

To Gather the Winds of Heaven:

An Astral Projection Odyssey Through the Higher Realms

By Marilyn Hughes

The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation
<https://outofbodytravel.org>



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INTRODUCTION

The Rapturous Communion in the Interior Mystical Church

On a mystical subterfuge
The winds of the ancient hallways
Gathering from their hidden mysteries
Announcing what they know
And who am I to do anything
But listen.

My spirit was so excited to see my deceased mother, who was very calming as she was taking me to see a gentle Asian woman who was tending to a stand at the side of the road. Instantly, I noticed that she was organizing a series of Buddhist Ancient Sacred Texts on a small table.

When the Asian woman saw me, she slowly gathered three very small books from the table and quietly handed them to me. They were not small in size, but in stature, like those old prayer and devotional books that were often made in years past which were often just two by four inches or so. You could always feel the profound holiness of such texts, because these were always cherished holy possessions of those who utilized them throughout their lives.

Looking upon their covers, I saw that they were very ancient Buddhist texts. In my honor, I bowed to her as my mother led me now towards what looked like a shopping center and directed me to enter into what looked like a large shopping store front.

As we walked together into the wide glass entry doors, my mother disappeared. And when I entered, I'd discovered an empty building and a very huge blank wall in front of me. Instinctually, I walked towards it and then into it and everything changed.

Suddenly, I was now inside a huge Catholic City of God type of place. There were many temples and altars, but yet, columns of marble and many huge and enclosed hallways which led through initiatory walks that were winding through the city, as well. Hundreds of souls were here, but they only gathered in groups of maybe ten to twenty at most. There was a peacefulness and purity about the place, a quiet which was deafening, a wonderful deafening.

A very holy priest was awaiting my entry as I burst through the wall and we began to walk down a long marble hallway sided by columns, almost Greek in their nature. The hallways were tall, going up towards the heavens hundreds of feet until the skies of the galactic heavens shone through.

I saw many rooms, and each room held something holy of the Catholic religion within it; sacraments, rituals, theologies, liturgies, devotions, this filled me with such a sense of glee and wonder etc. Many things were going on in the rooms.

And there was a profoundly holy air about all of it, which surprised me as I'd been going through a certain dryness about my faith, maybe even some questioning. There were so many issues with the church on the ground; scandals, wrongs, injustices, etc., and even just having to go through a very dysfunctional annulment process in my own life, it had hardened me against the church. It hadn't changed my faith, but it had colored my views of the institution itself. Yet here . . . my spirit was filled with the influx of all that was holy within the Church in its purity and perfection, beyond these things. I was experiencing it in the heavens, in its perfected state as it was intended to be; the perfect model from whence it had come, from whence it had been borne. And it was beautiful. It was holy.

Up ahead, there was very clear and pure water in the hallway. The priest led us directly into it. We walked

into it and continued into its depths until we were completely submerged, like a baptism. And then we slowly ascended until we came out the other side fully wet but yet purified. We'd undergone some kind of heavenly baptism and I was thoroughly honored. But there were no words spoken. He very stoically kept walking and I at his side with a full sense of wonder.

But when I emerged a new curiosity was emerging, a Catholic sense of wonder . . . I was realizing that my difficulties on the ground were not in concert with the realities of the heavens. This holy awe just spattered and spit, and emanated . . . you couldn't deny it as it was just the nature of the place, the manner from which this City had been borne.

The priest and I continued walking, and I continued observing groups of people and rooms off to the sides where souls were gathered and engaged in various holy activities until we reached a Catholic Church at the end of this very long hallway. Two dark brown and ornate doors awaited our entry.

The priest opened them and showed me in. The church was beautiful like a modern day church, and we moved towards the altar. I was surprised when the priest had us walk all the way up to the front of the church and into and through the altar. As we did so we entered into yet another church; the interior of the church, the church within the church, the soul of the church.

I looked around and noticed that there were statues going along the sides of the church all the way to the front by the altar. It began with beautiful statues of the saints and moved into the seven archangels. They were all beyond life-sized and what was different about them was that they were living statues and they would be still for a moment, and then they would begin to move or turn their heads and look your way. Behind their eyes, consciousness could be tangibly felt, a consciousness that defied human holiness. It was beautiful and surreal, intense.

At the front of the church right next to the altar, the Blessed Mother stood in the garb of Our Lady of Guadalupe with the most majestic of Golden Crowns placed tightly against her head. And she stood still like a majestic statue but would move in a very considered fashion at opportune moments to let you know that she was alive, she was real, she was present. And her eyes were following us.

A priest stood in a Golden Robe in front of the altar holding the blessed sacrament looking towards us and waiting patiently. An undetermined aura, a glow, emanated from around him. There was a holiness of unknown origin, I didn't recognize this priest, but it was clear he was a saint, possibly unknown to us on earth but obviously known to Our Lady and Our Lord in heaven.

I reached for a pew to sit in the back of the church, but the priest refused and pushed me to move towards the front of the church. I was uncomfortable doing this, but I followed his directives. As we get closer to the front, I again reached towards a pew, but responded to the priest's behest as he pushed me towards the altar and the priest in gold. In my mind, I was thinking what an amazing honor it is that I am about to receive holy communion from this priest at the side of the Blessed Mother. But suddenly, I was distracted by something unexpected.

At the feet of the Blessed mother was a little dog bed. And inside it was a litter of chocolate lab puppies, there were nine of them. I knew this number nine held significance, as eight is the immortal and nine is the tachyon - above beyond this. As a lover of animals, seeing them there at this holy altar filled me with joy.

And then I noticed as I looked around, some of the people I had known and served with over the years in churches. It was interesting because they could not 'see' me or recognize me, as my identity was veiled to them. But I could 'see' them, and again I had a realization that I was seeing the pure and good part of the church in heaven and it was very holy.

As I approached, I was thinking I would just receive holy communion. But as I reached towards the priest and was ready to throw myself to my knees to receive, the host literally flew from his hands into my mouth

and my spirit just began an ascent towards the sky and into the heavens in a blissful splendor. As I uplifted, my soul entered into an ecstasy and wanton rapture into the love of God. I could not put into words the bliss and peace of soul that fell upon my spirit. My soul continued going ever higher up through the high walls of the church and into the galactic heavens, hovering within the celestial bodies of the night. In my aloneness with God, I was enraptured.

*The winds of the heralds
The divines of the truths
Have harkened to the Words
And as they were spoken
My soul lifted in embrace of the Lord.*

Marilynn Hughes

"There are four principal stages with various subdivisions. The first stages is the Prayer of Quiet when the soul is first introduced to this mystic union and the activity of the intellect and will is suspended, but though the touch of God is felt, it is transient. When the union becomes more habitual and the activity of all the interior faculties is suspended, it is known as the Prayer of Union. A further stage is Ecstatic Union when the union becomes so intense as to suspend the activity of the exterior senses. The final stage is Spiritual Marriage when the union is made as complete as it can be made in this mortal life."

*Way of Perfection for the Laity, Rev. Father Kevin O.D.C., Chapter XI,
Christ the King Library, 1962*

CHAPTER ONE

Tesla's 'Language of the Walls'

Humble and precise
My footsteps must become the wind
For to do the tasks before me
The cosmic blue nun must remain
Unheard and unseen.

Simple and familiar as the place had become, it never became less majestic to enter the cathedrals in the sky where the marble walls rose to infinity and the columns soared to the stars and into the galactic heavens. The pipe organs music was heard all around you and inside you, and the pipes never ended. But I was almost always alone when I entered therein.

Dressed in the garb of a cosmic blue nun, a little humble cosmic blue nun, I wore a dark royal blue habit with a white undergarment as I had arrived. And as always on a pulpit the size of which seemed to be made for a titan not a human being, I soared to its tops to find the note which would be left there for me detailing my work for the night. It would detail souls in need of assistance and alteration, or energetic suspension or frequency and vibration surges, among many other things.

Gathering my note, I flew off to the back wherein there was a locker room and a very beautiful but small and

tiny cell which was silently my own. It was simple, bearing only a small cot, a crucifix above it, a prayer pew, a closet with an additional habit, a sink and some prayer books. I kneeled to pray, checked my closet, washed up in the sink and flew off for the night.

Each night I would be called here, which was very often, I would assist about five to ten souls throughout the night, anything from lost souls to wandering spirits, help for those who were grieving, energetic assistance to those who were sick, and a lot help for souls needing to energize their destiny. And because it happened so frequently, I didn't take to writing about it much. Unfortunately, a lot of what we were being sent out for lately, had to do with the floodwaters of evil.

These were the caustic waters which had been rising exponentially recently in the world and causing ruinous harm to every soul it touched. We and many others who worked as laborers in the vineyard of the Principalities and Powers, humble slaves of those great ones, did everything we could to hold these waters back. But it was fast becoming almost impossible to stem the tides of evil taking hold of every human heart.

But these were just a few of the many tasks I'd be given almost nightly on my sojourns as the cosmic blue nun.

Returning to the cathedral, my spirit was very excited to see a rare and wondrous event. My sisters were all

congregating. There were ten of us and every six months or so we were allowed to gather together and receive instruction together and also to energize one another by being in one another's presence and the presence of the priests who came to guide us into the next epoch of our work in the mystical spheres.

Flying quickly in to greet them we were all so very happy to be with each other this night. It remained primarily with smiles, however, as these meetings were not of words but of power. We remained silent and received energy of our wards, the priests who guided each of us individually each night.

As it finished, we each dispersed and went to our respective bodies to return to the earth for another day in the physical realm.

"One of the most important things in this life is just showing up. . . . That speaks for itself, where words never could. Just like a smile does."

Sister Augustine

An older man had come into a room by the side door. Inside the room was a lamp which lit it. The base had an 18" statue of Our Lord, and it was an exact duplicate of another 18" statue of the Blessed Mother on the other side of the room except in the color of the roses. Pink roses were placed all over the Blessed Mother's

body and pure white roses were placed all over the body of Our Lord.

I'd never forgotten the vision I'd had of her when she had worn a gown of pink translucent roses and had come to gather up the soul of a young child who had been murdered. She was so beautiful, and the light of God's compassion came through every pore of her essence.

The lamp containing the statue of Jesus Christ was the Blessed Mother's counterpart, the vital masculine energy of Our Lord. It was stunningly beautiful to behold, and it lit the room with a holy hue. The two of them together created an essential balance within this room which clearly symbolized an interior corridor or chamber within my soul.

The older had, without my permission, begun to take apart the lamp of Our Lord. Half the roses were taken out and there were holes in the spots from which they had been removed. Looking at him horrified at this violation and invasion into my innermost soul, he quizzically said, "I would like to give this lamp to my mother." Astonished, I knew interiorly that his mother was an atheist. "But you have defaced it . . .," I replied, "and this is sacrilege. You could've asked. But you knew I would never have given you this particular lamp to give to your mother because we both know she

would've thrown it away as she, not believing in God at all, is unable to realize it's great and holy value."

Although the man looked down, he was not shamefaced. He was too focused on what he had wanted to realize the gravity of what he had done. Having dismantled the light of the Lord in this inner chamber of my soul, he had done so unlawfully, violating eternal law.

Shoo'ing him out, I irritatedly pushed and prodded until he was gone and then returned to the inner sanctum to repair the damage. Beginning to put the lamp back together, I knew it would be important to keep this light of God hidden from intruders and those who might have improper curiosity towards it. When it was finished, I placed it again on the table and it again lit up the room with a holy hue.

"The lamp of the body is the eye: therefore, when your eye is single, your whole body also is full of light . . . Look therefore that the light which is in you be not darkness. If therefore your whole body be full of light, having no part dark, it shall be wholly full of light, as when the lamp with its gleam gives you light."

The Very First Bible 144 A.D., Marcion of Sinope, The Evangelicon or the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ, Chapter Eight, Marcionite Christian Church, 2020

Oh, what a thing to behold and yet it is something of which I will have difficulty in conveying through words. I found myself talking to Nikola Tesla, as he had appeared by the couch and was explaining many scientific concepts to my sub-conscious mind. Retaining very little of this consciously, I just sat amazed and mesmerized as I took in this download from him and the spirit and science of reality merged in a splendid display of frequency and light within my soul.

Suddenly, after finishing his discoursing, he opened up a tunnel and ferried me through it. We emerged in something which resembled that of an airport hangar. Trepidatiously, I looked about as he led me through the building and pointed to the things which he wanted me to notice. He was very animated as he pointed at the walls, where writings of every language and nature had been scribbled. Looking closer, I tried to understand what these etchings might mean.

"It is the Language of the Walls," Tesla said, "It's a tunnel where souls residing in the world beyond death go through." I looked at him with expectancy and then again at these scrawlings on the walls. They seemed to have been written by the hands of many souls, many peoples, many nations. "They come here to look for the tasks which are etched for them to do . . . " I was quizzical. "On the walls." Tesla concluded.

Looking up, and also moving in closer, I noticed that souls were meandering through and choosing tasks from the etchings that they would then go and fulfill. The instructions on the wall somehow guided their selection, and they could only actually '*see*' tasks for which they were qualified and vibrationally compatible and sufficiently prepared. It was as if the Eternal led them here, and then led them directly to the particular etching which had been intended for them to accomplish. It was fascinating to watch.

Then Tesla began speaking again in his brilliant and scientific manner. I listened intently as he spoke about 'aggregates in the spiritual worlds.' But it was difficult to really hear him and concentrate fully, because souls from the below wouldn't stop talking. For some reason, they were unable to see us or hear him.

Only one other soul could see me. And that soul could delineate that I was speaking with someone, but could not see Tesla. Out of respect, however, he backed off so that I might continue to receive instruction. Many of the other souls who were here were *of* the mass retain, generating noise and interfering with my ability to hear and receive all that he would have to say.

Tesla was patient with me. But it was clear that these aggregates in the spiritual worlds were of great importance. And so he continued to explain that the aggregates spoke of the formation of units, collections,

particles . . . souls of like mind or similar evolutionary vibration, which formed in the spiritual world. This was more than a way that those in a similar level of evolution could assist one another as the aggregates held some type of deeper purpose which Tesla was trying to convey.

“According to the five-aggregate model of the mind, all our experience involves material form, feelings, perception, volition, and sensory consciousness. The mind stream that is constantly changing from moment to moment is extensively analyzed in this tradition . . . Methodologies in neuroscience increase our understanding of neurophysiological underpinnings of mental phenomena and also provide important evidence on the practical utility of meditation. When considering moment-by-moment changes that happen in the mind, however, these investigations represent sensory consciousness followed by perception that happens within the mind stream itself.”

*The Five Aggregate Model of the Mind, Nandini D. Karunamuni,
Research Gate, Sage Publishing, June 2015*

*“To understand the Five Aggregates, we have to understand what they are, from a Buddhist perspective. As we explained above, they are the five-step schema that explains how our psychophysical Self arises: Sense Contact
⇒ Feeling ⇒ Cognition ⇒ Karmic Stories ⇒ Consciousness. Put another way, we are neuro-processing machines that absorb information through our senses, convert it into stories based on our previous understandings of the world (our karma), selfidentify with,*

and then act from those stories. The Five Aggregates is how we create a sense contact and transform it, through three intermediate steps, into our consciousness, our selfawareness of who we are. This illustrates how every narrative or story we create (the 4th aggregate) arises, on some level, to relieve suffering by telling us what is good for us (2nd aggregate). Structurally it tells us that, on the most basic level, all sentient beings want to end their suffering by getting more of those things we label as desirable and less of those we label as undesirable (2nd aggregate). Unfortunately, the way the aggregates go about doing this results in more, not less, suffering, for it leaves us in a perpetual state of desire and discomfort. But when deeply understood, we can deconstruct our stories with the aggregates and use them to relieve rather than produce a suffering-Self."

The Five Aggregates, Carl Jerome, Deep Dharma, 1999

In the distance, this same older man was looking for me in this mystical sphere. He'd noticed that I'd left behind some statues, mostly smaller ones but a few larger ones, as well. As an atonement for his previous mistake he began helping me to gather them to put them all in the hermitage, the home for which I was now to live alone in silence with the Lord after my annulment. All of them had to be together in the hermitage, they could not be split up as there was an energetic 'aggregate' which they brought together which held supreme importance in energizing the

hermitage as a holy cell and launching point for my mystical calling.

"That which is not within change; for thus Scripture declares the abiding (of the soul) . . . this, together with the manifestations of its glory, is what forms the object of consciousness for the released soul. The worlds which are subject to change thus form objects for that soul's experience."

The Vedanta Sutras, with Commentary by Ramanuja, with Commentary by George Thibaut, Sacred Books of the East Volume 48, Fourth Pada, 19, 1904

"He pronounces and eternally utters the Word, the Verbum, or that most unique and most infinite speech and utterance, which, since it comprises and represents all the Father's perfection, can be but one same most unique God with him without division or separation."

Treatise on the Love of God, St. Francis de Sales, Chapter 12 Tan Books, Rockford, IL, 1963

Anonymous Experience: "I found myself in a large, loud and chaotic party attended by many souls and suddenly became aware that an innocent soul in the party was going to be attacked by a dark assassin and that this soul was in great danger. While I was urging others to find this soul and to hide him from this evil force, everyone present refused to do anything. But it was not necessarily as I originally thought. They all uniformly said, "The dark force is too strong." Without hesitation, they looked me in the eyes and continued. "You will be annihilated if you try to intervene."

Although I didn't wish to initially believe this, things happened so very quickly. And before I could assess any further, the truth of what they already knew began to play out before my eyes in a lucid manner. It was shocking and blatant, and it made me feel impotent and helpless.

"Behold the fruit of my pride and disobedience; to such a depth as this am I fallen in my old age! Learn, brethren, by my example, not to rely on yourselves, and to be more prudent than I have been.' Having said this, he withdrew to his cell to do penance, leaving to all of us the memorable warning that to rely on one's self, whatever our age, state, or degree of perfection, is to lean on a broken reed that will soon give way."

The Directorium Asceticum, Or Guide to the Spiritual Life, Volume 3, John Baptist Scaramelli, S.J., Other Safeguards of Chastity, William B. Kelly Publishers, Dublin, 1870

Suddenly, a very tall, young male with sandy, red hair, about twenty years old, appeared out of thin air in the room with a large bow and arrow. He wore a white full length robe, but one should not let the white robe fool them for this was the evil assassin of which there was no doubt.

Everyone froze as he pursued his victim with a violent rage. Shortly following him, a group of young men dressed in a variety of hideous costumes, all pure evil, came out of the building carrying a large wooden casket which I interiorly knew carried the innocent

victim. They were laughing and acting like perverted court jesters as they carried the soul away.

I was shocked at how impotent I was at this scene. But I had been told rightly, that in this situation, the evil was so profoundly great, that to intervene was not only pointless but dangerous.

This was definitely a situation wherein it was not for me to understand, but more for me to know. For I could not understand how this could happen that an innocent soul could be in the line of destruction for such forces and that the evil was so great that there was nothing that souls of good will could do. And yet, we know that in the mortal realm great evil befalls the innocent . . . so I will leave it at what I was to see, that this was not for me to understand, just something for me to know.

The crowd slowly disbursed, and I found myself in a wooded area near where I'd lived as a child. I saw in front of me, an old friend from my childhood, who had become addicted to alcohol and drugs and who had died many years later from a drug overdose. Greeting him, I turned to meet his eyes. "Hi Jack", how are you doing?" He said in a very remorseful and somber tone, "Well, I need to go to my rehabilitation session to overcome my substance abuse." I was surprised at his demeanor, since during his life he appeared very happy-go-lucky, intoxicated most of the time, and

made fun of everyone quite often. "Do you have someone to accompany you to the rehab center?" "No, the only friend I had also died of a drug overdose." "Would you like me to go with you?" "Sure."

While walking, I remembered that I'd included Jack in my prayers on occasion, but not very frequently and certainly not very passionately. And here I was seeing him, and I realized that our prayers no matter how small or seemingly obscure never go unanswered. I dropped Jack at his destination and turned.

Suddenly, in front of me appeared a very holy woman. She was dressed in a very distinctive dark blue uniform with a dark blue cap tied around her chin. I recognized St. Elizabeth Ann Seton from the 19th century who had founded this order to help young girls get an education and stay out of trouble after losing her husband on her journey from Europe to the United States. She'd had three children of her own. Interacting with a very heavily intoxicated female who was aimlessly wondering around in the woods, without speaking a word was gently nudging her back onto the wooded path. I was so deeply moved to see someone so obviously holy . . . very patiently helping a lost, intoxicated soul. Clearly God forgets no one, how matter how lost they may appear

Suddenly, I was blipped back to my house and I was entering it after having been absent for some time. Immediately, I noticed while looking through the back sliding glass door, near the left part of the rear of the house there was an open casket with Holy Mother Angelica lying there very peacefully. It was right outside the Master bedroom which we had prepared for Marilyn to occupy if and when the time came that she might need it. And then I noticed a number of nuns, dressed like Mother Angelica, who were part of the Poor Clare order. They were busy in the house; cooking cleaning and praying quietly doing different tasks. They seemed to live in the house and not notice me. I was very excited to see them in the house. They were here to stay.

The subsequent night, Marilyn and I were in an unknown location, but there was a prominent faucet that would emit a brownish-red plaster like substance any time Marilyn would come near it. It was like the blood of Jesus. As soon as the plaster began coming out, it would immediately turn into a sacred religious statue. This time the plaster coming out turned into a beautiful white and radiant statue of Mother Mary and Joseph. Then the plaster coming out began creating a small replica of Mother Angelica with wings. Both Marilyn and I shouted "Mother Angelica!" as she began flying around us. She directed her gaze at me

and said telepathically "I want you to create the Holy Family."

"I can make them one more present; I will give them a most precious gift; I will give them all that I have, so that they may not be able to charge Me with having done less for them than I might have done. I will give them myself as a legacy; I will give them My Divinity and My Humanity, My Body and My Soul, Myself, entirely and without reserve. I will make them this present at the last moment of My life, at a time when men are accustomed to bequeath to those whom they love that which they value the most . . . Instead of withdrawing My love from them on account of their ingratitude, I will manifest it to them the more."

The Blessed Eucharist, Fr. Michael Muller, C.S.S.R., Chapter 3, Tan Books, 1867

My soul had been given to watch over a young man who was very unruly and out of control. There were two older men behind me helping with the task. At some point, I got very tired and flew over to another group of souls and laid down. The two older men were very disappointed in me, but they took over the task of watching over the unruly soul. I was surprised because I was so very tired. But I realized that maybe I had dropped the ball, and I took note of this. Perhaps despite the absolute spiritual fatigue, I must exercise discipline in every moment to carry on in such tasks.

"If you sit regularly, it will become a habit. You will let go of trying to arrive anywhere. Even the Buddha still practiced sitting every day after his enlightenment. There is nowhere to arrive except the present moment."

How to Sit, Thich Nhat Hanh, Creating a Good Habit, Parallax Press, 2014, Plum Village

"My only vow is to remain here in the land of utmost suffering through countless lifetimes in order to benefit all living beings."

Teachings on Love, Thich Nhat Hanh, Chapter Twelve, Unified Buddhist Church, 2007

Later, my spirit was taken into a future time and a prophetic thrust of soul wherein dust had covered over the town in which I lived. Driveways were covered over, and there was nothing green remaining. Waters rose, and there were a few bodies in the water, but not a lot. A voice echoed across the horizon. Its ominous wind spoke short words which carried imminent meanings. "Water of the dead," it shouted into the midst. Then I saw a syringe come from the sky into the ground and the voice said, "Mold on the ground." And the voice became low and foreboding, saying, "Struggling mortal dead investments." Staring at what had become an empty and deserted wasteland, it seemed a prophecy of potential things to come, or even potentially that which had already yet become in the mystical overlap of our world, the desolation of spirits. As the world became less and less spiritual and denied

God all the more, they became mortal, dead and struggling and thus, Struggling mortal dead investments. It could be the one, but it could be both . . . only the Lord knew.

And thus, my soul went alift and soared away and higher, higher and higher, higher and higher . . . and away, to my home upon a mountain top which was isolated and safe amidst the spectral sphere of the mystical transience. Gathering large stones, I lined them carefully around the stream which gathered slowly around the tiny house to shore it up from the deluge. It was peaceful there in the spheres of the above.

*"On the morrow the sins of the earth shall be washed away.
And the Saviour of the world will be our King."*

*The Roman Breviary, Bute K.T., John Marquess, Reformed by the Order
of the Holy Ecumenical Council of Trent, Christmas Eve, Short
Responsory, 1908*

Anonymous Experience: I was brought into Marilyn's current home that she had been living in since her annulment. She'd struggled to reconcile, but the house had no light coming in, and therefore it was dark. I saw Marilyn, her former spouse and a friend. All the blankets and pillows were scattered on the floor, it seemed that they were sleeping on the floor. Although she lived there alone, this was presented as existing in energetic reality, the remnants of their fetters and

unrealized potentials clashing with that of the destiny of she who had to live out her work in her hermitage, it seemed, almost like a nun – in order for things to work.

First, I saw Marilyn with a baby with beautiful soft blonde hair and her age seemed only between four to six months old. The baby had penetrating light from her eyes, the only one present to exhibit this trait. Her eyes were just so beautiful with greenish/bluish colors and her appearance was very mystical. And it seemed that the baby represented symbolically the mystical gifts given to Marilyn in this life.

My spirit knew that the baby belonged to Marilyn and had been initially intended for both her and her former spouse.

(The baby was the mystical gift given by God himself to her Marilyn and her former spouse.)

Telling Marilyn that she has such a beautiful baby with excitement, I noted that interestingly she didn't realize that what she was holding was such a beautiful baby until I pointed out to her the baby's eyes. Perhaps she was taking it for granted, because being a mystic is just something she has always been. The beauty and unique mystery of it had been lost to her for a moment in time due to her current earthly difficulties.

After all, many in her life among her family of origin and her own children had not only rejected her mystical gifts but even just her faith in God - and some had done so in profoundly hurtful ways. It had not been easy for her to do the work she had done for so many decades against so much.

(Due to the contamination from her former spouse and this other person along with Marilynn's constant thoughts of what she should do, how to reconcile, how to fix things . . . seemed to have made her unable to perceive how extremely precious and beautiful this was until I pointed it out to her.)

Marilynn was holding her in her arms trying hard to console her. Her former spouse was in a deep, deep sleep, with no sign of any effort or trying to wake up and help. He was just too comfortable with his life. Discarding the mission was too easy, the mission was hard to carry. But it didn't occur to him at this time, that now she carried it entirely alone.

(My spirit felt that her former spouse had no intention of waking up or I should say he couldn't wake up because he was just too way too comfortable. Therefore, he couldn't hear or see about this beautiful spiritual baby gift which had originally been given to both of them, although it manifested through Marilynn. Nor could he see that this gift had needs like a baby has needs, and that Marilynn was now trying to provide for them entirely on her own.)

Her friend was trying to help with the baby and he was very sincere, but instead he ended up making a mess. There was a cart with a drawer right next to where all the blankets were and a drawer was pulled out and there was filth in it. But he didn't realize it was filth. As her friend tried to help with the baby, the filth would get accidentally scooped out. And in extending out an arm to Marilyn to help, the filth ended up scattered around the blankets and on the floor. A piece of it hit my eyes, and my spirit was disgusted by it. This was symbolic of the physical and energetic messes being an impediment to spiritual sight. What was Interesting to me was that her friend showed no sign of realizing what was happening, what he was doing or that this was actually not an eternal good, but rather a detriment.

*(The intention to sincerely help was for sure there, but her friend was just not capable of doing so in the **eternal** manner currently required. Instead he was causing backward motion.)*

As all of this was going on, her former spouse was still sleeping comfortably not even slightly opening his eyes . . . still showing no signs of waking up from his deep sleep.

(It seemed that his spirit status was still stagnant, not able to make any forward motion. Too lazy to make any changes.)

Because of these two, the place was a bit in chaos. Not with any loud sounds of chaos, but more because they were all sleeping on the floor in the energetic spheres with the cart nearby exposed.

(It felt like Marilyn's place has been contaminated by these things in the management realm and God was letting her know that she would be better off moving forward on her own as a single woman, perhaps as the cosmic blue nun which she often experienced in mystical states, and to rebuild her hermitage. She has this beautiful mystical gift in her arms that needs to be nurtured and protected and she was the only one who remained capable of providing the safe environment for this beautiful baby. This baby was her mystical gift.)

"All men desire peace, but so few do what it takes to obtain true peace. Some think that they will find it in financial security. Others seek it in continual activity. Others hope to find peace in human friendship, or praise, or admiration. These things are not the source of true peace. A daily life of straight thinking, and unselfish following of God's Will, is the one and only source of true peace. Interior tranquility is God's gift to those who love His truth and obey His will in their daily life. Resentment against some circumstance or other, robs many people of their peace of soul. I should learn to live with what I cannot control or eliminate in my daily life. God will help me rise above such things if only I will give Him a chance to share my life."

My Daily Bread, Fr. Anthony Paone, Man's Relationship with his Neighbor and Himself, Confraternity of the Precious Blood, 1950

Going through a bookshelf of my life, there were large books and small books with each representing moments and events throughout my current lifetime. Still, I stressed over the annulment that had come to pass despite what I had felt were my best efforts and decades of trying.

Continuing to organize the books, I noticed there were symbols in marble on the shelves of my life. I looked at them with interest and was just about finished when I looked up over to the window and noticed that it had suddenly been decorated with the peach and white flowers which had been the hallmark of my nuptials almost forty years ago.

The curtains were instantly transformed into decorative selections from my wedding. As I looked with interest, I noticed that they were now very old. Turning to look away, I paused, and then looked back towards the window again, and they were gone. In their place, iridescent colored Christmas decorations dangled from the window and now all along the walls near it, as well. An energy of peace and festiveness came through.

On the counter, I'd already arranged the pictures of my life and there was a picture of my wedding, the bride in the center. Energetically, I was portrayed as a very beautiful bride which surprised me. All the pictures

surrounding it were of my life and the life I had created with my children, but it was only me in the pictures, even in the wedding images. I was by myself. But I had created something beautiful, nonetheless.

There was a profound peace about this. And it was very true. We'd had to live apart for almost two decades, I'd raised the kids alone although we'd remained married. It didn't have to be that way, but it was nonetheless due to the freewill decisions he had made.

It felt so calming and peaceful, as if the Lord wished for me to let it go, to know that it was okay to simply 'be still and know that He was God.' It was okay that I couldn't save it, that I couldn't do more. For that moment, I felt complete peace about it, and it was so wonderful to bask in that serenity.

When I looked up, the books on the shelves were in perfect order, there was nothing incomplete. And for that moment, I understood that I had done well with the cards that had been dealt to me. Imperfect, though it may have been, I had made something very beautiful with it. Messy, maybe . . . but beautiful. I had done well.

"Longing is the core of mystery. Longing itself brings the cure. The only rule is, suffer the pain. You desire what must be disciplined, and what you want to happen, in time,

is sacrificed."

A Year with Rumi, Coleman Barks, August 24, Harper One, 2006

Anonymous Experience: Was on the back porch at a big house back home. You'd somehow secured the house for a family gathering like it was an Airbnb. I was surprised and asked you how you were able to do that. I don't remember you giving a specific answer other than just smiling back. I was talking to other family members there about the beautiful Russian Olive Tree that provided shade next to the middle of the back porch. I started looking for the tree and I couldn't find it. There seemed to be a bright light coming from the sky that blocked my view. I put on my thick sunglasses, but the bright light was still blinding. For a moment, I thought I saw two helicopters above that were each holding up a very long wooden pole. Then I focused on where the olive tree used to be, and the bright, white light became blinding. Suddenly there was a brief opening in the bright light and in front of me towered the largest Russian Olive tree I had ever seen. It was the family olive tree that reached to the sky. It seemed symbolic of my extended Russian Family and the white light was the energy of God embracing and protecting our family. The Majesty of God lay before me! Rather than fight the light, I embraced it and let it permeate every cell of my being. It was so inspiring!

Despite all that had come to pass, the family tree was holy and intact.

"Out of the rain and the darkness and the depths, the bottomless holes in the green sea, the shadows of a religious chaos, come fires holy and primitive, fires without voice, fires of glory, of fury; sudden and lingering fires, coming and going, hasty fires, fires printed on the horizon, starting and staying, removing, lost, forgotten, remembered, parting and ascending, vanishing over the water, emerging, and departing fires.

There is no voice with which to name these lightnings, there is no eye to apprehend them, there is no thought traveling over the water to the horizon, there is nothing in the air but rain, there is no hesitation ON THE SEA. There is only one fire all over the sea running about in rain upon the surface of the new world . . . and departing.

There is no way to compute the age of these unbounded fire, there is no surmising the extent of their wandering courses, or to find the origin of the waters either, the young waters, fresh and salt seas, thrashing together, shivering at times with blue and green ardors. None of this is heard. Nothing has been recorded. All has vanished. All has reappeared."

The Collected Poems of Thomas Merton, Thomas Merton, The Early Legend, New Directions, NY, 1946

My soul was given to envision reincarnation and karma through two types of spheres which overlap one

another. The experience was very energetic, vibrational and completely beyond words, but I'll try to encapsulate a very small part of it. The whole thing was very intense and I was being taken into a deep, deep mysterious understanding of these concepts frequently.

In one instance, I was observing a violin and a bow. A human being had been given the bow to play the violin. But the human being was out of control and damaging the instrument. There was no balance and it was becoming frantic and tethered. Within moments, it was very harried and screeching and I was sent in to stop the human as he had bent the bow and overtaxed the violin. After stopping it, I explained to the audience why the bow and the violin had to be repaired and put back to a place of order.

The violin and the bow represented reincarnation and karma. As I was fixing the bow and the violin, I saw that there were two tiers of existence in energy which were being moved through a series of compressions. And as it did so, it was bringing about some type of balance within the karmic cycle within the human organism, the soul.

But the experience went way, way beyond this. It was beyond these and many more words. It was a mystery expressed in energy, vibration and frequency which all made perfect energetic sense and harmony . . . but if I

were to actually try to describe what I actually saw or heard, it would make absolutely no sense at all.

And then all the images and scenes were wiped from my memory, I could not recall them. But I could never have put them into words, either. At the same time, everything which unfolded before me, unfolded within me at the same time and made complete sense.

Inside of me, mysteries were opened and born and I understood things on a level I could not explain. It was just laid bare. These were a whole new level of experiences that I was now having, for this was not at all the first of them, but one of hundreds. Consciousness unfolding, evolving and coming to perfection. Matter and consciousness moving and evolving constantly within the mystical interior world, like the Buddhas. And the words came into my consciousness, 'We must have no parts.'

"Sometimes you enter the heart. Sometimes you are born from the soul. Sometimes you weep a song of separation. It is all the same glory. You live in beautiful forms, and you are the energy that breaks form. All light, neither this nor that. Human beings go places on foot. Angels, with wings. Even if they find nothing but ruins and failure, you are the bright core of that."

A Year with Rumi, Coleman Barks, June 28, Harper One, 2006

"The Breeze at dawn has secrets to tell you. Don't go back to sleep . . . People are going back and forth across the

doorsill where the two worlds touch. The door is round and open. Don't go back to sleep."

A Year with Rumi, Coleman Barks, August 24, Harper One, 2006

My spirit was going through my house and all of my stuff and all of a sudden I heard a voice saying "You're coming home." In that instant, I was shot into a timeless sieve wherein my spirit traveled to every place I'd ever lived during my life and yet they all overlapped one another. Energetically, I was experiencing all of these parts of my life as one unity and all the frequencies from these many different locations over the last decades were creating almost like an energy grid within and around my spiritual body.

Because I had recently gone through a lot of major life changes and all had happened so rapidly, there were so many things that were unknown, many things which were unsure, I experienced some panic. A Guardian Angel appeared, and I felt so badly about being a burden to her. "I'm sorry I'm panicking; I'll pull this all together so you don't have to be here." She was calm and serene. "Don't worry about any of it," she said, "it's your love that matters." Knowing she would help me, I fell back into a state of full relief as she pulled all of those energies and culminated them within me and led me back to my current place of life.

Inside, there was a beautiful light of yellowish peace. Suddenly, I knew that all would all be okay. Consolation surrounded me and filled my every pore. A calming balm washed over me. Looking at the altar by my front door, there was a special light emitting from it and it filled me with a certain and transcendent peace. I fell back in confidence.

All went dark as I fell into a lovely dreamless sleep.

When I awoke, there stood before me one of the Eight immortals of Taoism and a Chinchilla Master. The Immortal had long black hair tied back in a low falling ponytail. He wore a white robed garment seamed in a wide blue sash. In his hair was a stick the color of royal blue and he carried a basket of burgundy, white and orange flowers, like carnations and others like that, but big and blooming with leaves of green. The Chinchilla Master, too, wore a robe of White sashed in a wide blue, and on his nose was a pair of wire-rimmed glasses which hovered over his furry eyes without the need for ear sockets. He was smiling and his smile was mesmerizing. It was clear that he was infinitely wise, but he was so very cute, as well.

The Immortal hovered upon a cloud while the Chinchilla Master just stood upon my chest as he was under one foot tall. I waited and waited for words to come, but found that the longer I was in their presence the less my desire for them to speak became as their

energy was perfunctorily complete and transformative.

The Immortal's eyes were piercing, but their intensity was of a beauty, not of a fear. The Chinchilla was so adorable and cute, but there was no moment that you mistook him for anything less than a Master . . . and your greater. His cute puggly ears dipped as he looked into your soul but mistake him not!

I looked toward one and then the other and back again . . . mesmerized. And then back again.

Thinking to myself, I remembered that the Eight Immortals prime duty according to the Chinese was to fight for justice in the world and that they could bestow life and destroy evil all around the world. In a sense, they were some of the mightiest of the alterers in the realm. They would meet to discuss the status of the realm at the Immortals Bridge; and where there was injustice or suffering in the world they would disburse in haste to make right!

"The one who looks at you with external eyes' is like an unbeliever staring at a pure believer. Don't gaze at 'wakeful ones' with sleeping eyes, for those eyes' are not the ones that can view secrets."

*The Quatrains of Rumi, Advice to the Disciple and the Aspirant, 121.
Fight Sleep, Jalalludin Rumi, Sufi Dari Books, 2008*

I blinked and suddenly I was no longer there. I was standing in the interior of a house where there were

many people. It was an odd place, kind of a magical house with very fantastical rooms. Each room was formulated out of a theme. For instance, one room was a fish room and had a giant fish in blue, purple orange and green forming three out of the four walls. It had been carved out of a singular piece of a plastic which created the entire wall. Each room was like this but with a different theme, so you can imagine how colorful the place was in that every room was filled with a multitude of bright pallets that matched its theme. White winged horses, starry nights, wide canyons, elephants, green grassy oasis's . . . and on and on.

There was one room, however, which was of a very different nature. It had been done in a 'moon' theme. In the center of the room was a wide glass screen. Everyone here had been warned about it. I remembered hearing over and over again, almost as if in my sleep, 'Don't get lost in the shadow of the moon. Don't get lost in the shadow of the moon.' It made me wonder if this had something to do with the 'chaos' realm which resided there on the moon?

I understood myself now to be at some sort of 'way station' for souls who were reintegrating their eternal programs upon the earth. Those who were here had come after major life changes had occurred which were unexpected and had caused a break in the previous eternal program. Meaning, the entire path had to be

reconfigured, altered, changed, because the original plan had been aborted or destroyed. When you live in a free will realm, these things do happen.

Hearing a knock at the front door of the complex, I went to the door to answer it. But when I looked through the peephole, I saw that the person knocking at the door was myself from another time construct. I didn't immediately answer as I didn't know what to do.

Inherently, I understood that inside this house, this compound, everything was going to be okay. The presence of the Lord was strong here. But outside of it, there were aspects of my soul who were wanting to know the new plan for my soul because so many other souls who had been intended as partners in this eternal mission had simply aborted the eternal program and abandoned the mission and this had completely altered the path of the mission I had been given.

The other aspects of my spirit were really frantic, concerned and unsure if my current time construct could still pull off the mission knowing that I was at this point literally standing alone. I didn't want to leave the safety of the home. There were spiritual teachers in the home that I conferred with and we made a joint decision to open the door and let my other self in.

But by the time we did this, there was someone else outside who came in who was looking for someone else. It was someone's parents and, unfortunately, the person for whom they were searching had 'gotten lost in the shadow of the moon' and we now had to figure out how we were going to tell them that this was the case.

All you had to do to get lost in the shadow of the moon was to gaze into the rectangular window which lay at the edge of the room, and a soul who found themselves sleepily gazing therein would get swept away and into that window. Once the soul had been 'sucked' into that world, they were gone from the world of potentials, and had entered into the world of chaos. There was nothing that we in this world could do to retrieve them.

"I'm so sorry," I said to the parents, "your daughter," I pointed and led them to the room, "she has already gotten lost in the shadow of the moon." The parents bowled over in pain, I could feel it fiercely within me. They were weeping, but they felt real and intense physical pain. "What can we do?" They pleaded with all of us. Another superior in the house stepped forward. "There is nothing we can do, I am so very sorry. But she will return in their own time."

We all understood this to mean that the soul had taken another road, another path . . . and this path indicated

a major detour down a very inferior path. But yes, a soul can return on their own somewhere in time or in eternity. But this soul had gone backwards in a major way, and it was a tragic choice.

Unfortunately, souls make such tragic choices every day. This was the nature of the earthly realms.

Led away, I noticed that there was a hodge podge of souls in the house and we all took care of each other. And it was so comforting to feel the presence of the Lord so strongly in this place. It was a balm to the soul to spend time in this place. Within me, I could feel an entirely new alternative reality forming for my physical life to replace what had been intended and it would be beautiful, as well, so I was unsure if I should feel sad or not. Yet, I did feel such a deep harrowing sadness. And beyond this, constant feelings of regret and sorrow, and wondering what I had done wrong. Despite being reassured that I could not control the free will decisions of others, I continually felt regret and remorse regarding my own perceived failure at the mission after such a harrowing loss.

But it was pointless, for there was nothing to be done, yet. Reconfiguring would come with time. So my soul came to this home for rest and repose. That was all.

"In heaven, things are different. In heaven we are not tempted to forget God, and nothing whatever can draw our attention away from Him. He is the very breath of our life,

and no one forgets to breathe . . . “

*Purgatory and Heaven, J.P. Arendzen, D.D., Chapter 3, #8, Tan Books,
Charlotte, NC, 1951*

Talking on the phone within a mystical experience, a huge explosion went off in the background. The person on the phone kept talking as if nothing was going on, but I turned to look towards a series of four mountain peaks where I lived. As I did so, another huge explosion went off on the right and uppermost side of the mountain. Which would indicate that the ‘good’ had taken a hit, so to speak in the symbolical language of the mystical. There was a huge fire coming from the mountain, like a reverse triangle. Which, interestingly in symbolical language represents the feminine principle, often associated with motherhood – and womanhood had been taking a hit at this moment in history when definitions of such were being redefined. There were military aircraft everywhere. At first, I thought, “Could this be a forest fire?” But, no, that didn’t make sense because this was definitively an explosion. “Could it be the nuclear reactor?” Maybe, but the location wasn’t right. “Could it be an attack?” Maybe. “Could it be something else? Maybe. “But it’s significant,” I thought. The person on the phone realized something important was happening and stopped talking so I could describe what was going on.

My soul was mesmerized and concerned by what was happening.

“In the Book of Zechariah, we are told that the eschatological earthquake occurs as a direct result of the appearance of the Sign of the Son of Man . . . There is yet another parallel passage concerning this event described in the Book of Ezekiel . . . informing us that the eschatological earthquake will cause mountains to be thrown down, leading to the summoning of a sword . . . during the battle of Armageddon.”

Unveiling the Apocalypse, Emmett O'Regan, Chapter Seven, Seraphim Press, Belfast, 2011

And what is the battle of Armageddon? It is the battle between good and evil, inside ourselves, but also all around us. And that battle was definitely going on, on both fronts in the world at this time.

My spirit went through a series of purifications regarding all of the relationships I'd had throughout my life with others; familial, friendship, spousal, etc. My soul was led to fly up a cliffside at an encampment. While I was flying upward, my soul experienced the great joys which come in life throughout all these very special unions., and then while flying downward, the sorrows were drawn out and expelled .

But each and all of these expirations were of equal value; and one and the same. You experienced them as

having intrinsic, great and a sympatic ecstasy. Very hard to put forward in words.

There was something to be attained within this cliffside to assist me in my journeying forward, it was ineffable and unexplainable, but yet of great use.

"O splendid, tender beauty, how I love you. Regardless if the day is bright or dark and oppressing, I love the look of your eyes shining brightly. But when grief surrounds them, I am also in ecstasy."

Sophia Maria, Thomas Schipflinger, Sophia According to the Russian Sophologists, Samuel Weiser, York Beach, ME, 1998

Regarding marriage, and the spouse you take in marriage. Regarding the family you marry into, your in-laws. Regarding your children which come of the marriage. A beautiful light-filled spirit came and said these words. "They are yours. They made a prayer with you." Nodding, I was very moved by this declaration, and considered it beautiful.

"I have poured my soul before the Lord. Thus in a kiss one mouth is put to another as testimony to a desire to pour each soul into the other and unite them in a perfect union. For this reason at all times and among the world's most saintly men a kiss has been a sign of love and affection."

Treatise on the Love of God, St. Francis de Sales, Chapter 12 Tan Books, Rockford, IL, 1963

Garnering back to the church I had worked for years ago, all the people I'd worked with years ago were back in their places as we enjoyed the reverie of the remembrance. One priest I'd worked for was older, but wiser, but there were a lot of priests. But then the scene changed.

Those key players; the priest, my former friend and church secretary remained, but all the roles in the church were now filled by the new people who were currently filling them. Everything I'd ever done was being done by others very competently. It was as if I'd never been there. Time had moved on, another epoch had passed

The priest and the secretary came forward and wished to talk with me. The priest was very patient with me. But it was necessary that he point out something I had done after my marriage had ended. It seemed that perhaps my friend and I had become too familiar in our friendship. "It's important that you acknowledge that you behaved inappropriately, to yourself and to God." This surprised me since this had occurred afterwards, was short lived and confessed. I'd been separated for sixteen years prior to the annulment. But apparently, in the eyes of God, it didn't matter. I needed to acknowledge these things before God and myself with more clarity. Doing so, I then turned.

The secretary and the bookkeeper from my epoch were standing in front of a huge library. One of them said, "You can choose whatever books you might like from the library to take with you." The secretary said. Immediately, I noticed something. "90% of these books are mine." I laughed. I'd donated a ton of books and other religious items to the church before I'd moved. Picking up a two-volume set on American Religions I used to have, I looked at others but didn't reach out for them. They both joked about it, and said, "Yes, these books represent something." "I think I understand." I replied. "My time here was precious for me. I volunteered here almost full time for many years . . . doing just about everything that was needed from running the office, restoring statues, teaching, stocking the food pantry, helping the poor, listening to the grieving, singing at funerals, celebrating at weddings to just cleaning the basement." We all laughed. "These books represent the gifts I gave and the gifts I received, don't they?" They smiled. Pausing for a moment, I walked through to just observe the sheer magnitude of the shelves of books I'd left behind. "Wow, I really received a lot of knowledge from my times here." I put the two books down I had picked up. "I think I will leave them all here. I hold it already in my heart, and if they remain, perhaps the energy of it can be somehow shared with others." We all nodded, and then we were gone.

"O most merciful and forgiving Lord, for the love of Thee I forgive all who have ever offended me. I firmly resolve to forsake and flee from all sins, and to avoid the occasions of them; and to confess, in bitterness of spirit, all those sins I have committed against Thy divine goodness, and to love Thee, O my God, for Thine own sake, above all things and for ever. Grant me grace so to do., O most gracious Lord Jesus. Amen.

The Key of Heaven, A Prayer for Obtaining Contrition, Belgium, 1934

Having gone over to my former spouse's home, inside it were all the gifts I had given to him over our thirty four years of marriage and they were all very lovely, holy and beautiful . . . very ornate. There was a golden baby grand piano which was much like an original harpsichord from the 1600's. My former spouse, at this moment in this energetic reality, was very nonchalant about the gifts as if he didn't really understand how much my spirit had given to him and how spiritually valuable these gifts had been. Perhaps it wouldn't always be that way, but at that moment this was the reflection. Filling all of the house, the gifts were so numerous and in abundance. In satisfaction, I turned to return home.

*The golden winds
Translucent and of sheer
A sparkly shimmer to be told
Could hold no shadows*

Only gifts.
Marilynn Hughes

*"A golden spirit (light and emptiness) sings without a
word by itself. Let no one touch this gentle sun. In whose
dark eye someone is awake."*

*The Collected Poems of Thomas Merton, Thomas Merton, Song for
Nobody, New Directions, NY, 1946*

CHAPTER TWO

To Retrieve the Knife of the Emerald

Could these winds be so true?
As to show me transformation
From unbelief to faith?
But yet even more
From filth to great purity?
From ugliness to great beauty?
Aye, yes, because the Lord in His winds
Indeed, do always blow.

My spirit was taken to observe three places. These were all places I had been seeing for years in out of body experiences, different places of refuge in the mystical. We build homes and places of refuge in the mystical spheres where we go during the night to get away from the trials and tribulations of our daily lives. And each of them provides something else, a vibration, a balm, a frequency . . . something usually intangible that we cannot see. Often a healing of the soul that assists us as we return to our physical life.

The first was a home which overhung a large river, and the back end of it had stilts which allowed it to dangle over into the river. Most of the time when I would visit it, there was also some kind of water mill which rushed the waters through the outside of the home and back into the riverbed. During this visit, the home was much

bigger and older than it had been during previous visits.

The second one was always nestled in a grassy field within a mountainous and solitary region. It was simple and peaceful, a place I loved and yearned for the reclusiveness of it with great earnestness. It was always filled with a great deal of sunlight and surrounded by the blooms of Spring and the sudden waters of the Winter's melt.

The third was an old plantation in the middle of nowhere along a grassy plain. It was again alone and without others nearby. Having about four stories, the building was always very quaint and old fashioned but so beautifully kept up with bright colors, wallpapers and flowery designs with the curtains and linens. The home was a refuge where I would meet with other souls from my past lives, a place where only they and I could be and we would frolic in the fields, picnic in the high grasses, and fly in the astral skies. What made this home so special was the privacy it afforded in that I could always be protected from all invasion or incursion from karmic or curious influx. It was a place where love was inviolate and free.

My soul was taken to the house with the back end hanging over the river and I found my soul in the back room. I'd been sleeping very deeply for quite some time there, a deep slumber which had come over me

due to a long and arduous journey upon the earth through karmic loss and the loss of many souls along the eternal mission. I needed rest. There was so much happening, I was aghast with exhaustion.

My soul startled awake and I jerked upwards in the bed. Calling out for my mother, I had a sense of her presence somewhere in the house. But she couldn't hear me. Looking up towards the windows which were formed in a group of squares around the room to overlook the river, I realized where I was. Looking down upon the river mill, I saw the raging torrents of the river and the stilts holding up the back end of the home and felt a little unsafe realizing that maybe the waters were getting a bit rough. Perhaps I needed to get to the other part of the house which was on safer ground.

I continued to call for my mother, but she still couldn't hear me.

But the house had been changed up a bit. Now there was a very tiny, long, skinny hallway that I must navigate to get to the other end of the house. Gathering my few things, I headed back and quickly realized that the long skinny hallway was more like a teeny tiny tube and I could barely squeeze through it. When I reached the end, I was very relieved that I'd been able to navigate my way through it.

Once I exited the tubes, I saw my mother and I was very relieved. But she was busy, hovering over a person who was lying down on the floor. There was a young woman next to her helping her to do something. As I watched in wonder, I realized that my mother was doing some type of healing practice upon the woman, and the other younger woman was her assistant in some way. They were working together. As my mother reached her hands around the face of the person lying on the ground, sprinkly light came out of them and filled the person with healing fragments.

I was really overwhelmed with emotion at watching this, because my mother had been an atheist while she was alive. And she was obviously now an agent of God being utilized for healing. It was inexplicable, but so very beautiful to behold. I was speechless, and literally could say no words.

My mother looked up for only a moment when she had finished, smiled in my direction. I smiled back at her. She got up and walked away. I watched as her assistant walked over to a young woman who had just awoken from sleep into this abode. She immediately spoke to her. "You have semen on your face." Confused, the young woman reached her hands towards her face. "What?!" "It's on your face and on different parts of you. Here, let me help you." She started reaching her hands over her face as the residue was immediately lifted up. She did the same all over her body, and it all

lifted away from her. Quietly, she led her outside and began to dig holes and began burying all of it. Then, she began reciting quiet prayers and doing some sort of healing practice over the ground where it had been disposed. Softly, she returned to her and the sparkly lights were applied to every part of her body. Without words, she conveyed that she had been 'raped' by an incubus while she had been sleeping in the back room, but had been unaware of it as she had been entirely unconscious.

Beginning to freak out, the young woman couldn't believe that she could have been attacked by an incubus and been completely unaware of it. But the assistant calmed her, "There, there . . . this happens, just allow me to purify and heal you." She surrendered and fell into her arms as she quietly laid her on the ground and continued her work. She was quiet and peaceful now.

Suddenly, there was another man and woman who entered the scene. They were covered in disgusting flesh colored worms which were coming out of their chests and backs, like a plague. It was absolutely disgusting. The woman had a crazy look in her eyes. They looked like they were totally beyond all help, as along with the worms with which they were infested there was blood, pus and gangrene from the infections.

But the young woman, the healer, went to them and began to pray for them. She began bringing in these huge crates of water which were coming from I don't know where, but I did know that they were laced with some type of healing substance. She poured the waters over them, again and again and again. I was mesmerized by what I saw. This was astonishing, because the two were actually being completely healed of their contaminations and infestations.

When the healing was finished, the young woman who had been previously completely ensconced in flesh eating worms, was beautiful and filled with light. She became an astonishingly graceful light ballet dancer. She was sweet and lithe and her movements spoke of Christ and His Word. She began to dance all around and I found that I was mesmerized by this complete and total transformation from what was the most disgusting filth to what had now become the most pure and expressive extension of God you could describe. It was beautiful beyond compare. She leapt and tarried like a prima ballerina with the one exception that every one of her movements carried within it a stark remembrance of the Lord, His Word and the Light of God. I understood every Word that came from her movement. It was beautiful beyond compare. I cannot express it well enough. Such joy filled my soul.

To see that such darkness had become such pure light, to know that such a profound liberation was possible

in such a short time, even, was impossible for me to understand, much less express. But yet, it was so. A mystery of God . . . for the unraveling.

“Our Saviour reproached the Apostle St. Thomas. You believe, He said to him, because you have seen and touched, it were better to have believed the testimony of your brethren. In exacting more, you have been guilty of incredulity; this is a fault that all My Disciples should avoid. Blessed are they that have seen, and have believed. Be not faithless, but believing. (John 20:20:27,29)”

Purgatory, Explained by the Lives and Legends of the Saints, By Fr. F.X. Schouppe, S.J., Author's Preface, Tan Books and Publishers, Rockford, IL, 1926

Anonymous Experience: – “I found myself walking down a hallway in what I intuitively knew was a church building. I noticed the concrete floor was extremely clean and shiny, despite the fact that the color was a dark brown and red, like the color of dried blood. Intuitively, I understood that the hallway was representative of the holy blood of the Lamb and it concerned all of the sacrifices Marilyn had made in her life in raising her children, writing the books and doing the work of ‘The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation.’

Up ahead on the path, I noticed a large woman's straw handbag was moving slowly across the narrow hallway. I walked towards it and once I came upon the

bag, I noticed an extremely large and obese rat inside the handbag. It was having trouble breathing. It had consumed everything in the handbag. Immediately, it became evident to me that the handbag belonged to Marilynn. This fat rat was an invasion of some kind and was anathema to Marilynn and her mission.

It had to be removed not only from the handbag, but also from the sacred path and hallway. I managed to open the top flap and the fat rat began scurrying down the hallway with two similar baby rats whom the mother rat would periodically stop and feed.

Out of nowhere, an anteater and a small owl-like bird appeared. The anteater quickly consumed one of the baby rats, and then the bird did the same with the other. Despite how horrible this might sound; this was a very good and necessary result.

Up ahead on the path, a flash of light was seen as a sudden mystical incursion occurred. The eternal was sending help and protection in for Marilynn. Suddenly, a large grayish dog appeared next to an Asian woman with shoulder length dark hair who I could only see from behind. I recognized her as a friend of Marilynn's, and a mystic. Immediately, the two removed the fat rat from the hallway.

Interiorly I understood that both she and I were intended to be guards on Marilynn's behalf, policing

the sacred hallways that she must traverse for any invasions such as these.

The obese rat represented someone that must be kept away from Marilynn's sacred space and mission which was represented in the hallways stained with the blood shed by her to achieve it. There were no redeeming qualities in this creature which was portrayed as very vile to the will and purpose of God."

"Gazing upon what Jesus has done and suffered for them, generous souls are smitten with love for Him and for His Cross. In spite of the abhorrence of nature they bravely carry their interior or exterior crosses to become more like their Lord and Master, to give Him a proof of their love by suffering with Him and for Him, to share more richly in the fruits of His redemption, to join Him in working for the sanctification of men."

The Spiritual Life, By Fr. Adolphe Tanquerey, Chapter II, The Nature of the Christian Life, Tan Books and Publishers, Rockford, IL 1930

It was winter. My soul turned directionally into a church which was a small down-turn from the road, just a little bit treacherous to get to, but I found myself observing some type of a gathering in the future. This was long after my passing.

A younger woman in the future was accepting something, an award of sorts, for my work. The award had a picture of me speaking during my life,

surrounded by the galactic heavens on the top and on the bottom. She seemed happy to accept the award, and I was surprised by the happiness of the event that was intended to honor the work I had left behind upon the earth.

I was humbled by it.

"Our God, and God of our Fathers! Accept thou our repose, sanctify us with thy commandments, and grant our portion in thy Law."

The Siddur, Morning Service for Sabbath, Sinai Publishing, Tel Aviv, Israel, 1970

In the mystical spheres, I found myself inside a deep mountain hold. Lodged securely within the cliff-face and hidden within the stone was my hermitage, my place of refuge. It was inside a cave within the mountain so tightly held within the rock wall it could not be easily seen or dislodged by any earthly source, but it could also not be easily discerned or seen. It was vibrationally secure and invisible to most, and this made it safe.

There were many hermitages within the mountain, but mine was an absolute secret. It was *vital* that it was *secret*. This fact was made so clear to me energetically I cannot express it in words.

Within the confines of the hermitage were three holy objects, specifically within my bedroom chamber, my holy chamber, which held it secure. One of these was the Knife of the Emerald, the holy sword. The other two remain unnamed but were of grave holiness and created a seal.

Satan had sent in two evil spirits disguised as children come into my hermitage to take the holy objects. And as they arrived, literally all hell broke loose; a spiritual warfare unlike any other. Demons from hell actually arrived with a child-sized coffin containing the body of what appeared to be a child which they intended to sacrifice to defile my holy space.

Calling in all the forces and principalities of good, a battle ensued which tested me to my very core. I wasn't sure if I could triumph, because being older now, it was just all that much the harder. I remembered that I had been told years ago that as I got older my responsibilities would change, I would do less spiritual warfare, write fewer books, and basically be given fewer tasks simply because we do wear out as we age. It was shocking to me how much harder such things were becoming to me, but I fought with whatever fervor I could muster and allowed the principalities to step in where they could and were allowed.

Engaging in all the usual spiritual warfare prayers, I persisted.

A special holy emissary was brought in to retrieve the Knife of the Emerald, the holy sword. He took it and dismantled it off-site so it could not be used for nefarious purposes. And the other holy objects were not found by the heralds of evil.

The evil spirits and those who wished to commit ritual sacrifice were extricated from the holy walls. And the sword was put together and returned when the battle was complete. But this battle made it all the more clear to me why it was so necessary that the holy hermitage and its location remain a secret, and the holy objects of protection remain guarded and consecrated.

In the tail wind of the battle, I realized that much of the spiritual warfare had been taken over by other principalities to protect me in my latter years as my own strengths had waned. And I was so profoundly grateful in realizing this. It seemed it was helpful for me to realize just how difficult it would be for me to do the things I'd done when younger now as I was entering into my golden years. Perhaps I'd taken it for granted that much would not have changed, when indeed, it does change.

It's so important to realize how much is done for each of us when we no longer can provide it for ourselves. Not to mention what is done for us, when we are unable to do it for ourselves throughout our lives. It is a humbling realization.

In gratitude, I sealed the holy hermitage with the three holy relics. And I closed the entrances and exits in solid stone as we consecrated the entire structure to the holy hierarchies of angels who were now protecting it. I bowed in such holy honor, I fell to my knees in gratitude. Just seeing them stand guard in lines as soldiers to make sure I might be able to complete whatever might remain of my mission on earth despite my weakening physical and spiritual status was so, so moving. I wept with humble joy.

*"Another hand holds the astral sword of preservation,
keeping guard over planetary rhythms and balances."*

Whispers from Eternity, Paramahansa Yogananda, Self-Realization Fellowship, 1949

"By contemplation of the Lord is attained joy in God: Thy servants at Thy feet seek shelter. Ended is wandering after desires, and darkness lifted, And the Master the door of liberation has indicated. Mind and body in loving devotion to the Lord are dyed: The Lord is realized as He Himself guides. In each being is He pervasive: None other than He is real. Hostility and opposition to others and fear and doubt are cut off, As the Lord, holiness incarnate, His law has fulfilled. Escaping from the mighty Maya-waves has the self reached the shore . . . Wherever the Lord's servants abide, Joy, happiness and weal there lives. As has the Lord shown grace, are ended goblins of sins . . . "

Sri Guru Granth Sahib, Volume IV, Guru Nanak, Raga Parbhati, Page 2700, By Gurbachan Singh Talib in consultation with Bhai Jodh Singh, Publication Bureau, Punjabi University, Patiala, 2001

Speaking to two older ladies who had entered into a place of business. They led me towards a bus and we all got onto it. The bus began going somewhere, but everyone was very excited because Norman Vincent Peale was on the bus.

The ladies had come into the shop for some type of service that they required, but when they saw me, they thanked me for praying for them and for my work. I bowed in acknowledgement and was surprised and grateful. They expressed great appreciation in meeting me as somehow my work had been very helpful and meaningful to them in their spiritual walk in life.

But there were many others on the bus, and they were all very excited to be meeting Norman Vincent Peale. And although I knew very little about him, I was pretty excited that he was there, as well. Meeting him was very casual, as he was smiling and walking through the moving bus casually shaking each of the ladies hands and smiling and greeting them. Many of the other ladies were making jokes about how I did not speak so well when people wished to talk with me privately. I chuckled sheepishly in acknowledgement of the fact that I was a much better writer than speaker, but also, just much better as a writer than at conveying through conversation with people the message of my mystical experiences. Often, I found myself kind of

dumbstruck, at a loss for words. I giggled at their acknowledgement of this area where I was not quite as gifted.

It was ironic that they were meeting me at the same time as they were meeting someone like Normal Vincent Peale who was somewhat of an expert in teaching others how to communicate well with others.

In my rush to get on the bus, I'd assumed that I was on the right one which would be taking me home to my hermitage in the mountain but suddenly realized that I was on the wrong bus. It was taking me somewhere else, I was going somewhere with this group of ladies and we had reached this mysterious destination.

All the ladies were very happy because they were being taken to meet with a woman who was in charge of leading them to something which was going to make them happier and address a world crisis of some kind. It seemed I was just along for the ride now, and I faded into the background and observed.

An invisible source led me by myself, completely alone, into the center of a room where there was something which resembled a huge Silver Hershey's Kiss. It was about forty feet high in and loomed in the center of the room like a religious altar. But I immediately knew that it represented the Covid 19 vaccine.

Suddenly, the others came barreling into the room and were so excited to take it, and they bowed down before this as if it were a holy object. The vaccine had been made out to be something religious, like it was not a vaccine at all, but rather, something holy, redemptive, grandiose. And everyone was falling for it all around me. It was very bizarre. It was like the Covid 19 religion was forming all around me.

Because the people were behaving so oddly, I approached the grand object, the Silver Hershey's Kiss Object which represented the Covid 19 vaccine to examine it and see if I could understand why everyone was reacting to it as if it were a God, or a holy thing . . . but I was chastised by an elder in the group. "Don't touch it!" And I was pushed away as if I've tried to touch a sacred holy relic, not a vaccine.

"Why are you so enamored of it?" I exclaimed. But they continued to view it religiously. All I could think was how did this happen? One of the elders handed me a piece of paper with a long list of all the gifts that the 'Covid Kiss' had given to the people. I pulled out a piece of paper and tried to write it all down, but the list was so long, I just couldn't write it all. This new religion had been borne into humanity, the Covid religion, and it seemed that all other religions had been forsaken for it.

The ladies continued to prostrate themselves to the kiss, as I quietly slipped out the back and disappeared. On further contemplation, it seemed that there were many other new fake religions which could erupt after this. For instance, climate change, transgenderism and the like, all began to erupt as new fake 'religions' to replace real spiritualities.

"None are more hopelessly enslaved than those who falsely believe they are free."

Goethe

My spirit was taken on an extended vision quest into the night. It was intense and profoundly real, and I saw many extraterrestrial ships and saucers. I traveled many aeons, many eternities. I heard the words "Tonkoshula Hey, Tonkoshula Hey."

"All over the sky a sacred voice is calling your name."

Black Elk

And so it came to pass that my soul was given to witness that inside of my spirit there was much bitterness which needed to be purified and that I was also 'full of malice.' And I was deeply ashamed as I was shown my hypocrisy, in having judged other people's sins. .

My soul felt so heavy in seeing these weighty matters upon my soul, I went into deep prayer to ask for the assistance of the Holy Spirit to purify myself of these impediments and defilements, many of which had originated difficulties in my life. Indeed, it must be purified.

"What thanks are not due to Thee, O my Jesus, for Thy great goodness to me? When I was faithless to Thy goodness and kindness, Thou hast had patience with me; and even when I offended Thee, Thy grace waited for me. It is to Thy infinite grace and goodness that I am indebted for this Sacrament, in which Thou hast reconciled me to Thyself. To Thee, and to Thy precious Blood, I desire to offer all the love of my heart, just cleansed from sin. Humbled before Thee, I cried out like David: Have mercy on me, O God, according to Thy great mercy. And Thou hast heard my prayer, O my God; Thou hast forgiven me my sins. Thou hast restored unto me the joy of Thy salvation. Blessed and praised forevermore be Thy infinite goodness and mercy. Amen."

*The Key of Heaven, Thirty Days of Prayer to the Blessed Virgin,
Belgium, 1934*

Within the mystical creation, my spirit was given to see my pets and their mystical friends. My little dog, 'Peep,' my little cat, 'Binkles', his mystical pet frog and another mystical friend of his, a green reptile named 'Pickles.' It was so playful and fun. Binkles and his

Frog would just have a ball while 'Pickles' would lie on his back and just laugh and laugh. I played through the night with my critters. My elder cat 'Pangur Ban' did not join but quietly judged us and ignored us miscreants.

"I have often,' said the holy father (Francis) on another occasion, 'seen a blind man who had no one to guide him on his way but a little dog. Wherever the dog led him he followed. He did not ask his guide why he conducted him this way or that; if he led him over tough stones, he still followed; if through the streets and squares it was the same; if he took him to a church he prayed; if he entered a house the blind man asked an alms. Thus he followed wherever the dog chose to lead him, and never went anywhere without him. Such ought to be the truly and perfectly obedient man. He should be blind in obeying; having his eyes, as it were, closed before the commands of his superiors, and neither wish nor seek to understand them, except that he may promptly and humbly fulfill them. Wherever the wish or command of his superior leads him, he must follow; if it be through rough and stony paths, he must cheerfully bear it; if through smooth ways, he must proceed in virtue of holy obedience. The truly obedient man should in all things consider, not the difficulty of the command, but the authority of the one who commands, and the merit of obedience.'"

St. Francis of Assisi, The Best from All his Works, Miscellaneous Writings, Thomas Nelson Publishers, 1989

As my soul was drifting into the spiritual realms and out of body, a voice spoke. "You are going to have an audience with Thich Nhat Hanh."

Turning, I saw in the corner of my bedroom the spirit of Thich Nhat Hahn sleeping peacefully in his bare feet on a mat. I was so supremely honored. Remaining very quiet as I did not wish to disturb him, I turned towards my bed and saw that above my bed was hanging a copy in gold of the two-volume 'Ihya Ulum Ud Din' by Al Ghazzali. Holiness radiated from it all around the headboard and upon my pillow where my physical head and body lay.

I was so intrigued as this book is a mystical theology of the Sufi's not dissimilar to similar dissertations written in Catholic circles like 'The Spiritual Life' by Father Adolphe Tanquerey. Perhaps not as refined, but similar in import.

Quietly, I gazed upon the simple and holy monk, Thich Nhat Hanh and took in the vibration of his presence. I was so honored that he had come. The 'audience' was one of silent contemplation on his simple quietude and peace.

*"Feelings come and go like clouds in a windy sky.
Conscious breathing is my anchor."*

Thich Nhat Hanh

In a surprise engagement with my past, I was taken into an atonement. For many years, I'd worked in churches and obviously had disagreements with people over the years. Meeting with one of these groups, we were elevating ourselves back to unity by starting with the agreement to three things: No more inquiry into people's business, everyone would be kind to one another, and we would all have one another's backs at all times.

Once that was settled, the two of us and the others had an emotional atonement. It appeared that this other person may have also reflected on what had happened, as I had done. We'd both had regrets and hoped for reconciliation. It was really beautiful.

"It is not sufficient to love souls in the secret of our heart, working and sacrificing ourselves for them; this love must also be manifested exteriorly by an agreeable and pleasant manner, in such a way that those who approach us may feel themselves loved."

Fr. Gabriel of St. Mary Magdalene, O.C.D.

My spirit was taken to observe a particular soul who was producing and putting together the most beautiful musical performance I'd ever heard for the Advent Liturgies in the highest spheres of heaven. There were several vocal parts where soloists were holding out high tones for long periods of time, and it was done to

perfection. It was a masterpiece. And as those notes were held, something would happen within the soul who could hear them to their vibration and frequency which cannot be explained.

My soul was given the honor to bathe in these vibrations and frequencies of the spheres for many hours, and I bowed in a great and holy honor.

"When the eyes and ears are open, even the leaves on the trees teach like pages from the Scriptures."

Kabir

"There is the music of Heaven in all things."

St. Hildegard of Bingen

I awoke to a frenzy of activity as people were well underway for the funeral of Queen Elizabeth. Thing was, she hadn't yet died. So I was looking around and watching as the crowds were gathering and her casket was brought in. Suddenly, a mysterious emissary from the beyond dressed in black swept through the crowds directly towards me carrying an urn filled with her ashes. He quickly blew some of her ashes directly across my face as a wind caught them like a shivery sliver of destiny. It felt like an important omen, it had some important meaning, but of what, I did not know.

Only weeks later did we hear that Queen Elizabeth had suddenly passed on to her rest.

*"It seems to me that I have found my heaven on earth,
because my heaven is you, my God, and you are in my soul.*

You in me, and I in you – may this be my motto."

St. Elizabeth of the Trinity, O.C.D. (1880-1906)

Again my soul was swept into an artistic production, this time a theatrical one which depicted the epochs of life in an absolutely stunningly beautiful manner. Just as the musical interlude of a few weeks before, this experience was also something which was just impossible to put into words as there was an intercrossing and weaving through the many pillared stages of life on earth of a human soul. I was in utter awe of the beauty of what I was shown in the highest spheres of heaven which played out in geometry, symmetry, musicality, form, formlessness, time, timelessness. In a shimmering and a dimming . . . a symmetrical and almost cuneiform and mathematical efficiency of perfection that was fully and completely understood within my soul in vibration and frequency. Bathing again in vibration and frequency, I allowed it all to absorb within my spirit in a quiet array of light and beheld the gratitude for such a great gift.

*"Many have died; you also will die. The drum of death is
being beaten. The world has fallen in love with a dream.*

Only sayings of the wise will remain."

Kabir

Thrust back to the very first place I'd ever lived on my own, and in this place on the old phone machine, the old systems we used to have in the 1980's which would blink to let you know someone had called, there was a message. I'd been working on scripts for a film project which was going in and out of favor with production. Clicking on the button, I heard the voice of the present day director on the movie project who literally began sharing a twenty minute love letter for the work we were trying to do together; the project, the mission. Immediately, I understood that it would be *his love* for the project which would determine the outcome. That would be the key. And I felt such a sense of peace that all I should do at this time was keep writing as so inspired, but be at peace and let it go. It will happen if God so wishes, when He so wishes; during my life or long after, it would not matter. And it would be determined by his love for the project. It was that simple.

"Love alone unites us fully to God. It presupposes faith and hope, but it surpasses them. It lays hold of our entire soul, intellect, heart, will, activity, and delivers all unreservedly to God. It excludes mortal sin, God's enemy, and makes us enjoy the divine friendship."

The Spiritual Life, Fr. Adolphe Tanqueray, The Perfection of the Christian Life, Tan Books and Publishers, Rockford, IL 1930

About five clergy members from five different denominations were cohabitating in this house and it was a very peaceful place. I observed that many of them were talking with one another about various issues of their spiritual callings and helping one another. It was very harmonious and kind. I wandered around trying very hard to blend in and remain unnoticed, only to observe and not attract any attention and I was successful with this.

"Devotees of the Lord are not distinguished by their birth, knowledge, beautiful appearance, high family status, wealth or even religious rites or rituals, because all true devotees are near and dear to the Lord. They are conscious of God inside as well as outside of themselves, and they are always happy in His company."

Narad

The voice of the eternal spoke powerfully to me echoing its directive to my soul. "Speak Words of Truth and Power." It said.

"The senses of knowledge and mind should be concentrated. Intellect should also stop working. In such a state, the highest spirituality is attained."

Guru Nanak

In a gathering galewind, my spirit awoke underneath an old and tattered brown woolen blanket in the back of a carriage. The ride was rough and fast, and the rain

was loud as it poured all around. Adrenaline poured through my veins as I was hiding from a political persecution and there was a warrant for death over my head. The driver of the carriage was my friend, the same one who was in my life now, and he quietly stopped at a checkpoint as I became very still and made not a sound.

Quickly, we passed by a checkpoint when memories just began flooding over my soul. Many lifetimes where he had hidden, advocated, saved me during times of persecution in the world. He did whatever it took. I breathed a sigh of relief. "Its going to be okay," I thought. "He's taking us to the Senate where he will plead my case." I fell into a peaceful sleep.

"Smile, breathe and go slowly."

Thich Nhat Hanh

As I soared outside of my body, my spirit gently came upon a beautiful scene. The prophets, saints, mystics, sages and ascetics were meditating and praying on a holy mountainside of green grass. They were all facing and looking towards the right. The sun was full and blaring, pouring light upon them and the world. It was awesome, peaceful, powerful and beautiful. Majestic.

Casting a golden light across the landscape

The vision of what the world could be

The wisdom of all traditions together in peace, without

*conflict, without division
 Who could bear such winds?
 In the heart of every tradition the same truth, the same
 divine
 The different facets of the diamond reflecting its many
 truths.*

Marilynn Hughes

*"The beauty spot of the moon is set between Thy spacious
 eyebrows. Clouds of eternity hide Thy face. Gusts of
 prophet lives blow aside momentarily Thy mystery veil,
 revealing to mankind glimpses of Thine ineffable beauty."
 Whispers from Eternity, Paramahansa Yogananda, Self-Realization
 Fellowship, 1949*

*"My Beloved is in my eyes like a thin coating of collyrium.
 How can there be any place for sleep in my eyes when He is
 there all the twenty four hours and there is no other work
 except to remember him."
 Kabir*

*The sun goes down upon the prophets; Night is falling and
 there is no answer."
 The Collected Poems of Thomas Merton, Thomas Merton, Sundown,
 New Directions, NY, 1946*

CHAPTER THREE

The Particulate Knowledge of Dr. Edgar Mitchell and the Stallion of Pope Pius the XII

The simplicity of these winds
Captured in a moment of time
Brides of Christ born
Out of the lives of the ordinary.

Over a period of a few weeks astral time, one night physically, my spirit was taken to reside with a group of Poor Clare Nuns. There were many consecrated nuns but also laywomen who were staying at this convent and serving in some way. The whole experience and time there was very joyful and fun.

The emphasis on this experience, however, was that when the nuns were wearing their habits, they were putting them on and taking them off very haphazardly. It wasn't careless, just quickly and casually. I remember there was a very thin see-through linen layer underneath the thicker over-garment that some emphasis was placed upon. As I watched this process, I realized that these nuns were regular people, regular women . . . and there was something that really clicked with me during this experience in realizing this. Although they may be held apart as Brides of

Christ, and indeed they are that in the eyes of God, when it came down to it, they were ordinary women, too.

"In this Clare . . . O how great is the vibrancy of this light and how intense is the brilliance of its illumination! While this light remained certainly in a hidden enclosure, it emitted sparkling rays outside. Placed in the confined area of the monastery, yet she was spread throughout the wide world . . . It should not be surprising that a light so enkindled, so illuminating could not be kept hidden without shining brilliantly and giving bright light in the house of the Lord; nor could a vessel filled with perfume be concealed so it would not give fragrance . . . "

Papal Decree of Canonization for St. Clare of Assisi, Pope Alexander IV, 1255

My spirit was working with a group of people, trying to assist in making energetic shifts within them. I was trying very hard to get them to listen to my instructions, but they were making a lot of noise.

Suddenly, Dr. Edgar Mitchell, former Apollo Astronaut, and Edgar Cayce, early twentieth century clairvoyant appeared. But Dr. Edgar Mitchell was the one who spoke. His mere presence commanded respect. He showed me that trying to get them all to listen at once, at the same time, was pointless. I needed to send the energetic vibration out, knowing that they would all grab a hold of it at different moments in time

and come forward, almost like particles, when they were ready to adhere to some form of that particulate knowledge. Each person was like a particle moving forward at different times. Each time I tried to move them forward as a group, that couldn't work, because each person received the influx at different moments and in different ways than one another. So I had to alter the way I was trying to teach. Rather than seeing everyone as one large group making one big energetic leap, I had to view them as a series of particles, each of which grabbed a hold of knowledge when that knowledge came to them and when it was ignited within. Edgar Cayce smiled.

I was amazed.

"The ancient mystical thinkers created these remarkable maps of the states of consciousness without benefit of precise knowledge of physical evolution. They had no way of verifying whether or not their maps included all territory, or whether human consciousness could be evolving in some way."

The Way of the Explorer, Dr. Edgar Mitchell, A Dyadic Model, Putnam & Sons, NY, 1996

In an experience I was shown how the Catholic Popes and priests are actually more educated than almost all other holy men. It wasn't presented as something good or bad, just as something of a factual nature. And this is true as they are all educated for many years and

receive Doctorates in Divinity, Theology and many other fields of study, whereas many Protestant denominations allow very limited study.

“The priesthood is the love of the heart of Jesus. When you see a priest, think of our Lord Jesus.”

St. John Vianney, Patron Saint of Priests

Rapaciously trying to push my way upstairs with the name of Jesus, I was fighting against a demonic force which was trying to push me back down the stairs. The palpability of the demonic activity was profound, you could feel it all around. Their strength was so ominous, I could not speak, could not move, and they kept trying to hurtle me backwards. As I was fighting, I realized that the signals from the demonic forces were coming over the radios, the internet and every tech device in the house. And I heard the demons making recordings of their subtle messages from their infernal abodes and sending them through the subconscious channels of humanity and into all these channels of communication and distributing them throughout all the world. It was overwhelming.

Engaging in all the usual spiritual warfare prayers and calling upon the Lord was not enough, but I persisted.

Flash . . .

I'd gotten out of the stairwell, but was trying to flee the demons in my truck on a highway again with the name of Jesus Christ. But they had taken over every electric and electronic system in my truck. It did a dead stop in the middle of the highway, it was completely dark outside, there were no headlights, the truck would not restart and there was nothing more I could do. I was about to get ploughed . . . I shouted out to the Lord for deliverance. Suddenly, I awoke, and I was safe. My heart was beating fast. I had been saved.

"Oppression is the experience of evil spirits pressing in on the person from the outside, causing heaviness, weariness, or discouragement . . . Oppression can happen through a variety of situations but usually the person oppressed has not opened himself to any particular spirit . . . The important difference between oppression and obsession is that in oppression the force is outside the person . . . whereas in obsession the force is in the person . . ."

Deliverance from Evil Spirits, Michael Scanlan, T.O.R., Randall J. Cirner, Servant Books, Ann Arbor, MI, 1980

On yet another fortnight, I'd been taken into an old, old decrepit house and was left there all alone. It was filled with demonic forces and I had to fight my way out. Noticing to my left these horrific demonic shrimp like lobster creatures, I went over to try to remove them. My intention was that if I could fold them well enough, perhaps I could flush them down the toilet. But even

so, they remained too large to flush, and perhaps that was a bad idea anyway as they had this spiney aspect to them which intuitively I sensed would make them invulnerable to destruction even in a sewage system. They would resurrect. Overwhelmed, I called again for help from Jesus Christ.

Looking around, I could see no easy solution to this demonic mess. These creatures were only one of hundreds of types of demonic contaminations within this old haunted place. And there were active demons, as well, fully embodied beings. I was absolutely not equipped to battle and win a battle of this magnitude. That was clear. "Lord, Lord . . . Lord Jesus Christ, Son of God, have mercy on me a Sinner."

Suddenly, I awakened again. Humbled by my own inadequacies in the face of the reality of the true level of demonic and dark contamination we are surrounded by in our world. We are so ill equipped. Good intentions are one thing, but they are not enough. I would need so much more, and I was older now. I'd been told it would get harder as I got older. This was a hard reality to face.

The other hard reality to face was the fact that so much additional darkness had been allowed to invade the world. We were inundated. There was little only one could do *but* stand, it would take an army to defeat it.

“And of what should we be afraid? Our captain on this battlefield is Christ Jesus. We have discovered what we have to do. Christ has bound our enemies for us and weakened them that they cannot overcome us unless we so choose to let them. So we must fight courageously and mark ourselves with the sign of the most Holy Cross.”

St. Catherine of Siena

Spiritual Warfare was again surrounding me in an old house that felt like it had been mine in a previous life. It felt like the time of the civil war. In this spiritual warfare, there were two fields of battle. Some of my allies were within sight, but only present as in holograph, so I was again completely on my own as they were far away, perhaps even in another timeline, but yet assisting from that distant field. And the field right in front of me which I faced alone.

Closing all the blinds, the doors were slamming from the intensity of the demonic intrusions. All the demons were in the house and these were highly rabid and vicious ones, they came from some type of ancient evil I did not understand and had not before encountered. It felt that it could have even come from some of the evils committed during the Civil War, but I could not delineate its origin with certainty. It was just pure, unadulterated, terrifying evil. An infusion of information came to me from the angelic to put my

money away into a safer place, as they wished to deprive me of my means of support.

There were serpents coming up from the floor, thousands of them; disgusting grisly, pod-like things that came in groupings of twenty or more. They were so disgusting and slimy. They were green, red, white and they pulsed. There is no other way to say it other than to simply indicate I was losing this battle, and I knew I was going to be destroyed. There was no chance. I could not win it, I was going to be crushed and utterly decimated. My soul was giving in to despair when I observed that a previously unnoticed stark white statue of St. Padre Pio had just magically appeared in a similarly magically appearing hovel in the side of the wall which had not previously been there. A light shone upon it like it would in a church and it was beautiful. I gazed upon it and admired its simplistic grandiosity, but looked upon the floors as the serpents continued to emerge from the floors by the hundreds and felt overwhelmed.

Engaging in all the usual spiritual warfare prayers and calling upon the Lord was not enough, but I persisted.

Suddenly, the statue came to life and became animated as if St. Padre Pio was within it and began to fight the battle with me. A surge of inspiration came over me as I knew that although I had no chance alone, with his help, we might very well actually be able to conquer and win this battle.

Terrified and confused, it was as if all manner of evil which was so deep, true, ancient and profound, circling around me like tornadoes and whirlwinds, was so unimaginably deep. But St. Padre Pio was like an Ancient Warrior, and his spirit of fight urged me on to fight all the harder and as a result of his intervention within moments I awoke free of the evil field and so relieved and honored that he had come to my aid this eve. A voice, was it perhaps he? I did not know. But it spoke to me, a locution perhaps? "Do not speak of it out loud." It said. "Do not speak of them out loud, it only energizes them." I nodded my understanding and kept my silence.

"Satan with his malignant wiles never tires of waging war on me and attacking my little citadel, besieging it on all sides. In a word, Satan is for me like a powerful foe who, when he resolves to capture a fortress is not content to attack one wall or one rampart, but surrounds it entirely, attacks and torments it on every side. My dear Father, the malignant wiles of Satan strike terror into my heart, but from God alone through Jesus Christ I hope for the grace to obtain the victory continually and never to be defeated."

St. Padre Pio

A young man was guiding me through a brilliant forest aside both a beautiful clear and large lake and a mountainous cliffside of great beauty. I was following

him because some inner knowing told me I was to do so.

Firstly, he led me to a certain corner of the lake wherein he guided me to sit in a capsule which was under the water. Many gemstones were arranged around the capsule which was formed almost in the shape of an egg, but open on one side in the shape of a chair. Amethysts, Celestite, and other geode's which had been burst open to allow their jewels to bedazzle the underwater escalate, created a kaleidoscope of rich colors in purple, blue, green, burgundy and azure. Interiorly, I understood it was a healing cove. I sat there underwater for quite some time and was able to do so as breathing underwater was not an issue in my spirit body.

When finished, he quietly directed me towards the cliff face. I followed him very obediently towards the most steep part of the mountain where the cliff was a ninety degree straight top to bottom climb. It seemed very dangerous and I wondered why he was so insistent that we make this climb. But we climbed up first fifty feet, then one hundred, then one hundred and fifty and then finally we reached about two hundred. By this time, I was thinking this was getting very pointless.

But then he reached up his hand and touched the foot of what appears to be a statue of the Blessed Mother, but . . . it WAS the Blessed Mother. She was almost misty, she was adorned like the Lady of Grace, but she

was not in color but a pale whitish, grayish, brownish misty hue. As I looked upon her, peace, contentment and joy exuded from her in circles and aeons around her. Aeons in the mystical sphere are beings or powers that emanate from the Supreme Being or one of the orders of spirits that emanate from the Godhead. Aeons are emanations, whether of time, space, ethereal matter, vibration, frequency, divinity and very often all of the above. My guide motioned for me to touch her feet, as well. And as I did so, I felt utter and complete serenity within my soul which was welcome since I had not been at peace since my annulment. In this moment, I was at total peace despite it.

Suddenly bluish cloudy mists with sparkly white lights emanated all around her and then us and infused within me absolute calm and warmth.

The guide who brought me here took my hand and we jumped and fell slowly . . . ever so slowly to the ground, somehow still transfixed to the mind and heart of the Blessed Lady as we fell light as feathers.

Unexpectedly, the voice of the eternal spoke to us of unknown and forgotten Hindu Saints as we fell, and shared their words of wisdom.

"Astounding, this light, so different- even with eyes closed you see it. It was never lit, nor does it ever go out – the luminous soul makes it shine eternally. No colour yet all colours, this light is illumined by life itself."

Niloba

"This fragile body will go one day, it's a dream you can't rely on. It's the shadow of a cloud that shifts, changes, disappears. A mirage lives for a moment – so does every thought and dream."

Ekhnath

"Listening day and night to the unstruck Sound, now only rapture in my mind . . . ceaselessly remember Him, ever enclose Him in your heart. No end to the music – loving Him, looking at that face, the lotus of my heart opens to full to happiness."

Narhari

As those words entered into my subconscious, my soul entered into an even deeper peace. My spirit was disappointed that it would not remember most of them or their words upon return as all that was shared with me while falling back to earth was so deep and meaningful profound. It was like a balm to my soul, like honey to my ears. But yet, it was done. I awoke in awe of the moment.

"It is not your passing thoughts or brilliant ideas so much as your plain everyday habits that control your life....Live simply. Don't get caught in the machine of the world – it is too exacting. By the time you get what you are seeking your nerves are gone, the heart is damaged, and the bones are aching. Resolve to develop your spiritual powers more earnestly from now on. Learn the art of right living. If you have joy you have everything, so learn to be glad and contented....Have happiness now."

Paramahansa Yogananda

"Whatever is written in your destiny will certainly take place. If the Lord wrote it this way, why are you anxious? Your true happiness lies within yourself. Finding discrimination and detachment, you will attain it."

Vitha Vithoba

Purification rituals began the night which I would not remember much of later, but I distinctly remembered being in the presence of something very holy. They were removing my fetters relating to my life circumstances and bringing me to peace about all of it. As I was going through this, my garments were being altered from my normal worldly dress to that of a set of bright crimson robes.

My soul was taken to a beach overlooking a small lake. I noticed that my cat, Binkles was playing off in the distance with his Frog who I'd seen before. It was a playmate that he often cavorted within the mystical spheres. They were very cute enjoying their out-of-body time together on the beach.

My friend was there, whom I'd previously told. So I pointed them out to him. He laughed as he saw them together. The frog looked up at us and then jumped into the water.

Suddenly, I was alone again and inhaling a fragrance.

Turning to look around, I noticed I was at a monastery and that this was the fragrance and the presence of the founder and former Abbott, Father Ephraim.

It was an interesting energy in that there was holiness and peace, but there was a casualness about it, too. Comfortable and appeasing, it felt like being in the presence of a long time friend. Contentment filled me as the skies formed in a reddish burgundy which resonated a 'royal' energy of sorts related to this holy monk. Again, an interesting combination because it was absolutely a royal energy, a member of the royal family of God, but yet, there was this casual nature to it. This was a man who I would imagine when he was alive was very approachable and a man of the people.

An unseen spirit reached from behind me and handed me a replica of a celebrant's chair inside the Orthodox church, it was like a statue of it. Maybe it was twelve inches high, something I could put on a shelf. It seemed that it was somehow symbolic, but I did not understand its meaning. I felt great honor in receiving it, but then, again, I felt the casualness.

My spirit was then led by an invisible presence to get up and walk away from the lake over to another area nearby where a small stand of holy goods had been set up. Interestingly, a young woman of slender build who was dressed very modestly in long black dress handed me a similar replica of a Roman Catholic Presider's Chair. Again, there was this overwhelming holy,

peaceful feeling coinciding with a great deal of contentment.

This invisible presence conveyed that this symbolized the authority and leadership I had been given in a unique way in my own work, in my own mission. Although different than that of a priest, it was one of necessity in order for this mission to be fulfilled.

I nodded.

Suddenly, the energies began to move and sway and move and sway. New titles and names were being inserted after my first name, indicative of my inconclusive new life situation. But there was peace and a sense that I was to now live as a single, consecrated nun in my hermitage and I wasn't to worry about this anymore.

"Love endure, overlook, do not get angry, do not flare up, forgive one another, so that you resemble our Christ and are counted worthy to be near Him in His kingdom. My children, avoid condemnation – it is a very great sin. God is greatly saddened when we condemn and loathe people."

Father Ephraim of Arizona

Looking up, I noticed that an important spiritual teacher was in my home and I was preparing to introduce him to someone important to me. He came around the corner and was smiling. He was humble and kind and waiting

to meet this person and there was a very excellent and silent energy around the whole prophetic meeting.

"Silence is precious; by keeping silence and knowing how to listen to God, the soul grows in wisdom and God teaches it what it cannot learn from men."

Bl. Anne of St. Bartholomew, O.C.D. (1550-1626)

An old friend I had lost touch with was in the mystical spheres and was trying to help me with something, and I was so happy and surprised to see her. Suddenly, my spirit was swept elsewhere . . .

A holy Patriarch began an Orthodox service in a deeply beautiful church at precisely midnight. This time was deeply significant but I didn't know why. The place was filled with orthodox priests and followers and I had been given a special permission to attend and watch this beautiful service. The singing began and I was entranced and mesmerized by the big beautiful texts being carried through the church. The singing, the incense, it's beautiful and holy without a doubt.

When the service came to a close, I noticed other Roman Catholics who had been given a similar honor this evening. I was still wafting the fragrance of the holy gift, but noticed that several Catholics who had been given this subconscious offering were rushing out of the church.

They were frantically talking amongst themselves saying they were going to speak with the theologians so they could come back and explain why everything they just saw was 'all wrong.' Their focus was entirely on the differences between the Orthodox and the Roman Catholic Liturgies, and it seemed they missed the whole point of 'wafting the holy fragrance.'

Quietly, I walked away and carried the fragrance within. And within my soul, an interior locution said, "Because the tides can be amusingly spent." I pondered them quietly to myself as I continued to inhale the holy fragrances which continued to waft through the ether.

"Love one another, and do not be embittered out of egotism.

Humility is a sure guide; it does not let the one who possesses it hit the reefs of carelessness and be shipwrecked, but as a luminous guide it leads him faultlessly on sure ground. Egotism is the most evil of evils; it causes all our lapses through unsubmitive thoughts. Fear this and strive to get rid of it, for the more it remains within us, the more it will wound us with the proportionate pain. I beg that you not criticize one another, for this is downright egotism.

Excuse your brother's fault; this is evidence of humility and love. The brother who acts thus will find much grace from God, but he who judges and scandalizes his neighbor should know that not only will he not find grace, but even if he has something he will lose it, so that he may learn the

lesson of humility through suffering. Be particularly afraid of inner criticism, that is, thoughts of criticism, because it does not come to light through the spoken word, in which case it is likely to be corrected by someone who hears it. Be careful, I say, about criticism from within, which imperceptibly makes us fatally guilty and deprives us of the life of divine grace and offers as a most bitter drink the death of the soul. I pray that love and freedom from criticism will reign in every expression among you, so that the Holy Spirit may rest in your souls."

Fr. Ephraim of Arizona

Amongst the quaint white country homes, my spirit was welcomed amongst a group of souls who invited me to dinner.

Off in the distance, there was a preacher who was going table to table preaching and healing, and I knew interiorly he was a very holy man. It was just made known to me, and I could feel it with such force, it made me so happy to just watch him from a distance; perhaps from a bible denomination, from the looks of him.

So excited, I watched him work his way towards our table. There were two women and two young men at our table with me. There was a lot of deep greenery here, very lush and wet, like the South. But I was

brought back to my body before he reached us. It seemed the importance of the event was that I watch him interact with all the others.

"They tell me a revival is only temporary. So is a bath. But it does you good."

Billy Sunday

My spirit was taken deep, deep, deeply down, down, down . . . into a fathomless vibration. This vibration was a place where my soul could exist, move and be something of an emanation of God in a way which is so beyond explanation in world of words and physical matter that it is beyond my capacity to refine.

In this frequential world, my soul was led by an invisible force to retrieve the knife of the emerald, this amazingly powerful sword and bring it back from that vibration into the conscious waking world of my hermitage as a protection of the mission and the consecrated life I would lead as a nun in that premises. There was also a violin embedded in a flat golden mold which emanated energy and light. There was a deep frequency about the violin and I also needed to bring that back, as well.

Once bringing these back to the surface, the muted, blurry, hazy world of that inner frequency was set

alive within my soul in the conscious waking state. It was something which would provide protection as well as vibration to the hermitage and to its occupant which was myself. Beyond this, it provided protection to the mission, and to the consecration I must live.

"The countless world delineate Thy form – million-eyed, moon-garlanded, infinite in adornments and glories. In Thy changing robes are woven the dreams of creation, preservation, and destruction. On the endless etheric curtain of Thy mind a myriad cosmic dramas play."

Whispers from Eternity, Paramahansa Yogananda, Self-Realization Fellowship, 1949

While cleaning my property, I noticed that a larger than life-sized cross had fallen over. I headed over to straighten it up as it was down at the foot of the property. In order for it to stand, I had to leverage it with two mystical theology texts 'The Spiritual Life' and 'The Three Ages of the Interior Life', these were at the foundation of the Cross and the only way it could be held up.

"Our friendship with God is a perfect union of all of our faculties with Him; a union of our mind that patterns our thoughts after those of God; a union of our will that causes us to embrace the divine will as our very own, a union of heart that prompts us to give ourselves to God as He has

given Himself to us."

*The Spiritual Life, Fr. Adolphe Tanquerey, Tan Books, Rockford, IL,
1950*

Standing outside of a grand house, an eternal galewind had brought a gift of grand measure towards me. It came upon the wind and dangled itself above my head and then gently draped just over my hair and shoulders showing only now my face.

It was a very royal looking red velvety robe with white fluffy trim decorated with fantastic and embroidered images of the Catholic faith like that of the Blessed Mother, the Sacred Heart of Jesus, St. Francis and St. Clare of Assisi, the Holy Eucharist and other holy signs. The Windstream delivered within it a message upon it from the Holy Spirit indicating that this was being given to me from the Eternal, from the Lord as a gift of Holy protection which was being afforded to my soul, but also as a sign of the predilection my soul had been given for all time, but also right now at this moment; a reminder to let me know in my current doubting that I was in the grace and love of Our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ.

My holy awe could not be contained. I sat on a concrete wall by the door very quietly and said nothing. I held the moment in the holy respect it deserved. I was grateful, honored and deeply moved. Earthly

persecution had followed me at this time, and such assurances were very welcome. I needed to know my work was of use, and that it was not a vanity of my own doing. And here, I sat in holy assurance and protection from that which assailed me.

Suddenly, I looked up and I could feel something very hallowed approaching, like a wind sweeping across the horizon. And in an instant coming through the gate was a majestic horse ridden by Pope St. Pius XII. He was wearing a red velvet cape lined with white fur similar to the one given to me a moment before, and a golden crown with red velvet inserts, and he carried a golden staff. It was amazing.

He rode like a wildfire in slow motion towards me and it was so entrancing, I just stared at him in awe. My soul felt the intrinsic honor that he had come.

When he arrived, his eyes met mine in an intense gaze which lasted for several minutes. In that gaze, I felt his approval of my mission and the status of my soul. I knew for that moment, I was in the grace of God. My soul felt such relief.

And then he pointed his staff at me and touched the top of my head with it. It was like I was being called to some type of vocation, to go forth . . . somehow.

The Pope stood over me in his grand regalia with his staff touching the top of my head. Time stood still.

There were no words, and the energy's expanse was all that mattered. His eyes were portals to the mysteries of the divine. Knowing filled me with consequential wisdom, the timeless courage that he had known, that he had fulfilled. But there was something more. It was so grand, so majestic, so like a diamond . . . can I say that? Like a diamond somehow. It's purity, it's clarity, it's frequency.

The mystical winds were moving like a storm was coming. But we were still. Pope Pius XIIth and I continued to gaze into each other's eyes. As the vision faded to black, I returned to my physical form.

*He came like thundering wind
Trespassing the physical world like a tyrant
Saying, I must persist
For that which is physical must not remain the definition
As it is only a small portion of that which is
Hear, see and receive of the thunderous raging of God
So that you, too, may know that which is hidden from view
Perhaps the truth will approach you on a stallion
Like a wind on a mystical night
And your reality will be ripped wide open.*

Marilynn Hughes

"St. John of the Cross uses the very striking expression that in mystic prayer 'the Substance of God is joined to the substance of the soul.' How this is to be understood is known only by those who have experience. There is really no language to explain what takes place. But mystic souls

*understand the analogies used by the saints, and the
analogy of touch appears most satisfactory to express the
deep union that takes place."*

*Way of Perfection for the Laity, Rev. Father Kevin O.D.C., Chapter XI,
Christ the King Library, 1962*

CHAPTER FOUR

The Ancient Extraterrestrials of Mystical Samadhi and Aum

Were the demon to take rest
It would please me much
But since this will not be the case
In the world of man
I shall not be caught sleeping.

During meditation or sleep, I experienced an unusual phenomenon where my soul seemed to overlap into two different realities simultaneously. Sometimes upon waking, there would be this sense of disturbing unrest in that there would be a colliding of sorts of these two realities that did not mesh; a reality of something I could not quite identify which remained unconscious yet tangibly present, and the conscious waking self that I knew and lived. And within these two elements there was a profound discord, there was disharmony they were not at peace with one another.

One night, I was faced with the presence of that who appeared to be behind this cacophony within my soul. A tall, at least eight foot woman, very thin, of lithe figure and light blonde and thin hair about middle length down to her shoulders. She wore a slight gown in the color of off-white. Her name was instantly

infused within my soul, it was Inez, and she was a demon.

Terrified because she was powerful and overwhelming, I stood in awe of the battle which now waged before me. Her hair blew in a cuneiform wind. And she looked at me with an intensity which defied my free will. She would dominate me and have her will, she had attached herself to my soul and did not wish to leave and would do anything to defy me.

There was an androgyny about this demon woman as she presented herself as being a part of me although I knew that she was not. She'd made herself into an appendage, but I knew she needed to be cut off, pruned, removed like any cancer would thus need to be so.

She was violent and brutal, and her violence was energetic; coming towards me in a blow like a galewind from hell, she could knock the eternal force out of me in one fell swoop. I was weakened and older, easier to chasten and contain. She was terrifying and dangerous because of this.

Engaging in all the usual spiritual warfare prayers and calling upon the Lord was not enough, but I persisted.

As I looked into her eyes, she stood above me ready to strike again. I didn't know what to do, so I just kept repeating the name of Jesus, I kept calling out for help

in His name. And by the power of that Name, my soul faded from the scene and entered wakefulness having vanquished this horrific creature from my midst.

“Remember that you will derive strength by reflecting that the saints yearn for you to join their ranks; desire to see you fight bravely, and that you behave like true knights in your encounters with the same adversities which they had to conquer, and that breathtaking joy is theirs and your eternal reward for having endured a few years of temporal pain. Every drop of earthly bitterness will be changed into an ocean of heavenly sweetness.”

St. Henry Suso

Attending a service in the mystical spheres with my friend, something unseen had struck me, yet I bore it in silence. As soon as the service concluded, the sanctuary transformed—the walls dissolved into an indoor woodland, a vast rectangular space resembling a hidden campsite beneath a forest canopy.

But I was vulnerable. Someone had taken advantage of my weakened state, orchestrating a spiritual attack that had left me reeling. My clothing had been stolen—socks, undergarments, my shirt, and shoes—stripped from me by unseen hands. I could not leave until they were recovered.

As I turned to search, my eyes fell upon a mandala on the ground. But it was no sacred construction—it had

been sacrilegiously formed from filth, an intentional desecration. A silent warning. Something was amiss; the assault upon me was deliberate.

Sensing the weight of it, my friend withdrew to the hallway, leaving me to uncover the truth alone. In the far distance, my gaze settled upon an older woman, her short, curly blonde hair framing a face twisted with vindictive intent. She had engineered this attack, yet she was not alone. Two younger accomplices, a man and a woman, lingered nearby, complicit in her scheme. Her purpose was clear—she sought my downfall, though I could not yet grasp why.

Beyond her, I became aware of another presence—Native American Masters, guardians of this space, standing watch. And I was one of them. Yet, in my weakened state, the woman had somehow gained access to my energy field, an unthinkable violation of eternal law. She had stolen three books—the sacred books of the Masters—energetic tomes entrusted to my spirit. Their theft was a transgression that should not have been possible. But I understood then—my illness, my frailty, all of it had been carefully orchestrated to make me susceptible.

I did not hesitate. My first act was to dismantle her blasphemous creation, scattering the defiled mandala with swift, unwavering resolve. Then, turning inward,

I located my clothing and summoned it back to me, the garments returning through sheer spiritual will.

At the heart of the woodland stood a structure—a glass enclosure, sealed by a single transparent door. Inside, the Native American Masters held the sacred books. I knew the truth: as the rightful Master, all I needed to do was place my hand upon the glass doorknob, and the books would return to me.

But my body had suffered. A systemic infection raged within me, a final effort to keep me from reclaiming what was mine. Still, I pressed forward, pushing through the weight of my affliction. The woman's dark gaze bore into me, filled with unrelenting malice. Yet I did not falter.

With one touch, the sacred texts returned to their rightful place within my spirit, and I was drawn inside the enclosure—a space of protection, where the Masters stood waiting. It was finished.

But she remained. Staring. Seething. Plotting.

Was she a soul lost in despair, in need of intercessory prayer? Or was she a force of darkness requiring immediate banishment? The question lingered, but my heart leaned toward mercy. So I prayed—for her conversion, for her deliverance, for the undoing of whatever bound her to such hatred.

And then, I waited.

"...Don't worry about the darkness however much it afflicts you. It is useful, however, to make the Sign of the Cross every now and then on your forehead while saying these words, "May the Holy Spirit enlighten our senses and our hearts with his grace", or else, "Seat of Wisdom, pray for us." In temptations against faith, invoke St. Michael and Sts. Peter and Paul.

You want the dawn to break while you are sometimes enjoying midday, but your soul, which wants to have the light continually, feels when it passes into the shadow, that it has never enjoyed the light. On this earth it is mainly winter, and darkness lasts longer than the splendors of light. The time of eternal light will come and then you'll enjoy the reward of the darkness endured. I earnestly hope and I am convinced that for you this light will begin already in the present life. I bless you and wish you an everlasting noon."
Padre Benedetto

Finding myself within the confines of a beautiful mansion within a quiet and still valley of grasses and trees, my spirit was wearing the garment of the Masters, the Masters who resided in the Universal Spheres rather than any earthly embodiment. A lone inlet from a river flowed by the home in a serene and calm fashion, wide and deep in appearance.

There were a group of about fifteen of us, both men and women, waiting on the arrival of a group of extraterrestrials who were coming. These were of a nature so different than those we had known before, that the excitement and anticipation that held the air remained palpable and electric. There was a winding staircase of exquisite beauty which went from the bottom of the mansion to the uppermost floor wherein there was some type of broadcasting tower. A man was there with equipment trying to maintain and interpret the contact he had with the incoming ship. All of us retained silence in the room as we knew that everything was very tentatively arranged and we wished not to interfere in a single energetic detail and throw off this fantastic moment in intergalactic history for which we were very lucky and honored to participate.

For a moment, the Masters were gathered into an energetic frequential vibration which pulled all of us into a phase of sorts. We could see just a bit into the contact which was to come with this new race of extraterrestrials, and that when they would arrive that they would shoot out a square of energy for which we should walk into. And by so doing, we would enter into a vibrational frequency which would allow us to communicate with them in some sort of mystical state. It would become more clear to us shortly. In our mind's eye, there was just so much anticipation about

their arrival, it was an excitement regarding their uniqueness which we could not as yet define.

As we were released from the energetic hold, we quietly returned down the stairs and stood by the open windows for which there was no glass down below. There were beautiful wooden shutters which could be closed over the window openings. But they were all open now in anticipation of the arrival of our guests. We looked over the waterway which was quietly moving outside the mansion.

From the upper room, we heard a signal from the man who was in contact with the extraterrestrial ship indicating that they were indeed arriving. As we looked out over the area, we noticed that they were coming in the most unexpected of ways. Their ship was floating towards us on the waterway.

Their craft was a bluish eye-shaped craft with a whitish oval in the center and a greenish hued Sanskrit Aum emblazoned on it. When we saw it, it sent us all into an excitement unexplainable in human terms, but then just as unexpectedly, we entered into a mystical Samadhi. We stayed in that bliss for just a few moments before it was released, and we were all so entranced by the beauty of their coming we wanted to find our cameras to film their arrival. Running around, I was looking for mine.

"Thy hand of creative power issue the vibrations of Aum, materializing in an inexhaustible, bewildering, and wondrous variety of finite forms."

Whispers from Eternity, Paramahansa Yogananda, Self Realization Fellowship, 1949

The Masters were all shouting out, "They are here, they are here." Their arrival was so spectacular, perhaps not just in imagery but energetically. Indeed, they had reached the shore of the mansion by the front gate. And we were all so very thrilled because we did intimately realize that none of us had ever seen them before or met them in this existence.

But again some type of spiritual attack was afoot. From the side of my vision, I saw the woman from the previous night darting around. But before I could ascertain what was happening, I was thrown out into the far reach of the water. It was instantaneous, there was no motion, but rather, a blink and I was there. Looking up from the water, I saw her and I reached towards her. "Please help me, I need to get back to see them." But she gave me a deathly glare and nodded a certain 'NO,' as she began to immediately close the doors to the windows so that none of the Masters would notice that I was in peril. She would not help me.

Realizing I was on my own, I began swimming towards the house. Interiorly, I called out for help from the Masters and received a sudden response to focus

on 'Instant Return.' I focused my attention on this but I was already awaking to the physical realm.

As I did so, information began to download into my spirit. In essence, it occurred to me that the eternal vibration of AUM may have been received aeons ago from these extra-terrestrials who instigated the pattern which would help lead the human race into Samadhi and Universal Consciousness. It would be hard to explain how I understood this, but I knew instantly that there was more to the knowledge of the Universal Vibration of AUM and Samadhi and that it was connected somehow to this particular race of extra-terrestrials. It was not that this was not a natural state which comes to human souls through meditation, but that this information and vibration originally came from an extra-terrestrial source, the pattern was brought into human possibility in a way slightly different than we may remember it.

That which is achievable through meditation, is also sometimes not of this world . . . and this basic principle was patterned into the human construct through meditation with a higher design in mind with the intervention of a higher species of life involved somehow. Did they do this anonymously? Perhaps. Why would it matter that we know this now? I'm not sure. But it was fascinating as the energy of it fell into me like a tornado in torrents, and I realized this knowledge from the Vedas was otherworldly.

As for the woman, there was to be no more compassion for her. She was an invader now. And was out to do real harm. She was to be stopped, removed . . . in whatever way was necessary. It would now be full out spiritual warfare to have her removed from the realms of the masters and send her back to her dark abode.

“Always provide the Focus of the Sacred Fire’s Purifying, All-protecting Love in the locality where you’re going to produce something constructive, and then demand that that be eternally sustained, whatever you do that fulfills the Great Divine Plan will come forth Perfect. And then you of your own free will can call for that Perfection which you create to be made Imperishable and Self-luminous, and to be made an Eternal Blessing, not only to you, but to every particle of Life that contacts It.”

The Ascended Masters, Volume 15, Saint Germain Series

My spirit was taken to see a great monk. He lived in a mountain and in fact, was the mountain. Standing before the face of the great monk from the nose up with the monk’s robe hovering over his head, it had formed as if it were a mountain. And indeed it was a mountain. And I stood there as a small soul looking upon it in an enclosed space, but yet not enclosed. But enclosed in the sense that vibrationally this place was entirely secure from all outside interference. In this place, only the Masters could enter, yet, these were the Teachers

who had come to be taught by the yet greater Masters and Teachers.

Standing quietly before this enigma of flesh and stone, I prepared to receive as he began to teach me through vibration and force knowledges of great number and frequency. In the moment, I understood everything and it was all quite clear to me.

"Look around you," he said, "you are here alone, are you not?" "Yes, Master." "Remember this." He said. "You have come alone. You are first a teacher and a nun." Bowing my head, I acknowledged his words. He made reference to those in my life who wished to join with my path but apparently could not go where I was traveling. "You come to receive alone, for you are the only one who can come here." "Yes, Master."

His energy turned again to the vibrational teaching and scores of wisdom's echoed throughout the space and into my soul. I was gently instructed throughout the night in the mysteries of life, existence and the next phases of my journey. I was very focused on retaining as much as I could so I might bring it all back with me upon return, but as I was being sent back, the details of the knowledge which had been transmitted were entirely omitted from my memory while the remembrance of the experience was allowed to remain intact.

Returning to form, I felt an interior peace about the journey, a certain calm and profound reverence.

*"The silent Soul of all the world was there:
 A Being lived, a Presence and a Power,
 A single Person who was himself and all
 And cherished Nature's sweet and dangerous throbs.
 Transfigured into beats divine and pure.
 One who could love without return for love,
 Meeting and turning to the best the worst,
 It healed the bitter cruelties of earth,
 Transforming all experience to delight;
 Intervening in the sorrowful paths of birth
 It rocked the cradle of the cosmic Child
 And stilled all weeping with its hand of joy;
 It led things evil towards their secret good,
 It turned racked falsehood into happy truth;
 Its power was to reveal divinity."*

Sri Aurobindo, The World Soul, Page 291, Savitri, Canto XIV, 1872 - 1950

Echoing through space-time, my soul and that of another were overlooking a bridge towards three tributaries which we needed to traverse in order to reach some intrinsically more sublime goal.

Soaring down from the bridge, we began walking through the middle tributary along its banks and the waters in shallow places trying to trudge through the water, dirt and mud to get to the elusive objective.

I was wearing knee high boots to assist with the mud and experienced a bit more exhaustion than my compadre. Leaning over to catch my breath, I prepared to go up yet another slippery and muddy cleft at the side of the tributary. Climbing a small ravine, I again leaned over to grasp my knees for a moment before hurrying onwards, but turned around to notice that the other had simply floated across a very deep part of the waters.

It became apparent to me that he was approaching this trial from the eternal, above the ground, while I was moving on the ground. And thus, it was much harder for me because I literally had to go through the mud to get to the target. But he stayed above it all, and thus was easily coasting towards it.

Grateful to have been shown that I was operating from the ground and needed to re-establish my eternal perspective in order to move more effortlessly, I nodded in understanding.

"Contemplation is nothing else but a secret, peaceful, and loving infusion of God, which if admitted, will set the soul on fire with the Spirit of love."

St. John of the Cross, O.C.D. (1542-1591)

Awaking in a heightened sphere, my soul was sitting in a circle with ten other devotees around the Guru

Paramahansa Yogananda. It was quiet as he instructed us in his teaching, but my focus remained on just gazing upon his countenance. There were two younger men devotees close to his feet who were immature and somewhat disrespectful. They were in need of more special attention and he gave that time to them to assist them very patiently.

After he gave a very meaningful teaching he began to lead us in chanting. A musical sheet with the chants were passed around the group so we could follow along and learn it as we performed the ritual with him. But the two young men started making disrespectful comments indicating that they didn't think that the chanting served any purpose and that it was stupid.

Paramahansa was very patient in quietly correcting them in their agitation. As he calmed their very fiery nerves, they began to slowly join the rest of us in trying to slowly learn to follow along in these chants none of us had ever heard before. As for myself, I was a bit intimidated in learning them as they were a new language, as well. But again, as I watched the guru, and followed the music in my hand, I kept silence and felt honored to have been invited for the night.

*“Teach us to chant in harmony
our love’s many expressions unto Thee,
that our melody of souls may rouse Thee
to break Thy vows of silence*

*and lift us upon Thy lap
of universal understanding and immortality.”
Paramahansa Yogananda*

My spirit underwent an inexplicable experience which was managed in the higher frequencies alone. A huge field formed in the shape of a square and a separate object was birthed into the field which then began birthing, migrating and populating hundreds of squares which were forming almost an open tubular field which ran itself around the larger square.

This field held some type of vibrational knowledge relating to my former life and seemed to convey that what we were doing in trying to create a harmonious family for all was important. It was all energetic, vibrational and frequency.

A ton of energy was moving throughout and all of these squares were continuously being birthed out of the original until there were hundreds forming a continuous open tunnel of squares moving around the larger square which had formed a ‘field.’ In this there was some kind of a knowledge contained which was entirely energetic and inexplicable.

*“The field is the sole influence of the particle.”
Albert Einstein*

My soul was being taken into the state of Samadhi, and as it was being so done, an unseen guru was narrating the steps my soul was taking in achieving such a state. The bliss was complete, and it was peace. I bathed in it for a rather long time in gratitude.

"Samadhi is the journey from individual to collective consciousness. The steps of Samadhi are the steps towards reaching the collective consciousness. In meditation, the more we radiate love, compassion, peace, harmony and tranquility, the more is our contribution towards the collective consciousness. The more we positively contribute towards the collective consciousness the more is our progress in Samadhi."

Amit Ray

"The whole art of ecstasy, meditation, samadhi, is: How to become one with the rhythm of the universe. When it exhales, you exhale. When it inhales, you inhale. You live in it, are not separate, are one with it."

Rajneesh

Within the preternatural landscape, my soul was being directed by an invisible mystical master through stages of mystical unfolding. It appeared that my soul had gotten stuck on fragrance, which was intended to be the second of the five stages, but I had repeated the step an additional third, fourth and fifth time. The mystical master oversaw me as I deleted the additional repetitions of this phase and edited the stages back to

the original five step list. As I did so, I understood that I had neglected to maintain the fragrance within my hermitage and must do so in order to now energize the ascent from stage two to stage three of the five stages. My soul fell into ecstatic bliss.

"You are not a body. You are not a mind. You are infinite light, infinite intelligence, the radiance of all beings, the dharmakaya - the endless light of creation."

Frederik Lenz

I underwent a series of experiences which I relay to you now.

The amethyst, purple, fluorite, green, pink but not rose quartz and burgundy stones were being used by the light beings to restore my energy. After all, I'd been under attack, unbeknownst to me, by witches.

Then I saw my paintings, it was almost as if I had gotten rid of them at some point in the future and my soul was feeling some type of real panic in having done so. After all, I didn't live in a large place. My home was a 1200 square foot duplex and I had to always be aware of getting rid of excess in order to keep the hermitage from becoming crowded or cluttered. But in this moment, I felt sheer panic. It was made known to me clearly and energetically that I must keep the paintings that I had done. It wasn't made known to me why this

was so, just that it was indeed the case. Once I'd awoken from this, I was relieved to confirm that the paintings remained secure.

In yet another night passage, my spirit was taken through a ritual passage through holy matrimony. My soul was making its way through different levels of attainment within it, despite the fact that I was no longer married and indeed annulled. I listened at a distance to my former husband talking about the state he was participating in which enjoined him in focusing on being alone. My attention was drawn elsewhere and I hadn't thought I was making any progress within the labyrinth of this night passage, but all of sudden my soul had erupted into another level, another mystery which was ineffable, profound and beyond words. My eyes were opened into a vast, wide open oasis of peace. I walked gratefully forward into this oasis and it began to fade.

And in yet another aeon, an eternal emanation from God, a light being drew my spirit into a fractured space of particulate light. He told me that a spiritual favor was indicated for my soul, but did not wish to say more of this favor. This was all I was to know.

Beyond this, my spirit spent a great deal of time in the mystical spaces working with other souls in discovering their vocation in life and working out obstacles to its attainment. I remember one young

woman in particular of whom I spent a great deal of time, who's calling had to do with children. We worked many hours preparing her interior soul for this task, and then refreshing her through subconscious promptings, "Remember, you are good with children."

Oftentimes, these tasks would also pass into the work with souls who had crossed over who might be in need of some assistance in overcoming something which was holding them back from progressing properly.

But having entered my older years pushing almost sixty now, much of my mystical time was intended to assist souls either here on earth or in the nether regions as is expected of us as we attain to the age of the elder.

And then the apocalyptic visions would ensue, each showing some sort of detail of the present and still to come chaotic times. In particular, as my soul was flying through a wide expanse of open air, I was given to see some type of very sudden transfer of power. It was something which heralded within me a great fear and trembling, as it would bring about even more chaos. I nodded in acknowledgement that I had seen, heard and understood.

"The Church's path is thus described as a Via Crucis, as a journey through a time of violence, destruction and persecution."

Cardinal Ratzinger, Theological Commentary, Message of Fatima

The old building was aged and brown, but it felt safe and enclosed outside of the church. An entire congregation had arrived for the exorcisms to be performed by Fr. Gabriele. We had all arrived and were given direction by traditionally clad Nuns to lie down on a variety of comfortable beds which were nicely placed around the large room. As we did so, I nodded off in wait.

An energetic malaise came over us. We were not quite asleep, but definitely not awake, either. When Fr. Gabriele came into the room, I was aware that he had come, but was unable to respond as I was in that twilight sleep sort of state. He calmly went around the room doing a very quiet exorcism process with each person. He whispered in my friend's ear, as he nodded in understanding. It was clear that he would have special study ahead of him in the realm of spiritual warfare and exorcism and he did.

I watched as Fr. Gabriele carefully went to each, and when he came to me, he looked deeply into my eyes and very methodically snapped his fingers. And I returned to consciousness in the physical realm.

"Do not be surprised if I speak of laymen. In the Gospel of Mark, before ascending to heaven, Jesus says: 'And these signs will accompany those who believe: In my name they will cast out demons: (Mark 16:17). Jesus gave this power

first to the twelve apostles and then to the seventy-two disciples. This fact indicates that He intended to extend it to those who believe in Him. This is the scriptural foundation for carrying out prayers of deliverance and healing. Whoever it is, a man, a woman . . . matters little. What matters is faith. The power to drive out demons comes directly from Jesus. No one can deny it or take it away."

An Exorcist Explains the Demonic, Fr. Gabriele Amorth, Other Means, Sophia Institute Press, Manchester, NH, 2016

My spirit was shown repetitively a sequential process on how this book would be written. Each experience would be written down, a series of experiences would be written. There would be a series of edits to rewrite the experiences until the real essence of them could be brought out to their fullest and then another wave of fullness would be brought upon them, which I assumed might be going through and adding some quotations from ancient sacred texts, to solidify the movement of text. And then I'd have to add the angel wings, and then the winds. But the whole body of work was like a moving wave of energy, fluttering wantonly in the spirit wind.

"Lord, make me wise in using the means which You have provided for my spiritual victory. Let me never become careless or lazy in following the guidance of . . . Your eternal glory in the wonderful life of Heaven."

My Daily Bread, Fr. Anthony Paone, S.J., Confraternity of the Precious Blood, 1954

My soul was given to see and was told how important it was not to put too much emphasis on the significance of mystical experience or visions. Discernment is to be determined through many factors, not just one; and viewing the mystical experience as the sole object of that discernment is incomplete.

*If the truth were known
Should it matter from whence it comes?
Or would you be pleased to know it
No matter how what wind pleased the Lord to give?
I shall receive His winds as He so chooses.*

Marilynn Hughes

"God gradually takes possession of the whole soul in contemplation. First, He seizes the will in the prayer of quiet; next, He lays hold of all the interior faculties in the prayer of full union; later He takes possession of both the interior faculties and the exterior senses in ecstasy; and finally in the spiritual marriage, He finds the whole soul to Himself in an abiding union."

The Spiritual Life, Fr. Adolphe Tanquerey, Infused Contemplation, Tan Books, Rockford, IL, 1950

It is said by St. Teresa of Avila in the transforming union that visions almost always cease.

“The raptures cease in the manner I have mentioned, and there are no more ecstasies nor flights of the spirit: if they come at all, it is very seldom . . . ’ Hence, peace and perfect serenity: ‘In this Temple of God, for this mansion is His, He and the soul sweetly enjoy each other in the most profound silence.’”

The Spiritual Life, Fr. Adolphe Tanquerey, Infused Contemplation, Tan Books, Rockford, IL, 1950

“Effects of the Transforming Union. A union so profound and so intimate cannot but produce wondrous, sanctifying effects . . . the soul is so transformed that it forgets self and thinks only of God and His glory.”

The Spiritual Life, Fr. Adolphe Tanquerey, Infused Contemplation, Tan Books, Rockford, IL, 1950

“He should carefully refrain from showing any admiration, for this would lead the seer at once to consider these visions . . . and perhaps to take pride in them.”

The Spiritual Life, Fr. Adolphe Tanquerey, 1930

CHAPTER FIVE

The Waters of Evil and the Lands of the Archangels

Of what worth is it to us to preserve our soul?
 If the winds of evil were to rise so high
 That no one could fight them
 What would you do to preserve
 That which should remain most dear
 Perhaps everything

Anonymous experience: I was on some sort of Church property which was definitely holy ground. It was myself and Marilynn, who was a Nun, whom I knew well. She manifested with dark hair, was middle aged, very quiet, demure, wearing a traditional black and white habit.

"I want to show you something" she said, I had impression that what she was about to show me had significant importance, and she took me to a place on the grounds near a stone structure, a shed type building.

"Can you feel the evil here?" she asked. I could feel how important it was to the Nun, to Marilynn, that I feel and become aware of the evil present. In becoming aware of how it felt, how it vibrated, I would come to know it with more fervor and simplicity in both the mystical and physical worlds below.

At first, I said “No”, I couldn’t feel it. But I did *sense something*. I moved my hand around the side of the stone shed walls and started feeling a repulsive force of varying strengths, depending on where I placed my hand. I told the Nun that I could feel the evil and I showed her the places where it was strongest. It felt like a magnetic repulsive force.

I could sense and feel that the Nun and I had very strong bonds of caring for one another, and she wanted to bring me under her wing, to guide and mentor me. It was as if we were to be Spiritual Partners on a Mission Together. I sensed very strongly that it was more than just being aligned and united in a spiritual purpose, but to save me from grave, dark danger that was threatening me and surrounding the holy grounds as it was now coming in the form of flooding, that was damaging and destroying all the structures on the Holy Grounds.

The Nun repeatedly encouraged me to come to her at a fountain around a statue of what seemed to be the Holy Mother asking me to pray and meditate with her. She repeatedly warned me to “Stay away from the stones, they are evil!”.

“Come with me here to the fountain, stay here, be here, with the water, you are safe here. This is where you, we, need to be. The water at the fountain was perfectly clear, pure and flowing.

Again, the deep, deep feelings that the Nun had for me were strongly impressed upon me. I desperately want to ask the Nun if she has feelings for me but I don't ask because I sense that I should not ask and that our mission/purpose is more important. Whenever I think of approaching the subject, I can tell the Nun will not discuss it, it is frivolous in relation to the mission at hand.

She warns me that I must come to the fountain with the statue as much as possible and make it my home, my primary residence, my purpose of being, of praying and meditating with the Nun here, in support of our Mission.

Other people begin to show on the holy grounds, a combination of panicked and excited folks. These people were of varying ages, from young children to older adults who are fellow believers.

They show the Nun household articles they had found floating around or on the Holy Grounds. Very dirty, foul flood waters are rising on the Church grounds. The water is dirty and destroys deteriorates and decays the buildings that it touches. It floods them, causing them to crumble and collapse.

The Nun recognizes one of the objects as having great importance and immediately leaves the fountain and goes out into the dirty flood to find a destroyed holy building of some sort. Although I didn't know what

kind of building it was, I knew that the building and the object had great religious significance. As she was searching through the destroyed remnants of the holy building for something, I realized it wasn't a church or a chapel, but it was still a very holy place and remained holy and quite sacred.

Wanting to leave the pure beauty of the fountain to go out into the dirty, mucky flood waters that are moving quickly and strongly throughout almost all the holy grounds to help the Nun with her search, I'm obsessing about not getting my shoes wet and dirty. *I puzzle on this attitude. It makes no sense to me that I would be so petty, and I know this is completely out of character for me.* I can't break myself of it to go out to help the Nun. I'm angry with myself at how stupid I am being, but this feels like a real struggle against this ridiculous resistance to getting my shoes and feet wet and dirty.

I finally break free of whatever within me was keeping me from going out to help the Nun, and I start to head out into the dirty, foul flood waters, and then I wake up.

When I went back to sleep, I'm now with Marilyn and another man who is in some role of government authority, something like the head of sanitation, or some other important utility.

Marilyn and I are at the man's house, and he was telling us how the water pipes were being destroyed

by the flood waters. The man lived in what looked like a water pumping station. The water pipes were very large and strong, like at a water filtration treatment and pumping plant.

I don't understand how what the man is saying could be possible, but I swim and dive under the water to see large sections of the pipe are being eaten away, as though the filthy flood waters are caustic. I am also confused in seeing that built into the metal and steel of these water pipes, are circuitry, like motherboards, throughout these water pipes, that are also being destroyed by these caustic, dirty floodwaters. I wonder to myself whether this built in circuitry is how the water valves and pumps are controlled.

I come out of the water, confirm the damage being done to the pipes from the floodwaters, and I ask the man about why the circuitry is built into the pipes and its function, but the man does not tell me. The man is very concerned though about the damage that is occurring, and he seems to be either warning Marilyn and me or looking to us for help.

This man feels important. I sense, that encroaching dangers on our society are not what they seem to be... that these dangers, such as the flood, are not morally benign natural disasters, but are very dangerous, seemingly unstoppable tsunamis, and causing widespread damage and destruction of all that has been built in society, everywhere.

I ask the Eternal about the circuitry and motherboards that I had seen in the corroded and destroyed water supply pipes, and it is impressed upon me, that the circuitry represents the interconnectedness of society, and how the evil of the flood is affecting, tearing down, and destroying everything in our world at large.

Then Marilyn and I are suddenly in another location with the same authority figure. The man is showing us a large house on an island archipelago. There is only one house, situated in the middle of the island/archipelago). The land mass is very rocky, like a rocky island outcrop in the water. The water is clear, but in a place where it is very cold, not tropical, no snow visible, but with pine forest.

I, contrary to my experience with Marilyn as the Nun, dive into the water and check out the water pipes that go into the house as well as the state below the surface. Upon emerging from the water, I tell Marilyn that everything looks fine. I know that this water is pure, and that the location is isolated from the flood destroying the world.

The man looks directly at Marilyn , and says, "You'll be safe here." It was impressed upon me that this house was not for me, but it could be Marilyn's safe house.

"The Church will enter the glory of the kingdom only through this final Passover, when she will follow her Lord

in his death and Resurrection. The kingdom will be fulfilled, then, not by a historic triumph of the Church through a progressive ascendancy, but only by Gods' victory over the final unleashing of evil, which will cause his Bride to come down from heaven. God's triumph over the revolt of evil will take the form of the Last Judgement after the final cosmic upheaval of this passing world."

The Catechism of the Catholic Church, CCC677

Anonymous Experience: While sitting on the couch next to Marilyn at her house, I was pulled into a mystical realm and sphere. It was silent and it felt very Holy.

I was immediately thrown down to my knees by The Eternal. This did not hurt, but it was very forceful and extremely quick.

I knew from The Eternal that I was to pray in this Holy place. The floor became a light cream colored marble type granite.

While on my knees hitting the floor, my spirit was propelled up and out of my body about ten feet up and then slammed immediately back into my body.

"Only a diamond can cut a diamond, only the mind can master the mind – only the guru's grace makes this possible. Mind can enlighten the mind and lead it to

*freedom, but mind can also step in its way . . . Those who
conquer the mind come to realize God."*

*Many Voices, One Song, The Poet Mystics of Maharashtra, Judith
Skaranarayan, Eknath, Radha Soami Satsang Beas, 2013*

Anonymous Experience: I am reminded of a very early meditation that I had on Jesus' Life, shortly after I met Marilyn.

In this meditation, I was reflecting on the Life of Jesus, and I had an epiphany, a clear realization, that Jesus' whole Life was His Offering to God. That everything He did, lived, even all the years prior to his ministry, was indeed, in fact, His Father's Will and that He had Lived a Totally Selfless Life.

In reflecting on that moment [and in a number of reflections since], it was impressed very clearly upon me that JESUS NEVER HAD ANY PART OF HIS LIFE THAT WAS HIS, IT WAS ALL FOR HIS FATHER IN HEAVEN and that HE NEVER WAIVERED OR QUESTIONED THAT DEVOTION, DESIRE or EXPECTATION.

Then, it was impressed on me that Marilyn's Life is also intended to be so lived, from since she was young, it was God's Intention for Marilyn's Life to be Lived for HIS WILL: to Fulfil and Serve HIS WILL for Marilyn, ABANDONING what Marilyn wanted,

and making her Life as an Offering, a Sacrifice for Christ and God.

It was also impressed upon me that this expectation of God, that Marilyn Devote and Live Her Life for Him, continued to apply in her current situation.

"Self is forgotten only when one has found a higher interest, a more perfect good."

My Daily Bread, Fr. Anthony Paone, S.J. Confraternity of the Precious Blood, 1954

My spirit was sent all over the globe to put out the 'Fires of Taoism' which had taken alight all around. They were blazing all around the world, and I quietly, peacefully extinguished the flames.

This was not as most might interpret, however, as the 'flames' are the 'clinging' that hold mankind to the karmic ties of earth, these fires needed to be put out to give souls a chance to reach higher ground in their spiritual attainments upon their earthly sojourn.

"To the ancient Taoist, Li or Fire was represented by an open Yin line suspended between two, creative Yang lines. Its symbolism resembles a circle of openness at the center. As the second of the primary forces of the I Ching, it suggests the clinging or synergistic aspect of life that

*surrounds us Fire is considered to be dynamic, spontaneous, and enlightening, **but can also be restless and out of control.**"*

Google

All with light, bright and airy as my spirit was taken to be with my mother as if she hadn't died. And in this moment, I believed that she never had. Beautiful, beautiful, beautiful. I was with her as if we hadn't run out of time and we were experiencing what I'd hoped for; the extra time. We were living together and enjoying one another's company. It was so sweet and light. My friend was downstairs, he'd come up with a shirt that needed a button sewn back on. Mom offered to do it, but I said, 'no, that's fine, I can do it.' She seemed to like him, and the three of us were very comfortable with one another and just enjoying this special time which had been given back to us. It felt so real as if it were true. I felt it was such a blessing, and it seemed like we had spent years together, even though it would be only an afternoon. I woke up feeling like God had truly blessed me with a vision as if I hadn't lost that time with my mom.

"When I saw my Master, all my ways turned upside down. I lost everything, became silent, was no longer aware of things that are seen. The ground of duality slipped away, now even the skies are overflowing with the bliss and happiness of God. My inner eye has fixed on that one

everlasting face."

Many Voices, One Song, The Poet Mystics of Maharashtra, Judith Skaranarayan, Bahinabai, Radha Soami Satsang Beas, 2013

Lying down in a hospital bed amongst a large crowd in the midst of a city street, I saw a bishop up in the distance. I was very tired and not feeling well. And I was very tired of not feeling well. But I really wanted to get out of the crowds and go home.

Suddenly, a priest began performing a Holy Mass close by to me. There were about four women who immediately noticed and went towards him and knelt before his small altar and became attentive to the sacred event. Bored and tired, I tried to be attentive for a few minutes, but shortly wished to leave. Turning to go, I began to walk away but quickly noticed that the bishop was giving me a stern look.

Stopping immediately but quietly and softly in my tracks, I turned around and walked back. Joined the women and knelt on the ground before the priest offering the Holy Mass. But I did so begrudgingly and remained very bored. It was hard for me to do it, I didn't want to be there. But I stayed out of obedience.

I was ashamed of myself.

"I have now here before me, O Lord, a sad prospect of the manifold offences by which I have displeased Thy divine majesty, and which I am assured will appear in judgment against me, if I repent not, and my soul be not disposed, by a hearty sorrow, to receive Thy pardon. But this sorrow, O Lord, this repentance must be Thy free gift, and if it comes not from the hand of Thy mercy, all my endeavors will be in vain, and I shall be forever miserable. Have mercy, therefore, on me, O Father of mercies, and pour forth into my heart Thy grace, whereby I may sincerely repent of all my sins; give me a true contrition, that I may bewail my past misery and ingratitude, and grieve from my heart for having offended Thee, so good a God. Permit me not to be deluded with a false sorrow, as, I fear, I have been too often, but let it be now Thy gift, descending from Thee, the Father of lights, that so my repentance may be accompanied with amendment and change of life."

The Key of Heaven, A Prayer for Obtaining Contrition, Belgium, 1934

My soul was walking along a valley of sorts taking care of what seemed to be the affairs of the world below when I noticed this gargantuan almost square like outcropping ahead. It was mountainous, but not a mountain. Almost squarish in shape, it was a massive mountainous, clifflike, almost cube of land which was covered in mostly pine trees which grew upwards into the skies. There was also a very dark brown fertile soil

that you could easily discern from where I stood. But it was a complete vertical ledge of what appeared to be several thousand feet and there did not appear any way to get up there from down below. It was my desire, however, to get up there.

After the affairs down below had been wrapped up, I found myself behind the land mass where there was a path I could take to traverse to the furthest reaches of this mysterious land mass. As I reached the topmost portion of the journey, I found myself being escorted by a lady and a gentleman who led me to peer over a railing which looked into some type of mystical sphere which would be invisible to all those down below or anywhere else along the valley or within the precipice.

Interestingly, when I did, I noticed a vast oceanic water which led far off into the mystic sky. There was a fog which came up off of the water which was mysterious and beautiful. But the lady turned my attention to three items which were floating in the waters. They were hard to see because they were small amongst the great vast ocean before us, but it at first appeared to be something floating on icebergs. But then I wondered if these were not icebergs, but rather, some form of glass or crystal because the environment wasn't cold but rather warm and pleasant. On top of the crystalline blocks were crystalline swords, one on each of the three blocks. And I instinctively knew that these swords were mine and they were coming in my

direction. The lady and the gentleman insisted that I patiently await their arrival even though it appeared it might take some time to gather them from the water down below and off in the distance. But then something unexpected occurred.

Each of the swords transformed into an archangel and flew into the air and became a white light vision of St. Michael, St. Raphael and St. Gabriel. St. Michael immediately began hovering above me in an glorious display of light while the other two almost framed his efforts from around. As St. Michael flew above me, I found my own arms lifting up and down in flight in unison with St. Michael's own and within moments, I could see from two vantage points, there were now two of me. There was the me on the ground waving my arms in unison with St. Michael above, and me in the sky overlapping with St. Michael and experiencing the beauty of it as if he and I were one for these moments in time. I felt the protection of the archangels all around me.

And the part of me which overlapped St. Michael would go back down to the grounded part of me, and then once in a while flit back up in the air, and then return to the ground. Eventually, I was placed back into my consciousness on the ground.

The archangels were in a joyous state as the lady and the gentleman joined them in leading me to a

spectacular ancient building in the distance. Although it was ancient, it was in perfect order as if it had been built yesterday and taken care of with absolute precision. It was a rectangular building, a church of some kind. But it was different than what I would've expected a church to look like. They led me inside the building and there was an open and grand rectangular room. Within it, you could feel and sense the grand holiness of God, but there were no altars, no statues, no candles, no nothing. But it was a place of absolute safety. The lady and the gentleman stood quietly in the background as the archangels had me lie on the concrete ground there, and rather than being uncomfortable, I felt the most exquisite comfort and safety I could ever have felt. It was as if I were in a holy fortress impenetrable by the dark side. The archangels flew up and away into the vast sky.

The lady and the gentleman walked quietly out and left me there alone, as I drifted off to sleep. It seemed as if hours had passed before St. Michael himself returned and again lifted me up by the up and down motion of his arms, as if he were a bird – the white light archangel – and pulled me up and through the concrete roofing and into the sky and into the spirit of the archangel himself. And within moments, I awoke within my own body upon my bed in a sacred peace.

“Regarding the maintenance of the worship and obeisance of the religion and the spirit of the liturgy; and this, too,

that the spirit of the ceremonial of him who is right-thinking, intelligent, and wise man is quickly mixed up with the light of the sun, and connected with the accomplishment of the wishes and the joy of the archangels . . . 'I am he whose thoughts are good . . . he whose words are good, and he whose deeds are good; the sky is my garment, which was first produced from that substance of the worldly existences which is created as the stone above all stones, that is every jewel is set in it; good thoughts, good words, and good deeds are my food, and I love those of them who are in that place through good thoughts, good words, and good deeds.'

*The Pahlavi Texts, Part IV, Contents of the Nasks, Chapter XXX,
Ancient Text First Published 1892*

Taken to a quaint farmhouse in the countryside, my mother was setting it up for us to live in together. She had done a really nice job and it was almost ready. In the backyard, there were these holes in the ground which showed this soil which had psychedelic soils, but they were tempered colors, like pastels; purples, greens, baby blues, yellows, pinks, etc. The psychedelic colors were always an indication of the presence of the eternal.

They were ordered around the holes in circular patterns almost like the shells on the back of a Mastodon. It was very interesting and I had no idea what type of rock formations these were . . . but I was

fascinated by them and wandered around the yard looking for all of them.

My mom never came outside of the house, but she had set up a new mailbox for me to receive my mail on the front step of the home and everything was so sweet, cute and perfect. I was highly honored and couldn't wait to go inside.

*"Everything else has broken, but she is now whole, filled
with the One."*

*Many Voices, One Song, The Poet Mystics of Maharashtra, Judith
Skaranarayan, Bahinabai, Radha Soami Satsang Beas, 2013*

Standing outside my hermitage in the hot arid desert, my spirit was taken again to revisit the wintry climate of the mountains I'd lived in for twenty five years of my life.

A merging of my two hermitages from both of these locations had been formed in the ether and I looked inside. The walls were painted a light and bright yellow like the heavens. And two smaller paintings of the Blessed Mother had been mounted on the side wall to the right in the living room. I'd been given a huge large painting of Jesus, seated, wearing various shades of royal blue, and otherwise in his robes, to hang in the center of my living room – the center of my soul, the center of my heart – as gifts from the Blessed Mother and the Lord. I was humbled and honored by this gift.

A van just like the one I drove all three of my children around in all those years was sitting alongside me now with its side door open. There were about ten to fifteen canvasses piled up, not framed out. Our Lady's Immaculate Heart was portrayed on the top. It was beautiful.

My soul was being led to walk down the hallway now towards the living room. Someone had come to visit and had made a mess of the guest room and bathroom having shed energetic debris everywhere. Stopping to clean it up as it was a defilement to the hermitage, I then carried on. Once I'd cleaned it up, I headed to the living room to hang the portrait of Our Lord.

But immediately upon reaching the living room, I was told that someone had purchased for me a large condominium. It was attached to the side of a shopping center and known to be extremely opulent, vibrant and full of color. I was surprised because I had not been consulted nor made aware of such a purchase ahead of time, but headed over to check it out.

In my mind's eye, I could see over seven bedrooms done in vibrant colors of blue, green, purple, pink and many others with floral patterns which popped and glowed with light and vibrance. I could see how brilliant the building was, and how there were other people who also lived there.

Certainly, this was a mystical home.

There were others awaiting my arrival to guide me around it. When I went inside, I found the pink bedroom which was adorable, and had a pink floral bedspread and pink walls and curtains and I vowed to return to it, but I knew I must see all the rest.

Continuing forward on my quest, I found one other bedroom with six beds in it which were all done in black bedspreads. And then I continued onwards looking for the vibrant rooms I had seen in my mind's eye. Not only were there to be bedrooms, but living rooms, drawing rooms, and beautiful vibrant furniture and brightly lit terraces, etc. **But there were none.**

There was a very dark construction staircase of four plywood stairs hidden in a corner to the back of the condominium. Amidst the main floor, I came upon room after room done in *black and white* with dirt floorboards and old, old rundown themes from the 1800's. For instance, there were rooms that were butter churn rooms, spinning rooms, sewing rooms, and more, there were at least five of them, but they were all worn down and useless – just old.

It was clearly a reference to an unwillingness to move into the future, to revive and bring things to newness of life, to enliven and energize the present and the future – but a tendency to remain in the past or a moment that was now in black and white, a dead moment. So I prepared myself for what would likely

be a purgatorial mansion, a place where there was work to be done. It was no longer a gift for me, but rather, a place where souls were in need of assistance which I was required to render.

Befuddled, I continued on. I found a room where there were a group of four souls waiting on a bench inside and I noticed a set of ten ancient sacred texts locked up on the wall behind a grating. I walked over to the grating and unlocked it. As I was the new owner, I instantly had access to them.

But as I pulled one of the texts out, a belligerent nun entered the room and slapped me. She was furious that I had touched what were apparently 'secret' texts. But this was a 'false' thing, and I inherently *knew* this. So I turned and slapped her right back.

Then she hit me, and I hit her right back. A woman got up from the bench and tried to intervene thinking she knew best, but I ferried her away. "These texts are secret." The false nun said, as I ruffled through the pages of them. "Are these the writings of St. Clare?" I bemused to her, and she didn't answer. As I continued my inquiry into their contents, I noticed with delight. "No, these are the prayers of the saints."

The false nun looked angry and there was a short pause. She said nothing more but continued to try to demand the texts back. "These belong to the people." I said to her. "What are you doing trying to keep these

from the people?" The false nun became rather sheepish, but then pulled my hair. I pulled her hair back. "These sacred texts, along with anything sacred in this building, will be gathered up and preserved and given to the people." I said. "Keeping such things as secret is false and untrue." The false nun looked down ashamedly, and turned to walk away. I quietly gathered the texts and left the room.

An angelic guardian awaited my exit of the room to receive the texts in a herald of light.

Then I turned to enter yet another room. There was a grieving mother in there who had been 'channeling' her deceased son for a book she was writing. I knew interiorly that this would no longer be permitted after this event, but I would discuss this with her *after* this because there were twenty or so people here to witness it and I was not going to humiliate her publicly. But calling up the spirits of the dead was a violation of eternal law. So I quietly allowed her to proceed.

Only a moment passed, and it was as if she had never done what she intended. I was lying down on a table nearby. A group of gentlemen gathered who were now discussing the moral issues involved in allowing her to continue with such a thing. They were discussing both the virtues and vices involved in such a thing, and they were very clearly getting after it and didn't need my help as they were putting a stop to it without me.

They clearly knew that her intentions were always that she loved her son and missed him dearly and desperately wished to have contact with him. But there was a simple issue of eternal law here in that calling up the spirits of the dead is a violation of those laws, and cannot be allowed or continued. The mother seemed to have already somehow been intrinsically and mysteriously informed 'in the spirit'. It was as if the Holy Spirit had come and infused her with this truth and she was at peace with it entirely.

Grateful, as I was exhausted and very tired. An angel appeared at the foot of the table and reached her hands to me as I could not get up of my own energy. She took my hands and lifted me up, and as she did so, quietly and peacefully, I awoke in the material realm seemingly finished for the night.

But a night visitor had come to the foot of my bed. He spoke of three things; faith, hope and charity. Its basic essence was that something was soon to be revealed of great importance. But it could only be received by those with eyes to see and ears to hear.

"Give ear unto this: Never shall mortal eye recognize the everlasting Beauty, nor the lifeless heart delight in aught but in the withered bloom. For like seeketh like, and taketh pleasure in the company of its kind."

The Hidden Words, Baha'u'llah, Part II, No. 10

Leaving my body, I began to soar towards the mountains and the places which had once nurtured my children in their formation in life. For a little while, my spirit soared to various schools my children had attended and shed light in thanksgiving for all they had done to get my children where they are today.

Then I soared over the Mountain Passes in all their majesty and into the mountain valleys, flying in the majestic display with the winds whipping by my spirit, feeling the freedom of the air, and the intentions of the winds, a bliss unlike any other. This continued for a very long time, just taking in the beauty of the San Luis Valley until I noticed the Church down below and a gathering of many of the older women I had once known from the Church who had passed on in so many parishes. In my sheer excitement, I soared downwards and joined them in spirit of blissful reunion, shouting in grand exultation my joy in seeing her again. Hugging her in such utter delight, I cannot express the sheer ecstatic exchange between us in our homecoming. The others all found themselves drawn towards us as if by a magnet as the reunion drew us all together in love and ecstatic bliss. We all hugged in sheer delight. And then, once again, my spirit took flight into the grand majestic mountains which lay before me, covered in a recent snowfall which only engaged the mystique and wonder of their silent and elevated beingness. This continued on for hours before

my soul was called back to its homeland into the body which lay back in the desert.

"I won't even stop at the valley's brook for fear that my shadow may flow into the world."

Zen Master Dogen

My soul was standing amidst a group of people who were all in front of a crucifix of the Lord. It was a life-size one, and it held some type of mystical element to it which was inexplicable. Two or three very elderly priests came to the front of the grouping and were very reverent in their demeanor towards the life-size crucifix. Everyone watched them, but felt they could not imitate their behavior because they themselves were not priests. One of the most elderly priests prostrated himself before the crucifix, and although no one else followed, I instinctively prostrated myself alongside him, as well, in imitation of his act of piety.

The others were shocked at my behavior, but I ignored them as the elderly priest and I were lying prostrate on the ground facing one another.

Suddenly, I could feel a stirring within my spirit and I interiorly knew my soul was about to levitate and I felt such an excitement within my soul I could not contain or express it. As my spirit lifted up, I went into complete and total ecstasy in the Lord and the

levitation took me high in the air about ten to fifteen feet above the ground. While amidst the splendor, the priest gave me a knowing glance from below as he had come to facilitate this state of ecstasy within my soul. And it was only in my imitation of his acts of piety that it could come about. But it was also clear that it was only in the *sincere* imitation that it could be so. There was no vainglorious pursuit in it as it had been a completely spontaneous and genuine response to his actions.

Reveling in the ecstasy, it went on for a long time before my soul was gently laid down upon the ground and my spirit again woke in my physical body.

"The mind becomes pure, the mind finds its true direction in the company of a mystic. To discover your own essence – this is why you serve a master. In the company of mystics faults are destroyed and the ego dies. In the company of mystics you'll see your true Self, the secret will be known. Discovering your Self, you'll discover liberation. Be with one who is bound to none, says Bahina – then you'll learn the art of meditation."

Many Voices, One Song, The Poet Mystics of Maharashtra, Judith Skaranarayan, Bahinabai, Radha Soami Satsang Beas, 2013

In the mystical sphere, I was teaching souls about out-of-body travel. I was planning to have them do a question and answer session but realized we had run

out of time and I'd have to save it for another day. Surprisingly, I found myself a little bit bored with this task as I realized that my work extended from this life into the next and wondered if I'd struggle with being burned out with this life's calling or if there would be a point where maybe the work would come to a place of re-ignition within me.

*Tis' only boredom
Nothing to worry about
For another day I will rise
And be energized again
And faithfully bring about my due.*
Marilynn Hughes

*"Awake or asleep in a grass hut, what I pray for is to bring
others across before myself."*
Dogen

Anonymous Experience: I got out my rosary and took holy water and started to bless all the altars in my house. As I continued, my spirit prayed that God would place a great teacher in my life for my learning. I wanted to go downstairs to see if my husband was doing okay so I went downstairs.

As I went down the stairs, Marilyn was there sitting by the stairs. I instantly noticed my prayer in spirit was heard and reminded immediately. Marilyn was there sitting downstairs and I told her smiling, "You are THE teacher" I took her out to fly with me. (She was the teacher God had placed in my life.) I asked if she wanted to go see someone, but she was very hesitant. It almost felt like she didn't want to go do that together, wasn't sure if it was possible.

But I told her, "Let's go," and I started to fly but Marilyn said she couldn't fly. She sure had difficulties but eventually she took off but remained very off balance. I also realized her clothes were not well maintained. She just didn't focus on that. I saw her ahead of me. We took off and asked God to bring us somewhere.

"Cast, therefore, an eye of pity on a miserable, forlorn child of Eve, and hear my prayer; for since, in just punishment of my sins, I find myself encompassed by a multitude of evils, and oppressed with much anguish of spirit, which can I fly for more secure shelter, O amiable Mother of my lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, than under the wings of thy maternal protection?"

The Key of Heaven, Thirty Days Prayer to the Blessed Virgin, Belgium, 1934

Marilynn:

So my vision I was going to share with you from last night was about the stuff you saw about my health, fatigue and difficulty in flying, etc. I was shown that the eternal wished for you to see in one experience the two dichotomies – that of me being your teacher and even as asked for as your 'great' teacher, and yet you saw my weaknesses as they are manifesting with age and also with the extreme exhaustion of the mystic. It was shown to me that this difficulty in flight, and even the directional difficulty – are all the natural result of so many years of mystic service, the result of mystic

fatigue. But yet it does not indicate any change in the stature of teacher or even mystic. It is just what will continue to happen now as I get older. My spiritual faculties will not be as sharp, just as my physical faculties will decline. But it is not an indication of any deficit, but rather a gradual slowing that is getting more rapid. There may also be periods where I will receive more energy for certain things, but my job as an older teacher and mystic changes with my capacities. You were intended to see it in this manner to realize that this natural decline, just like the natural decline in age, does not denote a decline in knowledge, wisdom or spiritual function. It is simply a spiritual fatigue, and it is apparently to be expected now at this time in my life path. Our capacities may change, and that may call for alterations in functions. As there is an ebb and flow of vitality through our youthful years which eventually leaves us in our later years. The mystical experience requires us to be able to move a great deal of vitality through us. Without that, the visionary world is too great for our bodies to withstand. Although I still experience a great many mystical things, they are of a different nature, more diffused, and they move my spirit into and through realms which provide vitality to the spirit. But the types of experiences which require great energetic outflow are not presented to me as much because my body cannot sustain them. So this is something the eternal wishes you to understand. You will see this

more in me. But . . . it will begin to happen to you also in your own time.

"The resistance to the unpleasant situation is the root of suffering."

Ram Dass

"The inner signs have come – life has unraveled but mind is unwavering. Eyes half-open, shining, throat catching with the thrill, heart is wonderstruck seeing You inside, so happy it doesn't want to come out. Now blue light – the break of day! I've drunk the nectar of eternal life, given myself away to sun and moon – bliss overwhelms me! I soar free in the sky of love, says Tuka, one with God!"

Many Voices, One Song, The Poet Mystics of Maharashtra, Judith Skaranarayan, Tukuram, Radha Soami Satsang Beas, 2013

"This fragile body will go one day, it's a dream you can't rely on. It's the shadow of a cloud that shifts, changes, disappears. A mirage lives for a moment – so does every thought and dream. So much work and owrry, says Eknath, for all that dies one day."

Many Voices, One Song, The Poet Mystics of Maharashtra, Judith Skaranarayan, Eknath, Radha Soami Satsang Beas, 2013

A young woman was with me, some type of guide, who remained very quiet throughout this journey. I don't remember her here, but I knew her there. First she took me to another spiritual protector of some kind. His name was Brad.

I spent a long time with Brad, who was a police officer in charge of protecting me on the other side. There were at least another 50 -75 other police officers who worked with him who were all working as spiritual protectors together. They were all in uniform, and each were given individual charges to watch over.

Brad was tall, kind of quirky, dark hair but balding, scruffy beard, thin but built, he had pock marks on his face, and his eyes were very intense and green. I felt very safe in his presence, there was an energetic nature to that feeling of safeness. But while we were together, he was having us play games and do simple things like that together. Our time together was very mundane, but yet, it was very calming and very zen.

When suddenly, it was time for us to part ways and I was unexpectedly thrust off to another and opposite side of two mountain passes. So immediately I became aware of the fact that in order for me to get back home, I had to cross two mountain passes on foot. I was passed back to the young woman guide, who was present but remained silent on the matter.

It was about to get dark, and I'd have to cross these mountain passes to get back home. There were two, so I figured I'd have to stay put for the night before setting back to get home. The pass was going from La Veta and then through Wolf Creek all the way to Durango.

Suddenly, somebody walked up to me and started talking and walking towards the pass, I was so excited and just started walking with her. Very quickly, I realized it was one of my female deceased friends from long ago. She made it clear we could walk the pass together, and we were both so excited to see each other.

One of my dearest friends who had been about thirty years older than me, a motherly figure of sorts, and our friendship had been deeply spiritual.

We talked for hours while walking about many things. She was explaining the other side to me in great detail. It was all fascinating and I recalled it all in such great and precise detail as we were talking, but couldn't remember much on returning. But she was calming my concerns about so many matters regarding life after death and how things work beyond the veil.

We'd gone a long way into the Mountains, and it was now very dark, but neither of us were concerned. We were much too engrossed in our conversation about the Lord to care. It was just like it had been when we would get together on earth, as we always spoke about spiritual matters for hours and hours on end. But thinking ahead, I felt a bit of concern over this one portion of the pass that I knew would be a little bit treacherous without any sight in the dark at night as there are great dips, rivers and drop offs on the side of the mountain, but we just kept trekking through and

without any thought, we had crossed both passes and had arrived on the home stretch and the other side.

I was so excited that I had gotten to spend so much time with her and I was getting ready to take her to see my previous spouse because I was so thrilled to tell him I had seen her, and she walked forward in from out of the darkness as the sun was now starting to rise. After all, I had talked to him many times about her and another deceased friend from way back that I hadn't seen yet on the other side who I would be so grateful to meet.

But as she came out of the darkness of the night, she no longer looked like that friend, but like the other I had not yet seen, my other deceased friend whom I had never seen since her passing.

Yet it didn't yet register in my spirit that the two had now switched places. She was wearing a long, thick and tan trench coat, and I look at her cluelessly. "Well, do you think this will be confusing to him since you look so much like my other friend?" I asked. She smiled, and ditched the trench coat, immediately wearing a long white flowing skirt with big beautiful pink and coral flowers on it and moved effortlessly before me into the forefront horizon. I was running just to catch up with her.

And wasn't that just so much like her? She was always wearing those flowing dresses and making herself up all pretty and stuff.

But up ahead, she was suddenly transfigured up high into the sky. She flew high, at least sixty to one hundred feet into the atmosphere and was immediately surrounded by glorious peach, coral, pink and burgundy colored clouds swirling with a golden hue as angels began to sing a song of glorious ascension. As they did, my soul fell to its knees at this grand display, and I sang a note two octaves above the angels' highest pitch (through an intrinsic grace granted by the eternal, not by my own power) and held it for minutes at a time. It was such a stunning moment. My soul held the vision and the melodious stream within it in a way which cannot be beheld or understood in just a simple expression of words.

As the transfiguration fell away, she was lifted up into heaven, and I stood back up in awe but in utter bliss knowing that she was absolutely in heaven, as was my other friend. As the two were acting as one in this vision tonight, her transfiguration was equally my other friends.

There was something of value to note in observing this about these two friends in particular. It was demonstrated to me that both of these friends were profoundly holy in the world beyond death. And this

was so despite any flaws they may have had during life. I was so pleased to see this. They were both presenting to me as very happy, peaceful, contented, holy and vital beings continuing their quest in another sphere of existence.

So after the transfiguration the young woman guide directed me to return to the police station to let Brad know I'd made it all the way back. It was important for me to do this, since he was my protector on the other side. But when I arrived there, he was out. So I left a message for him and continued on my way with the young woman guide. And as we walked off outside the building, my spirit began to become awakened, visible and invisible and then slowly to manifest in and out of the reality until I was in a purely blissful state in my physical body so filled with gratitude for having seen my dearly beloved friends this eve.

"My Child, when I give you actual graces, your mind receives holy thoughts, your will has good desires, and you feel drawn toward Me. Such graces are special gifts of Mine. They help you to rise above earthly attractions and worldly satisfactions. Never oppose My actual graces, but follow them and use them faithfully. You will then prove your loyalty to Me, and you will merit still greater graces. By prayer, sacraments, self-denial, and self-conquest your spiritual life grow. Little by little a marvelous change will come over your thinking, your desires, and your actions. You will be living a holier life, a life more like Mine."

*My Daily Bread, By Fr. Anthony J. Paone, Self Conquest through
Mortification, Chapter 104, Confraternity of the Precious Blood, 1950*

Holding the key to a house which belonged to one of the grown children (in the future) of a lady who was with me, we walked through and left the house as we were going somewhere towards the back.

Her two children were inside of her car manifesting at the age of about two and four although they were now grown and in their early twenties. They were wearing onesies, and she reveled in her memories of that time. Driving on a dirt road back towards a barn, many hillsides were in view and we looked at them with intrigue. Stopping the vehicle, I got out and opened the passenger door. We had to decide whether to continue towards the barn and the horses, or to turn around and return to the house.

We'd stopped the vehicle because we'd noticed that we were suddenly overlooking a mystical faerieland across the cliff. It was mesmerizing and beautiful. Picking up the younger son, I was holding him and looking at faeries sitting on cliffs with big beautiful wings in pink, purple and blue and then just flitting off into the sky. We did this for a few moments noticing the wonderful dots of light which literally swirled before us in a mesmerizing field of light.

Then I turned back towards the road. There was a big family on a working farm, they were all out there holding their weight in the operation and getting things done joyfully and with good nature. There were two young girls with short hair curled under just below their ears. They were cheerful and jovial in their work and one of them looked towards us and looked at the lady who had just gotten out of the car and said, "Hi Grandmama." Immediately, the lady recognized her and greeted her in kind. They were both very happy to see each other. Instantly, we both knew these were potential grandkids of hers to come in the future. She came towards the truck for me to hand the youngest to her, which in time would become her father. I looked towards the lady who had come with me who had a tear upon her face in giving up her youngest child, but knew that she would do so.

It seemed that she was being shown one potential outcome of one of her children's lives depending on who they might choose to marry. But it was a happy thing. And it ended there.

"Into Love's fire I'm cast by my sweet Bridegroom new. As on the ring he passed, this loving Lamb mew threw into a prison fast. He pierced me through and through and broke my heart at last. Love set me all on fire."

St. Francis of Assisi, The Best from All of his Works, Thomas Nelson Publishers, 1989

After receiving the gift of a beautiful icon of St. Hildegard von Bingen, I hung it on the wall. Drifting off into unconsciousness, I was surprised when I opened my interior vision to notice that the angel statue which is four feet tall next to my bed was coming to life. Carefully, it began to walk towards the icon as a whole slew of other angels slightly out of the ether to follow her. They were smaller angels yet beautiful winged ones with puffy white and slight extensions. Looking joyfully at the icon, they stared in wonder as I quietly watched the holy display.

"I am the fiery life of the essence of God; I am the flame above the beauty in the fields; I shine in the waters; I burn in the sun, the moon, and the stars. And with the airy wind, I quicken all things vitally by an unseen, all-sustaining life."

St. Hildegard of Bingen

Again drifting from unconsciousness my interior vision awakened to observe a singular Carmelite sister walking through my outdoor chapel which was right outside my bedroom cell. She was carefully looking at the altar and the recent changes I had made with approval and holy quiet. I said not a word as I observed her sacred peace.

"Dare to declare who you are. It is not far from the shores of silence to the boundaries of speech. The path is not long,

*but the way is deep. You must not only walk there, you
must be prepared to leap."*

St. Hildegard of Bingen

Around my hermitage, a beautiful and profound marble door had appeared in the ethers. It was framed in Gold and Marble pillars which held it to the ground and the sky. But within its confines was a marvel not to be seen lightly, as Our Lady of Mt. Carmel resided within it in a cheerful and quiet overlay. Her presence was immaculate and holy and silent. Interiorly, I knew that I was to gather this door which was at least fifty feet in height and close it around my hermitage, my chapel to keep it enclosed, safe and holy. It was a very happy and holy honor. Smiling at Our Lady, she nodded back in approval of what I know not, perhaps the recent changes to my space, the hermitage, perhaps my recent studies in the Carmelite order, perhaps both. I kept my silence and allowed her to simply be in my ethereal space which was an honor beyond all words and I hoped to extend it for as long as I could.

"Mine are the heavens and mine is the earth; mine are the people, the righteous are mine and mine are the sinners; the angels are mine and the Mother of God, and all things are mine; and God Himself is mine and for me, for Christ is mine and all for me. What then do you ask for and seek, my soul? Yours is all this, and it is all for you."

St. John of the Cross, O.C.D. (1542-1591)

"She is so bright and glorious that you cannot look at her face or her garments for the splendor with which she shines. For she is terrible with the terror of the avenging lightning, and gentle with the goodness of the bright sun; and both her terror and her gentleness are incomprehensible to humans.... But she is with everyone and in everyone, and so beautiful is her secret that no person can know the sweetness with which she sustains people, and spares them in inscrutable mercy."
St. Hildegard of Bingen

My spirit was taken up to a gathering of about thirty women all in white robes who were singing in the heavens. All of us stood in a circle in a brightly lit, cloudeous sky view, which was the color of the white puffy clouds along with a subtle pale blue of the sky. Distinctive spurts of yellowish sparkly light would whiz through the sphere continually as a form of vibration. My former spouse was standing next to me.

We were all waiting on the arrival of someone very holy but we didn't know who until she came and when she did, I was so overwhelmed with emotion, I almost fell to my knees. But I was encouraged to remain standing in song and prayerful stance and thus I did so.

Mother Teresa of Calcutta came in regular dress, she was wearing the clothes of a peasant of her day rather

than the usual habit we had seen her in during her life. This I found curious, but it felt completely natural. She was easily recognizable, there was no question who it was as we all recognized her instantly.

She had brought with her a large rectangular shield. It was about 24 X 48, in the color of gold all around. On the front, it had a peach background and there was writing on it.

One of the ladies to my left turned to me quietly and said, "She will be inducting one of us here into some type of special honor." "Hmmmmm," I replied, "What type of 'special honor?'" "It is a recognition of service to God . . . I guess you could say this distinction recognizes more of an attainment after long years, discipline . . . perseverance." I looked at her with curiosity realizing that whoever would receive this would be quite honored. But knowing it had nothing to do with me, I quietly bowed my head and continued singing with the other ladies.

There was an entrancing quality about singing with all these ladies all in white in the somewhat heavenly abode. You couldn't call it one of the heavens, because it was more of a realm between heaven and earth. These weren't angels, but rather, servants gathering in their unconsciousness between day and night, between wakefulness and sleep, between the physical world and the ethereal . . . it was a borderland. But yet

it was a beautiful place indeed and so peaceful. Looking up, to see Agnes Gonxha Bojaxhiu, the daughter of an Albanian grocer in the distance – Mother Teresa – so holy, so simple, so humble, was a hallowed moment, but yet such a refined one.

When I call it refined, I don't mean so in the sense that we on earth might refer to refinement; Cultured, upper crust, ritzy, etc. It was so refined in its simplicity. It was like holiness pared back to its very essence, to its core reality, to the very simplicity of our humanity.

I almost had to think that Mother Teresa wanted us to see her this night as Agnes, because in it there was great meaning. It made her a real person, a real human being. Wearing regular peasant clothing made her one of the rest of us, a regular person on the street – who had done something extraordinary to serve God. But yet . . . even using the word 'extraordinary' I believe she would object.

Perhaps she would say that she did ordinary kindnesses ; but she endured and persevered in doing them every day. And by so doing, it created a life of service to God out of ordinary activity.

That is what I felt in watching her as we sang. But I didn't watch her for long, as my spirit was caught up in being with the women, singing and experiencing the energy and beauty of this realm we were encountering.

My head was focused downward in a contemplative posture and I was inhaling the energy.

So I was absolutely surprised when suddenly out of nowhere I felt someone tapping on my shoulder trying to get my attention from in front of me.

Looking up, I was shocked to see Agnes, Mother Teresa, standing there before me. "I have come to induct you into the 'Shield of Faith,' she said as I began to fall to my knees. She was handing to me the large rectangular shield of gold with the words engraved upon it. At the top it said, 'Shield of Faith' and below it was a description of what this induction would mean.

I felt so utterly unworthy of this honor, I just focused on trying to get to my knees of which I had some difficulty now that I'm older. Agnes chuckled in her understanding of that problem but patiently waited as I continued my descent to my knees.

"The Shield of Faith?" I asked. She nodded and as the shield was placed in my hands it penetrated into me and disintegrated into particles within my soul. My spirit absorbed it in a frenzy of light and heat. I closed my eyes and fell . . . from my knees now to where I didn't know. But I began falling further and away from the realm, through the floor of the realm, and then through the skies and I was reaching my body to awaken. I could still see her and I reached for her, she

reached back and smiled, but she let go . . . there was a knowing glance within the letting go.

And then it was gone.

*The winds of a shield
A shield of faith
Could be no more than a mist
Which gathers from a daily breath
Which seeks nothing but God
That small moistness that gathers around the nose
On a soul who may not speak of it
But thinks only of Him
Night and day.
Marilynn Hughes*

“Finally, be strong in the Lord and in the strength of his might. Put on the whole armor of God, that you may be able to stand against the schemes of the devil. For we do not wrestle against flesh and blood, but against the rulers, against the authorities, against the cosmic powers over this present darkness, against the spiritual forces of evil in the heavenly places. Therefore take up the whole armor of God, that you may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand firm. Stand therefore, having fastened on the belt of truth, and having put on the breastplate of righteousness, and, as shoes for your feet, having put on the readiness given by the gospel of peace. In all circumstances take up the shield of faith, with which you can extinguish all the flaming darts of the evil one; and take the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which

is the word of God, praying at all times in the Spirit, with all prayer and supplication. To that end, keep alert with all perseverance, making supplication for all the saints, and also for me, that words may be given to me in opening my mouth boldly to proclaim the mystery of the gospel, for which I am an ambassador in chains, that I may declare it boldly, as I ought to speak."

The Holy Bible, New Testament, Ephesians 6:10-20

"In all circumstances take up the shield of faith, with which you can extinguish all the flaming darts of the evil one."

The Holy Bible, New Testament, St. Paul

"Now faith is confidence in what we hope for and assurance about what we do not see."

The Holy Bible, New Testament Hebrews 1:11

"We do not lose heart. Though our outer self is wasting away, our inner self is being renewed day by day. For this slight, momentary affliction is preparing for us an eternal weight of glory beyond all comparison, as we look not to the things that are seen, but to the things that are unseen. For the things that are seen are temporal, but the things that are unseen are eternal."

The Holy Bible, New Testament, 2 Corinthians 4

CHAPTER SEVEN

The Strong of Paradise and the Music of the Spheres

Conglomerations of power
Vibration and structure
Feelings and emotions
Guilt or remorse
That hold no further purpose
Descend and fall
To a simple wind of pulsation
When God says it must be so.

It began with a journey of the spirit—a journey through a series of what felt like immense blockchains, vast conglomerations of energy that towered over me. These were not just physical structures, but portals of light and power, each one shaped like geometric squares and rectangles, stacked high into oval towers. They stood at least thirty feet tall, their edges sharp, their forms rigid, yet imbued with an energy so strong that it seemed to pulse through the very air. I was guided through them, one by one, five in total, each unique in its own energy, each demanding a piece of my attention.

As I entered the first, my spirit was immediately enveloped by a surge of high vibrational energy, the intensity of it unlike anything I had ever felt. It wasn't

overwhelming, though—there was a deep sense of peace, a gentle tranquility that flowed through me, like an ocean of calm washing over a storm. And in the midst of this overwhelming energy, a voice, quiet but full of authority, echoed from the eternal, speaking to me with a tenderness I could feel in the very depths of my soul. “It is not your fault. It is not your fault. Let it go.”

And with those words, the weight I had been carrying for so long—the blame, the emotional baggage hurled at me by others—began to release, ever so slightly, in the quiet stillness of the moment. The understanding flooded in that this wasn’t mine to bear, that I had been carrying the pain of others, their unspoken anger, their confusion, their own inability to understand.

With each subsequent module I passed through, the release deepened. In the second, an effervescent light overtook me, its brilliance rendering me speechless, leaving no room for thought or rumination. It wasn’t an overwhelming force; instead, it was a quiet, all-encompassing presence, stilling my mind and spirit as I surrendered to the light. There were no words, only the warmth of knowing that this was a step closer to true release.

The third module was different. The vibrations intensified so rapidly, so forcefully, that no thought or contemplation could even be considered. I simply had

to surrender to the energy, to the raw power that flowed through me, until everything within me was calm and still.

In the fourth, the sound was so distinct, so pure, that I couldn't think of anything but peace. It was like an echo, a tone that resonated through my very being, a vibration that moved through every fiber of my soul. In that tone, in that sound, I felt an overwhelming peace that silenced every fear, every lingering doubt.

By the time I entered the fifth module, I was ready to let go completely. As I fell back into what felt like an invisible bed, my spirit was enveloped by the softest, most caressing linens, as if wrapped in the gentlest embrace. There was no visible form, no tangible presence, but it was as if I were resting in a sacred cave, hidden from the world outside. I was protected, shielded from all the noise and the accusations. It was here, in this sacred space, that the words echoed once again: "It's not your fault. Let it go." And I did. I let it all go.

When I stepped out, I walked into a busy city street, yet I felt no weight. I knew in a way that transcended words or human logic that all was well, that I was free from the burdens I had carried for so long. The eternal had answered my prayers, and in that moment, I was at peace. I could breathe easy once more.

Suddenly, the scene shifted, and I found myself walking with one of my godsons through the chaos of the city. The streets were filled with apocalyptic scenes—fire, destruction, the end of things as we knew them—but I shielded him from it, carefully guiding our path away from the turmoil. Something deep within urged me on, leading me through the maze of destruction.

Eventually, we came upon a humble church, its wooden structure old and worn, like a forgotten Franciscan house. I breathed a sigh of relief as we reached its door, and together, we entered. Inside, there was a bookcase filled with very large volumes, their spines unmarked, and I knew I had to choose one. The choice wasn't made with my eyes, but with my spirit, drawn to a particular book. I pulled it from the shelf, and when I saw its cover, I was entranced. It depicted a full-body image of Padre Pio, and a wave of recognition swept through me.

I remembered a vision from 1995, when Padre Pio had come to me, telling me that he had accepted me as his spiritual child. I understood then, as I had learned over the years, that when he accepted one as a spiritual child, he accepted their entire family as well. He had shown me this time and time again—not just with my own family, but with the family of a lifelong friend, helping their parents in purgatory, offering them his care.

Opening the book, I found his writings, and excitement surged within me. But then, a quiet urging inside me made me look up, and there, in the soft light of the church, Padre Pio stood before me. His eyes met mine with a gentle smile, and I knew, in that moment, that we were connected in a way that transcended time and space.

He leaned over the stroller, his right hand gently resting on my godson's head. He looked into his eyes, and in that silent gesture, I knew without a doubt that the child had received Padre Pio's blessing, his watchful care. There was no need for words, for the gesture said everything.

With peace and grace, Padre Pio turned to leave. His words echoed in my heart:

"Once I take a soul on, I also take on their entire family as my spiritual children. I tell Mary: Here are the children of your Son. If one of my spiritual children ever goes astray, I shall leave my flock and seek him out."

St. Padre Pio

My spirit was drawn to a new place, one that I had come to understand as my own, a sanctuary I needed to close up for the night. This place was unique, a blend of the inner and outer worlds, as if the boundaries of existence had blurred, merging the physical and

spiritual realms. Outside, a serene lake stretched before me, its waters reflecting the calm stillness of the atmosphere. The land surrounding the lake was dotted with massive firewood piles – at least twenty feet high and twenty feet wide – an impressive sight that spoke of abundance and preparation.

To my right stood an immense tree, its roots deep in the earth, its branches reaching toward the heavens. It felt like a “Tree of Life,” a symbol of growth, renewal, and connection to the divine. This tree, standing tall amidst the surroundings, was more than just part of the landscape – it represented something sacred and eternal, grounding me in this moment, in this place that embodied both my spiritual and earthly existence. Everything was perfectly calm, as if the world itself had paused, allowing me to absorb the peace around me.

As I walked, I came upon a group of seven young men. Their voices rose in celestial Christian music, harmonizing in praises that filled the air with light and reverence. I paused to listen, deeply moved by the purity of their song. In that moment, I felt profoundly honored to be in this hallowed space. On earth, I had struggled with my spiritual practices, often feeling unworthy or disconnected. But here, in this sacred place, I felt welcomed, as if the divine had seen my heart and extended grace toward me.

The young men circled around me, their voices blending together in perfect harmony, lifting me up in ways I couldn't fully describe. The music, the beauty of their song, brought a peace I had never known. It was a calm that went deeper than any surface emotion—it was a profound stillness in my soul, a return to something I hadn't realized I was missing.

I walked forward, guided by a quiet sense of purpose, and entered a small church that stood on the property, its humble architecture radiating sacredness. Inside, I met with the priest who kept the space holy, surrounded by two women assisting him in his sacramental duties. The atmosphere was one of reverence, and I felt privileged to be in their presence.

But then, a shift. I entered what appeared to be a bathroom, and my peaceful moment was shattered. Four young boys were there—abandoned, exposed, and covered in feces. They were taking the waste and shaping it into grotesque models of demons and devils. The sight was horrifying, their behavior unnatural, and a deep sense of dread washed over me.

As I looked closer, I realized something deeply troubling. Were these boys truly just children, or were they something darker? They hissed at me, throwing profanities and feces, their eyes filled with malice. In that moment, I understood that something was terribly

wrong. The innocence of childhood had been replaced by something unrecognizable – something evil.

I rushed out, desperate for help. “Father, father!” I shouted, my voice filled with urgency. “There are four abandoned boys in the bathroom, and they’re doing horrible things...” But before I could finish, the priest cut me off. He was already preparing to take action. The two women, without hesitation, joined him in a ritualistic prayer I didn’t fully understand, but they knew what to do. They were ready, prepared to face whatever dark forces had manifested in that room.

Earlier, I had been driving my newer truck, but something strange and dark had forced me to leave it. Now, I returned to fetch it, not wanting it left behind. My old truck, parked near the lake, was where I found it. A friend of mine, appearing dazed from her own struggles, got into the truck with me. As I prepared to reverse, something began to stir – a rumble, a vibration that grew in intensity, as if the earth itself was awakening to something terrible.

Suddenly, the lake began to rise – rising like a tidal wave. But it wasn’t just the lake; it was as if the entire landscape was being overwhelmed by this monstrous wave, an unnatural force that surged with terrifying speed. The water was flooding my new place, consuming everything in its path. I had mere moments to escape before there would be no way out.

The firewood piles, once so steady and strong, were swept up by the rising tide, carried away as though they were mere twigs. And then, the tree—the sacred, towering Tree of Life—was ripped from the earth, lifted up by the floodwaters and carried into the lake. Everything I had known, everything that had given me peace, was now being destroyed in an instant.

The skies darkened, the air heavy with the weight of impending disaster. This wasn't just about me—it felt as though the world itself was unraveling, as if the very fabric of existence was being torn apart. I heard the priest and the two women praying loudly, their voices desperate, but I knew I had to act quickly. I had to get to my truck, to get out before the flood consumed everything.

As the water reached its peak, I returned to my body, the chaos and destruction fading as I woke, the last echo of the rumbling water still in my mind.

"Over the bleached bones and jumbled residues of numerous civilizations are written the pathetic words: Too late."

Martin Luther King, Jr.

Flying through the ethers of the wanton spiritual foothills, my soul drifted through the vast expanses of the nether regions, a realm of endless possibilities. The

air was soft and ethereal, like a gentle breeze moving through the boundless void. There was no weight, no burden—just a serene and peaceful journey, a wandering without restriction, free to explore the many realms and spheres that lay before me.

In the distance, something familiar caught my eye, something that filled me with sudden joy. It was a priest I had once worked for—someone who had passed away several years before. He had been the vicar general of an order of priests and had served as a profound spiritual guide in my life. His wisdom and gentle nature had shaped me during his time on earth, and now, seeing him again, I was filled with an overwhelming sense of excitement and gratitude.

I flew swiftly toward him, my heart light with joy, eager to reunite with him. As I drew closer, I saw that his spirit was radiant, full of light and happiness. There was a noticeable change in him—he seemed freer, lighter, even more joyful than I had remembered. It was as though his passing had released him from the burdens of earthly existence, and now he was simply a man who had chosen to become a priest, not a priest who had also been a man.

His joy was infectious, and as I basked in his presence, a wave of glee washed over me. It felt like I was witnessing a different side of him, a more liberated side, and I couldn't help but smile in return, sharing in

his happiness. He spoke to me for what felt like a long time, his voice filled with warmth and love, and though I knew that only fragments of our conversation would remain with me, I felt deeply honored to be in his presence, receiving his guidance.

He spoke about gratitude, his words resonating deeply within me. He shared that during his life, he had wished he had been more grateful for what he had. His tone was gentle, yet there was a depth of reflection in his voice. I understood, in that moment, that he was instructing me to be more present, more aware of the blessings in my own life. His wisdom was clear and simple: focus on the present moment, don't dwell on the past or worry about the future. Let go of how you think things should have been or should be, and simply exist in the now.

A wave of energetic fulfillment filled my spirit as his words settled into my heart. It was as though a deep truth had been activated within me, a reminder to appreciate what is, right now, in this very moment. I smiled, recognizing the profound wisdom of his directive, feeling a deep sense of peace as I absorbed his guidance.

He spoke more, his voice like a soft breeze, but the rest of our conversation slipped away from my memory, fading into the ether. After what seemed like a lovely half-hour together, I knew it was time to part. I bid him

adieu, feeling deeply grateful for this blessed encounter. I thanked him for his visit, honored to have shared this moment with such a wise and loving spirit.

"For me every hour is grace. And I feel gratitude in my heart every time I can meet someone and look at his or her smile."

Elie Wiesel

"Gratitude also opens your eyes to the limitless potential of the universe while dissatisfaction closes your eyes to it."

Stephen Richards

My spirit was drawn into a deep, high vibrational interior sphere—an ethereal space, hidden from the world, a realm of profound protection. It was a sanctuary, yet its very presence was shrouded in mystery. The atmosphere was thick with an energy that was both sacred and serious, filled with an intensity that both comforted and overwhelmed me.

Surrounding me were many saintly priests, each dressed in black cassocks. Their figures were unusually tall and thin, almost statuesque in their appearance. They moved with a solemnity that gave the space a quiet, unwavering focus. The priests did not speak, but their presence was commanding, and I felt myself drawn into their sphere, protected by their silent, intense vigilance. I was there for a reason, though I could not fathom what threat they were

guarding me from. It was as if an unknown, energetic danger loomed just beyond my awareness, and they had positioned themselves to shield me from it.

Though their seriousness was palpable, there was something comforting about their presence. Their very intensity conveyed a sense of absolute security, even as I remained uncertain of the nature of the danger they were protecting me from. I felt hidden in their midst, enveloped in a quiet, invisible embrace, but there was a weight to their silence. They watched me with an almost stern attention, and I found myself striving to remain as silent and still as possible. I moved carefully, like a shadow, trying not to disturb the stillness that surrounded me. The tension in the air was thick, yet I knew, without question, that this space was one of profound honor. It was a gift, though hidden from my understanding.

As I was gently guided to leave, I knew – despite the harsh glances, the quiet authority, the almost cranky demeanor of the priests – that their intentions were for my good. It was all hidden from me, a divine protection whose meaning remained just out of reach, but the sense of safety was unmistakable. There was a deeper truth that I could not yet comprehend, a mystery beyond my grasp, but it was clear that this was a moment of profound grace, even if it felt shadowed in its intensity.

I nodded in gratitude, humbled by their silent watchfulness. With a mixture of reverence and timidity, I followed the guide out of the sphere, the realm of protection gradually fading behind me as I stepped back into the unknown, knowing that I had been cared for in a way I could not fully understand.

"Now you will see that the further outward we proceed from spirit toward matter, the more objective becomes the substance of which our environment is made. On the planet Earth it is frankly material. In the region next in order above Earth it is less material and more ethereal; then it is ethereal; and then it is more spiritual than ethereal; and then it is spiritual; and then it is spiritual but more sublime. The modification of which I spoke is the removal of the material environment, or its replacement by the spiritual."

*The Outlands of Heaven, Life Beyond the Veil Series, Volume V, Book 6,
Chapter II, Rev. G. Vale Owen, The Greater World Association Trust
1971*

My spirit was drawn upwards, into heaven itself, where I found myself standing in awe before what could only be described as "The Strong of Paradise." These beings, pillars of pure light, towered before me, their presence both humbling and majestic. They were not beings in the traditional sense, for they were not made of flesh or bone, but rather, they existed as shafts of light—one hundred feet high and as slender as a

human form. Their luminosity was radiant and yet soft, glowing with a power and reverence that filled the space.

There were no words exchanged, no voices, just an overwhelming silence—a silence so profound that it felt as though the very air had paused to honor these beings. The skies above were a pale, ethereal blue, a color that seemed to hold the weight of heaven itself. The pillars of light shimmered with an almost crystalline clarity, their forms resembling quartz but not quite stone—there was no solidity, no texture, only the purity of light itself.

As I stood before them, I realized there were no features to behold, no limbs or faces—just the towering shafts of light and a sense of consciousness so vast, so elevated, that it was beyond comprehension. They emanated a presence that was both serene and powerful, an intelligence of the highest order. In their stillness, they communicated without words, their very being exuding an understanding that transcended language.

To stand in their presence was an act of reverence. There was nothing to say, nothing to ask, nothing to express. The awe they inspired was complete, rendering me utterly silent, as if all that could be offered was silent witness. I did not need to speak, for in their presence, words became irrelevant. Their being

was enough. The space around them seemed to hold its breath, and in that stillness, I felt an ineffable peace, an understanding that was far beyond anything I had ever known.

And so, I stood there, simply being—being in the presence of these great pillars of light, their consciousness filling the realm with a silent, divine energy. In that moment, it became clear: there was nothing to be said, nothing to be asked. There was only the reverence of witnessing something far greater than myself, something beyond the limitations of earthly existence.

*“As you rise in the spheres near and nearer to the Central Energy, Whom we call God, the environment becomes the more sublimated in substance. It is therefore the more easily moulded into conformity with the wills of those who inhabit. So, I say, their environment becomes more and more subjective the higher we go. This is another way of saying that these High Beings, because they absorb more of their environment into themselves become, **ipso facto**, the more universal. They compass within themselves more content of space, or being, or what other counter you will to use to reckon them up in their several degrees of power.”*

The Outlands of Heaven, Life Beyond the Veil Series, Volume V, Book 6, Chapter II, Rev. G. Vale Owen, The Greater World Association Trust

1971

My spirit found itself in the midst of a church service, surrounded by a gathering of women, their faces open and eager. With the deep sense of purpose that had guided me there, I began to tell them the story of a musician, a gifted soul who had composed music that resonated with the divine—a melody born from heavenly love, a sound that transcended earthly limits. This musician had collaborated with another artist, and together, they had created a work that could reach the depths of the soul, a symphony of grace and emotion.

In my arms, I held the album—the physical manifestation of this sacred music. I gently offered it to the women, allowing them to touch it, to feel its presence. As they held the album, the music began to fill the air around them, an ethereal sound that seemed to envelop the room. The music was alive, breathing in the space, flowing like a river of light. It was more than just notes and rhythms; it was a conduit of love, a divine energy that wrapped itself around their hearts and souls.

As their fingers touched the album, something shifted within them. A light sparked in their souls, a recognition of the truth and beauty that was embedded in the music. They began to hear it—not just with their ears, but with their hearts. The melodies stirred something deep within, unlocking a learning, a revelation that transcended the ordinary. The sound

carried with it a deep truth, and with each note, they were moved, their emotions rising like a wave. Soon, tears began to fall from their eyes, tears of release, of recognition, of connection to something greater than themselves.

In that moment, I knew. The work I had come to do within their souls had been accomplished. The music, the love, the light—it had opened something within them, and I felt a quiet peace in knowing that they had received it.

As the service continued, they turned to me with gratitude in their eyes, their voices filled with a gentle plea: "Please come again." I was taken aback by their words. I had worried that I had been too disruptive to the sermon, that my interruption had been unwelcome. But their response was filled with warmth, and they wanted me to return, to share this gift with them once more.

And so, with a heart full of gratitude and humility, I nodded in understanding, knowing that I had been a vessel for something much larger than myself. I had shared a piece of the divine with them, and in doing so, had touched their souls in a way that words could never fully capture.

"In the same way we could now compare the changes [i.e. modulations and transpositions] of the tonal system with the changing states of the soul during life's vicissitudes.

For in each, the melody alters - - even when the genus is retained - - so that the place [on the instrument] which imparts a certain character to the melody is silent, or at least not used in the same way. And so it is with the changes in the life of men: a certain attitude of soul, unaltered in itself, will be forced into a new course and compelled to adapt to the existing way of life of a community, even to make this its own way of life . . . A similar effect is shown in melodic modulations. One and the same compass calls forth an enlivening expression in the higher modes, but a dejected one in the lower, because a high range causes the soul to sense, while low tones make it relax. Hence the middle modes . . . are compared with orderly and steadfast conditions of soul; higher ones . . . with restless and active ones; and deep ones . . . to limp and dull ones. For this very reason, an emotion in the soul can immediately occur in the actual life of a melody; the soul, so to speak, recognizes the affinity between the harmonic relationships and its own situation; it is molded by the movements peculiar to certain melodic expressions, so that it plunges betimes into pleasure and diversion, and at others feels sympathy and humility. It may be lulled into repose, then again spurred into wakefulness. Sometimes it sinks down into ease and relaxation, then flames forth in passion and enthusiasm. All this the melody mayst do by modulation in one direction or another, while the soul is simultaneously shifted to the appropriate conditions because of the inner resonance of the two."

The Harmony of the Spheres, A Sourcebook of the Pythagorean Tradition in Music, Ptolemy, Joscelyn Goodwin, Inner Traditional International, 1993

My soul was gently taken into a mystical overlap of our world, a space where the boundaries between realms seemed to blur, and everything felt alive with a radiant energy. In this realm, I was shown the enlivenment of the animals—beings of pure joy and vitality, existing in their truest, most vibrant form. As I watched in awe, a bear cub appeared before me, its fur so soft and warm that I could hardly believe it was real. I picked it up, and the pure joy I felt in that moment was indescribable—its cuddliness, its innocence, filled me with such peace. The connection between us was immediate and pure, a bond formed not through words, but through the shared language of love and reverence.

Then, as if the realm itself had heard my joy, the desert animals began to emerge around me—the reptiles, the snakes, the desert mice, and the rabbits—all moving in a vibrant, energetic dance. The air around them shimmered with light, and their particles seemed to burst into being in this vibrational reality, showing me just how special, how lively, and how sacred these creatures truly are in the mystical sphere. Their presence was so full of wonder, so full of life, that I couldn't help but feel a sense of excitement and awe. I marveled at their beauty, at their vitality, as if witnessing them for the very first time.

But the joy didn't end there. As I continued in this realm of spiritual wonder, I found myself reunited with the spirit of my dear, departed hamster, Mr. Hairball Bedding Butt. The sight of him brought a warmth to my heart that was both comforting and exhilarating. He darted from hand to hand, his little body chittering and scurrying around me, as playful and mischievous as he had been in life. His spirit was full of energy, full of life, and I couldn't stop smiling as I watched him play, tumbling across my body, just as he had when he was with me on earth.

We played together for what felt like an eternity, and though we didn't speak, there was a profound understanding between us, a quiet connection that went beyond words. It was the joy of reunion, the happiness of sharing a space filled with love, light, and playful energy. It was a reminder that love transcends time, and that the bond between us—whether in the physical world or in the spiritual realm—could never be broken.

"This joy is not, like earthly happiness, at once felt by the heart; after gradually filling it to the brim, the delight overflows throughout all the mansions and faculties, until at last it reaches the body. Therefore, I say it arises from God and ends in ourselves, for whoever experiences it will find that the whole physical part of our nature shares in this delight and sweetness. While writing this I have been thinking that the verse 'Dilatasti cor meum,' 'Thou hast

dilated my heart,' declares that the heart is dilated. This joy does not appear to me to originate in the heart, but in some more interior part and, as it were, in the depths of our being. I think this must be the centre of the soul, as I have since learnt and will explain later on. I discover secrets within us which often fill me with astonishment: how many more must there be unknown to me! O my Lord and my God! how stupendous is Thy grandeur! We are like so many foolish peasant lads: we think we know something of Thee, yet it must be comparatively nothing, for there are profound secrets even in ourselves."

The Interior Castle, Chapter II, St. Teresa of Avila, 1921

Energetically, I was shown a profound truth about myself—one that I hadn't fully realized until this moment. Over the years, I had developed a pattern of being "argumentary," not argumentative, but argumentative in a different, more subtle way. It had become a survival mechanism, born from the trials of my less-than-ideal circumstances growing up and enduring a challenging marriage. The constant need to defend, to prove myself, had shaped this trait, and it had lingered far longer than it should have.

As I saw it for what it was, I felt a deep sense of disquiet. The realization stung, for I had carried this ugly trait within my soul for so long. It was not just a pattern of behavior—it was woven into the fabric of

who I had become, a result of years of internalized struggle and the need to protect myself from the world. But seeing it now, clearly and undeniably, I was unhappy with myself for holding on to it. It was not who I truly wanted to be, and yet, there it was—still with me, clinging to my spirit.

As I grappled with this realization, my mind turned to the many important decisions that lay ahead in my life—decisions that weighed heavily on my heart. I agonized over them, torn between choices, paralyzed by uncertainty. The indecision was a storm within me, a whirlwind of possibilities and fears, swirling without resolution. It was in the midst of this internal turmoil that I was swept into an energetic whirlwind, a rush of energy that carried me away from the chaos of thought and into a moment of clarity.

In this energetic space, a voice—calm, yet authoritative—spoke to me, breaking through the storm within. “Make a decision and follow through,” it said, its words simple, direct, and full of power. The message was clear: I didn’t have the luxury of hesitation any longer. The time had come to choose, to take action, and to trust in the path that lay before me.

The whirlwind subsided, leaving me with a sense of calm determination. I knew that I had to let go of the weight of indecision and move forward. The clarity that had washed over me felt like a healing balm, a

release from the paralysis that had gripped me. I knew now that it was time to make my choice and to commit to it, with full faith in myself and the journey ahead.

"The aim of argument, or of discussion, should not be victory, but progress."

Joseph Joubert

In the stillness of the night, when the veil between worlds is thinnest, a soul whom I had once nurtured, tended, and guided through many long years, now wandered in the shadows of a distant fall. He had once shone brightly, but had slipped away from the light, his heart heavy with choices that led him astray. As I felt his presence beside me, I paused in my work within the mystical spheres, and with tenderness, I spoke to him, "It's okay. I understand if you wish to return to your new life. It's alright, I understand."

But to my surprise, his reply was silent and firm, his head shaking with an almost imperceptible force. "No," he said without words, a deep and quiet refusal.

I looked upon him, bewildered, my spirit trembling at the depth of his struggle, for the magnitude of his fall was like a storm that had shaken him to his very core. "Really?" I whispered, my voice laced with wonder and disbelief. How could he still stand before me with

such clarity, when the weight of his choices had darkened his essence so?

In the stillness of that sacred moment, the Holy Spirit moved within me, guiding us both to a realm of learning and discovery. We were taken to an ethereal office, where two professors waited, their souls poised in anticipation, as if they had been expecting this very meeting. There, in the boundless space of the mystical spheres, we both reclined, suspended in the air, our beings weightless and serene.

Our lights began to shimmer like distant stars, twinkling in the vast emptiness. Mine burned bright, with the intensity of years spent in devotion, while his, the soul I had once guided, flickered faintly. Yet, despite the dimness of his light, there was still something powerful—a spark, a reminder that no fall could erase the essence of the soul. He struggled, his energy faint, but still he emitted light, still he participated in this sacred act, as though the very act of radiating was an act of defiance against the darkness that had claimed him.

The professors, wise in their own right, marveled at what they saw, their minds alight with curiosity. They observed in awe the mystical state we had summoned, intrigued by the depths of what it meant to still emanate light despite the shadows within. But as we

came out of the trance-like state, one of the professors, drawn inexplicably to my charge, stepped forward.

The Holy Spirit flooded the room, descending with profound purpose. An influx of divine wisdom poured into the professor's spirit, revealing the truth of the soul's fall—from the choices, the wounds, the missteps that had led him so far astray. The professor turned to me, his eyes wide with understanding, his voice steady with resolve, "We are going to study this, instead."

I nodded, my heart full of gratitude, knowing that this was not my burden to carry alone. And with that, I quietly withdrew, my soul at peace, knowing that this lost soul, whom I had loved and guarded, was now in the hands of the divine wisdom he needed to heal.

*"Meet me in the middle of your story when the soul is
worn but wise."*

Angie Weiland-Crosby

In the quiet of the eternal night, my spirit was lifted beyond the veil of earthly understanding. Carried on the breath of the divine, I was shown a vision not of perfection, but of love dwelling in imperfection—a lesson woven into the fabric of souls struggling to mend the fractures of life.

A voice, gentle yet vast, whispered through the stillness, **"Why do you toil so tirelessly to restore**

what you believe must be perfect? Perhaps your calling is not to repair what was broken, but to illuminate the love that persists, even in brokenness."

I stood in awe as the layers of life's struggles unfolded before me. Families fractured by time, marriages strained by silence, and hearts weary from striving—all these sorrows rose like a chorus to the heavens. And yet, in their midst, there was light, soft and unwavering, cradling each wounded soul.

It became clear, as if etched into the very stars, that God's mercy does not reside only in triumph, in lives lived without blemish, or in outcomes that meet our expectations. No—it is in the tender embrace of those who have given their all and found themselves left with nothing. It is in the quiet reassurance that love endures even when our dreams crumble to dust.

I was shown that it is easy to believe we are loved when life aligns with our hopes, when our good intentions bear the fruit we had envisioned. But what of when everything shatters? When our best efforts yield pain instead of peace, regret instead of redemption? **Can we still see God's love reflected in those jagged shards?**

A vision came upon me: souls bowed low beneath the weight of loss and failure—those who had been shattered by death, disaster, war, estrangements and

betrayal; with family, children, friends and governments. I was no stranger to these. These souls, I was told, were the dearest to the heart of God. For their humility, born of brokenness, opened a sacred doorway to grace. They had learned what so many never realize: that we are not the authors of outcomes, but the bearers of effort.

In the midst of this revelation, I felt a profound connection—a kind of sacred family formed not by blood, but by shared sorrow. The broken are bound together, their cracks forming the veins through which divine love flows. In their brokenness, they are made whole, not by the world's standards, but by the endless mercy of the Creator.

The voice, now a melody resonating deep within me, whispered once more: **“Tell them they are not alone. Tell them they are loved. Remind them that in their breaking, they are brought closer to me.”**

“The wound is the place where the light enters you.”

Rumi

And so, I returned from this vision, my soul alight with purpose—not to restore perfection, but to remind the broken-hearted that they belong. They are not forgotten. They are not unworthy. God's mercy flows most freely into the deepest wounds, and His love shines brightest in the lives that have known the greatest darkness.

If you, too, feel broken, know that you are not alone.
Yours is a family unseen, spread across the earth and
through the heavens, bound by love, held together by
grace. And in this divine family, you are cherished,
exactly as you are.

*“People are often unreasonable, illogical and self centered;
Forgive them anyway.*

*If you are kind, people may accuse you of selfish, ulterior
motives;
Be kind anyway.*

*If you are successful, you will win some false friends and
some true enemies;
Succeed anyway.*

*If you are honest and frank, people may cheat you;
Be honest and frank anyway.*

*What you spend years building, someone could destroy
overnight;
Build anyway.*

*If you find serenity and happiness, they may be jealous;
Be happy anyway.*

*The good you do today, people will often forget tomorrow;
Do good anyway.*

*Give the world the best you have, and it may never be
enough;
Give the world the best you've got anyway.*

*You see, in the final analysis, it is between you and your
God;*

It was never between you and them anyway."
Inscribed on the wall of Mother Teresa's children's home in Calcutta.

In the twilight of a world not my own, where the air shimmered with a gentle hum and colors danced like fireflies, a peculiar yet enchanting creature emerged from the mist. He moved with a quiet grace, his fur as soft as the first snowfall and streaked with shades of white and gray. His form was unlike anything I had ever seen on Earth—a harmonious blend of capybara and rabbit, though his snout was long and rectangular, lending him an air of curiosity and intelligence.

As I knelt to greet him, his dark, shining eyes met mine, and in that moment, I felt an inexplicable connection, as though he had been sent to this realm just for me. He was no ordinary being; he was a **Dipple**, a name whispered into my spirit as if carried on the wind. The word resonated with an otherworldly familiarity, though I knew I had never encountered such a creature before.

I reached out, and he approached without hesitation, his body warm and inviting as I lifted him into my arms. His fur, impossibly soft, seemed to carry the scent of starlight and dreams, and I couldn't resist the urge to bury my face in his silky coat. He leaned into me, his small, snuggly frame fitting perfectly against my chest, as though he had always belonged there.

We played together in that mystical space, a dance of joy and innocence that felt timeless. He nuzzled my cheek, his quiet trust and boundless affection filling me with a pure, uncontainable glee. I laughed like a child, carefree and unburdened, as I cradled this lively little snuggle bug, so at home in his strangeness, so wondrously unique.

I did not know what world had birthed him, what mysterious land he might call home, but it hardly mattered. In that moment, the Dipple was mine to love and cherish. He was a bridge between worlds, a reminder of the joy that exists beyond the boundaries of the familiar.

As I held him close, his gentle warmth seeping into my soul, I realized that he was more than just a creature — he was a spark of creation's endless wonder, a living embodiment of the delight that still thrives in the universe's infinite corners.

In that fleeting moment, I was grateful beyond measure to have met him, this little emissary of joy

from a place unknown, who had reminded me how to marvel, how to love, and how to play.

"Animals are such agreeable friends."

George Eliot

The humble room seemed to glow with an unearthly light, as though the walls themselves knew something sacred was about to unfold. As I stepped inside, the air shifted, carrying with it a warmth both familiar and unexpected. My eyes fell upon a figure seated calmly in a chair—a presence that should not have been there, yet undeniably was.

It was her—my former spouse's mother, who had left this world nine months before. But she was no longer the frail woman I had last known. No, she radiated vitality, appearing as if time had unspooled its threads and woven her anew. Her once-weathered features were smooth, aglow with youth and joy, and she wore a peach-colored skirt suit, as though she had stepped directly out of the 1960s.

She smiled, a radiant expression that reached not just her lips but her entire being. It was a smile of peace, of understanding, of a heart unburdened. Her energy filled the space like sunlight breaking through clouds, and when she spoke, her voice carried a playful lilt.

“What took you so long? Why didn’t you get here sooner?” she asked, teasing, though her words were not edged with impatience.

I stood there, unsure how to respond. It wasn’t as though I could summon the departed at will; the moment simply hadn’t come until now. But her question wasn’t meant to chide—it was her way of opening the door, of letting me know I was welcome in this strange and sacred reunion.

Her presence was startling, not just because she was here, but because she was so different than I had remembered. At the time of her death, I had assumed she carried resentment toward me. But now, as I gazed upon her, all that tension had vanished, dissolved into the ether.

She understood—more deeply, more clearly than she ever could have in life. She understood the difficulties of her son, the trials I had faced, and the complexities of a bond that had not been severed by divorce but transformed into something enduring. She saw me not as a disruption or an adversary but as a part of the tapestry, interwoven with her family in a way that could not be undone.

Her acceptance felt like a balm to my soul, a quiet reassurance that perhaps I was not so easily misunderstood after all.

I moved closer and sat beside her, marveling at her transformation. She was luminous, as though the life she now lived had polished her spirit to a fine brilliance. We began to talk, our conversation flowing as if no time had passed, as if we had always spoken like this. I shared news of one of her grandchildren, of the struggles and triumphs in their life, and as I spoke, her joy was palpable.

Her face lit up with delight, her laugh soft but genuine, and I felt something within me ease. Her happiness was contagious, a kind of divine signal that perhaps all would be well. I realized then that her joy was not just hers—it was a gift she was offering me, a way of showing me that the things I had worried over, the fears I had carried, did not need to weigh so heavily on my heart.

I studied her as we talked, taking note of every detail—her glowing complexion, the effortless grace with which she sat, the sheer lightness of her being. She was thriving, and the sight of her in this state filled me with relief.

“You’re doing so well,” I said finally, my voice soft with wonder.

She beamed at me, her smile widening even further. “And so will you,” she replied, her words carrying a depth that seemed to resonate through my very spirit.

In that moment, I understood that this meeting was more than just a reunion; it was a blessing, a moment of healing that transcended the barriers of life and death. She was showing me that forgiveness was possible, that understanding could bloom even in the most unlikely of places, and that love—in all its forms—was eternal.

As I rose to leave, her smile lingered in my mind, a bright and enduring presence. And though I left the room, I carried with me a sense of peace, a quiet knowing that I was not alone in this journey. She had found her joy, and in her radiance, I had found a little more of mine.

"To live in hearts we leave behind is not to die."

Thomas Campbell

I awoke, bound in darkness, my arms clasped in an iron grip I could not break. My body lay still, yet my soul was thrust into a raging storm. The air was thick with malevolence, and the room had transformed into a battlefield unseen by mortal eyes. Above me, the ceiling churned with a seething mass of horror—a vortex of howling shadows, their forms twisting like smoke, yet grotesquely solid in their fury.

They moved as mists of white and red, streaked with trails of blood that dripped into grotesque shapes.

Faces emerged from the chaos—ghastly masks of anguish, their hollow, bulging eyes like blackened abysses rimmed in unnatural light. Their hair streamed in decaying strands, like remnants of ancient corpses pulled from graves long forgotten. Their movements defied the laws of nature, hurling themselves in arcs of wrath, their howls reverberating through the very marrow of my soul.

Terror gripped me, not just for what they were, but for what they represented. I knew in that moment that this was not merely a battle within my room—it was a reflection of the state of our world, of humanity itself. These beings, these twisted forms of hatred and destruction, were the very essence of the darkness that had seeped into our realm.

The horror of it was overwhelming. Their presence was not just an external force; it was an invasive rot, seeking to consume my very essence, to gnaw at the foundations of my faith. And yet, even in my terror, I felt a quiet certainty. **This battle was mine to fight.**

Though bound, though gripped in the clutches of an evil that sought to extinguish every flicker of light within me, I knew I could not yield. This was not a battle fought with sword or shield, but with prayer—a war not of flesh and blood, but of the spirit. My enemy was not on the ground but in the air, in the very

principalities and powers of evil that sought dominion over the hearts of mankind.

The ceiling swirled with fury, their howls rising to a deafening pitch, but I closed my eyes and began to pray. My voice, trembling yet resolute, called out to Jesus and Mary. Their names became my weapons, sharp and unyielding, cutting through the oppressive weight of the darkness.

“Jesus... Mary... Jesus... Mary...”

I repeated their names, each invocation a spark of light in the suffocating void. Slowly, with each prayer, I felt the grip on my arms begin to loosen. First one hand, then the other, until I could raise them freely. My body trembled, but my spirit grew steadier as I called upon the divine.

The mists recoiled, their forms shrieking in anger as the light of my prayer pierced through them. Yet even as they withdrew, their presence lingered, a chilling reminder of the state of the realm I inhabited. I could not shake the understanding that these horrors were not isolated—they were everywhere, their influence spreading like poison through the veins of humanity.

The most chilling truth was not their presence, but humanity’s blindness to it. So many had welcomed this darkness, embraced it as though it were good, noble,

righteous. The lines had blurred, and what was once unthinkable had become acceptable, even celebrated.

I sat there, shaken to my core, my body free but my soul heavy with the weight of what I had seen. The winds of evil had come, furious and unrelenting, and they had found a world unprepared, a humanity too willing to let them in.

Yet amidst the horror, I gave thanks—deep, fervent thanks for my deliverance from this battle. Though I had faced a terror beyond words, I had been shown the truth, and with that truth came a call I could not ignore.

I knew then that the times I had been shown in visions decades before had arrived. The battle was no longer distant; it was here, pressing against the fabric of our existence. And so, with trembling hands and a heart filled with determination, I prayed—not just for myself, but for the world, for every soul caught in the tide of this unseen war.

The darkness was vast, but I knew that even the smallest light could pierce it. And so I prayed, and I would continue to pray, for the light to rise, for the veil to lift, and for the human soul to awaken before it was too late.

“Jesus is always with you, even when you don’t feel His presence. He is never so close to you as He is during your spiritual battles. He is there to ward off the enemy’s blows

so you won't be hurt."

St. Padre Pio

*"So we must fight courageously and mark ourselves with
the sign of the most Holy Cross"*

St. Catherine of Siena

My soul was drawn to a place of quiet remoteness, a sanctuary far removed from the noise of my current existence. The air shimmered with a soft serenity, and my spirit reveled in the ecstasy of being untethered from the weight of the city—a life I had endured for necessity's sake but not for love. The landscape stretched before me, barren yet strangely alive, its beauty stark and unyielding.

Outside a humble house, I ascended a gentle hill, where the desert stretched endlessly in muted hues of gold and rust. There, grazing on sparse patches of vegetation, were two mountain goats. Their presence was peculiar in this arid expanse, and yet, they brought a smile to my face, stirring memories of a time when such creatures roamed freely in the mountains of my past.

But then, the ordinary gave way to the extraordinary.

She appeared—a luminous lady, radiant as the dawn. Her long brown hair shimmered with an ethereal glow, each strand catching the light as though it were

spun from the stars. She flitted gracefully, her bare feet brushing the ground like a fawn dancing through paradise. Her gown, simple and white, seemed to ripple with the energy of the heavens. With her, impossibly majestic, were two unicorns.

My heart leapt at the sight of them, their horns white as snow yet emanating rainbow light, a kaleidoscope of beauty spilling into the dry air. The magical lady carried a unicorn horn in her hand, shed by another, glowing with psychedelic brilliance. Its presence filled the atmosphere with wonder, and as she turned toward me, her smile radiated a quiet joy that lit up my soul.

I skipped toward her like a child, unburdened by time. She moved effortlessly, her gaze warm and inviting. As I drew closer, I noticed several young women seated in the desert sand. One in particular was made known to me. Her demeanor was heavy, her light diminished. The lady, in a gesture of pure grace, extended the unicorn horn to her – a gift of great honor and mystery.

“This is a gift,” the lady said softly, her voice like a melody carried on the wind. “It was not earned, but given by accident of birth—a blessing not of her own making, but from the merit of another.”

The young woman took the horn but held it with disdain, her eyes cold and her posture indifferent.

With a shocking lack of reverence, she threw it across the barren land, its brilliant light dimming as it tumbled into the grasses. My heart clenched as I watched this act of sacrilege, this rejection of a treasure so rare and divine.

Rushing to retrieve it, I knelt among the tufts of grass and found the horn lying still, its glow muted but not extinguished. Turning back, I saw two other figures emerge—two young women. And then, above them both, a parallel image appeared: a higher aspect of the first woman, encased in a sphere of shimmering ether, suspended like a protective cocoon.

The lady turned to me, her expression a mix of sorrow and resignation. "It is her higher self, trying to merge with the lower," she said, her voice heavy with the weight of unseen truths.

I approached the young woman, pointing to the radiant sphere above. "Do you see? This is the higher part of your soul, waiting to integrate with you, waiting to lift you beyond where you are now."

But she only shrugged, her face blank, her indifference palpable. "Do you understand," I pressed, "that this gift—this light within you—was given without merit? That it is not yours by effort, but by grace? And that if you do not accept it now, it may not come to you again?"

Still, her face remained expressionless, her arms folded in defiance. She turned to the others, and the three began to chatter, their voices filled with hollow proclamations of their brilliance, their worldly knowledge, and their utter disregard for the sacred moment before them.

The magical lady sighed, her sorrow deepening. "They are fools," she murmured, her voice laced with sadness.

In the distance, I noticed a hermit perched among the rocks, his presence quiet but powerful. Draped in humble clothing of brown and blue, he held a feather in his hand, writing invisible truths into the air. Magical energy surrounded him, a beacon of wisdom and understanding amidst the desolation.

"It appears we have brought them here to reunite the spiritual with the physical," I said, turning to the lady. "To mend what has been severed, is that right?"

"Indeed," she replied, her gaze fixed on the young women. "But they must understand their plight, and they do not."

I looked back at the three, their indifference a stark contrast to the beauty of the horn in my hand. "Without the love of God in your heart," I began, "even your actions—no matter how 'good' they seem—will

remain lifeless. Do you not see? This is not just a gift; it is a call to rise, to awaken!"

But they folded their arms tighter, dismissing me with blank stares and whispered words of scorn.

The hermit spoke at last, his voice calm and measured. "They cannot bring themselves to do good, not even for each other's sake. Their actions are hollow, for they lack the light of God to fill them with life."

The lady nodded, her sorrow mirrored in her eyes. "Even a good deed, without love, is dead in the spirit."

As her words fell into the silence, the higher aspect of the young woman dissolved, fading into the ether. The three themselves vanished, their forms dissolving into the ground below.

The lady placed a gentle hand on my shoulder. "Keep the unicorn horn," she said softly. "It belongs with one who values it."

I nodded, clutching the horn to my chest as I turned and walked back toward the house. The magical lady and the hermit remained behind, their figures growing smaller as I descended the hill.

Inside, I sat in the quiet, holding the horn as its light pulsed faintly in my hands. My heart was heavy with what I had witnessed, but also grateful for the clarity it

had brought. Some gifts, I realized, are too precious to squander, and some truths too vital to ignore.

Prancing lightly through the countryside in this mystical sphere, I followed the aeons to take me away from the dreadful pull of the world into the wildly ecstatic love of the Lord in the heightened ecstasy of the greater place I chose to bear this eve. My eyes settled on the beauty of the Unicorns in the distance and their magical presence . . . and there I stayed.

*Insolence is a wind that cannot be cured even by God
Only the soul can cure itself of its own conceit
God cannot form the proud
He can only send wind to the humble
To the humble he sends gale winds
The Holy Spirit a rampant movement
In the heart of the souls who hear
And the heavens He would empty
To bring them home.
Marilynn Hughes*

"Do not give what is holy to dogs, or throw your pearls before swine, lest they trample them underfoot, and turn and tear you to pieces."

New American Bible, New Testament, Matthew 7:6

"Seen as one of the most valuable assets that a person could possess, unicorn horns were given as diplomatic gifts, and chips and dust from them could be purchased at apothecaries as universal antidotes until the 18th

century. Sections of horns were later displayed in cabinets of curiosities. The horn was used to create sceptres and other royal objects, such as the unicorn throne of the Danish kings, the sceptre and imperial crown of the Austrian Empire, and the scabbard and the hilt of the sword of Charles the Bold. The legendary unicorn could never be captured alive, but its symbolic association with virginity made it the symbol of innocence and the incarnation of God's Word."

Wikipedia

CHAPTER EIGHT

Creating a New World and the Foreshadowings

The winds of the future
 Are only empowered by our thoughts in the present
 Apocalyptic possibilities are always looming
 Because human beings are always tearing down
 That which God has built up
 Chastisement, punishment and tribulation are not as
 they seem
 They are the way to correct a naughty wind
 As well as winds of evil
 To alter winds that have gone astray
 To ignite realizations that something has gone wrong
 Within the morals, ethics, thinking and heart of
 humankind
 Shall we revisit that which we would prefer to create?
 Shall we revisit the winds that we ourselves are
 shining upon universes of life and being,
 Through our very own thoughts and deeds?

Anonymous Experience: I was with Marilyn in the present moment, and then, without warning, I was suddenly cast into a desolate wasteland. The transition was so stark, so complete, that I couldn't grasp how it had happened. Around me stretched a scene of utter devastation—earth scorched and stripped bare, as far

as the eye could see. There was no sky, no sun to bring warmth, only an eternal twilight, a heavy dusk that hung over everything, suffocating and relentless. The world seemed to have been scourged, its vitality drained away, leaving only emptiness. The land was barren, with nothing left of what once was—trees burned to skeletons, their leaves reduced to ash.

People moved through this wasteland in small, broken groups—families, pairs, or alone—each of them bound in their own quiet despair. It was a world beyond redemption, a world lost. The pain, the sorrow, and the overwhelming desolation were tangible, as if the very air itself mourned the death of everything we once knew. And then, I saw him—a lone figure wandering through the ruins, his voice carrying the weight of a message, a proclamation for all who would hear.

“This is Monron,” he said, his words echoing through the stillness. I did not understand it at first, but the word struck me, resonated in the depths of my being. I felt the need to write it down, to capture it, but the means with which to do so seemed out of reach. I felt a small surge of panic, a thought creeping in that I couldn’t possibly record such a message. Yet, the figure—whom I now knew to be Jesus—scoffed at my hesitation, as if reading my thoughts. There was no room for excuses, no time for self-doubt.

Chastised, I searched the ground for something—anything—to write with. My eyes fell upon a few charred pieces of wood, blackened and scattered across the earth. I grabbed a piece, the rough texture of it grounding me as I wrote the word “Monron” on the palm of my left hand. I knew without question that I could never forget this word, this judgment that was now upon the world. I thought of writing it on the sole of my shoe, but the reverence I felt for the word made me hesitate. Instead, I wrote it on the inside of my right shoe, on the fabric near the ankle, careful not to desecrate its power.

It was then that the weight of it all hit me—Monron was not just a word. It was a state of being, a judgment that had fallen upon humanity, an irreversible consequence of our actions. There was no escaping it, no avoiding the wrath that had been unleashed. As the figure—Jesus—continued to speak, His voice rang out with authority, each word a command, a warning to all who would listen. His message was not one of comfort. There was no mercy here, only the raw truth of what we had brought upon ourselves.

“There will be Frost Burn,” He proclaimed, the words hanging in the air, an omen of the devastation to come. “There will be Scorching Burn,” He continued, foretelling the intense heat, drought, and destruction. “There will be famine, disease, despair, the loss of everything you once knew,” He went on. The earth

would suffer, and humanity would pay the price for its heedless ways.

“Still,” He said, His voice carrying with unwavering strength, “YOU must remember always Monron and endure what is happening. Endure this judgment... and knowing of Monron, we can endure.”

I felt a deep sense of honor, an awe-struck gratitude to be in His presence, to hear His words, to witness this moment of divine reckoning. I followed The Prophet, Jesus, through the barren landscape as He continued His slow, deliberate walk. His words, though harsh, filled me with purpose. Despite the suffering and the destruction around me, I knew I had to endure. The judgment was here, and there was no way to turn back. But with Monron in my heart, I knew I could withstand it.

As I followed, I tried to hold onto the other warnings and predictions Jesus spoke of—of further calamities, even more dire than what we had already seen—but the words slipped from my mind, as if the weight of them was too much to bear. All I could do was follow, my heart steadfast in its purpose, my soul determined not to turn away from the truth that had been revealed to me.

Then, in an instant, I was back with Marilynn. I didn’t understand how we had been separated or how the transition had occurred, but there she was, standing in

the present time, in the current place. I turned to her, a mixture of wonder and urgency in my voice as I exclaimed, “Guess who I just saw?”

Impressions and Reflections After the Dream:

Monron, I realized, was not just a name but a profound reality—an unavoidable consequence, a penance for humanity, a judgment we had brought upon ourselves. It was something that could not be avoided, only endured. The Prophet had not revealed Himself as Jesus in the dream, though I knew it was He—this was not a moment of mercy, but one of reckoning. He had come not as a Savior, but as a Judge, a figure of divine authority pronouncing the inevitable fate of the world.

Monron is a penance, a judgment of purification, and it is coming. I believe this dream serves as a warning, urging us to prepare. The world we know is in a state of collapse, and only through endurance, faith, and remembrance of Monron can we navigate what lies ahead.

“In the meantime, there is but one way, that I know of, to evade the force of these words, and of the conclusion drawn from them; and that is, by supposing that the First Resurrection here mentioned, is not to be understood in a literal sense, but is Allegorical and mystical; signifying only a Resurrection from sin to a Spiritual Life. As we are said to be dead in sin, and to be risen with Christ, by Faith

and Regeneration."

The Sacred Theory of the Earth, Thomas Burnet, 1691

*"For the great day of His wrath is come; and who shall be
able to stand?"*

Holy Bible, New Testament, Revelation 6:17

*"For whom the Lord loves He chastens, and scourges every
son whom He receives."*

Holy Bible, New Testament, Hebrews 12:6

*"But he that shall endure unto the end, the same shall be
saved."*

Holy Bible, New Testament, Matthew 24:13

Looking over the side of the bowl, I could see a black tentacle and the foreboding sense of something really gross and evil filled me. As I moved closer very slowly, as I was literally afraid to look at what really lay within, the presence of an unusually huge tarantula spider without the fuzz made itself known. When I saw its sheer size, I fell back in sheer terror but knew that I had to come up with a plan to destroy it as it was a denizen of hell. But before I could come up with a plan, it scurried off so fast, I couldn't see where it had gone. Looking around, I hoped to see where it may have gone, but I had no idea where it had gone. This freaked me out as it could be anywhere. And there was no indication as to whether this creature was present

because of something I had done to give it entry, or just because of the nature of the realm at this time.

"Be sober, be vigilant; because your adversary the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour."

Holy Bible, New Testament, Peter 5:8

"We are not afraid of what we know, but of what we don't."

Jiddu Krishnamurti

It began with a feeling of unease, an unsettling weight on my body. I could sense something was wrong, but it wasn't until I saw my own reflection that the full realization hit me: my skin was turning a deep, sickly blue-green, as if my very life force was draining away, suffocated by a lack of oxygen. Desperate, I tried to show somebody, but everyone brushed it off, dismissing my concern. It wasn't until I forced his attention to my hands – completely blue and lifeless – that they finally understood. There was no denying it now. I was slipping away. There was no life left in me.

"Death is not extinguishing the light; it is only putting out the lamp because the dawn has come."

Rabindranath Tagore

The snow fell in soft, shimmering veils, blanketing the earth in a quiet embrace. We'd arrived out of body at the home, nestled in the alpine whispers of the world, somewhere near the edges of the mountains—where the air was crisp, and the children's laughter still echoed in the wind. The truck's engine hummed like a distant memory as I stepped out into the swirling snow, brushing the heavy flakes from the back patio, where spinach and snowflakes intertwined like a fleeting dream.

We had come with intention to quickly stop and then turn back again, there was nothing left for us here. But something called us inside, something that whispered to our weary hearts to pause, to rest for just a while. I had a task ahead—a journey I must make, though the roads were treacherous, winds howling as if the earth itself were speaking in tongues. I sipped cup after cup of hot chocolate, the warmth of the drink not enough to melt the chill of the world outside, nor to dull the sense of longing in my soul.

Then, in the midst of the snow, there they were—the children. Not as they were now, but as they were then, as I had always remembered them. In light, they appeared, ethereal and radiant, their little faces glowing with the innocence of ages past. My heart soared like a bird freed from its cage, and I fell to my knees, gathering them into my arms as though the very air would shatter if I let go.

The love I felt for them surged through me, a tidal wave of tenderness and grief. How I longed to hold them once more, to feel their warmth against me, to call them home. In that moment, I realized something I had never fully known before: **Home** was not a place. It was the memory of their laughter, the sound of their voices, the sense of peace that had once filled those days in the mountains. It was there, in those sacred moments, that my soul had anchored itself.

As I walked back, the wind whispered in my ears—cold, but oddly comforting. The world outside may shift and fall apart, the tides come in and the tides go out. But in this small, quiet space, I knew where I belonged. Not in the fracturing of what was once whole, but in the quiet, perfect order of what had once been which still remained in my own heart.

*"Every meeting in life is the unfolding of a story written
long before we arrived."
Rumi*

A tempest stirred in the heavens, dark clouds churning and twisting like ancient, restless spirits. The winds howled in their fury, bending trees, rattling windows, and the sky flashed with bolts of lightning as thunder shook the earth beneath my feet. Rain fell in torrents, as if the heavens themselves wept, and in the chaos of it all, there was an undeniable sense that this was no

ordinary storm. It was something greater, something far more profound, a harbinger of forces unseen but deeply felt.

It was as if the storm were calling, beckoning me to take shelter, but where? I wondered if I would find refuge in my former spouse's home or if its shelter could withstand the weight of the tempest that was brewing, not just in the skies, but within. Or if he might be around to offer support.

I drove over to his house, the wind battering the truck, the trees swaying violently as though bowing to the unseen forces above. But he was not home. He was nowhere to be found, not in town, not within reach, and I felt a sudden, uneasy isolation settle around me.

When I arrived, I opened the garage door, and immediately, I felt the presence of something—an energy, perhaps even a voice—telling me that the storm, this swirling chaos, was not meant to be weathered out here. The moment the door opened, I noticed it—part of the roof above the garage had begun to crumble, as if the house itself could no longer bear the weight of what was coming.

A voice, soft yet commanding, echoed from above, **"Weather out this storm at your place."** It wasn't just the storm that spoke; it was something else, something deeper. The storm was not simply in the sky; it was the

storm within, the storm of change, of things falling apart and being rebuilt.

I felt a sudden surge of urgency, as though my opening of the garage door had triggered the collapse. Closing it again, I reached for the remote with trembling hands, as if somehow the act of closing it would reverse the damage. The roof, however, seemed to bear its own flaws—hidden fractures that would not easily be healed. The crumbling did not cease entirely, but the storm outside raged on, as if the house, like my heart, could not escape the inevitable.

My former partner was absent, his absence like a shadow that lingered in the corners of the house. The quiet seemed to echo around me, filling the empty spaces with a weight I could not escape.

Returning to my own sanctuary, I prepared to weather the storm alone. There, my home stood steadfast, its foundation unshaken. It was a masterpiece of harmony—beautiful, whole, and untouched by neglect. Every detail had been tended to, leaving nothing undone. Pure, perfect, and complete, it remained an unyielding refuge against the chaos beyond.

The storm had come, in the heavens, in my life and in my heart, and I was left to stand within it, uncertain of what the future would bring but knowing, with certainty, that there was no way to avoid it. The winds

howled their song of change, and I stood, listening, waiting for the storm to reveal its secrets.

"Sometimes, you have to let the storm rage and trust that the sky will clear on its own."

Unknown

"When the soul is in the storm, it is trying to break free and rise above the worldly clouds."

Rumi

The darkest night is the bridge to the light of the morning."

Khalil Gibran

God's light is always shining. It is only our hearts that need to open to receive it."

Saint Francis of Assisi

"When you are silent, you are in a state of being, and when you are talking, you are in a state of becoming."

Sadhguru

In the boundless expanse of spirit, I soared — lifted not by wings, but by the sheer, ecstatic force of light that pulsed through the very core of my being. There was no weight, no earthly tether to hold me down. I moved effortlessly, floating in a realm where time itself seemed to bend and stretch like a dream. The air shimmered with joy, a luminous energy that surrounded me, wrapping me in the embrace of something ancient and eternal. It was as though the

very fabric of the universe was singing, and I, too, was a part of that celestial symphony.

In the midst of this spiritual flight, as if summoned by the light itself, I saw her—a presence from the past, long lost to me in the earthly realm. She stood before me, not as the woman I once knew, but as a soul radiant with the same divine essence I now felt coursing through me. The weight of time, the pain of our separation as friends, vanished in an instant. There was no more history, no more distance, only the pure recognition of one another's essence.

A surge of emotion overwhelmed me as I moved towards her, not with the hesitation of the past, but with an open heart, ready to embrace and to heal. And in that moment, time stood still. We came together, not as two beings bound by earthly mistakes, but as spirits reconciled in the eternal now.

The hug was not just a physical gesture—it was an atonement, a reunion of the soul. In that embrace, I felt the release of all old wounds, all the bitterness, the misunderstandings that had once kept us apart. It was as though the universe itself had intervened, allowing the divine to wash away the scars of the past. There was no need for words; the connection between us spoke louder than anything that could be said.

The peace that flooded through me was not just personal—it was universal, as though the healing

between us rippled out into the very fabric of existence, mending not only our bond but the threads that connected us to all beings. In that sacred moment, I understood that forgiveness, true and pure, transcends the physical and the temporal. It is a force that heals, not only the hearts of those directly involved, but the world itself.

We stood there, suspended in the light, the weight of the past dissolved, and in its place, a profound sense of peace. There was no longer any question of what had happened before. Only the present, only the love that flowed between us like a river, pure and unbroken.

As we separated, the connection remained, a quiet understanding lingering in the space between us. We did not need to say goodbye. The atonement had already been made, and in that sacred space, we were both whole once more. The spiritual elation that had carried me here now anchored me in a deeper, more grounded peace.

And with that, I rose again, soaring through the vastness, knowing that in this realm of eternal light, all was forgiven, all was healed, and that no distance or time could ever undo the love that had been restored. Even if only in the mystical spheres.

An old friend who had been lost had yet again been found, hallelujah, hallelujah, to the Lord.

*"Let go of the past and you will find peace. The past is not
your home."*

Saint Augustine

My spirit was taken into a vision of shadows wherein the angels of the past, present and future came to visit me and I experienced such terror at what was to come, and such a sense of helplessness in how to reshape it, I cannot express.

In a moment both spectral and immutable, I was cast into a realm where time unraveled before me, exposing its raw and untempered strands. It was a visitation of sorts, akin to those fateful encounters of Dickensian souls—the past whispering, the present condemning, and the future unraveling with a terrible inevitability.

The scene was draped in dim gaslight, flickering upon the remnants of what once was. A shadowed figure emerged, not with tenderness, but with the cold indifference of a thief in the night. He was not merely a man but an executioner of my former life, an agent of destruction sweeping through my sanctuary. With methodical detachment, he seized my belongings, casting them into the street like refuse, like discarded memories unworthy of preservation.

Outside, the world had dissolved into chaos—a city of ruin and despair, where fire licked at the horizon and

the air trembled with the echo of gunfire. It was a world unmoored, one that had surrendered to the basest elements of man's folly. And yet, it was not the anarchy that cut deepest—it was the desecration of what was sacred. Two paintings of Christ, torn apart in a single violent motion, the image of mercy and love ripped asunder by hands unworthy of touching them.

A righteous indignation burned within me, and I turned upon him, my voice demanding justice. "Restore what you have taken! Honor what was once held sacred! This is not the way of things!" Yet, even as the words left my lips, I was pulled away, as though some unseen hand had turned the pages of my life to a future I did not wish to see.

Darkness. A hush of mourning. The air was thick with the weight of grief, and I stood among those gathered, their faces pale with loss. It was not a celebration, but a funeral. She was gone—taken too soon, her life stolen in the wake of a betrayal. And there, standing apart from the mourners, was a man whose heart seemed hollow. He did not weep. He did not grieve. Instead, he spoke of himself, of his own importance, as though the death of this woman—this soul who had loved him—was nothing more than an inconvenient turn of fate.

Desperate for answers, I tore through the rooms of the house, seeking something—anything—that would tell

me why. A flashing of time occurred. A spirit, unseen yet present, led me to her home, where another figure stood. She had loved him, and yet, in this twisted vision of the future, he had become distant, cold, hardened by the passage of time.

He greeted me with anger, but I did not falter. I rifled through the cabinets, searching for something I could not name, my hands trembling as the truth unfolded before me—not in words, but in knowing. She had walked another path, one that led to deception, to someone that would seal her fate. Betrayal had been her undoing, this had twisted into ruin.

A flash of rage, a gleam of metal. He raised a weapon against me, the final punctuation to a story drenched in sorrow. But as our gazes met, something shifted. The gun fell from his hands, and instead of violence, we wept. The pain that had divided us now bound us together, the unspoken understanding of those who had lost too much.

And then—I was gone. Ripped from the moment, hurled forward once more like a car speeding through time. Time was moving, moving, moving . . . don't waste it, you only have so much, don't waste it you only have so much. the present dissolving into the reckless speed of what was to come. The world blurred past me like a runaway carriage, and I found myself seated beside a woman whose voice was hollow with

detachment. She spoke not of love, nor of longing, but of years lost, of the trivialities that time had reduced us to.

"Four years," she uttered, as though the very span of them were but a passing breeze, inconsequential, unworthy of reflection. Four years since my name had last graced her lips, since I had existed in the realm of her thoughts as more than a specter of the past. Four years since I had been anything more than a shadow, a distant echo of a time long since faded into obscurity.

She remembered me not as I had been, not for the moments we had shared, but for the mere trinkets I had placed in her hands—tokens of affection reduced to currency in the economy of forgetfulness. Even the young ones, once bound to me with the unbreakable cords of love and laughter, thought of me now only as the source of gifts, their affections measured in parcels and wrappings, in things rather than in tenderness.

A terrible weight settled upon me, cold and unrelenting. Was this to be our fate—to dwindle into nothing more than a relic of a time no longer deemed worthy of remembrance? To linger as a ghost in the lives of those I had cherished, present only in the dim recesses of their convenience, my existence reduced to the whisper of a name long unspoken?

Well, it certainly could be. And in truth, isn't this the way it truly goes for most of us in this selfish world?

The lot of us are lost in the foray of new lives forged against the backdrop of the shoulders upon which they once climbed. But they had all lost God . . .

The car hurtled forward, faster, faster—toward a future I was crushed to see. A question burned upon my lips, desperate and unyielding: Is she still alive? Can I save her? I could not forget the one to whose funeral I had been hurled. But before the words could escape, before the answer could reach me, I was swept away again, the future vanishing like mist before the dawn.

And then—silence. I awoke, the weight of prophecy pressing upon my chest. The past had whispered. The present continued to foreshadow. The future showed its potential torrid fruits, unformed yet heavy with the threat of unnecessary ruin. But fate was not yet sealed.

I had been shown the path, but not the resolution. The question remained—What could be done to change their fates? Could *I* do anything more or was it all to be determined by the hands of those who drove them? Those fast cars of the fates, whizzing by us making destinies out of hastily formed decisions . . .

Waking, I was seized by a restless urgency, a certainty that the future I had glimpsed must *not* come to pass. Yet the path to alter its course lay shrouded in mist, its shape just beyond my grasp. After all, you can't push a rope. What could be done? What turning of the

wheel? What unseen thread must be pulled to unravel this fate? I did not know.

"When you are sorrowful look again in your heart, and you shall see that in truth you are weeping for that which has been your delight."

Khalil Gibran

"Out of suffering have emerged the strongest souls; the most massive characters are seared with scars."

Kahlil Gibran

It was a quiet day, filled with a subtle sense of purpose, as another soul and I found ourselves alongside a man in need. His presence was humble, marked by the delicate weight of responsibility—a father with a newborn, seeking help in the labyrinth of daily life. We went to his home, driven by the call to assist, to offer what small comfort we could.

Upon arriving, I took the baby into my arms, the warmth of its fragile form a reminder of the sacredness of life itself. The innocence in its eyes, the soft rhythm of its breath, seemed to calm the air around me, as if the world outside had faded into stillness. The young woman and the man had stepped out for a while, leaving me alone with the baby.

As I sat there, cradling the child, the door opened quietly, and a procession of holiness entered the room.

Four men, dressed in the robes of Orthodox Priests, moved with reverence, their steps slow and deliberate, their eyes deep with the weight of sacred knowledge. They wheeled a great wooden cart behind them, its surface laden with holy books and sacred items – each one a vessel of wisdom, of devotion. The air thickened with the reverence they carried, and I could feel the ancient energy of their presence, as though the room itself bowed before them.

After gently placing the baby down in its cradle, I turned my attention to the cart, drawn toward it as though by some invisible force. Among the holy relics, there was a book that caught my gaze – a book plain in its cover, yet inexplicably powerful in its presence. It was the "Encyclopedia of Morals," an unassuming hardcover, its cover adorned with striking images of the very priests who had entered. Despite its simplicity, I felt an undeniable pull, as though this book held a key, a message I had yet to understand.

I reached for it, my hands trembling slightly as I lifted it from the cart. The weight of the book was not just physical; it felt as though it carried the weight of all the sacred teachings within its pages, all the truths of the world bound together in this humble volume. The priests, without a word, continued their silent procession, their steps carrying the cart away, the squeak of its wheels echoing softly as they left the room.

In the silence that followed, the book felt like a bridge—one that connected me to something beyond the ordinary, beyond the fleeting moments of life. It was a connection to something eternal, to the wisdom that had been passed down through the ages. As the cart disappeared from the house, I remained, still holding the book, feeling as though I had been entrusted with a sacred knowledge.

"Your own Self-Realization is the greatest service you can render the World."

Sri Ramana Maharshi

Having awoken in an old ancient home, its walls unfamiliar and cold. The air was thick with silence, and the house seemed to echo with the weight of unspoken things. Unfortunately, I was alone.

Alone, except for the dark presence that loomed in the corners, the heavy, suffocating energy that clung to the walls. It was a demonic force, an ancient evil that had wormed its way into the house, twisting the air into something foul. Fear gripped my heart like a vice, and my breath came in shallow gasps as the darkness pressed in from all sides. I had been tied up tightly to a chair which was somehow attached to the floor.

I could feel it, the oppressive weight of its presence, like a cold shadow that stretched across the room,

seeking to consume me. My mind raced, scrambling for any shred of comfort, any way to break free from the fear that clouded my senses. That's when I remembered—**he** might be here. My friend. .

He was down in the basement, the one place I had not yet dared to go. And yet, in the stillness of the house, I knew, with a certainty I could not explain, that he might be the only one who could help me now.

I wasn't sure why I was tied up, why I felt so completely ensnared, but I knew I couldn't free myself. The demonic force held me in its grasp, and I felt the sharp sting of helplessness as I struggled against invisible bonds.

With a desperate cry, I called out to him, my voice trembling in the stillness, carried on the fragile air between us. **"Help me! Please, come help me!"**

And then, through the thick fog of fear, I heard a sound—the soft, steady footsteps that signaled his approach. He heard me. He was coming.

Someone who cared emerged from the shadows, a figure of warmth and familiarity amidst the cold terror that surrounded me. He didn't need to ask questions. He didn't need to know the why or the how. He simply came to me, his hands steady and sure as he began to untie the bindings that held me. The knot of fear loosened as he worked, his presence a balm to my soul,

a reminder that even in the darkest of times, I was not truly alone.

With the last of the ties undone, he helped me to my feet and guided me to the bed. My body, drained and weak from the fear, I was grateful for the comfort of the sheets, but my heart, too, found solace in his presence. He didn't say anything—he didn't need to. His actions spoke louder than any words ever could.

As I lay there, still trembling but no longer bound, I knew that the darkness hadn't completely retreated, but for now, I was safe. And in the stillness of the room, with my friend by my side, I felt a flicker of light, however small, and began to push back the shadows.

"Let nothing disturb you, let nothing frighten you. All things are passing; God alone is unchanging."

St. Teresa of Avila

I sat alone in the quiet of my space, the room heavy with the echoes of my own thoughts, when a figure appeared in the doorway.

Someone I deeply cared about entered, the one whose funeral I had attended just a few nights before in that terrifying Dickens-esque experience. Followed by two young men—one of them a stranger to me, his dark eyes glimmering with a sense of curiosity, his presence a quiet contrast to the tension that still lingered in the

room. This person brought a burst of energy, a reminder of the lightness of being.

And then it began—a spontaneous eruption of laughter that seemed to defy all logic. It started with a simple word, a sentence—something said that, in its very nature, should have been mundane, but the moment it was spoken, I couldn't stop myself. Laughter poured from me, uncontrollable, bubbling up from deep within, as if I had forgotten what it meant to simply laugh for the sake of joy. And in turn, the words seemed to become a springboard for more laughter, as though our shared energy fed upon itself, growing louder and more joyful with each passing moment.

It was as if we were in the midst of a ceremony, a kind of ritual—an alchemy of laughter designed to cleanse the seriousness that had crept into our lives, to shake free the heaviness that bound us. The room, once heavy with manipulation and exhaustion, transformed into a sanctuary of laughter, a place where nothing mattered but the sound of our joy.

I saw this person in a new light—freed from the weight carried for so long, face radiant with the same laughter that filled the room. This, I realized, was the remedy, the antidote to the gravity that had held captive. And for me, too. It was as though the laughter itself was

healing us, each chuckle a small release, a shedding of the old layers of tension and worry.

In that moment, I realized we were all searching for the same thing—relief from the weight we carried, the burdens we had placed upon ourselves. And perhaps, in our own ways, we were finding it. In laughter, in connection, in the willingness to see the world not just for what it was, but for what it could be if we allowed ourselves to let go.

"Smile, breathe, and go slowly."

Thich Nhat Hanh

Not long after the passing of my sweet dog, I found myself in a mystical sphere—a place where souls go to heal from trauma, to process what the physical world cannot bear. It was a strange and haunting space, yet familiar, as if the very air carried the weight of unspoken truths. Though I had not fully understood what had happened to her, there was a sense of urgency to know, to piece together the fragments of her final moments. Someone had harmed her, but their explanation was still shrouded in mystery. Although it had been an accident, something happening more because of recklessness rather than intention, they hadn't disclosed how she had been mortally wounded, and my heart ached for that clarity.

In this ethereal realm, Peep appeared before me, but she was not as I remembered. She was accompanied by a newborn baby, fragile and vulnerable. The baby's head was disjointed, unnaturally so, as if the neck was broken, moving with an eerie fluidity, tilting backward and forward in a way that no living neck should. It was a sight both heartbreaking and surreal, as if the very laws of nature had been distorted.

I gently placed the baby into a crib, the motion of laying it down a careful one, as if trying to protect it from the world that had already broken it. And then, just as suddenly, Peep was there—her neck broken, just like the baby's. Her body was still, a lifelessness that mirrored the trauma we both carried. In that moment, a sense of responsibility washed over me. How could I have let this happen? But it was my turn to care for her, to help her find peace in a world that had been so cruel.

I placed Peep in the crib beside the baby, my hands shaking as I tried to stabilize her neck, to make her as comfortable as I could. She lay flat on her side, her body supported, the care I gave her a reflection of the love I had always felt for her. I watched over her, helpless in the face of her injury, but determined to provide the care she needed.

As I stood there, in the presence of my beloved Peep, I felt both a deep sorrow and a profound sense of

responsibility. I hadn't protected her, I wasn't there when she needed me most. In this mystical sphere, where the boundaries between life and death blurred, we were both healing – and yet, the trauma remained.

"Don't grieve. Anything you lose comes round in new form."

Rumi

"Never go back to what broke you."

Unknown

In the quiet of the mystical confessional, the priest's voice was gentle yet firm, a beacon of understanding in the midst of my turmoil. He spoke of compassion, of seeing beyond the surface to the wounds that lie beneath. "The one you speak of," he began, "carries the scars of a violent past, a legacy of cruelty that has shaped him in ways you may not fully comprehend."

The priest was speaking of the person who had hurt my sweet dog.

He continued, his words weaving a tapestry of empathy and insight:

"Consider the roots of his actions, the shadows of his upbringing that cloud his judgments and reactions. The violence he endured has left indelible marks on his soul, influencing his behavior in ways that may seem perplexing or even hurtful to you."

The priest's gaze softened, and he leaned forward slightly, as if to bridge the gap between our worlds: "To understand him is to see him not as he is, but as he was shaped by his past. His struggles are not solely his own; they are the echoes of a childhood marred by violence and neglect. In recognizing this, you may find the compassion to navigate the complexities of your relationship with him."

His words resonated deeply within me, stirring a well of empathy I had long forgotten. I realized that these actions, though horrible and terribly painful, were not born of malice but of deep-seated wounds. This revelation did not excuse the behavior, but it offered a path toward understanding and, perhaps, healing.

As I left the confessional, the weight of the priest's counsel settled upon me, a gentle reminder that beneath every action lies a story, and beneath every story, a soul in need of compassion.

"God is in all men, but all men are not in God; that is why we suffer."

Sri Ramakrishna

"Where there is charity and wisdom, there is neither fear nor ignorance."

Buddha

Peep, my beloved female dog, had passed away, but she was not truly gone. Throughout the night, she was with me, her presence soft and comforting. It was as though she was in the process of reincarnating, returning to this world as a new form, a puppy once more. The puppy was a boy, a light-haired corgi, small and full of the warmth and love that had always defined Peep. I held him close to me, feeling the familiar comfort of his body curled in my arms. He was cuddly, his soft fur brushing against my skin, and it felt like we had never been apart. There was a slight imperfection—a bum front paw, perhaps—but it only made him more endearing, a reminder that even in new beginnings, some things are gently carried forward.

We spent the night together, Peep's spirit nestled in this new, tender form, and in that space, there was nothing but love, warmth, and the profound joy of being reunited, even if in this new incarnation for only this night.

"Try not to resist the changes that come your way. Instead, embrace them, let life flow through you."

Rumi

Transported to a land steeped in ancient beauty, somewhere in a Middle Eastern country, perhaps northern India or Pakistan, the air carried a weight of

history. Clothed in a flowing hijab, its fabric light against the skin yet heavy with the culture it represented, every step through this foreign world felt profound. In the distance, mountains rose like sacred sentinels, their majesty painted in hues of gold and shadow. The sight overwhelmed the heart, and tears spilled freely, not from sorrow but from the sheer, awe-inspiring beauty of creation.

A rented two-story flat became home, modest yet charming, quickly growing into a sanctuary. Efforts to clean and make the space personal felt purposeful, though remnants of a previous tenant lingered, not only in the home's corners but in the contents of the spacious closets.

One day, while walking a path, it led to a small coffee shop doubling as a bookstore, its air alive with the mingling scents of roasted beans and ancient parchment. Behind glass cases, treasures of history lay displayed—Sikh relics, ancient scrolls, and artifacts resonating with the whispers of time. Each item seemed to pulse with a quiet energy, as though holding within it the essence of forgotten ages. The thrill of discovery surged, a reminder of how the past breathes into the present.

The world outside, however, carried its own rules and reminders. Two men approached, their expressions stern yet not without a hint of understanding. They

warned of the impropriety of walking alone as a woman in this Arab country. The words, though gentle, underscored the delicate balance between personal freedom and the customs of the land. A nod of acknowledgment was given, the moment an unspoken agreement with the traditions of the place.

Heat pressed down like an unrelenting force, its intensity palpable. The weight of the sun's gaze gave pause. But other major discoveries were to be found within the walls of this home. Within its walls, treasures of a different kind awaited discovery: large, ancient tomes chronicling the life of Christ. Each page seemed alive with sacred energy, a testament to faith and history intertwined. Holding them felt like cradling fragments of the divine.

The longing to explore, to uncover, and to witness all the beauty and mystery the world holds burned brightly, a flame guiding the soul forward into the vast, uncharted unknown.

Soaring quickly, my spirit returned to my body.

"Set your life on fire. Seek those who fan your flames."

Rumi

Setting into my new quarters, I was carefully arranging my surroundings with a reverence for beauty and order. Each detail spoke to a quiet harmony, and I took

time to ensure that all was spotless and serene. A gown had been prepared for me, laid out with delicate care—a flowing silken white garment, its elegance heightened by a sash of the softest violet draped across the center. It seemed to radiate its own gentle light, as though imbued with a quiet blessing.

The front of the house caught my eye, its turquoise blue trim dancing along the edges of the windows and walls like a tranquil sea against the shore. The color was luminous, exuding a charm that felt both grounding and ethereal. It was a place of beauty, of quiet refuge, and yet something stirred within me—a faint concern, like the whisper of wind slipping through a crack in the door.

The windows were wide and inviting, their openness framing the world outside in a way that was almost too accessible. I paused, gazing at the way the light filtered through, and wondered: Was this place secure? Could it truly shield me from what lay beyond?

For a moment, the stillness of the house wrapped around me, holding the question in its embrace. Yet, beneath the surface of my wondering, there was a sense of peace—a knowing that this space, with its open windows and serene hues, was a gift of transition, a passage into something new.

A curious contraption was set at the heart of a spacious queen-sized bed. Above me hung an apparatus, its

purpose clear yet mysterious—it allowed me to suspend myself upside down. As I settled into its embrace, a powerful, rhythmic vibration coursed through me, resonating like a deep, otherworldly hum. I lingered in this state, immersed in its methodical cadence, until a presence made itself known.

He arrived quietly, yet his entrance filled the room with an undeniable sanctity. A towering black man of slender frame and regal bearing, he carried an aura of profound holiness. I recognized him instantly—not from this life, but from the unseen threads that bind us beyond time. He was a pastor, a shepherd of souls, perhaps from a nondenominational bible church. His eyes shone with wisdom, his every movement imbued with grace, and I felt deeply honored by his visit.

As I remained suspended, he began his work, sending waves of divine vibration across my soul. These blessings, as he called them, moved through me like a celestial melody, fine-tuning my spirit in ways both new and extraordinary. Each wave was a gift, aligning the frequencies within me to a higher harmony.

When his work was complete, he gently helped me down from the contraption and instructed me to don the gown. Obeying his request, I slipped into the simple garment, which seemed to shimmer with an inner light, and I found myself transported to the back of a bustling congregation.

The church was alive with love—a tapestry of humanity, with people of all races gathered under one roof, their collective warmth palpable. The pastor stood at the front, his presence commanding yet tender, and when his gaze met mine, he beckoned me forward.

As I approached, the pastor stopped me at the fourth or fifth pew, where two guardians awaited. On one side stood a younger, strong black man, robust and steady, his protective aura grounding me. On the other side was an older white gentleman, tall and weathered, his sparse hair lending him an air of quiet wisdom. Both men flanked me like sentinels, shielding me within the sacred space.

The pastor's sermon rang out like a hymn, his words resonating with the holiness that emanated from his very being. I stood still, absorbing the sanctity of the moment, the love that pulsed through the congregation, and the unspoken reverence that filled the air.

When the sermon concluded, there was a flurry of motion. My two guardians ushered me out of the chapel, their movements purposeful yet gentle, returning me to the sanctuary of my enclosure. There, they tucked me in with care, sealing me within the safety of their love and the divine blessing that had been bestowed upon me.

"The soul is a sacred harp, and it vibrates according to the melody of the divine."

Rumi

"The sacred is always within us. We need only pause long enough to let it be known."

Thomas Merton

My spirit was drawn beyond the veil of death, traveling alongside three kindred souls. We were pilgrims of a shared conviction, each believing our earthly purpose had been fulfilled. In our limited view, we had mended what was broken, learned what was necessary, and offered what was asked of us. Surely, we thought, the time had come to cross the threshold, to move beyond the veil and ascend to the next realm.

Through the shadowed tunnel—a corridor of profound blackness streaked with the promise of light—we journeyed. The light at the end was no mere glow but a presence, a living substance. As we reached it, we passed through without hesitation. It enveloped us, though not as water might embrace the body. Instead, it was a trillion shimmering points of consciousness, a radiant ocean of unity. Yet, within its vastness, a delicate separation remained between our souls and the infinite body of light we had entered.

Moving deeper, we encountered stages of transformation, each a rapture that defied language. The first was the severing of the spinal bond—a silent, ineffable release unshackling the spirit from the body's earthly hold. The second was the waving of the ethereal ocean, where our spirits dissolved into the greater universal current, only to emerge anew. And the third was an encounter with the holy sphincter—a luminous, circular nexus of energy. As we approached its pulsing center, the light grew dense, folding itself around us until all separation vanished.

Jubilation consumed us. Relief coursed through our being as we believed the long-cherished moment of crossing had arrived. The field of light cradled us, brimming with grace and vitality, and we felt a peace so profound it seemed we had finally reached eternity.

But then, the light began to contract. Its vast embrace turned deliberate, alive with a commanding presence—the Eternal. A sudden knowing swept through us: this was not our time to stay. The crossing was not to be.

Yet, rather than grief or despair, we were filled with an overwhelming vitality. The Eternal swirled around us, a divine wind, an ether of boundless love and motion. As it moved, it unveiled visions of the lives we had left behind. Each of us saw fragments of our earthly existence—threads of relationships, opportunities for

growth, moments of potential reconciliation. These glimpses were infused with a radiant energy that thrilled us beyond measure, igniting a sense of purpose we had not anticipated.

The Eternal spoke, its voice resonating as both sound and vibration: “If you are alive, it means you have another extraordinary chance.”

No specifics were given, but the meaning struck like lightning. Life itself was the gift—the chance to mend, to love, to create, to serve. In the face of the Eternal, our longing to cross over seemed small, misguided. The richness of being alive, of existing within the sacred current of opportunity, unfolded before us like an endless horizon. Even when the path ahead seemed unclear or purpose felt distant, life was brimming with hidden chances to embody divine love.

Humility washed over me, mingled with a joy so profound it left me breathless. The Holy Spirit moved within me, whistling through my soul like wind through a canyon. It was tender and intimate, as though I were cradled by the softest embrace—a celestial lullaby for the weary heart.

I returned with a renewed understanding: the veil was not a door to escape but a reminder to live fully. Life’s beauty lay in its imperfection, its opportunities, and its boundless potential to be vessels of love and grace. The Eternal had whispered its truth into my being, and I

carried it back, not as a burden, but as a song—a melody of hope and divine purpose that would hum within me until my true crossing came.

"There are no ordinary people. You have never talked to a mere mortal."

C.S. Lewis

"When you touch one thing with deep awareness, you touch everything."

Thich Nhat Hanh

Caught in the thrall of an ineffable moment, my spirit spiraled through the veils of time, where the ancient past wove itself seamlessly with a future yet unborn. Suspended in this timeless confluence were ten souls—both male and female—draped in simple white robes like those seen in depictions of the Christ. We drifted gently from the heavens, as if scattered like divine seeds, descending into the ether of the biblical world while overlapping the threads of an emerging tomorrow.

We floated, weightless, in the skies above this sacred tapestry, an interwoven realm where past, present, and future coexisted in an indescribable harmony. Each of us hovered, scattered like stars across the firmament of creation. Then, as though drawn by an unseen hand, we were plunged—one by one—into the depths of a

holy current, where the Holy Spirit stirred with life and scripture.

This descent into the denser ether was unlike anything I had known. In that sacred plunge, words of scripture bloomed within us like eternal truths awakening from slumber. We emerged, each carrying a fragment of the divine message, repeating the words aloud so that all could hear. A scribe, unseen but ever-present, inscribed the utterances with reverent precision, preserving every vibration of their celestial resonance.

In that luminous moment, a knowing settled upon us—a truth not spoken but infused within our beings. We were part of something eternal, something that had echoed through the corridors of time. Though we were not the scribes of old, we had stood beside them, conduits for the sacred words, helping to draw forth the scripture that would guide humanity. And now, in this present-future amalgam, we were again fulfilling that role for a new testament, one that would ripple forward into a world not yet shaped.

As the Holy Spirit surged through us, the words became alive, brimming with vibrations that transcended human understanding. Each syllable carried the weight of creation itself, a frequency that resonated far beyond the earthly realm. The words we spoke were not ours, yet they flowed through us as if etched into the marrow of our souls.

"The Name of the Names!" I cried, my voice imbued with a power that felt both ancient and infinite. Another soul called out, "Harbinger of doom to only those who thrice recollect and recoil." A third proclaimed, "Hierarchies of anomalous sequence!" And yet another voice rose in triumph, "Hateful only to evil and its recompense, and love to all who seek its gatherings."

The words poured forth like rivers of light: "Structures of ethereal law which remain concrete yet invisible, untouchable."

"Primeval in source, never changing in substance, all-encompassing in relegation to those who wait."

Again, I cried, "The Name of the Names!" This time, the words reverberated through the ether, their meaning unfurling like a celestial symphony within the fabric of the Holy Spirit.

In that hallowed sphere, we were not merely speaking—we were channels for the incommunicable, vessels through which the divine frequency moved. The Holy Spirit rushed through us in a final cascade of windswept power, a torrent that left us awestruck and humbled beyond the reaches of mortal comprehension.

We were in the bosom of the Holy Spirit, where creation is breathed into existence. There, we glimpsed

the divine machinery, the ineffable device by which the sacred moves through all things. And in that eternal embrace, we were made witnesses and participants in the unfolding of the divine.

"Whoever finds the interpretation of these sayings will not experience death."

St. Thomas

"In the stillness of your being, there is a deep peace that transcends the thinking mind, and in this peace, you touch the essence of life."

Eckhart Tolle

Through a gentle trickle of time, my spirit was drawn backward into the folds of an ancient era. Accompanied by another soul, I found myself entwined with the legacy of the Knights Templar, guardians of sacred holy sites. Our connection to this storied brotherhood felt profound, though unconventional.

In this distant life, the one who now walked beside me as my partner had once been my father, and I, in turn, was born to a mother—a figure of strength and steadfast protection, yet tempered by a sternness that could not be easily shaken. Her love was fierce, but it came clothed in the armor of discipline and unwavering duty.

The soul who accompanied me through this journey was not a stranger, but a beloved companion—my fiancé in that long-past time. Together, we moved within the hallowed mission of the Templars, whose sacred purpose wrapped us in its lofty ideals and whispered of ancient vows. We stood within the sacred trust of something far greater than ourselves, yet in the exuberance of youth, we faltered. Our hearts, eager and unguarded, betrayed the very covenant we had sworn to uphold. Our folly cast a shadow over the light we had been entrusted with, and in that breach, we faced the weight of consequences that would shape the rest of our fates.

I was shown a moment of shameful clarity. My fiancé and I had committed a small act of desecration—a careless instance of vandalism at a holy site we were meant to protect. The memory stung as if it were fresh. I recoiled, horrified at the actions of my former self, unable to comprehend how I could have violated something so sacred.

My parents in that lifetime were furious. Their anger burned through years, casting a shadow over our lives. I watched as we struggled to atone, serving tirelessly in support of the Templars. Though I was a woman—an anomaly in the male-dominated world of knights and monks—there was a sense that I worked alongside them in ways beyond the traditional. My fiancé, too, carried out a similar role.

Decades seemed to pass as I was carried through the flow of time, witnessing our efforts to make amends. Yet, the bitterness of my parents' disappointment lingered. Then, I saw myself, older now, standing before them. My heart was heavy with longing for reconciliation.

"Are you done being angry with us?" I asked, my voice trembling with the weight of years. "We've devoted ourselves to the cause, serving the Knights Templar faithfully since that youthful mistake. Can you not forgive us for one foolish act committed long ago?"

The vision faded before I could hear their reply, leaving me suspended in uncertainty.

Even now, the experience is shrouded in mystery. Despite the oddities of my role—a woman somehow aiding the Templars in their holy work—I sensed that our contributions had meaning. The how and the why remained obscured, veiled in the energetic essence of that distant life. All I could grasp was the echo of our service and the enduring ache of seeking redemption for a fleeting act of transgression.

"To be a Christian means to forgive the inexcusable because God has forgiven the inexcusable in you."

C.S. Lewis

"In silence, God ceases to be an object and becomes a presence, a living experience."

Thomas Merton

In the threshold of sleep, where the veil between worlds thins and the spirit begins to wander, I glimpsed something that struck terror into my heart. Before me, seated just a few feet away on my bed, was a creature of unimaginable ugliness. It was a mass of grotesque, grainy flesh—brown and unearthly—resembling a monstrous fly, but its skin was thick and reptilian, as though it had crawled from the deepest caverns of the earth. From its back sprouted several transparent, horrific wings, their form jagged and unsettling, glinting in the dim light.

The mere sight of it was enough to fill me with dread, but what terrified me even more was the suffocating energy it emanated. It was as if its very presence was a physical assault on my spirit, a vibration of pure malice. In a frantic moment, I shrieked in terror, and the shock of it snapped me awake.

Panic gripped my chest, but in the clarity that followed, I found my voice and turned to prayer. *Lord, protect me from this darkness.* I whispered, calling upon the divine, seeking the shield of light. My heart calmed as I surrendered the moment to God, feeling His presence envelop me like a warm, comforting blanket. I closed my eyes again, and as I drifted back into sleep, I silently asked for protection, trusting that His love would guide me.

As I once again sank into a deep sleep, I found myself in an unfamiliar and curious realm—a place that buzzed with energy, light, and the unmistakable hum of purpose. I was in a new dimension, and in the distance, I saw a storefront, a humble sign above its door reading: *The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation*. I was drawn to it instinctively, knowing that this was a place of sacred work.

Upon entering, I was struck by the transformation this place had undergone since my last visit. The once modest structure had grown into a towering, multi-story building, and inside, it resembled an eclectic blend of an office building, a library, and a spiritual sanctuary. At the heart of the first floor was a broadcast station—a central hub where information flowed like water. I realized that my spirit was actively involved, working tirelessly to keep the broadcast running 24/7, almost like a DJ, but this was far more sacred. I was not simply playing music; I was orchestrating a constant stream of knowledge—of out-of-body travel, spiritual ascension, and the mysteries surrounding them.

I was so immersed in the task at hand that I almost missed the steady stream of souls entering the foundation. They came in groups, eight to ten at a time, looking for guidance, answers, and counseling in the realm of spiritual travel. Many of them, upon arrival, had specific needs and questions. I felt a pull to assist them directly, but as I observed, I noticed that many

wandered off to different stations within the building, finding the resources they needed without my intervention.

There were volunteers—spirits, bright and attentive—working in tandem with me, offering guidance and leading souls to the right resources. The Holy Spirit seemed to flow through them, filling their hearts with wisdom and clarity, answering the questions of the seekers in a way that transcended mere intellectual knowledge. The foundation had become a sanctuary—a space where the highest truths were made accessible to all who sought them.

The foundation was a harmonious blend of library, media station, bookstore, and spiritual temple. There were meditation pods for quiet reflection, areas dedicated to study, and resource stations where souls could find the tools to aid them in their own journeys. I moved through the space, offering counsel, sharing knowledge, and witnessing how the volunteers and I worked together as one unified force, helping the wandering souls who sought answers in the realms of mysticism and out-of-body travel.

As I observed, a profound realization washed over me—this foundation existed not only in the mystical realms but also in the physical world. The website was a bridge between the two, and I saw that souls were continually arriving, drawn to the resources we

offered. I marveled at how constant the flow of seekers was — always eight to ten at a time, never ceasing.

Then, unexpectedly, the door opened and a figure entered — a man wearing ancient, liturgical robes. His garb was striking, beautifully crafted, and I felt an immediate pull toward him, sensing that he had something important to convey. As he gestured for me to come closer, I felt a sense of urgency, knowing that the message he carried — or the message I needed to deliver — was significant.

But as I neared him, the air shifted, and I realized with shock that he was not alone. Several others materialized from the ether, figures wearing similar ancient garments — bishops, monsignors, and other high-ranking church figures. Their robes were mesmerizing, intricate in their beauty, but a deep instinct within me began to stir. Something was wrong. My soul recoiled.

The man spoke, claiming to have important matters to discuss with me. But I could feel the deception beneath his words. Instantly, a surge of protective energy rose from within me, and I shouted, *“Do you come here on behalf of Jesus Christ?!”* My voice rang out with authority, demanding the truth. *“Do you come here on behalf of Jesus Christ?!?”* I repeated, my voice growing louder. I could sense their unease, the darkness that lurked behind their appearances.

“If you are not here on behalf of Our Lord Jesus Christ,” I declared with force, “I cast you out! Out with you, in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ! I cast you out!”

As I spoke these words, their forms began to tremble and shiver. A deep, dark energy seemed to crumble under the weight of the Divine authority I invoked. Within moments, they vanished, disappearing into the ether, their false appearances melting away. The truth was clear: they had come not with good intentions, but to confuse, to lead astray, to distort the message of light and love.

Relieved and resolute, I turned back to my work, knowing that I had just prevented a deep distortion from entering this sacred space. The spirits who had volunteered alongside me looked to me with gratitude and understanding. Their silent nods confirmed that I had protected the foundation from an intrusion of darkness, ensuring that only truth would continue to flow through our work.

With the disturbance gone, I returned to the broadcast station, setting it once again to run smoothly, ensuring that the flow of information continued uninterrupted. I resumed my spiritual counseling, offering guidance to the souls who sought our help, and watched with awe as they benefited from the resources we had so carefully provided.

The night continued, peaceful and filled with purpose. The foundation was a place of light, and I, along with the other volunteers, worked together to guide souls into deeper understanding, helping them to expand their consciousness and find their way on the journey of out-of-body travel. As the hours passed, I marveled at the continuous flow of souls, all finding what they needed from our store—both in the mystical and the physical realms.

“For our struggle is not against flesh and blood, but against the rulers, against the authorities, against the powers of this dark world and against the spiritual forces of evil in the heavenly realms.”

Holy Bible, New Testament, Ephesian 6:12

“The Divine is in the hearts of all, and all must be purified, but through the heart of the Divine.”

Sri Aurobindo

“The eye with which I see God is the same eye with which God sees me.”

Meister Eckhart

My spirit was swept away to a house unlike any I had seen before, a dwelling so beautiful it seemed to breathe with life itself. Its elegance captivated me immediately: three sprawling living rooms bathed in soft light, and four or five sleeping spaces—each not quite a room but cradled in perfect purpose. The

kitchen was a masterpiece, adorned with a rose pattern reminiscent of my own cherished bedspread, as if the house knew the language of my heart.

I wasn't alone in exploring this dreamlike estate. Among the group was the husband of someone close to me, who expressed a fervent desire to buy the house. But as I wandered deeper, the charm of the house began to fracture.

What first seemed enchanting revealed shadows of decay. Hidden corners held old cisterns, their insides rotted and forgotten. Some rooms, once vibrant, had been gutted and filled with crumbling wood and debris, like forgotten memories left to rot. Bees hovered in a few corners, harbingers of neglect, and other insects whispered of something festering beneath the surface.

The beauty of the house was like a mask, concealing an equal measure of ruin. Each step revealed a duality: opulence met by decay, elegance tangled with corruption.

And then I saw them — the spirits. About thirty of them lingered in the beautiful parts of the house, a spectral gathering that filled the air with unease. They were not benevolent souls; their presence curdled the house's allure.

These spirits had a purpose, dark and insidious. Slowly, their attention turned toward us, their intent clear: to trap us within the house's grasp, to tether our spirits to its decaying heart. What had been a mesmerizing haven now revealed itself as a lure, a snare set for wandering souls.

Panic surged as we sought escape. The house seemed alive, closing in around us with its labyrinth of beauty and rot. It was a harrowing journey, weaving through rooms that beckoned and repelled, evading the clutches of spirits desperate to ensnare us.

Finally, we broke free. The air outside tasted sharp and real, a tonic to the suffocating dread within. As we ran from the house, its truth settled over me: this was a place built to deceive, a trap adorned with allure, designed to seduce the unwary and steal their freedom.

Though I had escaped its clutches, the memory lingered, chilling and sharp. I was grateful to be free, but the beauty of that house would forever carry the bitter tang of its hidden horrors.

"In the midst of the battle, the soul must remember that the greatest weapon is not the sword but the heart that knows the truth of love and light."

Unknown

In the shimmering veil of my spirit's wanderings, I found myself transformed—no longer an observer of the mundane but a Princess of Sweden, cloaked in majesty. My marriage to a prince was not just a union but a story written in starlight, every moment steeped in a happiness that felt eternal.

I wore a gown of pure white, its flowing train whispering over marble floors like a river of moonlight. It was a masterpiece of elegance, each fold imbued with the essence of grace. Upon my head rested a golden crown, intricate and ornate, its radiance catching the light in a dance of fire and sun. It was more than an adornment; it was a symbol of legacy, a tether to the ancient line of rulers who had come before me.

Our family was the heart of the kingdom, bound not just by blood but by a shared purpose. Among us was another sister, regal and poised, who stood as the second in line to the throne. Her presence was a quiet reminder of our roles in this grand tapestry, each thread woven with duty and affection.

We were a close-knit royal family, our bonds a fortress against the world outside. Laughter often echoed in the gilded halls, harmonizing with the music of our shared lives. Yet, beneath the beauty of our crowns and titles, there was a profound simplicity to our joy—a love that

pulsed through the opulence, making every moment vibrant and alive.

*"You yourself, as much as anybody in the entire universe,
deserve your love and affection."*

The Buddha

"Love is the bridge between you and everything."

Rumi

Returning to the hermitage mystically, I was suddenly moving out for a reason that was unknown to me. I found myself standing at a crossroads.

I believed the task would be simple, just pack up some boxes and be on my way. But as I began to gather my belongings, the room seemed to awaken, revealing the depth of what I had stored within its walls. Books emerged in stacks, each one a fragment of my library, a piece of my soul. Statues, both large and small, stood as silent witnesses to my time here. And then, towering above them all, was the statue of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel.

The statue was breathtaking, a figure of profound serenity and power. It called to me with an almost sacred insistence, whispering of its place not here in this transient space, but at the heart of my true home. I imagined it standing vigil, guarding the entrance with

grace and strength, a symbol of protection and devotion.

Realizing the enormity of the task, I hired some people to help me. They moved with purpose, packing the books, statues, and countless holy relics that seemed to appear from every corner of the room. It was overwhelming to see how much I had invested in this place I had always thought of as temporary. These items weren't just possessions; they were pieces of my journey, each carrying a story, a memory, a weight.

The work was daunting, but with help, it became manageable. Piece by piece, the room transformed, the shedding its former identity as my hermitage. My focus lingered on the statue of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel, its presence resonating deeply within me. It was more than just a work of art—it was a protector, a beacon of faith, destined to guard my home as steadfastly as it had guarded my spirit.

As I closed the door for the final time, I felt a bittersweet ache. This room had been a part of my life, but its chapter was closing. What awaited was a new beginning, one centered not on transient spaces but on the permanence of my true home, perhaps an eternal one, where faith and purpose would find their rightful place.

"When you are at a crossroads, remember that your true home is not in the material, but in the unseen and eternal."

Prophet Mohammed

"The practice of detachment, which brings freedom from the illusion of the material, leads to the discovery of one's true home, beyond the transient."

Patanjali

My spirit descended gently into the familiar embrace of the mountains in my former hometown. It was a house not defined by grandeur but by a quiet, unassuming charm. It wasn't new—perhaps not even modern—but it was well-kept, the kind of home that had lived and breathed with time. From its windows, the mountains stretched out in all directions, a timeless presence that seemed to watch over this modest dwelling. The price of the house was revealed to me, not extravagant, yet comfortable. It wasn't the oldest, but it held a certain warmth in its bones.

I woke in the bedroom, the room where so many memories had once swirled. My friend was there, his steady presence offering help as I began to explore the space. As I wandered through the house, I was once again greeted by the face of my deceased mother—her presence a welcome sight.

Together, we moved into the backyard, where others appeared beside us, as if summoned by the very air. But the backyard was not just a simple yard. It unfolded before us, expanding into something far beyond what I had expected. A vast outbuilding stretched across the space, its roof towering above us like a cathedral. Inside, many small rooms had been carved out, each holding their own secret. We wandered through this newfound expanse, discovering room after room, a place for extra bedrooms, a study, but then—something remarkable happened. The space seemed to split open, transforming into something even more extraordinary.

We ventured further, stepping into what could only be described as a spiritual wonderland. The backyard had transformed into a sprawling outdoor museum of relics, each piece carefully curated and displayed as if to tell the sacred stories of the world. It was a space where time and faith collided, where Native American artifacts stood beside Buddhist relics and Christian icons. It was a tapestry of the sacred, woven together by history and devotion.

In this enchanted place, I was greeted by an old friend. He embraced me warmly, his smile full of recognition. “Marilynn,” he said, “you’re a bit of a legend around here.” I was taken aback, unsure of how my name had become intertwined with such stories, but the weight of my past work — the heresy trial, the

transformation—perhaps? Maybe they remembered some of that and it had left its mark on the town.

My friend and his wife were the proud homeowners of this sanctuary. He gave me a grand tour of their property, revealing hundreds of exhibits, each one a testament to the sacredness of human history. Native American artifacts whispered their stories, Buddhist relics exuded peace, and Christian statues held their quiet reverence. My old friend led me beneath the earth, to an underground warehouse that housed creatures of all kinds.

As we walked through the dim space, a mountain lion emerged from the shadows, my power animal. He stepped back, but the lion, with eyes gleaming like amber, approached me. It circled my legs, its presence calm and knowing. I gazed into its eyes, feeling a deep, ancient connection. Then, with the same quiet grace, it turned and melted into the woods, leaving only the echo of its gaze behind.

Among the animals, there were kittens—small, playful creatures—and a family of chinchillas, at least eight, living in a massive habitat he had built. But the true marvel lay ahead.

He led me to what could only be described as the pinnacle of their work: a grand sleigh, carved from wood, like something out of a forgotten fairy tale. It was a nativity roller coaster, an experience that seemed

as sacred as it was surreal. We climbed into the sleigh, and as we moved forward, it carried us through the Stations of the Rosary, each station unfolding with divine beauty. The cross loomed before us in a way that was so unbelievably holy it left me breathless.

Together, we continued through the hundreds of stations that filled this spiritual amusement park, a place where relics of all faiths—Christian, Islamic, Hindu, Jewish, Buddhist, Native American, more — were honored in their own spaces. Every corner, every path, was a testament to the holiness of belief, the beauty of devotion.

But as the day wore on, I returned to the house, where my mother awaited me. There was something urgent in her gaze, an unspoken message that I couldn't yet understand. There was a lingering sense that the world I had just experienced — the relics, the sacred journey — held something deeper, something hidden just beyond my grasp.

"The more you are able to let go of your attachments, the more you create space for true peace to emerge in your life."

Eckhart Tolle

As I drifted back into the embrace of sleep, my soul was swept away to a distant land, an Islamic country where the air hummed with both tradition and the

promise of progress. I spent the night not in the realm of dreams, but in the realm of purpose, working alongside a group of extraordinary young people. Their energy, their drive, was palpable, and together, we labored with a singular mission: to help them reach the highest and fullest expression of their potential, to elevate them from the ground beneath their feet to the very skies above.

Among them was a young woman, no older than twenty, whose spirit had called to me over countless mystic years. She had been my focus, my guiding star through a journey of unseen connection. I had watched her grow, evolve, from afar, nurturing her potential as if she were a cherished dream slowly unfolding. Yet, as she emerged before me in this moment, I felt the bitter pang of disappointment.

This young woman, whom I had spent what felt like lifetimes guiding and supporting, was now struggling to embrace her destiny. The path she had once seemed destined to follow was no longer hers to walk. She had veered in a different direction, one that felt far from the vision God had held for her. The potential I had seen in her, the greatness God had dreamed she would embody, was slipping away, like sand through her fingers.

The weight of this realization pressed down on me, a mixture of heartbreak and sorrow. The mystical

connection we had shared seemed to shatter in the face of her defiance, and though I longed to guide her back to her true path, I knew that her journey, like all of ours, was hers to navigate.

The experience was so intense, so profoundly moving, that words fail to encapsulate it. It was as if the night itself had folded in upon itself, each moment a vortex of emotion, of possibility, of deep, unspoken truths. I felt the weight of her choices, the echoes of her struggles, reverberating within me.

And yet, in the midst of this deep sorrow, there was also a quiet acceptance—a recognition that every soul must walk its own path, even if that path diverges from the one we envisioned for them. This experience, though painful, was a lesson in surrender, in letting go, and in trusting the unfolding of each individual journey.

"The journey of a thousand miles begins with one step. Let go of the past, and the path ahead will unfold with ease."

Lao Tzu

"It is in giving up that we receive. Let go of all that holds you back, and you will find your true sanctuary in the Divine."

St. Francis of Assisi

Anonymous Experience: Yesterday, I found myself with you once more, though in a realm beyond the physical. I was told that your soul was pure, untainted, and destined for the highest ascent—an effortless rise into heaven. But mine, they told me, was far different. Shadows lingered within me, parts of my being yet to be cleansed. They spoke of time, of a slow but sure process, one that would unfold as I worked toward purification.

In that moment, I understood that you were the one I needed to strive to become. You were the example, the ideal, the light I could follow. I returned to my body, burdened by the weight of their words. "It's hard," I whispered to myself. But deep within, a flicker of hope remained. I knew that if things remained as they were, you would rise, and when you did, I vowed not to be forgotten. "Don't forget to pull me up from there," I thought. "Don't pretend like you don't know me." I was teasing you and laughing, because of course, I know you'd never do that. Haha.

"Your daily life is your temple and your religion. When you enter into it, take with you your all."

Kahlil Gibran

"What we are today comes from our thoughts of yesterday, and our present thoughts build our life of tomorrow. Your task is to let go of what no longer serves you, to find peace in the present moment."

The Buddha

As my spirit drifted further from the bounds of earthly existence, I was invited to participate in a strange and exhilarating form of flight—one that filled my being with a sense of freedom, exercise, and elevation beyond what words could capture. In my hands were long ropes or hoses—each at least one hundred feet long, stretching far beyond what I could see. There was a process, a rhythm, a sacred dance, in which I would circle these ropes into the air. With each movement, my soul was uplifted, carried aloft in a flight that felt as natural as breathing.

The sky around me was a boundless sea of white, soft clouds floating lazily beneath the deepest, bluest sky imaginable. It felt as though I was soaring through the very fabric of heaven itself. And I was not alone. Dozens of others were flying alongside me, souls gathered in the vast expanse. Yet, in that moment, I was uniquely attuned to this heavenly flight. I felt a grace in the movement, a skill that came as if by divine instinct. I was flying not just through the sky, but through the realm of souls—gathering my spirit back and forth among them, touching the souls of friends and family who had passed, feeling their presence as I moved between them.

The more I flew, the more I felt my soul stretch and expand, a deep exhilaration swelling within me. The angelic heralds, watching my progress, took notice of my skill and ease. They beckoned me, inviting me to teach others this sacred process – to show them how to properly gather their souls, how to ascend, to rise and glide through the heavens, lifting themselves to higher realms of light and purity.

It was a breathtaking experience, each movement effortless, yet powerful. It was as though I had run marathons with the speed and grace of an angel, my spirit filled with an overwhelming joy, my heart light with the exhilaration of this celestial flight. There was no limit to where I could go, no end to the sky. I was free – utterly and completely.

As the night passed, I continued soaring through the heavens, my spirit a beacon of light and joy. But eventually, the time came for me to return to my earthly form, to descend from the blissful heights of the heavens and once again take on the weight of the world below. Still, the memory of that flight, that pure, unrestrained joy, lingered within me, a reminder of what was possible when the soul is truly free.

"The soul who desires God is in a state of continual exile, walking away from the house of the world, its false comforts and decaying walls."

St. John of the Cross

*"The true self is beyond the world of form and decay.
Detach from what binds you to the illusions of time and
space, and you will discover the eternal peace of the soul."*

Patanjali

Anonymous Experience: Marilynn and I were together in the present day. She received an Eternal directive. She is told that her work here is done, there is nothing more for her to do in this world and it's time to leave, right now! The tone of The Eternal was very harsh and critical if not condemning of our current world.

I was given the impression that Marilynn hadn't completed all of the tasks that God had desired for Marilynn to fulfill on Earth. Rather, the world's spiritual state was so bad that a reconfiguration was being made. The spiritual state of the earth was similar to a Sodom and Gomorrah or Noah's Flood. And the message was clearly to turn and never look back, like Sodom and Gomorrah. It was not worthy of receiving Marilynn's messages. Our world was spiritually and morally corrupt. I know it sounds harsh, but this is how it was given.

Marilynn's continuing to share the divine messages and truths given to her would be as casting pearls before swine. To continue to do so was offensive to God.

And thus, it was a very strong tone and impression that the world was no longer to benefit from Marilyn's experiences and messages, and that Marilyn must create a new world (spiritual world or realm.). It is strongly impressed upon me that this direction is God's Will, that it is being given solely for **spiritual** reasons. The secular world has nothing to do with this directive from God.

It is also strongly impressed upon me that I am to go with Marilyn and help her in creating this new world.

We are to immediately leave and walk completely away from our current lives and this world. We are never coming back.

Marilyn is immediately obedient. When God gives her a directive, she immediately responds and doesn't question or look back. She tells me, "Let's Go" and without any hesitation, we start walking out of the structure we are in. We take nothing with us. We have only the clothes on our backs, and we are focused on our mission.

It was like the Apostles turning their backs on any towns that rejected them and shaking the dirt or the dust from their feet.

Marilyn and I suddenly find ourselves in an open cave, as in a rock structure that resembles a cave in shape, features and rock types, but it has a complete

opening to the sky, and while there are some walls, none are taller than us, and most of the sides are open (missing any walls). The structure we are now on resembles a slab of rock that was cut out of a cave.

We do not talk at all, whatsoever, of our former lives, our children, pets, friends and homes we left behind. These thoughts never occur to me. There is only the work of creation, Marilynn's work, as I watch her creating some sort of portal of **holy** object.

I cannot tell if Marilynn is creating an energy portal, or a holy artifact of some kind, like a very small Kaaba. This object is not black, while it appears to be a rock of some kind, it is of the Light, not like a light emitting light, but like an object heated that glows with a light/color. The object has a yellowish hue – not bright, but Marilynn's energy infusions are very slowly but continuously strengthening the power exuded by this object.

I know without any doubt that this object is integral to the creation of this new world. I do not know if the object is a portal of some sort that will teleport Marilynn and I to this new world Marilynn is creating, or if it will be the source of creation for the new world on the cave rock slab on which we now live, and which is our entire and sole reason for existing.

The cave rock slab is floating in an infinite void of space. There is a perpetual dusk all around us in all

directions, but as the distance from the cave rock slab increases, the void space in all directions gets darker and becomes total blackness. There are no stars, no other light.

It is totally silent other than my questions to Marilynn on how long this will take. What is she doing? What is the object she is energizing?

But Marilynn is silent. She does not answer my questions. She just keeps energizing the object and periodically resting and sometimes sleeping.

We have no food, no water, yet we do not hunger or thirst. There is a notion of a day and a night as the temperature does vary somewhat, heating up slightly and subsequently cooling, but it is never hot, nor even warm, and it is also never below freezing.

Many, many days pass, I sense this passage of time in addition to our sleep cycles. There continues to be no thoughts whatsoever on any element of our previous life. I know we are both focused on the mission/directive God has given us.

I try a couple of times to lay close next to Marilynn when we go to sleep, but she silently, softly but firmly pushes me away. I am not making advances on her, I just desire being close to her. I am also cold and desire to be next to her warmth.

But it is strongly impressed upon me that **my role is to watch over Marilynn as she does her work and support her always in the new world she is creating.**

The object/portal/artifact is growing in power and glow. Marilynn continues her energizing work fastidiously. I am starting to wonder if this will be our existence forever. I don't doubt Marilynn, but I do not understand what she is doing/creating.

The thought of being in that state, on the cave rock slab, floating in the void forever, concerns me. I am not looking to shirk my duties or leave, but after so many days, and not understanding what Marilynn is doing, I'm wondering when we will be teleported to the new world or when will the cave rock slab start turning into a new world. I ask Marilynn again about what's happening and when we'll see this new world, but she silently ignores me, continuing to energize the object/portal/artifact.

I know that the object/portal/artifact is the key, the source of all that will eventually be brought forth by Marilynn.

And in my impatience, I am suddenly thrust into the alternative, the option to turn away from the mission, to go my own way.

I then find myself alone back on the Earth. It could be Kansas or Oklahoma, Midwest terrain with rolling

grass hills and trees, but not dense like a forest. There are **no** other people around. Marilyn is not there. I am completely alone.

I found a home I like, a typical middle-class home for that area with a big yard that I bought just thinking that I wanted it. There are woods and a small valley behind my backyard. Instantly I am aware that I've had a contractor drill many holes in the yard for fenceposts. But the holes are huge, at least twice the size of a sewer manhole cover. There are dozens of these holes around the yard and I keep falling into them as I walk around the yard.

I realize that there are many pitfalls and there is no purpose to this path and I don't want it. And I choose to stay with Marilyn. And again, I find myself on the rock supporting her.

**And there she is continuing to create the new world,
while I protect and guard.**

Then the experience ends.

*"In the stillness of night, I was lifted,
A whisper from the fabric of the universe,
Untethered, adrift in the realm between.*

*I sailed through an open door, unseen by eyes of flesh,
Into the shimmering fold where time is but a sigh.
There, before me, a distant scene unfurled,
A tapestry woven with threads of light and shadow,*

*Where figures moved in rhythm with a hidden pulse –
 Not of earth, but of the stars that beckon.
 A woman, pale as moonlight's first breath,
 Her hair rippling like soft currents,
 Spoke words not of this world,
 But of dreams and destinies that merge in secret.*

*Beside her, a man, veiled in the warmth of firelight,
 His gaze a flame that neither wavers nor burns,
 Tended to a wound, deep and ancient,
 An echo of a promise made long before time had names.*

*Their hands did not touch,
 Yet a silent bond passed between them,
 A quiet conversation, without sound,
 Through the fragile veil of the world they had created.*

*The air thickened, as if the very essence of the place
 Was holding its breath, waiting for something to unfold –
 A choice yet to be made, a path yet to be walked,*

*But I could not stay, nor could I speak.
 With a pulse, like the flutter of wings,
 I returned to the earth of my body,
 Heavy with the weight of their unspoken secrets,
 The imprint of their journey marked in the ether."*

Marilynn Hughes

*"You have made us for yourself, O Lord, and our heart is
 restless until it rests in you. The world can never be the
 place where true peace is found, only in the Divine."
 St. Augustine*

*"When you are able to transcend the mind, you realize that
 the world is neither good nor bad, but simply a reflection of*

your inner state."

Rumi

One day, my deceased father appeared before me, and in an instant, I was told that I had inherited the a particular Out-of-Body Travel Institute. Now . . . bear with me, as I know this experience must be a symbolic rendering and have a meaning which goes beyond my understanding.

A place that had once been the domain of another significant researcher and traveler, had now been entrusted to me - though I was uncertain of how this had come to be. I wandered through its rooms, the walls and furniture familiar yet foreign, all of it cast in a singular shade of forest green. The surfaces were plastic, cold to the touch, as if the entire institute were encased in a time capsule, suspended between eras.

Some rooms felt neglected, lacking the care and energy they once had. I took note of these spaces, aware that they needed more—more light, more love, more attention. As I moved through the halls, I encountered individuals who did not belong here, people who were there for the wrong reasons. Without hesitation, I sent them home, unwilling to tolerate their presence. Others were marketing out-of-body travel in a way that felt disconnected from its sacredness, secularizing something divine. I addressed them as well, telling them that we would no longer engage in that distorted

version of the work. They were angry, their frustration palpable, but they kept it contained, silently seething.

I was confused, disoriented even. How had I come to inherit this place? My father had never owned it, and someone else had been its founder. Yet here I was, standing in the heart of this institute, as if it had always been meant for me to take it to its next level. The mystery of it all pressed down on me, a riddle waiting to be solved.

I remembered something my deceased father had shown me just a month ago—an image of a house in the woods. He had told me he was "working on it," he was preparing a place for me, though I didn't fully understand what he meant. The pieces began to fall into place, and I knew, somehow, that this was all connected.

The thread that had begun to unravel started with a seemingly mundane experience—'moving' out of my home. I had realized, as I began the task, just how much I had accumulated. (Although this had so far been purely spiritual, I had not done so physically.) It seemed overwhelming at first, the sheer volume of belongings I had to pack and move. I had hired help, and as the process went on, Our Lady of Mt. Carmel appeared to me, her presence one of profound grace and honor. In that moment, I felt her blessing and guidance.

Then came my deceased father, who showed me yet another place—another home, another beginning. My deceased mother, too, played a role in this unfolding journey. She showed me a home that opened not just into a physical space, but into a mystical panorama of existence, a realm where the boundaries between worlds blurred and energies intertwined. And then, there was a third place—a location tied to a church I had once attended, a place alive with history, with purpose, with divine energy.

Each of these locations had been imbued with a deeper life force, enlivened in ways I couldn't fully comprehend. They were connected, each one a step on the path leading to something greater, something beyond the physical realm.

But as I stood in the institute, aware of the weight of my inheritance, I understood that I could not yet see the full picture. I must wait—wait for further conscious instruction, for the next step to reveal itself. The mysteries were still unfolding, and I had to remain open, receptive, until clarity arrived.

For now, I could only trust that all of these threads—the house in the woods, the institute, the places that had been shown to me—were all part of a larger plan, one that I had yet to fully understand. But I knew this much: the work was not over, and I was not alone in it.

In my limited understanding, I would gather that all of these pieces were intended to come together. And this made perfect sense. It wasn't that I was supposed to run this institute, it was rather that we were all supposed to bring all these aspects together because in doing so it all made a greater body of knowledge and would bring a bigger picture of the out of body experience to the world that was lacking in our day and age somehow which was yet to emerge.

"Lord, make me an instrument of Your peace. Where there is hatred, let me sow love; where there is injury, pardon; where there is doubt, faith; where there is despair, hope; where there is darkness, light; where there is sadness, joy."

St. Francis of Assisi

"Be willing to be a beginner every single morning."

Meister Eckhart

"The unexamined life is not worth living."

Socrates

"When you are inspired by some great purpose, some extraordinary project, all your thoughts break their bonds; your mind transcends limitations, your consciousness expands in every direction, and you find yourself in a new, great, and wonderful world."

Patanjali

"You cannot travel the path until you have become the path itself."

The Buddha

"Be who God meant you to be and you will set the world on fire."

St. Catherine of Siena

My soul found itself waiting in the room I would often stay in when visiting my mother before she passed. The room had been transformed—no longer cluttered and cramped, but now quaint and cozy, lovingly redecorated with an air of peace and care. When my mother was alive, it had been a place of warmth, but also of crowded energy. Now, in her absence, the space felt calm, serene, a true sanctuary. It was as if the room itself had healed, much like the heart that once filled it.

Suddenly, I was transported to another vision—a house, a new scene unfolding before me. I was standing at the foot of a staircase, looking up at a structure that was close to other homes. Snow blanketed the surroundings, and a chill filled the air. The house wasn't perfect, but it felt inviting, a place that could work, a place of possibility. A male real estate agent was showing it to me, his words and gestures barely reaching my consciousness as the vision shifted again.

Before I could fully grasp what had just happened, I found myself back in the room at my mother's house once more. There, waiting for me in the living room, was the grandmother of my former partner. I knew this

instantly. There was something important she needed to share with me, something that couldn't wait.

A flutter of nerves gripped me. I hadn't seen her in a while, and the shadow of our annulment lingered in my mind. Would she still want to see me? Would she hold my past mistakes against me?

I was still trying to gather myself, fidgeting with my phone, playing trivial games to distract myself from the moment. But then, she disappeared from the living room and appeared within the room I had been waiting—seated at a small desk. A rush of relief flooded through me as I ran to her, embracing her warmly. I told her how excited I was to see her again. She looked at me with a softness that comforted my soul.

Her voice was gentle, yet tinged with concern. She confessed that she had feared I would refuse to see her because of the annulment. Surprised by her words, I assured her that I had never felt that way. The past was the past, and there was no space for it between us now.

Her long gray hair was gathered into a bun, and she wore a dress from the early 1900s, its vintage fabric adding to her timeless elegance. As I watched, something miraculous occurred. Her gray hair slowly deepened into a rich, warm brown, as if time itself was reversing, renewing her.

Beside her, there was a gift for me—a large, simple oil lamp, the kind that felt ancient yet full of quiet power. It was lit by candlelight, but what made it extraordinary was the switch at the door of the room, allowing it to be turned on and off with ease. She showed me how it worked, and we shared a laugh at the beauty of such a simple, yet enchanting, invention. The lamp felt significant, like the lamps of the wise virgins in the Gospel, a symbol of preparedness and illumination.

But there was more—something pressing that she needed to tell me. Her face grew serious, her eyes filled with urgency. She seemed to speak of our descendants, of the future, and how crucial it was that I understood something in order to guide them. The moment was interrupted by a rustling at the front door. Someone was trying to enter the home.

Grandma's face fell, her expression one of disappointment. His presence was an obstacle. He didn't understand what was at stake, and his interference threatened to derail the message she was trying to convey to me.

Before I could process it fully, a divine presence filled the room. Our Lady of Fatima, impossibly tall—at least ten feet—appeared, blocking the doorway to the bedroom so that he would be unable to enter. She was thin, radiant with light, exuding an aura of such purity

that it left me in awe. Her presence was one of quiet authority, and the room seemed to pulse with her energy. It seemed he was never able to trespass the front door, much less the bedroom door with such a presence not permitting it to be so.

Grandma's words were muffled, her voice drowned out by the overwhelming light surrounding Our Lady. I could not hear her anymore, but I knew that what she was trying to say was of profound importance. It was something about the future of our family—our grandchildren and great-grandchildren—and the path they must walk. The weight of it all pressed down on me, the sense that this mission, this task, was far greater than I could fully understand.

When I returned to my physical form, the vision had already slipped away. I tried desperately to recapture the scene, to hold onto the fragments of what I had seen, but it was gone, fading like mist at dawn. The message, the mission, was still with me, though, echoing in my soul, a call to fulfill a purpose that transcended time and space.

But because this message is so, so important, I want to share my thoughts on what she may have been trying to convey.

Further Reflections on Matthew 25:1-13:

The parable of the Ten Virgins is a powerful message about being spiritually ready for the return of Christ. It emphasizes **wisdom** and **vigilance**, symbolized by the wise virgins who are prepared with extra oil for their lamps. The key point here is that when the Bridegroom (Jesus) arrives, the door to the banquet is shut, and those who are unprepared are locked out.

The oil represents the **spiritual preparedness** needed to enter the Kingdom of Heaven, and this preparedness is not something that can be borrowed or obtained at the last minute. The wise virgins, who took the extra oil, symbolize those who **remain vigilant and faithful** in their spiritual lives, continually nurturing their relationship with God, while the foolish virgins are symbolic of those who do not remain watchful or spiritually nourished.

Themes of **Preparedness**:

Spiritual Vigilance: The need to keep our spiritual "lamps" filled and ready at all times. Just as the virgins had to keep their lamps burning, we too must maintain our spiritual practices (prayer, devotion, acts of kindness, and repentance) to be prepared for the coming of the Bridegroom.

Wisdom in Spiritual Life: The distinction between the wise and foolish virgins lies in their foresight and readiness. True wisdom involves understanding the

importance of **preparing for eternity** and being prepared even when the return seems delayed.

Immediacy of Christ's Return: The parable teaches that Christ's return could come at any time, **unexpectedly**. The waiting is not passive but filled with active preparation. The virgins who were ready were the ones who could enter the wedding feast, symbolizing that readiness is essential to enter into eternal life.

The Role of Discipleship: The wise virgins demonstrate how true discipleship means not relying on others for our preparedness, but taking personal responsibility for our faith. The oil (faith, good works, spiritual readiness) cannot be shared in the moment of judgment—it must be cultivated and nurtured individually.

In Summary:

This parable calls all believers to **keep watch** and **remain faithful** as they wait for Christ's return. It highlights the importance of being **spiritually prepared** and the consequences of neglecting this responsibility. We must live our lives with an awareness of the need to stay vigilant, spiritually nourished, and committed, as we do not know the time or hour of Christ's coming.

"At that time the kingdom of heaven will be like ten virgins who took their lamps and went out to meet the bridegroom. Five of them were foolish and five were wise. The foolish ones took their lamps but did not take any oil with them. The wise ones, however, took oil in jars along with their lamps."

The Holy Bible, New Testament, Matthew 25: 1-13

"One who is kind to the poor and to their children, who cherishes the future of their descendants, does good in this life and in the next."

Dhammapada, Verse 165, Buddhism

"We are all related. What we do to the Earth, we do to ourselves. The Seven Generations are the future of our children. We must always act with them in mind."

Native American Spirituality, Lakota Wisdom

"To those who are constantly devoted and who remember Me with love, I give the understanding by which they can come to Me. Out of compassion for them, I, who am in the hearts of all living beings, destroy the darkness of ignorance with the shining lamp of wisdom."

The Bhagavad Gita, 9:22, Hinduism

"I will establish my covenant as an everlasting covenant between me and you and your descendants after you, for the generations to come, to be your God and the God of your descendants after you."

The Torah, Genesis 17:7, Judaism

Turning, I ran into another soul I knew who was currently still incarnate. She was a confused soul who was very disconnected from her spirit in the physical world. Unfortunately, I found her surrounded by the 'faceless ones.' These were demons of a sort who were plaguing her mind and causing her to be more and more confused, beheaded in a sort of way – losing her reason. There was nothing I could do except note to myself this condition so that I would be more aware and understanding of the condition when encountering her in the physical world.

Meeting with a former musician who had died from the earth plane, he had been a former country singer. But now in the afterlife he was writing a new kind of music which celebrated the angels. Excited and happy about this, I told him as much. "Keep this up, this work is an eternal good," I said to him.

"When I let go of what I am, I become what I might be."

Lao Tze

Hearing an internal call within, I knew that my beloved best friend had arrived and I went to the front door to greet her. Several other spirits followed her, at least five of them to be exact. The first one was the most interesting to me at first, because she was very, very tall, probably about six feet in height and she wore a robe of white overshadowed by a rich blue overlay.

Her brown hair was just below her shoulders and frankly, she looked a bit like the Blessed Mother, but she was definitely not her. She was a lovely young girl, and she appeared to enjoy pretending to be Mary, but she was not. At the same time, this was a lighted soul, she was not dark, nor was she a trickster, just a lovely young girl who emulated the Holy Mother. But I couldn't help but wonder if my friend was being fooled by this folly? I wasn't sure.

Then a young man stepped forward who wanted to take my temperature. Two others also came forward seemingly obsessed with offering me medical aid in a variety of ways. I was curious about this, it was very kind, and at first I went along with it, but then I had to ask, "Why are you doing this?" 'Well, we are trying to make sure you are okay, we have to look after your health." "Hmm," I replied, "Do you? Have you been told by anyone in particular that you must do this? Especially here in the spirit where such a task may not be so necessary?" They looked kind of confused. Then another two stepped forward and were following my friend around.

Now I began to get more concerned about my friend. Maybe these were just souls that were following her around because they liked to, and it appeared that my friend was perhaps sometimes getting fooled by their antics into thinking they were something else, or more significant than what they were.

"You know, I don't think this is healthy." I said. "I think you are all just following her around, and although I don't feel any darkness or ill-intent from any of you, you are blocking her way. Do you see this?" They looked down and I could tell that they did. "We need to get you all to the light. I think you just kind of got stuck on the way, and you need to get going. You won't want to stick around here much longer anyway, right? You know that." They all nodded that they knew this. My friend seemed a bit confused as to what was happening as she was having a moment of confusion most especially in relation to the young girl who dressed like the Blessed Mother. She somewhat believed that maybe she was that, and it was confusing her a bit that she was not realizing that it was not as it seemed. But I knew that she would be fine, it would not take her long to assimilate this and she would be onto the next thing. And she was. And they were. I watched as they all quietly walked forward and then upward into the light. My friend and I smiled at each other before she went on her way, and then we immediately went onto the next thing.

A massive flash of diffusive light pulsed through the house and I knew something important was about to happen.

Two giants of mystical history appeared in my living room. The first was from the 19th century, a mystic who I knew very well in this experience but could not place

in my waking life. In fact, I believe he may be unknown on earth although he lived here on earth. He had wild long and bushy brownish grayish hair down to his shoulders. His eyebrows were thick and brown. Wild eyes with gold looked out at you as if they knew your interior secrets and they were surrounded by the folds of time. He was just a few inches taller than me and very lean. Wearing a long thin red coverlet that went down to his knees, his shirt was a faded purple and his pants were tight but definitely in the style of his time.

Immediately, he came over to me, placed his hands on my arms and we immediately went into some type of energetic meld wherein he was showing me things from his time that he had seen and known. We transferred knowledge back and forth from our experiences to each other and it was powerful and fantastic. When it was over, he fell back onto the couch as I did to the other side.

Immediately, Edgar Cayce appeared on another end of the couch. Interiorly, I was immediately drawn to go to him and do the same thing that this man had done with me to him. Edgar was much taller in this experience than I'd remembered him from others. He was young, wearing a suit, his hair was very thin and flat to his head. And what was very different from the other man was that as soon as we melded, his eyes almost went back into his head as he went into a full on trance. I knew immediately he was going into his

sleeping prophet stance, he was gone, so to speak. Because he was going into his modality. When he returned, he confirmed some powerful and profound things – all in energy – that he had come to experience and understand, that we had exchanged while we were transferring energy. This was different in that I don't recall being thrown back like I had been with the other. There was a great familiarity with Edgar, like we knew each other pretty well.

There was something really, really important about what had just transpired between Edgar and I, and I didn't understand it. But I knew it. Edgar knew it, as well, you could see it in his eyes.

*"God is a circle whose center is everywhere and whose
circumference is nowhere."
St. Hildegard of Bingen*

Turning, I went to the kitchen of the home which was somehow just an oasis and there was harmony. But I had to go.

Suddenly, I was at the Vatican, deep in the Secret Archives at the behest of a Cardinal. I'd been invited to come and stay for lengthy time and I was setting up my bed which was a beautiful bed set up in a corner. There was a private bathroom nearby. Another young woman was nearby with her own little setup and she needed my help which I gladly gave. The Cardinal came to see that I had all I needed and made sure that

I was helping the young woman and that I would help anyone else who might come who was in need of assistance. I nodded that of course I would.

It seemed that I was very welcome here, and I was very surprised. Everything was so comfortable. Looking around, there was so much to look through and I was honored to be allowed to do this. The archives were not mysterious or frightening, I just felt so at home there.

For many hours of this night, I remained and it felt like I'd been there for many nights. I knew I'd be going there during the nights and that it would be a home away from home. Much research could be done here, and I was honored to be allowed to do such.

"Let all guests who arrive be received like Christ, for He is going to say, 'I was a stranger and you took Me in.'"

St. Benedict

Gathering on a lightwind, my soul was taken through about twenty epochs where my spirit was being rewarded for individual steps which were required and taken by myself to complete one of the latest tasks given to me by the eternal which was very large. There were hundreds of steps required to get everything up and running smoothly.

My soul was taken to a wondrous mountain hold wherein a great and beautiful mountain covered in

white and pure snow and ice was all around me and I stood in the purest of fallen snow. Yet everything was a calm, warm and perfect temperature.

My hair was set free and loose around my head and flying in the winds of heaven. My smile was wide and bright. With every step that I completed I was given a gift by the Lord, it was a beautiful diamond ring, each one very different and of a different luminescence than the last. Many of them were pure diamonds of crystalline color. But each of them would explode in light all around me and then they would immerse into my soul and my cells completely filling me with a transparency and frequency to help me to continue the work. Many of the diamonds had other colors included in them, as well. Some of them were other stones, like one was a deep emerald green and another a beautiful royal blue. The stones became more and more ornate as the night went on. Each step I completed in the tasks before me, resulted in another reward from the Eternal, from the Lord on High. And this ring was always of the most exquisite beauty, would be put upon my finger and then explode in a majestic swirling of light into the celestial sky. My face lit up with nocturnal bliss. And then all of that energy, all of that light, then swept into the galactic sky and then my spirit. It was so inexplicable.

It occurred at least thirty times, and I understood because I had so much work yet to do that with each

step along the way, I would receive another diamond ring even more awe-inspiring than the last, whether I remember it or not.

I was humbled and also so unbelievably excited by this. So grandly, thrilled and grateful.

This continued through the night, until I awoke ready for another day of tasks.

"Your work is love made visible."

Kahlil Gibran

"The more a soul is united to God, the more it is free of time and space. It lives in eternity."

Meister Eckhart

"Miss no single opportunity of making some small sacrifice, here by a smiling look, there by a kindly word; always doing the smallest things right for love."

St. Therese of Lisieux

"When the soul is united with God, all doors open. The body is an instrument; it is the heart that holds the key."

Sufi Saying

"Start by doing what's necessary, then do what's possible; and suddenly you are doing the impossible."

S. Francis of Assisi

"Just as a flower does not pick and choose the bees that come to it, the wise person does not pick and choose their blessings, but receives them with equanimity."

The Buddha

"In the evening of life, we will be judged on our love."

St. John of the Cross

Anonymous Experience: "Marilynn and a friend of hers visited me in a mystical experience.

Marilynn graciously handed me a book—something she wanted me to read before presenting it to the public. She stepped away to take a call with the publisher while I helped her friend settle into the back room. Then, I turned my focus to the book.

Suddenly, the book appeared in my hands, and as I began reading, a screen-like projection of its contents unfolded before me. Though I can't recall the exact words, in my dream, I absorbed every single one. My spirit immediately recognized that this book was the key to breaking through my spiritual stagnation. It was my answer. So, I kept reading.

When I finished, Marilyn returned. I told her how powerful the book was—how deeply it resonated with me and how it strengthened my spirit. I was in awe of her work once again.

But as I looked at her, I realized something—her living energy was fading, being drawn away. My spirit could sense it, and I told her, "God is drawing your energy out."

My spirit sensed her departure might come sooner than I expected.....

After hearing my word, Marilyn only smiled, as if this was exactly what she had been waiting to hear. Then she smiled and said, “Good. This (indicating her physical body) is just garbage anyway.”

She was at complete peace.

At that moment, an overwhelming awareness struck me—how incredibly fortunate I was to have her, to be in her presence.

As this realization deepened, her very being became translucent, almost radiant. A pure, saint-like energy emanated from her, something so holy that my spirit was utterly shaken by it. (Almost like you imagine a building being shaken when an earthquake hits it.) I sensed God’s presence permeating every aspect of her spirit—it was something beyond words.

I was overwhelmed. At the same time, I realized that different feeling stirred within me—not jealousy, but *holy envy*—a yearning not to possess what she had, but to rise higher in my own spirit, to strive toward that same divine closeness. It was a beautiful moment....

I composed myself, holding back tears. “It’s good for you,” I said, my voice shaking, “but not for me. I need you here...”

*"Love knows not its own depth until the hour of
separation."
Kahlil Gibran*

Yet, deep inside, my spirit knew — there was nothing to fear for her. She was already in God's hands. She always had been.

Still, I resisted. I did not want her to go. Because if she left, I feared I might never see her again.

And then, I woke up.

Notably, on the book's front page, Marilyn's friend's name, appeared three times suggesting his significant involvement, and his contributions to supporting, helping and taking care of her and making possible its creation. When I saw this and all the care and support he was giving to her, I was just so thankful to him for doing these things, my heart was full of gratitude. My spirit recognized his essential role in bringing this book to fruition. Despite whatever he may have struggled with before, this was who he had become under her tutelage.

*Let it be so, according to Your Word.
Let the winds awaken what once lay still,
Breathe anew the realm unseen —
Here or beyond, it matters not,
Only that it is wholly Yours.*

Marilynn Hughes

*Let us rise as the tempest calls,
A rushing wind, a sacred tide,
One voice, one purpose, one truth –
Swept in You, forever whole.*

*"Let there be no purpose in friendship save the deepening of
the spirit."*

Kahlil Gibran

*"We do not live in the world as it is, but as we are. If we
change, the world changes."*

Thomas Merton

*"I have been all things unholy. If God can work through
me, he can work through anyone."*

St. Francis of Assisi

*"The purpose of life is to be defeated by greater and greater
things."*

Rainer Maria Rilke

*"The best way to take care of the future is to take care of the
present moment."*

Thich Nhat Hanh

*"You are the master of your own destiny. You can only be
the master of the body and mind if you transcend them."*

The Buddha

*"The body is the bow, the soul is the arrow that flies, and
God is the target."*

Kabir

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Lao Tzu

Socrates

Rainer Maria Rilke

Kabir

Sister Augustine

St. Benedict

To Gather the Winds of Heaven:

An Astral Projection Odyssey Through the Higher Realms

By Marilyn Hughes

The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation
<https://outofbodytravel.org>

To Gather the Winds of Heaven: An Astral Projection Odyssey Through the Higher Realms - *To Gather the Winds of Heaven: An Astral Projection Odyssey Through the Higher Realms* is a transformative journey through the mystical and divine dimensions of the universe, inviting readers to explore the higher realms of consciousness, spirituality, and astral projection. This book merges the ancient wisdom of mysticism with cutting-edge scientific knowledge to unravel the mysteries of the cosmos, the soul, and the unseen worlds that surround us.

Through the *Rapturous Communion in the Interior Mystical Church*, readers are introduced to the concept of divine union in the deepest spaces of the soul. This journey leads to the exploration of *Tesla's 'Language of the Walls'* and the ancient *Eight Immortals of Taoism*, highlighting the profound connection between science and spiritual awakening.

As the odyssey unfolds, readers embark on a quest to *Retrieve the Knife of the Emerald*, a symbol of enlightenment and inner strength, as they delve

deeper into the mysteries of the *Particulate Knowledge of Dr. Edgar Mitchell* and the celestial *Stallion of Pope Pius XII*, powerful representations of cosmic wisdom and spiritual evolution.

The book then moves into the realms of the *Ancient Extraterrestrials of Mystical Samadhi and Aum*, opening gateways to higher consciousness and the sacred sounds that unite the universe. Exploring the cosmic struggle between good and evil, *The Waters of Evil and the Lands and Oceans of the Archangels* guides the reader through spiritual battles, protection, and divine intervention.

The Rapture of the Beloved and the Shield of Faith offers a profound encounter with divine love and spiritual protection, while *The Strong of Paradise and the Music of the Spheres* reveals the divine harmonies that govern all existence. Finally, in the concluding chapter, *Creating a New World and the Foreshadowings* prepares readers for a future of spiritual awakening, urging them to align with divine purpose and transform the world through enlightened consciousness.

With rich insights into astral projection, mysticism, and divine wisdom, *To Gather the Winds of Heaven* is a powerful exploration of the higher realms and the eternal journey of the soul. Whether you are a seasoned traveler of the astral planes or new to these concepts, this book offers a roadmap for spiritual awakening, cosmic exploration, and connection to the divine.

(For more info – <https://outofbodytravel.org>)

