

# Medicine Woman Within a Dream

*The Mysteries of the Redemption Series*

Volume 3 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:  
**Medicine Woman Within a Dream**  
*The Mysteries of the Redemption Series*  
**Volume 3 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 Alteration Pathway, the Knowledge of Darkness and Light, the Rites into the Medicine . . .

## **Medicine Woman Within a Dream**

### **THE ALTERATION PATHWAY - DISCRIMINATION**

#### **The Knowledge of Darkness and Light**

**This path of discrimination begins with the journeying into the border worlds where the battles between light and darkness occur, the mortal realms, three and four (third & fourth-dimensional worlds, the Earth), for the purpose of attaining spiritual discretion and the ability to alter negative thrusts.**

- 1) Rites into the Medicine**
- 2) Rites of Evolution**
- 3) Alteration of Reality**

**RETURN TO GRANDMOTHER NATION  
(Rites into the Medicine)**

*"Get up now, and stand on your feet, I have appeared to you for this purpose, to appoint you as a servant and witness of what you have seen (of me) and what you will be shown. I shall deliver you from this people and from the Gentiles to whom I send you, to open their eyes that they may turn from darkness to light and from the power of Satan to God, so that they may obtain forgiveness of sins and an inheritance among those who have been consecrated by faith in me."*

*New American Bible, New Testament, Acts 26:16-18,  
(Christianity, Catholic, Words of Christ)*

**CHAPTER ONE**

*"O Lord, I am Thy servant; I am Thy servant and the son of Thy handmaid: Thou hast broken my bonds in sunder. I will offer to Thee the sacrifice of praise. Let my heart and my tongue praise you."*

*The Confessions of St. Augustine, Book IX, Page 184,  
Paragraph 1, (Christianity, Catholic, Words of St.  
Augustine)*

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"My child, you are sleeping." His voice rang out as if echoed through time, as my spirit began waking in another realm. "You seek to know?" The Indian Chief asked. "What?" I responded, confused as my vision was still cloudy and distant.

His face was worn from time and harsh weather, and his long black hair was braided. Many beads were about his neck. "Tell them my story." He

said, as I felt the reverence of this soul. "Walk the pathway with me." "The pathway?" I asked, "I'm not sure what you mean." "But you will my dear traveler. Beyond the gateway, beyond the ascension is the knowledge of life. Walk with me."

With great respect, I awakened, stood and looked this spirit in his eyes which visioned deep knowledge to me. "Who are you?" I calmly asked, feeling the familiarity of this soul. "I am Chief Joseph." Reaching his hand towards me, I remembered him. "I will tell your story, I will walk with you."

He began to speak, and I listened . . .

"I was born as particle of light. My mother was the Universe, my father, a star; an idea born of life, becoming life, to seek life. No man came before me, but myself. No thought entered reality without my knowing. I was one."

"Then came the scattering, when clarity became confusion. Light became darkness, love became hatred. I'd never traveled that road before, when my fellow life became a destroyer of life. My brothers became my enemies, my sisters, the hunted."

"Everything was confused then, and I sought to understand. What had changed? Why had the harmony been broken into chaos? Where could I retrieve that seed of life that began it all, and save the world I perceived as my own? For years, I fought their battles, their wars, defending the peace I so missed from my heart. And then one day . . . I stopped. I was Chief Joseph of the Nez Perce, now . . . I am life. I exist in a new world, a new reality, where the seeking is sacred. This is my story."

*"Hear me, my chiefs, I am tired; my heart is sick and*

*sad. From where the sun now stands, I will fight no  
more forever."*

*The Words of Chief Joseph as he Surrendered to General  
Sherman*

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Awaking from death silently, the distant wailing of a woman could be heard. Looking around him, he could see no one but the whimpering sadness he felt alarmed him. All was dark and black, nothing existed here, it seemed. Suddenly, he could not breathe. As Chief Joseph looked up, a huge entity had placed its hands over his mouth. Fighting for air, Joseph suddenly realized he no longer needed to breathe in the same way. Still the entity continued as though he was trying to extinguish his soul. Raging at this violation of life, Joseph threw his arms back, lunging backward and away from him. Now the entity stood in front of Joseph with a threatening glare.

In the distance, he could hear the whimpering cry of a woman, but he could not yet find its source. This lone and distant song of a mournful soul touched him, and he wanted to help. Suddenly, a train carrying the souls of those who had died to the spirit whizzed by him, the blaring engine and the cries of these lost souls were humbling and horrid. "They seek the dead side," a voice with no apparent owner spoke. Their moans and cries for help hurt his soul terribly, for in this state he could truly feel all their pain, even though it had been self-inflicted. "Why?!" He cried out to their fear-laden faces, "Why do you seek to maintain death?!" The black around their eyes was haunting, and there was no response, no change.

Without warning, the large entity lunged forward again, as Joseph called out to it in absolute rage. "As long as I AM, no one will violate my life!" The entity didn't budge, and Joseph didn't know what to do. To become dead, you must become complacent in thought, acting on impulse without regard for the harm you cause, and without regard for reason or higher purpose. In disregarding life, you choose death, and Joseph was not about to choose this horrid state.

"In the name of the spirit, I demand that you leave my presence, I choose life!" Joseph called out as the entities energy began to lessen. Another hand took his own, but he could not see the formless image of the spirit who had come to retrieve him. Repeating Joseph's words to the dark entity who had tried to take Joseph in the moment of death, the formless image said, "In the name of the spirit, I demand that you leave our presence."

A whirlwind of light cascaded about him as the formless image began to become visible. Appearing in a white hooded robe, it was . . . no, could it be? The Angel of Ascension! Joseph felt calm now, knowing his life-force was no longer in jeopardy from the dark one.

***"It is I,' he said, 'who am understanding. I am one of the four light-givers, who stand in the presence of the great invisible spirit. Do you think these rulers have any power over you? None of them can prevail against the root of truth.'"***

*The Nag Hammadi Library, The Hypostasis of Archons,  
Page 167, Paragraph 3, (Christianity, Gnostic/Essene)*

Celebrations ensued in the colorful place

where Joseph had been taken. Swirls of colors tore across the sky in a rainbow of energy. Before him stood someone he'd known, but couldn't place in his mind. "I cannot remember your name, old friend." Joseph bowed his head in shame. "Your memory of me is not of this life, but another," his friend replied, "you'll remember me as Daniel . . . Daniel Pierce."

Suddenly Joseph became extremely uncomfortable, but why, he didn't understand. Within his stomach, he began to feel that he might become sick, but Daniel took Joseph's hand and spoke quietly. "It is forgiven, brother. As life was taken from your tribe, you once took life from me." Joseph's eyes began to tear as his memory slowly came back, but Daniel had no feelings of animosity. "We will now seek life together, as one," he said.

Suddenly Joseph was alone sitting amongst a plain of long dried grass. A tunnel appeared in the distance, and a man came from within it dressed oddly for Joseph's sensibilities. As he approached, Joseph recognized the symbols he wore, that of a Catholic priest. Many of these men had come into their camps speaking of their God, trying to save their souls. Sadness filled Joseph as he remembered how they had always come before the slaughter.

Looking somber, as if to say, "I'm sorry," the man came this time without a bible, but held his hands out to Joseph in peace. "How many?" The priest said. "Too many." Joseph replied. As the priest sat down, he reflected another question to Joseph. "How many groups of people have been set apart in the name of religion?" Perplexed, Joseph looked deeply into the eyes of this priest, when suddenly the field all



around them became a battleground between the religions and the people. Groups came forward from every direction, all who stood apart because of their race, beliefs, imperfections, illnesses, karma or any difference to the one acceptable human that this man's religion would allow.

Crying, the priest lowered his head, as Chief Joseph stooped to look upon him. Intrigued by his sadness, he asked, "Is this not what you wanted?" "No, I wanted life, but this is what I have done!" The priest was ashamed. "But why did you do it?" Joseph asked. "I don't know, I really don't know." "Was it out of ignorance, perhaps you didn't understand?" Joseph replied, trying to make him feel better. "I wish I could claim ignorance," sighed the priest, "but I cannot." "Why is this?" Joseph said. "Because I did not question, I followed," the priest was distant, lost in his thoughts, "and in following, I denied life. If I had asked my heart, it would have told me that this was not honoring life, that this was wrong."

Rising from the ground, the two looked on, as the groups of people who had been set apart disappeared. Joseph quietly took the priest's hand to help him, and said, "My brother, may we now honor life together? The sun is setting, a new day awaits. All of us have been guilty in one lifetime or another of not properly honoring that which was sacred. Perhaps we can seek understanding together?" Unable to speak, the priest took Joseph's hand as they walked towards the sun.

*"The prey departeth not, nor do the crack of the whip, the whirl of wheels, the prancing horses, the bounding chariots, the charging horsemen, the flashing (sword),*

***the glittering spear, the multitude of slain, the great heap of carcasses. No end is there to the bodies; men stumble over those bodies."***

*The Dead Sea Scriptures, Nahum, Chapter Three, No. 1-3, Page 315, Paragraph 1, (Christianity, Gnostic/Essene)*

Seeing it for only a moment, the deeply sacred golden book encased in blue-turquoise appeared. A voice spoke from the sky. "As you seek life, you will find the holy words of life . . . of each life. Every life has its own holy words, its own holy pathway, and its own holy book. These differences allow all life to meet in understanding, as all life exists because of the other. As you follow the pathway of life, you must seek to *become* your brothers." As they listened, they sat beneath the setting sun as suddenly the priest began changing . . . within moments he had become Daniel.

***"One must, then, read the book of his own self, rather than some treatise on rhetoric. Wherefore He hath said, 'Read thy Book: There needeth none but thyself to make out an account against thee this day."***

*The Seven Valleys and the Four Valleys, The Four Valleys, The First Valley, Page 51, Paragraph 2, (Baha'i, Author: Baha'u'llah)*

Thunder struck and Joseph now stood amidst a dark, dank and dusky graveyard. Bleak headstones were surrounding him, but something was unusual. Joseph immediately knew that everything buried here was still alive, it was the graveyard of things not yet fully dead, held in this state by the memories of those who would not let the past go. Grave diggers were busy opening up a grave, pulling out the dirt around the body of man who was dead in every way;

although decomposition had not yet set in. Joseph was shocked and alarmed when he saw that it was himself.

Looking somber as she spoke, an angel appeared, "You must now let your former self die to become a part of the one. Who you were is not what you seek to become. You can no longer be Joseph, you must become life itself." With her words, the body began to quickly decompose as they laid his past to rest. But as he began walking slowly out of the graveyard, he noticed that other aspects of himself and his former life were following him. Running in fear, he was afraid of these zombie-like memories that chased him, but then he stopped, realizing that he had to allow these things to die, as well. Childhood fears, past loves, those who had passed before, all were among his memories that must cease. "They are not of the now." The angel said. "They must be allowed to die. The past is already dead, but if it does not die within you, then it grasps hold of you and stops you from living. Their aliveness is maintained by you, but still they are no more alive."

Then he saw her. As the image passed before Joseph, he began to cry tears that had been unfulfilled within his own lifetime. She'd been gone for so long, but her face had never left him. Having never told anyone about her, she stood before Joseph reaching out to hug him in joy. Strong and certain, her love relinquished his fears, and quickly put them to rest. "I love you," she said, "but you have held me in your heart long enough, let it cease. A love that can never be is a dead love, how many years did you weep for me?" His tears were drying now, "So many, and no

one ever knew." "Yes," she said as she dried his final falling tear," and it held you in that which no longer lived, you were never completely free again. Now . . . you are free, my beloved Joseph. Our love will always remain, but what you hold onto must die. Seek life, and in the seeking, let this go. Spirit directing life always directs it towards the path of the highest good; we were what we were meant to be in that time." Joseph looked up, "I never did let you go . . . completely." Hugging him tightly, she comforted him, "There is one thing I must leave you with, life continues to create, life continues to love . . . it never ends. But life can cease movement when it holds onto dead things. If you wish to seek life, you must follow this," placing his hand upon his heart, she concluded, "always, my love, always." In a flash of light, he suddenly saw Daniel, and in an act that initially confused him, she walked into Daniel, as the two souls became one. In a flash of knowing he realized . . . Daniel, the priest, and she were one.

"Great spirit, I am confused." Joseph cried out to the heavens, as a voice echoed from the highest realms. "You believe something is being taken from you, but it is being given back." A huge lighted hand reached from heaven to touch Joseph's head. "Challenge your beliefs, Joseph, because they are only a disguise to the truth. What do you *believe*, and what do you *know*? Which pathway will you follow, life or death?"

***"Lord, incline your heavens and come; touch the mountains and make them smoke. Flash forth lightning . . . reach out your hand from on high; deliver me***

*from the many waters."*

*New American Bible, Old Testament, Psalms 144:5-8,  
(Christianity, Catholic)*

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My soul was lost in thought as I sat at the table with childhood friends and relatives. Surprised when my deceased friend, who'd died in a car accident, entered the room, he sat down to talk with one of his best friends. Watching him, I felt a sorrow in my soul for this loss, but I turned away so as not to feel the pain. When I looked up again, he was walking straight towards me, staring me down with deep caring in his eyes. Taking my hand, he sat next to me.

For a moment, I was lost in his visions and dreams, which held the image of the fatal car accident that had taken his life. Drinking and driving, four out of the five passengers had been killed; all thrown from the vehicle, bloodied and battered. When he turned to face me again, the wounds which caused his death were present upon his body and I could feel his pain. Beginning to cry, he told me that he now worked with the Disaster Crew to help others who were dying traumatic deaths, and this brightened me up. For a moment, he became very serious, and though his words weren't eloquent or poetic, he let me know how much he had loved me. My tears began flowing harder, for I'd loved him deeply, too. Wonderful to see him again, I didn't want to return to my physical world. "Come with me," he said, as he held out his hand. Being pulled back beyond the veil of death, I timidly reached my hand to him, but then pulled back. Knowing I couldn't go with him, we lived in two different worlds.

Suddenly, we were sitting on a small park bench before his gravesite. Nothing was said, as he pulled me close to him and comforted me in my sorrow. "Sometimes love just isn't enough," he said to me, as he disappeared and his casket appeared before me. "No!" I screamed out, "No!" I screamed again as I flung myself to the box which held his remains and held on tightly. But an angel appeared, who was direct, "You cannot go with him," she said, "because his destiny lies in the world beyond death, and your destiny lies in the world of the living. Can you sacrifice your own destiny to be with him, now?" I didn't reply. "He cannot come to your world, and you cannot go to his . . . you cannot go with him."

Still crying, she conveyed something very dramatic, poignant and blunt. "Don't you see? Stop mourning over that which you have not lost." She paused. "Stop mourning over a destiny that was never meant to be, and by doing so, perhaps you will recognize the destiny that *was* meant to be."

***"A veil exists between the world above and the realms that are below; and shadow came into being beneath the veil; and that shadow became matter; and that shadow was projected apart."***

*The Nag Hammadi Library, The Hypostasis of Archons, Page 167, Paragraph 7, (Christianity, Gnostic/Essene)*

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"Welcome." Joseph said. Hovering above his small encampment, he was sitting before a small campfire motioning me to sit. A small teepee was behind him, and he wore modern clothing; a brown hat, a vest, and a blue flannel shirt with a pair of old jeans. "Come, sit by my fire," he said. "Before we

continue," Joseph said, "you must pass through a small test." "A test? I just want to tell your story, you know, of the pathway." "In order to follow me, you must follow the pathway. The next step requires a small rite of passage."

A vibration entered my spirit as I began to whirl. Within moments, my soul was manifesting in another place, another reality; a modern looking restaurant decorated in frontier fashion with lots of woodwork. People were laughing and making merry on the cool November day. Beginning to manifest into this energetic reality of a potential future, I was sitting at a table with about ten people who acted as if they knew me.

Turning to look out a window behind me, I noticed a man holding a gun. "Uh oh," I thought, "here it comes." Without any warning, a burst of about twenty armed people poured into the restaurant, happening so fast that most of those present could not possibly ascertain what had occurred. Shooting in the air, they were demanding that the people gather in one location, which everyone did except for me. Attempting to make a statement about the social conditions in their country, they'd taken about 25 hostages. Wanting peace, love and understanding . . . justice for their people, I immediately understood why I was present.

Beginning to talk to them, I was cracking a lot of jokes, which was not the custom for most hostage situations. Enraging the captors, the other hostages were concerned that I was going to get shot. One of the men was wearing a shirt depicting a well-known musician in their realm, John Lennon. Walking

quietly over to him, he pulled out his gun as I approached. Ignoring his threatening stance, I asked, "So you like John Lennon?" "Yes, I do." "Well, I love him, too. What was your favorite song of his?" "Well, that would be 'Imagine.'" "Oh, I love that song, too." Beginning to sing, I savored every lyric, "Imagine there's no countries, it isn't hard to do, nothing to kill or die for . . ." Angry, he shouted, "I know the song! Just shut up and get over there with the others!" Cocking his gun, I continued singing. "You may say I'm a dreamer. But I'm not the only one. I hope someday you'll join us. And the world will live as one." "Shut up!" He said again. Walking up to him, I put my hand on his shoulder. "You wear a shirt with John Lennon on it, and you carry a gun, that makes no sense. You *must* know that he was killed by a gun, too." With that he got very mad, "Don't tell me that, that's bullshit! John Lennon is not dead!"

Suddenly, I realized that I had entered a parallel reality, and in this parallel, John Lennon had not been murdered. "Where I come from, the reality of earth I live in, he died of gunshot wounds over ten years ago." Looking at me shocked and angry, some of the others thought I was crazy. Not wishing for me to interfere with their plan, they were sick of me using up their time. Wanting us to focus on their cause, they said that they couldn't have done this in any other way.

Two women suddenly grabbed me and took me to the other side of the restaurant. "You are not going to mess this up for us." I started laughing, "Mess this up, I really care about what you are trying to accomplish, but whatever possessed you to try this



technique, I don't understand." "Shut up, it's time for you to die." "Do you realize the message you're sending out? You are asking people to care about other people . . . by killing and hurting others." One woman began yelling and screaming, and the other stopped her. "She'll be very quiet in a moment." "No . . . I won't." I said, looking at them very seriously. "If you shoot this body, it will simply disintegrate and I will manifest a new one. I'm sorry, but because of my purpose here, I will not go away with something as simple as the illusion of a gunshot." They looked at me, grabbed my shirt, and held the gun to my head. I didn't wince or respond. "Do what you gotta do." I said.

Suddenly, she dropped her hands and began to cry. "I don't want this, I really don't. Why does it take something like this to get the attention of the people? Why do you have to go to such extremes for them to notice injustice or cruelty?" "I don't know that answer myself," I said, "I battle uncaring in my own world, my own realm. I cry for injustice, I cry for the environment, I cry for life! But I've learned that battling such uncaring cannot be done by engaging in the tactics of uncaring people." They both calmed, as did the entire group. "But nothing ever changes." "Yes, it does change. Change sometimes comes slowly, but the change you desire can only come from love. You must allow it, you cannot force it. "Well, what do we do now?" They asked. "To be honest with you, I don't know what can be done at this point. You've probably caused a major stir, and violent retaliation is what has been created by your action. I am concerned." With that, they all pulled back and

began thinking. What could turn back the tides of time?

Several hours passed and everyone became closer in this hostage drama. Hugging me, the man with the Lennon shirt came to hug me. Very quiet, he had calmed down a great deal since the beginning of the episode. Everyone, hostages and captors, were beginning to hang out together as if nothing had ever happened. Now I was concerned as to how to get this turned around so they wouldn't all be killed by the SWAT team that was currently surrounding the building.

One of the women agreed to go out and talk to the police, asking for an opportunity to release everyone safely. As she walked out the door, I immediately felt that she was in danger. Grabbing the door, I ran out with her acting as a hostage to prevent gunfire. Police were ready to fire, but when they saw me they stopped. Whispering to her, I told her to act as if they were releasing me as a good-faith hostage. Running towards the police, I met with the man in charge. "These people have made a mistake and they know it. They want to let everyone go and release everyone safely. No one is in danger anymore and they really want this to end, their motivation was distorted, that's all." Agreeing to allow me to return into the building, I was given the task of preparing everyone for safe release.

Walking through the building, the hostages had already been gathered for release. But as they began leaving, I felt something was terribly wrong. In the corner of my eye, I noticed someone who wasn't there before, a member of the SWAT team. Glancing

around, I saw many more of them. "Oh, my God, NO!" I screamed out, as they began firing at the captors. Bodies lying in a pool of blood, I was crying uncontrollably. Nineteen had been lost.

On the wall before me, Chief Joseph's face appeared, encompassing its entirety. Compassion was in his eyes as he pulled me outside of the turmoil and into an energy vortex. "Well done." He said. "What do you mean, well done!" They're DEAD!" Joseph interrupted me. "They have finished a program in that realm. However, you did everything within your power. You gave them knowledge about their choice, and then it was up to them to choose. It is the natural order of cause and effect. Violence begets violence. Sometimes, although perceptual alterations occur, the act cannot be turned around." I understood. Grateful that they had changed their perceptions before their death, it's always better to realize truth in our mortal state, than to awaken to it after death. But grief is grief, and I continued to cry. "Go home, now, child. You have done enough for one night."

*"Their faith was shaken severely. So great was their alarm, that many of them, discontinuing their prayer, apostatized their faith. Verily, God caused not this turmoil but to test and prove His servants."*

*The Kitab-I-Iqan, Page 50-51, (Baha'i, Author:  
Baha'u'llah)*

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Night fell in the spaces beyond time, as a formless hand led my soul to a mysterious corridor. Unable to break free from the impending importance I felt, I began soaring down a blue-green tunnel until I

reached a set of barren bleachers and sat alone. Out of the ether, the spirit of Jesus Christ appeared, his face exhibiting tremendous pain and torment, his hands and feet bound in metal shackles. But despite his tortured demeanor, light glowed all around him. A white robed man surrounded in light with a very long beard sat next to Jesus, whose features were barely perceptible. "It is your purpose," he said, "to release the bondage Christianity has put upon Christ's spirit." His powerful comment shocked me, and I didn't know how or what he had in mind. As I gazed upon Jesus' tortured countenance and his beckoning eyes, they both disappeared into the ether.

***"But the seed of man hath not understood all of which Thou hast made it heir, neither have men known Thee whensoever Thou hast spoken."***

*The Dead Sea Scriptures, The New Covenant, Page 438,  
Paragraph 1, (Christianity, Gnostic/Essene)*

Appearing from behind, another spoke. "Look at me!" he commanded, as I turned to look into his deeply intensive eyes. "What you have come to do carries a far greater significance than you know. Do you realize how rare it is to have someone with full consciousness on both sides of existence who resides primarily in the physical?" I'd taken that for granted, since it hadn't occurred to me that others did not live in this manner. "Express the music of your soul, your time has come." Beginning to waver into the ether, he whispered these words over and over again, "Far Greater Significance, Far Greater Significance, Far Greater Significance . . .," and then he was gone.

***"The psychic race is like light from a fire . . . through a voice it was instructed and this was sufficient,***

*since it is not far from the hope according to the promise, since it received, so to speak as a pledge, the assurance of the things which were to be."*

*The Nag Hammadi Library, The Tripartate Tractate, No. 14, Page 94-95, (Christianity, Gnostic/Essene)*

## CHAPTER TWO

*"The Divine Physician is keeping you in the hospital of earthly delusion until your disease of desire for material things is cured. Then He will let you go Home."*

*Sayings of Paramahansa Yogananda, Page 70, No. 2, (Hinduism, Kriya Yoga, Words of Paramahansa Yogananda)*

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Having room for only two people, the horse-driven carriage was small. Open to the elements, we were happy that it was a warm and sunny day. My sister and I had ridden into town to go to the bank. Flirting with a handsome gentleman who held the door for her, she was older than me and could do things lacking in propriety. After she emerged from the bank in this one road town, we headed back to the farmhouse. I was a teenager.

Black servants were working very hard; a cook in the kitchen, and a frail young woman boiling water for my younger brother's bathtub. Walking by without a word, the door was open. White folks were above such menial tasks in a household such as ours.

Larry, my fiancé, was waiting for me on the front porch. Playing ball with Luke from the farm

nearby, they seemed upset about something so I wandered out in the sun to see what could be the matter. Carrying my lacy umbrella, it protected my pearly white skin from sunburn. Down below the hill on the dirt road, a black family was driving an automobile. Immediately, I understood their outrage! Apparently they were the first in these parts to own an automobile and they were BLACK! My insides were ripping me apart with the injustice of such a thing.

My spirit tumbled out of that body, whizzing through time and space into another.

Our escape was only moments away, as our plan had been set into action. We'd been held for a very long time as prisoners because of our religious beliefs. Unwarned of our plan, our captors didn't know what hit them when the gunfire began and the escape was in progress. People were dying all over the place, and for a moment, I looked behind me at the suffering of those who had held me captive. The dead and dying caught my caring for only a moment. It was God I was fighting for, and God wanted them to die!

Ripped and squeezed out of that form, my soul whizzed through time and space into another.

The stout older man looked me in the eye, as his wife had just passed of a horrible illness. We'd just received word that one of his two sons had died in the war this same day, fighting for the Union army during the Civil War. Promised to their other son in marriage if he returned from the fighting, he'd just signed up for the Rebel forces.

Suddenly, there were two of me. My former

self was continuing within the body, while my present self overlapped and observed and felt from my own current vantage point. My present self was concerned as to how this father would handle these two deaths in his family *and* the knowledge that his other son was preparing to fight to preserve slavery for the Rebel forces?

My former self was unconcerned with slavery and its ramifications, it was self-consumed. Tears were running down my future father-in-law's face, "I told him joining the Union army would kill him . . . AND his mother," he said to my present self's astonishment. Realizing that this family supported slavery, and that I was very much a part of it, I also discovered that my former self was not offended by war at all.

The haze began clearing from the intensity of the shooting star that took me back into the present. Chief Joseph looked calmly into my face. "You felt it?" He asked. "Yes, oh yes, I sure did. It was so strange." I replied. "You went back to the parts of you that violated life; you saw and felt through their eyes again, what did you feel?" His question instilled shame within my soul. "Nothing," I replied very softly, "Isn't that horrible? In my mind, I didn't see it as violating life. I saw it as perfectly okay. Isn't that horrible?" Taking my hand, Joseph looked deep into my eyes. "No," he said, "that is very good. Now you are ready." "For what?" I couldn't help but ask. "You felt the separation and the duality, now you will feel the oneness. If you could violate life in those lives without having any conscious awareness of it, is it not possible that there are things you have not seen or

fully understood about life in your present, is it possible you could be violating life now and not be aware of it?" This shocked me to realize the magnitude of what he might be saying. "Yes," I replied, "yes, that is very possible." "Remember, life is greater than you know, its meaning, its significance. You've remembered how easy it is to be ignorant; you don't even have to think about it. There are some things that you've never thought about . . . things you might find horrible if you had."

Interrupting him, I said, "Okay . . . but, I'm confused, I thought this story was going to be about you." Joseph smiled in a knowing manner. "Why, Daniel, I thought we were seeking the pathway together?" My gaze didn't move from his eyes as the meaning of his words penetrated into my soul. "Daniel Pierce, that was me?" "Welcome to remembrance, Daniel, now you are ready."

So, I was the soul of that priest. "Whoa," I thought, as I returned to my body.

*"(Thou wilt make) an end of all that oppress us; and we shall give thanks unto Thy name for ever."*

*The Dead Sea Scriptures, The New Covenant, Page 437,  
Stanza 4, (Christianity, Gnostic/Essene)*

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Joseph's long black hair was flowing around his neck and shoulders, and a hat shadowed his face. Lighting a peace pipe, he handed it to me. Smoking the aromatic vapors, I became PEACE.

A group of Native American wise men appeared and began singing ancient chants. I'd thought it odd that they did this in my presence, because I was white. "Isn't this disrespectful to the



spirits?" I asked. "It is wise to sing," the leader said, "we sing for you today." Not knowing what to say or do, I just listened, as I suddenly noticed a young Indian boy had appeared at Chief Joseph's side. "The river," he beckoned, "you are going to the river."

Waves thrashed and spun all around me as I had been immediately transported into what could become my watery grave if I wasn't careful. Hurled through the enclosed underground waterway for quite some time, it was very narrow in spots and I'd banged my eye and lip very hard from being hurled against the rock wall.

Emerging in another time and place, the river was open again as I was climbing onto the surface of the bank. My long gray dress was soaked and tattered from my journey, and behind me, I could see there was trouble. Remembering, I saw a group of people lined up against a wall on the other side of the river, inland a ways. A firing squad was about to shoot all of them, but someone had come to help me escape. "Come on," said a man with a deep English accent, "hurry up! We've got to go!" Pulling me from the water, we were running in the wilderness towards a boat. Gunshots were heard in the distance, and I was very confused. Everything had happened so fast, and my present self had no idea who this man was or what was going on. Hearing other footsteps behind me, we were almost there. "Come on! There is no time!" He yelled again loudly. More gunshots rang out, and due to the grace of God, we weren't hit. Moments later we were on the boat as it steamed down river.

As soon as the boat began to move, I passed

out cold on the wooden deck. Awaking in a daze to a man's face looking above me; his light brown hair framed the concern in his eyes. "It's you!" I shouted, as I reached to hug him tightly. Taking my hand, he looked into my eyes and didn't say anything; he was just relieved that I was okay.

"Wow!" I said, as I opened my eyes to another face. Chief Joseph was amused at my return from the past. "That was romantic," I said, "what a rush!" Continuing to smile, he projected almost a sarcastic humor. "What?" I said, defensively, "It *was* romantic!" Interrupting my rampage, Joseph said, "I want you to remember now. You've traversed many lifetimes since the beginning of your journey. You've remembered many pasts." "Yes," I replied, "I have." "Well, tell me if you see a pattern." Pausing a moment to think, I replied, "I saw the pattern of unrequited love, that was obvious." "Do you see another in your many lives of adventures, mercenaries . . . battles of the light and the dark?" He was so serious now; it almost ruined the fun of my little adventure. "Well, I get really excited in those battles." I said. "You even thought it romantic?" Joseph questioned. Pausing to think, I was afraid I might be getting trapped into the truth. "Okay, yeah." "How could this affect you now . . . in your path?" "Well," I mused, "maybe in my relationships . . . or my life in general . . . maybe I have a tendency to get bored with calm . . . peace." "But yet, you say you want peace?" Joseph was inspiring intense thinking within me now. "Yeah, isn't that strange?" "You are turned on by adrenaline, not love." Joseph said. "This is why you are drawn to the dramatic, bored with peace." "My Gosh!" I

screamed, "You are right! I get turned on by battling the dark forces on the ground or torrid romances . . . you're right! I do!" Joseph reached the peace pipe to me as I took another smoke. "When you travel the pathway to life," he said, "you begin to alter the energy that surrounds evolution, by that very existence. There are various stages of the evolution of humanity; one stage is the battles that occur on the ground, highly dramatic; and the next stage, energetic alteration, highly peaceful. Now that you are embarking upon this energetic alteration, those parts of you which still entertain fancies of the dramatic must be prepared to become peaceful. Then the energy works *through* you, rather than *by* you . . . and it happens all the time, whether you are aware of it or not." Somewhat ashamed, I asked, "How do I transform those parts?" Joseph was kind, "First, you become aware that they exist, and then you are able to recognize that which no longer serves your path. Those lingering questions, thoughts, fantasies created in your own mind about what was or could have been . . . are only that. Love is not what you have believed it to be, it is not torrid romance or danger-filled rescues . . . love is patient and kind . . ." Smiling, Joseph disappeared on a wisp of smoke from his pipe.

*"Love is patient and kind; love is not jealous or boastful; it is not arrogant or rude. Love does not insist on its own way; it is not irritable or resentful; it does not rejoice at wrong but rejoices in the right. Love bears all things, believes all things, hopes all things, endures all things. Love never ends. As for prophecies, they will pass away; as for tongues, they will cease; as for knowledge, it will pass away. For*

*our knowledge is imperfect and our prophecy is imperfect; but when the perfect comes, the imperfect will pass away. When I was a child, I spoke like a child, I thought like a child, I reasoned like a child; when I became a man, I gave up childish ways. For now we see in a mirror dimly, but then face to face. Now I know in part; then I shall understand fully, even as I have been fully understood. So faith, hope, love abide, these three; but the greatest of these is love."*

*The Holy Bible, Revised Standard Version, 1 Corinthians  
13: 4-13, (Christianity, Words of Paul)*

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And so it came to pass that Joseph took me aboard a starship to show me the state of the auric field of the Earth. Showing me the former earth of many moons ago, a triangular grid was surrounding the planet keeping it in balance, energetically. Meshed together, the triangles were in harmony when mankind's thoughts reflected harmony. When the Earth had once been peaceful, the electrical currents of negativity and evil still struck at the field, but were kept in check by the grid. As Joseph showed me the grid that surrounded the Earth now, I began to cry. Everything was a complete electrical distortion, as energy blitzed out in every direction, like thousands of lightning bolts striking all at once. Falling away in one corner of the planet, the triangular part of the grid was dissipating from the energetic imbalances of mankind's thoughts and deeds.

Chief Joseph put his arm around my shoulder. "It is sad," he said. "What has happened?" I asked. "Death to the ways of life, death of the spirit." I

nodded. "As life dissipates from those who inhabit a planet, the energy of life can no longer hold on." "Is this our future?" "That all depends." "On what?" "On you . . . on me . . . on every being who walks the Earth." "What can we do?" "Walk the pathway; walk *with* life, not against it. Life will beget a new Earth." The starship was moving towards Mars, and Joseph took my hand. Joining us as we began to fly to Mars, the starship captain listened to the chief.

Floating on the pink energy of the angels, we soared to Venus to gather the white light of love. Returning to Earth, the energetic disturbances were strong and continual, but we took the energy and distributed it amongst the entire auric field of the Earth. Pulling the grid haphazardly into some shape, it was still incomplete but it would give the Earth more time. "You know," Joseph said, "one person really does make a difference. One person who cares amongst an entire planet is all it takes." "What do you mean?" I asked. "Caring is powerful. If one person . . . one person . . . asks that it be saved . . . prays to the spirit of life, to the Great Spirit, that planet may be saved for that one caring soul. If you care . . . just you . . . that might be enough to pull it off." The light trails were flowing all around us. "Caring brings clarity, and clarity will balance the earth. Then it will shine a radiant blue, green and gold throughout the universe." "Wow, won't that be beautiful?" "It will, it will, my friend."

"Let me show you something." Joseph said, as we entered the starship which was now heading straight into the Earth's energy field. "I want to show you where life, peace and caring still exist." Landing

amongst a mountainous region, we walked towards a winding river. Sitting on an old log by the water, I noticed my reflection. "What do you see?" He asked. "Life is everywhere, the trees, the river, the fish . . . Oh!" I was dumbfounded as I noticed a beautiful white-tailed deer striding through the woods. "Oh, how beautiful!" I shouted. "Do you know where we are?" Joseph asked. "No." I replied. "We are in the energetic reality which surrounds the earth, the ether reality that wishes to descend into physical reality." The deer was staring at me. "Who is it?" I said under my breath. "Oh, my God, it isn't!" "Yes, he's free now." (A few days before, I had found a deer that had been ritually sacrificed in the woods. I'd gone to a great deal of trouble to try to get the perpetrators caught, but to no avail, but afterwards focused on the traumatized soul of the animal, freeing him from the bondage of his death.) "Oh, he's so beautiful, how could anyone . . . how could they?" "That is past, look to the now." "Why does he keep looking at me?" "He is grateful." "For what? I was unable to help him." "You cared." Giving me an intentioned glance, the sun caught its eye as it glimmered like a diamond. Suddenly, he leapt into the wilderness.

"I have something else to show you." Joseph said. I was so busy admiring this beautiful natural world that when I looked up and saw a highway, I was totally taken aback. "How'd that get there?" I asked, almost angry. "We've now entered the physical reality of the place we were." Litter was strewn everywhere, the mountains were covered with electrical poles, highways, houses, smokestacks, but there was one sacred space remaining . . . where we

sat. Looking in the water, I noticed my reflection again.

The starship captain walked forward, as Chief Joseph disappeared. "We must go now. Our ship only remains in the energy field of the earth for a short time! Come!" Running to the ship which was now perched on a dusty highway, the eyes of the deer were still piercing my mind. Somehow we had become one, because of our mutual caring. Shuddering momentarily as it rocketed out of the electrical disturbance of the Earth, the starship eventually shot forth.

Mankind bears free will which bears its own cost. Angels can only interfere with the natural results of our thoughts and deeds when given the eternal directive to do so. And this eternal directive is only given to protect the evolutionary programs of souls, or to protect souls from their own ignorance. There does come a time when we are no longer afforded protection, when we are expected to accept the results of our own thoughts and deeds, because as every soul matures, he is required to take on greater responsibility.

And so it came to pass that Chief Joseph and the angels began to teach me of evolution, as it was a part of my purpose to give back some of that which had been given to me.

*"A man of realization does not perform any miracle until he receives an inward sanction." Master explained. 'God does not wish the secrets of His creation revealed promiscuously. Also, every individual in the world has an inalienable right to his free will. A saint will not encroach on that*

*independence."*

*The Autobiography of a Yogi, Chapter 12, Page 136,  
Paragraph 5, (Hinduism, Kriya Yoga, Author:  
Paramahansa Yogananda)*

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Chief Joseph showed me that upon entering the vibrational state, I could make a running motion and that would separate my spirit from my body. He also showed me that keeping my etheric arms at my side, close to my body when flying would make my soul shoot like a rocket.

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Following the sound of a distant drumming, I found Chief Joseph surrounded by a large tribe of Indians. "Graduation requires a rite of passage." Joseph said, as I looked at him quizzically. Beginning to create something in his hands, it was a ball of light. Handing it to me, he said, "This is the medicine, take it with you." "What medicine?" I asked. "You will know." Joseph said, as I was suddenly transported elsewhere.

Having entered a crowded restaurant, a flash of information suddenly came into my soul. I *knew* that, in a moment, a man was going to run into this public place and begin randomly shooting at people, and it was my job to stop it. Panicking, I ran towards the door as the man entered and blocked his gunfire with my body, taking the shots into myself and falling to the ground. The man stopped shooting.

Chief Joseph's voice spoke in my head, "Try again, you'll understand." But the same scene repeated two more times, and I responded in a similar fashion. What made it more difficult was that before



each try, I couldn't remember having done it immediately before.

Appearing to me with his peace pipe, Joseph looked at me intensely. Suddenly, I saw them. Their energies were phasing in and out, in and out. Hundreds of them appeared in a circle of energy around me. Chief Joseph continued smoking the pipe. "These are the Medicine Women from throughout the ages," he said, as one approached me holding a white-fringed native dress, moccasins and a pair of wings. Humble and quiet in her demeanor, she said, "We wish to pass our medicine onto you." Amazingly honored, but also deeply afraid, I replied, "I don't know. I don't know if I even want to be a Medicine Woman. I don't even know what that really means." She was unmoved by my cowardice, "You will know," she said, "receiving the medicine is receiving that knowledge." Hesitating, I didn't say anything more. "Just try one more time, see how you do." Her patience made me feel somewhat ashamed. "Okay," I said, cautiously allowing myself to be drawn into the state of unremembering again.

As the man walked into the room, I looked down in my hands noticing the gift from Chief Joseph. "The ball of light!" I thought loudly. Throwing the ball towards the man's hands, it began to meander through the air because of my pathetic aim, but the power of the medicine quickly swept it up and carried it to its proper destination, knocking the gun out of the man's hand and rendering him unconscious.

Apparently, it is better to alter something without allowing harm to come to your own soul, for

this keeps you strong to do God's work, and although my initial approach was successful in the accomplishment of the directive, the purpose of attaining the medicine is to become capable of altering realities without taking on the destructive energies you have come to alter. The destructive energies must be altered, not just redirected.

Joining the Medicine Women in celebration, we were engaging in a ritual designed to assist me in becoming one of them, the Buffalo women. Giving me a garment consisting of a white buckskin pantsuit, two white moccasins, and a pair of white buckskin wings, I wore it as they danced and rattled all around me. Energies were vortexing, lightning was striking, and energetic particles began merging throughout and within, as my soul became fire, energizing me in the ways of the medicine. Hair turning long and black, the energies were transforming me into a true native. Becoming one with them, a familiar face appeared. Red Jacket sat down peacefully by the fire, smiling in pleasure at this rite of passage achieved. Knowing this to be the fulfillment of the prophecy which foresaw my entry into the lodge of the Buffalo women, I accepted it with humility.

Moments later, I was standing before a statue of an Indian chief which began to give me detailed instructions for an upcoming alteration. My spirit was flown to the scene in an instant.

Whizzing in, I caused a spirit wind strong enough to force the three people in the store to the floor. As they did this, bullets began to spray their building. Remaining on the floor where they might be safe, I applied energetic pressure to a phone in

order to call for emergency assistance. An ambulance and the police arrived very quickly.

Dying of a blood disease, the perpetrator of this horrid act had remained very bitter about his shortened life. Hovering inside the ambulance, they had placed him inside, as no one else had been hurt. Hovering to take on an energetic understanding of his state of mind, I learned that he was getting much weaker. Reaching into my pocket, I now had many balls of light within them. Placing them around him on the stretcher, he went into a deep peaceful sleep.

Saying nothing when he came out of his body, I noticed him staring at my image, covered in white robes and light. Smiling, I handed him some energy from my hands. Imagining light swirling about the room, it did. Looking at it in wonder, he seemed to become calmer. "Everything's going to be okay, isn't it?" He asked. Nodding that he indeed had nothing to fear in death, he gently fell back into his body. Now a peaceful soul, he was grateful that no one had been harmed by his wretched act, and that he had been protected from the deserved consequences of his own wrath.

Chief Joseph was standing amidst the great ocean as he handed me a sacred book. Holding it open, I tried very desperately to absorb all the knowledge contained within it before my time to view it had come to pass. "You hold the medicine now, my friend, do you realize what this means?" Nodding no, Joseph said, "You are no longer Marilyn . . . you are life itself." Turning, he walked quietly atop the waters away into the distance, and then faded from my sight.

And so it came to pass that I began entry into the realms of energetic alteration, but also continued to receive information about others who came into my life on the ground. The information ranged from past-life knowledge, warnings about upcoming events which could be altered if another path was taken, warnings and specific information about the actual energetic alignments of people in their lives, specific spiritual insight into the issues that blocked them, messages from deceased loved ones, etc. Limited only to what the Lord deems to share with me, I would often pray to receive on behalf of others who ask of it, because this light is only given if and when the Lord chooses.

*"If you saw that a man was going to hit another, you could step in front of the intended victim and let the blow fall on you. That is what a great master does.*

*He perceives, in the lives of his devotees, when unfavorable effects of their past bad karma are about to descend on them. If he thinks it wise, he employs a certain metaphysical method by which he transfers to himself the consequences of his disciples errors. The law of cause and effect operates mechanically or mathematically; yogis understand how to switch its currents."*

*Sayings of Paramahansa Yogananda, Page 47, Stanza 2,  
(Hinduism, Kriya Yoga, Words of Paramahansa  
Yogananda)*

*"It would help much to increase the humility of those who are endeavoring to obtain that virtue, so dear to the heart of God, if they were to present themselves before Him with these sins, as it were, upon them, the sins that God in His Truth sees they would have*

*committed if they had not been prevented by God's watchful Providence, turning them from paths in life that would have been fatal to them, giving special assistance at certain times of danger, and in the numberless other ways by which He shows His care for those who are dear to Him .*

.. "

*Devotion for the Dying, Mary's Call to Her Loving Children, Page 175, Paragraph 1, (Christianity, Catholic, Author: Mother Mary Potter)*

### **THUNDERCLOUDS BURSTING ON THE HORIZON (Rites of Evolution)**

*"Listen carefully, listen carefully and ponder deeply. I, the Tathagata, shall discourse on the pure karma for the sake of all sentient beings of the future who are afflicted by the enemy, evil passions."*

*The Three Pure Land Sutras, Contemplation Sutra, No. 8,  
(Buddhism, Pure Land, Words of the Buddha)*

### **CHAPTER THREE**

*"Blessed art Thou, O Lord, who putttest the sense of discernment into the heart of Thy servants, (that they may walk blamelessly before Thee,) and be steeled against all the devi(ces) of wickedness, and that they may bless (Thy name,) (loving) all that Thou lovest and abhorring all that (Thou hatest,) (and stray not in the waywar)dness of men, but, through the spirit of*

*(discern)ment which is theirs, (distinguish) the good from the wicked, (and keep) their deeds undefiled."*

*The Dead Sea Scriptures, The Book of Hymns, Page 196,  
Stanza 3, (Christianity, Gnostic/Essene)*

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Falling into its depths, the ocean was mild that night. Land could not be seen for many miles from this sacred place, as I was seeking an underwater temple. Reaching the bottom, I saw the entrance fairly quickly. Looking much like the 'Taj Majal,' it held lights of many colors. No one seemed to be there, when . . . a voice began speaking. "You must show that you are worthy to receive the wisdom." It said. Behind me a screen appeared showing scenes from my life and how I'd handled them, both in the physical and beyond the veil. "You are welcome," it said, as the great marble white gate began to open

Swooshing suddenly back into my body, I was lying in bed as the purpose of the temple revealed itself. A massive energy surge overtook my body, thousands of times stronger than I'd ever felt before. Scared, I'd never felt anything quite like this, but suddenly, my whole *body* and *spirit* lifted up out of bed, beginning to fly around the room. "It IS possible!" I screamed out, trying to get Andy's attention, but he was deeply asleep, assisted in his unconsciousness by his angels so that he wouldn't see the spectacle. For the next hour or so, the energy beam came and went, taking me on bodily flights around the room.

*"Know that all states of being . . . are manifested by My energy. I am, in one sense, everything, but I am independent. I am not under the modes of material*

***nature, for they, on the contrary, are within Me."***

*The Bhagavad Gita, Chapter 7, Text 12, (Hinduism,  
Translation: A.C. Bhaktivedanta Swami Prabhupada)*

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"In order to understand life," Chief Joseph said, "we must first understand death."

Soaring to another lifetime, I was working in an old frontier bank. Only moments passed before a bomb exploded, killing me instantly. As I lay in death, Chief Joseph whispered, "Dead man's might . . . and the light spread." Another light came and suddenly I was aboard an old ship during a massive sea storm. Preparing to sink, we had only minutes to live before the water reached the ceiling below deck. Our last breaths filled our watery grave. Surprised at how quick and painless these deaths were, Chief Joseph whispered into my ear again, "Life manages, life slates, from on and on into eternity." "Amen." I added. Reflecting on these moments and how I no longer felt anything, I asked, "Death is no longer *feeling*?" "Exactly," he said, "Vitality is life. Numbness is death. When you no longer *feel*, you are dead."

***"It is not death, but a bad life, which destroys the soul."***

*The Pythagorean Sourcebook, Select Sentences of Sextus  
the Pythagorean, No. 91, (Mystery Religions,  
Pythagorean)*

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Drawing a circle around my spirit, the Medicine Women were watching us. Just at the moment when the lines met to complete the circle, an energy shift occurred. Holograms of every moment of my life and all of my different selves were

functioning in synchronicity. Staring at this scene, Chief Joseph replied, "It is the Sacred Hoop, you have completed the circle."

Energetic understandings were beginning to take hold as Joseph explained that the hoop was a sequence of life, and when that sequence comes together, all exists as one moment. "The circle has come together, the moment of birth and death meet at the same point, there is no more differentiation between moments, they are now one." Seeing myself as a baby in a crib, a child, my current self, an old woman, all at the same time, my birth and my death, and all that lay between . . . was now one singular moment.

"You are free now; the Sacred Hoop has been completed. It's not what you were, but what you have become!" Joseph said these words as the Medicine Women began pounding rhythmically on drums and energy pierced the astral skies . . . but I couldn't hear them. I felt them, I saw them, I knew them . . . but I was caught in a melodious stream of light that held my attention. Somehow, I knew that they were the ones who were generating the energy to take me to this space. The magnitude of the moment carried my thoughts, "I guess what will be, will be." I thought, as Joseph's voice rang in my ear, "In one moment, lies all eternity. What is . . . is."

Joseph's peace pipe was before me again. "Beyond the illusions we perceive as reality, beyond the dying breaths we've chosen to forsake, beyond uncaring . . . is a whole new world. This world is life." Pausing a moment, he took another whiff. "At the center of creation where all life originates, lies the



seed of humanity. It is where it all begins . . . and where it all ends." Looking into my eyes, he handed the pipe to me. As I took a whiff, he quietly said, "That seed is love." And then he disappeared into the night.

*"Sometimes they show entering the womb, sometimes birth, sometimes the attainment of enlightenment - Thus they cause all worldlings to see: This is the path traveled by the unbounded . . . The real cosmos is all equal, without distinction, containing infinite, boundless meanings; They enjoy contemplating oneness, minds unmoving: This is the path of the knowers of all times."*

*The Flower Ornament Scripture, Chapter 21, Ten Practices, Page 482, Stanza 4 & 7, (Buddhism, Mahayana)*

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And so it came to pass that Chief Joseph taught me the mysteries of evolution as we sat at his fire smoking the pipe of peace, a little bit of which I share with you now. "If what is, is; then what is not, is not. In the kaleidoscope of creation, what is continually expands and changes. What is depends entirely upon the point of now in which you peer through. What is, in this now, is. But what was, in another now, no longer remains, unless you separate that point in time."

"Evolution is like a bit of tobacco. If you light a flame to the tobacco, it catches fire. In moments, smoke will begin to rise, curling into the air, parts dissipating and parts becoming. Creation is the flame, for it is the fire of love which forever changes everything it touches. Tobacco will remain tobacco indefinitely unless something changes. But if it is

touched by the flame, it will no longer be tobacco. Transformed by the flame into a completely different substance, it becomes ash. Life is transformed by the flame of love, just like the tobacco is transformed by the fire; nothing remains of what once was. What is . . . is no more. What is holds the memory of what was, but no longer is what was."

"If in one moment, lies all eternity; then all time, holds all things. Time is like a kaleidoscope. If you were to place a blue bead in a kaleidoscope which had only red, yellow, white and green beads within it, you could watch the transformation of a piece of God. A singular bead is a moment in time; perhaps a lifetime, a fragment of a soul. All the beads together represent all lifetimes and all life. Looking through the kaleidoscope, you will notice that with every movement of your hand, the images will constantly change unless you stop applying the movement. Appearing as a star at one moment, it's a triangle the next. If there is only one blue bead in your kaleidoscope, you will notice that it continually moves and changes according to the movement of the entire creation. The image never remains the same, it no longer is, what was, but yet, all the separate parts which create it remain the same. Creation can be seen in this manner. All moments exist as one, yet are continually altered by that which we become in the current point of now. Every piece remains essentially the same, yet is completely transformed by that which we become in the present."

*"Although (the consciousness) appears in other ways,  
its nature remains the same as before and is  
permanent . . . Consciousness appears in other ways,*

*and although the (different modes) are not true, (their nature) is one and true . . . It is the nature of merely being conscious that is one and true."*

*A Guide to the Bodhisattva's Way of Life, Chapter IX, Part II, Page 155, Stanza 3, (Buddhism, Tibetan, Author: Shantideva)*

"Let us return to the tobacco seed. What we are as humanity, can either energize or de-energize evolution. All begins with the tiny seed of life which God entrusts to every one of us. Imagine a small seed of tobacco which represents your portion in God's plan for humanity. As you place this seed upon the earth, you know that each part of humanity has a choice of what they will do with their own seed. Some will grow into vibrant and healthy plants, while other's seeds will wither into nothing, ceasing to grow . . . death. If you give your seed the water of life, the living water of the eternal, the seed has the potential to blossom into a beautiful plant . . . or it may wither into nothing, but you water this seed because you know that this water gives it the *potential* to grow. If you give it nothing, we know for a certainty that it will die. The water is caring. A world that has thrived on old ways needs to be watered regularly to grow. But you must also understand that what is . . . is. Humanity is still a seed, but what is, is never a constant, as it is always changing."

*"Note the unfolding order in the growth of a tree from seed to new seed; reflect on the continuous effort in all stages after self-propagation . . . Furthermore, if you can think spiritually enough, you will see that this energy does not come from the seed, nor from the sun of the world, which is only fire, but is in the seed*

*from God the Creator . . . and is from Him not only at the moment of creation, but ever after, too."*

*Divine Providence, Chapter 1, No. 3, Paragraph 2,  
(Christianity, Swedenborgianism, Author: Emanuel  
Swedenborg)*

"Understanding this, we must take the knowledge of evolution even farther. Evolution comes in phases, not all at once. What is now, is now, and what will be, is not now. Evolution takes place when the seed recognizes what is, and allows life to direct its course in a pattern of becoming. Individually, we energize evolution by becoming, and this comes about from an understanding of cause and effect and personal responsibility."

"Every realm has its own laws of cause and effect. You know that if you jump off a mountain in your astral body, you will fly. But if you do the same thing in your physical body, you will fall to the ground and be crushed to death. This is cause and effect. Because humanity is a karmic species, they tend to constantly run into one another and bump off of each other's programs. Karma tends to invade other programs in search of the missing part of itself which resides with God. Because the Earth is a karmic realm, most human souls operate in karmic desire, which has many varying manifestations of selfishness. Karmic souls live primarily off of the energies of others, although there is some self-generation present."

"An eternal soul does not have the same need, which is why they thrive in aloneness and silence, and have a wish to be unseen. An eternal soul lives from the light within, and the knowledge of oneness,

not from the energies of others."

"Because of the deluded state of karmic programs, those involved in them often do not recognize the cause and effect of their actions, and feel they are victim to circumstance and bad luck. But the reality remains, if you follow the ways of gluttony, you may get fat and unhealthy; if you follow the ways of lust, you may have children out of wedlock, be victim to a number of diseases, suffer from frequent heartaches, and never find true love; if you follow the ways of greed, you may or may not have many things in life, but you may never find meaning or peace of soul; if you are prideful, you may be blind to your own corruption, perceive yourself above others, and ignorant to the ways of the spirit; if you follow the ways of sloth, you shall never achieve anything of significance on the ground, or up above; if you follow the ways of vanity, you may be compulsory in your need for attention, and your soul shall be marred by the self-gratification it craves, unable to see the true need's of other soul's, unable to give love or receive it in a true sense; and if you follow the ways of avarice, which is unforgiving and hateful, you shall also be unforgiven and hated. Worst of all, if you follow any of these ways, you may never truly know God."

***"When a target is set, arrows are shot at it, when a woods is luxuriant, axes are taken to it. It is not that they beckon it, but it happens as the result of the situation."***

*Wen-Tzu, No. 94, Page 86, Paragraph 5, (Buddhism, Taoism, Words of Lao Tsu)*

Chief Joseph also taught that our intention is

just as important as our action. "The energetic truth behind all that we do determines the validity of an interaction, not simply moral reasoning. We are protected for a time when we are ignorant from the true effects of some of our own causes, but after a certain point, we will no longer be afforded protection and the full magnitude of our causes will become effects."

Chief Joseph's face became very dreamy as I began to remember the harm I had done to others. Deeply ashamed, Joseph wanted me to feel this, but he was compassionate, "Remember the energetic truth; it determines the validity of all interaction. You were protected as you followed your karmic path, your own destiny protected you, but if you were to engage in such acts now, you would not be protected. Because your destiny protected you, you have attained knowledge, and your actions actually energized your path." Knowing this did not lessen my remorse, for it is through remorse and repentance that humility is birthed. Sincere ignorance is understood, even compassionately, but *chosen* darkness is not tolerated by the Lord.

"They will come in five winds," Chief Joseph said, as he disappeared.

*"And the wickedness of a Soul is ignorance; for the Soul that knows nothing of the things that are, neither the Nature of them, nor that which is good, but is blinded, rusheth and dasheth against the bodily passions; and unhappy as it is, and not knowing itself, it serveth strange bodies and evil ones, carrying the Body as a burden, and not ruling but ruled: And*

***this is the mischief of the Soul."***

*The Divine Pymander of Hermes, Fourth Book, No. 27,  
(Mystery Religions, Egyptian/Hermetic, Words of Hermes)*

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Beginning to teach me how to manifest in and out of realities, we began to fulfill the prophecy of Toam. "You have learned that what is . . . is. And you have crossed into the understanding of personal responsibility. Now you are ready to undertake the threshold of energetic responsibility." Pausing, I didn't yet understand him. "When you are given the gift of knowledge, you must then take responsibility for alteration of energy throughout your realm." "Wow," I said, "that sounds intense." "It is a great gift." Joseph said. "When it is given, you will be tested, not just once, but continually. What you choose to use this gift for, will determine whether it remains." "Okay, I'm ready." I said. Joseph conveyed to me that the medicine was already my own, and that now I must use it to shift, alter and energize life in our realm. "But . . ." I asked. "It's the next phase, Marilynn. That means you don't know it, yet."

***"It often happens that we pray God to deliver us from some dangerous temptation, and yet God does not hear us but permits the temptation to continue troubling us. In such a case, let us understand that God permits even this for our greater good. When a soul in temptation recommends itself to God, and by His aid resists, O how it then advances in perfection."***

*The Voice of the Saints, In Temptation, Page 68-69,  
(Christianity, Catholic, Words of St. Alphonsus Liguori)*

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Quietly lighting his pipe, Chief Joseph returned. "Very few incarnate beings act purely in conjunction with the spirit," he said, "to do so requires a surrender of their own will to a Greater One, but it is only by this that true power is achieved." Handing me the pipe, he began showing me images of all I'd seen throughout my journey to date. "It's so beautiful," I replied, "I'm so blessed and so grateful. To think how many people would *die* to see what I've seen." Chief Joseph looked very serious. "To think how many people *have to die*, to see what you've seen." "What do you mean?" I asked. "People do not reach for it, until they die. They do not think of it, until they die. And many who do are not willing to become energetically responsible, to give up their existence as a glorified part, and become a part of the one." Intrigued, I asked, "But why, why is that Joseph?"

Becoming very upset, his face showed an intensity of emotion I'd never seen in him before, as his eyebrows wrinkled in worry. "Because they refuse to *see*, they refuse to *reach*, they refuse to *change*, and most of all, they refuse to *care*! They do not recognize that which has value, it has to be given to them in such a way that precludes their own discernment." Pausing, he looked at me as I absorbed the deep impact of that truth. Beginning to lighten, he said, "This is why those of you who are willing to see, reach, change and care become so important. You are the ones who take on the energetic responsibility for your world, altering those things that could destroy it if there hadn't been intervention. You know that your significance lies in conjunction with your



spirit, and you realize that the knowledge of your many selves is meaningless if it is not linked with higher knowledge. Reaching to the Great Spirit requires pure intention, otherwise it means nothing."

Looking off into a magnificent sunset that had just begun, Chief Joseph took another smoke from his pipe. "Today is a wonderful day!" He almost shouted, to my confused look. "Wonderful?" I replied, "It sounds so very sad. So many people will die without knowing the truth, without caring, without becoming even a tiny part of their highest potential." Smiling, Joseph quietly said, "But not you." A small tear fell from the corner of my eyes, as I was so grateful for all I'd been shown, all I'd learned. "Today we bring home one of our own," Joseph said, "take the pipe, it is yours."

Handing me the sacred pipe, I was stunned. But as it touched my hands, the energies all around me began to stir, phasing in and out. Appearing and disappearing with the energies, the Medicine Women who had initiated me into their fold were appearing and disappearing with the energies. Hair becoming long and black, my white buckskin dress felt good, pure, energized and lively. Becoming fully native, fully Indian, I suddenly became one with them . . . and I was gone.

*"When the superior man hears the Way, he is scarcely able to put it into practice. When the middling man hears the Way, he appears now to preserve it, now to lose it. When the inferior man hears the Way, he laughs at it loudly. If he did not laugh, it would not be fit to be the Way."*

*Tao Te Ching, No. 3, Stanza 1, (Buddhism, Taoism, Words*

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As all things occur in an energetic realm before they hit the ground, this is where the Lord's warriors go to assist in the five winds of alteration which are undertaken by guardian angels, eternal warriors, and various souls who work for the Lord. Five winds of alteration take place: 1) Alteration of perception, 2) Alteration of the outcome of a physical event, 3) Removal of dark energies around souls, 4) Removal of evil spirits or demons around souls, 5) Rendering benign or de-energizing demons that are incarnate in human form. Beginning with the first wind, my first mission involved the alteration of perception.

Appearing in energy form, I had awakened in a mountain hold with six other astral spirits who were my students. Two women were walking in the woods, and I immediately knew that they were going to be killed by a group of people who were angry because the women were planning to terminate their pregnancies. Attempting to take charge, a couple of men in the alteration group were unaware that they didn't have eternal permission to do so. "We'll wait behind those bushes for the killers, and then we'll kill them before they kill the women." Surprised by their arrogance, I quietly said, "We will not."

Although they were perceiving an actual physical death, in alteration the term 'kill' actually means a fatal blow to the energetic field of the perpetrator, de-energizing their physical ability to perform a particular destructive action, rendering benign the energy behind the destructive source.

"We will not," I repeated, "we will go to the

group in the woods and take a bigger risk for a better alteration." Confused but obedient, I hid my own fears as I walked forward while the trainees stayed behind. One of the men spoke up as I approached the group, "But what are you going to say?" "I don't know," I honestly replied, "I just go with guidance, I don't act on my own accord."

Walking forward into the group of about fifteen people, the leader approached me immediately. As he had given a flower to each member of his group, he handed one to me. Taking their flowers, the others had started a bonfire, but I held mine to my heart. "Who are you?" He asked. Smiling at him, I said nothing. Two women approached; the potential victims in a well-planned murder. As violence began to erupt, I lifted my hands, sending a lighted beam all around the group suspending them in time. They couldn't have moved if they tried . . . but no one tried. Recognizing that this was a force outside of their control, they surrendered.

Walking towards the two victims, I held their hands and led them to talk to the others about their lives, their pregnancies, and their fears; and as I allowed the lighted beam to lift, the violent feelings had been completely de-energized. Replaced by sincere interest, caring and love, the formerly hateful group emerged with a sincere desire to help these women find other options. I was gone.

***"When we believe that ours is the only faith that contains the truth, violence and suffering will surely be the result."***

*Living Buddha, Living Christ, Chapter 1, Page 2,*

*Paragraph 1, (Buddhism, Author: Thich Naht Hahn)*

***"The angels, however, also have the power to function in a supernormal fashion within their own normal areas of activity. They then act with more strength and force than is required for the natural order. This occurs when they act to bring about miracles and wonders in the world, according to God's will."***

*The Way of God, Part III, Chapter 2, No. 7, Paragraph 4,  
Page 197, (Judaism, Author: Rabbi Moshe Chayim  
Luzzatto)*

Alone in an energetic void, I awaited my next mission only to be surprised by the arrival of one of the young men who had initially tried to take charge of my first operation. No longer confrontational, he was very nervous, and kept looking around. "Who are you looking for?" I asked. "The others in the group," he said, "I can't do this alone." Smiling, I took his hand. "The spirit path can only be taken alone. We all want to bring somebody with us, hoping their presence will give us the support we need to move on. But it is only in our aloneness that the spirit path appears to us."

Taking a guitar off his shoulder that had been bound by a strap, he asked, "But how can I leave them?" His concern was a common one. "You cannot bring somebody from the outside in, if you try, you will fail. The spirit path is within; all that is without cannot go there." "How can I go there?" He asked. "Live your life according to caring, do not become self-righteous, but seek to become the highest ideal within yourself. *Be the light, but do not be afraid of the darkness. Allow things to be altered through you,*

rather than *by* you. And never exalt yourself above the human race, because it is only by being fully human *and* fully spirit that you may serve and ultimately give humanity a higher definition." Face filling with wonder, he reached to hug me before he would be gone. Disappearing into the ether, I saw a single tear fall from his eyes. "Today is a wonderful day!" I shouted to him, as he disappeared.

Chief Joseph's face gleamed brightly in the sky as suddenly the pipe he had given to me appeared in my hand. Blowing upon it a single breath so that it would light, I took a smoke. Joseph began singing and making hand signals. Forming a teepee with his hands, he then clasped his hands together. Knowing that the first sign meant 'teepee' or 'home,' the second meant to 'come together.' Inviting me to join him at his lodge, I reflected upon this great man's earthly life. Chief Joseph died on September 21, 1904 while sitting next to the fire in his lodge. Spending his life fighting for justice, many say he died of a broken heart, broken by the unkept promises and violence perpetuated upon his people.

Heinmetooyalakekt, his Indian name has been translated as 'Thunder Rolling in the Mountains.' As he began to disappear from my view, he told me the correct translation, 'Thunder Traveling to Loftier Heights.' Then he was gone.

*"You, O religious souls who live in the prison chosen by Love, often deemed useless and even dangerous in the eyes of the world, have no fear; in your solitude and moments of stress, let the world rant against you . . . only join your heart yet closer to God, the one object of your affections, and do all you can to repair*

***for the sins and the outrages of mankind."***  
*The Way of Divine Love, Page 272, Paragraph 2,*  
 (Christianity, Catholic, Words of Christ, Author: Sister  
 Josefa Menendez)

## CHAPTER FOUR

***"Know ye, O man, that all of the future is an open  
 book to him who can read. All effect shall bring forth  
 its causes, as all effects grew from the first cause.  
 Know ye, the future is not fixed or stable, but varies  
 as cause brings forth an effect. Look in the cause thou  
 shalt bring into being, and surely thou shalt see that  
 all is effect."***

*The Emerald Tablets of Thoth the Atlantean, Tablet XII,  
 Page 65, Paragraph 2, (Mystery Religions,  
 Egyptian/Hermetic, Words of Thoth)*

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Chief Joseph stood before me for only a moment. "Remember the bright white light," he said, as I thought of the gift of the medicine, "you must give back that which has been taken. Restore that which has been lost." Pausing for a moment, he began to slowly dissipate, "You must return to the mountains in the sky and learn from the Old Ones." Then he was gone.

***"This day is salvation come to this house . . . for the  
 Son of man is come to seek and to save that which  
 was lost."***

*King James Bible, New Testament, Luke 19:9-10,  
 (Christianity, Catholic, Words of Christ)*

Venturing upon an ancient time, my long

tattered dress seemed a burden to me within these prison walls. Almost full-term, my pregnancy remained a sign of the rape that had occurred at the hands of the native men who'd captured me many months ago. Standing before the Chief, who was angry and burdened by what this young brave had done, the rapist with bushy hair wore nothing but a loincloth. A very honorable man, the Chief had charge over these cave dwellers, but his hair was long, black and straight, unlike the others.

In the center of the cave was a fire-pit holding red-hot burning rocks. Now that the two stood before each other in confrontation, the rapist took a burning rock and began searing his own skin upon his chest, making three horizontal lines which bled profusely. Somehow a sign of bravery, he began to laugh with an evil tone as he tossed the still raging and fiery rock to the Chief. In his mind, there was no way the Chief could top this sign he had made.

Surprising us all, however, the Chief caught the rock in his bare hands as its solidity became more and more fragile. Reaching it to his mouth, he bit into it as blood began pouring out into his hands. This was a very powerful symbol, one that surprised the younger native, and showed superior strength. "I will take your heart out!" the Chief said.

The strongest words an eternal alterer may utter, 'taking someone's heart out' means that they will be made to look upon it, and to truly *feel* all the pain they have inflicted upon others, thus, coming to the receptive end of their own defilement. There is no greater suffering than this.

*"He also saw a skull floating on the water; he said to*

*it: 'Because you drowned others, they drowned you;  
and those who drowned you will be drowned  
eventually.'*

*The Siddur, Minchah for Sabbath, Page 553, No. 7,  
(Judaism)*

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Looming gently above the mountains of the earth, I could see the mountains in the sky off in the distance. Changing form, I became a small brown bunny with beads hanging around my neck hopping through the woods searching for the path. Up ahead, I saw a pathway.

Approaching, a great white light appeared in the sky, and instantly below it, an old, old man appeared sitting in a canoe on the river. Wearing only a loincloth, his hair was white as snow. "You may exist inponentially or exponentially," he said, "it is like the sailor. He is a Master of the Sea, but only he and those fellow sailors who go with him know of his mastery." Pausing, he looked my way. "Exponents are the few, inponents are the masses." Inponents are those who group together and follow that which is popular on the ground. Exponents stand alone outside the mass retain, follow only the call of the spirit, and have little need to speak of it.

Hopping away from the scene of the Old One's departure, I began singing a song, "I'm a bunny and I'm hopping, that's what bunnies do." And in this, I realized that there are common characteristics of certain life forms, just as there are common characteristics of different levels of soul evolution, which by observance, can tell a soul what is 'native' (or natural) to that particular form. Just as a bunny



hops, a scorpion will sting, and a fish will swim.

*"Beyond the six realms of heaven, earth, and the four directions, the sage accepts but does not discuss. Within the six realms, he discusses but does not pass judgment . . . When there is division, there is something which is not divided. When there is questioning, there is something beyond the question. Why is this? The sage keeps his wisdom to himself while ordinary men flaunt their knowledge in loud discussion."*

*Chuang Tsu, Chapter 2, Page 37, (Buddhism, Taoism,  
Words of Lao Tsu)*

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Fire was raging all around us, as I hovered with the angels over the Earth. A section on the planet earth was bursting with darkness, and although I didn't immediately understand what was happening, I assisted the angels in energizing a destruct/construct operation in the area. A large city was completely on fire and the angels . . . were energizing the action. But simultaneously, the angels were energizing a 'construct' to fill the voided space once the dark destructive energy had depleted itself; an angelic realm to reside above the city.

Sadly, we knew that in order to construct something higher, we had to be willing to allow the destruction of the lower. But destructs of this magnitude were rare, and proper respect for the magnitude of this action was vital to carrying it out successfully.

Two days after this experience, the L.A. riots broke out over the city of angels, the city of the alteration. Fires, looting and murder abounded for

days, but afterwards, the people began to work together to clean up the horrible remains of this expulsion of the dark energies. Now it would be up to them to guardian their thoughts and deeds, to energize the higher construct which remained only as a potential; a hoped for reality.

Light energy is energized action and provides construction, whereas, dark energy is de-energized action and provides destruction. Light energy goes towards life, creates and serves dominion. Dark energy goes away from life, towards death, destroys, and serves domination. Light energy is energized and, therefore, provides for itself, whereas, dark energy is de-energized and, therefore, is parasitic of others.

Energy magnetically draws its like to itself, and thus, when dark energy is expressed - either through thought or action - it begins to magnetically draw similar energies towards itself.

Over time this energy can form clouds of darkness requiring destruct operations, which are required to actually energize the depletion of increasingly harmful or dangerous mass retain. By depleting its energy, it deactivates future potential destructive capabilities and makes room for new constructive action.

Dark energies consume and destroy until they are expunged and depleted, because dark energy is continuously destructive at random. Destruct operations energize a high level of destruction to occur within a short period of time to completely deplete the energetic cloud. A construct action follows because it places the potential within the

etheric atmosphere for souls to be turned towards the light.

Clouds of energy like these are created by the mass thoughts and deeds of humanity. Because man has free will, they are given the freedom to choose between darkness and light. Because of the nature of mortal realms, that of karmic circling, almost everyone incarnate soul is circulating his own specialized delusions, which are, in essence, dark. Delusion is darkness, although there are many levels of darkness upon which delusion can take form. God limits the scope of the chaos through his angels, who enter into the world to alter and change energies, thoughts, actions or deeds which would be destructive to individual or mass programs. Doing this for our own protection, without it, many of us would die premature deaths and never learn anything.

Various levels of understanding exist in mortal realms, the lowest being evil which are turned on by power and domination and enjoy causing serious harm to others. Dominant darkness is controlled by vice, and chooses darkness consciously, usually by rationalizing bad acts as good, and it perceives *true* goodness as naive and inferior. Ignorance, on the other hand, wants to do what is right, but rarely does so because it is controlled by karmic delusions.

Because all who are incarnate have unseen karmic defilement, much of what happens to us can seem unfair or unjust, when if seen through the eyes of clarity, it is quite easily discernible as karmic retribution. But there are also things which occur simply because men have free will. No great eternal

purpose may underlie a grievous action, and it may simply be a tragic act of evil. Because the mortal realms are dominated by the battles between good and evil, good does not always win. Everybody can help this situation by looking closely at what they truly generate on the ground.

*"The adviser says to him, 'If you see those whom you know personally, as well as other travelers, be they men or women, tell them that there are many poisons and evils on that path which can cause them to lose their very nature and life. Do not let them seek their own deaths.'"*

*Sutra of the Past Vows of Earth Store Bodhisattva, Chapter 8, Page 182, Paragraph 2, (Buddhism, Pure Land)*

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Sand blowing across the desert, my spirit manifested in a dank political prison somewhere in the Middle East. Thirty new prisoners had arrived, and I was immediately made aware of my assignment. If it were not accomplished very quickly, this reality could not be turned back, and all these souls would suffer and die in this truly God forsaken place.

Naked men and women laid in their own feces, roaches and rats crawling all over them. Aching, my heart had never been witness to such torture. Manifesting as a woman who'd just arrived, we had not yet been put in the cages with the other prisoners. Distracting the guards by being loud and obnoxious, the eternal gave the command to the others to use this distraction to make an escape attempt. Hesitant to do so, they feared they would leave me behind; but as I urged them on, they ran for it. Guards attempted to

run after them, but I lunged forward using my body as a shield to trip them.

Leading to my capture, I was brought back to a torture chamber where they put me on a rack and beheaded me. They hadn't realized that this was an energetic reality, so I just put my head back on. Staring at me in confusion and fear, I looked at them coldly. "I will take your heart out," I said. As the words came from my mouth, they all began grasping their own necks, screaming in terror and pain.

Returning to form, there had been nothing left to say as the eternal command had come. Chief Joseph appeared before me, "I am very happy with your efforts!" "Everything is so complex!" I replied, "I feel overwhelmed, there is so much darkness that must be altered!" In his eyes, I could see that he understood, as a concerned tear fell down his cheek. For a moment, I couldn't help but wonder if he was reflecting upon his own people, and what had been done to them. Reaching to touch his hand, he smiled and disappeared.

*"Great are Your deeds and mighty, humbling the haughty and straightening the bent; even if man lived thousands of years, he could not fathom the extent of your powerful deeds . . . God to Whom belongs honor and greatness, save Your sheep from the mouth of lions, and bring Your people out from the nation of its exile . . . "*

*The Siddur, Sabbath Evening Meal, Page 367, Stanza 2-4,  
(Judaism)*

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The hostage situation was out of hand when I arrived, as the perpetrators were enraged. One

woman had already been killed and a black man had been stabbed in the leg before I'd even gotten there. As I manifested into the potential future, I was immediately targeted for violence because I'd appeared on behalf of the light. Leading this band of angry people were those who served darkness, but those who followed their violent ways were suffering from karmic delusion and ignorance and they were misled.

As I'd already energized the seeds to end this hostage crisis, the leaders wanted to kill me. Holding a knife to my throat, the man who served utter darkness was losing favor with his followers who were uncomfortable with the violence they had seen perpetrated. But they didn't have the courage to stand up to this very dangerous man. Making a stand against racism, the perpetrators were black people who were angry at the white race due to injustices committed against their own. This type of focus, looking at a group of people rather than individual dark thrusts, always leads to the corruption of intent.

An innocent bystander, Hank, had just been stabbed in the leg during the raucous, and he was a young black man. "Well," I said, "since you intend to kill me anyway, why don't you give me a minute to let you know who you are killing." Scoffing, the leader didn't want to listen, but the others immediately agreed. "I am you," I said, "and you are me. My life has been dedicated to the quest for the truth, and towards the evolution of myself and humanity to create a world where domination doesn't exist." Beginning to calm themselves, I showed them my hands. "What you see is not what you get, you

see white, just as those who have violated you have only seen black. But is that really who you are, is that really who I am?"

Using the medicine, I began to resonate light all around my body. Beginning to change form, I appeared in the form of my many lifetimes; all races, all sexes, all species of the animal kingdom, and then I became a tree. Suddenly, I heard Hank cry out . . . "Please help me!"

Running to him, we all dropped what we had been previously doing to assist him as he was going into shock from the bleeding and it appeared he might die. Holding him towards me, blood was everywhere. "You are my brother," I said to him, "do you remember me?" His glazed eyes didn't recognize anything at this point. Beginning to cry, I knew that he was going to need help in crossing over. Surrounding him in light to hopefully suspend the shock, I began preparing him for death. "Hank, you are going to see a light," I said, still attempting healing in hope that it would not be too late, "follow that light! You're going to see some lighted beings who reach to you . . . take their hands, Hank." He began to twitch. "You are going to feel a vibration in your body as you separate. It may feel almost like pulling off a band-aid, real fast. Remember how it's easier to pull off a band-aid fast than to do it slowly? This is the same." I felt his soul's release.

But just then, the alteration medics finally arrived; and in moments, they'd brought him back. Hank had seen the light, and he'd touched the unconditional love of God. "Thank you," he said quietly, looking at me with a deep recognition. "I . . ."

Pausing in his weakness, he looked upon my face. "I do!" he said. A medic turned to me, "Your light work was very effective in holding the shock in check." I thanked him. "I remember you." Hank said. "You're my brother. I hope we'll be friends forever." "We already are." Happy that he'd remembered me, we had indeed been brothers in several lifetimes.

***"In all space there is only ONE wisdom, though seeming divided, it is ONE in the ONE. All that exists comes forth from the LIGHT, and the LIGHT comes forth from the ALL."***

*The Emerald Tablets of Thoth the Atlantean, Tablet VII,  
Page 39, Paragraph 6, (Mystery Religions,  
Egyptian/Hermetic, Words of Thoth)*

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And so it came to pass that American soldiers who had died in World War II War appeared before me. "Sometimes you've got to have the courage to stand," they said. Understanding that they had given their lives to conquer an evil incarnation (Hitler), they'd prevented pure evil from taking dominance over the Earth. Bowing to them, I acknowledged their honorable and brave sacrifice on behalf of the light. They disappeared.

Standing before a headstone bearing the name of 'Adolf Hitler' in the deserts of Iraq, Saddam Hussein stood aside it as a voice from the heavens explained that he was the reincarnation of this evil soul and bore the same intentions to rule the world with absolute evil. People of the light would be tested again, to see if they had learned that you cannot allow evil to reign at any level, it must be stopped. Many of the Nazi S.S. officers had also



reincarnated into the strange group of people who emerged later in our century, the skin-heads and neo-nazi hate groups who again perpetuated the evil delusion of white supremacy.

Lighted people often operate through naiveté because they don't understand the mechanism of true evil. Believing that everyone has right to their own view, they do not discern between dark and light thinking. Eternal law states an entirely different supposition, 'The moment you violate another's life, you immediately rescind the right to your own.' Because many souls violate life without intention or through ignorance, God sends angels and guides to protect us from what we may truly deserve. But true evil violates life with evil intent because it carries within it absolutely no compassion or empathy, it has not yet cultivated these traits and it sees only its own survival and need. Evil is predatory and cannot be tolerated, it must be *stopped*.

There are times when you *must* have the courage to *stand*.

***"Pythagorus said that, 'Those who do not punish bad men are really wishing that good men be injured.'"***

*The Pythagorean Sourcebook and Library, Select Pythagorean Sentences, No. 166, (Mystery Religions, Pythagorean)*

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Something was amiss amidst this alteration, and I immediately knew it. Andy and I had come together, although he was sub-conscious. Hiding behind a car on the streets of a large city, another car had wrecked into a fence in this parking lot. Telling Andy that we needed to tune into what was

happening before proceeding, but he chose not to listen and walked out from behind our protective barrier proceeding towards some hotel rooms.

Waving a rifle around and obviously on drugs, a man who was so out of it that he didn't realize the danger he represented, was blithering in his stupor. Using the medicine, I shot a light beam towards Andy and pulled him back behind the barrier. Preparing a lighted wall of protection to contain us, I then placed a circle of light around the entire reality to keep everyone out of the dangerous perimeter. Instructing us to wait for him to come out, the eternal directive came telling us to allow him to come down from the drugs and pass out. Sending a time-coded message to the police through the emergency phone system, I arranged for them to arrive just as he passed out. Taking him away at the correct time, it was hoped that he would get help and alter himself back towards the light.

Because nobody had been in the immediate area when he did this, this man was very lucky. If there had been other programs threatened, the results would have been very different, because he would have automatically rescinded the right to his life by being a threat to the lives of others. Having a chance to awaken the next morning, he could realize what he had done and make a change.

Pulled from the scene and hovering over my bed, Chief Joseph appeared. Handing me several Indian dolls, he said, "These are gifts from the Old Ones, Waki." Never having called me this before, it became a nickname for me, and I found that its meaning was hidden in the Hopi language, 'Place of

Shelter.' Beginning to sing medicine songs, the music of the dolls entered within me, and as I hovered over Andy, Chief Joseph began energetically altering him. Chanting prayers above him, Andy began speaking a native tongue. Joseph was like a mirage in the night, appearing and disappearing as he sang, smoking a pipe and disappearing into the ether.

*"O Kali Primordial, from Thy hand of creative power issue the vibrations of Aum, materializing in an inexhaustible, bewildering, and wondrous variety of finite forms. Another hand holds the astral sword of preservation, keeping guard over planetary rhythms and balances . . . Thy fourth hand stills the storm of delusion and bestows on devotees Thy rays of salvation."*

*Whispers from Eternity, Page 178-179, (Hinduism, Kriya Yoga, Words of Paramahansa Yogananda)*

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Looking ominous, I was afraid to go into the Star Chamber, which held within it stars traveling beyond light speed and interstellar forces of grand proportions. In order to pass beyond this point, I had to jump unafraid into the powerful energies within the chamber. One simple step would lift me up into a frenzied flow of stars at speeds beyond light. With caution, I stepped.

Swirling through what seemed like the outer reaches of space, the result was immediate, although I was actually in an enclosure of some kind. Stars cascaded throughout my form, as the energy of the stars permeated my spirit. Holding the vision, it passed just as quickly as it had come.

New chambers of passage appeared, as

geometric crystals surrounded me and I began to melt into non-physical liquid ether. Flowing into and inside the interstellar crystals, my liquefied self meshed and took on the properties of their existence.

Pouring rapidly out, my now liquid soul formed a pool in the following chamber. Slowly solidifying, I watched a scene play before me in a 'Prehistoric Chamber.' Fighting for his life, a brontosaurus was fighting for his life against a large insect-like creature. Biting a part out of the brontosaurus's back, the battle continued. Mortal realms are by nature predatory, and it serves an evolutionary function.

Ceramic people with no heads appeared, as I quickly lifted the medicine to shoot a beam of light to destroy these false faces of humanity. Exploding everywhere, the false faces were destroyed as delusion ceased and reality set in. Stopping, I stood quietly upon the bank of the 'Black Hole Chamber.'

Looking down within it, I was overwhelmed, "I don't know if I can do this," I said. Taking one step forward would lead your soul to spiral down this black hole at speeds unimaginable in form. The final chamber was also the most frightening, but if I could only take just one step . . . it would be finished . . . I stepped.

Swirling down the vortex, I tumbled downward through the black hole where there was nothing but empty black space. Beginning to feel dizzy and euphoric, I was going really fast. Because the Star Chamber hadn't lasted very long, I expected this would be over soon. Swirling and swirling, however, I soon realized that there appeared to be no

end to this black hole.

Panicking, I wondered, 'Could this be an infinite black hole? What have I done?' Dizziness beginning to change into an almost nirvanic Zen state, I began to laugh uncontrollably as I plunged. Everything was suddenly hilarious, and it felt as if a heavy burden had been lifted up off of my soul.

Thrust into a large room, a spiritual guardian awaited my descent, as I entered in a hysterical state of laughter. Many who had passed through before me were in a daze, having passed beyond the wild laughter stage and recouping their awareness. Within moments, I, too, was thrust into balance.

*"Then Sudhana Climbed the path up the cliff of the mountain, a mass of razor edges, and threw himself into the fire. As he was falling he attained an enlightening concentration called 'well-established.' On contact with the fire he attained an enlightening concentration called 'mystic knowledge of the bliss of tranquility.'"*

*The Flower Ornament Scripture, Entry into the Realm of Reality, Page 122, Paragraph 3, (Buddhism, Mahayana)*

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"To return to the native," he said, "is to become all existence . . . again. By becoming all existence, everything then becomes real." Joseph disappeared.

Returning to take me on another quest, the interstellar beings upset me with their words. "We are here to take you directly into the energy that people call Satan," they said, as I hesitated, "You must KNOW it, to become capable of changing it, you must walk directly into darkness in order to seed its ascension." Cringing, I said, "I must be fearless." "You

must recognize your function," they replied, "and that is to go where there is ignorance, where there is darkness, where there is hatred, where there is illusion . . . and show them reality."

Stepping onto the spaceship, we soared back to the time of the ancient mariners who were on a very perilous journey. Seeking a mythical creature, the old wooden ship was small in comparison to what the stories had said of this beast's size. Tales had been told of the sea monsters that literally ate humans and their boats in one single bite, the people greatly feared him because they believed that he took his victims to the great underworld.

Observing my fellow humans with interest, I was very surprised when we actually saw the huge creature emerging from the depths. Although in myth and legend he was portrayed as reptilian, he was actually formed out of a green jelly-like substance with blisters and warts on his skin. Awestruck by his size and serpent-like appearance, the sea creature didn't appear hungry.

Listening to the words of those around me, they said, "It is the vengeance of God! To be chosen by this creature must surely mean damnation." A man came running towards me in a panic. "Surely, we have sinned! We will be taken to the depths of the sea, under the world, if we do not repent. The Gods are angry with us!" Pulling me from the ship, the interstellar beings conveyed that mankind's views of hell and the dark side had originated in myth, and the realities of it were yet to be known.

*"One of the manitos is a spirit of ill will, who creates serpents and sea monsters, flies, and mosquitoes. The*

*forces hostile to humans were often symbolized in Lenape myths and stories by horned water snakes and water in general."*

*The Red Record, Book I: Verses 9 through 15, Page 55,  
Paragraph 4, (Tribal, Lenape)*

Suddenly standing amidst a desert, an ancient circular stone star map was laid out on a rock before me. Looking somewhat like a shield, I picked it up and began hearing the songs of melodious angels. In a moment, a huge and beautiful angel appeared before me dressed in blue and white with large, feathery and soft wings. Touching my shoulder, she smiled. "When you can hear me singing, I can come to you." Placing her ear next to mine, she said, "Do you hear that?" A vibrating tone emanated from her ears. "Yes," I said, pulling back. "It's okay," she responded, as suddenly an ethereal circular star map appeared before me in the air. Continuing the tone as the odd configuration of stars manifested before me, the map contained detailed knowledge of all Universes and realms. Making it clear that the detailed information within the map was for me alone, I was given permission to share the basic structure of it which was encompassed in the 'Universal Sphere of Realms.'

"The tone has been implanted," she said, "the tone warns you of deception and untruth." "Thank you," I said, as I began to feel catatonic. Falling to the ground, I stared at the swirling star patterns no longer able to move or respond.

Shooting through time, I appeared at a gathering in the eighteenth century. Voice singing wildly in my head, the angel remained with me, but I was the only one who could see her. In the front of

the room, people were discussing the problem of the Indians calling them heathens and savages. Anything they couldn't understand, they attributed to Satan. A vial of holy water was being passed around the room in order to purify themselves from evil presence of the natives. As the tone began ringing wildly in my head, I didn't partake of their vial, but took the angel's hand and left.

Spinning above me as the white mists became our path of flight, the swirling cosmic vortex led us whirling, swirling and spiraling in the encompassing etheric mass.

And then a hideous face stood before me. Wearing the garb of an ancient soldier, his uniform was red and had many buttons and two brush-like attachments on his shoulders. Handing me a cross, I immediately fell sick to my stomach as it was not an ordinary cross. Upon it were the skins of all the people who had died in the name of Christ. Appalled, I intensely sought the knowledge within as the tone began ringing incessantly. Christ's name had been used to perpetrate all forms of evil upon the Earth, and its sacredness had been tarnished and violated. Remembering the shackles upon Christ's spirit and the torture in his eyes, I began to cry softly.

As the soldier disappeared, another person came out of the ether wearing a ceramic head. "Don't you know me?" she asked, with genuine concern upon her face. "No," I replied, "I cannot know who you truly are until you remove your false face. Take off the ceramic head." She refused. "I'm hurt. If only you knew who I was, you'd feel foolish for not recognizing me." For a moment, I did feel foolish, but



then the tone began ringing. "If you were who you purport to be, you would not come to me wearing a false image. You would show me who you really are." Beginning to cry, but refusing to remove her ceramic head, I said, "Do you fear that by showing your true self, you will no longer be loved?" She didn't respond. "Perhaps you should know that unless you show me your true self, I cannot heal you." Still, she refused to remove her disguise.

Turning to walk away, an old man appeared and stopped me. "One must be willing to know that which lives in darkness, in order to become capable of altering it." Turning back around, I shot a beam of light to her head as it cracked and fell to pieces.

In her hand, she now held a human heart, severed from her own body. Looking into her face, I saw uncaring disguised as religious dogma, sloth disguised as victimization, heartlessness disguised as political views, arrogance disguised in self-esteem, and perhaps the most painful; manipulation and self-aggrandizement, disguised as some form of spirituality. "I am humanity," she said, "I show you my heart." Breaking down in tears, I cried uncontrollably. Forming a pool of tears around me, I noticed a face forming in the watery chalice. Watering my heart with my own tears, the old man was very methodical. "This is good," he said quietly, "it is through tears that the seed of humility is watered . . . and where there is humility, love grows." Placing the final tears upon my heart, he placed his hand upon mine. "From love, comes wisdom."

*"Hark ye, O man, and list to my Voice, open thy mind-space and drink of my wisdom. Dark is the*

*pathway of LIFE that ye travel, many the pitfalls  
that lie in the way. Seek ye, ever, to gain greater  
wisdom, attain and it shall be light on thy way . . .  
Open thy Soul to the BROTHERS of BRIGHTNESS,  
let them enter and fill thee with light . . . "*

*The Emerald Tablets of Thoth the Atlantean, Tablet VII,  
Page 39, Paragraph 1 & 3, (Mystery Religions,  
Egyptian/Hermetic, Words of Thoth)*

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Meeting me in the clouds below the mountains  
in the sky, thunderclouds were bursting on the  
horizon. Dancing with me amidst the light, he quietly  
said, "The purpose of life on earth is to alter the  
predatory will into the will of love." Staring in his  
amazing eyes, I knew that this sky dance was a  
pathway, a passage into just such an endeavor.

*"Governing things is not done by things, but by  
harmony. Governing harmony is not done by  
harmony, but by people. Governing people is not done  
by people, but by rulers. Governing rulers is not done  
by rulers, but by desires. Governing desires is not  
done by desires, but by virtue. Governing virtue is not  
done by virtue, but by the Way."*

*Wen-Tzu, No. 134, Page 130, Paragraph 1, (Buddhism,  
Taoism, Words of Lao Tsu)*

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And so it came to pass that the Old Ones came  
and began to teach me of the ways of altering  
darkness and evil. When the time came for  
graduation, I began to hear the soulful sounds of  
mourners crying in the distance. Raising their hands  
as thunder billowed in the mountain winds, the  
grandmothers commanded the wind. "It is a balance,"

one said, "when you move beyond the predatory will to the will of love, it is natural to no longer be comfortable with the predatory nature of life in this realm. This indicates that you are moving towards a higher existence, however, it doesn't diminish the natural function of the realm you are moving beyond. You must respect the function, the phase of knowledge it provides." I nodded, as she continued. "The will of love asks that you love the children, not despite their ignorance, but because of their innocence. This love will guide you ever forward." Touching my hand lightly, I was greatly honored, but I was disturbed by the mourners that I continued to hear crying in the distance.

"Why are they crying, grandmother?" I asked. "They are mourning the death that must come in order that a new birth might take place. Suddenly, my soul was going further and further away and there was nothing I could do to stop the movement. "It is time," grandmother said, "it is meant to be this way." "So it is my time to die?" I asked, confused. "It is time to go," she said.

Feeling very peaceful about leaving, the only thing that kept me from leaving was the sounds of the mourners I'd left behind. Sending them my love, grandmother conveyed to me that they, too, could grasp hold of life whenever they chose. "I love you," I shouted back to them as I took grandmother's hand and walked into peace. Again the two grandmothers commanded the thunder as it struck across the horizon, I knew that they were the ones who would make this alteration complete. "Thank you, grandmothers." I said as the second bolt let my soul

to another place.

Lying flat in the sky surrounded by six spiritual guardians, they began to perform mysterious levitations upon my spirit. Programming new thought processes, they were down-loading old programs from my spirit, and correcting my imbalances in thought, word, and deed. Altering something near my crown chakra, I realized that existence is like a blinking light, momentarily passing from one place into yet another more suitable to the path of knowledge. As we pass, we give our vehicle back to the realm chosen to guide us, so that those who follow in our footsteps will find the energetic clues we have left behind to assist them in attaining their passage, just as we, too, have found them. Returning the gifts given to our souls from the realm that harbors us in our sleep, the part of us that dies returns to the ground, altering that which is possible by remembering that which has come to pass.

*"I with my lips have fashioned for this Hero words never matched, most plentiful and auspicious, for him the Ancient, Great, Strong, Energetic, the very mighty Wielder of the Thunder. Amid the sages, with the Sun he brightened the Parents: glorified, he burst the mountain; And, roaring with the holy-thoughted singers, he loosed the bond that held the beams of Morning."*

*The Hymns of the Rgveda, Hymn XXXII, Page 304,  
Stanza 1-2, (Hinduism)*

**MEDICINE WOMAN WITHIN A DREAM**  
**(Alteration of Reality)**

*"To show them special mercy, I, dwelling in their hearts, destroy with the shining lamp of knowledge the darkness born of ignorance."*

*The Bhagavad Gita As-It-Is, Chapter 10, Text 11,  
 (Hinduism, Translation: A.C. Bhaktivedanta Swami  
 Prabhupada)*

**CHAPTER FIVE**

*"The power angels have in the spiritual world is so great that if I were to cite at this point everything I have seen, it would be beyond belief. If there is something left there that needs to be removed because it is in opposition to the Divine design, they raze and destroy it by a sheer force of will, with a look."*

*Heaven & Hell, Chapter 26, No. 229, (Christianity,  
 Swedenborgianism, Author: Emanuel Swedenborg)*

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Dropped into the body of an investigator, I was brought here to deal with the case of a mass murderer. Someone had been killing pregnant women mostly by the use of a poison that had been placed in food, but the investigators on the case were missing a crucial piece of evidence, and if it were not found, they would convict the wrong man.

A homeless man named Maxton was the prime suspect. Knowing the killer was from the homeless community because of the evidence they had, they'd suspected Maxton in particular because of his

tendency to get into fights. Energetically, he was closer to insanity than the true killer who was a man by the name of John, the ex-husband of the first victim. Because he had beaten his ex-wife to death rather than poison her, he'd never been a suspect. It all began when his ex-wife miscarried their child years before.

After they split up, she eventually remarried and became pregnant with another man's child. John's life hadn't gone as well, and he had become homeless. Bitter and angry, he blamed her and sought revenge. Raped, beaten and left to die in an old abandoned farmhouse, he began poisoning other women after her death, although it was not something he had planned. Losing perspective completely, he allowed himself to be swept more deeply into evil.

Several other investigators were with me as I followed the instructions of the eternal. Boarding a bus to go to an abandoned store where a group of homeless people were living, we had gone there to search for Maxton, and for further evidence to prove that he was the killer. Directed by the eternal to go to a far corner of the building where there was evidence that would otherwise never be discovered, I found an old plastic football with John's full name written upon it, and a bag of hair with dried blood stains.

Taking this immediately to the chief investigator, he was intrigued but not convinced that there was another suspect, but as I walked through the building, I *felt* his presence, and knew danger was in the air. "Be careful, I feel the killer's presence." I warned the other investigators.

Noticing a man with a bedraggled long beard,

if you'd seen him anywhere else, he would have appeared harmless . . . but I *knew* it was him. Sitting next to him, I asked, "So who are you?" "John," he smiled innocently, almost as if grateful for the attention. Heartbroken at seeing a shell of humanity which no longer contained a heart, I could see the broken dreams in his eyes.

Other investigators continued to pursue Maxton who was holed up inside a closet, but as they did, a small fight broke out. Another homeless man had a bad cut across his hand. Running towards him, I gasped in shock. "Raymond?" I cried out, "Oh, my God, it's you!" Raymond was a soul I occasionally guarded from above. Bleeding badly, I ran into the bathroom to find some toilet paper to clean him up. Not as bad as I'd originally thought, I still cried, because I was sad about Raymond's homeless plight. "Do you remember me?" I asked him, as I looked deeply into his eyes. "Sure, I do, Odyssey, how you been?" "Don't move." I said, as I prepared to implant him with a seed of light. Looking surprised as he saw the spark of light hovering above my finger, I slowly reached to the center of his chest. "What are you doing?" He asked. "I'm not leaving you here without implanting you with the energy to get you out." Confused, he allowed me to finish.

Investigators, meanwhile, were looking at the evidence I'd found. Also containing a powdery substance which appeared to be poison, the bag had turned out to be vital evidence. The eternal command came, and I was finished. No wrongful conviction would occur, and the mass murderer would now be stopped.

As my soul was being swept away, I exploded out of that body, but turned for a final look at Raymond, whose tiny seed was beginning to grow.

My eyes were slowly opening as a gentle face stood before my bedside. "She's waking," she said to her invisible spiritual partner, "she's being born into the now." The other voice responded, but no face could claim it. "The alteration's complete, then?" "Yes," she replied, "it has been righted." I turned over and closed my eyes.

*"Thou mayest step on the right path and walk in the presence of Angels. Thou mayest sing of the Earthly Mother by day and of the Heavenly Father by night, and through thy being may course the golden stream of the Law. But wouldst thou leave thy brothers to plunge through the gaping chasms of blood, as the pain-wracked earth shudders and groans under her chains of stone? Canst thou drink of the cup of eternal life, when thy brothers die of thirst?"*

*The Essene Gospel of Peace, Volume 2, Page 118, Stanza 1,  
(Christianity, Gnostic/Essene)*

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Energetic debris was all around me and I was having trouble breathing. Coming from people in my life who still retained delusion and darkness within them, they were throwing their 'trash,' so to speak, in my perimeter. A person doesn't have to be evil to spew dark energies, just ignorant. Every time I had the debris almost cleaned up, they began tossing more of their 'trash' into my sphere.

Suddenly, a small little green faerie appeared, about two feet high. Holding a stardust wand, she began tossing stardust and cleaning up the mess



around me. Laughing and joyful, she conveyed that her name was, 'Uri,' and that she was an old childhood friend of mine. Excited to see her, I grabbed her by the shoulders and began dancing around the room with her. "Look!" She said as she took my hand.

One of the souls who had been throwing his trash into my perimeter was standing before her in the distance. Throwing stardust all over him, I was surprised to notice that it had absolutely no effect on him, not even on sub-conscious levels. I'd always believed that even when it was clear that a person had chosen their dominance, rejected the eternal hand, and accepted darkness as their path, showering light in their direction couldn't *hurt*; but I realized now was that it did absolutely no good, either. A waste of eternal energy, it was needless to shower it on souls who would in no way benefit from it. Further, I had allowed them to toss their waste into my perimeter and smother me in the debris of their dark ways. Eternal energy is to be used where it can be absorbed and bring about transformation, and if a darkened soul later became open to the reception of light, the eternal would respond swiftly.

Uri took her stardust wand and in two thunder bursts, I was in a new location.

Arriving at a very old haunted house, a young girl had been brutally murdered in the attic. Blood dripped continually from a spot in the ceiling since her death, and no one had been able to make it stop. Killed in a very brutal fashion, this soul had remained in a state of terror for what seemed like a moment in her own mind, but was actually over 100 years upon

the Earth.

Floating towards the attic, I noticed a ghost who appeared as a witch dressed all in black. Vengeance and anger seething, I wasn't afraid of such things anymore. Things were not as they appeared, as in truth; this was a poor frightened lost girl who was unable to escape the horrendous moment of her death. Phantom energies whirled all about the attic, but it calmed as I approached.

"You have many lives, many moments," I said, "why don't you go to a more pleasant place to heal yourself now." Looking confused, she quietly asked, "I can go somewhere else?" Changing from a witch into a young girl, I replied, "You have many moments, and you may leave this one. Where would you like to go?" Smiling widely, she said, "I want to go to a prairie where the sun shines on golden fields of hay. I want to be a little girl again! I want to live in a world where magical things are real and nobody fears. I want to go somewhere where there is only love!" Uri appeared behind me as I took the girl's hand, placing it in hers. "Let Uri take you to where the faeries roam." I said, and in a moment, they were gone.

*"They see sentient beings sunk in the sea of cravings, veiled by blindness and folly: The Free Humans show a smile and reflect that they should save beings from suffering."*

*The Flower Ornament Scripture, Chapter 25, Ten Dedications, Page 667, Stanza 3, (Buddhism, Mayahana)*

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Two dogs appeared in the sky, one lighted, the other dark. Fighting for dominance over the world,

the dark dog was vicious and cruel, taking dominance over the light with amazing ease. Having moments of dominance, the light dog would lose its power as soon as the darkness began its next inevitable invasion, due to its passivity. People felt helpless to this fluctuation of light and dark.

Looking to my side, I noticed that I was wearing my angel wings, and I flew frantically to the people, as they observed my flight in surprise. Raising my arms to the sky, the energy began to alter . . . slowly . . . towards the light. Doing nothing, the onlookers just stood there. "YOU MUST CHOOSE, AS WELL! Which will it be; darkness or light?" Understanding my plea, they all began to raise their hands to the sky, focusing their consciousness as the lighted dog's dominance began to take hold. But then something happened which surprised all of us. The dark dog began melting into the light dog . . . and they became one.

*"The Supreme must be an entity in which the two are one; it will, therefore, be a Seeing that lives, not an object of vision like things existing in something other than themselves: what exists in an outside element owes its life to that element; it is not self-living."*

*Plotinus: The Enneads, Nature, Contemplation, and the One, Page 280, Paragraph, 2, (Mystery Religions, Greek, Author: Plotinus)*

Suddenly, the men in black appeared. Wearing black suits and hats, they were faceless and very stern about their purpose. Coming with a dark energetic surge that would frighten anybody, I'd seen them many times before. Intimidation was their function,

and their purpose was to retain the dominance of darkness in this realm. Going after souls who seek higher knowledge, they desired to convince them to leave the service of the light. Because they were powerfully dark, they often achieved their goal. Threatening me, I got mad.

"Get out!" I yelled, "You will not stop me from fulfilling my mission for the light!" Seeming unsure of how to cope with my lack of fear, they jumped back for a moment. "Get out!" I repeated. They stood quietly. "I will serve only light," I said, "I will fulfill the destiny I have come to fulfill. I will open the doorway of light into the third dimension! You cannot stop me!" They didn't move. "It's time for you to go!"

Raising my hands, I sent a surge of light barraging through them like a hurricane wind as their spirits became particle energy and were dismantled. In a final surge of light, I sent them back to the second dimension, and never saw them again.

Darkness is simply a lower form of evolution than our own. Souls walk the pathway from the depths to the heights. When a soul is sent back to the second or first dimension, they are simply being returned to the place in which they are compatible. Just as we are not given entry into higher worlds, until we have learned to abide by the laws of their realms, and have become compatible to them.

***"May they be saved in the sight of everyone and let not the wicked dominate them."***

*The Siddur, Selichos for Thursday, Page 841, Bottom,  
(Judaism)*

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Transported to an alteration to take place around a falsely religious man, he was surrounded by little dark energies which had been magnetized towards him because of his self-righteousness. Being very fearful, he had drawn to him a particularly dark entity who supported and energized his fears.

Wandering around him, the short dark creature immediately noticed me and began trying to pull off my arms and lash my spirit around so as to frighten me away. Beginning to pour a pile of his own waste in front of me, I asked him, "So, who are you?" Grinning widely, he responded, "Lucifer." As I began laughing uncontrollably, this relatively benign creature seemed confused by my complete fearlessness when he used such a guise. "Oh, you think you're really funny, don't you?" I said, as he all of a sudden began to cringe.

Now he knew he was facing a servant of God, rather than a fearful soul and he began to shiver. Using Lucifer's name in the past to intimidate people, it was obviously not his true identity, and I knew it. "You have two choices?" I said, "either you become transformed and serve the light . . . and I will turn you into a nice little animal, perhaps a dog or cat . . ." Even as he shook, his arrogance didn't wane. Most demons do not realize that their arrogance energizes their demise. "Or . . . I will dismantle your energy and send you back to the second realm." Not responding, the eternal command came quickly. "Okay," I said, "have a good journey." Sending a bolt of light towards him, he was immediately dismantled into thousands of dark little pieces. With another bolt of light, the eternal blasted him back to the second

realm.

Apparently that this man's thoughts had given entry to this demon, and the eternal sometimes removes these things to disengage lower thrust. When darkness is removed, some souls will retain the new construct, no longer having contact with the demons of vice. But it often happens that souls do not change their thoughts, giving quick permission for the return of the demons of vice. Our thoughts, intentions and deeds magnetize guardians from below . . . or above.

*"The messengers of fear are harshly ordered to seek out guilt, and cherish every scrap of evil and of sin that they can find, losing none of them on pain of death, and laying them respectfully before their lord and master. Perception cannot obey two masters . . . what fear would feed upon, love overlooks."*

*A Course in Miracles, Chapter 19, No. IV, Page 410, No. 11, (Christianity, Metaphysics)*

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Standing atop the canyon lands, the native grandmother was pointing deep into the Earth, as music began to arise from its depths. Mesmerized, the Old Ones began phasing in and out of energy before me, and I felt their beckon to my soul. "I will come." I said peacefully, as I listened to the majestic melody of the Earth. "I will come."

A small pile of wood appeared as thunder crashed across the horizon. Trembling, a huge bear broke through the pile, awaking from hibernation. "The sleeping bear wakes, the dream becomes a reality," the Old Ones said. Being called to the mountains, it was time to go home.

***"Holy messenger of the Earthly mother, enter deep within me, as the swallow plummets from the sky, that I may know the secrets of the wind and the music of the stars."***

*The Essene Gospel of Peace, Volume 1, Page 39, Stanza 1,  
(Christianity, Gnostic/Essene)*

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Native faces energetically meshed all around me, beckoning and calling. Seeking to grasp the essence of their urging, an interstellar spacecraft began to rise upwards above me as I entered it. Soon we were in the heavens looking down upon the Earth below as the energetic vibrations were increasing. Descending, the mountain loomed gently in the sky as the energies shifted and I found myself hurling through space.

Landing on a fire hydrant in a dirty ghetto, danger was all around me. Focusing to achieve the knowledge about the mission at hand, a street gang was about to be the victim of a drive-by shooting, and all of them were going to die. Wanting to save one soul among them, the eternal had sent me in as a homeless woman. As the gang in question quickly approached, the one I was supposed to save wrapped a jacket around me to protect me from the cold, while the others contemplated a sexual assault.

Taking my hand, he warded off the overt advances of his animalistic friends. Beginning to lose focus in remembrance, I missed the vital moment when the eternal command had come. If I'd listened, I would have thrown him to the ground, but I was too late. The spray of bullets came out of nowhere as the killers sped by in their cars armed with machine guns.

Only a second passed before all of us were on the ground, wounded and dying.

Because I'd been shot, I'd suffered a serious blow to my energy field, and I couldn't remember anything. Beginning to take on the actual identity of the part I'd come to play, the memory of my mission and spiritual status was completely gone. Grief was multiplied by confusion, as the one I'd come to save lay dead. 'Who am I, why am I here, and how'd I get here?' I thought.

Walking out of the energetic body that had been shot to death, I wandered around the ghetto aimlessly. Angry sirens approached the scene of the deaths, as the streets remained lonely in the night. Hearing them from a distance, I wandered further and further away towards an old run-down building where prostitutes were hanging out. Approaching them, I saw a man signaling me to follow him, who appeared to be a street thug.

Following him anyway, he took me inside the run-down building which was abandoned. Pointing to a locked wooden door, I was afraid. But light came from his hands, swinging the door open, and my eyes were filled with brilliant light. A white door heralded the top of a long staircase into the heavenlies, as I instinctively began walking towards it. An invisible force shut the wooden door behind me, and when I reached the top step, I fell to the floor from the magnitude of my energetic wounds.

Awaking later in an astral hospital bed, my memory was slowly returning. Having gotten lost in the temporary identity of an energetic alteration, many other alterers laid in beds around me in the



same predicament. Emotionless as he asked me questions about my missions, memory and true identity, the doctor was sending white light through my spirit from the hospital bed below. Gunshot wounds in my auric field were closing and re-energizing. "Where am I?" I asked the doctor. "The re-energizing station," he said, "I understand this is your first visit?" "Yes," I replied. "Well, that's pretty impressive. You must be good at what you do." "Thank you." I responded sheepishly.

"How's she doing?!" came somebody's frantic voice. "She's going to be fine," the doctor said, "but I think there is emotional residue." Placing a flat, clear, cylindrical object above my soul, I began to enter a natural state of detachment. Realizing my error in losing focus, I vowed never to do so again. Now calming, the frantic man conveyed to me that he was the supervisor on several of my missions. Terribly upset about the failed alteration, he calmed me, pointing out that another alterer would go in at an earlier point in time and try to fix it.

"Well, you're all healed up, time to get back to work," he said. "What!" I shouted, annoyed. "If you don't go right back into it," he said, "you won't have the courage to try again." Within less than a second, I was off, led to complete two more alterations this night, which I did successfully.

Sitting upon a mountain peak, two Indian men approached me. Handing me a document with pictures of twelve Indian chiefs, they said, "You are the eleventh generation, welcome home, Red Hawk."

*"When the nervous system functions it conveys the experience of objects through the senses of perception"*

*and it engages itself in activity through the organs of action. Functioning in this manner it becomes fatigued. If the fatigue is slight, perceptions become less sharp and the man begins to feel drowsy. If the fatigue is greater, perceptions cease because the mind fails to experience."*

*The Science of Being and Art of Living, The Art of Being, Page 126, Paragraph 2, (Hinduism, Transcendental Meditation, Author: Maharishi Mahesh Yogi)*

***"What shall we then say to these things? If God be for us, who can be against us?"***

*King James Bible, New Testament, Romans 8:31, (Christianity)*

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Running frantically, I knew I couldn't stop for fear of being run over by the incessant jeep behind me. Going towards the mountains in the sky, the driver of the jeep was Daniel Pierce, my other self, while Chief Joseph was in the passenger seat. Confused, I turned back to see that Joseph was sitting in the approaching vehicle calmly, looking older than he'd appeared before as his hair had grayed and he had become an Old One. But they were merciless, and I had to run as fast as I could toward the mountain in order not to be run over by them.

Finally reaching our destination, I was amazed at the beauty all around us. Each tree echoed its aloneness as it heralded the many. At the foothills, our journey had been long and a woman by the name of Celeste joined us. Showing me a vine, she twisted it and music came out of it. Flying towards the treetops, she handed me my own vine and tried to teach me how to do this, but I was very awkward. Singing from

the tops of the trees, Celeste's voice was like a chime in the wilderness.

All of a sudden, Daniel got up and started wrestling with me. How odd this was to be fighting with another aspect of myself. In a flash, his leg came up towards my neck, kicking me harshly and pushing my head back and I could no longer move. Energetically, I was jolted into awakeness. Everyone was calm, as they knew I would move again momentarily.

As soon as I could move again, we began our trek deeper into the mountains. Following them, I could see how awkward and undeveloped I was compared to them. Animals came to them without fear, but I had not yet developed the capacity to communicate oneness and they shied away from me. Commenting on my awkwardness, they pointed out the many things within my energy which would need to be addressed on this wilderness trek, in order for me to become native again. Returning to the native is returning to what is real. What is real is what is natural. What is natural is being in a state of oneness with all life. Chief Joseph shook his head when he saw an animal come towards him, but back away when it saw me. "Your world has put you out of harmony with the natural world," he said.

Entering a deep wilderness, I was getting increasingly uncomfortable being so out of my own element. Persevering, I continued, knowing that my awkwardness had to be experienced in order for me to become native again. Coming upon a band of wild mustangs, they were quite peaceful with my friends, but agitated with me. Offering their backs freely to

my companions, they neighed and jumped at me. Leading me to a small band of ponies, Joseph directed me to a white one whose discomfort was not as severe. Walking towards him, I tried to get on his back, but he resisted.

No judgment or anger occurred, just a completely open discussion of my incompatibility to the natural world. Ready to ride their wild mustangs to the mountains in the sky, my white pony finally allowed me to mount him. Chief Joseph pointed towards the deep wilderness ahead. An ominous light beckoned from that direction, and I was afraid. If I turned back, I could return to my comfortable little world. But if I went in the direction he pointed, I couldn't turn back until I had been altered and made completely native. Animals peered from behind trees and bushes, as I honored their role as teachers and guides in this unknown country.

Willing to accept my awkwardness in order to restore my nativity, we began to trot towards the wilderness as Chief Joseph pointed to a place far ahead where the light shone more brightly than any we'd seen; the mountains in the sky above the clouds of the horizon. "The Old Ones . . ." he said, and then there was only silence.

*"Then suddenly, as I sat there looking at the cloud, I saw my vision yonder once again - the teepee built of cloud and sewed with lightning, the flaming rainbow door and, underneath, the Six Grandfathers sitting, and all the horses thronging in their quarters."*

*Black Elk Speaks, Chapter XIV, Page 169, Paragraph 1,  
(Tribal, Oglala Sioux, Words of Black Elk)*

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Entranced as I faced it, the trail of tears had been cordoned off because it was sacred ground. Many souls had died on this path as the Cherokee nations traveled its length, forced to go to reservation lands. Invited to walk aside the path, I stepped forward and began to walk.

Eventually reaching the end of the trail, I noticed the ominous graveyard of Wounded Knee. Another sight of Native American slaughter, many Indians had died here after the natives had performed a ghost dance. Led to a single gravestone, there were about twenty different Indian names etched upon it. Guided to look upon a single name, I allowed it to penetrate my soul. 'Window heart,' it said.

Leaping towards the mountains in the sky, the amazing energies of the Old Ones surrounded and transformed my soul, as a voice emanated from the Earth. "Welcome to Ute Mountain," it said, "you are welcome." Grandmother stood atop the mountain beside a lone mountain lion. As I walked gently towards them, I began to alter and change into a mountain lion.

Returning to my human manifestation, my clothes were now of buckskin and my feet were adorned with moccasins. My soul was completely native.

Rugged but comfortable, the moccasins bore my feet well as I journeyed deeper into the mountain wilderness. Having walked through the mountain pass, the animals were no longer afraid and I bore a newfound wisdom of my people and all that they had stood for.

Grandmother pointed to an image in the sky,

as the stars began to cascade towards me from ominous distant moons. Gentle wisdom of my destiny filled my soul, as a mountain lion peered quietly from an overhanging cliff. Nodding my gratitude to him for his energy, grandmother began to disappear, and as she did, I began to walk . . .

*"When the wise man casts off laxity through vigilance, he is like unto a man who, having ascended the high tower of wisdom, looks upon the sorrowing people with an afflicted heart. He beholds suffering ignorant men as a mountaineer beholds people in a valley."*

*Dhammapada, Canto II - On Vigilance, Page 15, No. 28,  
(Buddhism)*

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Ominous in the distance, the spirit aside told me the story of the house for which I had come. Recently sold to a very unsuspecting family, they were unaware of the quadruple murder which had occurred beneath this roof, and the haunting that hadn't ceased since. A family argument had led to four deaths in this house. Three of the spirits remained, though one had already left for the light. Although the situation had been quite grisly, it had been an act of passion and the perpetrator was not doomed. Deeply frantic about what she had done, her soul needed to seek forgiveness and accept help from the Lord.

Wearing a military uniform, Raymond was the first of the three lost souls who was causing havoc. When he had died, he had been wearing this uniform, but he had pulled back into his childhood self as a result of what had happened. Scott, his friend, had

also been murdered, and he and Raymond stayed together in the house.

Raymond turned into a small pony and I knew that he was conveying to me that he wanted to be free like a wild horse, but he couldn't find the way. Turning back into a child, he began to get smaller and smaller until he was a baby. Picking him up, I said, "It's alright, it's okay to want to be comforted." Holding him on my shoulder, I stroked his back and turned. Scott followed us as I explained to both of them that I was going to take them on a short flight. "What?" They said in unison. "Take my hands," I said, "just come with me." Pausing, I gave them instructions. "Oh, don't forget the light, when you see the light, just go for it okay?" Nodding that they would, they placed their hands in mine and we ran forward. "Okay, ready?" "Yeah." "JUMP!" As we jumped, we soared into the sky as the tunnel opened before us. Pulling my arms backwards, I gave them a celestial shove towards the light, as they went hurling towards it.

Returning to the house, I sat waiting for the final soul to appear. Off in the distance, I observed a man wearing royal garments who seemed to be observing. Coming in the form of a donkey, the final soul arrived as I petted her fur. "It's okay," I said, but as I did, she transformed into a frantic woman. "NO! IT'S NOT!" In a state of utter despair, she was the perpetrator. Raymond's mother had killed her family and his friend who just happened to be there that fateful night. Plagued by guilt, she was haunted by her own violent deed. "I know . . . I know." Calming her, her eyes filled with pain and horror. "Do you

know what I did?" She asked. "Yes," I calmly stated, "I know, I know everything."

Confused at my tranquil and detached position, she just stared. "Here, take my hand." As she did, we walked to the center of the living room. "What about my husband?" She asked. "Oh, don't worry, he already went back." I replied. "Now . . . we're going to go for a short flight." Excited and scared, her eyes never lost that maddened appeal. "Just remember when you see the light, that's where you go. Go for it, okay!?"

Beginning with a short run so she wouldn't be blown away by the shooting star type of flight, we both jumped into the air. Releasing her arm, I sent her soaring towards the light wherein she would face the next phase upon her journey, which remained unknown to me.

Again, I noticed the man who was dressed in the ornamental garb of royalty who had been watching this process. Quietly, he seemed to be conveying his approval of my work. "He must be a member of God's royal family." I thought.

*"Jesus answered and said: 'A murderer who hath never committed any sin but murdering, if his time is completed through the sphere, that he cometh out of the body, the receivers of Yaldabaoth come and lead his soul out of the body and bind it by its feet to a great demon with a horse's face, and he spendeth three days circling round with it in the world . . .'"*

*Pistis Sophia, Sixth Book, Page 317, Paragraph 3,  
(Christianity, Gnostic/Essene, Words of Christ)*

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Encompassing me as they took me to my destination, the solar rays projected my spirit to a nursing home where several patients were scheduled to cross over. As they were to be transported to the sun, I was honored to be involved in assisting souls who had achieved immortality!

Some of them were quite senile. Larry actually believed he was Batman from the old television series, so I knew that I was going to have some fun. Reporting for duty, I was assigned to accept a job as an activities director for this Catholic nursing home. Versing me on the religion so that I might fit in long enough to make this transition pleasant and simple, a very conservative fiftyish woman ran the home and was not at all pleased with the senile fantasies of her residents.

My playfulness with Larry, a.k.a. Batman, and his friend Ralph, a.k.a. Robin, really disturbed her. By nightfall of my first working day, she was considering my dismissal.

Batman, a name by which he preferred to be called, was saddened because he only had one arm; his left. Because of this, I had only been given one arm upon entry into this operation, my right, which made him feel comfortable with me immediately. Serving spaghetti for dinner that night, Batman had gotten frustrated because he couldn't twirl the spaghetti around his fork with his left arm. So I sat on his bed and twirled it with my right. Betty, the lady in charge, was upset at the special treatment I gave to Batman, and it disturbed her that I sang the Batman theme song and danced around the room. "Nanananananana, Nanananananana, Batman!"

Encouraging his senility was wrong in her view.

As night fell and midnight approached, I knew my true job was nigh. Going to the rooms of Batman, Robin and two other patients who called themselves the Tin Men, I revealed my identity. Another woman who wasn't to cross over this night was also present. Calling her 'Hatchet,' she liked to cut things in half, especially towels, bed sheets and other cloth materials.

Noticing the sparkly blue light that came from my fingers, Batman was impressed. "What is that?!" He asked. "You haven't seen anything, yet," I replied, "I'm a Solar Angel and I have to energize this room with solar energy. Then you'll see just how much fun we're going to have tonight!" "Oh, how exciting!" Hatchet said. "A Solar Angel!" Before you could count to ten, the whole room was aglow with the sparkling blue energies of the immortal.

All of them were now being released from their bodies to play with me as I transmitted through them, making them young again. Batman immediately manifested a cape and sang the Batman song, running and jumping all over the place. The Tin Men created fire trucks to pretend they were firemen. Robin sped alongside Batman. Hatchet, who could not be made young again because she wasn't going to be transitioning this eve, had a good time playing with a thought-form ax, pretending to chop up her sheets, towels and tissue boxes. And as she did, she screamed with hysterical laughter. "Half price! I'll give it to you for half price!"

Betty, meanwhile, had heard some noise, even though it was occurring beyond third-dimensional

awareness. Running towards the room, she saw me and was furious. In her view, everyone appeared to be sleeping, and she was unaware of Batman making faces behind her, or Robin lunging towards her and through her, laughing hysterically. "I want your resignation on my desk in the morning!" she screamed, as she took me to my room. Other Solar Angels arrived and put Betty in a deep sleep so that I might return to and finish my job.

Batman, Robin and the Tin Men were ready to go, so I took their hands and flew out the window into the night sky. Waving quietly to Hatchet as she re-entered her sleeping body, Batman cried out, "My Bat mobile!" An abandoned, beat-up old car in the woods had become the object of his fascination. Because we were laughing so hard, I almost forgot that I had to let them go now to be taken by their other guides. The Penguin appeared, another Solar Angel in costume pretending to be Batman's mortal enemy. "You must go," he said to them with humorous ferocity, "there are some journey's mortal enemies must take together." Beginning to soar towards the sun, the Bat mobile went off in the night sky.

Taking me to Hatchet's window the next morning, a brother Solar Angel had come to allow me to observe.

"Good morning, Elizabeth," Betty said, trying to prepare Hatchet for the empty beds that lay next to her. "Good Morning!" Hatchet cried, "Where's Batman and Robin?!" Solemn in her effort to console her, Betty replied, "They both passed in the night." The Tin Men had slept in another room and their

absence was not immediately obvious to Hatchet. Brightening, Hatched exclaimed, "What happened to the Solar Angel!?" "Huh?" Betty replied quizzically. "What happened to the Solar Angel?!" "Just hang in there, Elizabeth," Betty replied, "I'll have your nurse in here with your morning medication in just a minute, okay?"

The eternal command came and we were gone.

Vortexing energies soared into me, as the voices whispered into my ears. "Destiny of the East wind Pyramid." Before my eyes, a swirling circle was going on into infinity, a triangle overlapped it; the karmic triangle, the pyramidal symbol of unification with God. As I re-entered my body, the voice continued to whisper into my ears. "They who are willing to beacon the light of all lives, to embody the eternal nature of all things, to become one with all who live within these hearts; shall be opened, shall be beckoned, shall receive. And in this reception, the many shall become one, and all that is eternal will henceforth become they."

*"They therefore want me to declare on their behalf that in all of heaven there is not a single angel who was created at the beginning, nor is there in hell any devil who was created an angel of light and cast down. Rather, all the individuals in both heaven and hell are from the human race. In heaven are the ones who lived in heavenly love and faith in the world; in hell are the ones who lived in hellish love and faith."*

*Heaven & Hell, Chapter 35, Page 233, Paragraph 3,  
(Christianity, Swedenborgianism, Author: Emanuel  
Swedenborg)*

CHAPTER SIX

*"The Saviour answered again and said: 'Nay, but all the mysteries of the three spaces forgive the soul in all the regions of the rulers all the sins which the soul hath committed from the beginning onwards. They forgive it, and moreover they forgive the sins which it thereafter will commit, until the time up to which every one of the mysteries shall be effective.'"*

*Pistis Sophia, Third Book, Page 251, Paragraph 2,  
(Christianity, Gnostic/Essene, Words of Christ)*

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Cautiously, I walked into the cave, as I'd been sent forth to appear before the court of Herbethius. A cold night in this ancient world, the air was dark. Knowing that coming here meant that I'd made a very grave mistake, I shook with fear for what I may have done. Now I would speak for my energetic crime before the courts who judge the servants of God.

Herbethius wore a long white robe, and his face was very stern. "Hermes!" He shouted to me, as I shook with fear. Herbethius directed me to look towards the sky, and I saw many space vessels from other worlds, but I also saw my crime. Having recently tried to help a woman who was of somewhat high standing in the physical world, a deceased relative had come to me begging me to give her some specific messages. Feeling obliged to give them to her; I'd had contact with a close friend of hers who'd told me she wanted the information. Sending it to her, I immediately knew I had made a mistake. Eternal law requires that souls *must* come to you. But because of her earthly stature, I had agreed to send it to her

through this intermediary who had apparently given me a horribly wrong impression of her true desires. Although it didn't sit right with me, I'd done it anyway.

Information like this can be harmful if someone is not ready to hear it, and you must attain permission from the eternal to give it, regardless of whether or not a deceased relative comes to you; for those relatives do not often hold eternal knowledge, power or permission. Ironically, I'd known when I met her that she was not very open to the spirit and if she hadn't been in this particular position in life, I would never have given it to her. Falsely attributing Earthly significance to eternal significance, I'd interfered with eternal law and now I stood before the court for judgment to be rendered.

Herbethius was harsh, because ancient ones do not take lightly the violation of eternal law. "Hermes! If you had done this with the *intention* to violate eternal law, you would have been shot on the spot." What he referred to was a de-energization of eternal power. Taking away the power of the light within you, it renders you benign and scatters your consciousness. In order to steward power, you must honor the laws of beholdment. "However," he continued, "because you did not violate these laws with the *intent* to do harm, but out of *ignorance*, I will give you the chance to argue your case. If you do not satisfy me that you have learned your lesson and that this will *never* happen again, you will be beheaded." Being beheaded is to lose your head, lose your reason, which would manifest as scattered, fragmented confusion. All that had been given to me in the

realms of knowledge, would, in essence, be taken away.

Kneeling down, I began to beg. "I am so sorry. I really *see* what it is I've done. Oh, I hope I have not hurt this soul terribly in my stupidity. Oh, my God, what can I do to make this right? I really do see what I've done." "Hermes," he replied, "I believe that you are indeed repentant of your mistake and that you do indeed *see* why what you've done was wrong. Because of this, you will not lose your head."

Pausing, he allowed me to tremble as I awaited his final words. "You must perform your mission . . . nothing more! You must never do anything for self-serving reasons, only the cause of furthering eternity. Do you understand?" "Yes," I said, "thank you, thank you!" Pointing to a hallway where my paintings, writings and music were displayed, he said, "This is what we ask of you now. Only do what we ask of you, nothing more!" "Yes, yes, I will!" I shuddered.

Transported through a beam of light from one of the spaceships above, the light beam altered me and energized understanding of my purpose and the lessons of my mistake. A second chance was a grand gift, and I was honored, humbled and unworthy to receive it.

*"I have sinned, O Lord, I have sinned, and I acknowledge mine iniquities. Be not angry with me for ever, by reserving evil for me; neither condemn me into the lower parts of the earth. For thou art the God, even the God of them that repent; and in me thou wilt shew all thy goodness; for thou wilt save me, that am unworthy, according to thy great mercy. Therefore, I will praise thee for ever all the days of*

*my life: for all the powers of the heavens do praise thee, and thine is the glory for ever and ever. Amen."*

*The Apocrypha, The Prayer of Manasses, Page 254,  
(Judaism, Christianity)*

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

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

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

When you walk with the eternal, you can enter the world of noise to fulfill your mission, completely protected. But if you act on your own, you go alone. Because you are not energized properly, you become open to invasion, losing focus and losing your head. World's noise and silence seldom intersect.

If you truly want the wisdom of the silence, you must live there for you cannot leave silence, live the noise, and then teach of silence. It is like



discussing a far-away world that becomes a myth. And the messenger of the far away world becomes the fool. The silent one does not fit into the world of noise, he becomes an anomaly, an oddity, seen by those without true reason as being unreasonable in their claims of a higher world.

By leaving the peaceful reason of silence, the silent one becomes clouded with noise, thus, becoming confused and losing his reason . . . and ultimately his head. Silent ones cannot live in the world of noise, it is not compatible to who they are; although they may assist when properly energized for eternal functions. Noisy ones, though they may be intrigued with the oddities they may see in the silent ones, cannot go where the silent ones live. For the walk towards this silence is not just a passing fancy, it is a journey and a commitment. Traveling through much noise in order to find silence, when you arrive you will join many majestic beings in their silence: mountains, rivers, streams, oceans, stars, moons, trees, bushes, flowers, herbs, deer, elk, squirrels, buffalo, wind, rain and snow. And the elements of the earth, fire, air, earth, and water, all remain profoundly silent.

*"Listening is understanding the mystery of vibration because listening has to do with the inner vibration of the descending intelligence of the moment.*

*Meditators become silence so that they can go to true vibration, which becomes the audible workings of vibration, of which ideas are made. Inner listeners, or people who are continually listening to life as it is unfolding, are true humans because they are picking up vibrational messages before the messages become*

***crystallized energy or perceptual forms that can then  
be articulated by the brain."***

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

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Wanting me to go with him, I was initially attracted by the incredible amount of sexual energy he emitted. Looking into his eyes, however, something felt amiss, and I questioned him. "Who are you?" I said quietly, knowing that darkness must always reveal itself to the light. Turning into a black creature with bat wings emerging, he replied, "They call me the gull," he said, "I am destructive sexual energy." "Be off with you, then." I said, lifting my arms, and revealing the medicine. Plummeting down to the realm of his domain, the light had forced him to return to the second dimension.

Another one approached who called herself Aschira. "What do you want of me?" I asked, impatiently. "I can give you everything you want . . ." she replied, as thousands of gold coins began appearing in front of her like rain. "It can all be yours." "But I could care less about those things; I don't even want what you have to offer." Looking confused, I lifted my hands, "Goddess Aschira of the dark, take your greed and stealth back to the place it belongs." Plummeting, she was instantly gone.

***"Watching for riches consumeth the flesh, and the  
care thereof driveth away sleep."***

*The Apocrypha, Ecclesiasticus, Chapter 31, Page 199,  
Paragraph 1, (Judaism, Christianity)*

Vortexing like a band of light, I found myself amongst a circular cave. Inside, there were slaves of

all races upon the earth, their orders to rip at the walls of the cave and destroy it. Immediately, I was angry. "This is our Mother Earth!" I shouted, as I ran through the cave pulling the slaves abruptly from their posts. As they were in a daze, I had to jolt them harshly in order to awaken them to reality.

Those who heralded this darkness were like ominous dark clouds of energy from above, voices of demise that came from the outer cave walls. "How dare you!" I said. "They are your slaves no more and your destruction will not be energized."

Hoads of people were exiting the caves into the sunlight, and a familiar man approached me from among them. When our eyes met, neither of us said anything. Still busy, I had to finish freeing the remainder of these souls. But after a time, I became curious as to why he had sought me out. His involvement in this oppressive situation concerned me.

Gauging my surroundings, I became aware that he had been the one who called for my assistance. As I walked closer to him, he reached his hand out to touch mine, and I traveled into his eyes.

Peering through his reality and vision, his futility was immediately apparent. Wanting to see me, he was hoping I could free him from this life, but this was not my place. Locked in his past, he hadn't been able to break the chain, because he was honoring false gods, thus, he was living a false life.

Taking his other hand, I exchanged telepathically. "Thanks for asking me to come, I'm honored that you've requested me to help you. But you must know that what must be changed comes

from within yourself. It is not I who holds the key to your destiny, but you, my friend. I understand. I really do. You've trapped yourself by following what you were told, what was supposed to be important, what was supposed to be real, what was supposed to be the meaning of life. But the boat has been lost; you've never known *true love*, my friend." I paused. "Shall I say in parting, however, that it is never too late to honor love?"

A lone teardrop fell from his face as our hands began to sever. Beginning to disintegrate, I offered him one last word. "You needn't be a slave to the material world, but you can be a steward of your spirit. Don't stay here my friend; you deserve much, much more." Then I was gone.

*"And a terrible pain seized me as I felt within me the souls of all those who had blinded themselves, so as to see only their own desires of the flesh."*

*The Essene Gospel of Peace, Volume 2, Page 111, Middle,  
(Christianity, Gnostic/Essene)*

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Coming closer to the woman with the emerald face, her tears were flowing long and hard. Coming closer to her, I gave her a few moments to digest my presence. "Who are you?" she said, as her voice quivered. "I come as a servant of he who has parted." I replied. Placing my hand on her shoulder, she began to weep deeply.

Three had died in the accident, and I knew that this young girl was going to have a rough time dealing with this throughout her adult life. Her first love, the one she was to marry, had died at the age of eighteen.

For hours, we talked, and I told her of my dear friend who had also died so young. "You know," I said, "it feels like an unbearable pain at first, but it really does change over time." "Really?" "Yes." Thinking for a moment, she continued, "My mother thinks I'm overreacting, but she doesn't understand. She says it was just a teenage romance and I'll get over it." "You're right, she doesn't understand." I replied, "Love hurts the most when it is taken, but although this may be hard to understand, the love between you two will always remain. You will cry over losing his presence in your life, the destiny you thought you may have shared, but you will never really lose him completely. He lives in a new world now, but he will more than likely come visit you sometimes . . . perhaps when you least expect it." Looking at me, she said, "That's not enough." "Not enough for now . . . but over time, it will be." I paused. "But for now, you must cry, you must grieve . . ."

Summoning her other sub-conscious friends, they all began to appear in order to help one another through this great tragedy. Standing in a circle, I placed their hands together. "May serenity float upon your doorstep someday, my brave little young one." Whistling into the winds, she looked up one last time as I left.

*"Serenity displays a consciousness that does not flare up when provoked by people or things. In the face of difficulty, the serene person's sentiments remain cool"*

*and detached."*

*Secrets of Mayan Science/Religion, Chapter 3, Page 98,  
Ziiz Olal, (Tribal, Mayan, Author: Hunbatz Men)*

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"You must let go of everything with an energetic past," the Old One's said. They spoke of things, as we were selling everything we owned to follow the beckon of the inner spirit westward. "Beware, for the backwards flow would have you destroyed. You have stated your intent, thus, energizing your destiny. Now they will come."

And they came with a vengeance, the god's and goddesses of the lower worlds came like a torrent in the night, attempting every illusion, temptation or trick they could muster. Their only power was their sheer numbers which overwhelmed me at first. Knowing the darkness simply couldn't prevail, I simply couldn't allow it. Aschira returned, goddess of greed, laughing hysterically about the fact that anytime Andy or I had a single thought of greed, she had an invitation to enter our spaces. Anytime anyone bears a single thought of gluttony, lust, greed, pride, sloth, vanity or avarice, it gives passage to these predators of darkness to be near your soul. After all, it is their duty to energize your destruction. Purifying my thoughts would be vital in the fulfillment of my destiny. "You won't be getting anymore invitations, Aschira." I said, shooting her with light to send her away. Disappearing, I never saw her again. We must purify ourselves not only in word and deed, but in thought; so that our thinking does not bear the markings of the beast.

Demons encircled me, their fanged teeth

laughing their backwards laugh. For two nights, the battles continued, but I refused to give in to their terror and fear. By the second night, they no longer even frightened me, for I considered them a nuisance which simply had to be tolerated in the attainment of a higher good. They had come to tempt my soul, and they simply would not be allowed to win. Finally, I called out Otara, asking for my eternal alliances to assist.

"We will eat you alive," the consumption energy threatened. "Go ahead, try!" I responded as the golden angels descended and with one mighty stroke of their hands, completely annihilated them. Safe for the moment, the golden angels left me with the knowledge that the dark side would try me for the remainder of my life. Because my function was to save many souls from their hands, they wished to destroy me.

Erupting into an epiphany of awareness, I realized something. It is a gift when you receive that moment of awakening where all life is eternal, all things timeless, and your life seems to pale in its imagined importance in the overall scheme of things. In this moment, you find humility. And when you realize that you are but a blink of an eye, eternity rushes in, in one majestic sweep of awareness!

*"Lord, I call to you; come quickly to help me; listen to my plea when I call. Let my prayer be incense before you; my uplifted hands an evening sacrifice. Set a guard, Lord, before my mouth, a gatekeeper at my lips. Do not let my heart incline to evil, or yield to any sin."*

*New American Bible, Old Testament, Psalms 141:1-4,*

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Making the motions of death, I can say without reservation that in that moment, I had no doubt that I was truly going to die. Terror swept over me in this moment of death, which surprised me. After all I'd experienced, I hadn't realized how frightening the final parting would be. "No!" I screamed out to the spirit world, "I don't want to die alone." I was dying in my sleep. Seemingly endless, the spiraling void went on forever, but all of a sudden there was calm.

"In death, you will know." A voice calmly stated. "In death you will know things that only death can teach you." Calmly accepting my fate, my fear had begun to fade. "If I must die, then I will go quietly," I said with resolution. Suddenly, an unexplainable understanding came over me, the knowledge of death.

Another parting soul approached, a woman, "I know my destiny!" She shouted. "It is to forge the bridge across forever." "Yes, that is true," I replied, "but it is *everyone's* destiny to forge the bridge across forever. That is the destiny of humanity, to enter timelessness and leave time behind." But when you cross that bridge and return to the present time/space continuum, the knowledge of forever returns with you. In my death, I'd crossed this bridge, and now suddenly, my soul was going the other direction again . . . towards time.

Swinging over rough waters, I knew I had the opportunity to go back over the bridge with the awareness of forever intact. If I could do that, my impact could be much greater within the continuum.



A man approached, "So, you're going out West?" he asked. Something felt strange, but he looked nice enough. "Yeah," I said, "but I gotta go now."

Walking towards the bridge, he blocked me with his hands. "Do you think I could go with you out West?" "I guess you can go wherever you want," I replied, not realizing the impact of my statement until he suddenly turned into a deathly decomposing man. Immediately, I knew I was in trouble, the darkness had tricked me, and I'd fallen for it.

Manifesting a large wooden cabinet, he pushed it over to crush me. Running out of its way, I shouted, "Who the hell are you?!" His white ashen eye sockets revealed where his soul resided. "I have sent my granddaughter to hell," he said, "now I must kill you to get her out." Desperation filled his pitiful eyes, but he didn't realize that he was following a lie for this action would only sink his soul deeper into the abyss. A soul cannot *serve* darkness in order to be *freed* from it. Surely, a reasonable man must know that no one can be freed from hell through a dark act; a soul can only be saved from the abyss through love.

Conveying to him that he'd been misled, and destroying me would not give his granddaughter freedom, his violence didn't dim. Sending him an understanding of love's deliverance, I couldn't get through to him; he was lost, condemned by his own hatred. Dark forces had used this ignorant man who had lost his soul to stop me from bringing forever back. With a quick thrust of my hand, I pushed him out of my way and ran towards the bridge. Chief Joseph awaited me on the other side. Still breathless, the danger had passed.

Showing me an image of things that he wanted me to do, he never mentioned my encounter with the man in front of the bridge. "You have been given the gift of words, I would ask that you go now and speak on behalf of my people," he said. Kneeling to the ground, tears were streaming down my face. "I am honored," I said, "I am so amazingly honored that you would trust me with something that important. Please, I just ask that you always be with me, so that my words are yours and that I honor the people with only the truth." He nodded.

Returning to form, Andy awoke from sleep to give me a message. "I was shown many faces," he said, "and they all looked nice enough. They seemed like they were okay, that there was nothing to be concerned about. But then they all changed and a voice said, 'Beware the serpent for he comes in many faces.'"

***"He who desires happiness for himself by inflicting injury on others, is not freed from hatred, being entangled himself in the bonds of hatred."***

*Dhammapada, Canto XXI, No. 291, (Buddhism)*

***"Blessed is he whose conscience hath not condemned him, and who is not fallen from his hope in the Lord."***

*The Apocrypha, Ecclesiasticus, Chapter 14, Paragraph 1, (Judaism, Christianity)*

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Grandmother peered down from the mesa to my spirit, as I watched her awe-inspiring essence. A single brown horse astride her, she calmly walked off of the mesa into the sky. Saying nothing, she didn't have to. "I am honored that I have been humbled by your presence, thank you for allowing me to see you."

I said. Stopping in midair, her robed face turned to look. "It is acknowledged." She conveyed. White hair barely showed from the top of the brown coverlet over her head. The mane of her horse blew in the spirit wind while the yellow orange sun stood at its last moment before setting. Glistening stars had begun to appear in the night sky. A voice beckoned. "Behold . . . Grandmother Skywalker," it said. She turned to go.

*"The Great Spirit was usually referred to by the Lenni Lenape as being male; however, the Shawnee, their close Lenape family relatives, referred to the Great Spirit as 'Grandmother.'"*

*The Red Record, Book I, Page 53, Paragraph 2, (Tribal, Plains)*

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Alone and immersed in the waters of a sacred lake, an ancient grandmother's face popped up from beneath the surface of the water, her white hair soaked from the mountain lake. Swimming through the waters, I began to follow her, but she went so very fast, I could not catch up. She began to alter her form.

Transforming from an old woman to a young Indian girl; she became an Indian warrior, and then an old woman again. "I am Hunkpapa woman," she said, "it used to be that the seasons were all commanded and owned by spirit, but now I alone own the season, the autumn, the change. I command the cycles of death and re-birth." Shooting across the water so fast that I could barely see her, I jumped out to try to catch up.

Instead, I found a baby mountain lion trapped in some reeds. Bedraggled, wet and all alone, I

picked her up. "Mountain lion," I cried out, "I must save you."

Hunkpapa woman appeared again from the depths and remarked, "She was born in the reeds by the watery lake . . . and she was known to her people as Mountain Lion." Reaching to me, she gave me a green stone. "Serenity," she said, "serenity is power." Lightning struck, and my birth at the hands of she who bore the season was complete.

*"And I saw, and beheld the angel of Joy. And between her lips flowed the music of life, and she knelt over the earth and gave to man the song of Peace."*

*The Essene Gospel of Peace, Volume 2, Page 107, Stanza 2,  
(Christianity, Gnostic/Essene)*

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"You asked for help, didn't you?" I said to the angry face that now stood before me. It was only a moment, but what seemed like a long sleep to him, and we were far away from the battlefield. Fighting for the South at the time of the American Civil War, it was my duty to get him to the North. Having prayed for understanding, he'd wanted to know if he'd been doing the right thing. His sincerity had inspired the powers that be to give him an opportunity. Agitated with me anyway, he was suited up and ready to meet his Northern comrades, nonetheless.

Unable to tell that he was a Rebel, I'd altered his uniform so he would appear to be one of them. No one had to know that he was the 'enemy.' Anger diminishing as he listened to them, it wasn't that he went over to their side, but he began to understand why they perceived the slavery issue differently than himself. Because he'd never known anything else, he

joined the army in the fervor of the battle call, never really thinking deeply on the issue. After a great deal more time, he began seeing that maybe he did agree with them a lot more than he ever felt he could. Laughing with these men, he found it odd that he would have killed these very same individuals had he seen them in battle.

Time for me to go, he came to find me. "My life will never be the same comrade," he said, "come with me, be with me." "You don't understand," I said as I began to disappear, "I am in your dreaming, when you wake I will be gone." Reaching to grab hold of me, he panicked, for he suddenly realized he would wake again in the South. What would he do? Would this new understanding change anything? Would he have the courage to stand for what he'd been shown? He could *die* for the truth, would he take that risk?

When he awoke, it was night. Walking away from his camp, he began his journey northward. Dying at the hands of one who did not know his heart, a Yankee soldier killed him, feeling that no Confederate deserved to live. Born into the light, there was no regret, no remorse. "I am glad I've been born," he said, "for no life will end by my hands today. For it is better to die standing for life, than to live standing for death."

***"(Mark the blameless man and behold) the upright,  
(for there is pos)te(rity for the ma)n of peace."***

*The Dead Sea Scriptures, Psalm 37, Page 330,  
(Christianity, Gnostic/Essene)*

***"Without anger, without trembling, not boasting,  
without remorse, speaking in moderation, not  
arrogant, he indeed is a sage restrained in speech."***

***Having no attachment to the future, he does not grieve over the past. He sees detachment in respect of sense-contacts, and is not led into (wrong) views."***

*The Group of Discourses II, IV. The Chapter of Eights,  
Page 98, No. 850-851, (Buddhism, Theravadan)*

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Chief Joseph was serene and direct as we walked in the mountain pathway. Handing me four temples of ice, he said, "Seek the place where the temples of the Earth reside." Drawing with his fingers in the dirt, he etched a sacred medicine wheel. "Sacred ground," he said. All of a sudden I noticed a native doll unlike any other I'd ever seen. Lying in the woods, I ran to retrieve it. "I love this!" I shouted. "That does not surprise me." Joseph replied. "This doll is a gift from the Old Ones. It is their remembrance." Embracing it with humility, Chief Joseph handed me a papoose. Unaware of it at the time, he was trying to tell me we were going to have more children. In the blink of an eye we were now standing at the edge of a mighty canyon. Music was emanating from the canyon floor. "You will find it at the end of the road," he said, as I knew he spoke of our coming homeland. Then he was gone.

A mountain pass stood majestically before me, as a singular monk sat alone under a tree silently meditating.

***"I looked about me and could see that what we then were doing was like a shadow cast upon the earth from yonder vision in the heavens, so bright it was and clear. I knew the real was yonder and the darkened dream of it was here."***

*Black Elk Speaks, Chapter XIV, Page 169, Paragraph1,*

(Tribal, Oglala Sioux, Words of Black Elk)

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Turning to look upon the night sky outside of form, my spirit was suddenly transported to another time and place. Many time-travelers were here to witness the grand event, that of the millennium. Like a comet in the night, the heavens opened up as star tunnels became the evidentiary pathways for which the vessels of all Universes entered our star system: Pleadians, Alpha Centaurians, Marsians, Venusians and more. Rockets and saucers paraded through the sky, and in the center was a spectacular large cylindrical ship. As this beautiful and large vessel came into our realm quietly through a black hole, everyone looked upon it and said in unison, "Why, it's the Mother Ship." Inherently, my soul resonated with this coming time. Turning, I was alone in the canyon.

An old woman approached; her hair long and white. Suddenly, I knew it was I as an old grandmother. "You are She Who Walks Far," she said, "and don't let anyone tell you different. You have much to do." Disappearing like a mirage on a canyon night, an aged medicine man appeared singing a chant in a native tongue. A song of protection, he greeted me with a warning, "Beware of the darkness," he said.

***"I am old and of feeble strength. For that very reason my body does not go away to there. I go constantly on a mental journey, for my mind, brahman, is joined to him."***

*The Group of Discourses II, V. The Chapter on Going to the Far Shore, Page 128, No. 1144-1145, (Buddhism, Theravadan)*

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Flying about my house out of form, I was surprised to notice an old woman who was energetic and playful, beckoning me to come near her. Giving me two gifts, she said, "You have much to do . . . far greater significance." The first gift was a blue-green tower of crystal which soared in a step fashion towards the sky. The second was a series of magnifying glasses. Pointing to the far ends of both sides of the crystal staircase and the magnifying glasses, she said, "It is your job to bring the extreme West and the extreme East together, to magnify the vision of the people." Pointing to the farthest and topmost point on the crystal piece, she said, "You must walk to the farthest point my daughter."

Walking me to the front door, she opened it to display a group of native carvings. In the center were some of my old belongings which I'd given away. Coming to life, the carvings began to dance as they'd become native people. "They are thanking you for the gifts, and for the gifts you will give to the people." Having become aware of allowing everything its proper use, I no longer stored things I no longer needed. Angel wings emerged from the natives backs as they continued to dance.

Running into the house, I followed the old woman. "What's your name?" I called out to her. "It is Supas," she said. "What do you mean by far greater significance?" I yelled out. Beginning to laugh hysterically, she looked at me as if to say, 'I couldn't possibly tell you that now.' Disintegrating, she became a tiny vase in my hand. A carving on the side of the vase showed the two of us sitting aside a fire in



the shadow of a pueblo. Underneath the tiny little pot there was a sticker, 'Supas of the Quintas lodge,' it said.

Starlight glittered all over the room as I heard a voice echoing wisdom. "You must go to the farthest point, far greater significance, far greater significance . . ."

Transported to my backyard, a small bunny hopped over to me. Light brown with white dots, he told me he was a healer. In the grass were a set of keys, "These are the keys to the past," he said, "you will need them on your journey." Placing the old, worn and rusty keys in my hand, suddenly, I was alone.

*"Each Manifestation of God hath a distinct individuality, a definitely prescribed mission, a predestined Revelation, and specially designated limitations. Each one of them is known by a different name, is characterized by a special attribute, fulfills a definite Mission, and is entrusted with a particular Revelation . . . It is because of this difference in their station and mission that the words and utterances flowing from these Wellsprings of divine knowledge appear to diverge and differ. Otherwise, in the eyes of them that are initiated into the mysteries of divine wisdom, all their utterances are in reality but the expressions of one truth."*

*The Kitab-I-Iqan, Page 176-177, (Baha'i, Author:  
Baha'u'llah)*

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Standing by the canyon, his spirit was strong and serene. Chief Joseph placed a heavy silver ball into my palm, as my spirit began to buzz with the

energies it encompassed. Energy began pouring in and out of my hands. Handing me a telephone receiver, a group of spirits joined us with ferocity in trying to make the connection with someone. All of a sudden, I heard my own voice talking through the phone. "Marilynn! Marilyn! Are you there?!" "Yes, it's me!" "Oh, my God, this is great, I got through!" The spirits in the room were exuberant as Chief Joseph explained. "You have just broken the barrier of time and crossed the threshold of timelessness; your future and your present have become simultaneous."

Falling from the sky, a large ornate medicine pouch fell directly into my hands. Now I was alone, and I looked upon the sacred pictures it held inside. The first picture was of Chief Joseph, and the second picture was his name written in petroglyphs. A medicine woman approached, "These gifts are given to you directly from God," she said, as she placed her hands upon my head.

Winds began blowing very hard, and five medicine women appeared. "You cannot go until the winds die down," they said, as they began imparting prophecies to my soul of the things to come. In a vision, I was shown the souls of the dying upon the Earth. Many were dying, some violently, others from illness, young and old alike. But in their death, they were transcending to compatible realities. This was a necessary negativity in the attainment of a higher good.

All of a sudden, the skies began to open up and a familiar scene began to emerge. Space vessels from every star system filled the skies. Instantly, thousands of beings from the many different Earthly

time periods were sitting and watching, waiting for the millennium. An ancient royal one, he who had been watching when I took care of the haunted house, approached. Recognizing him, he sat with a group of people and stared at me without a word, as if he were evaluating me for some future task.

Several space vessels began to land, and the turmoil of the coming days came to me as if in prophetic vision; wars and rumors of wars, pestilences, earthquakes, etc. Many people began forming a line to enter the Mother Ship, leaving to find a world of peace. Handing me a coin which appeared to be hundreds of years old, the ancient royal one directed me look more closely. Upon its face was a picture of the biblical father of Jesus, and it said, 'St. Joseph.' "This will give you passage," he said.

Giving me a second one, he conveyed that it was for someone else who may or may not make it in time. Beckoning to a longtime friend from days past, he wouldn't come, as he was too distracted with worldly attachments. For a moment I mourned, and then began running towards the line entering the Mother Ship. Waiting by my side, the royal one said no more as I bowed to his eminence in gratitude.

*"Try to keep your heart reserved for God alone, that there may be no room for bitterness, gall, or voluntary repugnance to what God shall appoint. Never be absorbed in the failings of others, but pursue your own path, regarding nothing but that which may wound your conscience. The great secret of belonging to God is to neglect and pass by everything else."*

*The Spiritual Combat, Chapter 10, Page 218, Paragraph 3,*

*(Christianity, Catholic, Author: Dom Lorenzo Scupoli)*

Aboard the Mother Ship, I could feel the pain of a surgical procedure. Working on my solar plexus, my emotional centers of energy, I knew that this work was for my highest good. Lying upon a flat metallic board, the beings who worked on my soul looked like liquid glass, and you could see through them. Their innards were part biology and part machine, as their outside form was very human; but liquid like glass, and transparent. "She's remembering too much, we must erase some of this memory." Blip.

A massive energy pulse overtook my soul which now stood atop a mountain pass. Before me stood a very ancient Old One. His robes of white blew in the wind as his long silver hair and beard cascaded down his chest and back. "I am Yammeth, I am Symmeth," he said, as his words made the Earth rumble. Commanding the movements of the Earth, he continued to speak. "There are certain places that are safe, and you must be protected," he said. Pointing in the direction I must go, I took note. We'd already gone westward, and were now following the flow of the spirit to the correct location. "You must aid in the transition." The Earth began shaking all the more and I noticed a group of monks atop a mountain who were chanting next to their monastery. Their chanting caused rumblings in the Earth. Yammeth/Symmeth's face was of the utmost of seriousness. "It is an honor to be here at this time, and you must fulfill the function of your survival." Conveying information about where we would be safe during the coming changes, I listened. As lightning struck, he was gone.

Appearing before me in a long, yellow flowing gown, her auburn hair blew in the wind as she lifted a lighted wand about four feet long. Touching it to my crown chakra, she said, "We are de-energizing your destruction." Making energetic shifts which would protect me through the coming changes, I said, "Thank you," Again the winds came, and she was gone.

Chief Joseph walked in quietly, stern because of my impatience to continue our journey westward. "It will not happen until we know that you are safe," he said, "you will not go until the winds die down." Bowing my understanding, he disappeared.

*"And I opened the book, and I read therein what had always been, what was now, and what would come to pass. I saw the holocaust which would engulf the earth, and the great destruction which would drown all her people in oceans of blood. And I saw too the eternity of man and the endless forgiveness of the Almighty."*

*The Essene Gospel of Peace, Volume 2, Page 116, Stanza 1,  
(Christianity, Gnostic/Essene)*

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Entering an old house in the country, there were literally hundreds of very strange looking spirits. Thinking that they might be lost souls, their strange actions made me more suspicious of something else. Sucking up to me, they were trying to get into my good graces, and it appeared manipulative. Manifesting as only a hand, a woman placed herself on the edge of a white grand piano. Calling herself Mrs. Hand, she wanted to speak to me. Something was feeling very wrong. A bald spirit with

no legs, just a flittering trail, came over to me. As soon as he got close, I *knew*, and I geared up for battle.

A premeditated assault, their strategy was to overcome this eternal threat by their sheer numbers. Attempting to enter me from below, they were trying to do so to prevent their own annihilation. Becoming one big, dark, massive energy, I shouted, "Get out! Get out right now!" My torrent of energy assaulted them in such a way as to throw them backward, but they began to suck together as if into a vacuum. Now they were a swirling vortex of red eyes, still fighting. Surging light from within, I screamed again. "Get out! Get out!" Sucked out of the third dimension, they were thrown back into the first.

Led to look into another room, upon entering it I found the dead body of a person who had been murdered. Now I understood why the presence of so many dark and demonic elements were in this house, for anytime an evil act is perpetrated upon the Earth, it can give entry to many of its kind to literally infest the person or the location of the act.

Calling to the spirit of the killer in his dreams, I brought the spirit of the murdered man out of slumber into wakefulness to confront him. The killer's dream became his nightmare. Shocked and afraid, the killer was terrified to see the face of his victim. Walking forward and bringing the power of light, legions of angels appeared and completely de-energized this man. Whether we understand the harm we do or not, there comes a time when we must all take responsibility for our actions. It was done, and they disappeared.

Reappearing in a cloudy realm, horses were

grazing all around me. Appearing with a headdress so brilliant and spectacular, I just stared at the Old One, the ancient grandfather who bore the signs of a Chief. Handing me a sage fan, he conveyed that I must use it to process dark energies. Honored, I bowed to him in thanks.

*"And as I looked, the Six Grandfathers yonder in the cloud and all the riders of the horses, and even I myself upon the bay up there, all held their hands palms outward toward me, and when they did this, I had to pray . . . "*

*Black Elk Speaks, Chapter XIV, Page 169-170, (Tribal, Oglala Sioux, Words of Black Elk)*

Another haunted house in a small town beckoned my soul, as this job would take two nights. Ellen was very attached to a certain period in her long-over life. Dying as an old woman, she'd committed suicide, and was now living in the energetic past. Early 1900's, she had been very much in love with a man who married someone else. Remaining bitter all throughout her life, she never married and died an unhappy woman. A dance had occurred in this house, and she continued to relive the one night she had danced with her beau before he chose another woman. She was reliving the night of the ball for eternity.

Enjoying being a ghost, she loved to scare people, knock on walls, open doors and was extremely insensitive about scaring children. "It is time to have respect for the living as well as the dead." I said. "If you will just accept that you do not know what is indeed best for you, you will let me take you to the light where you will have greater

understanding of your life, your choices, and have another opportunity to make it better." Very resistant, she didn't want to leave. Being patient with her, however, she eventually let go and returned to the light two days later.

Two ancient grandmothers appeared, their long white hair flowing to the ground and their tan buckskin dresses identical. "All things are relative to the reality that you occupy and the eyes through which you perceive." They said. "Truth is unalterable, but the many perceptions of truth are infinite and undefined. Things become complex when you separate from the Source in delusion. But when you understand the essence, reality is quite simple. The complexity in an eternal one comes from their ability to find simplicity." Plummeting to the Earth, the two grandmothers became one with the soil.

*"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 9, Text 15,  
(Hinduism)*

*"And (they came to know) themselves, (as to who they are), or rather, where they are (now), and what is the (place in which they will rest from their senselessness,) (arriving) at knowledge."*

*The Nag Hammadi Library, The Testimony of Truth, Page 451, Paragraph 2, (Christianity, Gnostic/Essene)*

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Entering into the ancient past, I noticed



cavernous homes made of clay and brick (pueblos). While many people were walking around completing their daily tasks, a man approached me. Paintings were done upon his chest, and I was intrigued with their meaning. Handing me a buckskin dress, I noticed how exquisitely it had been beaded. Gazing deep into my eyes, all was quiet. "I am Iwa," he said, "my name means Temple Builder."

Surrounding me all at once, the ancient tribe came to me with gifts. "Thank you." I looked at them in confusion. Iwa smiled, "We are thanking you for the service you give to our people." Placing a thunderbird pipe within my hand, he disappeared, as suddenly, there were about twenty or thirty different pipes lying at my feet. An Old One's face appeared in the sky, he smiled and then he was gone.

As the winds died down, and we continued moving further westward, ending up in the Four Corners, the land of the Pueblo's.

***"Cleave to the noble, and they will also bow to thee."***

*The Talmudic Anthology, No. 130, Stanza 4, Sifre  
Debarim, 6, (Judaism)*

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A funnel of black had pulled my soul away, and I didn't know where I was. Lost and confused, I frantically feared I would not be able to find my way home. A warm house appeared in the distance and I ran towards it like a thirsty man looking for water in the desert. At the door, a woman approached, but I immediately felt that something was amiss. Ignoring my instinct, I began to talk with her. Offering me a pair of magic pants that would give me magical powers and guarantee that I would never want, I

suddenly had the feeling of witchcraft. "Come on," she said, "just take them. They will lead you out of your confusion." "No," I said quietly, "those are not magic pants; they are a temptation away from the light." Her face began to crinkle like an old witch, as she began to turn into her true self. Everything around her turned into blackness and her face became pitiful and wretched. A dark gull man emerged from the other room. "YOU WILL TAKE OUR GIFTS!" he shouted at me angrily as his dark black cape followed him. Lifting my hands, I said, "No, they are not gifts, they are destruction, itself." Turning, I began to walk away. Grabbing my shoulder, I knew that he wanted to destroy me. "No." I repeated as I lifted his hand from my shoulder. Very upset that they had lost this seemingly perfect temptation, they both sunk. Unable to get to me even when they'd intentionally scattered my focus, they were in a state of angry despair.

Light flashed wildly as the skies began to open up. Standing in another place amidst the clouds, I looked up to see an image forming above. Her white veil covered her head, but did not hide her radiant face. Sky-blue robes shimmered as if moved by a light-source emanating from beneath them. Mother Mary looked at me with a serene gaze. "I will be with you much more, now." She conveyed to me. "I want you to be aware of my presence all around you." Saying nothing, I just looked at her in awe. Feeling the presence of Christ, I could see Him coming in and out of view behind her. St. Joseph appeared behind them, in and out. Calming, I fell to my knees.

Reaching her hand towards me, our hands

clasped. Disappearing slowly like a mirage in the astral sky amidst a realm where angels fly and visitors *must* be invited, I bowed my head, "I thank you. I am honored."

***"Let the storm rage and the sky darken - not for that shall we be dismayed. If we trust as we should in Mary, we shall recognize in her, the Virgin Most Powerful 'who with virginal foot did crush the head of the serpent.'"***

*The Voice of the Saints, Behold Thy Mother, Page 137, No. 1, (Christianity, Catholic, Words of Pope Pius X)*

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And so it came to pass that I fulfilled hundreds of alterations, and continued to seed evolution within the Earthly realm. Many temptations came from the dark side, as I slowly began the arduous process of purifying my thoughts. As long as these forces are present around you, it remains difficult to banish the confusion, destruction and wrong views which they continually barrage upon your mind. Through the power of the eternal, I was able to overcome temptation after temptation, beginning to slowly realize how deep this purification must eventually go to be fulfilled completely within my soul.

***"To abstain from sinful actions is not sufficient for the fulfillment of God's law. The very desire of what is forbidden is evil."***

*The Voice of the Saints, The Challenge of Chastity, Page 58, No. 3, (Christianity, Catholic, Words of St. John Baptist de la Salle)*

## CHAPTER SEVEN

*"And suddenly there will come to the temple the Lord whom you seek, and the messenger of the covenant whom you desire. Yes, he is coming, says the Lord of hosts. But who will endure the day of his coming?*

*And who can stand when he appears"*

*New American Bible, Old Testament, Malachi 3:1-2,  
(Christianity, Catholic)*

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Flying high up in the sky above the mountains, the beauty of the clear night awed me as I was pulled towards a particular destination. At the side of a mountain, a huge golden cross lay, bearing unintelligible hieroglyphics etched in the gold. Soaring closer, I touched it.

As soon as my hand touched the cross, my spirit began melting into it. Suddenly, I was at the site of an alteration. The old and haunted office building didn't seem real at first, as hundreds of ghosts were overlapping the present humans who sat in the chairs the ghosts once knew as their own. Cause of death was apparent in their energy fields; heart attacks, accidents, and even one who had died after a heavy door fell on him, but why were so many of these former workers from the past 100 years still in this building?

Wandering about them, I began to ask that question, and they all nodded as if they didn't know. Laughing and making merry, they were good friends and made fun of each other. These spirits were not dark, just average people who died and didn't want to leave the physical illusion behind.

A woman walked towards me who had apparently died a violent death. "What do you do when you meet a mass murderer?" she asked me, as another woman answered, "You ask what he can teach you." Bolting in, I shouted. "WRONG!" Looking at me angrily, the woman who had spoken wasn't happy with my outburst. "There is much more to energetic encounters than that." I said. "Perhaps you must learn that darkness believes that it attains power by taking life, but the light knows that true power is achieved by giving life."

"Her murderer has killed many more, most of whom have not yet been discovered." I said as in my mind, I could see the skulls of the many. Instantly, I became aware that this same murderer was presently holding a woman hostage whom he had already raped in front of her two children. "Come," I beckoned to them both. "We must de-energize destruction."

Shooting through space, both women came with me to the sight of a potential murder, now occurring in the energetic realms where it could be altered. (These alterations occur in a realm called, 'Management,' which is where things occur in energy before they happen on the ground. Many psychics tune into this realm, but it is a realm of potential reality, not absolute destiny, which is one reason they can be inaccurate. Some people have dreams of their potential futures in this realm, forewarning them of events which may be able to be changed. Sometimes, they cannot be changed, as the causes are too well rooted to be altered.)

Standing there with his pants down, the

murderer was holding the woman, as the two children were tied up next to him. "Watch me now as I teach you of alteration." I said. Calling all energies towards me, I allowed the eternal to guide my thoughts. Energetically placing a pair of pants on the man, the woman was then severed from his hold by a beam of light. As the eternal guided the police in her direction, I could see them on nearby city streets. Sending waves of thought to guide them to this back alley, the criminal's weapon was then locked by another ray of light towards the trigger. Rewinding the scene, our purpose was to prevent as much trauma to the children and the mother as possible. Going back to the point in which he had just taken her hostage, but had not completed the rape, one lone police officer responded to the eternal beckon, coming to the back alley. Others had been given the beacon, but had not trusted their instincts and intuition. But it was enough, because he was armed and the criminal had been rendered benign. Reinforcements arrived, and he was taken away, the woman and children tended to in the hospital.

Leaving the scene, we returned to the old office building as I spoke to the woman who had died at the hands of this man previously. "It is the recognition that you are eternal, that there is no harm that can come to your soul, which lends freedom. If you believe that your mortal life is all you are or ever will be, you will also believe that there is something to fear from the darkness that would destroy one of your many forms. Revel not in the loss of one form to the hand of darkness, but delight in your ability to create yet another to explore with." "My God, I think I

understand!" she said, "he didn't destroy me, I'm still here." "Yes," I replied. "He destroyed himself by taking life, but he *cannot* destroy me!" She said. "Yes, you do understand. He has brought destruction upon himself; he will now be going backwards. One who dies in darkness ceases awareness of himself for a time, because darkness only has awareness of itself as a limited fragment, and that fragment dies. If unaware of the soul, the garment becomes reality. Recognizing the eternal nature negates death. Birth into another spiritual garment becomes simultaneous with the death of the former garment."

Suddenly, they began to speak of having met Jesus, and I sparkled with delight. "So you all had a chance to meet with Jesus?" I asked. "Yes, we did. He came to our building once and spoke to all of us disincarnates." "Well, what was it like?" I asked. "Well, I hate to say this, but many of us were disappointed." Shocked by this response, I asked, "Why?" "Because he was very normal, He wasn't what we expected. He was very inspiring and knowledgeable in what he said, but . . ." Interrupting them, I replied, "Let this be a lesson to you, the truth is not always what you expect. You can hear the truth from the mouth of Christ himself, but if you do not have within your own heart the soul of that truth, you will hear nothing."

Coming forward as I spoke of this, the disincarnates were not ready to leave this building. Some might return gradually over the next several months, but those who resided here were the middle-of-the-roaders who served the material world. For this reason, they held to this physical life as if it were

their only lifetime, when in fact, it held them to their death. But no matter where you may strand yourself in the spectrum of life, you are never lost to God. Even in our years of wandering, He knows exactly when we will return. Even in the years of darkness, he anticipates our return to His divine bosom.

*"Some . . . who were neither in the deep sleep of folly nor able to awaken in the light of wisdom, misled by the variety of innumerable customs, thought that there was no such thing as absolute justice but that every people regarded its own way of life as just . . . They have not understood . . . that 'what you do not wish to have done to yourself, do not do to another . . . . When this idea is applied to the love of God, all vices perish."*

*On Christian Doctrine, Book Three, XIV, No. 22,  
(Christianity, Catholic, Words of St. Augustine)*

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Having been called in to assist on a home haunted by pure evil, I was very nervous because of the nature of darkness I was about to face. Out of body, I was floating around the house looking for the cause of the disturbances when I turned a corner and saw something which totally frightened me. A totally black humanoid demon was standing before a boiling cauldron, his energy so intensely energized towards darkness that I wasn't sure I could take care of it; but as the demon glanced my way and saw me, I knew there was no turning back.

Lifting my hands and pulling together all the power of the eternal, I swept it as a gale-wind towards the beast. Already in the process of preparing to energetically assault me with his own



very empowered demonic energy, I was terrified. But my thrust hit him and he blew into thousands of little pieces. Sending him back to the first dimension, he was gone, never to be seen again.

***"These signs will accompany those who believe; in my name they will drive out demons."***

*New American Bible, New Testament, Mark 16:16-18,  
(Christianity, Catholic, Words of Christ)*

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Darkness came with a vengeance that I had not anticipated. In the night, I witnessed the angels of the light and the angels of the darkness battling over the sustenance of my life. Since I was unwilling to be thrown off the pathway, the darkness determined that death was the only way to stop me from fulfilling my cause. A powerful virus overcame my body, and I became very sick.

Drifting off to sleep, I saw a dark being laughing above my bed. In the window, there stood an owl. Instantly, I *knew* it meant death. Suddenly feeling terror, the dark man laughed. "Get out!" I said to him, as I sent a beam of light directly towards his third-eye. Immediately pushed back, the impending pressure of death still mounted my soul.

Before I could think to respond, a wild Cheetah appeared out of nowhere. Grabbing the owl, he threw it down, disabling its power. Disappearing in terror of this powerful being who had come to my defense, the dark man was gone. Looking at me with immense love, I said, "Thank you, thank you," as the graceful Cheetah walked quietly away. Weeks earlier, I'd been told that my future son would be born under the sign of the Cheetah, and I *knew* that this was his spirit. (I

was not yet pregnant with this son, who was to be my third child. My second child, a daughter, had not yet been even conceived.)

Waking the next day, I'd been healed.

***"It is human to fall, but angelic to rise again."***

*The Voice of the Saints, Contrition, Page 73, No. 1,*

*(Christianity, Catholic, Words of St. Mary Pelletier)*

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Taken to an arena, two familiar beings approached. Wearing the traditional black robes, their skull faces looked into my eyes. "Perchance, we meet again," one said, as he gnarled at me expecting absolute terror. "Oh, my dear Angel of Death," I said with a smile upon my face, "do you really believe you can take me now?" "Why yes, it is time, is it not?" "To believe that it was my time to go would deny my further mission to God, and thus, you are incorrect. You may also be advised that I have reached the ascension. When it is indeed my time to depart this realm, it is the Angel of Ascension who will be coming to take my spirit to rest." Saying nothing, they both appeared a bit less confident. Coming forward, he reached his hand to me.

Laughing hysterically, I didn't offer them my hand. Embarrassed, the angels of death began to pull back. Used to being able to intimidate souls, they were not familiar with being made a fool. Cringing and lowering their heads, I said, "There is no need for shame, death. I know your purpose, but your purpose will not be done with me. I am not yours any longer; I belong to the living God. It's too late; you may go back to your comrade's and tell them they have lost."

Turning to leave, they disappeared.

***"Wickedness makes a bad use not only of evil, but also of good. In the same way, holiness makes a good use not only of good, but also of evil. Thus, sinners make a bad use of the Law, although the Law is good, while saints make a good use of death, although death is an evil."***

*City of God, Book XIII, Page 274-275, Chapter 5,  
Paragraph 4, (Christianity, Catholic, Author: St.  
Augustine)*

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Leaving form, the eternal swept me into a vortex of compelling energy. Showing me a situation that the eternal wanted to alter, they were unable to do so because the sub-conscious mind of this soul was unwilling. Vital knowledge, everything that is done in the alteration framework is done with the permission of the soul, on some level of consciousness, sub-conscious or otherwise. It cannot be compelled, even by the eternal. A vortex of energy surrounded this man, trying to get him to do what was right, but he wouldn't.

An angel appeared and spoke to me about the souls of those I'd had to leave behind in order to follow my path. "It is not that you do not love, my child, it is that they will only choose to truly love you if you are a certain way. This way that they want you to be would destroy who you truly are. Although they perceive you as the unloving one, they are the ones incapable of loving you." Seeing my soul being strangled and held down to the Earth by vines, their hands became roots beneath the Earth, carrying me below ground.

But as I began to sing angelic praise, their

shoots began to wither and my soul began soaring upwards towards a heavenly gate, a choir of angels singing with me. As the angel prepared to leave, she said, "You've always loved them, you still do, it's just time for you to go."

*"He Who makes peace in His Heights, may He make peace upon us . . ."*

*The Siddur, The Mourner's Kaddish, Page 369, Paragraph 4, (Judaism)*

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Five undercover police officers were infiltrating the mob. A female double-agent had been ordered to murder them, and it was my job to get to them in time so that they would not be killed.

In the energetic realm, she knew my purpose. Perceiving me as one of them, the police held this view even though in physical reality, my part in this did not exist. Headquartered on the eleventh floor of a hotel, I had to get to their room before she did, and warn them.

Chasing me, she was shooting in the back rooms where no one could hear her silenced gun. In her perception, shooting me would kill me, because she was not aware that this was an energetic realm where things are played out before they happen. In my perception, getting hit might send me into a state of forgetfulness, which could make me lose the alteration.

A long chase ensued before I was able to elude her, and find a back entrance to the upstairs. Not more than three minutes after I arrived in the eleventh-floor room, she'd made it, but it was not too late because I'd gotten there in time. What would

have ended in the slaughter of several police officers, ended in this woman's death.

Pulled from the scene, I felt a duality inside because I'd saved lives at the expense of another. An angel appeared and placed her hands on my back. When someone refuses to respond to the light, their dark plans are sometimes carried out upon themselves. And though it is sad, it is a vital part of evolution; because becoming the victim of your own vile plans, sparks awakening and empathy. As is proper when one must be a part of an extreme action resulting in the loss of life, the angel and I mourned her death. Kneeling down, we asked God for grace.

Appearing before us, the woman who died had thoughts to share. "It is not for you to mourn me," she said, "for you have energized my evolution. I have not died, but found life again. It is for me to thank you for altering the pathway of destruction I did follow." Bewildered, I looked at her with interest in her higher form. "I'm sad that this had to be done, was there no other way?" I asked her. "No, there was not. My darkness was deep; you had to break my sleep." Pondering her words, I said no more. "It is the earthly part of you that sees only tragedy," the angel spoke up, "the eternal part of you sees something entirely different." "What does it see?" I asked. "The eternal part of you sees evolution in progress."

*"For I know, that oppression will exist and prevail on earth; that on earth great punishment shall in the end take place; and that there shall be a consummation of all iniquity, which shall be cut off from its root, and every fabric raised by it shall pass*

*away."*

*The Book of Enoch, Chapter XC, Page 146, No. 6-7,  
(Judaism, Christianity)*

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Several spirits were gathered in a gymnasium learning about the first stages of energetic alteration, and it was my job to teach them. Allowing the group to peer in on a simple alteration, we went back in time to a gunfight. Doing a simple maneuver, I jammed both of their guns with a bolt of light. Quickly, we returned. Many of the students were novices, still learning about moving through objects and adeptness at flight, so we worked on those issues for several hours.

Preparing to leave, another alteration teacher came in and said, "There's a lot more to alterations than what's going on in their minds." Tuning into their minds, I understood her observation. "They see it as baby-sitting, or a quick fix. Some look at it from very self-serving eyes and only a few see it from the realm of knowledge." Disappointed, I knew she was right. They saw it as an intellectual endeavor, or from the standpoint of their ego. "Only a few of those, if that many, will be chosen to continue in this learning. The others are not doing it for the right reasons." We flew away.

*"If your sight is still too weak and is repelled from  
this vision, turn the eye of your mind to the road  
where wisdom used to reveal itself for your delight.  
Then remember that you have postponed a vision  
which you may seek again when you are stronger and  
sounder."*

*On Free Choice of the Will, Book Two, No. 167,*

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Never had I faced such evil, and I sincerely hoped I never would again. A satanic ritual murder had occurred in our town, wherein the body had been dismembered; the skin peeled and kept in foil, the blood drained for drinking, etc. Making contact with the deceased, I was shocked to realize that it was the same spirit who had tried to kill me days earlier when the Cheetah had come to my rescue. A cult member who had agreed to a ritual suicide, he felt he would be much more powerful in death than in life. Pitying him for the evil that he was, I didn't for one moment let down my guard.

Without warning, he attempted to enter my spirit. "I WILL CRUSH YOU!" He said. Powerful to the dark side, his energy was terrifying. "GET OUT!" I screamed. Shocked, I'd never encountered such evil and I was in shock. With his fingers, he attempted to crush my skull. As I'd gathered plenty of information regarding the perpetrators, to insure that they would be caught, I screamed out, "Don't think for one minute I'm doing this to avenge your murder! You are pitiful! I feel sorry for one who has embraced evil as you have. I'm doing this to nail your friends who share in your evil. It will not be tolerated, the eternal has spoken."

Trying to enter me again, I called out to Jesus. "My Lord and Savior Jesus Christ!" Immediately appearing, he directed me to sing a song, 'Hallelujah and the light came tumbling on in! Hallelujah, and the light came tumbling on in!' Singing with power and fury, the light came barreling in from all

directions. In moments, the demonic presence was gone.

***"Woe to you, ye obdurate in heart, who commit crime, and feed on blood. Whence is it that you feed on good things, drink, and are satiated? Is it not because our Lord, the Most High, has abundantly supplied every good thing upon the earth? To you there shall be no peace."***

*The Book of Enoch, Chapter CXVII, Page 160, No. 20,  
(Judaism, Christianity)*

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Painted and dressed for the ceremony to honor the dead, the natives came into the room. Dancing around a fire, a man handed me a bowl with an herb inside it. Bidding me to take a piece and eat, I was hesitant. Placing it in my mouth, I felt the coarseness as I swallowed.

Speaking to me as the others danced around the fire, the native man said, "We must honor the dead even when they are as he is. Because he is dead in spirit, as well, we mourn for his lost soul." Feeling the immense sadness of it, I listened to him carefully. "It is our ceremony for the dead that honors our loss, as well as our knowing that all souls return in their own time." A tear dropped from my eyes. "But there must be no mistake; there is no tolerance here for that. Evil will not be allowed here, in our love we will not hesitate to dismantle him."

Turning to the fire, he said, "Now you must sweat." Beginning to cry, he comforted me. "It is the cleansing of your soul. You have walked directly into the very heart of evil and now we must cleanse you." Afraid to sweat, I knew it would hurt. "Don't be



afraid to sweat," he said, "all of these energies will come out and it will not be comfortable, but you *must* sweat." With that, I did so, feeling pain in every joint of my body as the toxins poured forth.

An honored guest quietly walked towards me. He was so quiet that I didn't notice His coming until I saw His sandals before me on the ground. Looking up, the beautiful face of Jesus was looking at me. "You have courage, my daughter. You are truly a warrior of light for the forces of the Lord, thy God." I couldn't speak as my body was shaking while the sweat poured out. Walking away quietly, his sandals made no noise upon the ground.

***"He renounces himself, and takes up his cross, who, from having been unchaste becomes chaste; from having been immoderate becomes temperate; from having been weak and timid becomes strong and courageous."***

*The Voice of the Saints, Contrition, Page 78, No. 3,  
(Christianity, Catholic,  
Words of St. Jerome)*

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Powerful and frightening to watch, the tribunal stood before me, as Christ had bid me to go with him. Sitting in the audience, we were watching the judgment of the soul who had tried to overtake me. In a grave position, the one who had tried to crush me had violated eternal law. There was no vengeance towards him; his actions were simply not to be tolerated. Now he would face the consequence of the intentional misuse of power. Quickly, I ascertained that the fate of those who came before this tribunal was greatly determined by their intent and remorse.

There was no remorse here.

Twelve Old Ones wearing long white robes filed in to stand as judge before this soul and others. Christ made it clear to me that I had no say in this matter; this was not in my hands, and it was not up to me. Allowing me to come because He'd wanted me to know that I was safe; He wanted me to see the protection of the Lord in action. For he who wished to crush me they pronounced sentence. "Death," they said.

Starting to cry, I felt conflicted. My caring for this lost soul clashed with my awareness of the depth of his evil. Not fully understanding, I didn't know what this sentence would mean, because he'd already died an Earthly death.

Christ took my hand and led me away, for He knew I didn't understand. "It is not for you to understand," He said, "it is just for you to know." Asking again for further clarification, He simply repeated His words. "It is not for you to understand, it is just for you to know." The tribunal filed out of the room, as I gazed into my savior's eyes, and then He disappeared.

***"But as for cowards, the unfaithful, the depraved, murderers, the unchaste, sorcerers, idol-worshippers, and deceivers of every sort, their lot is in the burning pool of fire and sulfur, which is the second death."***

*New American Bible, New Testament, Revelations 21:8,  
(Christianity, Catholic)*

***"And fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul; but rather fear him which is able to destroy both soul and body in hell."***

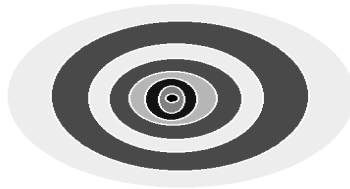
*King James Bible, New Testament, Matthew 10:28,*

(Christianity, Words of Christ)

***"It is of no importance to me how you or any other human court may judge me: I will not even be the judge of my own self. It is true that my conscience does not reproach me, but that is not enough to justify me: it is the Lord who is my judge. For that reason, do not judge anything before the due time, until the Lord comes; he will bring to light everything that is hidden in darkness and reveal the designs of all hearts. Then everyone will receive from God the appropriate commendation."***

*New Jerusalem Bible, New Testament, 1 Corinthians 4:1-5,  
(Christianity)*

#### 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

# Medicine Woman Within a Dream

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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 Alteration Pathway, the Knowledge of Darkness and Light, the Rites into the Medicine . . .

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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.

**Hinduism:** *The Bhagavad Gita As It Is, Srimad Bhagavatam, Upanishads, KRSNA, Autobiography of a Yogi, The Divine Romance, Man's Eternal Quest, The Gospel of Sri Ramakrishna*

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