

ExtraTerrestrials

Mystic Knowledge Series

Compiled and Written by Marilyn Hughes

The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation!

www.outofbodytravel.org



The Pleiades

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

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INTRODUCTION:

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

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

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

These experiences are compiled from 'Come to Wisdom's Door: How to Have an Out-of-Body Experience,' 'The Mysteries of the Redemption: A Treatise on Out-of-Body Travel and Mysticism,' 'Galactica: A Treatise on Death, Dying and the Afterlife,' 'The Palace of Ancient Knowledge: A Treatise on Ancient Mysteries,' 'Touched by the Nails: A Karmic Journey Revealed,' 'Suffering: The Fruits of Utter Desolation,' and a few other published and unpublished sources.

CHAPTER ONE

Venus and Alpha Centauri

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

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

Big black eyes and large white craniums were the trademark features of these aliens, and one of them was wearing a black robe. Rather than astral matter, like

the spacecraft of the previous moment, their craft was made of physical matter. In a moment, I was returned to form.

"Judge thou fairly, I adjure thee by God."

*The Epistle to the Son of the Wolf, Page 81,
Paragraph 1, (Baha'i, Author: Baha'u'llah)*

Watching as a blue crystal faceted spaceship shaped like an hourglass was descending from the sky, my spirit was mesmerized by the scene. A spirit voice began speaking behind me, "Not long ago, this spaceship arrived from Venus carrying souls who wished to incarnate in human form. Only a few saw as the spaceship came to Earth because only a few were able to see through their spirit's eyes. It was an astral spaceship, and your child was on this ship." Coming to a halt, the spirits inside began pouring out. My oldest daughter, who was only two, ran up to me, her destiny clear and known to her. In her childlike body, she spoke with authority and conviction. "I have come from a world of peace and tranquility, a world where love is all that is. I enter now into a world filled with turmoil and no inner vision. Like you, mother, this society will not sustain me. My destiny will not be to fit

into this society, but to teach society new ways. Be patient with me." As tears streamed down my face, I held her tiny hand and acknowledged that I would. For a moment, I touched the glittering blue crystal plates upon the spaceship, and felt the power that fueled this vessel.

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

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

Flying about the earth, I noticed a Venusian Blue Crystal spaceship hovering around. Several hunters saw it from the woods, and were staring at it. Materializing amongst them, I walked towards their campfire, "Look up there!" They shouted at me, assuming I was another hunter. "Oh, that." I said. "That is a crystal spaceship from Venus." For the first time they all looked down to see who I was, and with a look indicating that they thought I was a moron. "Venusians have been coming here for

several decades now, incarnating in the tribes of man to bring in the path of the spirit." Arguing amongst themselves, one of the men said, "You must be one of them escaped crazies!" Smiling, I replied, "You don't believe what I tell you, so I must rejoin my ship." Sheer shock accompanied their faces as I shot towards the sky, hovering about them for a few moments before entering the crystal spaceship.

Inside the ship, I saw no instrumentation but noticed the Venusian spirits were joyous beings. Shooting towards the heavens, we glowed through the sky. No matter, the time was nigh, soon the tribes of the earth would awaken, and until then I must return to the world of form.

"On the mansion worlds, after your vision range is extended and you are freed from the fetters of material comparisons, you can begin to comprehend the meaning of those realities which 'eye cannot see nor ear hear, and which have never entered the concept of human minds,' even those things which 'God has prepared for those who love such eternal verities.' You are not always to be so limited in the range of your vision and spiritual comprehension."

The Urantia Book, Paper 24, No. 6, Paragraph 2,

(Christianity, Urantia)

Flying through the ceiling, I was greeted by a large astral spaceship. Round with many glowing lights emanating from two circular chambers underneath, I followed my inner knowing and quickly shot up inside. A man and woman appeared, the female with long black hair pulled on top of her head, and the male was tall and brunette with a stocky build. Wearing bright uniforms, she wore one in emerald blue, while he wore one with a smoky rose color.

Emitting peace, they held out their arms in welcome. Coming forward, I sensed communication but it was not clear. Putting her hand on my forehead and sending a pulsing energy force through my spirit, she held it still until it exploded inwardly in light, creating an opening in my soul. Communicating telepathically, they conveyed, "We are from the galaxy of Alpha Centauri. We come from a completely telepathic race. We have come to help you to open your channels of telepathy. Join us as we return to our world to show you who we are."

Soaring at the speed of light, I couldn't feel any movement from the chamber of the spaceship. Blue metallic walls surrounded a circular room where two chairs awaited. She and I sat down, while the man lay on the floor. Watching as they demonstrated the way of light, the female turned to the male and they closed their eyes. "I am feeling a very intense emotion!" She thought loudly, "It is a strong joyful vibration that I am sensing." Holding out her hands to the man, he gently touched them. "Share what I am feeling." She thought. Holding each other's hands for several moments, they were able to sense and feel everything from one another just by touching. "It is a beautiful vibration you have tuned into," the man thought, as they both glowed with light.

Turning to me, they laid their hands on the top of my head, allowing me to sense the vibration through my crown chakra. Vibrations of love and joy filled my soul. "We have come to open your telepathic channels, will you let us?" "Yes," I thought, "I will." Looking into my eyes, he thought, "Remove the barriers you have created to freedom, enter the flow of the higher will

and all will be known to you. We are what you will become. We are what all people of the earth will become. Do you feel the flow?" "Yes," I thought loudly, "I feel it, it is within my grasp, but I don't quite have it!" Embracing me tightly, the humming vibration began to grow and increase in frequency.

With a sudden jolt, a massive force pulled my spirit back, releasing a part of me that had no true identity. My soul fell to the floor in the freedom of the release, and a massive light beam was now within my life force. "Spirit, you are now a part of the flow. Feel its beauty and the vibration of peace!" Flowing back and forth, I thought, "All that is, is all that I am." They smiled, and the woman began to think. "We all come from the same place, my dear spirit, isn't it wonderful to go home?"

Before I could reply, they opened a window to the universe. Peering outside of the spaceship, a huge planet was directly before us. "This is our home," they thought simultaneously. So illuminated by light, you could not distinguish its color; and an enormous sun, half the size of the planet, began rising from the horizon.

Peering in awe, the universal movement directed me to form.

"Moreover, such individuals are 'universal' in their sympathies, and can feel with any form of life with which they come in contact . . . Many of the great illumined souls of the race, having this consciousness in at least some degree, find themselves 'at home' with all manners and conditions of mankind, and in many cases with the lower life forms, as well . . . It may be seen at once that when one has a feeling of fellowship with all Life (and such individuals have this to some degree), then there are created certain bonds and links of sympathy and unity which serve to unite the individual more or less strongly to all living things."

The Secret Doctrine of the Rosicrucians, Part VIII, The Three Higher Planes, Page 14, Paragraph 2, (Mystery Religions, Rosicrucian)

CHAPTER TWO

Antoneek and the Pleadians

Leaving form, I was led to look out the window of my bedroom. In the distance, were two metallic circular space vessels. Light beamed out of an open seam in the center and a blue light vibrated from the top of the vessel. The spirit aside me said, "These are Pleadian-Atlantean vessels." Intrigued, I was led back to my body to reflect.

"I have dreamed many dreams; now I am awake."

*Whispers from Eternity, Page 190, Paragraph 5,
(Hinduism, Kriya Yoga, Words of Paramahansa
Yogananda)*

Two spaceships arrived, and aside them, an old, old man holding his arms out to me. Manifesting few features, Antoneek was made of pure light, in garment and in form, his hair and long beard only an outline of an extended period of growth.

In his hands, he held a document, and I could see it was a message for the world. "Go back," he said, as he placed it

within my hands, "return to your body and allow us to transmit this message to your dimension." Nodding, I returned to fulfill my task:

"Greetings! Our mission is peace, joy and the betterment of mankind. Those who dwell deeply in our hearts, dwell in the glory of the light."

"I now bring you the seven tones of life. When all are balanced and converge in the spirit openly, they harmonize: Love, Joy, Peace, Oneness, Gentility, Goodness, and Ecstasy. Each of the seven tones of life vibrates at a rate seven times that of the one prior to it. With each tone, there are seven increased levels of light that enter the transmitting body. When one aspires and captures the ability to expel all seven levels, the spirit is ready to acquire a new tone. The radiance expounded by beings in your realm can differ in tonelage by forty-nine times. Light can be muted or expanded at will. It is an inalterable existence within all life, but each life force chooses how much of his total sum he will express in a given moment. Expressions of love cause an increase in tonelage and radiance, expressions of

illusions cause the tones to be muted. Comparatively it is like a pot of boiling water. A pot with a lid, and one without, will hold the same amount of steam, but both will express an entirely different sum."

"All begins with love for love is the beginning of true life, the tone of love is a gentle eye-opening sound coming from the heart. Joy follows the tone reaching upward. Peace is so subtle, and yet to the individual soul, a moment of true awakening. To the outer world, however, the tone changes only a subtlety, for Joy and Peace are truly octaves of a similar tone. Oneness emerges with a glow to the spirit who sees their true nature for the first time; it connects all life in harmony. A spirit now harmonizing with all life reaches upward again, but stops at the next tone of gentility. This tone exhibits a higher peace, as the gentility tone sounds out a reverence now achieved and a deep gratitude to the One Creator. In this deep gratitude, the spirit reaches for the next tone, but is amazed at its beauty upon hearing it. Pulling away slightly, the spirit eventually returns as the awe of finding Goodness is too wondrous to ignore. This tone sweeps the tones together to form the sounds of angels

singing the song of the inner light of love. Finally, the spirit in full awareness of its worthiness and divinity rises up to grasp the final tone, that of ecstasy. The spirit upon hearing the tone for the first time, immediately melts into the mass to experience the harmonic convergence of all life which resonates now at every level of being the trueness of all that is, the glory that is God."

"We offer this gift of the seven tones with great love; it is a sharing of a key that has been shrouded in secrecy and unknowing for centuries on your planet. As the ancients return to earth to complete a cycle begun in days of old, the time known as the present, and the memory of a past unknown, meet to complete the eternal cycle."

"Nothing more excellent is there, therefore, than these mysteries on which ye question, save only the mysteries of the seven Voices and their nine and-forty powers and their ciphers. And there is no name which is more excellent than them all, the name in which are all names and all lights and all powers."

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

"Every sound has an image and every image, a sound. All light hologrates into form on its everlasting journeys. Who we are is a conglomeration of sounds, images and colors broadcast from light. Where in time can a moment be found, a moment that holds more than but a fragment of truth? It is only in the absence of time, that a moment can hold all truth. In the structure that binds human consciousness in a pattern of knowing, truth can be seen to exist only in fragments. The matter that defines time seems unalterable. In the inexorable state of timelessness, all is now. Thus a being can expressively undertake all moments, any aspect of selfhood which exists. In a world emerging in consciousness, form becomes vehicle rather than life. In a heightened awareness, these aspects merge causing you to flit about to various selves that exist in eternal memory. This dramatic occurrence opens the door to the present moment, as the now exists as all aspects of memory. As memory expands, beings expand in their knowledge of themselves and love is expressed through many layers of consciousness. Where is it that a being finds himself if not in his heart?

As your hearts open, do not forget to open to your true timeless self which unifies the many selves."

"The ocean waves to the rhythm of the moon. A waterfall dances the design of a rocky cliff. A lake stops in silence to adhere to peace. The river flows endlessly in search. The raindrop chooses free-flight as expression. Water can be compared to spirit, expressing the totality of being in every majestic moment; the lure and longing of love, the surrender of solitude, the majesty of moments, the silence of the search, and the freedom of flight."

"Wonders of love are displayed on our skies. Our Pleiadian star, glowing brighter than any in our sky, sings the tone of tranquil love. It is a harmony that transcends time, space and illusion. Our constant star specter guides many to the shores of our worlds, glimmering at all who seek to find true love. Love is displayed in our emerald cities as a spectral light beaming forth through the receptacle monuments of crystal, amethyst and gold. Our poets and musicians, through their mastery of the seven tones, create symphonies of sound, color and light and our world pours forth to

the senses the dynamics of the highest expressive love. We encompass all that is beauty and love, and the passion of the planets fuels our ever-spiraling ascent into expansive tones which envelope the soul in a gentility of bliss towards all life, and a wonderment which expresses the mystery of God."

"Expression of love is an expression of divine light, but this love is not what you presently know, but a greater, divine love. You are becoming a lighter being, you will no longer be completely physical, but you will not be etheric, either. A vibration that lingers in-between is what the new race of humanity will encompass. Our purpose is to aid this transition into higher love."

The Pleiadian Command

*"Who walketh upon the wings of the wind
to Raphael, who comes to give healing to
the world. From that point on 'he maketh
his angels spirits, his ministers a flaming
fire.' Old man, old man! As thou art aware
of all these things, fear not, but speak out
boldly, and let the words of thy mouth
spread light!"*

*The Zohar (Kaballah), Volume III, Mishpatim
(Exodus), Page 299, Top, (Judaism)*

Returning to the out-of-body state, Antoneek appeared next to the circular vessels which accompanied him. "I have something to show you," he said, "it is your fears." Lifting his arms, my soul was thrust into parallel realities of my current lifetime.

The first was a parallel where I had been murdered at eighteen and my murder was still unsolved. I experienced the repetitive stabbing in my chest and heard the familiar gasping sounds that I would hear from my asthma. Apparently, the killer had killed again, and Antoneek took my spirit to a police station wherein I was to plant the identity of the murderer within the investigator's minds. "Help them put it together." Antoneek said, as I exerted thought-forces to the officers who were trying to figure out this odd pattern of murders.

Antoneek pulled me to the side, "This energy has been with you for many years and you now have the opportunity to truly release it. Though you had no conscious recall of these events, your inner sense of not deserving to live has manifested. You must transmute this energy that you have been

carrying. It was your inner belief that you were not worthy of even life that made you choose to branch out into this reality."

The next parallel he took me to was a branch out wherein I had chosen to remain with those from my past who had been very difficult and smothering. "Make another choice!" Antoneek charged. Entering into that self, I left and altered the energies of not believing myself worthy of love and freedom.

Standing before the spaceship, I reached my hand to Antoneek. "Thank you, Antoneek, you have shown me a great deal." Antoneek smiled. "There is much for you to learn. Your thoughts manifest in ways that you do not always see. These two parallels have been changed, but the energies remain. This energy must be changed, as well, for a lasting effect to take place. Now that you understand, you can transmute it. But in order to transmute the energy of these experiences, you must change the belief that confirms the validity of these experiences." Antoneek looked up to the sky. "You have seen your fears, if you release them, you will see what lies out there." He pointed to the sky.

"Will I see you again?" I asked. "That will be completely up to you, dear spirit." Antoneek entered his spaceship and I awoke looking upon wavelets of energy which were merging and melding, altering the perceptions that my soul held. I could see it happening in the sky above my bed.

"Go thy way; and as thou hast believed, so be it done unto thee."

*King James Bible, New Testament, Matthew
8:13, (Christianity, Words of Christ)*

Antoneek returned to tell me a story:

"Whence the journey began, we asked our Creator that we may understand all that He was. In goodness, He freely asked, "Who among us has felt pain, as well as joy; lack, as well as abundance; rejection, as well as love?" In reply, one being stood forth and spoke from the experience of only love, "My Great Father, is there a difference?" Our Father smiled and quietly nodded that there indeed was.

All the spirits agreed that they wanted to create an opportunity to feel these unknown emotions. Our Creator stepped forth. "Go my beautiful spirits and create all that you desire, but promise me two things."

The clouds became silent to hear the noble request. "Promise me my children that you will see beauty in every emotion you create, and all that you perceive." Everyone nodded that they would. God continued, "Most importantly, my children, no matter how lowly or downtrodden things may seem in your illusions, always remember your divinity and my amassable love for all of you." Every spirit in the room smiled in recognition of their special place in God's heart.

As time passed, however, the children of God spread among the galaxies of the universe creating worlds vast and worlds primitive. Many held in their hearts the heritage of love, but many worlds suffered a loss of memory. The Earth became a world separated in spirit from its Creator, and the peoples of the Earth, consumed with illusion, enmeshed themselves in a state of fragmentary pride which was based on an untruth. The world they created became increasingly hostile and ego-oriented. The love that once existed in their hearts was replaced with pride, anger and cynicism. Rejecting others became a way to protect oneself from rejection. The oneness that

once existed with the people was forgotten in the heart of man.

And now, on this beautiful planet Earth, as the energy passed over and the space vessels returned to re-equate the lost brothers, a tiny sound was heard. One single tone called out requesting knowledge. The spirit, shattered by its own illusion, asked to understand. "We love you, brother!" We called out in our tonal language. "There are but two things you have forgotten. These are the keys to opening your heart which holds all knowledge. Two promises made to your Creator long ago. See the beauty in all the emotions you are feeling and all that you perceive. And most important, my beautiful spirit, remember your divinity, remember that special place you hold in the heart of God!"

"But who am I?" The spirit cried in exasperation. "I'm an imperfect man who has made many mistakes, and made nothing of himself." "REJOICE!" Our ecstasy tone cried out. "Because you are my brother of whom I love greatly! You are PURE LIGHT! You are a part of God! And you believe that you are nothing, what a shame, indeed." "Could it be?" He thought, pausing to

remember. Suddenly, a spacecraft stopped directly above him, pouring light into his everlasting soul. "I REMEMBER!" He cried out in ecstasy! "I remember the moment I made that promise! I remember the love. Now I understand! I wanted to know the absence of love, and having felt it, I rejoice evermore in the reception of it. I wanted to know what rejection felt like, and now I run and grasp even more ecstatically to those brothers who offer their light with open arms. I no longer need to perceive the illusion, for I have experienced hate, and found more joy in love. But my journey has been wondrous, indeed! The emotions I have felt have ranged so dramatically in vibration that they were like a symphony of feelings and tones. Having loved in limitation, my unlimited form loves with more intensity, desire and clarity. Thank you, brothers, for awaking me to this journey's end!"

The star beings looked down from the sky with great happiness at their brother. "We rejoice with you, as life is a wondrous journey, indeed. Will you help us in our quest to awaken the earth beings?" Nodding that he would, the beings filled him with light, knowing that his path had been

carefully mapped out in his heart. He need only take the key and open it, to set forth on his new journey into light. You are this being, brother. Follow the light that glows within your heart and find all of us that love you, eternally waiting patiently beside you."

Floating quietly to the spaceship, I was greeted by Antoneek. Immediately, he blocked my consciousness so that I would not remember the means by which this journey was taken. Making a voyage to a planet whose identity was to remain unknown; my consciousness was reawakened after we stepped off the ship on a large planet.

Hundreds of beings had gathered from all over the universe in a park nearby, some had very thin bodies with heads that were T-shaped, while others were like domes with very few hair strands upon their heads. Others were various manifestations of humanoid type beings, only subtly different from human beings.

In front of us was a large domed building where a huge banquet was taking place. Antoneek guided me inside where a staff of aliens exhibiting the utmost in

cordiality served foods from all over the galaxies. A humanoid man approached with a tray, and asked, "Have you ever tried an Amprien grape?" Taking one, I swallowed the strange looking fruit. Noticing an unusual woman, she had entered the room with a very human body, but her face had a long beak and she had feathers coming out of her rump.

Returning to the park, Antoneek led me to a place where hundreds of beings were meditating. As we noticed this, a loud voice was broadcast over the crowd. "This is an emergency! All out in the fields move back! All light bearers, focus your light on the approaching planet." Everyone in the space became very still and radiant. Many beings from further ahead quickly ran back to where we were, and all began glowing as the mass energy was focused on something . . . but what?

Antoneek directed my attention to the sky. "Oh, my God!" I screamed, "That's Earth, and it's about to collide with this planet!" Quietly, Antoneek said, "Bear your light." Immediately, I joined the others in the meditative state of the mass mind of those around me, but the earth pummeled quickly

toward us as it appeared that there would be total destruction. Seconds later, however, it was over. The Earth had plunged directly into a small clearing exploding into flames, but no one ventured forward. Allowing the flames to extinguish themselves, in moments, they did.

Confused, I turned to Antoneek for answers. "My God!" I said, "Is that the fate of the Earth?" Smiling with sympathetic understanding, Antoneek put his hands upon my shoulders. "No, not how you have perceived it, my child." Antoneek conveyed to me the knowledge of parallel existences, as I was shown three Earths. Explaining that there were to be two additional parallel Earth's, each existing in separate realities based on fear or love, he conveyed that every member of humanity would vibrate to the Earth which was compatible to them without even being aware of it. But it was also made known to me that there are many parallel Earth's, wherein many possibilities are played out. Inexplicable, really.

Beginning a rigorous process, Antoneek continued showing me my own parallel existences, selves which existed in various realities which had branched off at

certain important turning points in my life and gone in other directions. As the magnetic impulse of flesh is to experience all possibilities, it literally does, through parallel energetic universes of which unconscious man is completely unaware. In observing my own parallels, Antoneek guided me to end the karmic impulse of those selves, and thus the karmic influx which would also affect my current now. Whatever was left unresolved had to be resolved and dealt with in my energetic journey. It was necessary to alter those parallel realities and, thus, bring them within my own point of reference, to fulfill the same purpose which past-life retrieval performs . . . unity of soul.

In this process, Antoneek also guided me to several atonements with members of parallel and past-lives. Despite what I was shown, I fail to fully understand what I saw that night.

"What is this planet, and where is it?" I asked. Antoneek created a large pool. "This is something we cannot tell you for reasons you would not understand," he said, as he pushed me into the water. In moments, I emerged in my body.

"Then I saw a new heaven and a new earth. The former heaven and the former earth had passed away, and the sea was no more . . . 'Behold, God's dwelling is with the human race . . . He will wipe every tear from eyes, and there shall be no more death or mourning, wailing or pain, for the old order has passed away."

*New American Bible, New Testament,
Revelations 21:1-4, (Christianity, Catholic)*

Hovering over my bed waiting for me as I left form, a man who referred to himself as my 'personal trainer' said, "This will be on our terms, no limits on this journey." Conveying to me that he was here to help me with my health, he was prepared to assist me with my asthma, as were a whole team of specialists who were now visible.

Up ahead in the stars I called out, "Where are you taking me?" "Remember, no limits, just follow your heart!" He replied. Soaring past the atmosphere of the earth, up ahead was a large Pleiadian craft; the familiar metallic circle with light pouring out of the seams, and before I knew it, we had entered the spaceship.

Taking me aside to a crystal chamber in the ship, the walls of the room were glowing in a vibrant blue. Inside, the floors were made of a velvety cushion and we sat together. "I am taking you to the Pleiades." He said. "There you will experience unlimitedness. You must experience the true nature of love in order to heal yourself."

"Prepare yourself for unlimited beauty," he said, as the spaceship door was opened. Iridescent shaded lights of blue and purple beamed from the planet, the color of lilacs. Leading me to the open door, my spirit shook in the absolute wonderment of what lay before me. Purple and blue skies shone down upon a huge temple created from amethyst stone. Seven luminous beams shot directly to the seven luminous stars, their names were Janan, Onan, Quinlan, Donan, Enos, Quinas, and Justos. A majestic sound filled the entire sky, angelic voices singing in tonal harmony. Below me, the ground was made of a whitish-clear crystalline substance. Shooting stars soared through the night sky. A large butterfly about two feet in diameter with pink crystalline wings flew directly into my hand. "Behold, the Pleiadian star!" she said,

pointing to a gleaming body of light as large as the Earthly moon in the night sky. Musical sounds increased and filled me with joy, and as I ventured forth, a luminous green filled my spirit as I wandered towards an emerald city which lay beyond the amethyst temple.

Transmitted into my heart, the seven tones became comprehensible to me here. Love powers the universe, but it was not the karmic love that most humanity understood, it was a divine love which lay beyond all ramification of desire. Light beings moved to the flow of the lights and music, their ecstasy in God apparent. Luminescent Pleiadians were engaged in a joyous dance of life as I realized. "Love, love, love . . . that's what it's all about."

Flying towards a mountain made of pure crystal, it contained an open chamber filled with a power modulator. As I arrived, a soft blue substance surrounded me, and the angelic sounds projecting from the temple were being absorbed directly into the mountain's chamber. Waiting for me at the mountain, my trainer said, "What could be more natural than love?" I knew that he was speaking of this type of divine love that I just

now experienced, rather than the karmically disfigured love which predominates upon the Earth.

Returning to the spaceship, we began our journey home. In an instant, my trainer said, "We have returned to Earth, and you must go back. Please," he pleaded, "remember the Pleiades, and be yourself. In this you will find your way." Beginning to wrap a piece of fine silk fiber around my head, he said, "Like the caterpillar, you are transforming into something grander. Keep this silk fiber with you to remind you of what you are becoming."

As he kissed my hand good-bye, I quickly became sub-conscious.

*"Through one pore they radiate infinite light
beams . . ."*

*The Flower Ornament Scripture, Chapter 38,
Detachment from the World, Page 1130, Stanza
2, (Buddhism, Mahayana)*

CHAPTER THREE

The Millennium

"Come, come pass through the veil," Isis said, as they opened very wide. As soon as I'd passed through, they closed with a start. Alone, I now wore the garments of healing and rebirth.

Three beings awaited my arrival, as I immediately recognized them as being members of my band of alliances. Greeting them with a bow, I knew that we all worked together for the Lord on the ground below. Two of us were incarnate upon the Earth; a teacher who taught of the electrical nature of energy in the world and myself. The third was a starship captain, and was in spirit form. "Remember our pact, we work together," the captain said. We were all together and present to assist the teacher, who was experiencing a crisis on the ground wherein members of his family were trying to block his path and interfere with his job for the Lord. Not identifying with his universal mission, his shoulder was badly injured.

Another incarnate soul approached.

I'd recognized her immediately as a soul I'd guarded for a time, but whose apathy had prevented the manifestation of her aspects of the mission on the ground. Looking sternly at her, the teacher spoke harsh words. "Our love for you has held you intact, but I'm very sad to declare that you cannot come back here anymore." Attached to the world, her abilities to affect it in a spiritual manner had been thwarted. Loving her very deeply, it was sad to accept that her Earthly image held only fragments of the higher will, and a sleeping fragment cannot serve God unless they awaken. Unhurt by his words, she walked away quietly as her soul understood that her fragment was ensconced in the mass retain.

"Will your shoulder eventually heal?" The starship captain asked the teacher. Massaging it deeply, he looked at me. "My shoulder represents the burdens of the world. When we unite, the injury will be healed." Although I didn't recognize him at the time, this was a higher aspect of my husband, Andy, who bore a shoulder injury for years that only healed after we united in an eternal union. Enraptured in flight, my soul was climbing a steep mountain with

many treacherous curves, bends and byways. A voice conveyed, "You must follow the bends and the curves, the byways and the highways, the good and the bad, in order to reach the goal." Driving off the road several times due to sharp curves, I always eventually returned to the correct path. Up ahead was the summit, and I stopped my car just before reaching the overhanging cliff.

At the top of the mountain was a small bookstore called, 'Sacred Rite.' Led to a book on a table, I took note of the title, 'Jesus came from the Pleiades,' it said.

"He who loves God most in this world is the happiest. All that is not done for God turns to pain. He who desires only God is rich and happy: he is in want of nothing, and may laugh at all the world."

The Great Means of Salvation and Perfection, Part II, Various Practices, No. III, Page 351, Paragraphs 4 & 7, (Christianity, Catholic, Author: St. Alphonsus Liguori)

"It is they who will restore the world, which will never grow old and never die, never decaying and never rotting, ever living and ever increasing, and master of its wish, when the dead will rise, when life and immortality will come, and the world will

be restored at its wish."

*The Avesta, Part II, Yast 19, No. 23,
(Zoroastrianism)*

Viewing the Earth from a multi-dimensional perspective, I noticed cylindrical spaceships with shining purple, blue and red lights soaring across the sky in silence. Venusian vessels of blue-green crystal were arriving and landing on the Earth. Angels were coming into the world in this manner. A magnetic voice of one chimed, "The angels are coming!" Voices referring to the cylindrical vessels spoke. "We have come from Mars to aid in the transition to light. We are coming to you, will you prepare for our coming?!" "Yes! Yes!" I said, "Show me what I need to do!" Flying to me, a transparent angel handed me a piece of paper with hundreds of questions indicative of my low self-esteem. 'Why do I deserve all this love? I'm not worthy of the gifts I've been given, of the work I do for God, why isn't someone else doing it? How can I experience so much joy when others are suffering?' Answering the questions, the angels said. "You deserve this simply because you exist. Those who do not do

this, don't because they did not choose to, and you are experiencing joy because you have chosen love over fear. When you answer all these questions with love, you will have prepared yourself for the entry of the angels."

Gazing in awe, I asked, "Why do you come from Mars, it is such a desolate planet?" Chuckling, the angels replied, "Third-dimensionally speaking it appears so. But actually, Mars is a wonderful place to settle."

"Between the central Isle of Paradise and the innermost of the Havona planetary circuits there are situated in space three lesser circuits of special spheres. The innermost circuit consists of the seven secret spheres of the Universal Father; the second group is composed of the seven luminous worlds of the Eternal Son; in the outermost are the seven immense spheres of the Infinite Spirit, the executive-headquarters worlds of the Seven Master Spirits."

*The Urantia Book, Paper 13, No. 0, Paragraph 1,
(Christianity, Urantia)*

Taken to the inner pathways of the sun, beyond the cities of light, snow whisked all about the sky like a blanket in midair. In

the center of the sun and following the ether pathways, unseen guides led me on my journey. Soaring down pathways, my destination lay up ahead.

Activity filled the night, as I observed spacecrafts and many different flying spirits soaring through a cloudy, violet tunnel. Soaring through the purplish mist, I heard a voice, "The sun beyond," it said, "the 'Universal Sun.'" Crystal angels sang, and up ahead I could see a huge body of light that looked like a huge version of the sun, which I immediately knew to be a manifestation of the essence of God. Enraptured in ecstasy, a surge of longing inspired me to soar faster towards my God, but the angels nodded, 'No,' I was not yet worthy to sit at His feet.

"The Lord, being love in its very essence or divine love, looks like the sun to angels in heaven."

*Divine Love & Wisdom, Chapter 1, No. 5,
(Christianity, Swedenborgianism, Author:
Emanuel Swedenborg)*

"Jesus said, 'If they say to you, 'Where have you come from?' say to them, 'We have come from the light, from the place where the light came into being by itself, established (itself), and appeared in their image.'"

*The Gospel of Thomas, No. 50, (Christianity,
Gnostic/Essene, Words of Christ)*

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

An old woman approached; her hair long and white. Suddenly, I knew it was I as an old grandmother. "You are She Who Walks Far," she said, "and don't let anyone tell you different. You have much to do." Disappearing like a mirage on a canyon

night, an aged medicine man appeared singing a chant in a native tongue. A song of protection, he greeted me with a warning, "Beware of the darkness," he said.

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

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

Standing by the canyon, his spirit was strong and serene. Chief Joseph placed a heavy silver ball into my palm, as my spirit began to buzz with the energies it encompassed. Energy began pouring in and out of my hands. Handing me a telephone receiver, a group of spirits joined us with ferocity in trying to make the connection with someone. All of a sudden, I heard my own voice talking through the phone. "Marilynn! Marilynn! Are you there?!" "Yes, it's me!" "Oh, my God, this is great, I got through!" The spirits in the room were exuberant as Chief Joseph explained. "You have just broken the barrier of time and crossed the threshold of timelessness; your

future and your present have become simultaneous."

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

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

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

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

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

Giving me a second one, he conveyed that it was for someone else who may or may not make it in time. Beckoning to a longtime friend from days past, he wouldn't come, as he was too distracted with worldly attachments. For a moment I mourned, and then began running towards the line

entering the Mother Ship. Waiting by my side, the royal one said no more as I bowed to his eminence in gratitude.

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

*The Spiritual Combat, Chapter 10, Page 218,
Paragraph 3, (Christianity, Catholic, Author:
Dom Lorenzo Scupoli)*

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

A massive energy pulse overtook my

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

Appearing before me in a long, yellow flowing gown, her auburn hair blew in the wind as she lifted a lighted wand

about four feet long. Touching it to my crown chakra, she said, "We are de-energizing your destruction." Making energetic shifts which would protect me through the coming changes, I said, "Thank you," Again the winds came, and she was gone.

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

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

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

Creating an image of a solar system, he was placing small purple balls in the air to represent the planets. Coming to the end of the line somewhere between ten and

fifteen planets, the last three purple balls were representative of the Pleiadian star systems. Beginning to levitate, I watched the balls hover in midair before me.

Conveying to me that I needed to now get back to my roots, my Pleiadian origin, he told me that doing so would get me in touch with my mission and what I needed to do next. Watching the planetary configuration was a purifying experience, it was as if their energies were pulsing through my form and cleansing my innards. Reuniting with my purpose, the man said, "Unity . . . the end point," as he placed one of the Pleiadian planets before my eyes. Growing in size as it became a large crystal planet, I was mesmerized. "Unity, the end point," I repeated.

Conveying to me the journey I had taken, he was looking at me intensely. Having gone from one extreme in my behavior (being free, without boundaries and uncontrolled), to another (rigid boundaries, fearing imperfection and controlled), he stated, "You need to balance out, and be freer again."

"Will you tell me one thing? Why did you harp so much on sin? By repeating a

hundred times, 'I am a sinner,' one verily becomes a sinner. One should have such faith as to be able to say, 'What? I have taken the name of God; how can I be a sinner?' God is our Father and Mother. Tell Him, 'O Lord, I have committed sins, but I won't repeat them.' Chant His name and purify your body and mind. Purify your tongue by singing God's holy name."

The Gospel of Sri Ramakrishna, Chapter 6, Page 159, Paragraph 3, (Hinduism, Words of Sri Ramakrishna)

"These mitigations take place because of the love which is natural in a father and which causes him to deal gently with his son, so that even when he punishes him, his blows are not those of an enemy. And again, when the occasion demands it is his love which causes him to suspend judgment entirely."

General Principles of Kabbalah, Chapter 18, Paragraph 2, (Judaism, Author: Rabbi Moses Chayim Luzzatto)

Suddenly wearing the robes of Mary, I walked towards a space station. "You are at 40% understanding," the voice of an angel said. Speaking of regret, she said that it was good and necessary for spiritual progress. Telling me of a third quality, she conveyed that when I was told this quality, all would

come together in a clear cohesive understanding. Finally, she said that I was trying to force this remaining understanding to come to me quickly which was not possible, and that I must be patient, allowing it to emerge in its own fashion; slowly, methodically, and with intent, energizing it with prayer and meditation to God.

"Have we not been taught that 'hebel' (breath) is the basis of the world above and the world below . . . Every action done here below, if it is done with the intention of serving the Holy King, produces a 'breath' in the world above, and there is no breath which has no voice; and this voice ascends and crowns itself in the supernal world and becomes an intercessor before the Holy One, blessed be He."

The Zohar (Kabbalah), Volume III, Beshalah (Exodus), Page 184, Middle, (Judaism)

CHAPTER FOUR

The Star Chamber

Exploding into the heavens, I was taken to a star chamber. Becoming very transcendental as my focus was placed within, the stars were moving in mystical fashion all around me. Generating a great deal of energy within, this gave me the ability to move objects with my thoughts.

As I was in this state, I noticed friends and family members I'd known throughout my life sitting below the Star Chamber. Receiving of the Star Chamber through my transcendental state, I was taken from the chamber and placed among them.

Another person was placed in the Star Chamber, but I was surprised that neither she nor any of these other people were able to attain the transcendental state because they were too grounded. An angel approached who conveyed that through my entrance into the Star Chamber, others could benefit from its energies; but only if *I* would enter, because none of them could go there.

Returning to my former position in the chamber, I re-entered the transcendental

state, making greater efforts to funnel the energies down below. Conveying that I had taken it for granted that others were able to achieve such mystical states, when in fact, my soul performed a necessary function in bringing energies from higher worlds into this one. Without me doing this, many others would be unable to receive of the higher energies at all. Funneling, funneling, funneling, I remained in the Star Chamber for quite some time sending the transcendental energy to those below.

"There is this city of Brahman, and in it the palace, the small lotus, and in it that small ether. Now what exists within that small ether that is to be sought for, that is to be understood . . ."

The Vedanta Sutras, Part I, I Adhvava, 3 Pada, 14, Paragraph 2, (Hinduism)

"More than this cannot be told, for the Holy Streams will take you to that place where words are no more, and even the Holy Scrolls cannot record the mysteries therein."

The Essene Gospel of Peace, Book Four, The Holy Streams, Page 44, Paragraph 1, (Christianity, Gnostic/Essene)

Flying high above the Earth, I looked upon a particularly beautiful star

constellation in the heavens. Drawn towards it as I gazed upon its beauty, the stars were close together and emanating a most magnificent consciousness or soul, and I began to feel a wisp of recognition, perhaps almost a whimsical swoon in my memory of such a place. My eyes were fixed and could not be moved from the state for quite some time as my soul flew closer and closer, but I was not allowed to go all the way there, so I turned my eyes back to Earth when bidden by the Lord. Oh, how sad I was to have to do such a thing.

"The Soul's nature and power will be brought out more clearly, more brilliantly, if we consider next how it envelops the heavenly system and guides all to its purposes: for it has bestowed itself upon all that huge expanse so that every interval, small and great alike, has been ensouled."

Plotinus: The Enneads, Fifth Ennead, First Tractate, No. 2, Paragraph 4, (Mystery Religions, Greek, Words of Plotinus)

"The more our limited discourse seeks to make clear and extol the mysterious works of Christ, our Redeemer, and of his most holy Mother, the more evident it becomes, that mere human words are far from being

able to compass the greatness of these sacraments . . . Nor can we ever fathom or compass them, and there will always remain many greater secrets than those we have sought to explain."

The Mystical City of God (Abrid.), The Transfixion, Chapter III, Paragraph 1, (Christianity, Catholic, Author: Ven. Mary of Agreda)

Beyond the scope of eternity, I flew until I reached the star station of this distant planetary system; the Didactan system. Knowing very little about where I was or what sector of space I might be occupying, I turned. Standing before me was an old, wise and lighted man. Vaguely, I remember him conveying to me something very important, 'The Didactan Codes of Life,' which create harmony in all things and provide for all life systems. This sphere was settled in light and life . . . redeemed . . . and this planet which was situated beyond the mysteries of the redemption held knowledge which could help our own sin stricken world struggling into a similar era. Inexplicable, I could recall no more.

"Evil and sin visit their consequences in material and social realms and may sometimes even retard spiritual progress on

certain levels of universe reality . . ."

*The Urantia Book, Part III, Paper 67, No. 7,
Paragraph 5, (Christianity, Urantia)*

As it was made known to me that religious art; whether it be paintings, sculpture, music or otherwise, contains within it energetic knowledge which has been specifically implanted by God of the mysteries of the redemption, my soul was taken to view something spectacular.

"On each occasion that a true artist approaches a biblical subject, he illuminates some portion of scriptural text and deepens our comprehension of the world's greatest story."

*The Bible in Art, Foreward, Paragraph 2,
(Christianity)*

Aloft in the heavens, my soul was quickly aided to observe in the proper direction wherein one of the mysteries of the redemption was playing out. Amidst the spectacle of daily living, there was a starship, unseen to human eyes, but seen to the spirit. A saucer shaped vessel with red beacon lights shining along the center crease every five feet, a young man was standing below it, completely unaware of this vessel

and its purpose.

As he stood there, a light from below took him into the vessel and it immediately soared away to a destination upon the Earth. Hidden to view, it was well disguised behind a mountain fold. While the man was aboard this vessel, many activities were taking place. Working on his soul sub-consciously, they were adjusting his lights and also implanting knowledge and wisdom which would help him at the current juncture in his evolutionary cycle.

What was very interesting about this whole experience was that after they returned him back to his normal life, he showed very little progress. Change was so minute; you really had to stretch your thinking to even see it. But the spaceship kept returning in intervals, and continued working on this soul despite the extremely slow progress of evolution. On occasion, there would be a genuine leap in consciousness which came as a result of these repetitive, long, arduous visitations.

Certain extra-terrestrial life forms do indeed come here and assist in the work of the redemption; they implant evolutionary perception and energies into the souls of

sub-conscious mortals, many of whom are unaware that these activities are taking place.

"When physical conditions are ripe, sudden mental evolutions may take place; when mind status is propitious, sudden spiritual transformations may occur; when spiritual values receive proper recognition, then cosmic meanings become discernible, and increasingly the personality is released from the handicaps of time and delivered from the limitations of space."

*The Urantia Book, Part III, Paper 65, No. 8,
Paragraph 6, (Christianity, Urantia)*

Entering into a small store, Andy and I found ourselves amongst a gathering of souls interested in the music played by a small man who ran a redemptive service for souls interested in knowing their status upon the Earth. Playing music which placed people in cosmic states, he used various sounds; gongs, flutes, and air vibrations. Able to bring forth latent desires and issues remaining in the redemption and purification of an individual soul, he was very skilled in his work.

The gong sound was especially entrancing for me, immediately sending me into a higher awareness, but I also enjoyed an extra-terrestrial sound, because it made me think of my Pleiadian home. Because of my purification, I could listen to these sounds and become very cosmically attuned. To others, it caused their latent desires to come out, making them behave in some strange ways. One man was acting as though he was in a fight with somebody, although he was by himself, and a woman was acting very sexual as if there were men she was coming on to, although she was also by herself.

Pointing me out to the group, the man who ran the place showed them my state of cosmic malaise which was an indication that my redemption was complete. As there were no remaining latent desires lingering beneath the surface, everything was out in the open to me.

"Conquer yourself and the world lies at your feet."

*The Voice of the Saints, Chapter 14, Page 114,
No. 3, (Christianity, Catholic, Words of St.
Augustine)*

Banging a gong, my spirit became very aware of a cosmic image of a spaceship being conducted by extra-terrestrials. Unlike any I'd previously seen, they were humanoid, but their heads were formed like a helmet. In fact, they looked very much like the Egyptian headwear seen on the Pharaohs. Making me wonder about the origins of the Egyptians, and whether or not they had come from outer space, our guide spoke of how some spiritual seekers had sub-consciously ridden such vessels in their youth to prepare for their mission in life.

Before I prepared to leave, however, there were pointed out two distinct issues which had surfaced within another soul present, reckless driving and judgmental tendencies. As I began to leave, the man in charge made a reference to my work in decorating our home as a monastery, saying that it was a good and true endeavor.

"We see with our own eyes how often a person neglects his duty in spite of his awareness of it and in spite of his having come to recognize as a truth what is required for the salvation of his soul and what is incumbent upon him in respect to his Creator."

*The Path of the Just, Chapter VI, Page 79,
Paragraph 1, (Judaism)*

"God has sent forth the Prophets for the purpose of quickening the soul of man into higher and divine recognitions. He has revealed the heavenly Books for this great purpose. For this the breaths of the Holy Spirit have been wafted through the gardens of human hearts, the doors of the divine Kingdom opened to mankind and the invisible inspirations sent forth from on high. This divine and ideal power has been bestowed upon man in order that he may purify himself from the imperfections of nature and uplift his soul to the realm of might and power."

*The Promulgation of Universal Peace, Talks
Delivered in Montreal, No. 4, Page 310,
Paragraph 1, (Baha'i, Words of Abdu'l Baha')*

As the large block of clear crystal was brought upon the back of a wagon into the room, a great light erupted over it. The crystal was now brilliant with light and the liquid life molecules within it slowly became visible to the naked eye. But within the module of liquid life, a singular particle of life began to make itself known. In the center of this spherical particle was an

obvious nuclei, and two subsequent layers of life substance or energy had formed around it. As I observed this beauteous phenomenon, I was invited to enter the living life module to experience this within my own being. Suddenly, I awoke.

"The small ether can be the highest Lord only. - How? - . . . 'In it is that small ether;' declares thereupon that the small one is to be compared with the universal ether, and that everything is contained in it . . ."

*The Vedanta Sutras, Part I, I Adhyaya, 3 Pada
16, Paragraph 1, Commentary, (Hinduism)*

Spending the night riding the slippery backs of a school of pink dolphins, I was eventually led elsewhere amidst a great street fair. Everything amongst this street fair pertained to extra-terrestrial intelligences, and I was grandly excited when I was finally led to a seashore in the center of the street. The landing site for extra-terrestrial ships, I watched as the aliens descended in the sea blue sky, and was mesmerized by the sight of the many worlds represented.

"He showed me all the hidden things of the extremities of heaven, all the receptacles of

*the stars, and the splendours of all, from
whence they went forth before the face of the
holy."*

*The Book of Enoch, Chapter LXX, No. 5,
(Christianity, Words of Enoch)*

CHAPTER FIVE

Project Outreach

Joined with the other members of my star group, the most amazing spectacle of my life unraveled just like a miraculous event of God's supernatural substance, through the most beautiful man of another far more advanced world than our own.

Appearing very human, with silvery skin and blonde hair, he had come with his wife who was of another race and very beautiful. Her purpose was to work with the other members of my star group telepathically, while her husband worked with me.

Having started with their decree that they were in need of someone who could pose as a cosmic link-up from our realm to theirs, they had specific needs within the body of the person whom they would choose. All four members present in my star group wanted to go, but those from the other system insisted on me for reasons I only vaguely understood, my vibration was the most flexible on conscious and unconscious levels to undertake such a task.

I was so lucky to be chosen for this, I cannot express it. The others were helpful, but disappointed. Approaching them to work with them telepathically, all of this a part of the link-up.

Wishing to create a cosmic link-up from our world to theirs, it was a very difficult process because they came from a world settled in light and life, and our world was so full of chaotic vibrations which were truly dangerous to them, because they existed on such a high fine frequency that our channels of vibration were very disturbing to their essence of being. As a result, they could remain with us for only short bursts of time, and when a disagreeable vibration began entering the realm, they immediately transcended to their own so as not to be harmed by the waves of negativity.

In order to develop this link-up, he had to allow me to slowly become more and more like him, and this was done by allowing me to hold his hand and the most magnificent experience of going with him when he transcended to other worlds. Setting up a two-dimensional linkup site where he would take me when the

disagreeable vibrations began, as soon as we stepped on this point, we shouted "Oh mighty magnificent Lord, Oh mighty magnificent Lord!" Then we spoke some words in his language which I cannot remember now. As soon as we were finished, a light beam of immense proportions encompassed us and took us into his world which was pure light and joy. Little to see, it was a high, fine vibratory existence. Everything sparkled in light, as if it was all composed of crystals, lights, prisms, jewels, and luminescent liquid ethers.

A great connection existed between me and this extra-terrestrial man, for I felt an immense recognition and love for his spirit which transcended the present time. Very sympathetic to my human condition, and my boredom with my sojourn on this earth, there were a few times in the beginning of working with this link-up where the male counterparts in my star group had acted rather base in their association with me, and my extra-terrestrial friend had protected me and discouraged them from their banal intercourse. Insisting on the highest level of respect between all forms of life was

uplifting and exciting to one coming from a world filled with karmic turmoil.

Having traveled with him to his world about five or six times now, I was feeling very attached to my new friend. As the next chaos energy began hitting, we both ran towards our location. Joining him on the spot, we shouted out, "Oh mighty magnificent Lord, Oh mighty magnificent Lord!" We transcended this realm and went directly to another. Its beauty was so awe-inspiring; there truly are no words, because it was almost a fluid existence.

Dancing in the light, I would not let go of his loving hand. But as soon as we had arrived, he looked me deeply in the eyes. "Where I go now, you cannot come," he said. "Oh, please take me!," I pleaded, now so greatly enhanced by this change in my vibration that my body was bedecked in bluish-white crystal jewels and my voice sang out a resonant tone which harmonized with this Universe. "Maybe someday, you can stay with me in my world and sing to me with your beautiful voice," he said. "Yes, yes," I shouted, "I can do that." "But not now, it cannot be now," he replied, "Where I go now, you cannot come." Expressing to me

his happiness that they were able to find a soul with the spiritual features required for the making of this link-up, they hadn't expected to create it by bringing a ward of our realm into their own.

"Please take me, I'll change in whatever ways are necessary," I continued pleading as he held my hand. "It is true, you have proven to be very able in modifying your form, but it remains that where I go now, you cannot come." Disappearing into the ether, I began singing out a tone in mourning. My spirit remained in his realm for only a moment longer before fully materializing back in my own.

Approaching me with awe at my jewel adorned form, the other members of my star group had heard my lament and they placed their arms around me in compassion. "You were lucky to be chosen to go," they said, as I suddenly realized how true it was. "You're right," I said under my breath, "I was lucky to be chosen to go."

"Do not think that hiding your gifts of God is the sign of humility. No, do and use whatever gifts God has given you."

*The Love of Christ, Part III, Page 79, Letter 2,
(Christianity, Catholic, Words of Mother Teresa)*

"I will bring them into the splendid light of those who love my holy name: and I will place each of them on a throne of glory, of glory peculiarly his own . . . Righteous is the judgment of God!"

*The Book of Enoch, Chapter CV, No. 26,
(Christianity)*

Roaring through the night sky, blazing through the atmosphere, the grayish saucer was lit up with light. On top of the center disc was a set of pillars. "Look," I shouted to the passers by, "A Pleiadian ship." An unconscious knowing came forth in a flurry of recognition.

The Pleiadian ship was spectacular and the energy surrounding its arrival was indescribably exciting. Whizzing by my view three times, I took in the energy of their people and the upcoming mission they now heralded to my soul.

In a wisp of wind, the Pleiadian ship began to return nearer to me. Coming ever closer, I was pulled into what appeared to be a hangar. Several detachable saucers located in this location, and up ahead, I noticed about five Pleiadian beings wearing robes similar to that of a monk. Beginning to edge

closer so as to view them with more clarity, they returned to the inner caverns of their ship and out of my view. Shouting out, I called to them as I passed by, as they were now out of view. "I love you all!"

'From Project Outreach deep in interstellar space, your spirit is being taken on a tour through 2.55 billion worlds.' As my soul shot through the outer reaches, I could see spirals of light which were the pathways that the planets would take in each individual solar system around its sun. Hundreds and thousands of lights in spiral lit up the space sky, as I witnessed the spectacle of 40 or 50 solar systems revolving all at one time in their respective locales.

Reaching a zone in inner space, I became privy to watch and experience a world which was about to end because of nuclear destruction. The barrier for nuclear contamination had already fallen and many were already succumbing to radiation poisoning, but word came that the final rockets were on their way and this planet was doomed to die a needless death caused by the unevolved actions of several planetary leaders who failed to see the bigger picture and use of such powerful

substances. It seemed that this stage of development was a necessary one in the evolution of planets, but that it was always a volatile period when planets attain to nuclear power. Meaning the beginning of space travel and interstellar life, it can also mean wholesale destruction of a world which has taken billions of years to reach this stage.

Again, my soul was alit into the night and space sky to observe the planetary swirls of light which showered my view. Purple, burgundy, blue and deep green were the colors of the lights which were the pathways of the planetary spirals around their respective suns. Each solar system was like an individual atom in a subatomic world, yet the beauty of each individual spiral of light was ominous, and amidst the glow of the thousands of systems which lit up the astral sky, they seemed peacefully quiet. Repeating its instruction, the voice said, "We now take you on a journey through 2.55 billion worlds with approximately 2500 different forms of life." I knew the voice spoke of primary forms of life, like humans, as there were approximately 2500 intelligent life-forms

among those which inhabited these worlds. Suddenly, I was again on the planet Earth.

Watching me in the night sky, I could see their ships as I traveled astrally below on earth. Calling me with tones emanating from their ships in the heavens, they were like homing beacons, and I felt the resonance of their call to my soul.

In an instant my soul was given the seed of a knowledge which filled me with wonder. "There is a connection between the sightings of the Holy Mother at Medjugorje . . . and extra-terrestrials." Ceasing its call, the homing beacon stopped as the lucid ship sped away.

"But as it is written, Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him."

King James Bible, New Testament, 1 Corinthians 2:9, (Christianity, Words of St. Paul)

"Let each look to himself and see what God wants of him and attend to this, leaving all else alone."

*The Voice of the Saints, Chapter 3, Page 17,
Stanza 1, (Christianity, Catholic, Words of
Blessed Henry Suso)*

Catching an ecstatic wave of energy, I was immediately transported towards the blackness of space. With the rushing stars cascading by my soul, I flew at the speed of light towards an unknown heavenly destination. Within my sight were nebulae, galaxies, stars, planets, suns . . . and all were resonating a holy spectral vision to my soul. Heavenly music was playing, the music of the spheres, which resonated from all of the heavenly bodies; a sacred music filled with voices which sang in a language I did not understand.

To my left, a vortex of swirling blue stars which formed into a mist performed its heavenly chorus for my soul, as I turned to notice up ahead yet another beautiful vortex of bluish light. Shooting past them, I found my eyes resting on an orb of stupendous beauty which overwhelmed my soul to tears at its magnificence.

A large, shiny, glowing, purple sphere laid ahead, its unusually slow movement calculated like that of a planet; but its texture and appearance was unusual and I couldn't help but wonder if this were actually a planet . . . or maybe . . . a space station? I waited, listening to the continuing

echo of the music of the spheres. My breath was filled with light as it came to and fro between my spirit and this heavenly abode. In ecstasy, it was as if I was no longer even human, but somehow had become part of a much larger scheme of life. It all filled me with the blessedness which I knew to be possessed by this orb which appeared before me.

And suddenly, as quickly as I'd been taken to this wondrous place amongst the stars, my soul shot like lightning back to my Earthly body, returning me to humanness and all the limits that come with it.

But yet, I was changed. It would all begin here, at this moment. I would wait on the angelic hosts to guide me to this yet undiscovered country knowing full well that everything I'd known up until this point was as nothing. I would wait . . . in awe of my God.

Beyond my grasp, beyond my sight, lay the images of what I beheld. All I could now surmise was that I had arrived at an entirely ancient destination. This beautiful place held wisps of memory and knowledge from a time gone by.

My soul remembered a time of peace and harmony in Atlantis, when all things were working together for the one, but that had changed over time. A grand uprising had occurred when several people in political positions of power had taken over the country. Greedy and power-hungry, they demanded to be worshipped as gods; similar to the ancient Roman practice wherein the emperor was considered a god. A counsel of six, all wishing to be gods, ruled the empire.

In order to enforce this practice, martial law had been instituted and people were punished overtly and with great severity for small infractions of the law. Remembering these things as the beginning of the end for Atlantis, my soul was gazing upon a beautiful temple which represented a time before, a time of peace.

Alit with a glittering essence, the Atlantean night sky appeared as if gold dust had been thrown in the air. Having arrived via the time tunnel to this grand destination, the ceremony was about to begin, but I didn't rush to enter this magnificent silver and gold temple cascading high into the night sky. Rounded domes and triangular

pillars sent a message to all who came here that this was a very sacred and holy place. Walking with a man I recognized as my spouse, I noticed that I was wearing flowing veils of sea blue over my equally sea blue bodice gown. Another triumphantly beautiful element of this temple was that the night sky was exposed, there was no roof. Holding an equally grand quality, the floors were born only of the Earth.

Entering the tabernacle left my soul in a state of wonder and awe as I looked upon a purely symbolic rendering of all the races of men. Every race of humankind upon the planet Earth was represented here in various edifices, murals, statues and architecture.

As the ceremony began, I joined a group of women, similarly dressed, who were gathered in a circle to start with the customary water dance. Representing the synchronicity of life, there was another element to it which is hard to describe or fully understand. This water dance represented the sea, and somehow this oceanic rendering was important to the Atlantean people, perhaps because they were a continent surrounded by waters, and

it provided them with sustenance. But aside this oceanic nuance laid a very powerful representation of unity, and the intensive understanding of the fragile elements which held life in place. Required to be in basic synchronicity, these elements remained necessary in order for all life to flourish and continue. Somehow, this knowledge that they expressed through the water dance had come from another place and another time, of which I could not yet surmise, but it was profoundly important to the Atlantean people to never forget the synchronicity of life, because they held a very serious understanding that it was the key to their survival and continuation as a people.

As the water dance came to a close, a master of ceremonies emerged wearing simple white robes, a symbol of his position in this rite. All the people were now standing in a circular fashion inside the temple facing the center where these ceremonies had begun. Taken aback and even frightened as he released a huge black bull into the center of the temple, it was held in check by twelve men with ropes attached to the bull's neck. Raging all over the temple grounds as many of us leapt in fright, we did

not leave our circular position and we waited for the men to bring the bull into the center as they formed yet another circle outside of the water dancers. Instinctually, I began to remember things about the meaning of all that began to transpire before me.

As the men held the bull, they began a series of moves which were designed to 'break' the bull, much like modern day ranchers will 'break' a wild horse, domesticating him for humanity's use. The ceremony depicted the dissipation of negative energies, karmic purification, which was represented by the wild bull. Very skilled and artistic in this process, it was ceremonial in design, and as they continued, the bull slowly became placid and peaceful, a symbol of purification. As the bull's wildly negative energies calmed and became peace, the crowd held a deathly quiet, as a form of respect for this holy process. Silently, the bull was led out of the temple to a hushed crowd.

Stunned by what I'd just seen, my soul tried to remember what these things meant, as I'd only recovered a few memories of the tremendous meaning of this

ceremony. But before I could ponder deeper, a large flying object which looked somewhat like a kite was released into the sky. Upon its center was the image of the bull, and inherently I understood that this release of the kite was a symbol of the final remnants of karma dissipating as the soul began to look to the heavens and away from Earthly concerns.

Floating up to the ceiling of the temple, a huge rush of silver and gold dust was released into the air, cascading throughout the temple upon the people present. The beauty of this moment cannot be described as the night sky was lit with the stars from on high and this light reflected the millions of gold and silver particles now floating in the air.

My spouse turned to me and without explanation took gold dust which he had within his pocket and began to spread it all over my body. Instinctually, I took the dust and did the same for him. In this moment, something grand happened and changed all that I was experiencing, as if we had somehow permeated into another dimension and I was continuing this experience from a *spiritual* plane, leaving the *physical* memory

of this Atlantis beyond, but remaining in a spiritual overlap.

Beginning to fly above the crowds, many of those present were not consciously astral in this element, and thus, were unable to fly. As we continued to dance in the sky, a voice began to speak loudly from above the temple and higher into the celestial heavens. With this voice, we descended back to the ground, and listened.

Speaking of the many different planetary races that had lived upon our planet Earth; he related the time of arrival of each of these races which had coincided with a great cataclysm upon their native world. Calmly, he spoke of the Pleiadians, some of whom had come to Earth at a time of great danger to their galaxy. "These Pleiadians," he had said, "began the ill-fated Atlantean race which was to perish under similar circumstances. Others remained behind and had been successful in rebuilding the Pleiades, which had eventually evolved into a spiritual world, rather than a physical one."

Forming in the center of the temple, the gold dust flew high into the night sky forming into an image of a dove. Inherently,

I understood this to be the symbol of the Holy Spirit, of which these Atlantean people were very much attuned. But it also represented the transformation of mankind into a higher spiritual reality.

As the dust was forming, I gathered a gold chain which lay aside my feet on the ground and placed it around the neck of my spouse. Removing the black one which he had been wearing, this represented the transformation from darkness to light. Smiling with gratitude, he repeated this process, placing a gold chain around my neck as I discarded the previous one and we began to fly.

Soaring towards the exit, we reached our hands out to others inside the temple who were unable to fly, carrying them along with us. The grand dove inside the temple was about to explode in light and everyone was running frantically towards the exit to get out before this occurred.

As the dove exploded, gold dust fell all throughout the temple covering the ground and all who lay within its walls. But the backwind from the explosion of gold dust began to reveal something very fascinating, something that had been placed

there for my eyes to see. Turning to look, my spouse and the others began leaving the temple in droves while I flew around the temple floor to observe what the gold dust was revealing as it blew away from the ground. Artifacts appeared everywhere of many extra-terrestrial intelligence's who had come to seed this Earth, lightly dusted books, pictures and maps from differing star systems were all revealed.

As I saw these things, my soul began to receive an energetic influx of knowledge regarding the many migrations from different star systems to seed our world. Coming about due to great calamities, many of those worlds had actually survived the catastrophic times. At the time of migration, these worlds had suffered destruction for a great deal of time, some due to nature, and others to the actions of mortals. Again, the Pleiadians were mentioned as being among the systems which had been partially destroyed, and they had come when a turnaround of their situation didn't seem possible. The story was much the same for all the extra-terrestrials represented here, without exception.

Returning inside the temple to

retrieve me, my spouse took my hand, again flying us towards the exit. Turning to witness the dove in the sky which had reappeared, it again exploded in another cloud of gold dust which began showering the temple from the sky. Finally dissipating, the dove was no longer visible.

A rushing torrent of energy retrieved my soul, grasping me quickly away from the man whose hand I held, and sending my spirit through the tunnels of time to return to my Earthly abode.

Unaware of how our souls had made this grand journey, Andy and I continued soaring towards the star room where the pilots of many spacecraft from various civilizations throughout the Universe were gathered to visit with one another. Humans, as well as, extra-terrestrials were gathered, but despite this very interesting spectacle before me, I couldn't take my eyes off a huge runway which lay in the other direction.

Noticing our Earthly space vessel, it had just undergone extensive repairs. Perhaps we had ridden this vehicle sub-consciously? Set to go at the entry to the runway, I grabbed Andy's hand, and we

began running towards it. Entering this very small saucer-shaped vessel, it ran itself, starting its ignition and soaring down the runway at voluminous speed.

Words cannot express the wonder and awe experienced in our ascent to the stars. Before us lay the unadulterated Universe, and the stars sped by us like snowflakes on the windshield of a car. Heavenly bodies could be seen from great distances, their colors brilliant and defined. Galaxies in the distance held every possible hue of white, purple and blue, while the sun and stars emanated orange, red and white. Surprised, I looked in a direction I hadn't yet peered through to notice that the Earth was in our view. At a good altitude above it, something was beginning to go wrong with our vessel. Noticing a star-station in the near-distance, it was our best hope of assistance. As the craft was obviously failing, my eyes fell to what appeared to be a rotating pastel mist of color. If we could get the ship into and underneath this mist, the star station would pull us into its orbit, and eventually down into the bough. Maneuvering the craft towards this star station, we were able to accomplish this feat

easily.

Pulling in, the craft was controlled by a force within this grand space airport, leading us to a safe landing. Exiting the ship, I noticed a group of people very obviously from the 19th century being led on a tour. Remaining sub-conscious for this journey, the extra-terrestrials were seeding them with knowledge to hopefully assist them in their current time-frame below on the Earth.

Offering Andy and I the opportunity to take a short journey on one of their crafts which were distinctively more advanced than our own, we accepted their kind gesture and soared through the take-off pod at a speed which cannot be expressed. After experiencing the take-off, however, the ship returned of its own accord to the star-station wherein we were led into a re-materialization chamber to prepare for our return to our Earthly bodies. As would be expected, we became sub-conscious, only to return to Earth, relishing the opportunity we'd been given to leave behind our Earthly craft for a moment, and experience the heavenly vehicle of the stars. For a moment, we had become Galactic!

Roaring blew in from overhead as a pulsing energy heralded the vessels in the night sky. Although the spaceships are silent in the physical environment, they are distinctively loud in the realm of the spirit, and their rhythm moves deeply within your molecular structure. Now in my spiritual body, I hovered over to the window to look at the first vessels to arrive. A flat base with an enlarged dome at the top, a pulsating red light came from several points along the seam between the two parts of the ship. Several more were to follow, a rectangular ship which was huge and seemed to fill the sky, as well as, a whole host of Pleiadian vessels. Having seen the Pleiadian ships many times, they were very familiar. A rounded upper part glowed in purple upon a flattened metallic center plate which beheld another rounded lower metallic piece.

Before I could ascertain my situation, a large white globe of light came from the Pleiadian vessels, approached my spirit and entered my head; not once, but several times with each onslaught of ships. As it entered, a tremendous pulsation could be felt within my head. As this continued for quite some

time, I found myself becoming exhausted by the continual onslaughts of energy, although there was exhilaration, as well.

Preparing to leave, a bright light came from below one of the Pleiadian ships as two very small creatures descended from the vessel. No more than two feet high, they were wearing the brown robe's of an Earthly monk. Standing on two legs, their skin was sheer and off-white. Several wrinkles formed around their mouths, and their eyes were very large and brownish-black.

Finding them to be very cute, I almost regarded them like little pets, but in order to quell any such arrogance, they conveyed that my time had come to learn from them. Meanwhile, I must be alone to receive them because other people would be unable to tolerate their energy. Before I could respond, they were sucked back into the ship, and the entire battalion of ships sped off into the night.

Walking along a deserted valley road, I looked up towards a large orb in the sky. Huge, it was about eight times the size of the Earth's moon and lit up the entire atmosphere. Broad daylight, this orb was

clearly visible at midday upon the backdrop of a light blue sky. Wonder and brilliance filled my soul, as I wandered closer, first walking, and then beginning to run towards it. "I should go there!" I thought.

CHAPTER SIX

Epochs of the Earth

Appearing to me as a human, the commander of this unearthly vessel was a man with a powerful presence. Taking me through a series of epochs in the life of our planet, I was horrified to witness century after century of brutality, hardship and war. Exploring the ages of tyranny in our world, he took me through time to witness world wars, national wars, guerilla operations, and multitudes of prisoner of war and refugee camps all over the world throughout every possible time zone.

As we had crossed through the relevant time periods, he showed me a total of three anti-popes, men who wore the garb of the Bishop of Rome and to the naked eye appeared to be holy men. But the extra-terrestrial commander allowed me to witness their energies which were dark and foul.

All throughout our journey, as I witnessed the sad and desperate state of affairs of a humanity which had clearly been lost throughout many epochs of time, there

was a tiny strand of humanity which remained and had been recaptured by various saints and holy people throughout the aeons. As I was given to see this miraculous happening, a sad and desolate melody played repetitively in the heavens around me lamenting the status of mankind. "Earthly remnants of love, Earthly remnants of love, Earthly remnants of love . . ." It went on into the night, filling my soul with a great dismay over the little love which remained active in our world, and a determination to do all that the Lord would deign to allow me, to restore that which had been lost.

Among similar lines, my spirit was then led to witness an enigma of all that had been shown to me. Before me stood a unique looking demon, who apparently was involved in much warring in our world. Clearly he was not limited to global catastrophe, because I was shown that he worked on individual souls to wreak havoc among families and/or communities, as well.

Manifesting as a very large man with large muscles like a body builder, he wore jet black pants while his chest remained bare. Upon his chest were a myriad of

depressions which bore no particular form, but reminded me of the states within our country and their various shapes. Eight of them penetrated his chest, each representing a particular aspect of the vice of rage. Each represented one of the eight aspects of rage which could be ignited in this demon who was also surrounded by a very huge force of jet black energy. Every word which proceeded out of the mouth of this creature came at you like a torrent of rage, surrounded by a black vortexing cloud of endless demise.

In battling this horrendous creature, I found that de-energizing him was no easy task. Approaching him with the opposite virtue of the particular rage manifestation he would present, you had to simultaneously push upon the matching depression in his chest. Difficult to do, containing his rampant energies was very hard. Presenting quite a challenge to those of us upon this Earth, it was no wonder that the Earthly remnants of love were squandering for fertility and life. Each and every soul capable of being fertile for the growth of love must do so in order to energize a force large enough to counter this creature who has dominated the history of

the Earth.

As my spirit was led through an inexplicable experience, I found myself in the service of two extra-eterrestrial souls who had been born as males upon the Earth. Their destiny was to guide a group of about two hundred people to perform a very important work for God. Now that the two men had achieved adulthood, it was necessary for them to be united upon the Earth in order to energize this further task. Throughout the night, I wandered back and forth between these souls energizing lighted links which were being provided as a homing beacon to them.

Awaiting me to finish, a spectacular angelic guardian patiently hovered in the stars. Arrayed in magnificent light which shone outwards from her soul for several yards, this very old woman was a spiritual guardian to the two hundred remaining souls who would eventually be linked with the original two men. In order to bring this union about, the Lord bestowed upon my soul some very unusual spiritual gifts which I would be wont to describe and simply cannot. Somehow, through these gifts, I was

able to take each of these two souls on a vast journey through a deep wilderness along the light trails of the energies which had been previously set up. After uniting the men in spirit, we followed a myriad of other trails set up by the angelic guardian which eventually led them to the two hundred remaining souls they were meant to guide in a work for the Lord. Making it possible to link all 202 souls, my inexplicable gift united them in purpose each requiring a myriad of light trails in order to energize fruition. Quietly smiling, the magnificent heavenly host met us, and the inexplicable spiritual gifts which had been given me were immediately energized.

Handing the two men over to her, an indescribably beautiful geometric form of brilliant light ignited lines from her to them, and then throughout the multitude. As soon as this specific purpose was completed, the inexplicable spiritual gifts were taken from me as the purpose for their manifestation had been fulfilled. At this moment, I was swiftly removed from the scene.

Now alit in the wonder of heaven, my soul looked upon a tremendous pathway which seemed to go on into infinity. Nearing

ever closer, I noticed that this pathway began down below upon the Earth in the location of my current home. Flitting ever upwards towards the skies, it wavered and meandered, continuing up into the starry realms and the galactic mists beyond my current conception. In the distance, though well beyond view, my soul heard from the mouth of a heavenly host. "This path continues all the way to heaven." As I neared closely enough to vision the purpose of this mystic trail, I suddenly noticed that it was comprised of books.

Leading me to a particular position upon the trail high above the cloudy sky and permeating the galactic havens, I knew it to be resonant of my current status upon the path. Before me were beautiful books covered in exquisite artwork depicting the life of our Lord Jesus Christ, but the pathway was composed of the ancient sacred texts and writings of the prophets, mystics, saints and sages of all world religions; the various meanderings left to us in print by those among us who have moved onward to another higher reality. In the writings of the ancient sacred texts, we were given the opportunity to share the journey of

those who had passed beyond the Earthly gates, and thus, be so honored as to receive of the wisdom of their flight. If only other souls knew the tremendous gift of these vital etchings left behind by the prophets, mystics, saints and sages, perhaps they would seek them out.

Looking heavenward at the continuing path of knowledge laid out for me to traverse and the books before me arrayed in beatific artistry of the image of Jesus Christ, I knew that He was the center of my journey, and as my eyes pierced forward, upwards toward the celestial city, my heart instinctually knew and felt the biblical words: "I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life. No one comes to the Father but by Me."

Arriving without my foreknowledge, a spaceship had hovered over my house and landed in my backyard. Sub-conscious astral reporters had come to see what was happening and were inquiring with me regarding the unusual compression they had noticed in and around my house which would indicate an area of extensive psychic travel. Explaining to them that this

compression had come about so that I may travel to other realms, I asked them if they might be interested in learning the deeper knowledge contained within the mysteries of the redemption. Ascertaining quickly that their interest lay only in a nebulous, intellectualized perception of psychic phenomena, rather than a true spiritual thrust which would include deep moral and ethical considerations and lengthy self-examination, I escorted them away and turned to greet my extra-terrestrial visitors who had remained unseen by these subconscious travelers during their short visit.

As my eyes opened to the spirit world, they took in a sight unimaginable in the human terms of my own day. Perhaps a future time would not find this vision quite so unusual, but during my time, it was astonishing. Circling my home and filling the clouds around my house were spaceships from many different star systems, apparently having come to give welcome. For a moment, my spirit was lifted out of my body and began flying around the room under the power of the extra-terrestrial beings, as I laughed in the pure joy.

Returning my soul to form, they conveyed, 'When it is that your time comes to die, we shall be there to bid you welcome to the galactic heavens.' Honored, I thanked them and bid them adieu.

Watching in the distance over the desert oasis, my spirit observed as six fighter jets approached their target and bombed a city. After the place was obliterated, they flew away while I continued to watch the clouds of destruction dissipate.

Finally, a huge craft of obvious extra-terrestrial origin appeared and flew over the scene several times, sometimes slowly and sometimes very fast. Emitting great power, the craft was shaped somewhat like an Earthly airplane, long and conical; but it was completely silver, had no wings, and was covered in a variety of metal plates which resembled the exoskeleton of a grasshopper. Overseeing events in the world, I knew that they were watching carefully the decisions of mankind, but that only my eyes were able to see them at this moment. (A moment of great import, the world was in the midst of making the decision of whether or not to

invade Iraq which was being ruled by an evil dictator.)

Returning to form, an obviously demonic presence manifested before my face, that of a woman with black hair and canine teeth. In annoyance, I calmly said, "Get a life, Satan."

As she instantly disappeared, the image of my white-winged horse, St. Harmony Crystal Fire, appeared before my vision, wings flapping in the wind. Feeling the immense power, St. Harmony Crystal Fire passed by me in a wind of ethereal power as I reached to touch a feathery wing which swept across my face as he passed.

Running towards what appeared to be a small bathtub of some kind, I knew that somebody was in grave danger. Before I could reach him, though, the tiny little fetus had fallen into the water. A man approached from the other side carrying some type of surgical tool in his hands, and despite my best efforts, I reached for it much too late. Below the surface of the water, the tiny fetus had been beheaded. As the soul of the baby hovered and sat next to the bathtub feeling the peace and tranquility of God, I raced to

the aid of his war torn body. Taking his head and reattaching it to his body, I stood watch over him. The man approached again, trying to mash the baby's skull, but I grabbed his hand shouting, 'No!' With great effort and stillness, I waited at the baby's side because I'd been instructed by the eternal that this child could be healed if he were allowed the proper time to recover. Backing off, the man who had instigated the initial injury saw determination in my face and held back, although he seemed a bit confused.

Suddenly, in the sky appeared a series of ships which I knew to be of extra-terrestrial origin. Shaped much like the planet Saturn, they were globular with rings around the center. But rather than being orangish in color, they were a bluish violet. As they hovered above us, we felt their energies come into us and both myself and this man were immediately filled with the Holy Spirit of love. They, too, were standing in guard of this precious young life, but their presence had awakened the man who stood before me to this truth. "Do you remember them?" He asked me in a state of awe. "Yes, I do," I said, "but from where I cannot recall."

Instantly, the man began to assist me in trying to help this very young fetus to survive. Using his skills to help rather than hurt, he started to repair the damage which had been done to such an innocent body. As he did so, I held the tiny hands of the fetus and watched as his spirit observed this from aside and made way to re-enter his body. On a sub-conscious level, this doctor had experienced the horror of abortion and had now been implanted with the knowledge to cease such harm and attend to helping instead. And then, suddenly, I was somewhere else.

A female duck was sitting on a nest filled with eggs and I'd arrived just in time to witness her moving aside to allow them to hatch. To my surprise, however, ducks did not emerge from her eggs, but rather, kittens. Iridescent kittens with white fur, they were lightly shadowed in individual effervescent colors of yellow, blue and violet. They were so adorable and cute; I wanted to cuddle them myself. But the mother duck was as much a mother to these kittens as she would have been had they been ducks, and she protected and nurtured them as any mother would. In her eyes, it was irrelevant

that they were not ducks; they were still as much her children as any natural child would've been. And what was very clear was that they were meant to be together just as much as any other mother/child relationship, despite the fact that they were obviously not biologically related. At this time, she allowed me to pick up one of her kittens, and I did so. A cute little white kitty with iridescent yellow streaks in her fur licked my hand as I held her. In this moment, I understood the beauty of adoption and how it fits perfectly into the will and greater plan of God. And then I was gone . . .

"There is a world of bodies, another of imaginings, another of fantasies, and another of suppositions, but God is beyond all worlds, neither within nor without them.

Now, consider how God controls these imaginings by giving them form without qualification, without pen or instrument. If you split open your breast in search of a thought or idea and take it apart bit by bit, you won't find any thoughts there. You won't find any in your blood or in your veins. You won't find them above or below. You won't find them in any limb or organ, for they are without physical quality and

are non-spatial. You won't find them on your outside either. Since His control of your thoughts is so subtle as to be without trace, then consider how subtle and traceless He must be who is the Creator of all this. Inasmuch as our bodies are gross objects in relation to ideas, so also subtle and unqualifiable ideas are gross bodies and forms in relation to the subtlety of the Creator."

Signs of the Unseen, Jalalludin Rumi, Discourse 23, (Islamic: Sufi, Words of Rumi)

As my vision was directed by an unseen force towards the back window, my spirit began to gaze at the cloudy sky behind my home. Suddenly, the presence of several races of alien life was felt profoundly and the sky lit up from many locations. Music began to emanate from the skies, as I smiled in a state of transfixed bliss upon the spectacle. A soulful chant was played out in harmonic feminine voices, singing of the shortness of time each of us have upon the earth to fulfill the calling of our destiny. As the lightning storm of light continued, I looked and listened in utter silence as a vague download began to enter into my soul. Some type of information regarding

alien races and 'The Urantia Book' were being given to me, although in a very unconscious way.

"True and holy are Thy continents and universes; true and holy are Thy worlds and the forms created by Thee"

*Sri Guru Granth Sahib, Volume II, Raga Asa,
Page 981 (Sikhism)*

CHAPTER SEVEN

The Galactic Council

My bridal gown and veils were flowing in the wind as my spirit was traveling at light speed towards a destination unknown. Plain and empty grass fields passed by my vision on both sides as I contemplated the aloneness I had found in this journey. But up ahead there was something of great importance.

Before I was to arrive, I was to make a final stop at what appeared to be an ancient sacred text shop. Walking around aimlessly, I didn't have anything in particular that I was looking for so I casually glanced at those things on the shelves, much of which were texts I already owned or had read before. Getting tired from this long journey, I sat down on a bench and awaited further instruction. It didn't occur to me how odd it was that I continued to be wearing a brightly white wedding gown with a veil over my face.

A very small and thin older gentleman approached me and said nothing. But in his hands he bore some things beyond

words. Handing them to me, I said nothing also but stared at the documents in disbelief.

The first text he'd handed me was a careful preservation of all the ancient Hebrew texts of the bible and the biblical region. These were not translations, mind you, but the actual papyrus placed in a protective receptacle in the book. Leafing through it, I did not speak.

But as I gazed upon them, I realized that my journey had already encompassed their contents. (With the hopes that what I might share does not sound arrogant), I instinctively understood that these represented a road already traveled. And with that interior understanding made very clear to me, I would leave them here for somebody else who might still have need of them.

Three other books lay in my lap beyond anything I could've imagined. They appeared to be a set . . . of galactic origin. Encompassing the knowledge of the other races within the Universe, they went beyond this in that they were ancient sacred texts of these other worlds and planets. Holding them and looking within their pages, I saw pictures of many different extra-terrestrial

races. (For a moment, I remembered how long ago in 'Galactica' I'd been shown the galactic ancient sacred texts and how they were aeons above from those we had upon the earth.) One race in particular was pointed out to me by this quiet man, a race with unusually square-ish looking heads, slits for mouths and eyes. For a moment, I morphed into that species as if being reminded of another time and place . . . or perhaps a future time? But I knew that this race was somehow related to my soul's origins and I understood that I was to prepare to bring something of these other world's ancient sacred texts into our own.

My spirit was swept into them as a giant gale wind took me to my final destination for the night.

At the end of the road was an unimaginable natural wonder. In the very rock of the earth was a cyclone of brownish energy spinning in a circular fashion. Knowing it to be a gateway to another level of some kind, I was not given to know of what. But I did know that it had nothing to do with the lower realms within the earth. Wondering, I couldn't help but imagine that it might have something to do with death . . .

surrendering the earthly body to the ground in order that the soul might be transformed into its next life and destiny for God. After all, I was dressed for the marriage of the bride to the bridegroom.

Without warning, I was instructed to remove the gown. "The marriage of the bride to the bridegroom has been accomplished," the voice said, "discard the gown and take the next step." As I became naked, I stared at the swirling brown cyclone on the ground as it suddenly moved from the earth to the horizon and turned to white light. I instinctively knew that I was being beckoned to dive into it. But I did not . . .

Unable to respond, I disappeared from the scene because something remained which was holding me back. Something karmic . . .

My presence did not appear expected this night at the 'Galactic Council,' the highest council of civilizations around the Universe. My journey would begin with a local universal group originating in Washington D.C., United States. It was one of the most highly top secret gatherings in our world.

About 200 dignitaries had come from around the world, but the Lord bid to take me on a journey of such profound intensity, I can scarcely tell of it or restate it to those among the living in our world of mankind.

Someone was there who represented the Holy Priesthood of the Catholic Church, but I knew him. He had aborted his mission with the Lord and our Galactic allies months ago. He was shocked to see me at a meeting of such important caliber. Because all of the current attendees were men, it seemed odd that I waited there to receive my leave from the Lord to speak.

Before I could speak, however, my spirit was whisked to a room below ground. Down there was an alien life force being held down by ropes and ties on a hospital like bed.

Odd in appearance, I knew him to be a member of our federation. He had a long 2-3 foot spout for a nose, his skin was amphibious and looked pink at the moment. He was writing and trying to break free from the ropes, but something was wrong. There was a reason that God had allowed me here at this top secret Galactic Federation tonight

with full consciousness and memory about to take place.

In the distance, I could hear her. She was a dark one, and she was hissing. But her hiss went above the din of the normal ordinary waking world. And in the din, no one could trace that her hiss was sending a dark wave of transformative power throughout the building.

She had taken our ally captive, and he was turning a bright red. I knew this to be very serious at that moment, but not yet why.

Within moments, I was again taken upstairs to see that our Galactic brothers and sisters had arrived from all over the galaxy and the universe. I was no longer the only woman. But I knew that I was here because I was AWARE, I was conscious. Many others were in the deep sleep of unconsciousness and completely vulnerable and asleep to what was about to happen. It was my job to bring the inbreath . . .

Going back downstairs, I began to blow the Holy Spirit upon the alien. He stood upright, had a normal face except for his two foot long spout-like nose, and he was wearing no clothes. His sex was not

obvious. His species had a pot belly and a long tail.

As I blew the inbreath upon him, he began to change into the shade of light blue, which I knew to be the correct and holy understanding coming from the energies of the holy mother of God, the blessed virgin herself.

This other creature, the human-formed female of demonic origin, was suddenly multiplying into beasts of various kinds, and huge insects, spiders and bugs.

We raced to the upper room where the gathering was taking place as a battle began to ensue beyond my wildest dreams. It went on for hours before the outcome could even be predicted, much less known as fact.

The beasts had already begun to turn into serpentine slitherers through the crowd while I still had to await my command from God allowing me to act. I was quiet and sitting in a corner waiting for this word, when a man of very high stature in the Galactic Council came to me and told me that someone wished to speak with me.

Walking over to a table of the top scientists in the human world, they were at

odds. Unable to differentiate between good and evil, the beasts were coming their way and they had to make decisions fast. Conveying to them some words of importance, I noticed that the man who had aborted his mission with the council upon the earth was staring at me as I spoke to them. He could not yet understand why I was being given such high authority and such importance in this discussion of the utmost of significance for worldly affairs. Neither could I . . . but I did as I was told. Nothing more, nothing less.

The men of science were listening intently to me, and they understood my words. As they did so, they began to turn a light blue of the power of the Virgin Mother of God. But the beasts had already begun their work through the room. And others were turning dark red and a violent color of the beast.

"Use the outbreath!" I shouted to them as we all began to move about the room carrying within us the holy breath from the Virgin Mother of God, and sending it outward until its effects were clearly seen in the transformation of the colors of these various men and creatures from all over the

Universal Spheres of God's kingdoms into the holy color of light blue, the color of the Blessed Mother, the Holy Virgin of God.

Walking over to a group of guards and officers, I was able to distinguish a demonic packet of blood within the pocket of the source of this demonic infestation - a single man with contamination towards destructive sexual energy beyond the gull - he had denied his mission for sexual temptations! I was disgusted! He had taken every guard down with him and this was the way in which the demonic woman and her beasts had entered into this highly secret and vastly important galactic organization.

Rather than guarding the Holy Grail of Universal Peace and Unity, they had been taking the life blood of women that they lusted after by playing games of lust and sexual desire with those who came through the halls, but had no business learning of what lie beyond them. I took in the breath and began blowing upon the source of this madness and upon all whom he had taken down with him and slowly but surely their colors turned from the brightest of reds to the light blue of the Madonna.

This procedure continued throughout the room as I was shown various vices that had taken down members of the Galactic Council who were like blistering bellies of sin covered in a red inflammation that was infectious to all around them. It was frightening to see, because the demons multiplied around us as quickly as they could be breathed upon by another. Fortunately, so the in and outbreath of the Madonna that I and the scientists carried was equally powerful and those who turned light blue from our intervention also began to also multiply and breathe upon one another the outbreath of the great and holy Madonna spreading the truth among our brothers and sisters mired and lost in sin. He who had aborted his mission I would not again see this night, my work was intense and extremely exhausting. I knew I must leave no creature this eve left in the mire of the inflammatory sinful state.

Each of them had fallen for different reasons, one of the deadly sins or another stemming from one of these, but none could stand against the outbreath of the most Holy Virgin, the Madonna.

Let me make it clear, however, that this was not an easy task. This outbreath was exhausting my soul, and every one of these took a different amount of time and wind. Some of them stayed inflamed in sin so long, I thought I would run out of breath before their conversion could commence. But I never did . . . even though I came close many a time.

She was not just an earthly Madonna, for this I was sure. She was a being of great magnitude in the universal spheres and the worlds of the galactic heavens, every world.

For a moment, I remembered seeing her arrive aboard the Plieaidian spaceship as 'The Lady in Light.' In this moment, I KNEW her power was quite beyond our world.

But I had not time to contemplate it. For some reason, I carried within me her outbreath. I couldn't explain it, understand it or even ask of it; but somehow I knew that I was connected with her in a profound way, and my duty was great! With this duty came great responsibility, and no one under my care could abort a mission of such magnitude. It was unacceptable.

I understood.

So I carried on and my brethren all followed suit in carrying on. It was a battle to the very end as I came upon a priest I had recently been made to know. It was shocking to see that he was covered in the blackness of something I could not identify, because I had seen his holiness upon the ground already. But I blew the outbreath of the Madonna upon him, and he took upon him the colors of light blue.

In that moment, I knew something of great importance beyond my ability to comprehend. It was made known to me interiorly in that moment that my work in the world was quite unseen. But it was absolutely beyond description in its power. The outbreath from myself had converted this priest . . . but how I knew not. But I did know that I was the instrument. This shocked me. And I must not give up . . .

In the world, my outbreath would remain unseen. But here in the world of spirit, this outbreath was determining the destinies of those upon the ground. And those who took the inbreath upon themselves were thereby converting more and more souls to the outbreath of the holy Madonna.

It literally took us many hours, and I saw so many different creatures from so many worlds. But we fought the good fight, and in the end, the beast was taken captive. I breathed him in, as his manifestation had lost all power of deception and his beastly creatures and the she-demon had all transformed into one body of himself.

As I breathed him out, he had turned a pale blue and lay before me lifeless on the ground. His eyes opened a tiny slit. Everybody, the hundreds and thousands in the Galactic Council, had been transformed and reawakened somehow to mission. And they knew they had fallen from grace, that they had allowed themselves to be lost in the mire of sin. "Our great work must continue!" I shouted, "We all know of its importance!" It was of vast, vast importance, and it cannot be explained in human words. But we all knew it.

Shouting at the beast, I said, "Go on, then, you disgusting creature." He did nothing but lay there as if mortally wounded. "Shall I beat you more with the soles of my feet!?!?" I shouted, as I took my

foot and roughly placed it upon his head.
"Shall I beat you *more*, beast!?!?!?!?!?"

He was surrounded by the entire Galactic Federation, all the souls who manifest in worlds around the universe and are working together towards the peace and unity of all God's creatures. We were the best among the best, the most powerful among the silent powerful of God's unseen workers in different worlds. We were the top secret agents of God who were holding worlds and peoples in place despite their own wicked choices and decisions to follow sin, destruction, vice and wickedness, WICKEDNESS! It was our moment to confront the beast who dared to enter into the holy confines our Council declared holy by the Lord, chosen by the Lord, consecrated and consumed entirely in the Lord's service!

"SPEAK, BEAST!" I shouted in disgust, "Before I spit you out before your own wolves in sheeps clothing and allow them to devour you as I would devour you before God if He gave me permission!" I looked towards the guards who had fallen to the temptation of lust in anger. They had allowed our protection to be compromised. Suddenly, permission from God came

through me in a giant galewind of the outbreath from the Madonna through me.

I felt as if my own spirit would be depleted by this outbreath, but it came out in a monsoon wind which took the beast by total surprise. In his compromised position, he was battered, abused and tormented as he was whisked into infinity and disappeared into the hands of God to receive what He might so deign. He disappeared in the spot he had lain, as I and my scientists looked upon our brothers with great seriousness and foreboding.

No words were exchanged. They had all turned the proper shade of light blue indicating their royal servitude to our Lord. But I and my comrades showed anger in our faces. We were the quiet ones in the group, and these were not accustomed to hearing us speak or having us dominate a meeting.

But they stood there in shame as they knew of their sins and their evil turning away from God by taking in the outbreath of the enemy!

"Know this!" Came the voice of God from the heavens as I listened. "Know this!!!!" Falling to my knees, I shouted, "I will know it, Father!"

Suddenly, my spirit stood upon Mount Sinai as wisdom was being transferred into my etheric substance energetically. And as this was happening, an angel appeared who carried a beautiful pitcher filled with 'heavenly nectar.' It was pink, and she poured and poured and poured it down my throat as my spirit seemed unable to absorb enough. But after several minutes she was gone and I had now been transported to a small gathering of people.

I didn't notice the older gentleman sitting to my right until he got up to leave. He was wearing the garb of a regular person of his age, but when he stood, I suddenly recognized him. It was Pope John Paul II, and he turned to wink as he stood to leave. He didn't speak, I had not recognized him quickly enough. But it was clear that he was trying to show me his ordinariness outside of his Pope's garb. And that it was clear that he would not be noticed in a crowd if he were dressed as a common man. Something was important about this. But I didn't have time to think about it, because I was whisked

quickly through the galactic heavens and back to my earthly abode.

Moments later, I awakened in shock. I had spent seven hours with the Galactic Council, something of which I'd only been shown tidbits over the years. But now I'd seen it in its entirety, now I knew my responsibility with them. There would be no more excuses, I must go to my brethren and get to work.

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