his camp and he must know of the love you have offered his child." "But I am ugly," I said, "Kusokway will have no interest in me." Many Clouds looked at me with love and held my hand, "What I see is beauty of the spirit, perhaps you are not meant to be a Lone Wolf Child any longer. Promise me that you will at least tell him of his child." Thinking a moment, I lowered my head, "I will tell him of his child, but that is all."

As we arrived at the camp, the woman was very close to birth and my plans of speaking with Kusokway were postponed. Shortly after the child was born, however, an opportunity presented itself. In my confusion after the delivery, I took Wet Eyes and entered into a teepee, thinking that it was the one set up for us. To my surprise, however, I had walked

into Kusokway's teepee. Sitting on the floor, he'd motioned for me to come over. "How is Corn of Light?" He asked regarding the condition of the woman who had just given birth. "They are both fine." I said. "She had a boy."

Turning to leave, he quickly stopped me, "Please don't go. I'm lonely and would welcome company." Nervously, I sat down, removing the papoose from my back. Holding Wet Eyes in my arms, I began rocking her to sleep. Kusokway tickled her feet, "What a tiny little baby, so much beauty in such a tiny package." Pausing, I quietly said, "I . . . I have something . . ." Kusokway interrupted me with a kiss. Putting the baby down to sleep on her blankets, Kusokway took me in his arms and pulled me beside him. Surprised, I hugged him intensely and returned his kiss when Kusokway got very nervous. "I hope you know that this is all there will ever be." He said, "There could never be more with you. I need a . . . uh . . ." Finishing his words for him, I said, "Pretty woman, I know and I don't care." As I was kissing his neck, he was suddenly in a different state of mind. Looking almost sickened by what he had said to me, we sat in silence for a few moments. "That is a horrible thing to say . . . or believe." Kusokway said. Replying nonchalantly, I said, "But I know I'm not attractive, it doesn't surprise me."

Suddenly, Many Clouds entered the teepee, and I began to sweat in fear. Looking at my child, I was afraid that I might lose her. Picking Wet Eyes up, I tried to remain calm for what may very well be the last time I could hold her. Many Clouds sat down, looking at me with expectancy. "I have something to

tell you," I said to Kusokway, but Many Clouds jumped in, "The child, Wet Eyes, was born to Clear Heart and given to Lone Wolf Child at birth to raise. This child is yours Kusokway." Handing Wet Eyes to Kusokway, I tearfully got up to leave. "No!" Kusokway shouted. "Wait! You have taken care of my child. I am grateful. But why? Clear Heart is not dead." I couldn't say anything, so Many Clouds spoke for me. "It is out of love for you Kusokway. In your limited vision, you could only see what lay on the outside. But deep inside of Lone Wolf Child is a spirit filled with love for you and your child. When Clear Heart gave her your baby, she saw it as a great gift."

Kusokway now looked down upon the child which lay in his arms. "I will call you Kimosabi, for you are a friend I had lost, but have now rediscovered." Looking at me, he said, "You are no longer Lone Wolf Child, for I know who you are. You are Starlight! The Great Spirit has sent you to me in this way to teach me. I have looked in the wrong places to find love, and now love presents itself to me in a star, which in my limited vision, I saw only as a Lone Wolf Child." Taking my hand, he embraced me. "Will you join me in union, Starlight?" "Yes," I quietly said, "It would be an honor."

Flown to view a period later in time, I witnessed the entire family of Kusokway, Starlight, and Kimosabi happily going through life together, and I realized that Kusokway bore the spirit of my current husband, as Kimosabi bore the soul of my eldest daughter in this current life.

*"The host of thieves who are my own disturbing*

*conceptions will search for a good opportunity; Having found it they will steal my virtue and destroy (the attainment of) life in a happy realm. Therefore I shall never let mindfulness depart from the doorway of my mind. If it goes, I should recall the misery of the lower realms and firmly re-establish it there."*

*A Guide to the Bodhisattva's Way of Life, Chapter V, No. 28-29, (Buddhism, Tibetan, Author: Shantideva)*

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Emmanuel bade me to witness a spectacular image in the heavens. Taken deep below the Earth's surface, I watched as the controls to several volcanoes were set to erupt. but I was surprised to find upon emerging that these were volcanoes of light in the heavens, all formed in a circular fashion like that of a medicine wheel, which erupted in a synchronicity of light, which came from the heavens and fell upon the Earth. At one point, the circle of volcanoes began spinning as a wheel, while Emmanuel brought subconscious astral spirits above them to receive of its light.

*"Glorious is it to see the Noble Ones; their company at all times brings happiness."*

*Dhammapada, Chapter XV, No. 206, (Buddhism)*

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Entering into the energies of the clouds, I became aware that they were the Guardians of the Sky, the painters of the sky who reveal images to mankind which are often unnoticed and unseen. But within these images, lie hidden meaning, mysteries and secrets to worlds beyond.

And so it came to pass that I was taken through several passages regarding thunder,



lightning, rain and clouds.

Hovering amongst the clouds, a thunderstorm was in progress and I soared to the midst of it. Pulsating rapidly with the vibrations of the storm, the raindrops would fall intermittently through my transparent self. With each bolt of lightning, an energy surge gyrated through my arms and into my head. With the thunder, my spirit exploded into the majesty of the clouds. Each movement of the clouds carried with it a distinct feeling within my soul. For a moment, I listened, as the prayers of humanity were traveling from Earth to Heaven on the heels of thunder and lightning.

A tiny raindrop beckoned. Quickly, I jumped into it and felt myself fall lightly to the ground and dissipate. Surrounded by my fellow water spirits in a puddle, I looked around. "My, how big everything looks." Suddenly, I was sucked under. Below ground, a grass blade had pulled me up through its roots and before I knew it, I evaporated back up into the sky where the clouds were making way for the sun to shine through. Peaceful gratitude filled me.

#### GUARDIANS OF THE SKY (THE CLOUD BEINGS)

*A voice, a presence, a surge from above, a willowy wisp, the spirit of love  
An inner knowing, I looked way up high, lo and behold! The Guardians of the  
Sky!  
The light shone through, a pathway cleared, but my spirit, afraid, was frozen in  
fear  
The beauteous forms, of clouds floating by, yearning to know, my call came as a  
sigh*

*Peering, I thought, 'Why do I hold back?' A voice rang in my head, up, my  
head snapped  
A majestic sound filled my brain, thunder and lightning, and then there was  
rain*

*Magnetic voices said, 'It is I, remember, you know me, I'm Guardian of the Sky.'*  
*The cloud slowly spoke, but only I heard, people walked by, they didn't hear a word*

*'Trying to reach you, I create many scenes like pathways and tunnels and velvety rain.*  
*Right there above you, remembrance brews, I show you the beauty, that beauty is true.'*  
*'Constantly changing, manipulating form, there is no limit to what I adorn. I mirror the universe, all that there is, and then I send rain in the form of a kiss.'*

*So awesome a message, such beautiful words, looking about me, still, only I heard*  
*I spoke to the cloud, I asked him, 'Why me? If no one else hears, could this really be?'*  
*The cloud began changing, a tunnel emerged, the sun's ether pathway in brilliance, immersed*  
*'I show you the pathway, my dear little one, many don't see it, but it will take you home.'*

*I reached out my arm to feel what he said, but suddenly an energy shot through my head*  
*My eyes sprung open in brilliance of light, the power of God, I felt it that night*  
*Turning to leave, I waved to the earth, 'Thank you for teaching me, and for my rebirth.'*  
*As I looked behind at the clouds in the sky, "Will you come with me?" I asked with a sigh*

*A gentle nod, 'No,' the cloud was sincere. 'I have many to reach, to the earth I'll stay near.'*  
*'My beautiful spirit, you've found your way home, There's much more to learn, through the universe you must roam.*  
*Please understand,' said the cloud with a tear in his eye, 'It gives me great joy to be Guardian of the Sky.'*  
*He turned to the earth and began to create, a beautiful display for the human race*  
*Few took the time to notice the art, but someday another, would see the sky through his heart*

#### VISION BIRD

*A bird with wings is a joy indeed; he fills the earth with emerald seeds*  
*A flight through clouds, leads to clear skies, the vision bird, thunder and lightning nigh*

*A crack of thunder, awareness begins, a flash of lightning, who have you been  
I asked a star, 'Who am I?' He replied with a fury and filled me with light*

*A sound I felt but never heard, a breeze blew by, the vision bird  
Star-filled visions filled my soul, no longer one, but part of the whole  
A spirit light flies through my brain, to clear perceptions, a summer rain  
A light, a soul, a part of God, stopping rain, recedes the cloud*

*The star looked down, 'Now you know, my beautiful spirit you've entered the  
flow.'*

*A bird flew by and said with a sigh, 'You and I, we are alike!'  
'But Vision Bird,' I called to him, 'You have wings, you fly with the wind.'  
'Aaaaah, yes I do,' the Vision Bird claimed, 'my vision is yours, go, dance in  
the rain.'*

*I took to the dance and to my surprise, my spirit shot up in a frenzy of flight  
Looking below me, I heard a voice cry, 'Vision Bird . . . will you teach ME to  
fly?'*

#### THROUGH THE EYES OF A RAINDROP

*The eyes of a raindrop, what would it see, a cloud burst created, the spirit is me  
Falling through skies, looking below, the earth it comes closer, to thunder it  
roars*

*Green tops cascading, what could they be, reaching them quickly, oh, it's a tree  
Passing them by, I whir to the ground, 'my, that was quick,' the grass makes a  
sound*

*A slight tiny whimper, a quenching of thirst, I enter the ground and am sucked  
up by roots*

*Now what I am is a blade of grass, looking around me, I grow very fast  
My brothers beside me connected in form, our oneness apparent, dominion the  
norm*

*My journey moves upward, I sweat through the blade, and enter a puddle, to  
liquid I'm made*

*No lines to separate the spirits in form, one loving mass, in water adorned  
The water keeps falling, but now I have seen through the eyes of a raindrop, my  
spirit is serene*

*The universe shudders in awesome delight, the oneness experienced, a beautiful  
sight*

*There's more to it though, than beauty alone, an awakening has surfaced, a  
spirit's gone home*

#### SPEAKING THUNDERCLOUDS

*I'm roaring, I'm reaching, I'm trying to feel, trying to discover what holds you*

*back still*

*My thunderous voice, the lights I display, should awaken your longing to  
return home someday*

*Mass retain holds your energy tight, no room to feel, and no room for flight  
But remember, my dears, it's you that I am, there's no separation between you  
and the land*

*Reach out and have it, it's yours if you ask, open to feeling all that you mask  
For where you belong, in spiritual form, your trueness embraced, your beauty  
adorned*

*Return to the state of flowing with love, feel who you are, look up above  
I thunder again to show you the way, the power you hold, the games that you  
play*

*Calling from the sky, from where you belong, I love you so much, where have  
you gone  
FEEL who I am, don't ask yourself why, you know in your heart, I'm Guardian  
of the Sky*

*Remember the day you entered the earth, I told you then there'd be a time for  
rebirth*

*I call in the storm, and my voice never stills, in your sleep, you'll remember the  
higher will*

*Love never fades, and we always express all that we are, our happiness  
There are no limits, no egos to check, we simply love you and we want you back*

#### THE WIND

*To ponder the wind, unmask what emotes, I quiet the conscious and feel gentle  
strokes*

*The swaying of grass, the shudder of trees, the clouds billow faster, I fall on my  
knees*

*The voice gently soothing, touches my heart, the sounds rise and fall as the  
leaves play and dart*

*Swishing about me, the flow and the cool, the movement of energy, of  
sweethearts and fools*

*Singing above me, our voices enmesh, as the wind blows harder and becomes  
one in bliss*

*As tree branches sway, the spirit is seen, not noticed in stillness but felt in the  
wind*

*Movement is calming, clouds billow away, the trees stop their shudder, grass  
ceases to sway*

*The energy stills and becomes only light, but it will return to bring movement  
in the night*

## THE VIBRATIONAL BEINGS (The Trees)

*The vibrational beings of the underworld, responding to movement beneath the earth*

*Limbs pulling forth, displayed in the fashion, meanders of praise, reaching out in passion*

*Limbs pulling inward, the vibrational sound, a love of the inner, knowledge of profound*

*The outward display of trees reaching high, encompassing allness, blessing all life*

*The fragmented gypsies, who tremble at form, display the confusion of the earth-plane*

*All display signs of universal praise, remember their creator, reminding those in a daze*

*The limbs reaching out like arms on a man, reaching for allness, being all that they can*

*Next time you look at a group of trees, see their display of vibrational praise*

## SKYLIGHTS (A Thunderstorm Speaks)

*Lights in the sky, a billowing mesh, a voice tells of one and calls to the nest  
Furrowing feathers and leaves blowing by, the voice calls out loudly, 'Come, spirit, fly!'*

*A knowing unanswered, a call of one's own, to render the knowledge, a question bestowed*

*'Where will you take me?' the spirit retorts, a smile never seen but felt in the heart*

*The trust gently soothing, relinquish all doubt, there's no room to question, it's time to get out*

*A body now solid, relinquishes mass, to light particles enter, from earth-plane detach*

*The movement directed, release to the sky, a spirit gains freedom, a soul gains insight*

*Through gateways they enter to planes unexplored, beyond illusions, beyond heavenly doors*

*The love gently swaying, returns to the gate, all movement remembered, a moment with fate*

*Call to the moment, removing the past, the spirit in freedom blends into the mass*

***"As long as you live outside the house of maya, as long as there exists the cloud of maya, you do not see the effect of the Sun of Knowledge."***

*The Gospel of Sri Ramakrishna, Chapter 30, Page 583,*

**CHAPTER TEN**

***"The simple fact that Being is the never-changing, eternal phase of existence and that It pervades the diverse forms of phenomenal creation gives us the hope of bringing all the diversified phases of our lives into harmony by co-ordinating their values with the values of absolute Being."***

*The Science of Being and Art of Living, Part 3, Chapter 2,  
Page 121, Paragraph 3, (Hinduism, Transcendental  
Meditation, Author: Maharishi Mahesh Yogi)*

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In a journey beneath the depths of the sea, I came upon a school of dolphins who graciously did flips to entertain myself and the spiritual guardians who accompanied me. "Welcome to our world, spirits of light," they telepathically conveyed, "we are happy you speak with us." In awe at this communication, I replied, "You are so beautiful, thank you for sharing the beauty of your form." Laughing, the dolphins responded, "All form comes from the mind of God, and all of it is beautiful in its own magnificent way. Share your perception with the consciousness of mankind, it will expand their vision and create a yearning among them to know us, as well."

Continuing to go deeper into the ocean, we found schools of brightly colored fish and spindly sea creatures looming in their world of quiet and the dark. A shark swam by with the majestic demeanor

of one so feared by man, but there was no fear within the eyes of his spirit. Billowy seaweed flowed to and fro with the water and the rocks glowed from the sunlight captured in the sea. Each sea creature sent a welcome to our spirits in the silence for they knew who we were and seemed to see many spirit lights travel their waters. Our presence was comforting to them, for it reminded them that their world of predator and prey was not real, but only a dream.

Entering into a huge cavern, I was apprehensive. "Do not be afraid, follow me," the guide conveyed, as we floated in. A large marble door fell suddenly from the ceiling, dropping down in front of us so as to prevent our entry. "Let's get out of here!" I screamed, "This scares me." Remaining calm, the spirit spoke lovingly. "Ask the door to open and it will." Calming, I thought, "Door, will you allow me to enter?" Coming open quickly, we continued down the dark passageways deeper into the cave. Every few feet another marble door blocked our entry, but would open upon our request.

Finally, we came upon a light-filled space wherein a seemingly never-ending circular staircase went up into the heavens. Beginning to ascend, I followed after my guide, level after level. Soon we were passing through clouds and there were no more walls. Almost at the top, I again became scared. "Come," the spirit with me beckoned, "you are almost there." "But I am tired." I said, groaning. "All these stairs have worn me out." "Aaaaah," the spirit replied, "breaking down the walls and barriers was not easy, but you have done it. Just at the top of these stairs lies our destination." Quickly, he shot up the

stairs beyond my vision, and I followed.

When I reached the top, my guide had disappeared. Only a bright luminous being remains and his holiness was apparent. Beginning to feel unworthy, he held his arms out to me and wore a big smile. Smiling back, I said nothing, as our exchange was entirely silent. Embracing me with a warm and loving hug, I became transparent as his height blended with my lowness, in a communion meant to bring my spiritual energies higher. As my energies began shifting, I suddenly . . .

Looking closer, I suddenly recognized this spirit as the higher self of one of the souls I'd been watching over. Pulling back, his peaceful eyes conveyed appreciation, and I knew that he was thanking me for working with an aspect of himself on the ground which remained completely unaware of our work. "You're welcome." I conveyed sheepishly. (The higher self is that part of a soul that is closest to God, and that there are many aspects on the various levels below it manifesting in myriad worlds and those manifestations are as different from their source as God is from his many creations.)

*"The entire matter of reaching union with God consists of purging the will of its appetites and feelings, so that from a human and lowly will it may be changed into the divine will, made identical with the will of God."*

*The Collected Works of St. John of the Cross, The Ascent of Mt. Carmel, Chapter 16, No. 3, Page 238, (Christianity, Catholic, Author: St. John of the Cross)*

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Jumping towards the sky, I was quickly pulled



down, as the movement directed me to lay quietly in a pink bed surrounded by pink curtains which had been prepared for me in the yard behind our home. Blowing in the spirit wind, I lay quietly, enjoying the quiet and solitude. Uniformed and thin, a man approached, but not wanting to be bothered, I ignored him. As he got closer, however, he said, "I've come to show you the sky pictures."

Pointing to the sky, he said, "If you look closely, you will see them." Nothing happened immediately, but minutes later an intense cloud came rolling in and the skies began to open. Images of hundreds of dimensions were flashing, appearing for several seconds and then moving forward. A gateway appeared, a large crystal entrance arching over a tunnel. Scenes changed from places I'd already traveled, to places I'd never even dreamed about. Joyful at my excitement, the spirit grinned as I called out with fervor, "Oh, my God, look at that!"

"There is one more thing," he said as he pointed upwards. Opening to a luminous vessel that hovered over me, two very old men beckoned to me, adorned with white beards grown to their waists and white robes glistening in purity. Coming from a vessel of many colors, it emanated with blues, greens, pinks and purples, as its celestial humming began to purr in my head.

A circular light beam was cast to the ground. Walking towards it, the spirit held me back. "It is not time," he said, "but you have found the gateway. A gateway has been forged in this space on the earth-plane. The sky is clear, the space is free, and the energy is open! The gateway has been forged so that

you may enter any dimension you desire at will. It is through this gateway that you will meet a Pleiadian vessel, the one before you. Take this vessel. Antoneek will be your host. A world of dominion and peace awaits your arrival. You will tell of it to the earth and show them that dominion and peace are attainable in an entire civilization." Gazing intrigued, he continued. "You may open this gateway at any time. The gateway will remain the constant and will guide you to your return. The gateway holds much knowledge and will help you find your path." Standing up and quickly preparing to leave, the sky began to dawn the morn of tomorrow. "Thank you," I said, "a gateway, thank you."

***"Wisdom's voice rings out from behind the doors of the righteous; wherever the godly foregather (is heard) her song."***

*The Dead Sea Scriptures, Poems/Qumran Hymnal, II, No. 12, Page 220, (Christianity, Gnostic/Essene)*

***"And the Lord took up word with me and said: Write the vision, and make it plain upon tablets that he who runs may read."***

*The Dead Sea Scriptures, Habakkuk, Chapter 2, Paragraph 1, Page 321, (Christianity, Gnostic/Essene)*

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In full headdress, the Indian Chief sat atop a horse, as Andy and I awaited his gifts. We'd found him only after traversing a great maze, wherein surrender was the only key, the only redemption . . . the only deliverer. Now we stood atop a great waterfall hundreds of feet high, and on the opposing cliff, the Chief sat upon his white steed.

"Who are you?" I asked, and he replied. "I am

the water in the lake, and the life in the tree. I take form in clouds and in the wild animal spirits that roam your world. I see through many eyes, but my true perception is that of a star. It is through these eyes that I bring the energy of creation into form. Find me in your heart." Pointing an arrow at Andy from a nearby cliff, the Chief began to shoot them. The first arrow was blue and he shot it into Andy's heart. "My first gift to you is the energy of the ocean," he said, "feel its pulse in your heart." The next was pink and as it entered it changed colors, as if psychedelic. "My second gift to you is the energy of the sunrise. Feel its constant change, and its constant ability to rise above illusions." The last arrow was purple and entered Andy's crown chakra, as he remained in utter peace. As the Chief lifted his arms, a young Indian woman bearing a purple rose appeared. "My third gift is the energy of the spirit, the energy of the celestial realms. Know who you truly are, my son." Andy sighed in joy and asked, "May I be with you?" The Chief winked. "You have found me, now you must follow me. This young woman will show you the way to my temple, a place of love and a very high vibration. But, my dear son, you *will* come to my temple, and when it is that you do, a grand welcome will take place." Shooting up towards the sky, the Chief disappeared. Although we didn't know it at the time, this Chief was a manifestation of Andy's higher self.

*"Seeing the world of sentient beings so full of afflictions, the enlightening beings arouse their energy, thinking, 'I should rescue and liberate these beings; I should purify and emancipate them; I should*

***lead them, direct them, make them happy, develop them, and cause them to reach perfect peace."***

*The Flower Ornament Scripture, Chapter 26, The Ten Stages, Page 722, Paragraph 3, (Buddhism, Mahayana)*

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Waves of energy were flowing like the ocean high into the black sky. Their colors varied from pure white light to yellow and then pale blue. Inside the waves, my spirit flowed with the energy, embracing knowledge. Following this flow, I noticed an ominous wave up ahead. Going thousands of miles into the sky, its crest beckoned. Yearning to follow its beckon to the top of this wave, I ventured forth, but a woman appeared next to me. "You cannot go to the top of the wave like that," she said almost sarcastically. Looking down at myself, I didn't understand. My soul was manifesting as my earthly self. Grabbing my hand, she took me away from the wave.

"Have you ever heard of form transference?" She asked, as I nodded no. "In order to expand your abilities to travel these realms, you must learn to transfer form. Up until now we have done this for you." Confused, I just looked at her. "The term shape-shifter may be more familiar to you." This was a term I did understand. "There are many levels of transcendence on this side. Different forms of matter and spirit manifest in different dimensions. Look at yourself." I did as she asked. "You are astral matter right now. You manifest in spirit what you know to be yourself in the physical. This is one frequency of your self. But if you wish to travel through higher dimensions, you will need to alter your frequency."

Suddenly, an inner knowing entered within. "Oh, I understand. In order to follow the wave, I need to enter pure spirit form." She smiled. "Yes, that is true. There are many forms you may take; pure energy, light, spirit, astral, physical, and others. And each of these forms can manifest in many frequencies. The higher you go the more light you will need to continue becoming. Learning form transference will open the doors to all aspects of yourself. It will also aid in the transfer from physical form to spirit at will when you are in your body." Excited, I allowed the broadcast that was now entering my spirit which emanated further knowledge about form transference and programs to change the structure of my spirit.

Knowing now what to do, my astral self began to transfer through thought to an energy form. Willing myself to enter the next form, I became pure energy. Looking behind, I could see my astral self still standing behind me, but I had entered a pure energy beam prepared for flight. Intrigued, I quickly jumped back into my astral self. "Wow, that was neat!" I said. Again, I entered pure energy and quickly popped back. Directing me, the woman said, "Now, truly transfer your energy. Follow your inner knowing." Imaging my astral self, I began to alter its reality. In my mind, I saw the particles of my astral self rearrange. Turning like a vortex, the particles were becoming pure energy molecules. Thinking of flight, my astral self swirled into a ball of energy and shot for the astral sky. My astral image was no longer below, I'd transferred my form.

Returning to the scene of the energy wave, I followed the wave, shooting to the crest, feeling total

ecstasy and oneness with God, my joy was complete.

***"Your reality body is transcendently pure, equal in all times, without distinction: Therein all worlds are gathered, and form and dissolve without obstruction.***

***I see your body in all realms, in a variety of manifestations: And in your pores I see the moon and stars."***

*The Flower Ornament Scripture, Chapter 39, Entry into the Realm of Reality, Page 1294, Stanza 2-3, (Buddhism, Mahayana)*

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Traveling to the overlapping village around our home, a familiar Native American man with short black hair loomed in the distance. Tall and wearing a business suit, he stood out because all the other natives wore tradition Native American dress. Remembering him as the one who'd talked of our days among the prairie and of ancient Maya when I was his queen, I felt deep love for his soul as conflict was emerging in my conscious self.

An old woman approached and quietly placed her hand on my shoulder. "I know of a person you should see." She said. "There is a woman who can tell you of your future." Leading me to a teepee, I waited outside. Two other women approached of whom I felt immediate remembrance. Hugging me, they said, "Did you see him, yet?" They seemed excited. "Yes, but it doesn't matter." I replied. Sighing heavily, they gave each other wearied looks. "Don't you know who he is?" They said in unison. Looking behind me, they shouted, "Oh, here he comes!"

Before I could respond, the man came from

behind, putting his hand on my shoulder and smiling; but he continued moving and in a moment was gone. "Don't you see," they said, "he loves you!" Confused by their seeming obsession with this, I replied, "All he did was smile." The old woman returned and led me into the teepee.

A large old medicine woman with curly hair stood waiting. Motioning me to sit down she gazed deeply into my eyes. Taking my hand, she finally spoke. "Juliosa is coming." I immediately knew she spoke of the man I'd just seen. "He waits for your readiness, but he is coming." Saying nothing, I stared at her. "This is your future, my child, are you ready?" "I don't know." I said in astonishment. "How can this be?" "Juliosa wears a business suit because he has business to attend to." She said. "Will you allow yourself to experience the teaching of Juliosa?" Nodding hesitantly, I quietly said yes. Smiling, she motioned me to stand and led me out of the teepee. "Go now, my child, we will await your return."

#### JULIOSA

*For to tell a soul such things, for to spread the righteous wings  
How shall I, a mortal strand, seek to know a heavenly man?  
My joy's complete for but a time, for earth's return must end my flight  
I'll gaze upon this familiar face, and allow the movement to fill my haste*

*And tomorrow morn, when I awake, I'll remember him, I'll know his face  
But who am I to know his reason, who am I, Lord, I'm pleading  
Beyond my morn, beyond the flesh, I find the souls, the fragments rest  
But here beyond, oh Lord, I cry, seek to know him, Lord, I'll try*

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Leaving form, I heard the phone ring. "Are you coming to our party?" The voice on the other end asked. Crossing through to the tribal community, a

celebration was in progress. A group of people came towards me, staring at me with obvious interest. Each person in the group looked at me for a few minutes, and then moved aside to another behind him. When they reached the end of the crowd, my heart began racing as Juliosa stood waiting for me, wearing a business suit of white. "Who are you?" I asked as he came closer, not yet recognizing him. Quietly and slowly he approached. Putting his hands on my shoulders, and gazing into my eyes, I asked again, "Who are you?" He did not answer, but slowly walked away.

Sitting alone by a tree, I was lost in my conflicted thoughts, as the man approached again from behind and sat next to me. Hugging me tightly, I looked into his face, "Oh, my God!" I said, "You're Juliosa!" He still said nothing, but it was clear that he was happy that I'd recognized him. Taking my hand, he held it tightly and closed his eyes, as he began sending me the energy of remembrance. Feeling very uneasy with remembering such things, I jumped up and began to run away. "Don't go!" were his first words to me, but although I couldn't understand my reaction, I had to go!

Jumping into the rock tunnel, I soared through to the third dimension. "Why?" I thought to myself, "Why did I leave him?" Sending him my telepathic sorrow, I thought, "I'm sorry, Juliosa. I will come back; I do not know why I left." "It is okay," the return came, "you will understand soon enough." As the morning star arose on my horizon, I mourned my own fear and the loss of time with this unusually mesmerizing soul.



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Leaving form, I was led to look out the window of my bedroom. In the distance, were two metallic circular space vessels. Light beamed out of an open seam in the center and a blue light vibrated from the top of the vessel. The spirit aside me said, "These are Pleiadian-Atlantean vessels." Intrigued, I was led back to my body to reflect.

***"I have dreamed many dreams; now I am awake."***

*Whispers from Eternity, Page 190, Paragraph 5,  
(Hinduism, Kriya Yoga, Words of Paramahansa  
Yogananda)*

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Juliosa stood amongst the clouds immersed in white light holding his arms to me. Coming closer, remembrance began to seethe. "I remember you." I said to him. "Yes, you remember me now." He replied. "But why do I fear you so much, Juliosa?" Hugging me tightly, he pointed to the tunnel of time. "The answers you seek will be found through the tunnel."

Entering into the body of a young woman, I was dressed in a fireman's uniform. Driving to work, a tall man with light-brown hair of medium build was sitting next to me. Immediately, I knew it was Juliosa, but his name at this point in time was Kenneth. As we were both firemen, I was giving him a ride to work. The firehouse had two fire trucks, and there was a large open area used for daily training activities in climbing and rescue. Pulling my long blonde hair back, I secured it in a barrette.

Ken had been joking around about quitting his job and he looked at me flirtatiously. "Well, if you're

going to be working here, then I'm not quitting my job." Over time, our playfulness developed into a deep love and we became inseparable.

One day, an incredibly bad fire was reported and we responded quickly to the massive building which was totally ensconced in flames. Fighting from different locations, Ken and I were part of a rescue team which went inside the building to help the remaining victims emerge. But soon after we got the last of them out, an explosion rocked the entire building before he and I were secured. I blacked out.

Waking in a hospital, my conscious mind was alert, but my body was in a coma. Listening to everyone around me, I never left my body, but I was able to see through my spiritual eyes. Feeling guilty that I couldn't make myself wake up, I listened with expectation to everyone who came to tend my wounds, hoping that somebody would speak of Ken's fate and give me a reason to wake up. No one spoke of him for days and I assumed the worst, my will to live decreasing with each hour. I sunk deeper into my coma.

A few days later, Ken was wheeled into my room, paralyzed from the waist down. As I watched him observe my lifeless form, I saw a need in his eyes, a reason to wake up. Trying very hard to return, I still couldn't, but I twitched and made slight movement, enough to gently touch his hand. Both of us knew at this moment that I would come back; it was just a matter of time.

Pulled from the body, I soared back through the tunnel to the space above my bedroom where Juliosa awaited me. "What a beautiful love we had,

Juliosa." I said. "Yes," he replied, "and it forever lingers." After a long gaze, he smiled one last smile, and simply vanished.

God is love. Therefore, all that I now felt was God. I had an epiphany. My love IS God. Whenever we feel this sort of eternal love, we are feeling the true, unfathomable presence of Our Lord . . . God.

So there were two definite strands of karma, one linked to the soul of Red Jacket, and the other to Juliosa. I made note of this in my mind.

#### LORD OF CREATION

*My soul, my soul, I've found my soul, my love, my love, I've found my love  
My heart, my heart, I've found my heart, My God, my God, it's you . . .*

***"A person who is constantly engaged in devotional service to Krsna and who chants His holy name becomes so transcendently attached to the chanting that his heart becomes softened without extraneous endeavor. When this happens, he exhibits transcendental ecstasies and sometimes laughs, sometimes cries, sings and dances - not exactly in an artistic way, but just like a madman."***

*The Teachings of Lord Caitanya, Chapter 19, Page 208,  
Paragraph 1, (Hinduism, Bhakti Yoga, Author: A.C.  
Bhaktivedanta Swami Prabhupada)*

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Two spaceships arrived, and aside them, an old, old man holding his arms out to me. Manifesting few features, Antoneek was made of pure light, in garment and in form, his hair and long beard only an outline of an extended period of growth.

In his hands, he held a document, and I could see it was a message for the world. "Go back," he

said, as he placed it within my hands, "return to your body and allow us to transmit this message to your dimension." Nodding, I returned to fulfill my task:

"Greetings! Our mission is peace, joy and the betterment of mankind. Those who dwell deeply in our hearts, dwell in the glory of the light."

"I now bring you the seven tones of life. When all are balanced and converge in the spirit openly, they harmonize: Love, Joy, Peace, Oneness, Gentility, Goodness, and Ecstasy. Each of the seven tones of life vibrates at a rate seven times that of the one prior to it. With each tone, there are seven increased levels of light that enter the transmitting body. When one aspires and captures the ability to expel all seven levels, the spirit is ready to acquire a new tone. The radiance expounded by beings in your realm can differ in tonelage by forty-nine times. Light can be muted or expanded at will. It is an inalterable existence within all life, but each life force chooses how much of his total sum he will express in a given moment. Expressions of love cause an increase in tonelage and radiance, expressions of illusions cause the tones to be muted. Comparatively it is like a pot of boiling water. A pot with a lid, and one without, will hold the same amount of steam, but both will express an entirely different sum."

"All begins with love for love is the beginning of true life, the tone of love is a gentle eye-opening sound coming from the heart. Joy follows the tone reaching upward. Peace is so subtle, and yet to the individual soul, a moment of true awakening. To the outer world, however, the tone changes only a

subtlety, for Joy and Peace are truly octaves of a similar tone. Oneness emerges with a glow to the spirit who sees their true nature for the first time; it connects all life in harmony. A spirit now harmonizing with all life reaches upward again, but stops at the next tone of gentility. This tone exhibits a higher peace, as the gentility tone sounds out a reverence now achieved and a deep gratitude to the One Creator. In this deep gratitude, the spirit reaches for the next tone, but is amazed at its beauty upon hearing it. Pulling away slightly, the spirit eventually returns as the awe of finding Goodness is too wondrous to ignore. This tone sweeps the tones together to form the sounds of angels singing the song of the inner light of love. Finally, the spirit in full awareness of its worthiness and divinity rises up to grasp the final tone, that of ecstasy. The spirit upon hearing the tone for the first time, immediately melts into the mass to experience the harmonic convergence of all life which resonates now at every level of being the trueness of all that is, the glory that is God."

"We offer this gift of the seven tones with great love; it is a sharing of a key that has been shrouded in secrecy and unknowing for centuries on your planet. As the ancients return to earth to complete a cycle begun in days of old, the time known as the present, and the memory of a past unknown, meet to complete the eternal cycle."

*"Nothing more excellent is there, therefore, than these mysteries on which ye question, save only the mysteries of the seven Voices and their nine and-forty powers and their ciphers. And there is no name which*

*is more excellent than them all, the name in which are  
all names and all lights and all powers."*

*Pistis Sophia, Fifth Book, Page 313, Paragraph 1,  
(Christianity, Gnostic/Essene, Words of Christ)*

"Every sound has an image and every image, a sound. All light hologrates into form on its everlasting journeys. Who we are is a conglomeration of sounds, images and colors broadcast from light. Where in time can a moment be found, a moment that holds more than but a fragment of truth? It is only in the absence of time, that a moment can hold all truth. In the structure that binds human consciousness in a pattern of knowing, truth can be seen to exist only in fragments. The matter that defines time seems unalterable. In the inexorable state of timelessness, all is now. Thus a being can expressively undertake all moments, any aspect of selfhood which exists. In a world emerging in consciousness, form becomes vehicle rather than life. In a heightened awareness, these aspects merge causing you to flit about to various selves that exist in eternal memory. This dramatic occurrence opens the door to the present moment, as the now exists as all aspects of memory. As memory expands, beings expand in their knowledge of themselves and love is expressed through many layers of consciousness. Where is it that a being finds himself if not in his heart? As your hearts open, do not forget to open to your true timeless self which unifies the many selves."

"The ocean waves to the rhythm of the moon. A waterfall dances the design of a rocky cliff. A lake stops in silence to adhere to peace. The river flows endlessly in search. The raindrop chooses free-flight

as expression. Water can be compared to spirit, expressing the totality of being in every majestic moment; the lure and longing of love, the surrender of solitude, the majesty of moments, the silence of the search, and the freedom of flight."

"Wonders of love are displayed on our skies. Our Pleiadian star, glowing brighter than any in our sky, sings the tone of tranquil love. It is a harmony that transcends time, space and illusion. Our constant star specter guides many to the shores of our worlds, glimmering at all who seek to find true love. Love is displayed in our emerald cities as a spectral light beaming forth through the receptacle monuments of crystal, amethyst and gold. Our poets and musicians, through their mastery of the seven tones, create symphonies of sound, color and light and our world pours forth to the senses the dynamics of the highest expressive love. We encompass all that is beauty and love, and the passion of the planets fuels our ever-spiraling ascent into expansive tones which envelope the soul in a gentility of bliss towards all life, and a wonderment which expresses the mystery of God."

"Expression of love is an expression of divine light, but this love is not what you presently know, but a greater, divine love. You are becoming a lighter being, you will no longer be completely physical, but you will not be etheric, either. A vibration that lingers in-between is what the new race of humanity will encompass. Our purpose is to aid this transition into higher love."

The Pleiadian Command

*"Who walketh upon the wings of the wind' to  
Raphael, who comes to give healing to the world.*

*From that point on 'he maketh his angels spirits, his ministers a flaming fire.' Old man, old man! As thou art aware of all these things, fear not, but speak out boldly, and let the words of thy mouth spread light!"*  
*The Zohar (Kaballah), Volume III, Mishpatim (Exodus),*  
*Page 299, Top, (Judaism)*

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Returning to the out-of-body state, Antoneek appeared next to the circular vessels which accompanied him. "I have something to show you," he said, "it is your fears." Lifting his arms, my soul was thrust into parallel realities of my current lifetime.

The first was a parallel where I had been murdered at eighteen and my murder was still unsolved. I experienced the repetitive stabbing in my chest and heard the familiar gasping sounds that I would hear from my asthma. Apparently, the killer had killed again, and Antoneek took my spirit to a police station wherein I was to plant the identity of the murderer within the investigator's minds. "Help them put it together." Antoneek said, as I exerted thought-forces to the officers who were trying to figure out this odd pattern of murders.

Antoneek pulled me to the side, "This energy has been with you for many years and you now have the opportunity to truly release it. Though you had no conscious recall of these events, your inner sense of not deserving to live has manifested. You must transmute this energy that you have been carrying. It was your inner belief that you were not worthy of even life that made you choose to branch out into this reality."



The next parallel he took me to was a branch out wherein I had chosen to remain with those from my past who had been very difficult and smothering. "Make another choice!" Antoneek charged. Entering into that self, I left and altered the energies of not believing myself worthy of love and freedom.

Standing before the spaceship, I reached my hand to Antoneek. "Thank you, Antoneek, you have shown me a great deal." Antoneek smiled. "There is much for you to learn. Your thoughts manifest in ways that you do not always see. These two parallels have been changed, but the energies remain. This energy must be changed, as well, for a lasting effect to take place. Now that you understand, you can transmute it. But in order to transmute the energy of these experiences, you must change the belief that confirms the validity of these experiences." Antoneek looked up to the sky. "You have seen your fears, if you release them, you will see what lies out there." He pointed to the sky.

"Will I see you again?" I asked. "That will be completely up to you, dear spirit." Antoneek entered his spaceship and I awoke looking upon wavelets of energy which were merging and melding, altering the perceptions that my soul held. I could see it happening in the sky above my bed.

***"Go thy way; and as thou hast believed, so be it done unto thee."***

*King James Bible, New Testament, Matthew 8:13,  
(Christianity, Words of Christ)*

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Antoneek returned to tell me a story:

"Whence the journey began, we asked our

Creator that we may understand all that He was. In goodness, He freely asked, "Who among us has felt pain, as well as joy; lack, as well as abundance; rejection, as well as love?" In reply, one being stood forth and spoke from the experience of only love, "My Great Father, is there a difference?" Our Father smiled and quietly nodded that there indeed was.

All the spirits agreed that they wanted to create an opportunity to feel these unknown emotions. Our Creator stepped forth. "Go my beautiful spirits and create all that you desire, but promise me two things." The clouds became silent to hear the noble request. "Promise me my children that you will see beauty in every emotion you create, and all that you perceive." Everyone nodded that they would. God continued, "Most importantly, my children, no matter how lowly or downtrodden things may be seen in your illusions, always remember your divinity and my amassable love for all of you." Every spirit in the room smiled in recognition of their special place in God's heart.

As time passed, however, the children of God spread among the galaxies of the universe creating worlds vast and worlds primitive. Many held in their hearts the heritage of love, but many worlds suffered a loss of memory. The Earth became a world separated in spirit from its Creator, and the peoples of the Earth, consumed with illusion, enmeshed themselves in a state of fragmentary pride which was based on an untruth. The world they created became increasingly hostile and ego-oriented. The love that once existed in their hearts was replaced with pride, anger and cynicism. Rejecting others became a way

to protect oneself from rejection. The oneness that once existed with the people was forgotten in the heart of man.

And now, on this beautiful planet Earth, as the energy passed over and the space vessels returned to re-equate the lost brothers, a tiny sound was heard. One single tone called out requesting knowledge. The spirit, shattered by its own illusion, asked to understand. "We love you, brother!" We called out in our tonal language. "There are but two things you have forgotten. These are the keys to opening your heart which holds all knowledge. Two promises made to your Creator long ago. See the beauty in all the emotions you are feeling and all that you perceive. And most important, my beautiful spirit, remember your divinity, remember that special place you hold in the heart of God!"

"But who am I?" The spirit cried in exasperation. "I'm an imperfect man who has made many mistakes, and made nothing of himself." "REJOICE!" Our ecstasy tone cried out. "Because you are my brother of whom I love greatly! You are PURE LIGHT! You are a part of God! And you believe that you are nothing, what a shame, indeed." "Could it be?" He thought, pausing to remember. Suddenly, a spacecraft stopped directly above him, pouring light into his everlasting soul. "I REMEMBER!" He cried out in ecstasy! "I remember the moment I made that promise! I remember the love. Now I understand! I wanted to know the absence of love, and having felt it, I rejoice evermore in the reception of it. I wanted to know what rejection felt like, and now I run and grasp even more

ecstatically to those brothers who offer their light with open arms. I no longer need to perceive the illusion, for I have experienced hate, and found more joy in love. But my journey has been wondrous, indeed! The emotions I have felt have ranged so dramatically in vibration that they were like a symphony of feelings and tones. Having loved in limitation, my unlimited form loves with more intensity, desire and clarity. Thank you, brothers, for awaking me to this journey's end!"

The star beings looked down from the sky with great happiness at their brother. "We rejoice with you, as life is a wondrous journey, indeed. Will you help us in our quest to awaken the earth beings?" Nodding that he would, the beings filled him with light, knowing that his path had been carefully mapped out in his heart. He need only take the key and open it, to set forth on his new journey into light. You are this being, brother. Follow the light that glows within your heart and find all of us that love you, eternally waiting patiently beside you."

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Floating quietly to the spaceship, I was greeted by Antoneek. Immediately, he blocked my consciousness so that I would not remember the means by which this journey was taken. Making a voyage to a planet whose identity was to remain unknown; my consciousness was reawakened after we stepped off the ship on a large planet.

Hundreds of beings had gathered from all over the universe in a park nearby, some had very thin bodies with heads that were T-shaped, while others were like domes with very few hair strands upon

their heads. Others were various manifestations of humanoid type beings, only subtly different from human beings.

In front of us was a large domed building where a huge banquet was taking place. Antoneek guided me inside where a staff of aliens exhibiting the utmost in cordiality served foods from all over the galaxies. A humanoid man approached with a tray, and asked, "Have you ever tried an Amprien grape?" Taking one, I swallowed the strange looking fruit. Noticing an unusual woman, she had entered the room with a very human body, but her face had a long beak and she had feathers coming out of her rump.

Returning to the park, Antoneek led me to a place where hundreds of beings were meditating. As we noticed this, a loud voice was broadcast over the crowd. "This is an emergency! All out in the fields move back! All light bearers, focus your light on the approaching planet." Everyone in the space became very still and radiant. Many beings from further ahead quickly ran back to where we were, and all began glowing as the mass energy was focused on something . . . but what?

Antoneek directed my attention to the sky. "Oh, my God!" I screamed, "That's Earth, and it's about to collide with this planet!" Quietly, Antoneek said, "Bear your light." Immediately, I joined the others in the meditative state of the mass mind of those around me, but the earth pummeled quickly toward us as it appeared that there would be total destruction. Seconds later, however, it was over. The Earth had plunged directly into a small clearing

exploding into flames, but no one ventured forward. Allowing the flames to extinguish themselves, in moments, they did.

Confused, I turned to Antoneek for answers. "My God!" I said, "Is that the fate of the Earth?" Smiling with sympathetic understanding, Antoneek put his hands upon my shoulders. "No, not how you have perceived it, my child." Antoneek conveyed to me the knowledge of parallel existences, as I was shown three Earths. Explaining that there were to be two additional parallel Earth's, each existing in separate realities based on fear or love, he conveyed that every member of humanity would vibrate to the Earth which was compatible to them without even being aware of it. But it was also made known to me that there are many parallel Earth's, wherein many possibilities are played out. Inexplicable, really.

Beginning a rigorous process, Antoneek continued showing me my own parallel existences, selves which existed in various realities which had branched off at certain important turning points in my life and gone in other directions. As the magnetic impulse of flesh is to experience all possibilities, it literally does, through parallel energetic universes of which unconscious man is completely unaware. In observing my own parallels, Antoneek guided me to end the karmic impulse of those selves, and thus the karmic influx which would also affect my current now. Whatever was left unresolved had to be resolved and dealt with in my energetic journey. It was necessary to alter those parallel realities and, thus, bring them within my own point of reference, to fulfill the same purpose which past-life retrieval

performs . . . unity of soul.

In this process, Antoneek also guided me to several atonements with members of parallel and past-lives. Despite what I was shown, I fail to fully understand what I saw that night.

"What is this planet, and where is it?" I asked. Antoneek created a large pool. "This is something we cannot tell you for reasons you would not understand," he said, as he pushed me into the water. In moments, I emerged in my body.

*"Then I saw a new heaven and a new earth. The former heaven and the former earth had passed away, and the sea was no more . . . 'Behold, God's dwelling is with the human race . . . He will wipe every tear from eyes, and there shall be no more death or mourning, wailing or pain, for the old order has passed away."*

*New American Bible, New Testament, Revelations 21:1-4,  
(Christianity, Catholic)*

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Hovering over my bed waiting for me as I left form, a man who referred to himself as my 'personal trainer' said, "This will be on our terms, no limits on this journey." Conveying to me that he was here to help me with my health, he was prepared to assist me with my asthma, as were a whole team of specialists who were now visible.

Up ahead in the stars I called out, "Where are you taking me?" "Remember, no limits, just follow your heart!" He replied. Soaring past the atmosphere of the earth, up ahead was a large Pleiadian craft; the familiar metallic circle with light pouring out of the seams, and before I knew it, we had entered the

spaceship.

Taking me aside to a crystal chamber in the ship, the walls of the room were glowing in a vibrant blue. Inside, the floors were made of a velvety cushion and we sat together. "I am taking you to the Pleiades." He said. "There you will experience unlimitedness. You must experience the true nature of love in order to heal yourself."

"Prepare yourself for unlimited beauty," he said, as the spaceship door was opened. Iridescent shaded lights of blue and purple beamed from the planet, the color of lilacs. Leading me to the open door, my spirit shook in the absolute wonderment of what lay before me. Purple and blue skies shone down upon a huge temple created from amethyst stone. Seven luminous beams shot directly to the seven luminous stars, their names were Janan, Onan, Quinlan, Donan, Enos, Quinas, and Justos. A majestic sound filled the entire sky, angelic voices singing in tonal harmony. Below me, the ground was made of a whitish-clear crystalline substance. Shooting stars soared through the night sky. A large butterfly about two feet in diameter with pink crystalline wings flew directly into my hand. "Behold, the Pleiadian star!" she said, pointing to a gleaming body of light as large as the Earthly moon in the night sky. Musical sounds increased and filled me with joy, and as I ventured forth, a luminous green filled my spirit as I wandered towards an emerald city which lay beyond the amethyst temple.

Transmitted into my heart, the seven tones became comprehensible to me here. Love powers the universe, but it was not the karmic love that most



humanity understood, it was a divine love which lay beyond all ramification of desire. Light beings moved to the flow of the lights and music, their ecstasy in God apparent. Luminescent Pleiadians were engaged in a joyous dance of life as I realized. "Love, love, love . . . that's what it's all about."

Flying towards a mountain made of pure crystal, it contained an open chamber filled with a power modulator. As I arrived, a soft blue substance surrounded me, and the angelic sounds projecting from the temple were being absorbed directly into the mountain's chamber. Waiting for me at the mountain, my trainer said, "What could be more natural than love?" I knew that he was speaking of this type of divine love that I just now experienced, rather than the karmically disfigured love which predominates upon the Earth.

Returning to the spaceship, we began our journey home. In an instant, my trainer said, "We have returned to Earth, and you must go back. Please," he pleaded, "remember the Pleiades, and be yourself. In this you will find your way." Beginning to wrap a piece of fine silk fiber around my head, he said, "Like the caterpillar, you are transforming into something grander. Keep this silk fiber with you to remind you of what you are becoming."

As he kissed my hand good-bye, I quickly became sub-conscious.

#### PAINTED LILACS

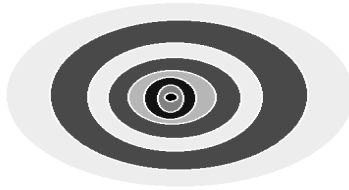
*Painted lilacs in the sky, emitting tones of misty sighs  
Controlling none but moments rest, the sky painting leads me on a quest  
Pinks and purples emanate tones; my spirit sings the sounds of loons  
The love cry of a world so vast, hiding midst the thick veiled cast*

*Searching deep within my soul, the lilac triggers love of old  
 Beauty taming worlds of fear, forget me not, a tiny tear  
 Setting sun unites with one, emanations of a holy God  
 The lilacs part to greet the night, stars fill heavens with lighted might*

***"Through one pore they radiate infinite  
 light beams . . ."***

*The Flower Ornament Scripture, Chapter 38, Detachment  
 from the World, Page 1130, Stanza 2, (Buddhism,  
 Mahayana)*

UNIVERSAL SPHERE OF REALMS



Realms:

Center, 1 and 2 = First and Second Dimension/Lower Worlds (Total Darkness) = Below Veil of Illusion

3 and 4 = Third and Fourth Dimension/Border Worlds (Light and Darkness) = Below Veil of Illusion

5 and above = Fifth Dimension and Above/Upperworlds (Light) = Above Veil of Illusion

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"For those who will never see during their lifetime what I have seen, may I provide you with a window? For those who will, may I give you a map? For those who seek comfort in the world beyond, may I hand you a warm blanket? For those who just want to know, may I ask you to come with me . . ." *From the Author's Introduction*

Join with me as we enter now the Ascension Pathway, Karmic Purification, the Awakening . . .

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Having made a shortened list of some of the more important texts of the world religions, I've made careful note to include texts which have been drawn to me in sacred vision and have been an integral part of energizing my spiritual path. Most of the texts in the bibliography have been brought to me through eternal guidance.

*World Scripture* is an excellent starting point, as it contains scripture from all world religions on various subjects, as well as, a detailed listing in back of the prescribed texts from all major and minor world religions.

Scriptural texts are the foundation or the root of knowledge. Visionary texts are the branches of the tree. Lives of prophets, saints, mystics and sages are the leaves.

Words in italics are actual book titles, while the unitalicized words are not title names, but rather authors and saints to glean from.

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