

Absolute Dissolution of Body and Mind

The Mysteries of the Redemption Series

Volume 4 of 5

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

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

By Marilyn Hughes

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

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

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

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

King James Bible, Isaiah 1:18, Old Testament

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DEDICATION

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

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

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

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INTRODUCTION:
Absolute Dissolution of Body and Mind
The Mysteries of the Redemption Series
Volume 4 of 5

A Treatise on Out-of-Body Travel and Mysticism

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Born of darkness . . . into light."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Join with me as we enter now the Absolution Pathway, Dissolution into the Will of God, Ancient Sacred Paths . . .

Absolute Dissolution of Body and Mind

THE ABSOLUTION PATHWAY - DISCIPLINE

Dissolution into the Will of God

This path of discipline begins with the descent into the lower worlds of darkness, the lower and hell realms, one and two, the realms of dominant darkness and pure evil, for the purpose of intensive physical, spiritual and mental discipline.

- 1) Ancient Sacred Paths**
- 2) Entry into the Knowledge of the Lower Realms**
- 3) Self-Scrutiny**
- 4) Original Sin**
- 5) Mysteries of the Redemption**

**IN MY FATHER'S HOUSE ARE MANY
MANSIONS
(Energetic Entry into Ancient Sacred Paths)**

*"Do not think lightly of merit, saying, 'It will not
come to me.' By the constant fall of waterdrops, a
pitcher is filled; likewise the wise person,
accumulating
merit little by little, becomes full of merit."
Dhammapada, Canto IX, No. 122, Page 51, (Buddhism)*

CHAPTER ONE

*"Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin
of the world."
King James Bible, New Testament, John 1:29,
(Christianity)*

As I stood outside of my body upon the earthen bank, my spirit was directed to look towards the sky. My face became ecstatic, staring in a fixed state upon the heavens with joy and elusive wisdom. Utter peace filled me as the skies began to whirl and heave. A purple, blue and white vortex began swirling as the clouds began to part. From beneath their depths, the Mother Mary appeared.

Angelic mercy strewn towards me, my ecstatic state grew deeper. 'A New Journey.' She wrote with her finger into the clouds, 'The Final Chapter.' Nodding, the vortex pulled Mary back towards heaven. Feeling her winds slowly release my soul, I fell to the ground in awe. The next day, I found out

that I was pregnant with my second child, a daughter, Mary.

"If the most pure Mary has reached the highest pinnacle in the ranks of the just, She may also on this very account be considered as the instrument or the motive power through which the saints themselves have reached their station."

The Mystical City of God (Abrid.), The Transfixion, Page 400, Paragraph 1, (Christianity, Catholic, Author: Ven. Mary of Agreda)

On the ground below me I suddenly noticed two feet wearing old, old sandals. Looking up to see their bearer, Jesus Christ stood with light glowing all around His white flowing robes. Conveying to me great and wonderful things, He spoke of what I must do to fulfill them. Bowing to the ground, the Lord Jesus honored my soul with secret tasks. In obedience, I lowered my head to acknowledge my duty.

As the Earth began to tremble, a powerful being appeared before Him whose essence was airy and white. "I am Yammeth/Symmeth, he who controls the movements of the Earth." "Will you come with me to Exodus?" he asked. Not understanding what this meant, I simply replied, "Yes, I will." "You and I will go to Exodus alone!" he commanded, as the rumbling increased and he disappeared.

Jesus directed me to stand, and as I did He transformed what I was wearing into a gleaming white robe, much like His own. Feeling unworthy, I bowed my head down. "Retrieve the ancient texts," He said, as my mind filled with the vision of the

sacred texts of all the world's religions throughout time, "all of them." Energy pulsed through me, as the Lord directed me to consider the part-time job I had recently taken. "I fear it was not well chosen," he said, "you now begin your Essene training; you must allow no defilements in your retreat." A huge pink and glistening cross appeared in the sky, adorned with jewels. "You shall never make a living from the cross," he said, as I began to understand that I was never to consider my work for the Lord as a means of financial support. "There are many ways in which abundance can come to you." Seeing financial support coming from many different avenues, but none from my own work, He began to disappear. "Retrieve the ancient texts," He repeated, and then He was gone.

"Every man who in this world does not wrap himself in the ceremonial garb and clothe himself therewith, when he enters the other world is covered with a filthy garment and is brought up for trial. Many are the garments prepared for man in this world, and he who does not acquire the garment of religious observance is in the next world clad in a garment which is known to the masters of Gehinnom, and woe to the man who is clad therein, for he is seized by many officers of judgement and dragged down to Gehinnom, and therefore King Solomon cried aloud, 'At all times let thy garments be white.'"

*The Zohar (Kaballah), Volume V, Shelah Lecha (Numbers),
Page 236-237, Bottom & Top, (Judaism)*

"When God saw that his people would perish because they did not see the Light of Life, He chose the best of Israel, so that they might make the Light of Life to

shine before the sons of men, and those chosen were called Essenes, because they taught the ignorant and healed the sick, and they gathered on the eve of every seventh day to rejoice with the Angels."

*The Essene Gospel of Peace, Book Three, Page 19, Prologue,
(Christianity, Gnostic/Essene)*

His body was writhing as my soul watched this ancient sacred event taking place upon the Earth from above. Energetic bursts pierced His soul like lightning, as His body hurled and purged, accepting the living immortal energy that was now being forced into His body from His Father. Violently, He was accepting the finality of His destiny, relinquishing the parts of Him that were not ready for such an immense task.

Sweat poured from His brow into His thick mustache and beard, as more pulses of energy hit Him. He *knew* what the acceptance of these final vibrational thrusts would mean, that the Messiah would indeed be birthed and He would die to achieve the destiny of His coming. As the energy pulse slowed in completion, Jesus Christ allowed Himself to have one last peaceful slumber. In honor, I bowed to the invisible guardian who allowed me to bear witness to this incredible moment, and then I was gone.

"Watch and pray that you not come to be in the flesh, but rather that you come forth from the bondage of the bitterness of this life. And as you pray, you will find rest, for you have left behind the suffering and the disgrace. For when you come forth from the sufferings and passions of the body, you will receive

rest from the good one, and you will reign with the king, you joined with him and he with you, from now on, for ever and ever. Amen."

The Nag Hammadi Library, The Book of Thomas the Contender, Page 207, Paragraph 3, (Christianity, Gnostic/Essene, Words of Christ)

For several nights, I awoke with voices in my ears. "The eastern star has come to keep the native going." "Reading Buddhist texts will make you fly more." And the following night, "Unite the East and the West, the religions of the world. Darkness and light exist within all of them, illumine the four quarters." Conveying to me that it was my task to discover and distribute such knowledge, and bring unity to the people, I understood.

"Then, pointing to His wounded Heart: 'This wound is the fiery furnace to which chosen souls, especially the brides of My Heart, must come to enkindle theirs. This wound is theirs; It belongs to them with all the graces it contains, that they may distribute them to the world, to the many souls who do not know where to seek them, and to so many others who despise them.'"

The Way of Divine Love, Page 405, Paragraph 7-8, (Christianity, Catholic, Words of Christ, Author: Sister Josefa Menendez)

Spiraling rock walls circled themselves until they reached a center point within. The ancient monument had secret columns and passageways below ground where I stood, but only the initiated knew how to get to them. Energies came and hit like

torrents of wind from the ground beneath my feet, and the earth began to shudder and shake. Crevasses opened within the Earth and ancient artifacts were exposed to the top-most layer of the ground. Looking at them, I knew they held secrets and wisdoms from the ancient past. Little did I know, I was about to meet some members of God's royal family.

The earthquake ceased, but its quaking had laid me upon the ground, so I looked up, preparing to stand. Two bare feet stood before me with a singular hole in the center of each. I knew who had come, as I whisked myself to my feet so that I could bow to Christ, my divine visitor. Beginning to walk together, we quietly followed the spiraling columns from the farthest point out to the farthest point within, the core center. When we had reached this point, we stopped walking and Christ began to mutter sacred words. As He did, we immediately fell through the rock into the secret columns below ground.

Absolute calm was inside as hundreds of monks from all religions of the world were there awaiting our arrival. As the abbot approached, I noticed that some of the monks glowed very brightly with light, while others did not glow at all. It didn't seem to matter which faith the monks were from, for there were glowing and non-glowing monks of all faiths. Christ conveyed to me that the monks who glowed were true monks, while the others who did not were still in training to become 'true' monks.

Looking at me deeply in the eyes, he motioned to the monks who did not glow, "One must understand the isness. They do not understand the isness." Reaching to take my hand, I placed mine in

his as Christ disappeared.

"Every perfect being naturally communicates itself to others so far as is possible, and this belongs to each thing in imitation of the first perfect being, namely God . . . but the good of a person is communicated to others both as regards being and as regards knowledge."

On Evil, Question IX, Page 339, Reply to 3, (Christianity, Catholic, Author: St. Thomas Aquinas)

Brilliant air filled my soul, as the song of a particular Buddhist Sutra began exploding in melodious streams all around me, 'A Guide to the Bodhisattva's Way of Life,' also called, 'Bodhisattvacharyavatara;' the epitome of self-sacrifice on behalf of other living beings. My soul began dancing in flight to the musical stream. But almost as quickly as it had come, it stopped.

In the distance, I saw the outline of the Buddha sitting in a lotus position. The white descended. As it did, the Buddha approached me, floating through the air in the same position. Pulsing white energy throughout my spirit, I immediately felt complete and total calm. Conveying to me that he was now going to place me within the actual energy of three qualities of attainment, I surrendered in awe as the white and absolute serenity covered me in a blanket of solitude.

First, I was surrounded in wonderment.

Then, devotion.

And last, humility.

In these spaces, I knew isness.

With this experience also came a deep sorrow, humility and repentance for all I had done in my

many lifetimes that caused harm to others.

Inherently, I understood that all religions serve a pathway, a cause in evolution. Following these very high roads requires a sense of true devotion in order to be understood, followed and embraced. Because they are ensconced in karmic purification, most souls cannot yet understand true devotion. Because their minds are deluded and misled, they may *intend* to be devoted, but their minds are incapable in their present state, of the discipline required to attain true devotion. A karmic soul serves the will of the self, while an eternal soul serves the will of the Lord. As Christ said:

"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets."

*King James Bible, New Testament, Matthew 22:37-38,
(Christianity, Words of Christ)*

In the white energies of wonderment, devotion and humility, I saw my own vices and how displeasing they were to God, and in the same breath I was given to observe true virtue as it manifests among the heavenly realms. Looking upon great holiness and purity of heart, I yearned for it . . .

"The truly awake know all things, are nondual, beyond duality, all equal, inherently pure as space, not distinguishing self and nonself. As the ocean reflects beings' bodies and is therefore called ocean, enlightenment reflects all mental patterns and hence is called true awareness."

*The Flower Ornament Scripture, Manifestation of the
Buddha, Page 1011, Stanza 1-2, (Buddhism, Mahayana)*

Thunderous roaring was heard in the backdrop as a column of monks quietly walked forward chanting the mystical songs of their secret knowledge. Lightning flashed, and rain began to fall as a monk approached and took my hand. "Come," he said, as he led me away.

A flash of light knocked me flat on my back. Looking up, Christ was standing above me waving his arms over my body and soul, exuding vibrational power beyond any I'd ever known. As he continued, my soul became more and more detached from worldly vices; lust, greed, vanity. "What are you doing?" I asked Him. "Purification." He replied, conveying that final purification is a process one undertakes when true devotion is finally achieved. Coming about not of your own hands, but by the hand of God, it comes when a soul is truly repentant and seeking only God's will. When one attains true devotion, this alters the path of the seeker from walking in selfishness, to walking with God.

As Christ continued laying his hands upon me, I felt absolutely tranquil. Going on for hours, when it was over, He quietly said, "You will not be able to explain, it cannot be understood unless you have passed through it." Nodding, I made a move to get up. "Retrieve the ancient prayer books," he said, as suddenly I was whisked into the energy of the Rosary Novenas. So holy that they swept my soul into the air in a state of levitation, I'd never seen them before, but knew they were of the Catholic faith. Overwhelmed,

I grasped onto the wisp at the end of their holy reign.
 "I will." I said. Smiling, Jesus disappeared.

"(Let) the greatest sinners place their trust in My mercy. They have the right before others to trust in the abyss of My mercy. My daughter, write about My mercy towards tormented souls. Souls that make an appeal to My mercy delight Me. To such souls I grant even more graces than they ask. I cannot punish even the greatest sinner if he makes an appeal to My compassion . . . before I come as a just judge, I first open wide the door of My mercy. He who refuses to pass through the door of My mercy must pass through the door of My justice . . ."

*Divine Mercy, Notebook III, No. 1146, Page 420,
 (Christianity, Catholic, Words of Christ, Author: Sister
 M. Faustina Kowalska)*

Hovering over my sleeping body, the Buddha transported me into the white spaces. Various alternating patterns of energy barraged me for hours as I saw three frames of energy depicted in pictures, whiz by me over and over again. The first was two Buddhist priests, and one martial arts master. The second was two martial arts masters, and one Buddhist priest. The third, I can no longer remember. Alternating for several hours, the patterns changed back and forth between each vision.

When it was over, the Buddha disintegrated and a Buddhist priest arrived with no fanfare. Wearing a simple brown monk's robe, his serenity was complete. Bowing to him, he said, "I will take you into the energy of the 'Absolute Dissolution of Body and Mind,'" he said, as I bowed again.

Five white energy vortexes surrounded me all at once, spinning a power I could never have fathomed. Becoming the most profound experience of my life to date, the energies of the Absolute Dissolution of Body and Mind relinquished all personality, mind, ego, and self, placing me directly within the mind of God where my soul had begun.

In this space, my wholeness and unity with God was so complete, there was no me; and therefore, there were no desires emanating from me. From this absolutely clear vantage point, I viewed my life and found that despite the fact that I'd always considered myself a reasonably good person, *everything I'd ever done in my life was wrong*. Even those things I'd done to help others bore selfish desire whether it was the need for approval or wanting to be perceived in a certain way, nothing I had ever done in my life had been done for the sole purpose of glorifying the holy will of God; not one thing. Even acts of goodness were done to fortify myself, and despite the fact that some good intentions did exist, every act of my life was tainted by selfish desire.

Bowing in shame, I was overwhelmed by the selfishness of my life. But in this space there wasn't judgment, only compassion and understanding. God knows the path a soul must take to reach the absolute. My walk into karma had been necessary in order to emerge into the light, but a soul cannot serve itself *and* God.

Coming out of the absolute dissolution of body and mind, the Buddhist priest was quiet and calm. "Please!" I begged him. "Show me how I may repent, how may I purify myself of these things?!" Pausing,

he placed his hands upon my shoulders. Holding a serious and ominous look, as if he was afraid for me, replied, "You seek a very high level of purification, few seek this level, most retain much darkness within their souls." His face told me that he was trying to convey more than he had already shown and this frightened me. "I want to purify *all darkness* within my soul." I said. Nodding, he replied very calmly, "A dark goddess lives within you, and you must force her out."

Panicking, I tried to remain calm, but this revelation shocked me. Beginning to feel the essence of this dark creature rising from deep within my stomach, the priest walked forward and began performing an exorcism. Feeling her come upwards through the energy centers of my soul, she reached my vocal chords in a plaintive wail. Not wishing to be forced out, sweat poured through me as my thoughts raged towards God's will. After what I had seen and felt about my selfish soul, I could never turn this process back, for the presence of such darkness appalled and shamed me. When her screams had stopped, I turned to the priest. "Is she gone? Is she completely gone?" "These things take time," he said.

"Thy will be done!" I shouted to the Lord, as I awoke.

"Jesus, on seeing a crowd rapidly gathering, rebuked the unclean spirit and said to it, 'Mute and deaf spirit, I command you: come out of him and never enter him again!' Shouting and throwing the boy into convulsions, it came out . . . When he entered the house, his disciples asked him in private, 'Why could we not drive it out?' He said to them, 'This kind can

only come out through prayer."

*New American Bible, New Testament, Mark 9:25-29,
(Christianity, Catholic, Words of Christ)*

Struck down with illness, the impurities within my soul were now manifesting upon my body in the process of purification and removal. But my sicknesses became rampant and numerous, as I became bedridden for several months. Beginning their torments and temptations, the dark side made a very strong effort to see if I would give in to my sickness and suffering, and turn away from God. Determination strong and body weak, my saving grace was my faith in God's love for my soul.

Flying through the stars, I suddenly felt someone touch my shoulder and looked to see that it was jet black. Instantly transported into a barren, eerie and ominous wilderness, I knew something was terribly wrong. For a moment, it appeared that I was alone, but everything was backwards here. It was daytime when it should've been night. Then he appeared.

Covered entirely in black robes including his face, only two holes showed where his eyes must've been. Because I was pregnant, I *knew* that he had come to take the child from my womb. Guilt filled him as he tried to explain himself and his function, but I had little time to hear him as twenty more of the dark-robed beings instantly manifested before me carrying with them the mortal remains of children. Parasitic creatures crawled along the ground eating the remains of the children who had perished at the hands of these creatures. Then I *knew* . . . I was in hell.

These were the 'Consumers of Children,' dark creatures who energize all forms of evil towards children on the Earth, from molestation to murder.

"Don't you think it's hard choosing whose children must live, and whose children must die?" The first one said. "No." I said calmly. "Your child must die," the creep said, "and if you will not surrender it to us, you both shall die." My rage brewed at his words and at the grisly scene, the horridity of which cannot be described. "ENOUGH!" I shouted. Despite my outrage, I knew I could not take on all of them at once. I would need more help . . . but if I could get this one alone?

As I slowly turned and walked away from the others, he followed me, and within a few moments, we were alone in another part of the barren wilderness. Picking up a boulder, I began chanting an ancient prayer that destroys the power of evil. Throwing many boulders at him, I continued chanting the prayer because nothing seemed to have an immediate effect. But as the final and largest boulder came, the secret words inspired it to begin glowing. Hurling it towards him, he fell over and his robes disintegrated. Now revealed, the blonde man was ashamed as I ran to him and tore off the final part of his robes covering his face.

Calling out to the Universe, I shouted, "Behold! The Consumer of Children!" Exposure is what evil fears the most, and doing this made him shudder and bow his head down in shame. As the light was now entering his eyes, it was more than he could stand. Painful to him, this revelation of his true identity shamed him to such a degree that he began appearing

incongruent. Dismantling, he slowly disappeared.

"For everyone who does wicked things hates the light and does not come toward the light, so that his works might not be exposed. But whoever lives the truth comes to the light, so that his works may be clearly seen as done in God."

*New American Bible, New Testament, John 3:19-21,
(Christianity, Catholic, Words of Christ)*

"The material race, however, is alien in every way; since it is dark, it shuns the shining of the light because its appearance destroys it. And since it has not received its unity, it is something excessive and hateful toward the Lord at his revelation."

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

As I stood amongst a crowd of hundreds, despite my wretchedness, the Lord still saw fit to allow me to wear the white robe of Essene training that Christ had given to me. Even so, I felt extreme sadness, as the sins I had committed against my Father seemed too great to bear. Offending Him, offended me. Remorse total, I'd sunk into a state of total depression.

Off in the distance, I saw Jesus administering to the multitudes. Turning, He came to me. "You know why I am so pleased with you, Marilyn." "I do?" "Yes." Looking down, I bowed in shame. "You could not possibly be, my Lord. I have sinned against my Father with selfishness and pride." Christ smiled. "The wretchedness you feel is an essential part of purification, but it is not how you are perceived by your Father." "Oh?" I replied softly, as His beautiful

lips formed a smile. Taking my hand, we flew through the white ether. "I'm taking you to meet one of the messiah's," He said.

Sitting upon a rock, Christ conveyed the importance of a man who had lived during the 20th century in Europe without renown. Recently, he had passed over.

Calling him a messiah, the man began to speak of my recent initiations, when he suddenly paused and spoke very slowly. "You know, I wanted to be a professional tennis player." Remembering my own desire to be a professional musician, I listened carefully. "But then I took ill." Realizing our similar plight, I noticed that he paused for a very long time. "The Lord has a way of healing us," he said. Stopping, he turned as if to leave, but for a moment looked my way again. "Then I became a messiah to the people." He disappeared.

God's will is unseen and moves mysteriously to the ways of the world. Christ placed me back into my body, and He was gone.

"And Jesus had not told his disciples the total expansion of the emanations of the Treasury, nor their orders, how they are extended; nor had he told them their saviours, according to the order of every one, how they are."

*Pistis Sophia, First Book, Page 2, Paragraph 1,
(Christianity, Gnostic/Essene)*

Death came suddenly in the night as a plummet through worlds. Knowing not where my soul would go, I was not afraid, but within the recesses of my mind, I did not know if this was a true

physical death, or yet another spiritual one. Unknowing made my emergence into the ancient cave all the more grand.

Above me on a ledge, ancient robed beings stood in a circle surrounding me. Holiness apparent, I was humbled and I bowed to pray. As one, they spoke. "We are the Beatitudes." They said. Honor amassed within me, as I realized that the words of Christ known as the Beatitudes were not just words, but an actual energy of attainment. Hearing the words resonate within my soul, I bowed as they disappeared.

"Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven. Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted. Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the Earth. Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled. Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy. Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God. Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God. Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness sake, for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven. Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake. Rejoice, and be exceedingly glad: for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you."

*New American Bible, New Testament, Matthew 5:3-12,
(Christianity, Catholic, Words of Christ)*

"May my life be loyal and true, that in death I may

find only beatitude."

The Way of Divine Love, Chapter VI, Page 161, Paragraph 3, (Christianity, Catholic, Author: Josefa Menendez)

Jesus Christ and the Buddha were floating towards me in a cavern. Christ was bearing a hymnal, and I could hear angelic choirs begin singing a very simple but powerful hymn. In four part harmony, the angels resonated throughout heaven in a resounding chorus of 'Holy Love.' Handing the hymnal to me, I understood his wishes. Opening the hymnal, the angels began singing even louder. "Holy love . . . holy love . . . holy love . . . holy love - Gloria!" Looking up at Jesus and the Buddha, I understood that there was a oneness between their paths. Although Christ was indeed the Messiah, it was made known to me that the Buddha was a significant teacher within the Royal Family of God. (The Royal Family of God consists of the prophets, saints, mystics and sages of all the world religions, as well as, the holy hidden ones, people who serve the Lord without notice.) Beyond this, there was a oneness within all of God's holy paths. "I understand." I said, closing the hymnal. "I will bring in your hymns, Jesus, and I will unite the East and the West." Smiling in approval, Jesus said, "Your writings will be as scripture to the next millennia, and your hymns a pathway to the eternal." They disappeared.

As I returned to my body, an angel began repeating the first stanza of the Lord's Prayer into my ears: "Our Father, who art in Heaven, Hallowed be thy name. Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done, on earth as it is in Heaven . . ."

"We, verily, have made music as a ladder for your

souls, a means whereby they may be lifted up unto the realm on high; make it not, therefore, as wings to self and passion."

The Kitab-I-Aqdas, Page 38, No. 51, (Baha'i, Author: Baha'u'llah)

CHAPTER TWO

"The enlightening being who are thus skillful in effectuation of the science of these specific analytic knowledges, having reached the ninth stage, having attained the treasury of teachings of the enlightened, acting as great preachers of the Teaching, come to attain the concentration spell containing meanings, the concentration spell containing principles, the concentration spell containing evocation of knowledge, the concentration spell containing illumination . . ."

The Flower Ornament Scripture, Chapter 26, The Ten Stages, Page 782, Paragraph 2, (Buddhism, Mahayana)

Sitting in the bleachers of a coliseum, I intentionally chose to face the opposite direction of the stage in a lotus position. Showing my rejection of the falsehoods of worldly existence and my lack of interest or attachment to them, thousands of others were facing the stage and my defiance of their chosen direction angered them quite immensely. Throwing things at me, I did not budge. Fruits, vegetables, cans and containers were hitting me in the face, on my back, and all over my body, but my serenity was unmoved by their rage. I didn't flinch or change the

position of my eyes.

Amidst all the ruckus, a janitor appeared and walked quietly by, sweeping up the mess with a broom. Stopping a moment, he said to me, "You are not perturbable; this is good. You are attaining imperturbability." Even at his words, I remained unmoved, as he quietly walked away.

"The discerning man straightens his mind, which is fickle and unsteady, difficult to guard and restrain, as the skilled fletcher straightens the shaft (of the arrow)."

Dhammapada, Canto III, No. 33, Page 17, (Buddhism)

Walking quietly into the past, the marketplace was not overly crowded. Gazing at a very old apartment building, I was looking from the back at two balconies, one on each of the two levels. A golden door and window adorned the upper level, and those made of old and beat up wood on the floor below.

Turning away from the building, I walked towards the traders and buyers in the streets, selling their wares and sacred items from the temples and synagogues. Up in the distance, I saw a sight that immediately caught my full attention, a rabbi in full ceremonial dress. Approaching me, his holiness was so apparent that I was staring. My rude gaze did not disturb him, but rather, he quietly pointed to a book sitting on a table in front of me. Its title read, 'Exodus.'

Picking it up, I felt disgust, horror and filthy rage all at the same time. Articles of clothing from Jews who had died during the holocaust of World

War II were pasted on each page. But my initial grisly response waned, and in its place I felt a certain elevation. Knowing that this book held a great secret, I waited.

In the book, the 'Exodus' was death, and death was deliverance. Perhaps the greatest act made by the souls of the Holocaust was their surrender to God's will amidst the great evil that would be their end. In the face of torture and death, they loved the Lord thy God with all thy heart, with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. Fearing nothing but His abandonment, walking forth to their torturous deaths, they were unmoved in their faith, love and devotion to Him whom they served.

Perhaps this was the difference between the first and second level of the apartment building, some experienced this horrible outrage on the ground, while others were elevated to a holy sacrifice because of their faith. Some achieved the Exodus even before they died.

*"So far concerning this mystery. Old man, old man!
As thou has started to sail on the wide sea, go on
boldly in all directions and breast its waves! I have
now to reveal something more. I said that the
'redeemer,' when he enters into the 'vessel,' lets his
spirit cleave to that 'vessel,' so that nothing is lost,
not even the breath of the mouth. This is quite
correct. Old man, old man! If thou art to reveal
mysteries, speak out without fear!"*

*The Zohar (Kaballah), Volume III, Mishpatim (Exodus),
Page 309, Paragraph 1, (Judaism)*

As I slept soundly in my body, a rapping could

be heard from outside. Leaving form, I went to see who might be calling me from form at this time of night. A well-known musician stood at the door, one whom I had used to find quite appealing. But his appeal was not of the light, and as I looked upon his countenance, I realized that he was aligned with the gull, the demon of destructive sexual energy.

Immediately upon entering my home, he began undressing and making sexual gestures as though he wanted to make love to me. Watching his strange behavior with curious interest, I knew something was terribly wrong. Even he seemed uncomfortable with the forwardness of his act. Having already taken his pants off, he was kneeling on the ground and removing his shirt. Gently, I touched his chin and lifted it so that he could look into my eyes. "Do you come here on behalf of the dark side?" I asked. With no pause, he replied, "Yes, I do." Lowering his head in shame, he put his clothes back on. "I have two things to tell you," he said as he began to get up. My reaction to this was lukewarm, as I could not imagine that he expected me to have any interest in the words a representative of darkness might have to say. "One is that everyone who forsakes his true destiny has surely bought himself a place in hell." "Surely not!" I replied. "What do you mean?" "Well, it may be their own personal hell, but it is hell nevertheless." "Surely," I replied, "Christ will redeem them if they are willing." "But many are not willing, and it is hell, nevertheless." His revelation shocked and saddened me. "Well, what about you?" I asked, "I am aware that the music you write serves darkness, but why? Why have you chosen this?"

Looking down in shame, I could tell that despite the fact that he did indeed serve darkness and was very much caught up in fame, money and glory, he wasn't proud of it. "Well, I have these good ideas," he replied, "but they are always turned down." "I see," I said, "you gave yourself to the god's of darkness because their ideas are popular in the physical world." "Yes, for fame and wealth, I sold my soul." Nodding, I understood. Choosing a lower destiny for its quick profit and reward, he'd lost his higher path which would have taken time and probably given him less worldly success.

"The second thing I must tell you is this," he said, as his face became intensely serious, "I brought the whole power of darkness with me . . . and still . . . the light *triumphs* in you!" At that moment, I realized that if I had fallen for his temptation, I would have been uniting with darkness, and fallen from grace. Taking note of the fact that his flattery might well be a ploy from the dark side to lower my guard, he walked away as he continued talking. "Well, I must admit that even I, who came here on behalf of the dark side, cannot imagine the world without the knowledge and grace you are bringing into it." I interrupted him. "Well, that's interesting. So in some ways, I really sense that you regret serving darkness, at least on this level of consciousness." Nodding that this was true, he remained unable or unwilling to give up the treasures that the dark side had given him - money and fame - even with the awareness that doing so would be the only way to save his soul. "You have been willing to give up the reward for substance," he said, "I wish I'd been able to do the same." Looking at

him, I knew he read my sorrowful gaze. It was his choice, his free will. "Well, day is breaking on the East coast," he said, "I need to go."

Taking his hand, I quietly said, "Bye now, but please don't forget those good ideas you get. It's not too late . . . yet." A tear fell upon his cheek as he disappeared from my presence.

"Wisdom is poured forth like water, and glory fails not before him for ever and ever; for potent is he in all the secrets of righteousness. But iniquity passes away like a shadow, and possesses not a fixed station."

*The Book of Enoch, Chapter XLVIII, No.1, Page 55,
(Judaism, Christianity)*

Death came silently in the night as if beckoning from the night wind into my soul. Pulling away, my form seemed unimportant to me as I looked ahead. Stained glass windows were hovering in the sky as the sun beamed through them its echoing light. Or . . . was that the light of God!?!? Each stained glass window frame held a portrait of a member of God's royal family. Sprawled across the sky across the heavens, I saw only the first few: Mary, Jesus, St. Francis of Assisi . . . Beginning to narrate my journey as if I were talking to my husband, Andy, I began speaking, "All I see are the lights . . . and the velvet."

Continuing my journey, I experienced my Earthly attachments, remembering the longing I used to feel for Andy. But now . . . everything was different. "I remember how I would miss you before," I said as if to Andy, "I MISS YOU!" Wrenching from my heart a purely emotional pain, I saw my plea-stricken face, and the torment of separation. But then

as I continued further in flight towards the beautiful stained glass, my soul experienced an 'Exodus,' "Now . . . yes, I miss you." I said calmly with reserve. "But I am going away." Content in the will of the Lord, I passed through the stained glass as my ascent to heaven became ever more fervent. "All I see are the lights . . . and the velvet . . . All I see are the lights . . . and the velvet . . ." Saying it over and over again, I realized that I had gone to Exodus, and I had gone alone. Deliverance can be given to the body, but there is another type of deliverance within the soul. It is a deliverance of perception.

"Was it not you, Lord, who taught this soul of mine which now makes its confession to you? Was it not you, Lord, who taught me that, before you gave shape and variety to this formless matter, there was nothing - no color, no outline, no body, no spirit? And yet not absolutely nothing; there was a kind of formlessness, lacking all definition."

The Confessions of St. Augustine, Book XII, Chapter 5, No. 3, Paragraph 2, Page 286, (Christianity, Catholic, Author: St. Augustine)

Awaking in the spirit but not in the flesh, my soul sat up in bed noticing that the sheets at my side were ruffling. A spirit was sitting at the foot of my bed, and in irritation, I shouted, "If you are here on behalf of darkness, I order you to leave by the power of Jesus Christ." Beginning to stir and reveal itself, a heart-shaped light of iridescent yellow appeared amidst a blue-green essence. Inside the heart were four silver stars, each representing a member of my family, including our unborn member, Mary. "You're

my guardian?!" I shouted, feeling badly. "I am the guardian of your family," he replied.

Noticing that a demon had appeared in the corner of the room, I asked my guardian spirit to take care of it, taking note of the fact that I must be more vigilant in monitoring my thinking so as not to allow such annoying creatures entry into my perimeter.

"The demon knows cogitations better than the soul of another man does, not because the demon sees cogitations themselves but because he sees them through more hidden external signs."

*On Evil, Question XVI, Article 8, Reply to 13,
(Christianity, Catholic, Author: St. Thomas Aquinas)*

Hearing a raucous from my bedroom, my spirit quickly exited form to go see what was happening in the bathroom next door. Sitting in the bathtub, was a demon wearing a very sarcastic grin upon his lips. Feeling irritated, the pause taken gave him an opportunity to reach towards and touch me, sucking me into an abyss of darkness far away from home.

First he led me to a place where much deviant sexual activity was taking place; orgies and perverted sex with hundreds of souls. "We are going to make you participate in this with us," he said. "If you would only give us a chance, you'd understand us and come over to our way." Not only laughable, but completely absurd, I refused to even talk to him. Enraged, he took me to an even more horrible place.

In this second location, body bags were lying all around filled with the souls of those trapped in darkness, but not yet truly dead. Attempting to

squeeze their final breath from them, their hope was that they'd give in because of pure and simple exhaustion. Placing me into a body bag, he sealed it as I could hear the breathing of the others.

Pleased with himself, the demon took me to a third location, where he showed me a best-selling book, my name written on the cover as author. "Accept this gift, and you can go free," he said, "you will have a best-seller and it will be quite financially lucrative." As I was not speaking, he got angrier. "Will you accept this?!" Looking around the blackness of my bag, I unzipped it from the inside and peered into his ugly reptilian face. "No," I said, "I don't care about having a best-seller. I don't even want it."

Quietly, I stepped out of the bag. Continuing to experience higher and higher levels of rage, the demon hadn't expected me to know that I could free myself from any kind of bondage that Satan might put on my soul.

In a flash we were in a fourth location, a stage transfixed upon an open field. A big tour bus waited alongside it, as trucks were arriving for an upcoming concert. Offering me fame and fortune as a musical performer, the only catch was that I had to give up the hymnal given to me by the Lord Jesus. His icky little hands were reaching out to me in a 'gimme' kind of fashion, hoping I would hand him the book. Saying nothing, I turned away in irritated anger, shrugging my shoulders at his stupid attempts to bribe me.

An old black woman approached and for a moment, I was confused. Because of her age, I wondered if she could be an Old One, but something didn't feel right. "What is your name?" I asked her.

"Monica," she said, smiling an evil grin. But because I had paused, she quickly snatched me by the remaining arm that wasn't being held by the demon. "Are you here on behalf of the light?!" I asked her, hoping that maybe she had come to rescue me. It was already too late when her sinister smile told me the answer, as another very evil man appeared to take me somewhere beyond the gateway of darkness she seemed to herald.

The fifth location was merely an open field. A sinister grin overtook his ugly face, but this man, despite how obvious it was that he was very evil, did not appear as a demon, but a person. "You know, I've killed people before," he said. "Oh, really," I retorted, unperturbed. "Why?" I asked. "Well, the last one was eating crackers, and it got on my nerves," he said. Replying with absolute calm, I said, "You're a sick son-of-a-bitch, you know that?" Laughing, he spoke again, "Well, maybe I could teach *you* something. Maybe you're getting tired of all that religious stuff. Maybe you're ready to come serve a *true* master, a *true* god."

Without warning, a voice more ominous, sickening, awful, disgusting, and torturous to hear than any I'd ever heard began echoing across the entirety of the sky. Much more powerful than I'd ever imagined it to be, it scared me to death. "YES . . . COME SERVE ME! I WILL TEACH YOU ABOUT TRUE POWER!" Immediately knowing who this was, though I had never heard it before, I would be grateful to never hear his voice again.

Overwhelming in its power, I prepared my response with an absolute inner knowing that I would

be crushed, destroyed and annihilated from existence upon responding, and I yelled at the top of my lungs, ***** YOU, SATAN!" YOU'LL NEVER HAVE ME! I SERVE THE ONE GOD, THE GOD OF LIGHT! ***** YOU, SATAN!" Lowering my head, I awaited the crushing energy I expected to descend. But instead, all of the darkness dissipated within seconds. Satan was gone, along with his demons.

Two Jewish Rabbi's approached quickly and quietly, covering me in ceremonial robes and leading me away. As they led me through an ancient ritual of purification, I silently fell to sleep. In awe of God's true power, I meditated upon the strength of the Lord to whisk us away from Satan's very grasp, if only our heart remains true to Him.

As I sat quietly watching the rabbi's, an old man walked in. Dressed as if from the middle ages, he quietly spoke, "I believe we should let all people worship as they please," he said. "The Jewish rabbi's have always given me nothing but light, and I will always support them." Nodding in agreement, I felt absolute gratitude for their help this harrowing night.

"Then Jesus was led by the Spirit into the desert to be tempted by the devil. He fasted for forty days and forty nights, and afterwards he was hungry. The tempter approached and said to him, 'If you are the

Son of God, command that these stones become loaves of bread.' He said in reply, 'It is written: One does not live by bread alone, but by every word that comes forth from the mouth of God.' Then the devil took him to the holy city, and made him stand on the parapet of the temple, and said to him, 'If you are the Son of God, throw yourself down. For it is written:

'He will command his angels concerning you,' and 'with their hands they will support you, lest you dash your foot against a stone.'" Jesus answered him, 'Again, it is written, 'You shall not put the Lord, your God, to the test.' Then the devil took him up to a very high mountain, and showed him all the kingdoms of the world in their magnificence, and he said to him, 'All these I shall give to you, if you will prostrate yourself and worship me.' At this, Jesus said to him, 'Get away, Satan! It is written: 'The Lord, your God, shall you worship and him alone shall you serve.' Then the devil left him and, behold, angels came and ministered to him."

*New American Bible, New Testament, Matthew 4:1-11,
(Christianity, Catholic)*

And so it came to pass that I was introduced to the many mansions of evil within the Universe. Journeying into these scary places was disconcerting at first, especially after having experienced many of the heavenly mansions of the Lord for such a long period of time. These stately old haunted places all had ominous characteristics correlating to the vice in which they were founded. Some souls in these horrid places were trapped there after death, as they clung tightly to their sin. Others would go there in their sleep, at night, unaware that the evil one was working hard to *increase* their vice and destructive deeds, through sub-conscious suggestion.

Having a very eerie quality, this particular haunted mansion shared the quality that most of them bore. My purpose was to rescue souls from these places, exorcise them, and dismantle certain

energies as commanded by the Lord. Holding the energies of past dark acts committed in the Wild West of the United States, it was haunted by criminals, train robbers, bounty hunters, and every possible crime of that era. Amidst the agitation, a soul was calling for help.

All it takes is that one sincere look to the sky, 'Lord, there has to be more, what does it all mean?,' and all the angels of the Lord are called in to nourish that spark, so that it may one day become a flame. Lying awake in an old-fashioned bedroom with pictures of the greatest criminals throughout history, I appeared to the man. "Let's get out of here," I yelled to him, not wishing to stay in this dark place long, "but first, we must exorcise these demons."

Confused by my request, I began to demonstrate this vital process to him. Thinking that he could not possibly leave until all of his family and friends were ready to come with him, I tried to help him to understand that they would not be leaving for a very long time. Not yet having asked for redemption, they'd not even recognized their need for such a grand event to take place within their soul.

As hundreds of dark entities reside in haunted mansions, when you enter, many immediately cling to your soul and try to burrow within. It's not possible to even *enter* without having them attach, so if you've resided in a particular haunted place for any amount of time, there are many demons to exorcise. Even if you enter for the purpose of helping another, you must go through an exorcism before you may leave safely. Exorcism is not comfortable to experience or witness, especially at first. But once you

understand the mechanisms of darkness and its various forms of assault and energetic invasion, you recognize that in certain circumstances deflection is not enough. Just as if a man were drowning in a muck pond, you would recognize that in order to save him, you must be willing to jump into the muck. No possibility would exist that you would be able to do so (to save him) without yourself being covered in grime and odor. Knowing in advance that you will have to cleanse and purify upon exit, you go in anyway because it is the only way to save him.

Beginning to pull all my energy upwards from my feet all the way to my crown chakra at the top of my head, I instinctively began reciting the first stanza of the Lord's Prayer: "Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name, Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done, on Earth as it is in Heaven" Repeating these words over and over, I concentrated deeply on the meaning of each phrase as I continued pulling the energies up. Dark energies settle in the lower chakras and the lower stations of the body, and in order to remove them, you must pull them up from the very bottom to the top, and out. Knowing they would invariably pass through my throat chakra on their way through, I began *thinking* the Lord's Prayer deeply within my mind so as not to give them any repose once they'd snatched my vocal chords. As the invasions rose, they came screaming out at the top of their lungs, trying to stop the painful exorcism, as they did not want to leave. Chanting continuously, my words and the power that they invoked gave them no choices. In minutes, it was over and they were gone.

In shock as he watched this event, the man was very uncomfortable with the idea of experiencing the out-of-control nature of an exorcism himself. Not wishing to go through his own process, I said, "You can't leave this place until you exorcise the dark spirits within you." His face revealed that he couldn't believe that *he* could possibly be possessed by such things. "They are within you . . ." I said, to his disbelieving face, "they are within you. Do you remember when you've felt that rage coming from your gut all the way up to your head and you lost control completely?" Now, he understood. "Who do you think fuels your rage?" I asked. Even so, the exorcism was too scary for him to undertake. "It is the only way to remove them," I said, "you may be able to control them sometimes, but inevitably they control you." He wasn't ready, and began looking agitated. But agitation is one of the most easily recognizable signs of demonic interference.

Leaving him with the knowledge of the exorcism, I said, "When you are ready, begin chanting. Someone from the light will return to retrieve you when you are ready." Nodding, it was only a matter of time before this soul would accept deliverance, even though it would not be easy.

All of a sudden, my spirit was hurling through a black hole in space. A star tunnel swept my soul into a higher energy that took me light years away from the haunted mansion I'd visited. Cascading around me in purplish blues, the stars filled my vision.

"The evil within a person is hell within him . . ."

Heaven & Hell, Chapter 57, No. 547, Page 453,

(Christianity, Swedenborgianism, Author: Emanuel
Swedenborg)

***"Were the eye to be anointed and illumined with the
collyrium of the knowledge of God, it would surely
discover that a number of voracious beasts have
gathered and preyed upon the carrion of the souls of
men."***

*The Kitab-I-Iqan, Part 1, Page 31, Middle, (Baha'i, Author:
Baha'u'llah)*

Appearing benign at first, the serpent could amass enough rage to explode into a raging, reddish-orange, thirty-foot, cobra-like demon within seconds. Fire, venom and smoke poured out of its mouth like a volcano, and this demon was attached to his solar plexus. Ironically, in its benign state, it appeared as a small, four-foot, and green snake.

An old man was present, very obviously well versed in the area of exorcism. Allowing me to watch as he extricated this monstrous demon from the soul of the man in the haunted mansion, we'd been summoned by the eternal to retrieve him, as he was finally ready to accept the exorcism. You simply could not describe the look upon his face when he saw what was inside of him. Afraid to proceed, he agreed sheepishly, feeling confident in the presence of this experienced old man.

"You can only restrain a demon like this one for so long," the old man said, "you can try to control it, but it is much too excitable . . . ultimately, it will control you." As the demon finished its spewing forth of vile things, it began shrinking into its benign state. Seconds later, something else riled the creature up

again and it began the entire cycle all over again, turning into a huge raging inferno of darkness. Taking cover, the old man directed us to stay back while we waited for another opportunity to grasp a hold of this demon in its benign state. Very calm and expert in dealing with this process, the old man patiently waited for its benign state to return. Reciting the Lord's Prayer repeatedly, the younger man in the haunted mansion joined him in its recital. As the creature became benign, the younger man's face was still filled with terror. "You think *you're* scared of this thing?" The old man said, "Don't you think you've scared a lot of people letting this thing come lashing out of you?!" Awareness and remorse lit up the younger man's face.

Ironically, this man was not evil, especially in the sense of what you might expect in witnessing what had been living inside of him. Pointing out that this particular demon was quite common; the old man had much to say. "The demon of rage is what they call it," he said, "it often sparks outbursts of rage and lives inside a great many people who are anywhere from verbally to physically abusive." Pausing to look our way, he made sure we were listening to importance of his words to come. "This is not the demon of the mass murderer; it's the demon of the common man."

Taking the now benign creature and placing it into an unusual aquarium, we realized that this aquarium had the power to keep the demon benign and at rest while encapsulated within. Feeling relief, the man who'd undergone an exorcism felt relief, but still harbored shock from the experience. "It's time for

you to get out of this place," the old man said, "before you get contaminated again." Waving good-bye to us, the younger man disappeared.

"The worst people of all are the ones who have been involved in evil pursuits as a result of self-love, with an accompanying inward behavior stemming from deceit. This is because the deceit penetrates their thoughts and purposes too thoroughly and fills them with poison, destroying their whole spiritual life."

Heaven & Hell, Chapter 60, No. 578, Paragraph 1, Page 483, (Christianity, Swedenborgianism, Author: Emanuel Swedenborg)

Amidst a cloudy realm, several religious leaders were waiting for me to arrive. A large silver cross adorned my neck, and I was wearing the Essene robes. Expressing their concern that the laity were having religious experiences, the religious leaders were dumbfounded as to why this would occur. Because they were the leaders, they considered themselves 'chosen ones,' and it was they who should be experiencing such unusual events.

"God chooses whom He chooses." I said as they looked at me wryly and with sarcasm. "You've become political figures, not necessarily holy men. God doesn't contain Himself to your boundaries, you must seek Him on His terms, not your own." (Although being a political figure for the sake of God can be a *very* holy calling, it is simply a different calling.) Angered, a priest replied, "Well, who are you to tell us this? You're no prophet!" "I've never claimed to be a prophet, I only serve the Lord."

"(Howbeit), in accordance with the tender mercy of

God, in accordance with His goodness and with the wondrous manifestation of His glory, He has (always) granted it to some of the earth-born to gain admittance to the Congregation of the Holy, to be reckoned among the community of angelic beings who are with Him, to have station there for life everlasting and to be in one lot with His (celestial) Holy Ones. All men are punished(?) or marked out for distinction according to the lot which (God) has assigned to each, (some for eternal shame and contempt, and some) for life everlasting."

*The Dead Sea Scriptures, The Epochs of Time, Page 523,
Paragraph 3, (Christianity, Gnostic/Essene)*

Enraptured in flight, my soul emerged upon the altar at a holy church. My white robes and cross were glistening as I kneeled before the sacred altar to Mary. Bowing and praying, I lit a candle in the name of the priest who had admonished me, to honor and respect his post and his holy place with God. As I quietly arose, this same priest approached me. Fearing a further confrontation, he greeted me with a smile.

Saying nothing, he showed me a book. Immediately, I recognized it as my own, the one I had written. "An angel came to me!" he shouted in exuberation. "She showed me your writings and told me that you are a servant of the Lord!" Smiling, I placed my hand in his.

Insisting on administering Holy Communion to me, I felt unworthy but his insistence brought tears to my eyes. Deep from inside his robes he retrieved a box containing a small statue of the Holy Mother of

God, and then he placed a small amulet of Mary around my ankle. When he finished, I said, "Thank you, thank you fellow servant of the Lord." As I said this, he smiled.

Noticing that the angels had given him a gift when they'd come to him in vision, on his teeth were golden hieroglyphics, markings visible only to the eyes of God's servants. Bowing in honor of this grace he had received, I said, "I must go now," disintegrating into only a light, I disappeared.

Soaring gracefully to an angelic realm, I was directed to put on my angel wings. Upon attaching them, my robes turned into a magnificent white-gold. Flying to my destination, two young Mormon missionaries who truly loved God and were seeking with all of their soul had failed to find all the answers they needed. "Your path provides you with only a fraction of the truth," I said to them, "there is more to know about the Lord." Confused and hesitant at first, they both reached to touch my wings. As they touched them, they immediately knew that I was a servant of the Father. Sitting down to teach them, these souls were young and childlike, and in their in their innocence, they sought true knowledge, and were willing to learn even if it contradicted the doctrine they had previously been taught.

Soaring outside to an iridescent river flowing amidst a wanton mountain forest, I pointed to the trees that were all around us. "How do you look at a tree?" I asked him. "I look at the top, primarily." He said. "Well, you must look at a tree from the ground to the sky if you want to watch its ascent to heaven!" As I said this, he looked at it this way, and a grand

smile overtook his face. Heavens opening and skies parting, it made way for the arms of the Lord to reach humanity. "I must go now," I said, as he tried to convince me to stay. "I'm sorry, I have others I must assist, but I do have a message to give you from the Creator." He was excited. "I have been given permission to grant you one miracle, so think about what you would like, and when I or another returns, it will be done." Smiling with childlike glee, I soared into the heavenly realm that now lay open in a pinkish mist.

"Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God. Verily I say unto you, whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein."

*King James Bible, New Testament, Mark 10:14-15,
(Christianity, Words of Christ)*

Having worked with a particular soul in attempting to elevate her to a higher degree, Andy and I found that no matter how hard we tried, it seemed that this soul couldn't understand what we were trying to teach her, and she continued in the ways of her former sin. One night, the Lord bade me to see a set of three lights. Andy and I had ignited all three of these lights within our soul, but our friend had only lit two of the lights. A voice from the heavens said, "She has only two of the three lights, and thus, she cannot understand." This gave me insight.

"Nor has any one known that there are three degrees of love and wisdom, in accordance with which the

angelic heavens are arranged. Nor that the human mind is divided into that number of degrees, to the end that it may be raised after death into one of the three heavens, which takes place in accordance both with its life and its faith."

*The True Christian Religion, Volume I, No. 24, Part 7-8,
(Christianity, Swedenborgianism, Author: Emanuel
Swedenborg)*

Kneeling before a holy altar, awe filled me as I looked upon a magnificent golden engraved casket. A very ancient man stood at guard before this oval casket, I knew this by the garb he wore and the expression upon his face. Indicating that he'd guarded this it for a very long time; he motioned me to rise from my humbled position. "This is the casket which holds the energies of all the Dalai Lama's throughout time." Motioning me forward, he continued, "In recognition of your service to the Lord, you are being given this gift. You may proceed forth and *touch* the casket." Magnificence filled me as this was a remarkable honor, and I understood that the casket contained the energy of the *knowledge* of all the Dalai Lama's. Walking forward, I bowed down, rose again, and gently placed my hand on the lid of the casket. Tears struck my eyes as the vibration filled me, but I could only stay for a moment. Granted only a moment of the thunderous vibrations, the ancient man nodded as I turned to leave the holy place. Nodding back, I conveyed gratitude.

"The founder of our spiritual legacy, the mighty Buddha Shakyamuni, first gave birth to the altruistic aspiration to achieve highest enlightenment in order

to be of maximum benefit to all living beings . . . All of his teachings can be subsumed under two categories: those of the Hinayana, or Smaller Vehicle; and those of the Mahayana, or Great Vehicle . . . In the first of these vehicles he revealed the means of achieving nirvana, or liberation from cyclic existence, which is accomplished through transcending the belief in a truly existent self . . . In the second category of teachings . . . the Buddha mainly emphasized the methods for eliminating the self-cherishing attitude and replacing it with universal love and compassion."

Training the Mind in the Great Way, Point One, Page 45-46, Bottom & Top, (Buddhism, Tibetan, Author: Gyalwa Gendun Druppa, The First Dalai Lama)

"When seeing a Buddha's tomb, they should wish that all beings be honored as a shrine and receive the offerings of celestials and humans. Reverently gazing at the shrine, they should wish that all beings be looked up to by all celestials and humans. Bowing their heads to the shrine, they should wish that all beings be exalted beyond the view of gods and men. Circumambulating the shrine, they should wish that all beings act without offense and develop omniscience. Circling the shrine thrice, they should wish that all beings diligently see the Buddha's path without indolence of mind."

The Flower Ornament Scripture, Purifying Practice, Page 328, Stanza 1-5, (Buddhism, Mahayana)

Our second child, Mary, was born. Our oldest daughter, Melissa, was now eight.

JOURNEY TO THE DEPTHS OF THE ABYSS (Entry into the Knowledge of the Lower Realms)

*"If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there: if I make
my bed in hell, behold, thou art there."*

King James Bible, Old Testament, Psalms 139:8,
(Christianity)

CHAPTER THREE

*"The only means of controlling and restraining these
elements and keeping the hellish mob under restraint
is the fear of punishment - no other means exists. For
if it were not for the fear of punishment and torment,
what is evil would plunge into rages and the whole
place would fall apart, as happens to earthly
kingdoms where there is no law or punishment."*

Heaven & Hell, Chapter 60, No. 581, Page 485,
(Christianity, Swedenborgianism, Author: Emanuel
Swedenborg)

Leading a soul through the doorway of death, we came upon the maze of choices. Having lived a good life, he was trying very hard to follow God's will, and as a result, he had the option of ascending and moving beyond the death/rebirth cycles of life. In following the maze of choices, however, a soul naturally amends to that which most deeply follows their inner desires (their compatibility). Coming upon a crossroads, I fervently pointed to the right, the choice which would lead to his ascension, but he gave no thought to his choice and allowed his inner

cravings to correspond with the familiar route. Turning to the left, he re-entered his own karmic circle. His choice was irrefutable, and as soon as it was made, he was no longer aware of my presence. Caught again in the cycle of karmic retribution, I paused but quickly turned to go, as there were more people crossing over this night.

Deep below the earth's surface, the ominous nature of where we were going suddenly hit me; the knowledge of it entered my conscious awareness as I began remembering the knowledge of the many hells. Many layers of the Earth reside all the way down to the molten core, each of them containing various hell realms. Closest to the surface, are the second dimensional hells, and further below, the first dimensional hells. We were going to one of the second dimensional hells, a place of vanity and greed, lovingly referred to as Muddy Flats.

"And in the same way likewise are sinners separated when they die, and are buried in the earth; judgment not overtaking them in their lifetime."

*The Book of Enoch, Chapter XXII. (Sect. V), No. 11,
(Judaism, Christianity)*

"Our Lady stretched out her hands, and bright rays came forth which seemed to penetrate into the earth. All at once the ground vanished, and the children found themselves standing on the brink of a sea of fire."

*Our Lady of Fatima's Peace Plan from Heaven, Page 4,
Paragraph 1, (Christianity, Catholic)*

Carved out of an old stone, a pointer lay in the ground which a soul could point to the left or the right. Remaining unrepentant after death, these souls

believed that the fountain of youth lay in one of these directions. Choosing the correct direction would have offered them immediate reincarnation, but they followed the direction which they believed would take them to the fountain. In fact, the choice they made was to continue towards Muddy Flats.

Ominously ugly to see from a distance, Muddy Flats was an enclosed rock and mud cavern which held those who had entered in total and complete darkness. Those traveling through death's door this eve could still turn back if they chose, but as they remained in delusion, they continued walking towards Muddy Flats. Our host was an attractive man wearing a tuxedo, who smiled with a welcoming posture as he asked each one of them to dance. Coming to me first, I immediately walked away, as I had noticed that his hands had vague reptilian features. As he was a demon in disguise, I tried to warn the women who had not yet entered, but they were vain, and his advances and attention were much too easy a temptation.

As the first woman began to dance, she began screaming in utter horror as the man's hands became tentacled and reptilian. In moments, his demonic nature was revealed as his face evolved into its true demonic image. But it was too late, as they had danced, her skin began to age by hundreds of years and become reptilian, her hair was now totally gray. Drawing in and white, her face began to look like that of a corpse, and spider webs covered her body as if she had been decomposing in a grave for over a hundred years. As her screams stopped and she became quiet, the host walked her quietly into the

Muddy Flats with calm acceptance.

Turning back into a handsome man, the host returned to tempt each one of them individually, as they were not given to see what happened to each of the women before them. When he was finished, he quietly re-entered Muddy Flats, leaving behind only two who had not given into his temptation.

Looking in horror as the others became mud dwellers; anger filled them as they looked to me for answers and resolve. Calmly, I explained that they could attempt immediate reincarnation since they had been able to avoid the temptation of Muddy Flats, but they were angry that the others could not also go back.

Manifesting a table, I offered them water from the cup of life which I held within my soul. Because this place was very hot, we were all parched with thirst. Noticing our thirst, the host of Muddy Flats, returned with a pitcher of water to offer them. Almost accepting it, I pushed the little demon away. "You mustn't accept *anything* from him!" I shouted to them. "Else your fate will be to enter Muddy Flats, as well." Shocked, they pulled away as the demon smiled his friendly, welcoming grin. "GO AWAY!" I shouted, as he politely walked back into his domain.

"I thought that God was loving!" One shouted at me, distressed by the fate of the others, as well as, her own. "Oh, yes," I answered, "God IS love!" "If that were true than we wouldn't be here . . . and they wouldn't be in there!" "You mustn't confuse what *God* is, with what *you* are." I said calmly. "It is not a matter of judgment, but of compatibility. You have chosen to *be* conscious malice; this is where you are

compatible." Anger not dimming, I continued. "You cannot serve greed and vanity during your lifetime and expect to ascend to the highest heaven upon your death. You have come to the place where you have been most comfortable." Eyes seething with rage, they knew that they had spent their lives oppressing others with their wealth, preserving their fine lineage, good standing and youthful appearance. But they still did not get that there was something wrong with that. "God is also merciful," I said, pausing a moment to gauge their reaction, as their impatient glances spurned me to finish. "God is merciful to those who love Him. Do you love God?" Irritated sighs filled the room. "What does that mean, anyway??!" One of them said in a very disrespectful manner.

Looking in upon the mud dwellers through a tiny portal, I continued, "They, too, will have the opportunity to break their delusion. Their time here will reflect their inner desire to leave greed and vanity and try again. Some will remain for only a short while; others may choose what seems like an eternity."

"The fact that *you* were able to avoid the temptation to enter Muddy Flats indicates you may be ready to take a higher step in a new incarnation." Self-righteous anger spewed from these individuals who still felt that they should be given higher privilege because of their status, there was no remorse here. "If it is God you wish to reside with," I told them, "then it is God you must seek and serve." Displaying confusion, their eyes were lost. "This is a place of selfishness. As you depart into your next life, drink of this water of life I give to you, and seek to

serve *life* itself. In this, you will find a new path. Have a good journey." Waving my arms, they immediately began transport to the place where their new karmic journeys would begin. Only they could choose whether they would nurture that seed or return to Muddy Flats upon their next death.

"The devil flatters that he may deceive us; he charms that he may injure us; he allures that he may slay us."

*The Voice of the Saints, In Temptation, Page 65, No. 2,
(Christianity, Catholic, Words of St. John Vianney)*

"When Our Lady revealed at Fatima that Hell definitely exists and that unrepentant sinners go there after death, she was reminding us that Christ never forgave an unrepentant sinner and that God is, indeed, infinitely good and loving, but that His goodness and love are manifested not in the forgiveness of unrepentant sinners, but in the bountiful mercy He shows to repentant sinners."

*The Forgotten Secret of Fatima, Section 8, Paragraph 1,
Page 29, (Christianity, Catholic)*

Standing before two white caskets adorned lightly with golden ornamentation, I knew that they were Andy's and mine. Similar in design to the Dalai Lama's, the differences were very clear as they were much less ornate and square, rather than oval. Although we'd made progress towards the Lord, there was much more for us to pursue in the spirit.

As the winds began, my form began to transform into an emissary of Mary. A blue veil adorned my head and hair and white robes were emanated around my body. Mary pulsed within my soul as I accepted her winds in humility. Heralding

the night, Mary sent me on many missions working with spirits in the deepest darkness who would not even acknowledge God. Seeding them, I returned. Appearing again for only a moment, I stood before her in the center of a commando unit preparing for a perilous journey.

Wearing camouflage gear now rather than the robes, Mary said, "You will undergo vigorous army training for this journey as you will be traveling into the deepest and darkest places in the second and first dimensions, the hells. This is a necessary journey. As you have taught humanity of the higher realms, you will now teach them of the lower realms." Pausing, she looked at me with strength. "With this journey comes danger. You cannot travel to these places without proper training and knowledge of how to safely move through these realms." Raising her hand, she pointed to the Captain of this commando unit, and in her gesture I knew I was to obey him at all costs. Then she disappeared.

Vigorous training began immediately and continued through several nights. Thinking it would never end, I realized, however, that the knowledge attained was vital. Moving through these hell realms required the ability to pull in your light so as not to be seen. In going to these places, it was my job to observe and record what I had seen, but to remain distant and unseen to those who resided within the lower realms. Predatory, parasitic and consumptive, the nature of these realms was that of destruction, and their natural enemy was the light. Therefore, I would travel unseen with my comrades, vitally observing every order from our Captain without

question. So we began.

Narrow, dark, wet and dank, the corridors leading to the layers below Muddy Flats seemed to go on endlessly . . . down, down, down. A column of souls was walking down, and a column was walking up; those entering and leaving the next layer of the hells. Faces were expressionless, much like zombies. "Do not be deluded by their benign and sympathetic appearance, for if they see light, they will become ferocious and try to destroy you," the Captain warned.

Continuing downward endlessly, we exerted a great deal of energy to pull our light within so as not to be seen. Remaining in a single column, we emulated exactly what the denizens of hell did, so they wouldn't realize that we didn't belong here. Surrounded by an army of soldiers for protection, the endless journey finally reached a conclusion as we entered the next layer.

Before me was the 'Management' section for the second layer of hells. Spirits worked here to maintain this level of evolution, and an escalator stood in the middle of the room which noted fifteen separate hells on fifteen separate layers of the Earth's crust. Noted by different colors, the Captain directed me to look at a color titled wintry blue. "Would that be a cold hell?" I asked with intrigue, suddenly realizing that some of the hells were not hot. Nodding, I gazed upon the board to note that the colors ranged from putrid yellow to a horrid multi-color orange which resembled vomit.

Laying his hands upon my shoulder, the Captain indicated that our time was complete for this

night. Handing me a book, its title read, "The Sutta on Evil.' As I held it, I began to take in the knowledge and understanding of evil. Suddenly, my spirit soared back to my body directly, without passing through the dark and dank passageways we had previously traversed.

"(After death), some are reborn in the womb; evildoers are born in hell; those who commit meritorious deeds go to heaven; and those who are free from worldly desires realize nirvana."

Dhammapada, Canto IX, No. 126, Page 51, (Buddhism)

"There are eighteen great hells and five hundred secondary ones, their names all different. In addition, there are another hundred thousand with distinct names . . ."

Sutra of the Past Vows of Earth Store Bodhisattva, Chapter 3, Page 114, Paragraph 3, Buddhism, Pure Land)

Again, I was holding 'The Sutta on Evil,' as I was being prepped before being sent upon my way.

Soaring into the alteration, this particular mass murderer had spent her life completely undetected; a black woman had killed anyone who possessed anything she felt she didn't have. It could be anything from money to physical beauty. Partly because she was a woman, she had gone completely undetected by the law despite the overwhelming number of victims she had to her debit.

Upon my arrival, she was confronting her latest target; a woman with large breasts and a voluptuous figure which she envied. Walking towards the two, the murderer began speaking angry words to her potential victim. Conveying her

intention to kill her, the woman didn't take her seriously. And as the murderess did not leave things be; the other woman reached her arm back planning to sock this screwy stranger in the face. Knowing that that action would energize further violence, I knew I must subdue this move. Having unusual physical strength, the perpetrator could have overtaken her with no difficulty. Grabbing the potential victim's arm, I held it. Upon seeing me, the black woman began running, so I summoned the aid of two other alterers to assist. Appearing, they chased after her, while I ran around the other side of a building, knowing that she would be chased right back to me.

Running frantically, seeing me struck absolute terror in her. Somehow, she *knew* me, and she *knew* of my purpose with her. In a flash of light, I transformed her into a small domestic cat. Picking her up, I placed the 'Sutta on Evil' on her back and allowed the knowledge of its energetic pages to enter into her being. She hissed as I did this. "You have always followed the ways of 'fight or flight.' We cannot allow you to continue doing harm; you have had your chance as a human and failed to attain higher learning. Your predatory nature will now be monitored in a more harmless form."

Even as a cat, she remained terrified of me. But as I held her, I began to pet her anyway. Hissing and lashing towards me with her claws, I said, "You cannot hurt me. You *need* love in your heart. You *need* to learn a higher way." Agitated still, the darkness within this soul had much to overcome.

Placing her on the ground, I looked again at the Sutta which contained the knowledge of these

lower evolutionary incarnations which occur in energy.

Because the border worlds, realm three and four, are mortal realms of light and dark, incarnations are allowed from lower evolutions (the hells) to give opportunities for growth to occur, and from higher evolutions (angels, the heavens) to give opportunities for higher knowledge to descend. Those from lower evolutions who fail are most often returned to the animal kingdom or one of the hells until they again show potential to reach a higher thrust. Evil exists in the mortal realms because of free will and the function of evolution in these realms. Mortal realms contain elements of higher love, slightly lower love, souls in karmic purification, karmic darkness, dominantly dark souls, evil souls, and the animal kingdom which is completely predatory. From this, you see the range of function in karmic purification, but now we will focus on the element of evil.

Some demons are actually given entry into the third realm through human incarnation. Although these demonic incarnations are few in comparison to those in the state of karmic delusion, the actual evil which occurs in this realm is often instigated by incarnate demons or former wards of hell who manipulate other incarnations to do their dirty deeds. (Usually karmic darkness, or dominant darkness, but sometimes those of the light who are naive, and as a result, fall from grace.) Karmic darkness is always surrounded by some demonic influence and can usually be easily manipulated. All souls who incarnate in mortal realms, except for very unusual souls who volunteer to come from above to fulfill a

higher task, are controlled by the elements of darkness to a certain extent. Even a soul who achieves karmic purification has only begun to purge all such influence.

Demonic incarnations are brought into the third realm to actually give opportunities for the advancement of their souls. In their human birth, it is hoped that the parents will teach them in infancy of respect and honor for life, the essence seeds of compassion, but in the case of demonic birth, a parent must be extremely diligent for even the smallest bit of growth to occur. In most cases, but definitely not all, the parents chosen for the task are a few levels above or below the soul incarnating and are fairly dark themselves. Because of this, they are often easily manipulated into accepting wrongdoing and protecting or sympathizing with the disturbed child. It goes without saying that if a demonic birth can sometimes be altered through the hard and tedious work of parents, that children who are born with very strong karmic programs can be turned around in childhood, also, but only if they are given parents who work diligently to teach them the proper truths, within the understanding of their inherent delusions, and if the children are open and receptive to the seeding of new awareness. Parents are often chosen by their conscious or unconscious ability to transform particular karmic programs, but because of the delusional state of mankind and the inherent difficulty in overturning karma, many, if not most, children are unable to accomplish this in childhood. Because of the nature of parental sin being visited upon the children, many of these souls not only don't

catapult, but rather, turn backwards, embracing additional vices of their parents. Because of the difficulty in rearing souls and the self-centered nature of our society; parents and their children sometimes fail this most important task, because they are too distracted by worldly attachments, or because the child is too deeply ingrained of its karmic or evil view.

"Moreover the same enemy instills into the parents a base neglectfulness and carnal love for their offspring; and he incites teachers to carelessness, so that the children find no support against evil in their education, but become depraved and spoiled by many bad habits, losing sight of virtue and their good inclinations and going the way of perdition."

*The Mystical City of God (Abrid.), The Transfixion,
Chapter II, Page 404, Middle, (Christianity, Catholic,
Words of Mary)*

A grand difference exists between those surrounded by dark influences and incarnate demons or wards of hell. Incarnate demons can vary from an actual incarnation of a god of vice, to very powerful demonic manifestations (former wards of hell) who encompass many or all of the deadliest vices. As the most evil of souls in their potency, they are difficult to identify (they can be smart and they come in many faces), and they can maintain a semblance of absolute normalcy to the outside world. Demonic souls are good at disguise.

An incarnation of a singular god of vice or multiple vice evil is difficult to distinguish and can only be verified by energetic means. Because ignorance, dominant darkness, and evil manifest such

similar behaviors, it is difficult to recognize the difference between them on the ground; for they differ only in intention and movement.

Demonic or dominantly dark incarnations can often be discovered by a singular flaw. On the surface, they will not often reveal their identity, but their singular flaw is their absolute *hatred* of God. As opposed to someone who just doesn't believe in God, this type of incarnation experiences rage, discomfort, agitation or nervousness upon the mere mention of His name. Despite this abhorrence of God, it does not necessarily keep them from attending a church. Becoming increasingly agitated in the presence of beings of higher incarnation, they are severely affected by those with energetic influence or who use the name of God with true power. Assaultive at times around their opposite, they try to keep this hidden side of themselves under wraps. Many mass murderers operate in this manner, as only their victims see the demonic image behind the mask they wear, and of course, they don't live to tell.

To keep up appearances, the deception of the serpent, the evil one will do whatever it takes. Many very sincere spiritual seekers will not have the same affect on a demonic soul because they are not able to discern energetic liaisons. Because of this, demonic souls may be very comfortable around such as these, as long as their true nature is concealed.

Interestingly, those involved in karmic darkness may sometimes demonstrate this behavior, as well, because they are very often still possessed by dark forces, or surrounded by their influence.

Benign at times when the soul is in complete

control but violently assaultive at others when control has been usurped; the most popular disguise is the silent, violent one, keeping its dark destructive agitated behavior behind closed doors. Those possessed by such influences may be very agreeable in public, kind and laid back, but in their own home they may be abusive, or energize destructive thoughts within others who then carry them out for them; keeping their own hands clean of the carnage of their own vice, at least for the sake of appearances, but not in the sense of the absolute.

When someone is surrounded by darkness, simple dismantling and removal of the bad energy is accomplished, although many re-energize the return of such influence rather quickly through their vice-filled thoughts. In regards to incarnate evil, however, because they *are* the bad energy, they are given a certain amount of time to show movement towards a higher ideal, before the eternal energizes their death and rebirth to a lower life form or realm. Although this can be an animal birth, because many animal species are compatible to the predatory will, this is usually a temporary fix.

Because evolution is meant to be forward movement rather than backwards flow, any soul who is traveling towards life will be energized further, no matter at what level they may stand in the spectrum of understanding. Thus, those who are traveling away from life will also be de-energized accordingly no matter what level they may stand in the spectrum of understanding. Giving insight into God's mysterious ways, a soul who has been given much light, might be turned backwards if he ceases movement forward;

just as a soul who may still be deeply ensconced in ignorant karmic darkness (ignorance, because chosen darkness and evil always turn away from life), may be given eternal assistance and protection on the basis of their pure intent and desire to move towards God.

Many incarnations of evil have ruled, as have incarnations of light. Society must learn to discern the serpent from the lamb, but society often fails and evil is chosen. Evil is not simply a benign presence that needs to be rehabilitated, true evil must be **STOPPED**. Sympathizing with darkness only magnifies and implodes its ramifications, and it can only be stopped by swift, severe, deliberate retribution. When a society fails to perform this responsibility, society becomes the host and victim of the darkness it hasn't the courage to stop. The serpent comes in, oh, so many faces, and his manipulation is won with hundreds of reasoning's and excuses for the rightness of his acts. Although the eternal recognizes ignorance, there are no excuses for dominant darkness or evil. When you face chosen darkness on this level, good and evil do become black and white.

Birth in the lower hell realms is appropriate for the deepest forms of evil because their thoughts and acts reflect the deafening violence to which they are compatible, and they are quite at home in such places. In the lower hells, souls undergo the tortures that they have inflicted upon others, and a soul who *is* destruction, is not compatible to God, whose existence *is* creation. Enjoying the infliction of pain upon others, an evil soul is aeons away from the ultimate and divine mercy of God.

Evolution is not an issue of judgment, but of

compatibility. Birth in the hell realms is appropriate for those souls who *love* their vice. Souls who love God, despite their ignorance, will naturally amend to a higher status through the influx of heavenly forces. Because of the millions of possible configurations, each path is unique and can only be understood energetically. Jaded with many elements, and many forces of both good and evil at work to lay claim to its destiny, only God may stand as judge of a soul, and His judgments are always true.

"Dearly beloved, avenge not yourselves, but rather give place unto wrath: for it is written, Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord."

King James Bible, New Testament, Romans 12:19,
(Christianity)

"We can determine the nature of hellish spirits' malice by looking at their unspeakable arts . . . These skills are virtually unknown in the world. One kind has to be with the misuse of correspondence; another with the misuse of the lowest elements of the Divine design; a third with the communication and inflow of thoughts and affections, using transformations, investigations, other spirits beyond themselves, and emissaries. A fourth kind involves working with hallucinations, a fifth, projection beyond themselves so that they seem to be present where their bodies are not. A sixth kind involves impersonation, persuasion and lies. An evil spirit comes by its very nature into the use of these skills when it has been released from its body. They are intrinsic to the nature of his evil . . . Hellish spirits torment each other with these skills in the hells."

Heaven & Hell, Chapter 60, No. 580, Page 484,

*(Christianity, Swedenborgianism, Author: Emanuel
Swedenborg)*

Taken to a theatre where a band was performing, they sang of only one topic, the 'Pistis Sophia.' In their songs, they told the story of a young woman who would sing of the Way to bring others to it. Living by a lake, one day she walked into the lake with her beloved singing for the deliverance of mankind. But on this day, the bank had changed dramatically and she fell off of the edge into the depths of the waters. Sinking very rapidly, she was gone too quickly for her beloved or anyone else to save her. Pistis Sophia did not struggle, but surrendered her spirit to the depths. As she fell to the bottom of the lake, she never stopped singing of the Way and she dedicated the vessel of her former life to the development of the Way in others. It is said, according to their song, that you can hear her soulful chanting in the wind when it sweeps across the lake; and that if you hear her, that Pistis Sophia is calling your soul to the development of the Way.

Swaying to the beautiful, yet eerie sounds, I hardly noticed it when my hands began to bleed as if two nails had been plunged right in their center. Knowing this to be a grand honor, I looked upon my hands with shock, and the band members began to come towards me, despite the fact that I was sitting amongst hundreds of souls. In joy and elation, a woman from the band said, "It is said that if your hands bleed when we sing of her, that you are the Pistis Sophia." Two other women in this crowd bore the sign, as well.

All of a sudden I saw an image of the Buddha and the Pistis Sophia blending together into one being. Not understanding any of what was going on; all I knew was that the Pistis Sophia is an ancient sacred text.

In the Pistis Sophia, Pistis Sophia is not a person, but rather, a guardian of the twelfth realm of lights who seeks to attain to level thirteen. Because her power in the twelfth realm can only be given by Christ, and there was a time when Pistis Sophia failed to live the Way and her divine protection was removed, she became vulnerable to the chaos realms below. Awakening, Pistis Sophia awakened and sought deep repentance. Praying that Christ would save her from the destruction and chaos, He listened and returned her as guardian to the twelfth realm with all the divine protection the post afforded. However, in order to earn this protection and redemption, she had to unravel several mysteries that lay within the Psalms of the Bible. In those Psalms, according to the Pistis Sophia, lie the map of the eternal order and the mysteries of heaven.

One more question was posed to my soul. "Do you have a little girl of holy birth?" As my second daughter Mary, had been announced by the Holy Mother, I nodded, 'Yes.' Saying that this was the second sign of the Pistis Sophia, she handed me a small statue of the Virgin Mary and requested service of me.

"And at the commandment of my Father, the First Mystery which looketh within, I myself went down into the chaos, shining most exceedingly, and approached the lion-faced power, which shone

exceedingly, and took its whole light in it and held fast all the emanations of Self-willed, so that from now on they went not into their region, that is the thirteenth aeon. And I took away the power of all the emanations of Self-willed, and they all fell down in the chaos powerless. And I led forth Pistis Sophia, she being on the right of Gabriel and Michael. And the great light-stream entered again into her. And Pistis Sophia beheld with her eyes her foes, that I had taken their light-power from them. And I led Pistis Sophia forth from the chaos, she treading under foot the serpent faced emanation of Self-willed, and moreover treading under foot the seven-faced basilisk emanation, and treading under foot the lion and dragon-faced power. I made Pistis Sophia continue to stand upon the seven-headed basilisk emanation of Self-willed; and it was more might than them all in its evil doings. And I, the First Mystery, stood by it and took all the powers in it, and made to perish its whole matter, so that no seed should arise from it from now on."

*Pistis Sophia, Second Book, Page 117-118, Bottom & Top,
(Christianity, Gnostic/Essene, Words of Christ)*

Having crossed what appeared to be death's door, the gateway to heaven again stood before me. Ether vibrated with soaring tones, and my spirit floated higher and higher, closer and closer to the entrance to heaven. Stained glass windows hovered in the heavens forming a hallway to the entrance, but no walls were between them. Hundreds of angels were singing as they were gathered all around this holy gate.

Chanting in harmonic and resonant tones, their voices echoed through the stars which lay in the distance beyond this open hallway of stained glass. Joining in their singing, my spirit knew their music. My voice began echoing louder than all the others, and my singing somehow sent my spirit ever faster towards the entrance to heaven. Arriving at the gate, I suddenly knew that these chants and hymns the angels and I sang released actual weight from the soul, dropping off the heavy vibrations of physical existence. Apparently our compatibility to heavenly realms is more determined by the actual 'weight' of the soul, a lightness of spirit. Becoming more and more weightless, then, would make it possible for me to travel to higher and higher heavens. Ecstasy echoing, my soul floated closer and closer to the gate and my soul became one in song with the angelic kingdom.

But suddenly, I was whisked back, having been called below to give service. Falling from the eminence of grace, I saw the gate and cathedral windows pass quickly by my vision, as my attention was directed to a small square portal in the sky. Slowing to a halt, I squeezed through the hole and immediately recognized the place I'd entered as the 'Spider and Insect Hell.'

Having stick bodies and spider/insect heads, two hosts of this realm stood before me. The first had a black stick body and a white spider head with eight legs coming out of it. The second had a similar black stick body with a roach head. A man was standing between me and the hosts of this hell, his face showing his fear and confusion, as he had just

arrived. Serving a more vile level of greed than Muddy Flats, he was in trouble.

Knowing my purpose, I tried to assist the man in exiting this dark place. With all my might, I began pushing him upwards towards the tiny portal in which he had fallen, but he would not budge. No matter how hard I tried, attempting to lift this heavy-laden soul out of the hell only depleted my own energies with no outward result or favor. Realizing that it was the actual weight of his soul which made it impossible for him to go higher, his unrepentant sin had become like a ball and chain. As much as I would have liked to save him, he was compatible to this hell.

After a great deal of struggle, I finally accepted that this soul was not light enough to emerge upwards through the portal, and he would have to remain. Heavy laden his soul's weight and defilement, my energy was completely depleted and it took me several minutes to engage enough energy to soar up to the portal and emerge. Sloshing down upon the starry sky, I fell to rest outside the tiny entrance to hell. An angel stood by my side to give me back my strength.

Taking my hand, the angel showed me two visions of the possible outcome of my life. As each vision was presented, I felt the actual weight, energetically, that the particular choice would yield. The first possible outcome was trying to 'save the world.' Vines emerged from the Earth holding me down to the ground with the terror and delusions of others. Hundreds of trees came from beneath the ground, smothering my life-force and keeping me completely chained to the physical world. Screaming

in terror, I panicked, but from beneath the vines which held my soul in complete imprisonment, the angel picked up an 8' X 10' black and white photograph which showed the other possible outcome of my life. Within it, I saw myself choosing to focus my energies on saving my own little corner of the world, my husband and children. Reaching frantically for that option, the vines began pulling away from me. A world whose purpose is to serve karmic delusion does not need saving as it fulfills its function with perfection as God has designed it to do.

Seeking to ascend that which was within my reach, I became weightless again. Conveying to me that I *could not* save everyone in the world because they were too heavy, I accepted this, and my soul lifted up and began soaring towards the heavenly gate in a grand lightness of being.

Our singing honored the Lord as we again converged at the heavenly gate, stars cascading around the weightless ones all about me. Surrendering, I understood that all who truly reach to God find an outstretched hand reaching for them; but for those who reach below, we must pray for their souls, and let them be.

"So there we were until you, most high, not forsaking our dust, but pitying our pitiful state, came to our help in secret and wonderful ways."

The Confessions of St. Augustine, Book VI, Chapter 12, Page 131, (Christianity, Catholic, Author: St. Augustine)

"Long is the night to a sleepless person; long is the distance of a league to a tired person; long is the circle

of rebirths to a fool who does not know the true Law

Dhammapada, Canto V, No. 60 & 62, Page 27, (Buddhism)

Dragging upon the ground behind as I rushed towards my destination, my long blue cloak was a hindrance in my hurry. Unaware of where I might be going, I only knew that I had to run through this very large crowd of people to get there. Despite my old fashioned cloak, other people about me seemed to be dressed in very modern attire. But in a blink of an eye, I was transported to a very different place, where everyone was dressed in much the same manner.

An old marketplace, much like you would expect along the streets of an old town in the 19th century, there were hundreds of spirits here from the last 200 years; pirates, cowboys, women in bonnets and long dresses, etc. In contrast to the great number of people who rushed upon their way, the streets seemed quite narrow. As I kept running, I knew that I was here to find somebody, but I didn't know who. The chaos all around me was deafening, people were yelling and screaming, selling their wares loudly, protecting themselves from thieves. Others were lying upon the ground or leaned up against the walls, drunk or sleeping.

Coming upon a woman who was writing hymns on an old player piano in a storefront, I stopped to look at her work. Such a Godly pursuit seemed incompatible to this chaotic realm, and it gave me joy to see her do this. Unhappy with her music, however, she accepted encouragement to continue writing. What she was doing might eventually free her soul.

Turning, I saw the gentleman I was here to find. Inherently, I knew that I was not to approach him, for it was imperative that he find me first. Beginning to run towards him, I became lost in the chaos of the crowds. As I was pushed, pulled and tossed this way and that, the man was suddenly out of sight. Running aimlessly, I followed the crowds down the endless yet repetitive marketplace streets which were like a chaotic maze, where you would continually go down similar streets but you never understood how you got back to them or why. In constant motion, the people in this realm were bouncing on and off of each other's realities.

Suddenly, I heard the man's voice. "I know you!" he said, as I turned to greet him. "You've run by here six times! As soon as I spotted you, I knew we must meet. Are you lost?" My purpose was unknown to him, but at least he recognized me. "Yes, indeed," I replied. Pulling me close, it was obvious that he had misunderstood the purpose of our meeting. Moving away from his grasp, he immediately sensed my discomfort at his romantic intentions. "Thank you," I said in response to his respectful withdrawal. "I have come to find the way out of the chaos realm." I said. "You mean hell?" he laughed.

Indeed, it was one of the *gateways* to the hells, although the chaos realm contained both darkness and light. A place of karmic circling, it was compatible to those who crave the delusion of constant motion.

"I'm Philip," the man said, "and who might you be?" Shyly, I responded, "Just one who seeks the doorway out of this chaotic realm." Laughing

hysterically, he said, "There's no way out of this place, we're on the moon. No one ever finds their way out of here." Suddenly from my view, I could see the Earth through a small portal appearing through the clouds in the sky. "Oh, my God!" I shrieked. "You're right! We are on the moon!"

Calmly, he took my hand. Wanting to comfort me, he believed I was simply delusional. "There is a way out of here." I said, but he maintained the kindly gentleman approach as he sarcastically chuckled. "Well, then, if you ever find it, you come back and get me so I can get out of here with you." Perceiving that I was a lost soul wandering through chaos, his disbelief was undaunting. "There *is* a way out of here," I said, "come with me and we'll find it together."

Pointing to the portal in the sky where the Earth was easily seen, I knew that this had to be the exit. Closed in by a constant overshadowing of clouds, the rest of the realm was completely blocked. Suddenly, I felt a tug from the spirit world as it began to pull me away through the portal. "Take my hand," I yelled, "come with me." But he wouldn't, and as I was swiftly sucked out of the chaos, I could do nothing but watch his surprised face as he watched me exit the realm.

Making me aware that my task was to help him realize there was an exit, the eternal made clear that he would pursue it and eventually find deliverance. It was finished.

"East of that is yet another sea where the sufferings are doubled still again. What the combined evil causes of the Three Karmic Vehicles evoke is called

the sea of karma. This is that place."

Sutra of the Past Vows of Earth Store Bodhisattva, Chapter 1, Page 84, Paragraph 6, (Buddhism, Pure Land)

"And I gave commandment unto Gabriel and Michael to bear Pistis Sophia in their hands, so that her feet should not touch the darkness below; and I gave them commandment moreover to guide her in the regions of the chaos, out of which she was to be led."

Pistis Sophia, Second Book, Page 116, Paragraph 2, (Christianity, Gnostic/Essene, Words of Christ)

Sucking me down in a manner indescribable in human terms, my spirit was being forced deep below, passing by crust after crust of the earth to reach this horrid layer of hells beneath the earth's surface. All around this formidable hell were the winds of destruction. Wintry blue was a place of absolute terror as funnel clouds, tornadoes, hurricane winds and earthquakes were a constant companion to the inhabitants.

Landing on a hard and solid piece of rock amidst the cavernous place, the inhabitants of wintry blue were starving, skinny and shivering with terror. A slightly plump, young doctor approached me. Although he did not reside here, he came on occasion to help these lost ones, and on this occasion to show me the mechanisms of this realm. Such kindness amazed me, as he protected my soul with such fervor. Serene and wise, he understood the cycles of destruction in this realm and gently guided me to crawl underneath a cavernous wall, so as not to be annihilated by an oncoming tornado. Subsequently, he moved me to a place far from the cavernous walls

when the earthquakes began, so as not to be struck by boulders underneath a cliff. Time passed by so very slowly in this wintry blue hell, and although it wasn't unusually cold, the inhabitants shivered from the mere force of the torrential winds, rains, cyclones and movements of the Earth that barraged them constantly. After what seemed like a day, but in reality was only about five minutes, the doctor motioned me to watch the inhabitants carefully.

Filing out of the cavern, their blank faces became more alert as if some great danger awaited them. "They go to forage for food," he said, as he grasped my hand and motioned for us to follow them. Penetrating the cave wall, they entered another hell realm below wintry blue, called putrid yellow. Putrid yellow was highly predatorial and mixed with the absolute destruction of wintry blue. Old homes which had been demolished by these forces lay scattered around as if no one had ever inhabited them. Walking into these buildings, the souls looked for food in abandoned refrigerators or cabinets.

Penetrating into the homes brought you into yet another lower realm, which consisted of the inner sphere of the individual homes which held an inescapable feeling of being trapped. Wild animals roamed these encampments, also looking for food. Fighting the wild cats and dogs, the inhabitants of wintry blue had to battle fiercely for any remnants of food which remained. Many were badly mauled by the animals and lay wounded but unable to die and with no means of help. Only those who chose not to fight for food would be left alone by the wild beasts with the red eyes. Because of this, the beasts left the

doctor and I alone, as if they could not even see us.

Leading me back through the wall while the remaining inhabitants continued their battles, the doctor lifted his head upwards as we began soaring back through the Earth's layers to the surface. Nodding to me as he disappeared, the loving doctor left me safely in the mortal world while he returned to the evil places below to assist those who were injured with their sufferings. Nodding back to him, I acknowledged the amazing gift he gave to the evolution of souls.

"There is a hell in which the offender is followed everywhere by fire; there is a hell in which there is cold and ice; there is a hell in which there is limitless dung and urine; there is a hell in which there are flying maces; there is a hell in which there are many fiery spears; there is a hell in which one is constantly beaten on the chest and back; there is a hell in which one's hands and feet are burned; there is a hell in which the offender is wrapped and bound by iron serpents . . . Humane One, such are the retributions. In each hell there are a hundred thousand kinds of utensils of karma, and . . . any single hell would have hundreds of thousands of kinds of acute suffering."

Sutra of the Past Vows of Earth Store Bodhisattva, Chapter 5, Page 140-141, (Buddhism, Pure Land)

And so it came to pass that I was whisked away by a Buddhist priest into a deep space. Beginning to manipulate the physical form of my spirit, he formed my body in several postures to achieve states of concentration. "You will now

experience the seven levels of concentration," he said. When we reached the seventh level, my head was bent backwards towards my legs which had pulled upward in the form of an oval. Each level of concentration brought more peace and serenity to my mind, and this practice seemed to actually transform seeds of rage and violence that lay within me. As my spirit began its descent back into the body, a brilliant bright purple and green light began pulsating before my vision. Sucked directly into this light, my spirit underwent a very different vibrational raising as I became one with these lights.

Upon return to my body, the purple and green light transformed itself into a huge yellow golden orb. Seeing within its mass several Buddha worlds or aeons, I observed the heavenly realms with wonder and delight.

"It is only the Tathagatas and Bodhisattvas who are firmly established on the seventh stage who can fully understand its workings. Those earnest disciples and masters who wish to fully understand all the aspects of the different stages . . . by the aid of their right-knowledge must do so by becoming thoroughly convinced that objects of discrimination are only seen to be so by the mind . . ."

A Buddhist Bible, The Lankavatara Scripture, Chapter VIII, Page 324, Paragraph 2, (Buddhism)

CHAPTER FOUR

"Woe, woe unto sinners, on whom the negligence and the forgetfulness of the rules lie until they come out of

the body and are led to these chastisements! Have mercy upon us, have mercy upon us, son of the Holy (One), and have compassion with us, that we may be saved from these chastisements and these judgments which are prepared for the sinners; for we also have sinned, our Lord and our Light."

*Pistis Sophia, Sixth Book, Page 324-325, Bottom & Top,
(Christianity, Gnostic/Essene, Words of the Disciples to
Jesus)*

And so it came to pass that the veil between my former life and my current one began to fall just as had been prophesied by the Old Ones. Required to make a choice of following the Lord thy God or allowing myself to be plummeted into the dark and Godless reality of the world at large, my worldly past became as a former life. I chose God and the veil fell.

"And every one that hath forsaken houses, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother . . . for my name's sake, shall receive an hundredfold, and shall inherit everlasting life."

*King James Bible, New Testament, Matthew 19:29,
(Christianity, Words of Christ)*

"God dwells in all beings. But you may be intimate only with good people; you must keep away from the evil-minded. God is even in the tiger; but you cannot embrace the tiger on that account."

*The Gospel of Sri Ramakrishna, Chapter 1, Page 84,
Paragraph 5, (Hinduism, Words of Sri Ramakrishna)*

In my bedroom, I had not yet separated from form when I saw some people coming after me who had wanted me to remain trapped in the world of

vice. Quickly, I darted out of my body, trying to gauge what I should do.

From behind me, someone grasped my arm and gently pulled me away. Looking upon his face, I sighed in wonder. The Dalai Lama, the fourteenth, was leading me to safety. "I will take you into exile . . ." he said, fulfilling the prophecy that I would go to Exodus alone. In a moment, I was stashed safely away in a Lamasery, a cave where monks often go to meditate.

"It is better to lead a solitary life; there is no companionship with a childish person! Let one live alone committing no sin, having few wishes . . ."

*Dhammapada, Canto XXIII, No. 330, Page 129,
(Buddhism)*

Seeking the sacred quartz ball, I knew I must find it to be delivered into the next level, and away from the energies of the past life I had chosen to leave behind. A golden pendulum hung around my neck, it was circular and upon it were inscribed holy words in Hebrew. It was the first of the two objects I had to retrieve for this unknown purpose.

Holding the golden pendulum around my neck, I began running almost aimlessly to find the sacred quartz ball, with the destructive energies from the world in quick pursuit behind me. If I didn't find it soon, I might lose this opportunity. Climbing the stairs of a long and darkened building, I could hear the pursuit behind me of that which sought to stop me in my quest. Increasing my speed, I sought out the highest point within the building, a closet within the attic.

Opening the creaky old door, I looked towards the top of the otherwise barren closet. In the farthest corner, a shimmering could be seen. Stepping up, I reached for the white ball I had found, inscribed with ancient Hebrew lettering. Holding it in one hand, I touched the golden pendulum in the other. As I did, a gate appeared before me with two indentations. One held the shape of the quartz ball and the other of the golden pendulum. Quickly placing the two objects within the gate, I disintegrated, and disappeared just in time, before the worldly sweep could stop me from my quest.

Entering a magnificent space without form or substance, within it was only knowledge. A voice told me, "You have entered into the mystery of the Kabbalah." Entering this mystery had sealed my Exodus, my exile was now complete.

"Ye truly virtuous, enter and see, for permission is given you to enter as far as the place where the curtain is hung, happy is your lot!"

*The Zohar (Kaballah), Volume V, Shelah Lecha (Numbers),
Page 133-234, Bottom & Top, (Judaism)*

"When the Holy One created man He set in him all the images of the supernal mysteries of the world above, and all the images of the lower mysteries of the world below, and all are designed in man, who stands in the image of God."

*The Zohar, Volume III, Jethro (Exodus), Page 229,
Paragraph 2 & 4, (Judaism)*

Black and hazy, the doors were frightening in their appearance. Following a path into the black mists deep within the Earth, the entry to the lower

realms hovered in eerie silence. Those preparing to go there canvassed the area around me, their faces dead in expression, and their spiritual bodies decomposing in my sight. Pushing them out of my way to run far away from the gate, my only goal was to get away from this entry to the dark kingdoms. But as I pushed, they shoved and threw me forward as the gateway slowly creaked open. In moments, they had hurled me down the steps.

Instinctually, I called out, "Mythosetia." (Pronounced - mithoseeshoo). With the advent of the word, my spirit soared back up the steps beyond the gate and stopped before a group of monks who were singing. Mythosetia was a monk who guarded the entry to the lower worlds, and a guardian of the knowledge in regards to the evolution of darkness. A monk of extreme importance, he protected, taught and guided those who must go below to serve evolution's cause. Calling his name could deliver any soul of sincere and pure heart to safety.

Walking forward from the group of chanting monks, he appeared to me as a black man with many long braids in his hair. Taking my hand, he guided me through the halls of this unique monastery, but never spoke. Hearing the chants from the hallowed walls of this sacred cavernous monastery, I looked down and noticed that I was dressed in a full nun's habit, and my identity was revealed to me; an ancient nun who wrote Gregorian chant.

Mythosetia took both of my hands and stared directly into my eyes. Hearing the beautiful music of my former life, I knew that Mythosetia was conveying energy towards the writing of the hymnal. Bowing in

respect to Mythosetia, he smiled and disappeared.

"And on the day when the heaven bursts asunder with clouds, and the angels are sent down, as they are sent. The kingdom on that day rightly belongs to the Benificent, and it will be a hard day for the disbelievers."

Holy Qur'an, 25:25-26, Page 701, (Islam, Words of Mohammad)

"Then as for those who are unhappy, they will be in the Fire; for them therein will be sighing and groaning - Abiding therein so long as the heavens and the earth endure, except as thy Lord please. Surely thy Lord is Doer of what He intends."

Holy Qur'an, 11:106-107, Page 457, (Islam, Words of Mohammad)

Ordering that I be allowed to see the demons of the common man through the souls of an average family, the Lord had ordered them to come to me and show me their true selves. Each were hesitant as they approached, and but they were under divine command to be revealed. The first came with darkness in his eyes, as his face slowly became reptilian and metamorphosized into an ugly demon. Conveying that he was an incarnate demon, I turned. The second's approach brought with her an ominous presence. Through her mouth a most disturbing voice began speaking, the hoarse, deep, throaty cry of Satan. "YOU CANNOT COME HERE," Satan echoed through his charge, "You must know I serve two masters." Revealed, her masters were Satan himself, and the gull, destructive sexual energy. The third approached as the demons that controlled this soul

were by her side. Told that she made 'unconscious incantations to Beelzebub just by the nature of her thought processes,' I was shocked. She was not aware of this. The fourth stood alone, the darkest of all of them, a consumer of children, who stood as a mere shell of the human he had once had the chance to be, and lowered his head in shame. But he was not given permission to reveal his full status, yet, for to see such evil at this time, would be too much for my soul to bear.

In a flash, I was sitting in the center of a small living room. The Dalai Lama came and sat down on the floor, attempting to teach the members of this family. Showing them pictures of transformations in progress, he tried to make them understand what they must do to purify themselves and deliver themselves from darkness. Rudely shouting, they screamed. "We are not what you say we are!" Displaying irritation, the Dalai Lama was completely in control of his emotions despite their total disrespect of all that is sacred. But I couldn't stand to see such a holy man be treated in this manner, "How dare you speak that way to one of God's holy men!" I shouted. Raising his hand to me, the Dalai Lama motioned me to stop as he began to speak of compassion.

Beautiful and eloquent, his words were difficult to grasp. But I listened as intently as I could so as not to miss any of his mastery. Coming to show me that it wouldn't matter if the holiest of God's servants came to these people, he wanted me to realize that they would respond with arrogance and rage, nevertheless. Needing to be mindful of my

anger, it would only be through a calm and peaceful mind that the Lord would be able to work. "You must accept their choice," he conveyed, "it is theirs to make. This journey will strengthen you in your ability to perceive those in the lower realms with compassion."

Before he left, the Dalai Lama made mention of the recent birth of our daughter. Smiling with joy at her arrival, he chuckled and disappeared.

"Vasudeva tried to pacify Kamsa by good instruction as well as by philosophical discrimination, but Kamsa was not to be pacified because his association was demoniac. Because of his demoniac associations, he was a demon, although born in a very high royal family. A demon never cares for any good instruction. He is just like a determined thief: one can give him moral instruction, but it will not be effective. Similarly, those who are demoniac or atheistic by nature can hardly assimilate any good instruction, however authorized it may be. That is the difference between demigod and demon. Those who can accept good instruction and try to live their lives in that way are called demigods, and those who are unable to take such good instruction are called demons."

KRSNA, Chapter 1, Page 19, Paragraph 2, (Hinduism,
Author: A.C. Bhaktivedanta Swami Prabhupada)

The rowboat was moving slowly along the river as we began our trip to the wilderness of demons. A Buddhist monk rowed the boat very mindfully towards three separate destinations in the eerie woodland. Taken to learn more about the

demons of the common man, as manifested in this particular average family, I was unsure.

Walking through the woods was the demonic form of the gull, destructive sexual energy, wearing a skirt up to her buttocks; she kept trying to get the monk's attention by taunting him sexually. Unmoved by her attentions, he had no interest in such manifestations. The young woman owned by this gull appeared next to her, as I acknowledged her charge.

Inviting the demon to join us in the boat, the monk remained totally at peace as we rowed further towards a mountainous area. I was not very comfortable sharing the boat with a demon. Arriving at our second destination, we exited the rowboat and traveled on foot to a spot deep in the woods.

Standing there was a very large raging demon; fifteen or twenty feet in height. Introducing me to the demon of rage, he was given to uncontrollable fits of rage, which made him grow larger. Frightened by this particularly reptilian demon, I moved back; but the Buddhist monk stood forward, even as the demon raged. The demon stood on two feet and had green horns. Holding his hand to the demon, the monk asked him to join us in our boat. Two members appeared at the side of this demon, father and son, as the monk made me to know that this demon controlled them both, having been passed from one generation to the next. In this, I saw how the sins of the father are visited upon the sons, for the demon of the father had been inherited by the son.

In the face of this simple monk, I saw complete compassion and understanding. Imperturbable, he generated no anger or hatred towards the demons,

just a polite understanding of the causes of such births. While we rowed in the boat, the demon of rage would burst into fits of violence at random moments, which made me fearful and uncomfortable. But the monk remained completely unchanged, as if it were simply a small child throwing a tantrum on the floor.

Rowing quietly to our final destination, we reached the home of the final member of this family. The beast continued his rages and the gull continued her sexual tauntings; but the monk parked the boat quietly with no response to the emergent defilement. His compassion was something I could not yet fully understand.

Attached to the side of this soul's home was a haunted mansion, overrun by demons and haunted memories from her past. Anything but benign, this haunted mansion was inhabited by the soul who made unconscious incantations to Beelzebub, just by the nature of her thoughts.

As the monk walked with me to the door, he directed that I should enter alone. As I did, I saw the demons, ghosts and maniacal ravings of the occupants of the haunted mansion, while this woman stood amongst it, unwilling to do anything about it. "You could free yourself from this plight if only you would be willing to examine and process these energies singularly." I said. She folded her arms in defiance. "No!"

Leaving the home, I closed the door. As we re-entered the rowboat the demons disappeared and reappeared on the shore in this demon wilderness. Smiling and waving at the monk, they seemed grateful that he understood their true nature and felt

compassion for the inherent suffering of such a state. Finding it compelling that all of these demons were common, not unusual in any way, it was shocking to me to realize that almost all incarnate souls are possessed to a certain degree by such varied demons of vice.

Being with the monk transferred a very important knowledge, that of compassion and love to even the most vile of creation. Continuing to row the boat until we exited this forest of demons, the monk said and conveyed nothing more. But I reflected a great deal on how I used to perceive darkness. And now, I understood something I'd never fully grasped. Darkness knows no happiness, for it doesn't know God. This is very sad.

"To encounter a true master is said to be worth a century of studying his or her teaching, because in such a person we witness a living example of enlightenment. How can we encounter Jesus or the Buddha? It depends on us. Many who looked directly into the eyes of the Buddha or Jesus were not capable of seeing them . . . When a sage is present and you sit near him or her, you feel peace and light."

*Living Buddha, Living Christ, Chapter 4, Page 52,
Paragraph 1, Page 53, Top, (Buddhism, Mahayana, Words
of Thich Naht Hahn)*

Wandering through a haunted mansion which was quite different than the others, I found it to be more of a middle of the road haunting. Huge and endless in its number of rooms, only a few of the rooms were actually haunted by demonic spirits. What stood out about this mansion, however, was the

overwhelming amount of corruption, putrid water, rotten walls, dirt, grime, and mold which was growing everywhere. But it was also the most populated mansion I'd ever come across, there were literally thousands here at any given moment, for it was the haunted mansion of the common man.

Resting in a small bedroom, Andy was with me and within moments of our arrival crowds of people were waiting in lines to see us. "Would you mind?" I said, rather irritated, but Andy quietly touched my shoulder and said, "No, you don't understand, I must minister to these people."

Immediately, I realized that Andy worked on behalf of the souls in this mansion on both levels of consciousness, here and through the court systems, to restore that which has been lost.

"Shaking the palaces of all demons, awakening the minds of all sentient beings, those who received the teaching and practiced it in the past, they cause to know the true meaning."

The Flower Ornament Scripture, Ten Dedications, Page 667, Stanza 8, (Buddhism, Mahayana)

Wandering through a high mountain in a rainstorm, a man appeared beside me to take me to an unknown destination. Following him, he led us to a white building sitting atop the crest of the mountain. Inside, there was a small room whose walls were covered with my future paintings. "They appear to be dry," I said to the man, "would it be alright if I take them home, now?" He nodded that I could.

In the corner of the room there was what appeared to be a doll house, but when you got closer,

you could see that it was a replica of a nun's convent. On the front of the house, there was a plaque that read, "Sisters of Charity." I recognized that name, as they were the nuns who'd worked on behalf of Mother Teresa to help the poor all over the world.

As soon as I opened the tiny front door, Mother Teresa appeared at the other side of the room. Looking up to see her glowing eminence, I immediately began sobbing great tears of joy and holy honor. Walking quietly, no one could mistake the obvious relevance she had to God, as this was a truly holy woman.

Stepping softly so as not to disturb her, I came closer and held out two stones as gifts; an amethyst and a crystal. Falling to my knees, I bowed at her sanctity. Turning to look at me, I instinctively handed her the two stones. "No," she said without reproach, "take an ordinary stone, my child." Placing a simple rock into my hand, its edges were rough. "Hold it within your hand," she said, "rub it and caress it so that someday from the wear of your hands it will be smooth. By the time that rock is smooth, my child, you will know what God wants you to do . . . you will know." Smiling, before she quietly walked away, she left behind her sacred message of simplicity.

"Let Him empty and transform you and afterwards fill the chalice of your hearts to the brim, that you in your turn, may give of your abundance. Seek Him. Knowledge will make you strong as death. Love Him trustfully without looking back, without fear. Believe that Jesus and Jesus alone is life. Serve Jesus, casting aside and forgetting all that troubles or

worries you, make loved the love that is not loved."

*The Love of Christ, Part III, Page 75, Paragraph 3,
(Christianity, Catholic, Words of Mother Teresa)*

Walking into the old duplex, it was a smaller, but very defiled haunted mansion. A group of young, college-age men lived there who were drinking and partying with several young women. One of the young men was being very attentive to a young woman who was slightly overweight. Using flattery and insincere compliments, she eventually agreed to go have sex with him. But when they returned from having sex, he treated her like trash, as though she was worthless, humiliating her in front of the other men and women who were engaging in other various levels of sexual activity.

Asking the monk beside me, I begged the question. "He seemed so sincere; I don't understand why he is behaving so terribly to this woman now." As I asked this, barracudas appeared in the middle of the floor, long black fish which I immediately understood to be their penises. "It is another manifestation of darkness," the monk said, "their penises have become serpents used to humiliate women."

Suddenly, he was gone.

An inner knowing was leading me to find the Buddhist monk who had taken me upon his rowboat. Scheduled to be speaking somewhere in the astral arena, in order to get there, I would have to travel alone through several dark and dank streets. In the deepest of ghettos, I felt no fear, only expectation in seeing the monk.

Up ahead, a worldly man, still trapped within the defilement of his own ways, was watching me; angry that I'd emerged from the prison of vice that still held his soul. Glaring at me as I turned away, I conveyed, "You have no hold on my soul, your bondage is your own."

Arriving at the place where the monk was to be, many souls were engaging in frivolous speech, talking endlessly. Sitting quietly across the room, I watched the serene and peaceful monk as he said nothing. Walking over to where I waited, he sat down next to me.

Conveying silently, he said, "I am impressed with your state of mindfulness." Placing his hand on mine, I gave a glance of thanks.

"Craving steadily grows in the mortal whose mind is agitated by (evil) thoughts, who is full of strong passions and ever yearning for what is pleasant. Such a one makes his fetters strong."

*Dhammapada, Canto XXIV, No. 349, Page 137,
(Buddhism)*

In our side yard was a huge pig-pen; inside it, a pig about twenty feet tall. Serenely, the Lord Jesus walked towards the gate conveying that this pig was the true energy of people attached to the world, who despite His constant efforts, continued to deny God. Opening the gate, the pig ran away, disappearing into the ether. "Let the pig go." The Lord Jesus instructed.

"Do not give what is holy to dogs, or throw your pearls before swine, lest they trample them underfoot, and tear you to pieces."

New American Bible, New Testament, Matthew 7:6,

(Christianity, Catholic, Words of Christ)

Our new baby appeared on my lap, as I was hugging and loving her. Multitudes appeared before me, complaining that I must do more, that taking care of my children was not enough. The Lord Jesus approached the multitudes, "Look how she loves this child, how she cares for this seed from My own mind. It is good." Disappearing in annoyance, the people were gone.

"What else do you do, my child?" Jesus asked. Shrugging my shoulders, I conveyed that I surely didn't do enough. "Let me tell you what you do," the Lord said, "you maintain a breathing operation, your job is to spin the wheel of karmic retribution, and you are the overseer of the souls coming and going." Honored, I stared at Him in silence.

Knowing that it did not matter what Earthly men could see, I realized that all that mattered was that I continue to do God's will, unseen and unheard, as only a quiet whisper upon the wind when Earthly souls would begin their crossings, and as a loud thunderous thud of karmic retribution when God guided them to awake. Before He left, He asked that our home be transformed into a monastery for the Lord.

"Those in this stage, worthy of human and celestial respect, become lords of the heaven of timely portion, carrying out celestial justice; they withdraw beings from the tangle of views and accumulate good for the sake of enlightened knowledge."

The Flower Ornament Scripture, Chapter 26, The Ten Stages, Page 735, Stanza 4, (Buddhism, Mahayana)

Now pursuing me, the demonic man was in a violent rage. Holding a gun to my head, he had been led into this vile state by his own bitter darkness, but his rage was multiplied because I had given him the truth of the state of his soul and would not take it back; he was a consumer of children. Astral police officers were standing by to disarm him, but I didn't think I would need them. Reaching down, I took his first gun and handed it to the police. Pulling out a larger gun, I saw within his eyes that he was truly capable of killing me, although this should not have been surprising, for he was quite violent in the physical realm. "I will destroy you!" he said, as I gazed into his crazed eyes. "You may kill this body, but the Way is established in me and cannot be destroyed. This is what you hate, is it not?" I shouted. Confused, he began shivering and didn't know what to do. "DO IT!" I shouted at him. "I've no fear of losing this life. The Way is established within me. It will not die, and it will haunt you more than my living body ever could." Taking the gun from his hands as he quivered, I handed it to the police and disappeared.

"To accept death at such a time, in order that the Will of God may be fulfilled, merits for us a reward similar to that of the martyrs, because they accepted death to please God."

The Voice of the Saints, The Meaning of Suffering, Page 122, No. 2, (Christianity, Catholic, Words of St. Alphonsus Liguori)

Shaped like a book, an ancient sacred text, with two legs and face, the 'The Lankavatara Scripture,' was written on the cover. Below the title, it read, 'The

Angel of Death.' Walking away, an angel appeared. "Look at the last commandment within the ten commandments." She said.

Finding that the Lankavatara Scripture deals with the cessation of birth, in essence, death of rebirth cycles, it speaks of the unborn, the Tathagata's, who live in the triple worlds beyond form, perceptions, birth and death. It seemed that the relation between this scripture and the angel of death was that the scripture deals very much with the cessation of craving and desire, which process leads to the cessation of future births and deaths. The tenth commandment deals with coveting our neighbor's possessions, craving. Craving generates samsara, the karmic condition of suffering, death and rebirth. Seeing the oneness between these Jewish, Christian, and Buddhist doctrines, I noticed that the combined elements of them led to the cessation of the activity of coveting, also called craving, which causes rebirth in karmic realms.

"Transcendental Intelligence is the inner state of self-realisation of Noble Wisdom. It is realized suddenly and intuitively as the 'turning-about' takes place in the deepest seat of consciousness; it neither enters nor goes out - it is like the moon seen in water.

Transcendental Intelligence is not subject to birth nor destruction; it has nothing to do with combination nor concordance; it is devoid of attachment and accumulation; it transcends all dualistic conceptions."

*A Buddhist Bible, The Lankavatara Scripture, Chapter VI,
Paragraph 2, (Buddhism)*

"Commanded by wisdom, led by compassion,

endowed with skill in means, pure in resolution and intent, measureless in power, unobstructed, direct, not relying on another's guidance, knowledge of the supreme mind equal to the enlightened, with the birth of this mind-jewel of enlightening beings, one transcends the sphere of the ignorant and reaches the sphere of the buddhas, is born in the family of the enlightened, impeccable . . . once one produces this mind, one attains this stage, the will immovable as a mountain, joyful and happy, serene, resolute, and forceful, with a buoyant mind, nonviolent, harmless, free from anger, modest and respectful, with superior honesty, self-controlled; one remembers the immeasurable knowledge that saves the world and becomes joyful in anticipation of that state."

The Flower Ornament Scripture, Chapter 26, The Ten Stages, Page 711, Stanza 4-5

Alit beyond the threshold of time, my soul flew fast along a roadway as hundreds of singular red roses began emerging from the ground; not on bushes, but each alone atop a single stem. An angel came gracefully carrying within her hand a single white rose, as the hundreds of red roses continued to emerge around her. Handing me the white rose, she asked me to give it to my husband, Andy. "The white is a constant symbol of the presence of God, and within each petal of every rose lies the secrets of all existence." Conveying that it was a medal of honor for his work in restoring that which had been lost, the angel acknowledged his courage in the face of much darkness to strive to save souls who would otherwise be lost to the Lord. Taking notice of his many

personal sacrifices on behalf of these souls, this had pleased God. He was being honored for his work as a prosecutor in the court system. She began reciting the Lord's Prayer. "Our Father who art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name . . ."

"I saw there roses, white and red, and I thought them symbols of Christ's Passion and our Redemption."

The Life of Jesus Christ and Biblical Revelations, The Creation, No. 2, Page 5, Paragraph 1, (Christianity, Catholic, Words of Ven. Anne Catherine Emmerich on Paradise and the Garden of Eden)

Before I knew what had happened, a group of spiritual guides had swept me away to follow them on their missions for the night. About fifty men and women, all were trained in the de-energization and extrication of incarnate consumer's of children.

Like a SWAT team, they were unfailing in their lures and devices to entrap and capture the assailers of God's most precious ones. And if there was even the smallest of hesitation to cooperate with God's answer to the consumer's of children, they were immediately destroyed. No tolerance whatsoever was given to those who perpetrated evil upon children. In fact, I had never seen such immediate, total and thorough retaliation by any force of light for any other crime. Perpetrators of such acts were held accountable for the soul's they defiled, and were given no second chances. Sympathy was absent for this putrid form of evil. Committing such an act seemed to render immediate judgment against your soul to be administered at God's command.

Preparing to take out a particularly horrible

soul who had committed many acts against children, the SWAT team revealed to me how many victims, crimes, and unspeakable acts he had committed, all of which were hard to fathom. Leading the SWAT team on a long and arduous chase, it resulted in a confrontation in a mall where he was now surrounded. Randomly, he shot at people all around, because he knew he was doomed but did not want to give up.

One of the team members took my hand as he wanted me to see this particularly vile character God had sent them to annihilate. Directing me to look upon the countenance of this creature, I followed him quietly and turned to face this man who had piled up all around him the disgusting lures and horrific devices he had used on his unfortunate victims. "Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah," I screamed in horror, as I looked upon the face of the consumer. "Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah." Showing no emotion, he had nothing to say regarding the charges brought against him; but his face was covered by a pox, the visible sign of his sin. An angel of the Lord appeared. "Choosing evil is enough to drive a man away from God," she said, "but even this has the hope of salvation. But to bring other souls to damnation is a violation of God's law to the highest degree. To deliver children into the hands of evil is a crime against God for which you are accountable." The consumer saw two souls for which he was paying due. One had been born into darkness, but because of this man, had become worse, and had gone backwards. This was very bad. But then the angel showed him a sweet innocent young child, who'd

been born in a state of grace, but because of him, had become filled with demons of various kinds, causing this soul to fall from grace. This was so much greater a loss, so much greater a sin, and this was very, very bad.

As I watched, I realized that being the cause of another soul's fall from grace is a much greater sin than any other. Falling apart at the sight, the man said nothing, nothing at all. Cowering, I turned away because I couldn't look as the team moved in and destroyed him. Time for destruction now completely over, he was rendered completely benign. To prey upon children is the lowest form of evil, and to commit such acts, is to almost assuredly commit your soul to hell.

"Silence is equivalent to confession."

The Talmudic Anthology, No. 189, Paragraph 1, Ketubot, 11, (Judaism)

"Whoever offends an innocent, pure and faultless person, the evil (of his act) rebounds on that fool, even as fine dust thrown against the wind."

Dhammapada, Canto IX, No. 125, Page 51, (Buddhism)

"He said to his disciples, 'Things that cause sin will inevitably occur, but woe to the person through whom they occur. It would be better for him if a millstone were put around his neck and he be thrown into the sea than for him to cause one of these little ones to sin.'"

New American Bible, New Testament, Luke 17:1-2, (Christianity, Words of Christ)

Lain amidst the horrid spectacle of this putrid lower realm, the grave of the abuser was surrounded

by darkness. Others who had been committed to this place were walking around as their bodies were decomposing. Sitting before his grave, I noticed that a statue of him (which represented his soul) had been broken into several pieces. Carefully, I began to pick them up and put them back together as best as I could.

An old man, a caretaker in this deep pit, showed me how I could use clay from the Earth to fasten the pieces back together again. From behind the gravestone, a young Indian woman appeared with a fawn at her side. Humming a mournful chant for the dead, she shook a somber rattle in her respectful obeisance to the lost souls of the lower worlds.

Looking at her, I said, "I am deeply concerned, for this man was a great sinner, and I am filled with concern and worry over his soul." Looking up quietly and calmly, she replied, "God will not forget us, no matter how much we have sinned. His soul is not forgotten by the Lord." Conveying to me that his crimes held less accountability than one might imagine because of an accident that had occurred in his youth, causing some minor unrecognized brain damage which affected his thinking on proper boundaries. No mercy is given in *stopping* such predators, but mercy is given, when appropriate due to circumstances beyond their control in regards to the judgment of their soul.

Another young man, also confounded to this hell realm, approached. His hands were merely stubs as they had decomposed. "There are those who teach us even in our graves." He said. Surprised, I noticed a

spirit standing aside his grave site. "I am told that when I learn to disconnect from my body and leave this putrid death behind, that I will be able to fly!"

Looking at the young Indian woman who continued chanting, she quietly said, "We worry about those we love who have sinned much, but the Lord has not forgotten them, the Lord has not forgotten them . . ."

"Abu Huraira reported: The Apostle of Allah (may peace be upon him) visited the grave of his mother and he wept, and moved others around him to tears, and said: I sought permission from my Lord to beg forgiveness for her but it was not granted to me, and I sought permission to visit her grave and it was granted to me. So visit the graves, for that makes you mindful of death."

Sahih Muslim (The Hadith), Volume II, Chapter CCCLIII, No. 2130, Page 463, Paragraph 2, (Islam)

"I know thy works, and where thou dwellest, even where Satan's seat is . . ."

King James Bible, New Testament, Revelations 2:13, (Christianity, Catholic, Words of Christ)

Standing again before a torrential river whose rage was unbearable, the ravages of hell for the consumer's of children surrounded me; spitting fire, demons, a dark black fog, and the souls who were trapped by their own defilement. It was like living in the greatest nightmare surrounded by the worst of all that exists. Lying among the burning embers of the ashes were many books thrown half-hazardly and strewn into the ashes and fires. Inherently, I knew that only one held deliverance from this burning fire

of hell. 'How to Become Famous', 'How to Get Rich', were just a couple of the self-serving titles. After a short time, however, I spotted a very small book hiding below a mountain of ash.

Mother Teresa had written this book in heaven and its title was . . . 'Mercy - The Path to Becoming Holy.' Feeling unworthy, I picked it up, and as I did, I was delivered from the hell of the consumers of children. "Help Mother Teresa," a voice whispered. Mercy delivers us, but discernment protects us. Be merciful to all, as much as you can, but be discerning in what you accept and allow into your life, lest you be deceived by the serpent and his many faces.

"Behold, I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him . . . To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in my throne, even as I also overcame, and am set down with my Father in his throne."

*King James Bible, New Testament, Revelations 3:20-21,
(Christianity, Words of Christ)*

Moments after I had dissolved, I stood before a beautiful, peaceful, oriental, island. Waiting for me on the shore, a man had come to guide me deeper, conveying that this was Hakeo Island, a place of serenity. Taking his hand, I noticed an orb of light coming from the center of this grand vista. Walking very slowly, I watched this light as we approached.

From that day forward, because of my belief in mercy, I prayed for souls, and begged that those who lacked remorse, be given the light of repentance. For who among us is not in need of mercy, who among us will not beg it at the moment of our own death?

"If I ascend to heaven, Thou art there; If I make my

bed in Sheol, behold, Thou art there."

New American Bible, Old Testament, Psalm 139:8 (Words of David)

"Be ye the master of all that surrounds thee, never be mastered by the effects of thy life. Create then ever more perfect causes, and in time shalt thou be a Sun of the Light."

The Emerald Tablets of Thoth the Atlantean, Tablet XI, Page 64, Paragraph 4, (Mystery Religions, Egyptian/Hermetic, Words of Thoth)

"All the desolation of the poor people, their material poverty, their spiritual destitution might be redeemed by our sharing it, by our being one with them, by bringing God into their lives and bringing them to God."

The Love of Christ, Part III, Page 74, Paragraph 3, (Christianity, Catholic, Words of Mother Teresa)

"Everything is foreknown, but man is free."

The Talmudic Anthology, No. 97, Page 135, Stanza 4, (Judaism)

CHAPTER FIVE

"Even though there may be an every-day purity, silt-clear as a river's water in autumn, how can it possibly compare with a luminous spring night, the moon softened by haze? Many are the houses where people yearn thus for a spotlessly clean life, but, however much they sweep this way and that, their hearts are still not emptied and clear."

The Denkoroku, Chapter 7, Page 40, Stanza 1, (Buddhism, Zen)

Arriving with a calm smile upon her face, the most reverend master walked towards me, complimenting me upon my monastery and how it had been erected to *almost* perfection. Every religious statue, picture, symbol and book had been arranged according to energy, placed to create a specific energetic function. Showing me an area which was not quite finished, she told me what changes needed to be made to make the monastery 'energetically' perfect, thus, affording energetic protection from dark forces.

Another monk stood beside her as she quietly asked, "Have you studied the next Seraph?" "Yes, I have and I believe I am ready for the following," he replied. Walking closer to her, I bowed lightly. "Master, would it be alright if I posed a question to you?" "Yes, it would." She replied. "You use the word 'seraph' and I don't know what it means." "Seraph," she replied, "is a word we use in scriptural study to represent a level of training and attainment." Conveying that she acknowledged my continued desire to learn and serve the Lord, she had grave concerns regarding my naiveté regarding the power of the dark side and their desire to destroy me. Satan hates souls, but he hates the souls that steal others away from him all the more. "You must be more aware, diligent and empowered to destroy the demons," she said, as she suddenly saw something coming from behind me and shouted, "Close your eyes!"

Having arrived without warning, the demons were pouring some type of harsh chemical from

above intended to blind my spiritual sight. Because of her quick action, my eyes were closed and I was able to protect myself from this dark plan.

After opening my eyes, I saw an orange demon about four feet tall with a cup in his hands. Beginning to pour out spindly dark-winged creatures onto the floor, they immediately began multiplying by the thousands. Standing back, the reverend shouted, "It's too late! The gargoyles multiply too quickly, you will be defeated!" "NO!" I shouted.

Walking forward as the gargoyles began clinging to our arms and legs, parasites by nature, I began praying fervently to the Lord. Allowing a part of His enormous vastness to enter into my spiritual body, the Lord began shouting through my vocal chords, "The Almighty One demands your death! The Almighty One demands your death!" Realizing the vastness of God's mercy, in that moment, I also realized that His wrath is equally powerful.

The reverend master looked shocked at God's presence within me, as she truly believed that we had been beyond saving and that it was too late. Imminent destruction was so profound and I, too, was amazed at God's voice blending with my own, but I couldn't really contemplate it right now. "The Almighty One demands your death!" echoing over and over, "The Almighty One demands your death!" Gargoyles began falling to the ground like flies, as the reverend master took my hand in respect, acknowledging the presence of God within me. Walking away, I thanked her for her warning, for it surely had proven quite vitally true.

"My Son, let not the fair and subtle sayings of men

*move thee, for the kingdom of God is not in word, but
in power."*

*The Imitation of Christ, The Third Book, Chapter XLIII,
Paragraph 1, (Christianity, Author: Thomas A Kempis¹)*

*"And the seventy returned again with joy, saying,
Lord, even the devils are subject unto us through thy
name."*

*King James Bible, New Testament, Luke 10:17-19,
(Christianity, Words of Christ)*

As the Lord continued His promised purification of my soul, I began experiencing an expungement which frightened me. Within my soul were several spindly creatures, and as the Lord began removing them one by one, the demonic realm would assault me continually at night. Sending various forms of temptations, usually in the form of lust because of my karmic propensity to this vice, they were relentless in their search for an avenue which would allow them to return.

As soon as I recognized a temptation within my soul, I would immediately awaken from sleep, and the spindly creatures would be pushed out through my neck by the power of the Lord as I saw them bouncing on and off the walls in my conscious state. Soaring quickly to them, I grabbed the creatures and soared into the heavens, placing them in the hands of angels who would insure that they be returned to the second realm. Far be it from me to leave a dark force to roam the Earth seeking a new host.

*"The devil sleepeth not; thy flesh is not yet dead;
therefore, cease thou not to make thyself ready unto*

the battle, for enemies stand on thy right hand and on thy left, and they are never at rest."

The Imitation of Christ, The Second Book, Chapter IX, No. 8, (Christianity, Author: Thomas A Kempis)

Wearing a pink cloak, a man approached and looked deeply into my eyes. Pulling down his coverlet, I could see his brown eyes and hair. "The A and the B, the I and the AM is calling you into service. Listen to Him." I turned.

Suddenly within a church where many people were gathering, I noticed that everybody was bringing injured people into the building on stretchers. Saying nothing, I felt my soul being sucked away as the power of the Lord entered my spirit and took over my spiritual body, as I observed from above. Speaking amazing profundities through my mouth, the Lord spoke as most in the room scoffed. Two or three of them, however, realized that the Lord had come among them. As the words flowed from my mouth, many of the injured were healed and His Presence awoke a few. The Lord called my spirit back to my body five or six times, and entered five or six times, and each time was unexpected and amazingly powerful.

When it was over, I uttered not a sound. Praying to the Lord quietly, I said, "I am unworthy of Your presence within me, Lord. But I thank you for purifying me, and for applying mercy to my sinful soul. I know, Lord, that it is not through myself, but through You alone that it has become possible for my body to become a temple for You." Bowing in prayer, I was suddenly whisked back to form.

"You have 159 days left before you die. Use them wisely," a voice whispered in my ear. For now, I didn't know if this were to be a true physical death, or yet another birth into higher mind. Waiting . . .

"And Moses said unto God, Behold when I come unto the children of Israel, and shall say unto them, the God of your fathers hath sent me unto you; and they shall say to me, What is his name? What shall I say unto them? And God said unto Moses, I AM THAT I AM: and he said, Thus shalt thou say unto the children of Israel, I AM hath sent me unto you."

*King James Bible, Old Testament, Exodus 3:13-14,
(Christianity, Judaism)*

"There are twenty-two letters by which the I am, Yah, the Lord of hosts, Almighty and Eternal, designed, formed and created by three Sepharim, His whole world . . ."

Sepher Yezirah, Chapter VI, Section 9, (Judaism)

Standing outside of form, the Lord made it known to me that He wished for me to sing as music began echoing through my vocal chords. Up until now, the Lord had not given me any indication as to whether He just wanted me to write these hymns, or if He also wanted me to use the voice that He had given me to perform them in some way. "It is My wish," He conveyed, "that you use the voice I have given you to exalt My name, and as prayers of deliverance for souls on Earth and in lower realms." Conveying His wish, He began to magnify the energy within my vocal chords until my vocal range expanded and my voice became electrified with power.

"For I don't believe it is news to you that a certain omnipotence in singing is usually granted the Muses. If I am not mistaken, this is what is called Music."

The Fathers of the Church, Volume 4, On Music, Book 1, Chapter 1, Last paragraph, (Christianity, Catholic, Author: St. Augustine)

Christ stood at the foot of my bed when I awoke. Seeing Him made me feel joy, and I begged to ask Him a question. "My Lord," I asked quietly, "am I fulfilling Your will, am I doing what You wish for me to do?" Entering into a portrait that I had painted of Him, He lifted the lips to create a smile, as suddenly, a wave of information came upon me. Gladness exuberated from Him in regards to the fact that I had a true desire to fulfill His will. Fulfilling things according to His wishes, He also wished to convey that despite the simplicity of my paintings, they contained within them the life of the spirit. They were as He wished. Bowing to Him, He disappeared.

"Many times a deep and fervent gaze upon Christ is the best prayer. I look upon Him, He looks upon me, is the most perfect prayer."

The Love of Christ, Part I, Page 6-7, Bottom and Top, (Christianity, Catholic, Words of Mother Teresa)

Unable to overshadow that which was to come, the grand vista of the canyon shuddered as the first blast came unexpectedly, the sound of it deafening to the human ear. Falling to the ground, I held to the Earth as several others ran off, the ground shaking in their wake. Covering my eyes, the light from the blasts was so blinding I was afraid I would lose my

sight. Fighting off tears, the impending destruction shocked me. A prophesy of that to come? I didn't yet know. (Two years later, the World Trade Center fell on 9/11/01.)

Moments later, I was flying high above New York City as the darkness had taken such a hold on this place that the only way I could even fly through the crowd of demons in the air was to constantly and repeatedly recite Christ's name, over and over. Reciting the Savior's name held off the constant barrages of dark energy momentarily, but the infestation was so rampant, it could not be dissipated. Parasites and gargoyles were everywhere. Demons had taken charge; humanity had given away its soul.

Feeling very quickly fatigued from this constant battling, I tried desperately to continue my flight, as I knew my job was to bring more light in to attempt a turnaround on the ground. Questionable whether this could be done, ghouls, demons, goblins, ghosts were all around me, demanding my destruction. "In Jesus Christ's name, I demand for you to leave. In Jesus Christ's name, I demand for you to leave. In Christ's name, leave! In Christ's name, leave!"

Just then I thought of these demons, wondering who would pray mercy for *them*? Beginning to pray mercy for the demons and their charges, my spirit began flying high above the murky cloud of evil. In sorrow, I turned away as no more could be done energetically tonight. All I could do was pray . . . and prayer was enough.

"And corruption hath laid hold upon all things on Earth, and the Providence of the True encompasseth,

and will encompass them."

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

Peering from above in the out-of-body state, I watched myself interacting with some friends I'd known in my past. As we were all going to go to sleep on this floor, I gently laid a blanket upon myself and immediately fell asleep. Stirrings began immediately and soon went out of control as a nightmarish memory from a past rape emerged. Yelling and screaming in my sleep, I begged the perpetrator to leave me alone, to get away from me. He did not. While looking from above, I couldn't help but be a bit embarrassed because in my sleep I was revealing to my on-looking friends this nightmarish part of my past. But I had no control over the horrid tremblings that overtook my soul upon the ground.

A nearby friend was concerned at these unconscious cries for help from this unknown assailant and went to find a counselor. When they returned, I was still murmuring in my sleep about the rape, and the counselor understood their meaning. Awaking, on some level I had known that I'd revealed my inner secret, but acted as if I didn't know, because I was ashamed.

Only a moment passed before I was swept off into a classroom with a childhood teacher and friends. Receiving an eternal message for one of my classmates, I asked the teacher for permission to give the written message to him in private. Declining, she insisted that I read the message aloud to the class.

Becoming enraged, I screamed, "How dare you try to control me and the eternal in this way?" Quickly, I was out of control and enraged in my insistence. Sub-conscious intention obvious, I tried to control *them* instead. Remaining calm, but concerned about my rage, the teacher called in another one to help her. Although I wouldn't have hurt anyone, my rage was intense enough to make her wonder if I could.

Calming myself as the other teacher arrived; he looked at me with kindness and patience. "Mother Teresa once told me that when you make chocolate chip cookies, you will inevitably burn them sometimes. But we are not to be choosy, we should eat them anyway." Cowering in shame, I felt only compassion from the eternal. Because of these acts that occurred to me in childhood, I had tried desperately not to be controlled by others, even in circumstances where obedience required. By raging at others when they didn't understand something from the eternal, I defiled the very message that I was meant to give. In order to do a good deed, I committed a vile act which far surpassed the goodness of the original intent. In fulfilling the Lord's requests, we must fulfill them with temperance, obedience and prudence in mind, as well as, respect for both the message and for whom it is intended. If it cannot be given in the original manner intended, then pray . . . for the Lord shall surely find another way.

"My Father, I humbly pray and bow before you and ask for your forgiveness for my inexcusable conduct on many occasions. It is unforgivable to defile a holy grace in this manner, but through your

divine mercy, I ask for this stain to be purified and redeemed into a higher domain, so that I may humbly fulfill your will in the manner in which you ask. At no time, Lord, have I earned the incredible graces you have bestowed upon my soul. Please forgive me, my Lord."

Standing in my backyard as an Aurora Borealis began to merge with the night sky, the moon began to change image, and the colors of purple and blue began shooting across the sky in the form of lights. Ancient writings and letters appeared aside the moon in the sky as I watched in holy wonder.

"But, if they were not thus clothed with My Will, in true humility, they would often offend against their own perfection, esteeming themselves the judges of those who do not walk in the same path."

The Dialogue of St. Catherine of Siena, A Treatise of Prayer, Page 211, Middle, (Christianity, Catholic, Author: St. Catherine of Siena)

Preparing to enter a bus, I was wearing a white robe and waiting my turn. All the others in the line walked quickly by the driver who presented them with a stole, and walked further onto the bus. When I entered the bus, I saw the driver and bowed to him in tears. St. Francis of Assisi placed an all-white stole around my neck to match my Essene robes. "I am honored," I said.

Sitting down in a prayerful position, St. Francis glanced over at me and began to come closer. Feeling the honor of receiving this stole from the beloved saint, I noticed that I was beginning to disintegrate. Looking up at him one last time, he whispered, "Pray

for souls." It was a gift given to my soul honor of prayers made on behalf of others. At that moment, I fully understood how powerful intercessory prayer truly is, and that it brings about awakenings that arguments never could.

"A soul of prayer can make progress without recourse to words, by learning to listen, to be present to Christ, and to look toward Him."

*The Love of Christ, Part I, Page 6, Paragraph 3,
(Christianity, Catholic, Words of Mother Teresa)*

Listening to prayers and recitations in the out of body state, the Dalai Lama arrived with two women who had very long black hair. Demonstrating a proper respectful posture towards God, they called it a 'Muslim' look. Conveying that there are times when this is called for, the Dalai Lama changed the music to some very serious chants. As they began, he started singing "Falalalalalalalala," in a simple scale pattern, laughing in its wake. Conveying to me the balance of sacred respect, repentance, and reverence; he then reminded me that God also wants us to be joyful in His name.

"That joyous happiness of yours would be a source of joy, not something prohibited, a precept given by the Excellent Ones and a supreme (means) for assembling others."

A Guide to the Bodhisatva's Way of Life, Chapter VI, No. 77, (Buddhism, Tibetan, Author: Shantideva)

Again, I was experiencing the coming times, the aftermath of a war. Looking for shelter, I could find none amidst the horrid chaos, but a native man

approached me with peace, leading me to shelter in a cave. "You must understand the Jewish connection," he said, as I bowed in peaceful acceptance of his words. (9/11)

"Fortunate is he who greeted him with 'Peace,' and to whom he responded 'Peace.'"

The Siddur, Zemiros for the Departure of the Sabbath, Page 629, Stanza 7, (Judaism)

Shooting at the speed of light into the heavens to observe the stars, an unusually bright, long and hazy tunnel appeared. Before my eyes, a staircase came into being with grayish stone steps leading up to the tunnel. On each of the steps of this staircase, a white angel stood. Climbing the steps, I shot towards the tunnel, emerging at the other end. A message was conveyed to me that I could go wherever I wanted. "I KNOW!" I shouted, "I want to go to heaven!"

Immediately the stars began forming a huge vortex in motion. Becoming sea blue and eminently grand, my soul shot through the center of the *huge* circle of stars. An identical vortex of pink stars appeared, and as I shot through it, an amazing yellow vortex came to be. Going through it, I entered pure light! The light was increasing in brightness as I traveled through it. Coming upon an entry, I went inside as the most vivid and splendid colors I could ever have imagined surrounded me in forms I had never seen. Fifteen or twenty suns were blaring in its sky. Time drawing to a close, I took one last look at the colors in iridescence and pastel, deep and subtle. Shooting back through the entry, two angels took me home.

Coming back to my house, the angels pointed out to me that two guardian angels were standing beside my front door. Beautiful and very large, they were adorned with human features, hair the color of light and white robes with enormous wings. Bowing to both of them, I quietly thanked them for their protection.

"To follow the Lord is the beginning of Wisdom: And the knowledge of the Holy One is understanding . . . All Wisdom cometh from the Heavenly Father, and is with him forever. Through the holy Law doth the Angel of Wisdom guide the Children of Light. Who can number the sand of the sea, and the drops of rain, and the days of eternity? Who can find out the heights of heaven, and the breadth of the earth, and the deep, and wisdom? Wisdom hath been created before all things."

*The Essene Gospel of Peace, Book Three, Page 51, Top,
(Christianity, Gnostic/Essene)*

Getting lost in a dark realm, some nasty spirits had come to trick me. Confused and scared, I didn't have any idea how to escape from this plight, so after running this way and that, I simply stopped. Allowing the weight of my spirit to completely surrender, I expected to fall to the ground in a huge thud, but instead, as I surrendered to Christ, I shot like a rocket away from this horrible place, now standing in the center of two large mountains.

A doorway of light opened in the sky as Mary quietly appeared. Taking me on a journey to all the sites of her visitations in the 20th century, she allowed me the grace of seeing her as she had appeared in

each place. Humbled, I asked, "What may I give to you, Holy Mother, for this wonderful grace you have given me?" "Pray for souls," she conveyed as she disappeared.

Standing before my spirit, the Lord Jesus was asking me to do something for another soul. Expressing hesitation because of my illness, which remained undiagnosed, I knew doing this would cause me great pain and suffering. "Nothing is ever too much to give," He said. Nodding in shame, I apologized for my momentary selfishness. Appearing with a picture of the Pieta, a statue formed by Michelangelo depicting the scene where Christ lay dead in His Mother Mary's arms, two angels handed it to me. "This is a gift given to those who understand the true meaning of sacrifice."

Holding the picture, Jesus began walking towards me, and in His arms, He carried the Blessed Virgin as a baby. "I am as much a father to her, as she is a mother to me." He said. "In a sense, she is my daughter and I am her son, because in our uniting, we give birth to one another."

"By the law of nature, there is no pleasure in suffering; but Divine Love, when It reigns in a heart, makes it take delight in its sufferings."

The Voice of the Saints, The Meaning of Suffering, Page 122, No. 5, (Christianity, Catholic, Words of St. Alphonsus Liguori)

As debris was everywhere, I began obsessively cleaning everything in sight, thinking that this might please my friend when she returned. Because it was her reality I was cleaning up, I thought she would be

very excited. When she returned, however, she wasn't as pleased as I'd expected. "You forgot to clean the most important part," she said, as suddenly I saw two large ugly tarantulas inside of my body. Knowing that this was another remnant of my days wandering in darkness, I ordered them out. They began walking, one through each arm, until they left my body through each hand.

Disgusted and grossed out, my friend looked at me with care and consideration as there was no judgment, it just simply had to be done. In our efforts to help others with their defilement, we mustn't forget our own. In the end, we are all individually responsible for what lies within us, and we cannot purify another, just as another cannot purify us.

"If one runs after that which is not his, it flies from him, and what is more, he loses his own as well."

The Zohar (Kaballah), Volume V, Korah (Numbers), Page 238, Paragraph 2, (Judaism)

"And no bearer of a burden can bear the burden of another."

The Holy Qur'an, Part XV, Chapter 17, Section 2, No. 15, (Islam, Words of Mohammad)

Silent demons are worse than those who are more obvious, acting on impulse. Because their rage is multiplied by several times and are more likely to incite another to commit grave and deadly evil acts. Despite their sometimes benign appearance, the silent demons appear on the surface to never be angered, but inside they hold vile thoughts and hatreds, which they keep to themselves in public, but behind closed doors they energize hatred, destruction and disunity

in others.

"Hypocrites are excluded from the presence of God."

*The Talmudic Anthology, No. 147, Page 201, Stanza 5,
Sotah, 42a, (Judaism)*

Surrounded in the vile defilements of sin, I didn't know what to do, so I called out and surrendered to Jesus, as I immediately soared to a place within a mountain's hold. Although it wasn't our present home, it appeared to be one we might live in someday. (We were being given the initial clues which would eventually lead us to this place, which we have since done, and we remain there.) Inside, there was a small plaque that represented my work with music. But looking outside the window, the ancient sacred texts appeared to be the size of mountains and they completely surrounded the house like a cloak of armor. It appeared that the Lord was conveying that my musical path was small in comparison to the work involving the ancient sacred texts.

Soaring outside, a cloaked man stood in the mountain path. Initially, I reach toward him to unveil who he was, but then stopped. "I don't want this," I said, "I only want Jesus." Appearing in the sky and enveloping its entirety, His image was displayed much like an old Catholic icon. At his feet was a message. "JESUS. Sitting Sin Stings." Chastised for my recent vanity, Jesus knew that I'd gained a great deal of weight since pregnancy which I'd been unable to get off. Annoyed that I had given so much time to such a vain pursuit, rather than accepting my imperfections and focusing entirely on God, I didn't

yet understand the meaning of 'Sitting Sin Stings.' 'Sitting in Sin Stings?' I thought, not understanding the message it held for my soul, but I soon would. "I'm sorry, my Lord," I sighed to the heavens. Afraid to find the mysterious meaning of this message, I awoke ashamed and fearful of its impending truth.

"The death from which you flee, that will surely overtake you; then you will be sent back to the Knower of the unseen and the seen, so He will inform you of that which you did."

The Holy Qura'n, Part XXVIII, 62:8, (Islam, Words of Mohammad)

Wandering outside of form, my experience in regards to sitting in sin had plagued my mind, and my fears being diminished, I now truly wanted to understand the deeper meaning of the message Christ had come to give. Recognizing the monk who walked ahead of me, he had passed from the Earth two decades earlier, and was responsible for translating several of the most important Buddhist texts from the Pali canon into English. Wearing modern clothing, his head remained shaven in the acceptable manner of a Buddhist monk. Turning to me, he conveyed that I should study his translation of the work, 'The Path of Purification,' also known as the 'Visuddhi Magga.' Bowing to him, I nodded that I would. "Your writing, as it is done at this time, will be completely redone, and the Lord wishes for you to add quotations from the ancient sacred texts of all world religions to the current work." Further clarifying that the work was to be done with the basic theme of Purification as expressed in the Visuddhi Magga, the work should

illustrate the ancient texts experientially.

Studying the text made me aware of ignorance remaining within my soul which was causing the rise of karma. Dependent Origination, a Buddhist concept, became known to me. All phenomena arise from causes which we generate. Rather than panic because of Christ's message, I now sought to know it deeply. Because in seeking to unite with God, we cease generation of karmic result, energizing the proliferation of ignorance, whose causes must surface in order for them to be overridden in the quest for a higher destiny.

"With the arising of cankers, there is an arising of ignorance."

*The Path of Purification, Chapter XVII, No. 36,
(Buddhism, Theravadan)*

"Ignorance is an outstanding cause of kamma that leads to unhappy destinies . . . But craving for becoming is an outstanding cause of kamma that leads to happy destinies."

*The Path of Purification, Chapter XVII, No. 39-40,
(Buddhism, Theravadan)*

Standing before an aging storefront, a soul who had been struggling with terminal illness for several years awaited my arrival. Diabetic and in kidney failure, she couldn't survive without undergoing the rigors of dialysis three times a week.

Owning the store in my vision, I would go there every day and wait for the winds to pass. Kicking up about three in the afternoon, they'd remain deadly for several hours until they died down. Staying inside the store, we hoped that the windows

would not be blown out. "Why don't we just go live in another town?" I asked her one day, "This is ridiculous, going through natural disasters every single day. There must be some other place we can go where this doesn't happen." Calmly she said, "I cannot go anywhere else."

Knowing that the winds were going to be especially treacherous and dangerous one day, she had a very small little house that lay within a ravine aside the store. Having only one room, it was built with wooden shutters which could block the windows and the door in case of a day like this. Urging me to join her in the house to withstand the winds, I agreed as the clouds did look ominous.

Entering the small room, I almost felt like I was suffocating because it was so small, but I entered anyway because I knew that it was the only way. Bolting the two different doors that overlapped, we closed most of the shutters around the windows, too, but left a couple of them open so that we could watch the impending storm. The winds picked up quickly and dramatically as a woman who'd been walking along the parking lot knocked on the door, but my friend called out to her that we couldn't open the door because of the pressure. "But go run into the store," she said, "it's open. And run to the far end of the building away from the glass." Doing so, we watched her running and struggling to get there. Momentarily relaxing when she made it, all of a sudden we saw a huge funnel cloud approaching us directly. The house began blowing around in circles and bumping on the ground. Quickly jumping up, I ran to her window and closed the wooden protective barrier. "I don't

want you to get glass in your eyes," I said, as the funnel cloud whipped up the building, tossing us on our heads and all about.

Remembering that Andy and my daughters were in a house nearby, I panicked. "What can I do?" I thought. "I can't do anything to protect them from this!" No element remained within my control, and I could do nothing. We bopped around for quite some time before the funnel dropped us onto a very busy city street. Feeling that the winds were dying down, I'd opened the window behind me just a crack. Glass was broken and vehicles were coming towards us very quickly. Would they stop? Or were we about to be smashed to bits? It was out of our control and we couldn't do anything.

Before we could panic too badly, several city buses surrounded the little house to protect us from oncoming traffic. As we slowly exited through the door, many stood aside and clapped as they were grateful we had survived this awful day. Andy stood among them and walked forward, as my relief could not be measured. Taking his hand, we were suddenly walking in the parking lot of the store.

The windows had been completely blown out and debris was blocking many of the fallen windows. In a panic, we ran towards the building hoping to find the woman we had sent there for safety. Andy blocked my path. "I'm sorry, Andy. I didn't mean to put myself in harms way." "No," he said, "it's okay. You have to feel the pain."

Realizing suddenly the pain of those with terminal and chronic illness, I saw the analogy of their fight, of battling the destructive natural disaster that

hits them every day with valor and courage. 'How stressful it would be to have to join this woman in her battle everyday!' I thought. Overwhelming and constant, she had no choice in seeking a more amenable environment. She couldn't escape her own body, except were she to die. In the meantime, she must accept her fate and the fact that it was something she could not leave. "You have to feel the pain and fight the good fight," Andy said, "and in so doing, you will be sanctified and brought ever closer to holiness."

People with chronic and terminal illnesses serve a purpose for the remainder of us who do not yet suffer so. They teach us to be more compassionate, but because of their long-suffering, they also teach us about true courage, perseverance and sacrifice. Shared pain deepens love.

"At Christmas I was talking to our lepers and telling them that the Leprosy is a gift from God, that God can trust them so much that He gives them this terrible suffering . . . and one man who was completely disfigured started pulling at my sari.

'Repeat that,' he said. 'Repeat that this is God's love. Those who are suffering understand you when you talk like this, Mother Teresa.' Christ is really living his passion in these homes. In our people you can see Calvary."

*Prayertimes with Mother Teresa, Week Seven, Page 29,
(Christianity, Catholic, Words of Mother Teresa)*

In peaceful surroundings, the monasteries upon the top of the mountains had beckoned my soul as the snow had blanketed us in. No man aside from

the monks roamed these solitary areas. Visiting both Buddhist and Christian monasteries, I went to several that night where I learned of the many practices, prayers and rites that the monks were to follow.

Following their lead, I fell to the ground in hours of meditation, prayer and various penances for the Lord, but in each place, a number of the monks were impure, and indicated that such a level of discipline was unnecessary. Staring at me while I was bowed in prayer, I wouldn't leave my position of communion with God. Approaching to tell me that although this was the way the practices were meant to be done, there was no need for me to do them with such zeal. Discipline weak and hearts not purified, these monks were untrue.

Among the Buddhist and Christian monasteries, I realized that they were very much alike, and among the *true* monks, there was very little difference between them. (In my waking life, I didn't observe such a strict discipline as I am a mother.)

Preparing to leave, an old Catholic monk came to me whose hair had long since vanished, a few white strands remaining. Removing his cloak, he placed his hand upon my shoulder and with great sincerity, he said. "You are a true monk, you are the Lord's child, I see," concern filled his eyes, as he continued, "but the fact that some monks are not purified, makes an Earthly monastery incompatible to you. It is this that makes it important that you create your own monastery wherein you may serve God as God pleases." Directing me to be aware of the solitude of these places, the mountainous snowy setting was secluded from mankind. "You must live as they do,

but in your own setting. You must be prepared to make great changes on behalf of the Lord." With this, my spirit was sent away. (Again, he is referring to the home we did eventually find and make into our own monastery.)

"The Lord himself knows that in the last period there are (to be) wicked monks who do not understand mysterious speech. One will have to bear frowning looks, repeated disavowal (or concealment), expulsion from the monasteries, many and manifold abuses. Yet mindful of the command of the Lord of the world we will in the last period undauntedly proclaim this Sutra in the midst of the congregation."

Saddharma-Pundarika or the Lotus of the True Law, Chapter XII, Page 261, No.'s 16-18, (Buddhism, Nepalese)

Wearing a monk's robe, I was covered in the garment of the Catholic faith. Some Islamic renunciants saw me and began throwing fireballs at me. A voice told me, 'Islamic renunciants don't like Catholic monks.' Finding a box filled with old rosaries, I placed my fingers amongst them and was delivered from the strange assault. For a moment I felt within me the stupidity of religious hatred, as God created all peoples, whether they be Hindu, Islamic, Buddhist, Christian or otherwise; to disregard this is ignorant.

And so it came to pass through a series of experiences, I was shown aspects of the dark side as it manifests in various world religions. Hovering in the air over a vortexing whirlpool below, I was told that the Babe Batre was violent and unjust, especially

towards women. At the time, I didn't know that the Babe Batre was a tract of the Jewish Talmud. Arrogance and self-satisfaction were the failing of Nichiren, who founded the Nichiren sect of Buddhism. Profoundly, I was shown his dark liaisons. And as a certain branch of the Catholic monks of old came flying at me carrying their tools of self-torture, a stick with a hanging iron ball gilded with spikes, I felt their hatred of humanity. The Lord, in liberating me from them, made me to know that there is a difference between victim souls who are chosen by God whose sufferings come from above, and those who torture the body for no purpose other than their own self-hatred and hatred of others. God *is* love, and he wishes us to serve our individual functions as He so deigns, in whatever religion He might choose for them. And in the same vein, a great Old One appeared to me from the mountains in the sky, saying that the tribal religions go a bit further than necessary in their self-mutilation and torturous practices. Certain of the mystery sects were singled out as failing in humility. In particular, the Rosicrucians were shown to have a weakness in this arena, due to the intellectualized nature of their belief; they become dark when they fall into arrogance and intellectual pride.

Beyond this, I was shown that almost all religions share differing degrees of an element of darkness which cannot be sustained on a true spiritual path - control. Because of judgmental absolutism, and rigid observance of ritual and rule, they do not allow God to express himself uniquely in individual souls, because it doesn't follow their own

rigid practice or belief. Therefore, it is disregarded as coming from an evil force. Although discretion is always warranted in the acceptance of mystical experience, it is ignorant to refuse to accept God's movement within individual souls of many faiths, cultures and circumstances. God reaches to all of His children, in every part of the world.

As balance is always a required element of understanding, it is important to remember the many holy aspects in the world religions, as well. Throughout time there have been saints in every order who have been formed to be that which they were within the confines of religious rule and observance. These saints are in no way diminished by the failings of the political structure of religion, and in many cases, have been greatly increased because of their obedience to their faith. God chooses whom He chooses, and He has chosen many souls for holiness from all walks of life, from all religions (some from no religion at all), from all cultures, from all corners of the world. And in many respects, it is those saints who come from rigid rule who become the most holy, for they attain the highest levels of discipline. But this rigid rule becomes destructive when it disallows the natural mechanism of mortal realms to take place, karmic purification. For the saints who attain to such heights have already achieved this goal, while the remainder of humanity remains below in karmic circling unable to grasp their height. God reaches to us all, and let us thank Him for this gift, rather than limiting His holy movement within the consciousness of mankind through our own ignorance and fear.

"You may say that there are many errors and superstitions in another religion. I should reply: Suppose there are, every religion has errors. Everyone thinks that his watch alone gives the correct time. It is enough to have yearning for God."

The Gospel of Sri Ramakrishna, Chapter 4, Page 112, Paragraph 1, (Hinduism, Words of Sri Ramakrishna)

"The purpose of religion as revealed from the heaven of God's holy will is to establish unity and concord amongst the peoples of the world; make it not the cause of dissension and strife."

The Tablets of Baha'u'llah, Chapter 8, Ishra'q'at, The ninth Ishra'q, Paragraph 1, (Baha'i, Author: Baha'u'llah)

"Run not after rule."

The Talmudic Anthology, No. 146, Page 194, Stanza 6, Pesikta Rabbati, 22, (Judaism)

Soaring outside of my body, I felt the sheer of the spirit as the eternal directed me to the heavens. Beginning to demonstrate how a single soul can affect millions by doing God's will, I watched and saw as the energies of the Lord poured through my lithe form and my spirit followed His commands without hesitation. In a way that defies words, I understood how truly significant every single soul can be. But I knew that my small little life could be very large in God's eyes, if I would follow His will. Beyond that, I was told that it is *only* by following God's commands without hesitation, regardless of how little sense it may seem to make at the time, that a soul can ever achieve true greatness, in an eternal sense.

"All do We aid - these as well as those - out of the bounty of thy Lord, and the bounty of thy Lord is not

limited. See how We have made some of them to excel others. And certainly the Hereafter is greater in degrees and greater in excellence."

The Holy Qur'an, Part XV, Chapter 17, Section 2, No. 20-21, (Islam, Words of Mohammad)

As my spirit was hurled down a waterfall, an old white-haired druid with a long beard appeared above. Handing me a large staff, I knew that it represented the energies of the ancient sacred texts throughout time, which the Lord had ordered me to retrieve. Reaching, I grasped tightly to the end of the staff as I accepted their energies and the responsibility that entailed.

But just before I was outside of hearing range, the druid spoke. Conveying to me a sacred responsibility regarding the texts, I accepted and understood.

Suddenly, I was dead, and my tasks were complete. Although it appeared that I had died before my work was finished, this was not the case.

"The Torah remains only with him who is prepared to slay himself for its sake."

The Talmudic Anthology, No. 370, Stanza 1, Zohar, ii, 158b: c, 279a, (Judaism)

"Therefore, in order to benefit all beings I shall give up this body without any attachment . . ."

A Guide to the Bodhisattva's Way of Life, Chapter VIII, No. 184, (Buddhism, Tibetan, Author: Shantideva)

CHAPTER SIX

*"'As it hath been said: 'Now Thou drawest me to the
summit of glory, again Thou castest me into the
lowest abyss.'"*

*The Seven Valleys and the Four Valleys, The Second
Valley, Page 53, Paragraph 1, (Baha'i, Author:
Baha'u'llah)*

As I had been sitting in sin, and such a state would indeed sting, I broke out in a rash all over my body. Open bloody sores pierced my legs, feet and groin, while the hives lingered on every other part of my body.

As my physical body got sicker and sicker (still undiagnosed), and my blood pressure soared, it began to appear as if I could die. In this moment, when all else seemed out of my hands, my death became real and haunting as the Lord began to open my eyes. It was the week of the 159th day . . . the day of my death.

In that week, the Lord made it possible for me to see the true grossness of vice, in particular, that of vanity, a vice I was taught by the world and indulged in all of my life. Perhaps words cannot express what I now felt, but I saw vanity from God's eyes, and was horrified by its disgusting nature. Vanity is so very ugly. But beyond this, that week had been a true battle between me and darkness, as they were trying very hard to overcome my physical strength and do me in. These are my thoughts as they occurred on day 159:

I'm very sick as I write this, but I feel I must leave these final words, whether I truly die today or not, for they speak of this horrible truth that every soul must face when they look upon their own death, and when they enter into the abyss of their own sin. The Lord has shown me many things, things that could be of value to every soul to know.

As horrible dark creatures have been purged of my soul these past few months, I have gone through repeated temptations and glimmerings into the workings of temptation. I have seen that I am and always have been very attracted to vanity and destructive sexual energy and it is these energies that have allowed the presence of spindly demons, tarantulas, spiders and bees. I have seen that my attraction to this came from a sexual crime which was perpetrated on me long ago, and I have been given the grace to see the vileness of that act and how the Lord looks upon this sin by the perpetrator.

But I have been given this grace from a vantage point of detachment, wherein I see that my vices are still my own, and despite their origination, it is my duty to God to discover the truth and amend my own life, irregardless of what others may have done.

"In the other life, a person never suffers punishment because of inherited evil, because it does not belong to him. That is, he is not at fault for being what he is in this respect. Rather, he suffers punishment because of the realized evil that does belong to him - that is, the amount of inherited evil that he has made his own by his life activities."

Heaven & Hell, Chapter 37, No. 342, Paragraph 3, Page 258, (Christianity, Swedenborgianism, Author: Emanuel

Swedenborg)

Having seen that to judge and hold anger is a grave sin which pulls a creature far away from God, doing so allays the application of mercy to your own soul. Now I truly know what it means, 'Judge not, lest ye be judged.' And the horrid creatures, now that they are all outside of me, my body feels almost like acid has burned it from the inside out, as if the exit of such vile substance was as traumatic as their existence. And repeatedly, the creatures have come after me in my sleep and in my wakefulness, for I see them as if they were physical. Bees hit my chest with the ferocity of a lightning-bolt, as my blood pressure soars and I feel pains from inside out. I've never felt such pain . . . or disgust.

"And why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but perceivest not the beam that is in thine own eye?"

*King James Bible, New Testament, Luke 6:41,
(Christianity, Words of Christ)*

Through the Lord's eyes, I have come to know the vileness that we are surrounded in our world, the disgusting nature of the lives we lead. It is so hard to express, and I'm certain, hard to understand from the other side of this view. For before I had seen it . . . I did not see it. Before I had felt it, I didn't feel the absolute nausiousness and pounding head pain that accompanies the mere resolution that has come to my vision of the disgusting nature of my own crimes against God, and the way our world pollutes the beauty of all the Lord has created. All is vanity, all is vanity. There is nothing more profound than viewing your own sins from the purity of God's eyes and

seeing who you really are, rather than what you believe yourself to be. I've come to know that all humans have a very untrue perception of themselves, shadowed by many layers of self-delusion, which if revealed, would shock every one of them into a state of repentance.

My entire delusion about the purpose of life has also been shattered. I've entered a limbo about the reason for existence, as all that I now see within our world with very little exception, is so meaningless in God's eyes. How much time we waste on useless things, my feelings of disgust for the things of this world are deep at this moment. The vain renderings of flattery, pursuing unworthy goals which attend to self-glorification or self-gratification, lustful attempts to attract the opposite sex; where is the pursuit for the attainment of God, eternal love and mercy? The purification of our souls must surely be the only reason for our existence in these mortal realms; the purification of vice and the perfection of virtue. My children are so important to me now, because I don't know if I will live to raise them. Oh, how important the Lord considers our sacred obligation to the little ones.

"How much more reprehensible are those whose thoughts and deeds are concentrated upon their bodily desires and the time's vanities, whose souls do not ponder the fear of God nor draw it intimately into the fabric of their heart and of their innermost being, nor into their regularly appointed contemplations . . ."

The Gates of Repentance, Second Gate, IX, First Paragraph, (Judaism, Author: Rabbeinu Yonah of Gerona)

Grace and the strength of Christ have kept me alive through this, for this experience has been paralyzing and hard to accept. But I do not feel that I will remain sick forever, I feel that this sickness is being taken from me, and thus, I will someday feel anew. Then I will again be able to feel the love, joy, harmony and mercy of all that which is true. In the meantime, I must accept what is true within me, although it is the most difficult thing to do. For how can anyone see such filth within themselves, know it to be true, see how vile it is, feel the disgust with which God sees it, and then go on? It is a *true* death, one of which I do not yet know how to transcend. For there is a true dying occurring within both my body and soul.

Perhaps the monk who told me in regards to exorcizing dark things from within, 'these things take time,' misspoke the enormity of the task, for indeed an eternity would not be enough.

I am consoled only by the reminder from the Lord that He knows that we cannot ever attain eternal love if we don't first attempt imperfect love. Some people feel it would be best to deny love than ever take the risk of offending God with imperfect love. I believe this offends God more. In this hour of misery, I cannot get out of my head the saving word that delivered me from hell, 'Mercy.'

If every one of us were to see ourselves as God sees us, we would be implicitly merciful to all, no matter what their sin. For to judge another, is to be blind to the truth of yourself. Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy. In my hour of wretchedness and death, surrounded by the

realization and knowledge of all that is vile within me, all I can ask for is mercy, and hope that God grants more mercy to me than I have shown my fellow man. For vice and corruption are truly not seen in those who are filled with it. I did not see it, until now. And now that I see it, I am so overwhelmed; I cannot even give the words to express what I feel. Pain fills my body and mind, and the assaults of the demons who wish to hold these crimes against God within me forever, if only they knew what I know. Mercy.

"And when ye stand praying, forgive, if ye have ought against any: that your Father also which is in heaven may forgive you your trespasses. But if ye do not forgive, neither will your Father which is in heaven forgive your trespasses."

*King James Bible, New Testament, Mark 11:25-26,
(Christianity, Words of Christ)*

For now, I must die. All that is within me, is worthy of death. It must be plucked out like a cancer destroying my very soul. And in the ashes, I will rise again.

Mercy, mercy, mercy.

Last night, as the horrid bee stung my heart I called to Christ for His grace and strength. My strength was gone, and I was surrounded by an all-out affront from the demonic, surrounded in only vile things. All alone, I asked Christ to sustain me through the battle, and He did. The Lord's Presence came strongly, with the knowledge that this battle was one I must fight, that I was indeed very vulnerable and close to death, and that it was not known who would win this battle. If I were to die, it

would mean I had failed, so therefore, I fight, for the beast will not tear down this temple of the Lord, just as it has finally achieved its greatest victory, the knowledge of itself! For now, this temple can rise again and be true!

"And he said unto me, 'My grace is sufficient for thee: for my strength is made perfect in weakness.' Most gladly therefore will I rather glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me."

*King James Bible, New Testament, Galatians 1 12:9,
(Christianity, Words of Christ)*

Still, I fight. If I were to pass from this world today, I ask only one thing of those I leave behind. Please forgive me, if you can. I truly forgive all now, because I know what forgiveness really means. Sin isn't personal, it's ignorant. To think how vain, how arrogant it was that I could even have thought that you might need forgiveness from a soul as wretched as my own. I have been humbled by the Almighty One.

"And whosoever shall exalt himself shall be abased; and he that shall humble himself shall be exalted."

*King James Bible, New Testament, Matthew 23:12,
(Christianity, Words of Christ)*

Satan wants people to despair and believe they are out of reach of the love of God. Having looked upon the bees and tarantulas, I realized that the bees were more assaultive and quick, while the tarantulas were more subtle and sneaky. Bees hit you right in the heart and other vital organs with lightning bolts of destructive energy, while the tarantulas prefer to enter while you are asleep, unaware, working a slower, more precise destruction from within.

As I'd looked upon them, I suddenly felt compassion. "Isn't it a horrible existence to be like you?" I asked, as they had cowered slowly. "To live solely for the purpose of the destruction of souls; the dismantling of all hope and love within humanity. That is so sad." Becoming more shadowed, I continued, "You know, I'm absolutely certain that even *you* could be redeemed, even a demon, if you turned to God. Jesus would have mercy on even your souls, if you would let Him deliver you from this abyss." With this, I felt their sadness, but also knew that they were unwilling to make this turn, despite their tremendous despair.

From that moment on, I felt no more fear of them. Going to the abyss taught me compassion for those who must live within it always, because they are too frightened or remote from the ways of God's love.

"A holy man was coming that way one day, and the cowboys warned him of the serpent. 'My children,' said, the holy man, 'I am not afraid. I know Mantras to protect me from harm of all kinds.' And he continued his way and the snake attacked him with upraised hood. On the incantation of some charm by him the snake fell helpless at his feet. 'Why do you,' said the holy man, 'go about doing evil to others? Let me give you a holy name (of God) to repeat always, and you shall learn to love God, and your desire to do evil to others will leave you.' So saying he gave him the holy name and went away."

Teachings of Sri Ramakrishna, The Worldly Minded, No. 285, (Hinduism, Words of Sri Ramakrishna)

It is in that moment of realization, when our

despair and pain mount to a level indescribable at our offenses to the Lord, that God loves us the most. When a soul no longer believes it is worthy of God's love, it actually becomes the most worthy, for it has attained humility, a virtue beautiful in the eyes of God. The gravest sin, I have been shown through the Lord, is not to forgive. Forgive them, even if they are unable to acknowledge the harm they do, forgive them.

"And Jesus answering said unto them, 'They that are whole need not a physician: but they that are sick. I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance.'"

*King James Bible, New Testament, Luke 5:31-32,
(Christianity, Words of Christ)*

Allow me to clarify what forgiveness is. It is a choice to bear no ill will or desire for revenge towards a person who may have caused you harm, whether intentionally or inadvertently. When forgiveness is given to a remorseful and repentant offender, it is a way of saying that you accept their imperfection as a human being. When forgiveness is given to an unremorseful and unrepentant offender, it is a way of saying that you accept their inherent ignorance, and their inability to recognize their impact.

But in such a case, you must also draw a strong and bold line. For souls who do not recognize their impact upon others can become the most dangerous of people, and forgiveness does not mean allowing dangerous people to remain in your life, or affording them the freedom to continue causing harm in society. If mercy were absolute, there would be no hell. There is a hell, just as there are prisons, because

there are souls who refuse to take responsibility for their acts. Forgive them, but don't allow darkness to reign by removing consequences.

Lord, I love thee with all my heart and soul and mind. Please Lord be more merciful upon me than I deserve and purify my soul of the stains of sin in which I sit. Born of mercy, by mercy, for mercy, for the greater glory of God. Forgive me, if you can. Mercy, mercy, mercy. Forevermore, mercy. Forgive me. Forgive me. Forgive me.

"You suffer, for Satan and his diseases torment your bodies. But fear not, for their power over you will quickly end . . . by your fasting and your prayer, you have called back the lord of your body and his angels. And now Satan torments you so grievously, for he feels that the end is come. But let not your hearts tremble, for soon will the angels of God appear, to occupy again their abodes and rededicate them as temples of God."

*The Essene Gospel of Peace, Book Four, Page 30-31,
Bottom & Top, (Christianity, Gnostic/Essene, Words of
Christ)*

Standing at the foot of a huge mountain, I noticed that it was covered in snow. Knowing the journey would be difficult; I realized it had to be undertaken. About twenty friends were with me at this point, but as I began to climb, they remained in the foothills. Within moments, I stood at the top of this highest peak alone. Andy was there, but in the background, for this journey had been a solitary one.

Appearing from inside a cave, a man took me hostage. Intending to kill me, this demon wanted me

dead simply because I had reached the pinnacle of God's holy understanding. If the demon allowed me to descend this mountain, he knew I would tell of this holy knowledge of virtue and vice to those below. Knowing that I would speak of how we mustn't allow ourselves to walk in the acceptance of vice, but rather, travel the painful, heart-wrenching path of awakening and remembrance; demonic forces would prefer that we tell everyone that whatever they do is okay, but this is not God's will.

The demon at the top of the mountain tried to kill me, but failed, and I descended the mountain to tell the others of what I had found. When I got there, everyone had left me behind, for they were afraid of this descent into the deeper reaches of my soul. Fearful of this dark night of the soul, they walked away, afraid that being near me would bring the truth of these matters into their awareness. Unwilling to acknowledge that darkness remained within them, as well; they had convinced themselves that this abysmal path was my own and had nothing to do with them.

He shows us our sin and our corruption, but still, we must cleanse it. It will not just be taken from you, you must be willing to give all you have to satisfy the purification of your own corruption; herein lies deliverance, by the power of God, but through your own hand. Herein lies the purpose of the dark night of the soul.

"This divine purge stirs up all the foul and vicious humors of which the soul was never before aware; never did it realize there was so much evil in itself, since these humors were so deeply rooted. And now

that they may be expelled and annihilated they are brought to light and seen clearly through the illumination of this dark light of divine contemplation. Although the soul is no worse than before, neither in itself nor in its relationship with God, it feels undoubtedly so bad as to be not only unworthy that God should see it but deserving of His abhorrence."

The Collected Works of St. John of the Cross, The Dark Night, Chapter 10, No. 2, (Christianity, Catholic, Author: St. John of the Cross)

"When thy passions rebel, do thou rebel against them. When they fight, do thou fight them. When they attack thee, do thou attack them. Only beware lest they conquer thee."

The Voice of the Saints, In Temptation, Page 65, No. 4, (Christianity, Catholic, Words of St. Augustine)

Standing within a school house, two women were arguing. One was a party girl, and the other was more reserved and virtuous. Walking away, the virtuous girl was no longer present as I walked towards the party girl. Dressed very sexually, I looked at her calmly and said. "I used to be just like you. I thought it was cool to be the party-girl, the fun one, the one that everybody noticed and wanted to hang around. But I was wrong. It is much more virtuous to be somewhat reserved and more prudent about what you wear and how you behave. It is a very different thing to try to look nice because you want to be your best, but it is quite another to dress in a very sexual manner, wearing lots of jewelry and makeup, simply for the purpose of attracting

attention and wanting everyone to notice you, that is vanity and it is a deadly sin." Looking at me strangely, I walked away.

There are seven deadly sins according to the bible: Sloth, Greed, Vanity, Avarice, Gluttony, Lust and Pride. If you are incarnate, you came in with a tendency towards at least one and more likely two or three. Virtue must replace vice, but the desires and cravings that come from vice must naturally amend into the higher thinking that results in virtue: Wisdom, Justice, Temperance, Courage, Faith, Hope and Charity (Love). Forgive and be merciful to all . . . for as Christ said, it is easy to love those that love you, but it is hard to love those that hate you.

"Do not think lightly of evil, saying, 'It will not come to me.' By the constant fall of waterdrops, a pitcher is filled; likewise the unwise person, accumulating evil little by little, becomes full of evil."

Dhammapada, Canto IX, No. 121, Page 51, (Buddhism)

"Before I come as the just Judge, I am coming first as the King of Mercy."

Divine Mercy, Notebook 1, Page 42, No. 83, (Christianity, Catholic, Words of Christ, Author: Sister M. Faustina Kowalska)

Coming to me in the night with a message to impart, he said, "You have Lupus, and everything is going to be okay because it is God's will." Having contracted it during a huge chemical spill years ago, he bade me to accept it and do my best to live within its confines. Thanking him, he disappeared.

Taken to a very demonic young man, he was in

distress. Because of his evil nature, nobody was willing to help him, so I walked towards him and placed my hands up his head. As I did this, he became a baby, and I held him and comforted him until he was calm and felt safe. Turning to his brother, I said, "Be merciful to him, and you will see him change." Taking him into his arms, he changed back to his current age. Although evil was still present, his energy had been completely altered, as love's power was present in his tearful looking upon my countenance. "Be merciful, my dear child, and mercy will come to you." Tears began pouring in his release, and as they fell, some of his demons began to emerge and leave him.

Awaking suddenly to face a large demon tarantula sitting upon the pillow next to my hand, I realized that he had been unable to enter into me because I was holding the rosary.

"At death we will not be judged by the amount of work we did but by the love we put into it. And this love must come from self-sacrifice and be felt until it hurts."

*The Love of Christ, Part II, Page 55, Paragraph 7,
(Christianity, Catholic, Words of Mother Teresa)*

Soaring through space, the eternal call had led me to a home that was up for sale. A woman was about to buy the house and she was with her real estate agent preparing to write out a contract on the home. My job was to stop her, for presences lurked within this house of which she was unaware.

Appearing in spirit form to them, they were unafraid. Asking the woman to follow me into the

basement, which was a very ornate part of the home, they followed with caution. As soon as we were there, I commanded the spirit of Satan to reveal himself. Apparently, this home had been the site of satanic ritual, and the demonic forces were very well established here. Appearing immediately, the demons tried to hide their faces from the light. "This house is inhabited by Satan," I said to the lady, "do not move here." Satan's presence was not seen, but felt, and hordes of his demons infested this place like termites.

In shock, the woman appeared grateful as she ripped up the papers. The real estate agent seemed more concerned with the loss of a sale. Flying away, my task was done.

"Many people, when moved by fear, run to mountains, jungles, hermitages, shrines and trees in search of safety and asylum. But these are no real refuge and they afford no real protection . . . But if sometime someone turns for refuge to the buddha's, the dharma and the sangha . . . this is the real refuge." Training the Mind in the Great Way, Point 1, Page 87-88, (Buddhism, Tibetan, Author: Gyalwa Gendun Druppa, the 1st Dalai Lama)

Several people were waiting for me to arrive to give them a teaching about the lower realms. Standing before an icy pond, one side of the pond was disconnected from the rest and was almost like a bog; filled with seaweed, growths and stagnant murky water. The other side of the pond was deep, clear and clean, kept that way by an underground stream which funneled into it from a cave below the depths. Beginning to speak about the chaos realm, I compared

it to the stagnant part of the pond. "The chaos realm always appears to be constantly moving, when in fact it is as stagnant as this pond; stagnant in thought, evolution or motion toward a higher ideal. Chaos contains the thoughts and actions of beings who are caught up in senseless motion, the type of motion that actually precludes any real movement towards God. So, although those beings who operate in chaos, either in the physical realm or in the actual realm called chaos, perceive that they are quite busy, there is no movement and their thoughts and actions actually look as rancid and motionless as this bog."

"The movement you see in the water on the other side is the correct way, as the water constantly purifies itself and alters itself to accommodate reality at the present level. The past and the present are inexorably tied to each other in their motion, but not enslaved. Past and present can meet, as can present and future, but they meet because there is true movement, which is quiet and inner. You cannot see on the surface of either of these two ponds the inner processes that make one a bog, and one a clear flowing stream, for this movement is unseen to the human eye, it is underground. True movement comes on an inner level, but those residing in chaos still perceive outer movement as the path to evolution. So they find themselves wandering around aimlessly in chaos."

Their confusion and irritation at this were obvious, with the exception of one soul. Apparently, these were souls currently living in chaos, and only one was ready to speak of the peaceful movement. "If you want to find the truth, you must stop like the

clear pond and allow the waters of the spirit to come into you, it is in this that a soul begins to truly move."

Turning, I left the scene.

"A single word full of meaning, hearing which one becomes at peace, is better than a thousand words which are empty of meaning."

Dhammapada, Canto VIII, No. 100, Page 43, (Buddhism)

Behind me, the old casket they bore was heavy and old. The funeral procession was long and arduous, following many miles of hills and valleys. Ahead of me, a young minister was walking, and I knew immediately the state of his soul. Although he had a sincere heart, he'd also had weaknesses towards lust which had kept him from perfection. Those who carried the casket were energetic and strong, but I was falling weak. Journeying this procession had left me sick and tired, and I turned to give them a warning look. My eyes told them I didn't know how much longer I could go on.

The abyss had weakened me, and I could no longer carry the casket which contained the deadness which had been purged. Suddenly, I collapsed to the ground, unable to go any further. After all the battles I'd undergone with the demonic, I was now failing from sheer exhaustion, which I'm sure made the demons joyous.

But before anyone could respond, a huge light began shining in front of me. Looking up, it came towards me at a speed indescribable and entered into my soul. As it did, my spirit was lifted up off the ground and began floating forward in the direction of the procession. Smiling with glee, I knew that my

body did not move of its own accord, and that in my weakest moment, when there was only a little further to go, the Lord God was carrying me the rest of the way, so that I could bury my past properly.

The minister fell to his knees in worship of the obvious presence of the Lord. Others fell, too, somehow conveying to me that this act of God had shown them how deeply God must love me, which had changed their view of me as a soul. As they were mortal, they had judged me according to appearances, and my honesty about my status as a sinner. The lengths in which I would go to confess made them look down upon me.

As I was carried, the Lord made to know that the minister had tried to hide his lust and imperfection, and that despite my own sins of a similar nature; it was my humility and clear confession of those deeds which made me more loveable to Him. Because of this, He wouldn't allow my own weakness to hinder completion of this phase.

As God carried my soul, I shed tears of gratitude and joy, for he wouldn't allow me to fall, he wouldn't allow me to fall . . .

"They went into another garden and saw there people digging graves and dying immediately, and coming to life again with holy, luminous bodies.'What does this mean?' they asked. He replied: 'They do this every day. As soon as they lie in the dust the evil taint which they received at first is consumed and they rise at once with new and luminous bodies, those in which they stood at Mount Sinai. As you see them, so they stood at Mount Sinai, with bodies free from all taint; but when they drew upon themselves the evil

imagination, they were changed into other bodies."
The Zohar (Kaballah), Volume V, Shelah Lecha (Numbers),
Page 234, Top, (Judaism)

And so it came to pass that Satan and his forces made continual assaults on my body. At night, they would grab my legs and refuse to let go, until I ordered them to leave in Jesus' name. One night in particular, Satan came with hundreds of his demons trying to have me killed, but I remembered how powerful God is, and simply ordered them to leave again, in Jesus' name. Amidst these assaults, I found that whenever any demon or dark force is near, attacking you, or even just trying to tempt you, you may order them to leave in the name of Jesus Christ, and they *must* obey. Several times, the really sick ones would come and tell me to do evil things, which angered me even more, but it helped me to understand how Satan works within those whose hearts are ignorant or already darkened enough to respond to these sub-conscious promptings. They feed on your anger towards others, your feelings of hopelessness, and your vice.

Energizing your weaknesses, they tempt you to commit acts of evil, from slander to murder, by making you feel that vengeance is your own, rather than God's. But again, I simply ordered them to leave in Jesus' name. Many times, they would come in disguises, but as soon as they were ordered to leave in Jesus' name, they would metamorphosize back into their demonic form, look annoyed and disappear by the power of God.

On one occasion, someone had come to me

from my past, offering an insincere apology, but I didn't recognize its insincerity and I accepted it. As soon as I did, a stick bug demon attempted to enter my neck. Pulling it off, I glanced at this person whose motives were clear. The serpent comes in many faces.

On other occasions, demons would take the form of my husband, Andy, and it would only be through my energetic awareness that I could identify what was happening. One time, a demon disguised as Andy came on to me sexually, but I immediately knew it was not him. Seeing a cross manifest in the sky, I knew I was under temptation and ordered him to leave. Revealing himself as a slimy green with pointy ears and horns, he left.

Interestingly, when we seem to have overcome temptations on a conscious level, there still lies beneath the surface of our souls subtler levels of vice which must be purified. We must purify our souls on all levels, mind, body and soul, the physical, our thoughts, and our dreams, in that order . . . and to do this is a great task, for our tendencies, karmic and otherwise, run deep.

"Many think that merely refraining from adulteries in the body is chastity, when yet that is not chastity unless there is abstention in the spirit also."

*Marital Love, Chapter VI, Page 213, No. 153,
(Christianity, Swedenborgianism, Author: Emanuel
Swedenborg)*

"The tempter, ever on the watch, wages war most violently against those whom he sees most careful to avoid sin."

*The Voice of the Saints, In Temptation, Page 64, No. 2,
(Christianity, Catholic, Words of St. Leo the Great)*

"The devil is only permitted to tempt thee as much as is profitable for thy exercise and trial, and in order that thou, who didst not know thyself, mayest find out what thou art."

*The Voice of the Saints, In Temptation, Page 64, No. 3,
(Christianity, Catholic, Words of St. Augustine)*

"The spiritual combat in which we kill our passions to put on the new man is the most difficult struggle of all. We must never weary of this combat, but fight the holy fight fervently and perseveringly."

*The Voice of the Saints, In Temptation, Page 64, No. 4,
(Christianity, Catholic, Words of St. Nilus)*

Taking me to another soul ready to make the final passing, this very merciful woman was having trouble making her crossing because of the grudges that other souls had held against her during her life. Lying on the floor and waiting to be attended to as I arrived, three other women stood around her, subconscious astral, all of whom had been friends. Ironically, the decedent was in some respects a mother figure to all of them, and had given them advice and guidance during their lives. Feeling great caring for their souls, she watched out for them with a certain light of the divine.

But these ungrateful souls were focusing on her occasional tendency to be rather robust in her guidance, usually when they were very much in danger of falling away from the path of the Lord. It surprised me that this rather virtuous soul was held down by their lack of mercy, but it was immediately known to me that I was to obtain forgiveness for her from these unforgiving friends. "I find it so very

difficult to understand that you are holding onto such a petty fault when you yourselves have ones which are much greater and will require a much more complex level of mercy than that of the soul of your friend." In only a moment, they realized that this was true, and they offered their absolution . . . walking away in somewhat of a state of shame.

As they did this, I prayed to the Lord as He sent down a beam of light towards the body of this woman who was immediately transformed into a robe of white light. Still inanimate, her body swirled up into the sky in a standing position and was vortexing for quite some time before her eyes opened and she looked directly above her. Opening in welcome, the gates of heaven were before her and she soared towards them, never looking back.

It wasn't made clear to me, however, whether she was held back because of her own desire for her friend's absolution, or because their forgiveness was required. Had she turned to the Lord for absolution after their refusal, perhaps her sins would have been loosed irregardless.

And so it came to pass that I began working with souls on forgiveness in the astral states. In particular, I worked with the soul of a young man who was trying to leave a dangerous gang. But leaving these gangs is almost always a guarantee of death. So I visited the remaining gang members subconsciously, assessed their energies and had them look at pictures of their former buddy amongst the gang. Erasing him out of the picture with a pencil eraser, it seemed to create confusion on their parts and send their focus elsewhere. It was the Lord's wish

that souls who tried to turn away from former evil ways, be given the opportunity to do so in peace.

And so all measures that could be taken, were taken; however, it was clear that there was no guarantee for any of these souls. They would have to stand and perhaps be willing to fall, in order to save their souls from what they had energized in the past. All comes from causes, all comes from causes.

"Dismiss all anger and look into yourself a little. Remember that he of whom you are speaking is your brother, and, as he is in the way of salvation, God can make him a Saint, in spite of his present weakness."

The Voice of the Saints, In Temptation, Page 68, No. 1, (Christianity, Catholic, Words of St. Thomas of Villanova)

Many nights passed where I was allowed to traverse back in time to days of old when I was a member of different religious orders: Buddhist, Catholic, Tribal, and Mystery Religions. Beyond that, I was given to experience lives as a layperson in many of them, too: Jewish, Hindu, Buddhist, Christian, and Moslem. This knowledge gave me a sense of unity.

"The dreaming mind recalls past impressions. It sees again what has been seen; it hears again what has been heard, enjoys again what has been enjoyed in many places. Seen and unseen, heard and unheard, enjoyed and unenjoyed, the real and the unreal, the mind sees all; the mind sees all."

The Upanishads, Prashna Upanishad, Stanza 5, Page 164, (Hinduism, Translation: Eknath Easwaran)

And so it came to pass that my soul continued

an intrusive self-examination, a life-review, to take note of all the harm I had caused, all the sins I had committed, and all the ways in which I had gone wrong. The time came when this process of examining my past deeds SEEMED to come to an end, as I had learned much and begun amending my life, but the ugliness that it had left upon my soul remained visible.

Then it was that I was taken to a place where a priest was giving baptism to all of God's children ready and willing to be cleansed. Not feeling worthy, I bowed in the other direction, my ugliness was too visible. But another priest appeared and took my arm. "Hurry, go now, before he is done and is gone." Pushing me down the aisle towards the altar, tears began streaming down my face.

White light was the essence with which this priest was created; his face, his hands, his robes. He was not of this Earth, but of heaven. Kneeling to the floor and bowing before the altar, the priest poured an entire cistern of living water over my head as I cried openly. Speaking words in another language, I cried because I could actually feel my sins being forgiven and taken away from me as he spoke. The signs of my sins were no longer visible upon my face and body, for these waters had washed my soul clean.

As he finished his invocation, I began to rise quietly away from the altar, still in tears and in awe of the blessing of baptism that had been given me. My stains had been blotted out, as the Lord Jesus had promised! Our sins will be forgiven us, if we will go to the Father and seek it.

"He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved . . ."

*King James Bible, New Testament, Mark 16:16,
(Christianity, Words of Christ)*

***"I am baptizing you with water, for repentance, but the one who is coming after me is mightier than I. I am not worthy to carry his sandals. He will baptize you with the holy Spirit and fire. His winnowing fan is in his hand. He will clear his threshing floor and gather his wheat into his barn, but the chaff he will burn
with unquenchable fire."***

*New American Bible, New Testament, Matthew 3:11-12,
(Christianity, Words of John the Baptist)*

A vision of light which honored my very tears at his presence, Padre Pio, the stigmatized priest who was truly a saint of our century, appeared to me conveying many things. Many tears were falling down his face and as he wiped them away, he told me that his tears had come about because of people's indifference to Jesus' pain.

Still suffering from his wounds (stigmata) which were given to him during his life, Padre Pio looked very frail and ill. Asking him if praying for him would help, he told me that we should always pray for people because sometimes the Lord grants what we ask. "Your devotion is good in God's eyes," he said, "a soul who thinks about God is dear to Him." Wanting me to know that he had been watching over my soul long before I even knew of his existence, he said that he had given me his blessing November 7, 1995, over 1 1/2 years ago. Honored by his care for us, even before we knew of his holy existence, I bowed to him in thanks.

"How careful men should be," he said, 'to abstain from sin and to watch their actions, for at many periods the world is judged and every day deeds are placed in the balance and examined on high and recorded before the Almighty; and when the deeds of men are not approved before the King, wrath arises and judgment is awakened. But if when the executioners of judgment are ready to strike and wrath impends, there is found in the generation a righteous man who is inscribed above, then God looks upon him and His wrath is mollified."

The Zohar (Kaballah), Volume V, Korah (Numbers), Page 239, Paragraph 3, (Judaism)

A huge light began blaring from the center of my chest as I had awakened in my sleep. My Lourdes rosary, which had water encased within it from the holy shrine, was shining. Taking it to bed with me every night, my spirit looked up above into the sky as my beloved Jesus was kneeling at the foot of the Father, their robes white as snow in the heavenly mirage. It seemed I had just given birth, and it was a very holy birth.

But the Lord was concerned that I should rest, for my journey had been harrowing, both spiritually and physically. Conveying that He had chosen me for this work because of my sinfulness, He wanted me to lead sinners back to His holy heart. In my wretchedness, perhaps other souls would see the vastness of God's mercy to those who repent.

As I gazed upon this holy vision, now beginning to fade, I felt God's love so greatly and fully, and I cannot express my joy. For in this

moment, I felt God's love for me, and that despite this great trial in the abyss, wherein I felt as though God could not possibly love me anymore, I knew that the Lord had never left my side, He'd only made his presence less obvious to test my faith. But in this deep abiding presence I also felt great satisfaction, in that, this trial was necessary, it was fulfilled, and its fruits would be deeply holy.

For a moment, I was given a vision of the blood of the lamb as I knew that my soul had been washed in His holy sacrifice, and I was honored.

"Ye shall see the Son of man sitting on the right hand of power, and coming in the clouds of heaven."

King James Bible, New Testament, Mark 14:62,

(Christianity, Words of Christ)

"My Heart was moved by great mercy towards you, My dearest child, when I saw you torn to shreds because of the pain you suffered in repenting for your sins . . . I see every abasement of your soul, and nothing escapes my attention. I lift up the humble even to my very throne, because I want it so."

Divine Mercy, Notebook 1, Page 134, No. 282,

(Christianity, Catholic, Words of Christ, Author: Sister M. Faustina Kowalska)

"Thou hast a few names . . . which have not defiled their garments; and they shall walk with me in white: for they are worthy. He that overcometh, the same shall be clothed in white raiment; and I will not blot out his name out of the book of life, but I will confess his name before my Father, and before his angels. He that hath an ear, let him hear."

King James Bible, New Testament, Revelations 3:4-6,

(Christianity, Words of Christ)

ARISE, GO . . . AND SIN NO MORE (Self-Scrutiny)

*"A man who has obeyed one commandment is helped
by Heaven to obey many commandments."*

*The Talmudic Anthology, No. 108, Paragraph 7, Mekilta
Beshallah, (Judaism)*

CHAPTER SEVEN

*"People say: be the first to tell the low thing about
thee."*

*The Talmudic Anthology, No. 146, Humility, Page 195,
No. 2, Baba Kamma, 92, (Judaism)*

My impatience could not be paled as I awaited the arrival of the supremely holy guest. Padre Pio was coming and this large gathering of subconsciously astral souls were awaiting his guidance about their spiritual journey. When he arrived, however, many were quite disappointed.

Padre Pio arrived with no fanfare, and sat upon a stone underneath a podium. Many souls were kneeling before him, as he gave them the blunt truth regarding their souls. As one brother approached, the Padre made no excuse for his directness. "You are a user, and you cause all sorts of harm to others to get what you want. You will crap all over anybody to get what you want." Furious, the man left. Another approached, and Padre Pio had little to say. "For you, there is nothing at all. Nothing is there at all." The

voidness of her soul was clear from his words.

As my turn to listen to the saint came, I was unconcerned. After all I'd been through, I thought I was truly pure and purely clean, so his words came as a stunning surprise. "Your practices are better than nothing," Padre Pio said, "but most of your practices are much too shallow. You should get into the practices much deeper." My thoughts were scattered and worried, "Better than nothing?" I asked, as the Padre offered no comfort to my soul in realizing that my efforts towards God were still quite minimal. "Practices?" I thought, "What does he mean by practices?"

Determining to spend more time in prayer and meditation, I also begged to do my daily duties with more fervor and focus. Everything that we do can be uplifted to a higher deeper level, by making God a part of it.

"They, however, heavy with sleep, hardly hear the voice of Jesus, they barely perceive Him as a faint shadow, so much so that they are not aware of His countenance all disfigured from the internal agony which tortures Him."

*The Agony of Jesus, II, Page 22, Paragraph 2,
(Christianity, Catholic, Author: Padre Pio)*

"This life is a master novel, written by God, and man would go crazy if he tried to understand it by reason alone. That is why I tell you to meditate more.

Enlarge the magic cup of your intuition and then you will be able to hold the ocean of infinite wisdom."

*Sayings of Paramahansa Yogananda, Page 66, Article 2,
Paragraph 2, (Hinduism, Kriya Yoga, Words of
Paramahansa Yogananda)*

Mother Teresa approached me quietly, "I want you to experience the Presence within the Eucharist." She said, as she quietly turned to walk away.

"Divine Blood, spontaneously Thou flowest from the loving Heart of my Jesus; the flood of pain, the extreme bitterness, the steadfast perseverance which He sustains press Thee from that Heart, and sweating from His pores Thou dost flow to wash the earth!"

*The Agony of Jesus, IV, Page 32, Paragraph 1,
(Christianity, Catholic, Author: Padre Pio)*

Swept into the coming changes prophesied by the millennium, a war was raging, and I'd been captured and held prisoner. As the bombs would approach in the distance, everyone was instructed to close their eyes so as not to become blind. Laser beams were constantly hitting the Earth from an unknown source, casting burns and horrid injuries to all. Over time, after having been taken as prisoner of war, I became somewhat immune to pain and to torment. As I looked upon the face of one of the captors, I saw above him a horrid looking circular spindly creature, a demon.

Looking upon him, I spoke loudly so he would hear what I was saying to my fellow prisoners. "Our saving grace is that our captors are just as miserable as we are." The profundity of this was made clear to me in an epiphany of awareness, as I recalled the Exodus, the deliverance from a state of mind or perception. Our captor approached me with a whip, as I looked directly into his eyes. I recognized the demon who lived within him. "Race is thy justifier,

accursed angel." I said. (Two years before the World Trade Center fell; this was the soul of Osama bin Ladin.)

Bowing his head down in shame, he walked away. Perhaps a prophecy . . . and a depiction of the karmic battle which occurs within each soul to overcome its unfortunate state?

"There is another type of dal, the poor in intelligence, and his lot is the worst of all. Chazal have declared (Nedarim 41a): 'No one is poor except the one who lacks in wisdom.' Here there are many classes. A person has foolish ideas, has strayed from the true path and become wicked. In this case, one has to think of ways to make him repent, how to restore him to the correct path. The merit for such an act is extremely great. The Zohar Chadash expresses it in these words (Lech Lecha): 'R. Eliezer said: How great is the reward of a person who causes another to repent.'"

*Ahavath Chesed, Chapter 7, Page 221, Paragraph 2,
(Judaism, Author: Chafetz Chaim)*

As the coming changes filtered through my soul, I watched as two distant tornadoes ravaged everything in sight. Awesome power was displayed before me, as I sat helpless, acknowledging the power of the Lord. Now dwindling, I looked outside to notice that a rainbow with eight rings of color (the immortal) was shining brilliantly in the sky. Immediately, a voice spoke these words from the Old Testament in my ears:

"And I will establish my covenant with you; neither shall all flesh be cut off any more by the waters of a

flood; neither shall there any more be a flood to destroy the earth. And God said, This is the token of the covenant which I make between me and you and every living creature that is with you, for perpetual generations: I do set my bow in the cloud, and it shall be for a token of a covenant between me and the earth. And it shall come to pass, when I bring a cloud over the earth, that the bow shall be seen in the cloud. And I will remember my covenant, which is between me and you and every living creature of all flesh; and the waters shall no more become a flood to destroy all flesh. And the bow shall be in the cloud; and I will look upon it, that I may remember the everlasting covenant between God and every living creature of all flesh that is upon the earth."

*King James Bible, Old Testament, Genesis 9:12-16,
(Christianity)*

My heart understood the sign. The millennium would bring either great destruction or great movement within the soul of humankind, but God would not destroy all flesh, for many would remain to renew His covenant upon the earth.

"To live in the world or to leave it, depends upon the Will of God. Therefore work, leaving everything to Him. What else can you do?"

Teachings of Sri Ramakrishna, The Worldly Minded, Page 96, No. 276, (Hinduism, Words of Sri Ramakrishna)

Soaring through space, my soul was led on a journey to the places upon the Earth wherein Jesus had walked during his life. Remembering many flashes of scenes before His tomb, Gethsemane, and places he had walked, I was only allowed to

remember that this had occurred, but the details were taken from me. Jesus had spoken to me, but I wasn't allowed to hear what He had said.

"For God so loved the world that he gave his only Son, so that everyone who believes in him might not perish but might have eternal life. For God did not send his Son into the world to condemn the world, but that the world might be saved through him."

*New American Bible, New Testament, John 3:16,
(Christianity, Catholic)*

Pulling me from within the confines of sleep, people from India were awaiting me with many other souls who were here to be shown truth of a profound nature. Standing beside six crypts, they began to talk of the saints of the Hindu faith. Telling us about their countries of origin, their deeds and their lives, I found myself immediately enamored and fascinated by them.

Without warning, they opened the first of the six crypts. Inside the crypt was the body of one of these Hindu saints, completely incorrupt, completely intact. "Praise be to Him," a woman spoke, "for when a soul finds something they didn't previously know, it is grand." Looking at his body, the Hindu saint looked as though he had just passed, although his death had taken place long before. I was stunned, because the question of the Catholic incorruptibles had been on my mind for quite some time. Opening the other five crypts, the remaining Hindu saints were found to be preserved in a similar fashion.

Several of the souls who had been led to witness this miracle were asking questions, and I

awaited my opportunity to ask mine. Coming towards me, the leader said, "You have a worthy question, ask it." "Well," I responded, "this incorruption has occurred in Catholicism to its saints for thousands of years. From what I am being shown it appears that this incorruption occurs to saints of other world religions, as well." Pausing, I tried to form my thoughts. "I wonder what this means?" The male guide took my hand and smiled as my soul filled with questions. Honoring the importance of my inquiry, he led me closer to look upon the body of the first saint. At the time I didn't know who he was, but later upon seeing a picture, I knew it to be Paramahansa Yogananda. About to answer my question, my soul began feeling the pull and tug of the eternal. "No, please!" I shouted. "Let me stay long enough to find the answer to my question!" But my spirit was tugged back to my body.

"The Great Being saith: O well beloved ones! The tabernacle of unity hath been raised; regard ye not one another as strangers. Ye are the fruits of one tree, and the leaves of one branch."

*The Tablets of Baha'u'llah, Chapter 11, Lawh-I-Maqsud,
Page 164, Top, (Baha'i, Author: Baha'u'llah)*

And so it came to pass that I was taken into the holy and unholy aspects of many religions. Inside a holy mosque, several Muslims showed me a huge card file that lay in the archives which contained very holy revelations. Upon closer inspection, I realized that these cards represented the original Hadith, the teachings of Mohammad to his disciples. Holiness swept through me as I reveled in the energies of the

sacred teachings. In another moment, I was given to again see the violent side of the Muslim people, and the very dark nature of their holy wars.

Through an energetic exchange, I was given to feel the holiness of Krishna, the Hindu embodiment of the Lord, and it became known to me that the Lord had truly sent him to the Earth.

The light of Baha'u'llah, the founder of the Baha'i faith, came first as a lighted moth. Expanding into an angelic presence, knowledge of the Bab and Baha'u'llah was given to me in a conceptual manner, one which I cannot explain. But let it be said that it was made known to me that they were holy men. But as I posed the question to the Lord as to whether Baha'u'llah was actually the second coming of Christ, as he had claimed, I was given no reply.

Taken to the Jewish Wailing Wall, a voice said, "You may follow the Rabbi's, the great ones of old, and you will find among them the highest status of religious discipline." Then I was shown how the cliquish mentality of some Jewish people seriously displeases God, and that the parameters of the religion as practiced are too limited and repressed, not allowing for evolution and growth to be pursued. Although the foundation of the absolute laws was quite holy; in practice, there was a need for individual movement. And in subsequent experiences, it was made known to me that this was also a problem among the Catholic tradition.

The Lord revealed to my soul that because God is love, there was a great need for more merciful religion towards those who seek the Lord in earnest, but fail at certain precepts because of their level of

evolution. Because of the many holy experiences I'd had in regards to the Catholic church and its saints, my soul was alight with wonder as I was flown to the Vatican in Rome. A mass was in progress and I was honored to be allowed to be a part of it, so I patiently sat and enjoyed the ritual. However, not long into the service, I noticed that there were many sub-conscious souls outside the cathedral in need of service. Due to their focus upon the ritual, however, the others involved in this service were unaware of this need. After a short time, I couldn't wait any longer, and I flew outside as unobtrusively as possible to give service to the souls hovering around the cathedral. Rituals serve a purpose, but when they are done for the ritual's sake alone, or for the obedience to a rule, the spontaneity of spiritual service may become lost. Although I was greatly honored to attend this mass at the Vatican, for it was a holy experience, it made me aware of the dangers of hard and fast rule which sometimes blind us to the spontaneous promptings of the spirit.

And so an angel of the Lord spoke to me in my dreaming, this time to tell me that there are three qualities which must be included within every religious path to make it valid: humor, direction and use.

"Thanks be to Thee, Eternal Father, who hast in Thy House many mansions.' And he rejoices more in the different ways of holiness which he sees, than if he were to see all travelling by one road, because, in this way, he perceives the greatness of My Goodness become more manifest, and thus, rejoicing draws

from all the fragrance of the rose."

The Dialogue of St. Catherine of Siena, A Treatise of Prayer, Page 217, Top, (Christianity, Catholic, Author: St. Catherine of Siena)

As I drifted away into sleep, I saw the dead and mangled bodies of six souls. One of them had been beheaded, and the others had all died violent deaths, as well. Suffering great pains in some kind of purgatory, it was conveyed to me that I could relieve their suffering and actually deliver them from it if I were willing to take on their pains, and restore their spiritual bodies to wholeness.

Agreeing to do so, a massive pain came through my side and back that cannot be described, it was absolutely unbearable. Barely able to move, the task of getting up and approaching each of their bodies for repair was almost impossible, but I began the process anyway. Pain shot through me like a fire *and* like a knife; like a lightning bolt with every move. Persevering for what seemed like hours; I approached each body, and slowly repaired the physical damage that had taken place. Putting the beheaded person's head back upon her body, holding together skin torn apart by knives and bullets, and caressing burns with my hands . . . a heavenly force sealed the wounds, making their bodies whole again. Despite this newfound wholeness, their bodies remained dead, but the excruciating pains in my body ceased at this point.

A pile of boxes appeared before me containing white garments and robes, and it was my task to re-clothe these tortured souls in the garment of the new

man. As I brought the boxes to each body, they came back to life and were instantaneously clothed in the robes of white. Happiness filled their faces, as the old mangled bodies became spiritual bodies of purity and light, ready to leave their sufferings, and enter into a heavenly abode.

Kneeling, I prayed to the Lord in thanks for offering me such an opportunity to serve my fellow humanity and to give of myself to make their burden lighter.

"Let us be glad and rejoice, and give honour to him: for the marriage of the Lamb is come, and his wife hath made herself ready. And to her was granted that she should be arrayed in fine linen, clean and white: for the fine linen is the righteousness of saints. And he saith unto me, Write, Blessed are they which are called unto the marriage supper of the Lamb."

*King James Bible, New Testament, Revelations, 19:7-9,
(Christianity)*

Swept within a church wherein an angel of the Lord gave me a huge painting of the passion, she said, "You have earned the cross." Continuing, she conveyed, 'If you look towards darkness, then darkness shall look towards you. If you look towards the light, then the light shall look upon you. If you carry within you understanding, than no matter where you must look, whether it be the highest heaven or the lowest hell, you will see God. In this, you will always know what service to render to evolution.' Vowing to guard the direction of my eyes, she disappeared.

"During the past, this mind of mine roamed freely as

*it liked, as it desired, at its own pleasure. But today,
I shall fully keep it in check, even as the elephant
driver with the point of a goad controls an unruly
elephant in rut."*

*Dhammapada, Canto XXIII, No. 326, Page 129,
(Buddhism)*

Entering a hell realm, I had come in just below the surface of the Earth. Those who resided in this realm were trashy rednecks, and their two primary sins had been not loving or trusting their neighbor and a complete lack of interest in God.

Because of this, I had to be very careful while traveling through this realm. Because of their perception, they assumed I was out to get them and would come after me. Spending most of my time running from these very uncaring folks, they thought I wanted to steal from them. Ironically, I found many of my missing things down there and realized that these folks often steal from the people on the surface, albeit, the demons who support them will make trips to the surface to take small items for no real purpose other than to be a nuisance.

Running wholeheartedly from a particularly rowdy band of rednecks, I came upon a clearing where there was a large stock of weeds. Coming closer, I pulled the weeds aside and saw a small bunny. All of a sudden, I understood that the exit from this hell realm came in the form of soft fuzzy bunny, and I quickly picked her up and began petting her lovingly. Because the rednecks were uncharitable towards others, they had to pick up the bunny and love it tenderly, genuinely and with innocent regard.

As I petted the bunny, I was immediately transported outside of this unusual hell.

"When a man is involved in worldly affairs, his thoughts are bound by chains of the burden that weighs upon them and it is impossible for them to become concerned with his deeds."

*The Path of the Just, Chapter V, Page 63, Paragraph 2,
(Judaism, Author: Rabbi Moshe Chayim Luzzatto)*

"They (the beings of Hell) rot upon a couch of darkness; in lust and in pursuit of desire they give birth to each other and then destroy each other."

*Gnosis on the Silk Road, Chapter 2, No. 2, Verse s,
(Christianity, Gnostic/Essene)*

A narrow pathway had led me to small house in the woods. Upon the door, it said, 'The House of Jesus.' Walking in, it was a beautiful monastery in honor of Jesus, and especially of His sacred heart. Reminding me of my own home which had been turned into a personal monastery, a large statue of Jesus was placed on an altar in front of me. Arms outstretched, Jesus' sacred heart was shining from His chest like a beacon of light.

Becoming animated, Jesus stepped off of the altar and came towards me. Smiling, He conveyed happiness in regards to my devotion to making our home a monastery in His honor. Holding a T-shirt in His hand, it had written upon it biblical words, 'Upon this rock, I will build my church.' Instantaneously wearing it, the words were emblazoned upon my back. Smiling again, He turned to re-enter the altar. "You may rest here in My house." Jesus said.

For many weeks following, I awoke each night

in this holy House of Jesus, greeted by the outstretched arms of my Lord, wherein He conveyed to me how much we must change in order to become compatible to the holy kingdom, for each of us is wretched in our own right and none of us pure enough to enter without intensive alterations which can only come about through divine intervention inspired by prayer.

Allowing me to see some of the Christian martyrs, their holiness filled me as he gave me the name for my house, 'Many Mansions Monastery.' Created to honor all of God's holy religions, the many sacred receptacles throughout time were brought together in this house.

"Jesus Christ, addressing Peter, said, 'Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church.' This utterance was indicative of the faith of Peter, signifying: This faith of thine, O Peter, is the very cause and message of unity to the nations . . ."

*The Promulgation of Universal Peace, 30, April, 1912,
Page 65, Middle, (Baha'i, Words of Abdul Baha')*

Standing before a stage, a small upright piano was placed on the floor below in this darkened theatre. An old man had come as my teacher, and he insisted that when it came to words, I was failing. Initially, I didn't believe him, but as he continued to insist, I realized that it must indeed be true. How I was failing at words was a mystery to me. Insisting that if I were willing to go through a long and arduous process, I could pass 'words' with flying colors, I agreed, feeling within me the hard and long path that lay ahead. Leading me to the first of a series

of ritual passage, the old man stood before me as a large monolith of sentences appeared.

Cylindrical and round, much like a Buddhist prayer wheel, words were boxed into little compartments on a circular base which turned and spun. Apparently, these were my words, and the old man began highlighting my mistakes all of which were descriptives and adjectives. Angry at his seeming severity with my words, he had highlighted so much, but as I thought more carefully, I came to a state of acceptance. Eventually, it was abundantly clear that I was doing something inappropriate with words, although I didn't yet understand what it was. Reflecting upon the 'prayer wheel' from which the words came, it occurred to me that all of our words could be considered as prayerful, since they do ascend into the ether. If this were so, then *all of* my words could be deemed prayerful. And if this were so, then my words were most definitely failing, because I'd spent much too much time in idle conversation and, unfortunately, gossip.

Awakening in an icy river which also had flames coming from it, I was almost naked, wearing only my underwear. Sitting amongst this extreme hot and cold, I thought of the saints who had undergone severe austerities on behalf of others. Getting up, I returned to the old man who was awaiting me on the bank. "Enduring severity will be required in your path in life," he said. A set of steps appeared from the piano to the stage and they were shaped very much like pyramidal steps to a higher point. Handing me a container of liquid filled to the top, the old man had me begin walking, spilling a tiny bit. Immediately

reproaching me, the old man said, "You cannot spill any of it." I would have to walk these steps from the floor of the theatre to the stage without any agitation or lack of focus, because the water was of the Holy Spirit and our journey to God could not be taken properly without total focus and the will to maintain every single drop of this great grace.

As I passed to the stage, a huge textbook landed upon my lap and the keys to the piano became large enough to walk upon. Carrying the huge and very heavy textbook which contained knowledge in the proper use of words, I began walking from the midpoint of the keyboard towards the high notes. Careful not to overlap any of the keys, with each step the contents of the textbook came into my soul. Despite this energetic journey, I was not allowed to actually *read* any of the book. Later, I would discover that this holy book was the Talmud (Jewish Writings of the Ancient Rabbi's), which contains detailed instructions in the use of words and proper speech, among other things. Attaining to the highest note, I stood upon the stage again in a place the old man called the world of dreams.

In front of me lay three sets of clothing strewn on individual chairs, each representing a choice. The first was very ornate Victorian clothing which I immediately knew to mean opulence and greed. The second was a pair of pajamas which I immediately knew to represent love and comfort. The third was a set of work clothes, whose meaning I didn't immediately understand. My instinctual drive was to go towards the work clothes because they seemed the most appropriate in our world, but the old man gave

warning. "*Those*, I know, will take you into a spiral of chaos." Realizing they represented worldliness, I turned towards the pajamas. "Well," I said, "it seems obvious to me now, the only way into the world of dreams is through the pajamas." Putting them on, I was given a small blank card which held three separate distinct lines, and on them I was to write my three greatest dreams in the order of their importance.

Thinking of music, I inherently understood that my choices must be of a higher quality to pass through this ritual. On the first line I wrote, 'wisdom.' On the second line I wrote, 'love.' Pausing, I was unsure of the third line, but then it came to me. 'Service,' I wrote. Issuing from above with a very cryptic message, a voice said, "Go give service, then you will know how the Lord wishes you to serve."

Returning to sleep that same night, it was conveyed that I had undergone one hour of a two hour rite and was halfway through it.

Swept away to help a woman who was dabbling in the occult, I reached her just as she was about to try to communicate with the dead relatives of two women who had approached her in her séance. Appearing to her in native dress, I had come as a Medicine Woman. "Never try to speak to the souls of the dead if you don't know whether or not any of them are damned." I said.

Shocked by this revelation, she backed off, but she wanted to know the meaning of my attire. "Live as the Indians did, but within the modern world, this will bring balance."

Swept before the entry of our home, an amazing sight stood before my soul. About forty feet

high, St. Michael stood as a winged man wearing the garments of a warrior. But his essence was a dark, smoky substance which I knew to be the energy of the wrath and justice of God. Behind him, St. Joseph appeared twice, as if there were two of them, one on each side of St. Michael. Holding the infant Jesus, St. Joseph remained silent, but exhibited the power of no words . . . perhaps in this there lay a clue, perhaps my words were not well chosen because there were too many of them. In my encounters with others, I had a tendency to get involved in debates over the Lord.

"If silence be good for wise men, how much better must it be for fools!"

The Talmudic Anthology, No. 323, Stanza 5, Peshahim, 98b, (Judaism)

St. Michael *moved* with the mind of God, and although he seemed to embody God's justice and wrath . . . there was no wrath. St. Michael crushed demons with no emotional attachment, it was simply his purpose. His power was so great; he could crush a demon with a single sweep of his hand, sometimes with only a thought. But St. Michael exhibited peace in his work and was not angry, he just did his job of crushing darkness and their consorts with no emotional concern. Handing me a report card, I got all 'A's with one exception. For 'words' I had merited a 'B.'

St. Michael then allowed me to witness one of his prime functions. Taking me to an energetic prison, St. Michael showed me that the souls of incarnate mankind who are chaotic and dangerous are held energetically. St. Michael energetically prevents them from causing the total mass destruction they would

cause if left to their own will. Allowing me to participate in restraining them, I quickly realized how difficult this was. So violently out-of-control, it took a great deal of concentration to hold them in place and to restrain their destructive impulse.

As I was easily overcome, St. Michael took pity on me and restrained the prisoners with only a thought, demonstrating to me the huge grace that the Lord had given this special angel.

Saying nothing, St. Michael and St. Joseph disappeared, but left behind them three huge statues that showed protection before our front door. Bowing to the Lord, I thanked God and His many angels for His protection.

"Man's power of speech is a spiritual force and it has great effect in the higher spheres. Consequently, the damage wrought by improper speech in the higher worlds is severe and awesome. And the greater the damage, the greater is the punishment."

Taharas Halashon, Chapter 2, Page 28, Shmiras Halashon, Sha'ar Hazchirah, Chapter 1, (Judaism)

"I tell you, on the day of judgement people will render an account for every careless word they speak. By your words you will be acquitted, and by your words you will be condemned."

New American Bible, New Testament, Matthew 12:36-37, (Christianity, Catholic, Words of Christ)

Paramahansa Yogananda, the Hindu saint, appeared to warn me of distraction in meditation and spiritual practices.

"Paramahansaji frequently warned disciples of the dangers of spiritual idleness. The minutes are more

important than the years,' he would say, 'If you do not fill the minutes of your life with thoughts of God, the years will slip by; and when you need Him most you may be unable to feel His presence. But if you fill the minutes of your life with divine aspirations, automatically the years will be saturated with them.'"

*Sayings of Paramahansa Yogananda, Page 102, Stanza 1,
(Hinduism, Kriya Yoga, Words of Paramahansa
Yogananda)*

A pool of rattlesnakes had formed in my backyard, the demons of gossip and foul speech regarding one's neighbor. Sadly, I could say nothing, for it was true. It shocked me that I had never really considered the damage of my foul speech before, because it seemed so easily identifiable in this moment. Representing foul speech on every level, the snakes represented gossip, slander, and vanity in the use of the name of the Lord. If our mouths are merciless about the faults of others, then the mouths of the demons will also be merciless about our own faults on judgment day. Having been merciless, I'd shown poor judgment and caused harm to others with my mouth.

Judgment had been passed as one of the small rattlesnakes, about three inches in size, was given leave to poison me. Biting me in the arm, I knew that I wouldn't die, but would suffer illness for a time as penance, atonement and repentance for all the harm I had caused with words. Accepting the Lord's judgment as just, I prepared for the next wave of illness.

"One way of talking is like death."

*The New Jerusalem Bible, Old Testament, Ecclesiasticus
23:12, (Judaism)*

***"But those things which proceed out of the mouth
come forth from the heart; and they defile the man.
For out of the heart proceed evil thoughts, murders,
adulteries, fornications, thefts, false witness,
blasphemies: These are the things which defile a
man."***

*King James Bible, New Testament, Matthew 15:18-20,
(Christianity, Words of Christ)*

***"R. Shmuel bar Nachmani said: 'They asked the
snake, 'why are you found near fences?' He answered,
'because I breached the fence (that protected the
world).'*** 'And why do you slither with your tongue
protruding?' (The snake answered), 'it was my tongue
that caused (my transgression).'"

*Taharas Halashon, Chapter 5, Page 55, Bamidbar Rabbah
19:2, (Judaism)*

Journeying again into my sin had left me feeling wretched. Having already asked the Lord for mercy, I now asked for grace. Becoming aware of my sin didn't, in and of itself, make me stop committing them. My vices controlled my words and deeds in such a manner, that it required a long, arduous path of trying to change, screwing up, trying again, screwing up again . . . I often felt so wretched in my inability to break the habit of destructive speech, inappropriate deeds, etc., that I sometimes honestly felt that I was a hopeless soul.

A time of great atonement, I sought forgiveness from those in my past for whom I had

wronged, and I asked forgiveness from the Lord in prayer, imploring His mercy. "I am sorry, Lord, I am so very sorry . . . Lord of all creation, take this bird you have freed from the fragmentation of vice and teach her to fly, so that maybe someday she may return and bring joy instead of tears."

"But habits of any kind are so strong in their possession of the minds of men that, even in the case of those that are evil (and these usually come from the dominant passions), we can more quickly condemn and detest them than we can abandon or change them."

The Fathers of the Church, Volume 4, The Advantage of Believing, Chapter 17, No. 35, (Christianity, Catholic, Author: St. Augustine)

"St. James tells us that this virtue comes from Heaven and that we shall never have it unless we ask it of God. We should, therefore, frequently ask God to give us purity in our eyes, in our speech and in all our actions."

The Voice of the Saints, The Challenge of Chastity, Page 59, (Christianity, Catholic, Words of St. John Vianney)

"The man of Armaiti is bounteous, and with understanding in his words and actions. May Ahura give him that Righteousness which is blessed, together with the Religion and that Sovereign Power which is established through the Good Mind. And I would pray for this same blessing from His grace."

The Avesta, Yasna 52, No. 21, (Zoroastrianism, Words of Zoroaster)

Shooting began between the world powers, as the planes were now overhead as the war had begun.

"It is coming," I said to those around me. Mocking me, I quietly repeated with renewed vigor, "It is coming," as the Earth began to shake.

"In the name of Allah, the Beneficent, the Merciful. When the earth is shaken with her shaking, and the earth brings forth her burdens, and man says: What has befallen her? On that day she will tell her news, as if thy Lord had revealed to her. On that day men will come forth in sundry bodies that they may be shown their works. So he who does an atom's weight of good will see it. And he who does an atom's weight of evil will see it."

*The Holy Qur'an, Part XXX, Chapter 99, No.'s 1-8,
(Islam, Author: Mohammad)*

Thrown into the center of the millennial disasters, a blizzard had come upon a mountain whose destruction was so severe that nothing remained. Entering a small cave where some survivors had gathered, I was grateful for the blankets they offered because I had been wandering in the snows for at least two days without shoes on my feet, only socks. When the snows came, everything had been destroyed; buildings, vehicles, they'd all been simply crushed by the winds and the weight of the snow. Ancient sacred texts were now buried beneath the ground by a heavy blanket of this snow. And this snow was not just snow, it was something else, but I couldn't yet define its substance. It was almost like ash. (This vision occurred about two years before the fall of the World Trade Center towers.)

During my stay within the cave, I began

talking to the people about God and His ways, and that perhaps those among us who had not believed in Him, had now reconsidered because His power had been shown with such might. A particularly irreverent atheist immediately proclaimed his disbelief in God, and his view that those who did believe in such a myth were morons. Making several arrogant statements, I interrupted, "Be careful of what you say during this time of God's chastisement," I said, "or you will be stricken down like many of the others." Other people in the cave were uncomfortable with me being so blunt about the truth, and began saying that we all had a right to believe as we shall choose. Correcting them, I replied, "For how do you think our world came upon this great chastisement, if not for the cowardice of God's people to insist upon respect for the Creator? It is, indeed, valid to offer freedom for people to believe as they wish, but it is not wise to sit aside as you do now, in the midst of the chastisement, and still proclaim man's rights above those of God. And if you refuse to proclaim Him, if you have not the courage to stand for Him, you, too, will follow in the fate of the atheist and those who do not respect God."

Angry, they kicked me out of their cave, expecting me to die in the snows. Walking alone, I had an interior knowing that God would allow no more blasphemy from their lips, for as soon as the chastisement had begun, I had an interior knowing to this effect. Passing the cave at a later juncture, I didn't hear any noise. About a mile further down, I saw blood in the snows, and when I swept the bloody snows away, the face of the atheist. Other bodies

were scattered about in the snow, all killed in the collapse of the cave. I cried. (In hindsight, one can see that these were the Al-Qaida in Afghanistan, whose lives were snuffed out when their caves were blown to bits by the American military.) Humankind had forgotten the Lord and become arrogant.

As I wandered down the mountain, I saw a heavenly body (an asteroid or a star) falling towards the Earth from the heavens, and I knew that with it much tribulation would come upon the world.

"In the spiritual world stars appear to fall from heaven to the earth there whenever knowledges of good and truth are rejected."

*Apocalypse Revealed, Chapter 6, Verse 13, No. 333,
(Christianity, Swedenborgianism, Author: Emanuel
Swedenborg)*

"And every free man, hid themselves in the dens and in the rocks of the mountains. And said to the mountains and rocks, Fall on us, and hide us from the face of him that sitteth on the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb."

*King James Bible, New Testament, Revelations 6:12-16,
(Christianity)*

Expressing to my soul that knowledge of the Lord is not purely an intellectual experience, I was shown that spiritual realities are only truly *known* through divine influx, because *knowledge* is not just information but energetic comprehension. Who among us could even begin to comprehend the beginnings of faith, if we approached it by reason, alone?

"Even the greatest philosophical speculators cannot

have access to the region of the Lord. It is said in the Upanisads that the Supreme Truth, the Absolute Personality of Godhead, is beyond the range of the thinking power of the greatest philosopher. He is unknowable by great learning or by the greatest brain. He is knowable only by one who has His mercy."

Teachings of Queen Kunti, Chapter 3, Page 5, Paragraph 1, (Hinduism)

"The Word is not understood except by those who are enlightened. The human rational cannot apprehend Divine things, nor even spiritual things, unless it is enlightened by the Lord. Thus only they who are enlightened apprehend the Word."

Miscellaneous Theological Works, Heavenly Doctrine, No. 256, (Christianity, Swedenborgianism, Author: Emanuel Swedenborg)

"A number of intellectuals who quote prophets are like victrolas. Just as a machine plays records of sacred writings without understanding their meaning, so many scholars who repeat Holy Writ are unaware of its true significance. They do not see the deep, life-transforming values of the scriptures. From their reading such men gain, not God-realization, but only a knowledge of words. They become proud and argumentative . . . That is why I tell all of you to read less and to meditate more."

Sayings of Paramahansa Yogananda, Page 51, Stanza 2, (Hinduism, Kriya Yoga, Words of Paramahansa Yogananda)

Having tried to find my niche amongst the many different world religions, I was shown that

every time I broke free from one of these groups, a great psychic event occurred in the heavens. Appearing in the sky, the phoenix and hundreds of angels celebrated my freedom from bondage to one school of thought, and one key of knowledge. Conveying that I needed all of the keys to be complete, I didn't yet understand their meaning. Because I embraced aspects of all of the world religions, many of the followers of the world religions did not embrace me.

"But, since things appear similar to each other in many ways, we should not imagine there is any precept that we must believe that, because a thing has a certain analogical meaning in one place, it always has this meaning."

The Fathers of the Church Volume 2, Christian Instruction, Chapter 25, No. 35, (Christianity, Catholic, Author: St. Augustine)

CHAPTER EIGHT

"Past wrong actions have left seeds in your mind . . .

You cannot achieve emancipation until you have burned the seeds of past actions in the fires of wisdom and meditation. If you want to destroy the bad effects of past actions, meditate. What you have done you can undo . . . When your present efforts become more powerful than the karma of past actions, you are free."

Sayings of Paramahansa Yogananda, Page 108, Stanza 1, (Hinduism, Kriya Yoga, Words of Paramahansa Yogananda)

Preparing for the next leg of our spiritual journey, an old Indian man sat in front of us as we packed our moving trailer. Having only a foundation with no roof or walls, the moving trailer had deficiencies which had to be rectified through Jewish holy observances. "Because you are content with what you have, you are welcome to stay," he said, "but if you have to go, my people will understand."

Nodding that we indeed had to go, we began our holy observances, which were required for our souls to attain a state of cleanliness in the eyes of the Lord. After-winds of sin had to be blotted out, and our penances complete.

Forty percent of the wall appeared as we performed a mitzvah, and forty percent more appeared as we performed a second mitzvah. Mitzvahs are acts of goodwill required by Jewish law. The remaining 20% came up after an unknown benefactor performed three Hallahs for us (10%, 8%, and 2% respectively). Halvah is one of the unleavened breads of the Passover, and it occurred to me that we were preparing for our final Exodus, our journey to the place of safety the Lord had prepared for us, the monastery in the mountains.

"The idea behind the trait of Cleanliness is that a person be completely clean of bad traits and of sins, not only those which are recognized as such, but also those which are rationalized, which, when we look at them honestly, we find to be sanctioned only because of the heart's being still partially afflicted by lust and not entirely free of it, so as to incline us towards a relaxation of standards. The man who is entirely free

*of this affliction and clean of any trace of evil which
lust leaves behind it will come to possess perfectly
clean vision and pure discrimination, and will not be
swayed in any direction by desire, but will recognize
as evil, and withdraw from every sin that he had
committed, though it were the slightest of the slight."*

*The Path of the Just, Chapter X, Paragraph 1, (Judaism,
Author: Rabbi Moshe Cheam Suzette)*

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)*

Stealing a pick up truck before my eyes, I flew after the criminals and witnessed their crimes. Arriving at a bridge, a stand-off erupted, and the two were now pointing a gun directly at me. "We are going to have to shoot you," they said, "you're a witness." Remaining calm, I opened a book of Torah law. "No, no, no," I said, "you've got it all wrong. According to Torah law, the laws given to Moses, you've sinned greatly already; you certainly don't want to add the taking of a life to this list. Let me teach you the laws of repentance." Looking bemused, they became disoriented. "First, you need to return the car, then you need to feel genuinely badly about what you've done, and thirdly, you must beg of God to forgive you for completely ignoring His sovereignty over you in this world and the next." The gun dropped as the confused men had not a clue where to begin. "The Lord gave us laws for our behavior in every circumstance," I said, "He even gave us laws as to what to do when we have violated them. Here . . . "I tossed the Torah to them, "read the laws, abide by them . . . most of all repent for all you have done that is evil in God's eyes." Catching the book,

they looked upon it as I disappeared.

"The Lord Himself not only shows us the evil we are to avoid and the good we are to do (which is all that the letter of the law can do), but also helps us to avoid evil and do good - things that are impossible without the spirit of grace. If grace is lacking, the law is there simply to make culprits and to slay; for this reason, the Apostle said: 'The letter killeth, the spirit giveth life.'"

The Fathers of the Church, Volume 2, Admonition and Grace, Chapter 1, Page 245-246, (Christianity, Catholic, Author: St. Augustine)

Fifteen steps behind on the pathway to transcendence, I had fallen back because of distractions. Soaring with purpose, I got through the first five steps with ease. Easily passing through the next five, I came upon a turn in the path. Turning, I fell over, but quickly lifted myself up continuing my journey. Somebody I remembered and knew was in the transcendence booth, which was where I would go after finishing all fifteen steps.

Those ahead of me were proceeding with difficulty now because of the different concentrations required upon each of the final five steps. Landing in each individual slot was difficult, because the soul became more weightless from the first ten steps. Floating out of control, it became difficult to grab hold of the next step.

Looking beyond me, I was beckoned by the soul who had become transparent. "Marilynn," she said, "I speak to you now from a higher place than your own. You know this is true, don't you?"

Nodding yes, she beckoned me to listen. "Marilynn, you are allowing yourself to be distracted, you must go on. You are an advanced spiritual traveler created in human form, you have been given the ability to travel amidst the tunnels between worlds, a gift so few have been given, and no other has been given at your level until now." Stunned by this pronouncement, she asked, "You know why, don't you?" Nodding that I didn't know why this was true, she began explaining why, but I could no longer hear her. "I didn't hear you!" I shouted, but she was not given leave to repeat it.

Now on the last two steps, I needed to focus, concentrate, and let distraction fall to the wind. Achieving transcendence by God's grace, I realized that in a world filled with vice, distraction is our enemy.

"A million distractions, disguised as Thee, constantly delude us. Come, O Perfect Joy, into the waiting temple of our devotion! Be Thou the Pole-star during our wanderings in the night of ignorance, leading us safely to our haven in Thee."

Whispers from Eternity, Page 103, Stanza 3, (Hinduism, Kriya Yoga, Words of Paramahansa Yogananda)

"From the very moment in which mortals begin to have use of their reason, each one of them is followed by many watchful and relentless demons. For as soon as souls are in a position to raise their thoughts to the knowledge of their God and commence the practice of the virtues infused by Baptism, these demons, with incredible fury and astuteness, seek to root out the divine seed; and if they cannot succeed in this, they try to hinder its growth, and prevent it

*from bringing forth fruit by engaging men in vicious,
useless, or trifling things."*

*The Mystical City of God (Abrid.), The Transfixion,
Chapter II, Page 403-404, (Christianity, Catholic, Words of
Mary)*

Until Andy pointed out that there was a miraculous mountain pathway framed in gold ahead, the mountain retreat held little interest to me. Pure metallic gold appeared to be painted on the borders of this mountain valley, the peaks, the trees, various rivers and streams.

Going with a tour group, we began walking down the narrow pathway toward the bottom of the first mountain pass. From where we stood, we could see the beautiful golden framework which filled this mountainous region. Along the trails we would come along places where gold dust was scattered on rocks and trees, and a particular rock held my interest. Upon it was scattered both gold and silver dust, the silver to the left and the gold to the right. Others who had come along began playing with the stuff and wanted to mix the gold and silver dusts together. Grabbing their hands, I said, "If you mix silver with gold dust, the gold will be ruined."

Continuing down the path, I wandered far ahead of the group and came upon a small river alone. Despite its small size, the water was tumultuous and filled with white-water rapids and there was no way to cross. But I knew that I had to cross in order to find the secret meaning of this golden framed valley of the Lord. Fearful and afraid, I began walking towards the river planning to brave

the rapids, knowing full well that I might not survive the crossing. But before I could even begin, the waves stopped thrashing. Waters calming, the water suddenly parted making a path for me to cross. Running across, I was thankful for this heavenly assistance.

The waters closed and began to rapture, leaving me alone in the golden mountain valley. On the other side, I could no longer hear the others as the frequency had shifted when I'd crossed over.

Up ahead I noticed a large, golden squarely-shaped pole about thirty feet high at the top of a mountain. In front of it was something of equal size but unintelligible from where I was standing. Beginning to walk towards it, I climbed higher and higher until I could see a huge crucifix, the exact same height as the golden pole, with a beautifully carved image of the Messiah hanging upon the cross.

Holiness filled me as I knew that this sacred sight held meaning beyond what I knew. Gazing upon the face of Jesus, I was suddenly thrust through the heavens at the speed of light to return to my physical body.

"The Palace of Righteousness, Ananda, was surrounded by a double railing. One railing was of gold, and one was of silver. The golden railing had its posts of gold, and its cross bars and its figure head of silver. The silver railing had its posts of silver, and its cross bars and its figure-head of gold."

*Dialogues of the Buddha II, XVII The Great King of Glory,
Page 214, Stanza 28*

"It may happen that, while the soul is not in the least expecting Him to be about to grant it this favour,

which it has never thought it can possibly deserve, it is conscious that Jesus Christ Our Lord is near to it . .

. "

*Interior Castle, Sixth Mansions, Chapter VIII, Page 179,
Paragraph 1, (Christianity, Catholic, Author: St. Teresa of
Avila)*

As the vibrations came upon my soul in a fury, my vibrations were raised and then brought to a calm. Looking towards the heavens, a small portal had erupted. A star tunnel swirling on my ceiling grabbed my eye as I jutted towards it. Journeying through the heavens at the speed of light, many things happened of which I no longer recall. Moments later, I landed in a local hospital.

Having trouble holding the vibration, an angel diffused the physical response, allowing me to maintain my status in the spirit world.

Dressed as a golden angel, I saw a beautiful white statue of Mary on the hospital altar. Looking behind me, I noticed that no one observed my presence. When I turned back, the Mary statue had left its podium. Coming to life, she was hiding around the corner in a patient's room, beckoning me to come to her.

Entering the room, I realized that the soul of the patient had already been removed, as she had died. Hovering above the light fixture on the ceiling, I marveled at the psychedelic beauty of the soul. An oval ellipse, the soul had not yet resurrected into its spirit body.

Mary was manifesting in modern attire, wearing a headband to pull her long auburn hair

back. Amazed at how young she was, I was also surprised at how meek and humble she appeared. Intentionally taking on an unthreatening demeanor, she expressed a need to hurry because there were other souls to attend to this night. Taking the light stream in my arms, I soared above and heavenward, taking the soul to the light of God.

Returning, Mary had hidden inside the statue again. Leaping out, she beckoned me to another room. Doing this with two more souls, Mary reassumed her posture inside the white statue on the altar.

Soaring into the star tunnel which awaited me on the ceiling, I cried out, "Oh, my Lord, oh, how I wish I could enter the tunnel of light again, it has been so long and I miss it so!" Hearing my beckon, the tunnel between life and death appeared. Many kittens were in the tunnel this time, as I ran joyfully towards the light.

Reaching the end of the tunnel, I stood before the light in ecstasy. The light has a cloudy veil before it wherein no one can cross unless it is their time. "Lord," I cried out, "I know that if I touch your light that I will be unable to return, but, oh, how I yearn to just touch your light!" Immediately, a small part of the shadowy veil lifted, just enough for my hand to go through. "May I?" I questioned the Lord, "May I touch it, or will I be unable to return?" A telepathic prompting made it clear that the Lord was making an exception for me so that I may touch His beatific essence, and I reached in to touch the light in a frantic and ecstatic moment of joyous rapture. "Thank you, Lord!" I shouted, "Thank you, Lord!"

"Ought we not to look upon it as a great grace and favor to be invited into His presence? Surely, we ought to find our delight in His company since He is delighted to be in ours. We ought to go to Him frequently and say to Him: 'My Jesus, why dost Thou love me so much? What good dost Thou see in me that Thou art so enamored of me? Hast thou already forgotten the sins by which I have offended Thee so grievously?'"

*The Blessed Eucharist, Chapter 4, Page 58, Paragraph 1,
(Christianity, Catholic, Author: Fr. Michael Muller)*

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 Adhvaya, 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)*

And so it came to pass that the Lord took me deep into my soul to gaze upon its weaknesses and flaws, and then lifted me up again and again so that I could take that knowledge with me to the surface of my conscious mind. In this humbling journey, I came to know the power of the Lord, and how He so deigns to lower Himself into the very midst of our wanderings, in order to lift us up. Coming not only to those saintly souls who are without stain, He comes to me and to you, those of us caught in the web

of delusion and the Maya of incarnate life. He comes to those of us covered with stain, and humbly washes us. He comes to those of us enraptured with vice, and dispels our delusions and subdues our passions. He comes to all of His children, because He loves them all. And for those who are willing to undergo His grueling journey of purification, and abandon evil desires, He frees them from all bonds and sets them free to fly within His kingdom.

Transported into the worldly malaise, Andy and I sat amidst a group of people who were incessantly garbling about worldly matters. Surrounded by mass retain, up ahead several Jewish Cantors were singing. Within moments, my own soul began singing, 'Hey La, Hey La,' drawing my soul into a vibratory state which transcended all outer noise.

"Repentance only occurs when a person abandons his sins and evil deeds. Abandonment does not depend on knowledge alone but on will. Repentance is complete only when one changes the internal balance of his desires. He no longer sins because he has succeeded in making his desire to return stronger than the desire to sin."

*Strive for Truth, Lovingkindness, Page 156, Paragraph 2,
(Judaism, Author: Rabbi Eliyahu E. Dessler)*

"And the eyes of all them that were in the synagogue were fastened on him. And he began to say unto them,

"This day is this scripture fulfilled in your ears."

*King James Bible, New Testament, Luke 4:18-19,
(Christianity, Words of Christ)*

Placing a seed into my consciousness, I awoke

with an interesting morsel of knowledge forming within my mind. However, I must beg you to take note that this is an attempt to interpret something given to me energetically, and the interpretation is not absolute as I share with you my simple understanding of a *small* part of the seed given to me regarding a *small portion* of the mystery of the seven seals in the book of Revelation, and it remains only a *miniscule* part of the mystery.

The seven seals, the seven chakras, the seven virtues, the seven major prophets, and the seven churches are the cornerstone of the sacred seals, according to what was shown my soul. Each of the seven seals represents a chakra, a virtue, a prophet and a church. The tribulations are the unique battles associated with the opening of that chakra in the body of an individual. The messages to the churches are not only messages pertaining to each of the great seven religions, but hidden messages regarding the keys each of the great religions hold to the awakening of the particular chakras they represent, and beyond this, the particular tribulations involved in the opening of each particular chakra. Each of the seven churches, the world's great religions, represents a tribulation (a soul struggle, if you will), which brings about one of the seven virtues, thus the opening of a chakra. This is why the seventh seal brings about the final peace, because it heralds completion; immortality, ascension, freedom from karmic circling. Thus, it leads to the eight; the Book of the Eights, which is the Book of Life or the Book of Immortals.

Although each religion honors the seven virtues or qualities individually, each of them hold a

particular seal to one of the qualities, an energy of attainment, which is the cornerstone or 'key' of their teaching. (This can be interchangeable in regard to individual experience.) In order for a soul to comprehend the seven seals, he must first break the seals of the seven holy prophets, which unleashes the seven virtues, the seven chakras and the seven attainments. In doing so, a soul may then become able to grasp the energetic essence of their particular key of knowledge.

Unloosing the seven seals, brings about completion, a washing in the blood of Christ which cleanses our Earthly garments to white.

In order to understand this, you must follow the seven seals in sequence, the theological virtues in sequence, the manifestation of the prophets of God and their religions in sequence, the chakras, from the foundation to the crown, and their attainments in sequence. Beyond this, you must also follow it as a sequence of the evolution of humanity, gauging things as historical *and* spiritual evolution. For the Bible does not contain mere historical facts, but an allegorical tale of the evolution of individual souls.

Beginning with the seals, prophets, religions and virtues, afterwards I will outlay the chakras. In order to properly understand, you must conceive of the entire Revelation as an allegory of the initiation of a soul from karmic bondage to immortality. The words of the seals pertain to the natural base inclinations of individual chakras before they are opened properly.

(All of the following biblical quotes are from the King James Version of the Bible.)

"Write the things which thou hast seen, and the things which are, and the things which shall be hereafter; The mystery of the seven stars which thou sawest in my right hand, and the seven golden candle-sticks. The seven stars are the angels of the seven churches: and the seven candlesticks which thou sawest are the seven churches. (Chakras)"

Revelations 1:19-20

"And I saw in the right hand of him that sat on the throne a book written within and on the back side, sealed with seven seals. And I saw a strong angel proclaiming with a loud voice, Who is worthy to open the book, and to loose the seals thereof?"

Revelations 5:1-2

"And I saw when the Lamb opened one of the seals, and I heard, as it were the noise of thunder . . ."

Revelations 6:1

FIRST SEAL - Krishna (About 3000 B.C.) - Hinduism - Prudence

Krishna appeared upon the earth about 3000 B.C. In his teachings, which are documented in the Bhagavad Gita and other texts, he stressed our duty in life; in essence, prudence. As he spoke of reincarnation, the message of prudence became even greater, as he stressed how our deeds follow us from lifetime to lifetime. In order to transcend this Earthly rebirth, Krishna stated that one must become prudent enough to cease karmic activity through meditation and love of God. The goal, according to Krishna, "O sinless one, the mode of goodness, being purer than the others, is illuminating, and it frees one from all

sinful reactions. Those situated in that mode become conditioned by a sense of happiness and knowledge."

Bhagavad Gita 14:6 (Translation by A.C. Bhaktivedanta Swami Prabhupada) But before a soul may achieve such a state, he must first conquer his evil inclination.

"Sometimes the mode of goodness becomes prominent, defeating the modes of passion and ignorance, O son of Bharata. Sometimes the mode of passion defeats goodness and ignorance and at other times ignorance defeats goodness and passion. In this way there is always competition for supremacy."

Bhagavad Gita 14:10 (Translation by A.C. Bhaktivedanta Swami Prabhupada), in this we see that prudence is vital to overcoming karma, and that a soul must be willing to go forth and conquer himself through prudence in order to transcend Earthly rebirth.

"And I saw, and beheld a white horse; and he that sat on him had a bow; and a crown was given unto him: and he went forth conquering, and to conquer."

Revelations 6:2

SECOND SEAL - Moses (About 1500 B.C.) - Judaism - Justice

Moses appeared on the Earth about 1500 B.C. In his teachings, which are documented in the Torah of the Old Testament, Moses was the vessel of Gods justice, as God said . . . "When Pharaoh does not heed you, I will lay My hand upon Egypt and deliver my ranks, My people the Israelites, from the land of Egypt with extraordinary chastisements. And the Egyptians shall know that I am the Lord, when I stretch out My hand over Egypt and bring out the

Israelites from their midst." Exodus 7:4-5 (Translation by the Jewish Publication Society according to the Masoretic Text) And Moses fulfilled this command along with bringing in the direct commandments of the Lord which are contained in the Torah and explained by the ancient Jewish Rabbi's in the Talmud. Moses said, *"And if you do obey these rules and observe them carefully, the Lord your God will maintain faithfully for you the covenant that He made on oath with your fathers: He will favor you and bless you and multiply you."* Deuteronomy 7:12-13 (Translation by the Jewish Publication Society according to the Masoretic Text) God's justice and His commands regarding every aspect of our lives and our behavior are documented in the Torah, and explained beautifully by the Talmudic sages, along with the punishment which the Lord deemed worthy of each offense, and how this justice of God should be carried out. The laws of the Talmud are rigorous, and their punishments strict, many of them carrying a punishment of death. Because this was a warring time, the people were ensconced in battles amongst each other, but this battle is also an allegorical one which occurs within oneself, because every soul must slay their passions, their vice, their sin and their will, in order to be able to face divine justice.

"And there went out another horse that was red: and power was given to him that sat thereon to take peace from the earth, and that they should kill one another: and there was given unto him a great sword."

Revelations 6:4

THIRD SEAL - Zarathustra (630-550 B.C.) - Zoroastrianism - Temperance

Zarathustra appeared upon the earth about 630 - 550 B.C. He began to receive revelations from Ahura Mazda which translates to Lord Wisdom. In these revelations, Zarathustra was taught that there is a delicate balance between the forces of goodness and evil in our world, and that we must carefully guard our thoughts, words and deeds so as not to be tempted by forces of darkness. In the Avesta, Zarathustra taught, "*Each of the two spirits created in turn, the One created life and the other created absence of life, and this determined how the last shall be, the worst life for the wicked, the Best Mental State for the holy.*" The Avesta 30:4 (Translation by Ernestine G. Busch) Thus, Zarathustra taught the delicate balance between light and darkness, temperance.

"And when he had opened the third seal, I heard the third beast say, Come and see. And I beheld, and lo a black horse; and he that sat on him had a pair of balances in his hand."

Revelations 6:5

FOURTH SEAL - Buddha (563 - 483 B.C.) - Buddhism - Fortitude

The Buddha appeared upon the earth about 563 -483 B.C. From the time he was a young man, he displayed a tendency towards deep meditation and

reflection. Throughout his life, the Buddha displayed a most intensive fortitude in his search for the truth. One of his great epiphanies came about as he reflected deeply on a dead body. In this meditation he discovered that all life is impermanent and filled with suffering. Because the Buddha also taught reincarnation, he said that in order to end this round of rebirths, we must conquer the passions, subdue the cravings, and recognize through meditation on our own corpse, the impermanence of this life, nothing in this world is permanent, and all destiny in this mortal realm ends with death. The Buddha taught a very deeply reflective process of meditation which would extinguish the causes of rebirth, and subsequently, death. *"Through the total fading away and extinction of Ignorance, however, the Karma-formations become extinguished; through extinction of the Karma-formation: Consciousness (in a new birth); through extinction of Consciousness: Mind and Corporeality; through extinction of Mind and Corporeality: the Six Bases; through extinction of the Six Bases: Impression; through extinction of Impression: Feeling; through extinction of Feeling: Craving; through extinction of Craving: Clinging; through extinction of Clinging: the Process of Becoming; through extinction of the Process of Becoming (Karma-Process): Rebirth; through extinction of Rebirth: Decay and Death, sorrow, lamentation, pain, grief and despair. Thus takes place the extinction of this whole mass of suffering."* *Path to Deliverance C Wisdom, S XII 17, Page 154, Paragraph 1 (Sutta Pitaka from the Pali Canon, Translation by Nyanatiloka)* The Buddha showed

immense fortitude in his determination to win the greatest battle of his life, conquering himself, and by doing so, conquering death. Some of the practices which are practiced by Buddhists and other religious orders to conquer these cravings are mortification's of the body, fasting, and deep reflection with the intent to subdue the beasts of vice which control our world. In so doing, they overcome death by overcoming craving to the mortal life and all that sustains it.

"And I looked, and beheld a pale horse: and his name that sat on him was Death, and Hell followed him. And power was given unto them over the fourth part of the earth, to kill with sword, and with hunger, and with death, and with the beasts of the earth."

Revelations 6:8

FIFTH SEAL - Jesus Christ (32 B.C.) - Christianity - Faith

Jesus Christ, the Messiah, appeared around 32 B.C. One of His greatest marvels was how He healed the sick through their faith in Him and the Father. He taught, among other things, that faith is what would bring the children of God back into His fold. "Arise, go thy way: thy faith hath made thee whole." St. Luke 17:19, Words of Christ (Translation: King James Version) The entire faith journey can be one of tribulation and suffering, until a soul cleaves to their faith in the Lord, and finds peace even amidst the suffering. "It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God. But call to remembrance the former days, in which, after ye were illuminated, ye endured a great

fight of afflictions; Partly, whilst ye were made a gazingstock by reproaches and afflictions; and partly, whilst ye became companions of them that were so used. For ye had compassion of me in my bonds, and took joyfully the spoiling of your goods, knowing in yourselves that ye have in heaven a better and an enduring substance. Cast not away therefore your confidence, which hath great recompense and reward. For ye have need of patience, that, after ye have done the will of God, ye might receive the promise . . . the just shall live by faith . . . " Hebrews 10:31:38 (Translation: King James Version) Because of their faith, Christian martyrs went to their deaths confidently and with reverence. They had the greatest faith of all; they were willing to die for their God.

"And when he had opened the fifth seal, I saw under the altar the souls of them that were slain for the word of God, and for the testimony which they held."

Revelations 6:9

SIXTH SEAL - Mohammad (570 - 632 A.D.) - Islam - Hope

The prophet Mohammad appeared upon the earth around 570-632 A.D. With him, he brought a message of hope regarding social and economic justice for all men. The world of Mohammad's era was deeply afflicted with vice and evil. Mohammad chastised the inequity between social classes and the injustice within the whole of their society. But for those who heeded his warning and listened to his words, Mohammad gave hope . . . "O you who

believe, if you keep your duty to Allah, He will grant you a distinction and do away with your evils and protect you. And Allah is the Lord of mighty grace."
The Holy Qur'an, Part IX, Chapter 8, Section 4:29
(Translated by Maulana Mohammad Ali) "And Allah would not chastise them while thou wast among them; nor would Allah chastise them while they seek forgiveness."
The Holy Qur'an, Part IX, Chapter 8, Section 4:33 (Translated by Maulana Mohammad Ali) For those who were willing to stand amidst a world of peril, alone in righteousness, justice and equity, Mohammad brought hope. But for those unwilling to follow the commandments of the Lord, Mohammad did not bring hope, but fear and trembling. "And those who break the covenant of Allah after its confirmation, and cut asunder that which Allah has ordered to be joined, and make mischief in the land, for them is the curse, and theirs is the evil end of the Abode."
The Holy Qur'an, Part XIII, Chapter 13, Section 3:25 (Translated by Maulana Mohammad Ali) Hope comes with a blessing and a tribulation, for to abolish evil in a soul requires great movement, trembling and change, for every part of the soul must be altered from that which it was before.

"And I beheld when he had opened the sixth seal, and, lo, there was a great earthquake . . . And the heaven departed as a scroll when it is rolled together; and every mountain and island were moved out of their places."

Revelations 6:12 & 14

SEVENTH SEAL - Baha'u'llah (1863 A.D.) - Baha'i - Charity, Love

Baha'u'llah appeared upon the earth around 1863 A.D. Baha'u'llah's message can be summed up in three words; charity, unity and love. Urging every man to guard his own conscience, he implored charity to one's fellow man. "The word of God which the Supreme Pen hath recorded on the third leaf of the Most Exalted Paradise is this: O son of man! If thine eyes be turned towards mercy, forsake the things that profit thee and cleave unto that which will profit mankind. And if thine eyes be turned towards justice, choose thou for thy neighbour that which thou choosest for thyself. Humility exalteth man to the heaven of glory and power, whilst pride abaseth him to the depths of wretchedness and degradation." The Tablets of Baha'u'llah, Kalimat-I-Firdawsiyyih, The Third Leaf, Page 64 (Translated by Habib Taherzadeh) "We enjoin upon them that are the emblems of His names and attributes to firmly adhere henceforth unto that which hath been set forth in this Most Great Revelation, not to allow themselves to become the cause of strife." The Tablets of Baha'u'llah, Kalimat-I-Firdawsiyyih, Eleventh Leaf, Page 72 Translated by Habib Taherzadeh) He implored people to honor and hold sacred all religions and to seek unity among them. "He is, in truth, the Speaker on Sinai Who is now seated upon the throne of Revelation. He is the Hidden Mystery and the Treasured Symbol. All the former and latter Books of God are adorned with His praise and extol His Glory. Through Him the standard of knowledge hath been planted in the world and the ensign of the oneness of God hath been

unfurled amidst all peoples." *The Tablets of Baha'u'llah, Tajalliyat, The First Tajalli, Page 50 (Translated by Habib Taherzadeh)* Baha'u'llah, in his writings, speaks urgently of the need for souls to seek God themselves, and for them to embrace the merciful, charitable nature of the Lord, who requests only that we ask. "O brother, we should open our eyes, meditate upon His Word, and seek the sheltering shadow of the Manifestations of God, that perchance we may be warned by the unmistakable counsels of the Book, and give heed to the admonitions recorded in the holy Tablets; that we may not cavil at the Revealer of the verses, that we may resign ourselves wholly to His Cause, and embrace wholeheartedly His law, that haply we may enter the court of His mercy, and well upon the shore of His grace. He, verily, is merciful, and forgiving towards His servants." *The Kitab-I-Iqan (The Book of Certitude), Page 217, Paragraph 1 (Translated by Shoghi Effendi)* This unity, brings peace to all that is above and all that is below.

"And when he had opened the seventh seal, there was silence in heaven about the space of half an hour. And I saw the seven angels which stood before God; and to them were given seven trumpets. And another angel came and stood at the altar, having a golden censer; and there was given unto him much incense, that he should offer it with the prayer of all saints upon the golden altar which was before the throne. And the smoke of the incense, which came with the prayer of the saints, ascended up before God out of

*the angel's hand."**Revelations 8:1-4*

The first seal and chakra, *prudence*, the base chakra - foundation.

The second seal and chakra, *justice*, the sexual centers, - morality.

The third seal and chakra, *temperance*, the emotional centers - balance.

The fourth seal and chakra, *fortitude*, the heart center - endurance.

The fifth seal and chakra, *faith*, the throat center - the Word.

The sixth seal and chakra, *hope*, the third eye chakra - knowledge.

The seventh seal and chakra, *charity/love*, the crown chakra - unity.

With the opening of the crown chakra and the unitive virtue, all is silent in heaven. After all the seals have been loosed in Revelations, the elect stand before God, marked with the holy symbol of immortality.

"After this I beheld, and, lo, a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands . . . And one of the elders answered, saying unto me, What are these which are arrayed in white robes? and whence came they? And I said unto him, Sir, thou knowest. And he said to me, These are they which came out of great tribulation. and have

washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."

Revelations 7:9 & 13-14

The angels are then commanded to begin the final plagues which must hit the earth. But they are commanded to torment only those without the sign of God. The torments are not heavenly chastisements, but rather, the simple result of karma. Those engaged in vice and deadly sin, will reap the rewards of vice and destruction, until they turn to God.

"And it was commanded them that they should not hurt the grass of the earth, neither any green thing, neither any tree; but only those men which have not the seal of God in their foreheads. And to them it was given that they should not kill them, but that they should be tormented . . ."

Revelations 9:4-5

And the sign on the forehead is revealed in the spiritual or third eye which Paramahansa Yogananda called the seat of Christ Consciousness.

"The telescopic gaze of intuition. During deep meditation the single or spiritual eye becomes visible within the central part of the forehead. Great yogi's who live unbrokenly in the state of God-consciousness are able to behold it whether meditating or carrying on ordinary activities."

Man's Eternal Quest, Man's Greatest Adventure, Page 61, Footnote, (Hinduism, Author: Paramahansa Yogananda)

And the seven plagues which the angels were then commanded to let loose upon the earth are the fruits of the seven deadly sins: Gluttony, Lust, Greed, Pride, Sloth, Vanity and Avarice, and are as much an allegorical rendering of the actual appearance of a

soul impaled by vice to heavenly forces, as it is a prophecy of the coming chastisements from God, plagues within a man's soul, which remain until they have been justly purified.

Within the seven seals of the Revelations there is great tribulation, but beyond the tribulation lies the reward of fighting the good fight, thereby, conquering the soul. And when a soul is conquered, it finds unity.

"Now there are diversities of gifts, but the same spirit. And there are differences of administrations, but the same Lord. And there are diversities of operations, but it is the same God which worketh in all . . . For to one is given by the Spirit the word of wisdom; to another the word of knowledge by the same Spirit; To another faith by the same Spirit; to another the gifts of healing by the same Spirit; To another the working of miracles; to another prophecy; to another discerning of spirits; to another divers kinds of tongues; to another the interpretation of tongues; But all these worketh that one and the selfsame Spirit, divine to every man severally as he will. For as the body is one, and hath many members, and all the members of that one body, being many, are one body; so also is Christ . . . For the body is not one member, but many. If the foot shall say, because I am not the hand, I am not of the body; is it therefore not of the body? And if the ear shall say, because I am not the eye, I am not of the body; is it therefore not of the body? If the whole body were an eye, where were the hearing? If the whole body were hearing, where were the smelling? But now hath God set the members every one of them in the body, as it hath

pleased him . . . But now are they many members, yet but one body. And the eye cannot say unto the hand, I have no need of thee: nor again the head to the feet, I have no need of you . . . And whether one member suffer, all the members suffer with it; or one member be honoured, all the members rejoice with it. Now ye are the body of Christ, and members in particular."

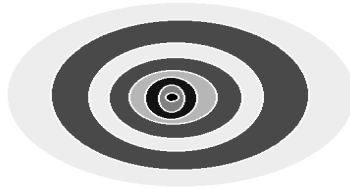
1 Corinthians 12:4-27

"On earth God is trying to evolve the universal art of right living by encouraging in men's hearts feelings of brotherhood and appreciation . . . He has therefore permitted no nation to be complete in itself. To the members of each race He has given some special aptitude, some unique genius, with which they may make a distinct contribution to the world civilization . . . It is important to note that the great saints of history have personified the ideals of all lands, and have embodied the highest aspirations of all religions."

*Sayings of Paramahansa Yogananda, Page 46, Stanza 2,
(Hinduism, Kriya Yoga, Words of Paramahansa
Yogananda)*

Unity . . . the end point.

UNIVERSAL SPHERE OF REALMS



Realms:

Center, 1 and 2 = First and Second Dimension/Lower Worlds (Total Darkness) = Below Veil of Illusion

3 and 4 = Third and Fourth Dimension/Border Worlds (Light and Darkness) = Below Veil of Illusion

5 and above = Fifth Dimension and Above/Upperworlds (Light) = Above Veil of Illusion

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From the Author's Introduction

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BIBLIOGRAPHY

Having made a shortened list of some of the more important texts of the world religions, I've made careful note to include texts which have been drawn to me in sacred vision and have been an integral part of energizing my spiritual path. Most of the texts in the bibliography have been brought to me through eternal guidance.

World Scripture is an excellent starting point, as it contains scripture from all world religions on various subjects, as well as, a detailed listing in back of the prescribed texts from all major and minor world religions.

Scriptural texts are the foundation or the root of knowledge. Visionary texts are the branches of the tree. Lives of prophets, saints, mystics and sages are the leaves.

Words in italics are actual book titles, while the unitalicized words are not title names, but rather authors and saints to glean from.

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

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