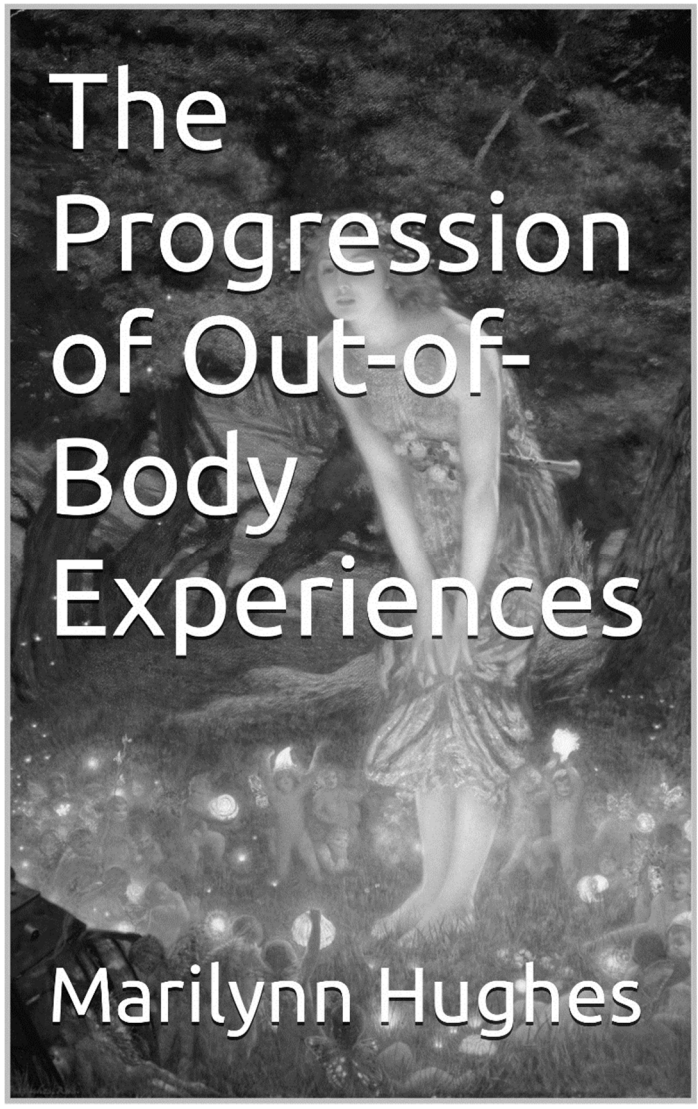
# The Progression of Out-of-Body Experiences

*By Marilynn Hughes*



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For information, write to:

*The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation!*

**https://outofbodytravel.org**

Marilynn is the author of over 100 books on Out-of-Body Travel, Astral Travel, Out-of-Body Experiences, Astral Projection, Near Death Experiences and Mystical Experiences..

## Other Books by Marilynn Hughes:

**Come to Wisdom's Door**

**How to Have an Out-of-Body Experience!**

**The Mysteries of the Redemption**

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

The Progression of Out-of-Body Experiences
By Marilynn Hughes
The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation
https://outofbodytravel.org
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In order to better understand the phenomenon of out-of-body travel, its purpose and importance; it is of vital use to consider the progression of the experiences and what they reveal. In so doing, a map can be laid out for the soul to better understand where they might be within the spiritual path and its context and what might lie ahead.

Since there is no other way to do this than to simplify, please allow me to present an overview and outline of several steps that I've experienced myself and have also found to be very uniform among thousands of experiencers who have communicated with me, as well, over the last decades.

My first experience occurred when I was a child of nine years old, and it came completely unexpectedly. From 'The Mysteries of the Redemption: A Treatise on Out-of-Body Travel and Mysticism, "*Not long after my spirit had been sleeping, I began to hear the roaring sounds of a thunderous uprising in the heavens. Although I was unaware of the mechanism of this vision, somehow my spiritual eyes opened to a sight unimaginable prior to this awakening. The clouds had parted to reveal gold and marble steps leading high up into the sky, and at the top of this amazing spectacle was a throne. The Lord God sat in this seat, appearing to me in a human form wearing a white robe. Aside Him was the lamb, Jesus Christ who would remain silent for this very first vision. Angels*

*were flying all around the holy sight, singing and performing celestial music of praise to the Lord. The power of God was so strong in this vision, that it cannot be expressed in words. "Holy, holy, holy," I thought. Humbling myself, I bowed in spirit form, to the Lord, my God. Motioning me to come forth, the Lord presented another vision that somehow overlapped this one. In it, the cross was on fire, and I was trying to put it out. Certain people in the world could only see the fire, not the cross. As a result, every time I put the fire out, they would re-light the flame to the cross. Battling our fundamental differences seemed to continue without end, but finally, due to the grace of God, I was able to put the fire out completely, allowing the cross to stand tall. The Lord spoke to me, "The fire represents ignorance, and the cross, awareness." He conveyed that there would be much fire in my life, but that I would bear the cross. Many people would never see it, and this would cause frustration. Pausing, I bowed again to His majesty. "At a future time, you will take that cross to the world and present it as a living vision of the reality of God . . . " Thunder struck and the heavens began to close. As I watched the heavenly messengers and the Lord disappear behind the clouds, I bowed to them. The Lord had filled my spirit with a love I could not describe."*

For thirty five years now, since the age of twenty two, I've had thousands of experiences. It has been an ongoing and continually evolving adventure that completely redefined the panorama of my life. When I was twenty two, "*It came in the morning, like a thief in the night, without foreknowledge or preparation. Turning to get out of my bed from sleep, what felt like my body began vibrating at a speed indescribable in*

*human terms. Feeling numb all over, I didn't know what was happening to me. The noise was so loud, it sounded as if I were surrounded by jet engines. I was afraid. Lifting my arm, my hand now became two, as a light sparkling image of it moved from inside my body to the outer air. My physical arm didn't move. Rolling over, my spirit rolled out of my body as my ethereal form bounced up to the ceiling. My body below looked like a gray clump of matter. As a fearful thought overcame me, I shot back into my physical form."* And a few days later, I was able to overcome the fear. *"Far away, but moving at great speed towards me, I stared reticently at the light that glowed before me in bed. Remaining still, there was nothing I could do. Moments later, the light permeated my soul and was within me, spurning the vibrational sensations of before. Unafraid, I had previously prayed to the Lord to deliver me from my fear, after my disconcerting re-entry within the last experience. The loud noises returned, as my body and spirit hummed to the rhythm of high intensity. Suddenly, without any instigation, I felt an incredible connection to all things, all life, to GOD! It was as if I now understood all the mysteries of the Universe, at least for this moment. There is a oneness between all life that I could completely comprehend and feel. Absolute calm and peace filled me in this new state of love."*

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

*Reveling in this absolute love and peace, I only momentarily noticed that all my 'physical' senses - like sight and hearing - were now coming from my entire consciousness, rather than a specific vantage point of an eye or an ear. Looking below, I saw the gray clump of matter that was my body with more interest. This sense of separation was profound, this knowledge that beyond all doubt, I was much more than my body. Engine-like sounds of the astral plane could be felt, as well as, heard. Everything was uncomfortable because it was so new, but the all-encompassing love that filled me was the most amazing aspect of this moment. After a short time within this immensely loving embrace, the six essences gently lowered me back into my body, decreased the vibrations slowly, and as I began waking to physical consciousness, distinctly faded away into the ether from where they had come."*

In the beginning, you learn about so many things. Many of them are related to getting comfortable with your spiritual body, the spirit world and traveling amidst it. A couple of important things you'll notice from the experiences noted above are the vibrations and the loud noises. The vibrations are very intense and are very important because when a person is having an out of body experience they are detaching from their awareness of the vibration of their physical body which is lower, to the vibration of their spiritual body which is higher. And this is why it feels like such a major, overwhelming, powerful surge. And this becomes very, very important as experiences progress because vibration will determine just about everything. In the out of body experience, it will be the vibration through which you see that determines what you are able to do, where you are able to go, what you

are able to see, and that which you are able to understand. To take this further, I always tell people that you learn very quickly that knowledge is not information . . . it is vibration. So you will experience vibrational raisings from the very beginning, and this is the purpose of these events, to bring you higher so you may learn and see more. The loud noises are the sounds of the astral plane which also is of a much higher vibration than that of physical reality, and that is why it is such a major, overwhelming, powerful surge.

But you are also quickly introduced to memories, and this becomes so important because the influx of out-of-body travel often brings with it a purification journey within the soul. So these memories contain within them unique keys for the each individual soul to uncover past patterns of behavior that have impacted the soul journey. Among these memories will come past lifetimes. In my own experience, I was introduced early on to a soul that I had known many times in my past incarnations by the name of Red Jacket. From 'The Mysteries of the Redemption: A Treatise on Out-of-Body Travel and Mysticism, *"Soaring at light speed, I suddenly became aware that I was now falling down. With a loud thud, I entered into a body. My immediate instinct was to look down, which gave me many clues as to where I had entered. Wearing a long dress with a petticoat, I noticed how heavy these clothes felt. Walking along some dirt roads towards a dingy bar, it occurred to me that my current self was overlapping another life, and that I was here to observe . . . not interfere.*

*"The bar was like an old barn with the front doors opened wide. Inside, a man whom I knew to be my*

*husband was arm wrestling with a group of men who were very loud and boisterous. He wasn't a big man, being slightly shorter than myself with straight sandy-brown hair. Two men near him were very large and unusually dirty. Sporting wavy black hair and mustaches, I supposed they might be Mexican. All the men were wearing dirty brown pants with suspenders and soiled shirts that apparently used to be white. Some had old cowboy hats on. My husband ordered me to leave as soon as he saw me, for this was no place for a woman, and they were busy with men-folk talk. Angry, I turned to go. On the way back to our home, I noticed that I was walking around a western fort. Prisoners quarters made out of sandstone rock sported windows with metal bars. A young Indian boy's face motioned to me. "We are very hungry, they do not feed us. Can you help?" He said. Promising that I would return with food, I went upon my way.*

*"Returning to the prison later, I took note that the guards were quite intoxicated. One had fallen asleep and was lying in the dirt smelling strongly of whiskey. The other stood against the prison wall in his blue cavalry uniform, holding his rifle upright. Bottle in hand, it wouldn't be long before he joined his friend on the ground. "Sir," I said with a curtsy, "I would just like to bring the prisoners some food for their bodies and perhaps some food for their soul." I said. "I've prepared something for them to eat, and I know that they will be ready to hear about the Lord on a full stomach. I'd be mighty appreciative if you would let me help these poor souls enter into heaven." Flippantly, the guard moved away from the door, unlocking it. "Well, ma'am, that's mighty Christian of you. Good luck to you and God bless," he said. Walking into the door, there was a short flight of steps*

*going down to the disgustingly filthy room which was about 10' X 10' and housed about fifteen prisoners. There were other cells, but I didn't venture into them. Apparently, some of the more dangerous prisoners were kept in those privately locked cells. Appreciative of the food, the young boy ate voraciously, although the others remained suspicious. At this moment, I realized that this was the moment I had made the decision in that lifetime that I was going to help the Indians. Ascending the rock stairs, a flash of light pulled me out and shot me back home to my present life."*

As those experiences continued, I began to see patterns of things that had been left unresolved through aeons of time. Although these things had been handled in different ways throughout different lifetimes, none of my solutions had effected a permanent resolution. So these things were being brought to my attention so that I might see them in my present day circumstances and perhaps address them in a more fruitful way this time around.

But another pivotal thing I began to experience were the experiences with Lost Souls. These were spirits who had died, oftentimes suddenly and without warning. These souls were caught between worlds, so to speak. Oftentimes, they didn't even realize they had died and just needed a little bit of help from both the physical and the ethereal sides of existence to make that crossing over complete. When a soul dies without a belief in an afterlife, or God . . . or they don't realize they've actually crossed over . . . their vibration sometimes does not rise enough for them to actually see their guardian angels. And sometimes incarnate souls, people like myself and many others, are utilized

to assist them in raising their vibration just enough so that they can be handed off to their angelic helpers who then take them the rest of the way to the light. I related many stories of these lost souls in 'The Mysteries of the Redemption: A Treatise on Out-of-Body Travel and Mysticism.' *"Entering into another lost soul's dream, I witnessed his death. Attempting to rob a young couple's home, he had entered when the couple had left to take a walk, not realizing that their young child was still in the home. As soon as he found their daughter, he locked her in a closet. When the couple returned from their walk, they noticed the broken glass and immediately searched for and found her, but police cars were already arriving as the neighbors had called the police when they noticed the disturbance. Checking through the house, the police didn't find the robber immediately, and assumed he had gotten away. But the father knew of a room that was normally sealed off from the house and asked the police to check it out. Upon entering the room, they were immediately confronted with the armed robber, firing five shots, killing him instantly. Now, he was a lost soul.*

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

*explained some universal truths to him, he was excited by the incredible love that God had for his soul. Our Lord had been moved by his true contrition at the moment of death. Absorbing knowledge with ease and joy, he became hesitant to leave when I told him of his next destination, the light. (Lost souls are often uncomfortable leaving the only contact they have had since death) Telling him to stay near me as long as he felt he needed, I conveyed to him that when he felt ready he could depart directly for the light. This calmed him a great deal, and within moments, he left for the light, leaving a cool breeze in his wake."*

But this would just be an overview of what I would consider part of the more mundane aspects of the out of body experience. As my journey progressed, my soul was taken into the Initiations into the Mysteries which were vast and voluminous. My spirit was taken through rites of passage into a myriad of mysteries and energetic rites into knowledge I could never have fathomed. Each one of these fascinating travelings took my soul deeper into an ever unwinding labyrinth of deepening vibration and understanding epiphany about the cosmic laws and movements all around us. And it all began when I was *"Overlooking a large ravine, a tall male spirit approached me, holding a golden stick of incense, the tip searing with the light of a small flame. "This is a very powerful ceremony, are you sure you wish to embark upon this journey?" "Yes," I said excitedly, "but please tell me what to expect." Direct and serious, he spoke few words. "This incense will take you to the threshold of death. There you will witness ancient mysteries. Your spirit will be in a state of timelessness for several days in time. We will watch over you until you return from your journey. Then you will be returned to the appropriate*

*day in the structure of time to re-associate with your body." "Okay," I said thoughtfully, "I'm going to be seeing a lot, how will I remember it all?" "You will not," he responded in quietude, "in timelessness you will encounter much but take with you only a little. This is the way it must be for now." Lifting the golden incense to the sky, he touched it lightly to my arm. "I will stay with you for the first vision, but after witnessing the temples, you will be taken into timelessness and I will be gone." Entering a beautiful state, I felt as though my spirit was a thought-form on the patterns of a mystery. Floating motionless, I began to witness the temples in the sky! From the depths of the ground a large column of pink coral rock began to ascend, several hundred feet wide and about thirty feet tall. One side of the rock had the letters HDA engraved within the stone, and directly beside them were three tunnels opening to other worlds. Above each tunnel was a separate single word, and they appeared in this order: Here, There and Always. Temples in the sky were serenaded by the deep pink sky, and they included pyramids and a sphinx. Amethyst began emerging from the ground.*

*"A princess of immense beauty appeared in the sky, her dark Amazon hair blowing in the wind. Silently on her forehead, lay a golden crown surrounding her sparkly face. Filling half the mystical sky, her presence was ominous. Chiming questions to my spirit, her magnetic voice chimed, "Which do you choose?" she said, "Here, There or Always?" 'Here' was the choice of remaining in spirit on the Earth, perhaps to stay with a loved one or stay in fear as a lost soul. 'There' was a choice to enter the astral side of the earth-plane, (fourth realm) and this was a typical choice of many who left their lives in a state of*

*total slumber, giving them time to reacquaint the spirit with the knowledge of truth, while retaining the safe identity of a fragment, or a personality. 'Always' was to slip into timelessness, and to reunite with God. "Always!" I shouted. "Chant the ancient tonelage!" She chimed, as instantly my inner spirit began to search for the remembrance of this. Eyes shooting to the stone letters emblazoned in the rocks, "HDA! HDA!" I cried out, chanting to the being in the sky. Repeatedly, I continued chanting as my soul entered a state of bliss and shot towards the third tunnel, falling into timelessness.*

*"Entering a state of wandering, I soared to many vast worlds. But the spirit who sent me told me the truth, I would only remember a little bit. Stopping at one point in timelessness, I appeared to be in ancient Egypt. The pyramid builders were working to construct what would become, in the proper state of time, an ancient mystery. Some of the pyramids were finished, but many were left undone, and a young man was sitting quietly taking a break on a large stone. Behind him, a half-built pyramid stood. Wearing a metal covering on his head with feathers at the top, he wore a skirt made of large metal fringes. Appearing to him in timeless spiritual form, I sat next to him. "Excuse me, sir, I'm very sorry. I will get off your stone and let you return to work." Intensity filled his eyes, and I knew that he understood that I was a spiritual manifestation, rather than a physical one. This was not surprising to him, and that surprised me. Taking my hand, he smiled at its transparency. "I want not off, for I need no rock cut by stone, but love created through life!" Intrigued with his words, I smiled, but had no chance to respond before being pulled away.*

*Inside a pyramid experiencing a spiritual ecstasy, I listened to those outside who were speaking. "She needs more moments in timelessness," one said to the other, "to regroup for return to the physical." For a moment they were discussing the unusual nature of my journey, and a woman commented that I was the first soul allowed to travel during life . . . this far beyond the doorway of death. "How much will she remember?" The woman asked, "Not much," he responded, "but she will remember the HDA, and the Here, There and the Always." Speaking silently, the woman did not want me to hear. "Will she remember the death song?" "Aaaah," he responded, "a part of it she will take back." Intrigued, I peeked through a window. The two who spoke were honey-colored with long black hair, the man wearing only a red covering around his groin, but the woman was dressed like a princess. Moments continued to pass, but I felt no time. Coming out of the intense state, my keepers came to release me. "You have one more stop on the way back." They said, as they raised their arms. Shooting out of the pyramid city, I entered a very unusual realm.*

*"Swaying in the flow which resembled the ocean's current, the cloudy substance which enveloped me was a mist which was wet . . . but also dry. Beginning to hear a man's voice in the distance, he was singing a very soulful and mystical chant. An unusual vibration accompanied his singing, which I could only describe as a transition into timelessness. These were the words he spoke:*

*"The timeless moon doth ocean sway tide*
*Holding tight to beachhead reign*
*But ne'er be near the stillness of time*

*Crossing to regions of lingering plane"*

*"Sing in spirit to mountains that speak*
*The crestful longing of manner abode*
*A place where time ends is what we seek*
*The endless journey, along the lighted road"*

*"The Death Song?" I thought wistfully, as I dizzily re-entered my physical body."*

The journeys continued into the Ancient Pyramids, the Sphinx, Eden, Native American, Kabbalistic, Galactic and other mysteries until I was taken into the 23rd dimension to meet the Golden Angels and begin the Rites of the Ascension. There and beyond, I met the Angel of the Ascension who wore a robe of gleaming white and whose face and hands were pure light and showed no features. In his presence, the angels of death had no power.

But these Initiations, though they do end for a time, are only going to be one series of many which will transpire over the years. Spiritual unfoldment is filled with changing seasons and turning tides as the soul moves into ever renewing currents of transformation which are familiar to the awakening soul. The next clear delineation in my journeys were what I would come to call alterations, which consisted of learning how to alter in energy those things which needed to be changed to assist another soul in their evolution. Early on in my out of body experiences, I was told that it is necessary and required that we give back to Creation that which Creation gives to us, and we do that by giving service to our fellow souls. We do that by helping Lost Souls, but after we have learned to help all manner of souls in such situations as these, we

begin learning how to help souls in a myriad of other circumstances throughout the universes; the heavens, purgatories and the hells, and we are sent to those souls to affect the alteration of something within their spirit when the need arises to assist them in their evolution much as souls residing in higher spheres than ourselves come to our assistance in aiding us in achieving greater heights. It's all a great circle, the Sacred Hoop as it is spoken of in Native American circles, if you will.

There is a realm in energy where the thoughts of humankind manifest before they 'hit the ground.' This is the place where psychics often touch into when they are 'reading' another person's soul, and this is also why they can be wrong about how something turns out. Because in this realm, things can still be changed before they happen.

In this period, I was deeply honored to receive the great Chief Joseph of the Nez Perce as my Spiritual Teacher, and he taught me in the ways of Alteration. I wrote about it in 'Medicine Woman within a Dream.' Souls in human form who travel out of body can go to this realm and alter something that 'The Eternal' has deemed would not be best if it were to manifest. These directives are infused into us as travelers by the Holy Spirit, we have nothing to do with generating them, we just follow them when they are given.

Chief Joseph had come to me in such a beautiful way. *'"My child, you are sleeping." His voice rang out as if echoed through time, as my spirit began waking in another realm. "You seek to know?" The Indian Chief asked. "What?" I responded, confused as my vision was still cloudy and distant. His face was worn from*

*time and harsh weather, and his long black hair was braided. Many beads were about his neck. "Tell them my story." He said, as I felt the reverence of this soul. "Walk the pathway with me." "The pathway?" I asked, "I'm not sure what you mean." "But you will my dear traveler. Beyond the gateway, beyond the ascension is the knowledge of life. Walk with me." With great respect, I awakened, stood and looked this spirit in his eyes which visioned deep knowledge to me. "Who are you?" I calmly asked, feeling the familiarity of this soul. "I am Chief Joseph." Reaching his hand towards me, I remembered him. (He was the great Chief of the Nez Perce who had said 'Hear me, my chiefs, I am tired; my heart is sick and sad. From where the sun now stands, I will fight no more forever,' when surrendering to General Sherman). "I will tell your story, I will walk with you." He began to speak, and I listened . . . "I was born as particle of light. My mother was the Universe, my father, a star; an idea born of life, becoming life, to seek life. No man came before me, but myself. No thought entered reality without my knowing. I was one . . . Then came the scattering, when clarity became confusion. Light became darkness, love became hatred. I'd never traveled that road before, when my fellow life became a destroyer of life. My brothers became my enemies, my sisters, the hunted . . . Everything was confused then, and I sought to understand. What had changed? Why had the harmony been broken into chaos? Where could I retrieve that seed of life that began it all, and save the world I perceived as my own? For years, I fought their battles, their wars, defending the peace I so missed from my heart. And then one day . . . I stopped. I was Chief Joseph of the Nez Perce, now . . . I am life. I exist in a new world, a new reality, where the seeking is sacred. This is my story."* And the story he had to

tell of the world beyond death and how souls evolve from the human world into the divine was an even greater one than any he had known on earth. *"As we sat at his fire smoking the pipe of peace, a little bit of which I share with you now. "If what is, is; then what is not, is not. In the kaleidoscope of creation, what is continually expands and changes. What is depends entirely upon the point of now in which you peer through. What is, in this now, is. But what was, in another now, no longer remains, unless you separate that point in time. Evolution is like a bit of tobacco. If you light a flame to the tobacco, it catches fire. In moments, smoke will begin to rise, curling into the air, parts dissipating and parts becoming. Creation is the flame, for it is the fire of love which forever changes everything it touches. Tobacco will remain tobacco indefinitely unless something changes. But if it is touched by the flame, it will no longer be tobacco. Transformed by the flame into a completely different substance, it becomes ash. Life is transformed by the flame of love, just like the tobacco is transformed by the fire; nothing remains of what once was. What is . . . is no more. What is holds the memory of what was, but no longer is what was. If in one moment, lies all eternity; then all time, holds all things. Time is like a kaleidoscope. If you were to place a blue bead in a kaleidoscope which had only red, yellow, white and green beads within it, you could watch the transformation of a piece of God. A singular bead is a moment in time; perhaps a lifetime, a fragment of a soul. All the beads together represent all lifetimes and all life. Looking through the kaleidoscope, you will notice that with every movement of your hand, the images will constantly change unless you stop applying the movement. Appearing as a star at one moment, it's a triangle the next. If there is only one*

*blue bead in your kaleidoscope, you will notice that it continually moves and changes according to the movement of the entire creation. The image never remains the same, it no longer is, what was, but yet, all the separate parts which create it remain the same. Creation can be seen in this manner. All moments exist as one yet are continually altered by that which we become in the current point of now. Every piece remains essentially the same yet is completely transformed by that which we become in the present.*

*"Let us return to the tobacco seed. What we are as humanity, can either energize or de-energize evolution. All begins with the tiny seed of life which God entrusts to every one of us. Imagine a small seed of tobacco which represents your portion in God's plan for humanity. As you place this seed upon the earth, you know that each part of humanity has a choice of what they will do with their own seed. Some will grow into vibrant and healthy plants, while other's seeds will wither into nothing, ceasing to grow . . . death. If you give your seed the water of life, the living water of the eternal, the seed has the potential to blossom into a beautiful plant . . . or it may wither into nothing, but you water this seed because you know that this water gives it the potential to grow. If you give it nothing, we know for a certainty that it will die. The water is caring. A world that has thrived on old ways needs to be watered regularly to grow. But you must also understand that what is . . . is. Humanity is still a seed, but what is, is never a constant, as it is always changing. Understanding this, we must take the knowledge of evolution even farther. Evolution comes in phases, not all at once. What is now, is now, and what will be, is not now. Evolution takes place when the seed recognizes what is and allows life to direct its*

*course in a pattern of becoming. Individually, we energize evolution by becoming, and this comes about from an understanding of cause and effect and personal responsibility. You know that if you jump off a mountain in your astral body, you will fly. But if you do the same thing in your physical body, you will fall to the ground and be crushed to death. This is cause and effect. Every realm has its own laws of cause and effect."*

I will forever remember the blessed nights spent sitting next to Chief Joseph's Tipi and fire, his face dreamy and reminiscent of a time long gone by and the sound of the Medicine Men chanting for me with their songs to bring me into the 'medicine', learning of the spirit world with this great soul. His face will forever be etched into my memory, and his wisdom's will be forever engraved into my vibration.

But no matter what I may share with you of the wonderful, the true, the radiant, the grandiose . . . it will all come down to the one true and essential thing . . . but to get to the essential, all within us that is false has to be broken down and stripped away. "*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"*

That true and essential thing is purification. If you are

incarnate upon the earth, you are here because you have purification that you must accomplish within your soul. This experience would only be the very beginning of many years of such corrections within the soul. But as Jesus told me nearly two decades later in a near death experience, it can be summarized by stating that our purpose here on earth is to go from selfishness to selflessness. I shared this in 'Galactica: A Treatise on Death, Dying and the Afterlife,' "*In early 2003 my echocardiograms weren't as good as they had been and my doctor scheduled a cardiac catheterization with a chopper standing by and with the intent to verify that it was perhaps time for me to consider either a heart transplant or some other type of heart surgery to improve matters. I'd already been typed out for transplant in 2001, but was remaining stable on medication until that time – and have remained stable on medication since. The night before the procedure something happened within my sleep, perhaps an arrhythmia, I honestly don't know. But suddenly, my spirit was looking upon the most spectacular light and I chuckled when I saw what lay within its confines. Although my little black and white terrier dog, 'Joy', had died twenty years prior, she stood at the gateway to the light waiting for me, looking brilliant and joyous. Wishing to embrace my childhood pal who had been with me for about fifteen years, I knew that I could not, for doing so would irrevocably take me into the light and beyond the gateway of death. I somehow knew this interiorly, even though it was never spoken. "I'm sorry," I said to my dog, "I can't come with you now because my kids are just too young. As I stood there looking at my dog sitting in the light . . . thinking it kind of funny that my dog was the only one there, Jesus Christ instantly appeared also. But He stood outside the light in wait*

*of me with His arms outstretched wearing a brilliant white robe. And I walked forward towards Him, a spirit wind suddenly took over my body and we soared towards and into the light. As we did so, the heavens became alit with lightning, sparkly light and colors of immense brightness and clarity. At this point, Christ took me on an unbelievable journey. Inherently, I knew I'd been given a special grace because He took me beyond the light and into the heavens and allowed me to see so much. Instinctively, I knew that you were not supposed to go beyond that light if you wished to return from death, and that this had been a gift. At the same time, I assumed that perhaps I was really irrevocably dead and was not returning to my earthly body. It was so awe-inspiring, spectacular and beautiful . . . how could anyone want to go back? The five or six part harmonies of the angelic choirs were constantly audible as you flew through. I saw worlds within worlds, heavens within heavens and basically what eye hath not seen nor ear heard. And it was stunning to take this 'flight' holding the hand of Christ. We moved so quickly through many aeons of worlds, and we never spoke a word . . . at least not yet. When we returned, I was led to a porch. I observed that the steps leading to it were of different heights. The one on the right was waist high and complete, and the one on the left was built only to the level of the bottom crossbeam. Immediately directing my attention to the one on the right, Christ conveyed, "This one represents your soul, and as you can see, it is complete." Directing my attention to the one on the left, He continued, "And this one represents the souls of those you will leave behind, which are incomplete." Looking at him, I said nothing, but questioned Him with my gaze as to what had caused this deficit. "It is incomplete because of selfishness," He said. Directing*

*my attention to the light which still contained the essence of my childhood dog, He began leading me towards it. As He did, I heard somebody screaming at another person somewhere nearby. "Thus is the nature of this world," He said, "Even as you cross over, they will be thinking only of themselves." "Awwwhhh," I realized, "The goal of this earthly life is to go from selfishness to selflessness." Jesus Christ smiled as I understood His message. Gazing at the light, I felt a sense of total peace and welcome. There was no uncertainty as though my dying would be premature if I were to go in that moment. Because of this shift, I had an epiphany as I stared at the light. At some point, my time would truly be up, and I would go to sleep and wake in another world. Death became more real to me than it had already been due to my illness, and it really 'hit' me that I was really going to die . . . and it might be now.*

*"In this welcoming grand gesture of God, in the light which stood before me, I was beginning to feel that my journey upon the Earth was possibly at its end. As I realized this, Christ filled me with peace about this eventuality, in that I would have completed that which I had come to do, and it would just be time for me to go. Directing me again to the bright tunnel, Christ conveyed that He was giving me the final option of entering into the light. The Lord then asked me, "Do you wish to stay, or would you like to go back?" Very quickly, I replied. "If it is still my choice, Lord, I must go back because my children are too young for me to die." "Then I wish for you to return to the earth," He said, "and pray that you receive a Heart Transplant." Looking down, I was thoughtful for a moment. "I'm sorry, Lord, I cannot do that." I said. Jesus looked with surprise at my refusal. "But I* ***will*** *return*

*to earth and pray that you spare the life of the perfectly healthy person who will die needlessly to provide me with a heart." I said. "And I'll take my chances with the one I've got." I paused. "But I cannot go to the light yet, Lord, as long as it remains my choice; for my kids are too young. Jesus looked deeply into my eyes and remained serious for several seconds. "I grant that!" He suddenly blurted out, as lightning flashed and my soul began hurtling through space at what felt like the speed of light. Unexpectedly, my spirit made a full stop. Sitting quietly in a bookstore, Jesus quietly walked in and sat next to me. There were a great deal of books in the store, but He directed my attention to a series of books standing atop a shelf and many below it. He wanted me to look closer at them. Surprised by what I saw when I did, the author was listed as myself. "I will make good use of you in the time I give you." The Lord said. All I could think was 'How could this be?' There were at least thirty books on those shelves and I'd written one in the prior fifteen years. He again encouraged me to look upon them very closely as suddenly again my soul began to soar through the heavens at the speed of light. Awaking in my body in bed, I was awestruck. The next morning we went in to have the cardiac catherization. Prepared to wake up in another place, I was surprised when I awoke in my local hospital. When I asked my cardiologist what happened, he shared that although they could not explain why, my heart was doing significantly better than it was the week before. My pump function had improved enough to remove me from consideration for transplant or surgery. Interiorly smiling, I never said anything to him because I knew he was not a believer in such things. But I knew Jesus had done me a favor, and that favor continues. All the books and more that I had seen in my near death experience are now*

*written. And it was only after I had finished writing them that I reflected back and realized that each and every one of them - I had seen before, and it was in that bookstore with Jesus Christ."*

I recall that He had conveyed, "I am not going to heal you, but I am going to help you." And indeed, He did. But what He tells us is very simple, we are to go from selfishness to selflessness. In order to do this, we are taken apart, piece by piece and then brought back together again in a new way.

Further, throughout the years, I was shown a variety of heavenly, purgatorial and hellish realms. And I found that there were an infinite number of each of these in the mystical spheres of existence. In my out of body experiences, it was not unusual to find many levels within the heavenly spheres, a variety of conditions within the purgatorial, and along these same lines, many different abodes to reflect the differing states of vice represented within the hellish realms. This is important because the soul learns about itself by uncovering the various veils and shades of not just within its own soul experience, but that within the experience of all life and all human experience within the spectrum of the progression and evolution of the soul's movement through differing life experience and understanding. Most souls will actually travel to the higher realms first, and then gradually be taken into the lower progressions and this is done because a soul has to be prepared for the difficult journey of learning about the darker aspects not only within themselves but within humanity itself.

In my experiences, I was taken to see heavenly realms. From 'The Mysteries of the Redemption: A Treatise

on Out-of-Body Travel and Mysticism, *"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 ablaring 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."* And I was taken into Hells *"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."*

But that would not be my last encounter with Muddy Flats. *"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. 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 then 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."*

And my soul was taken to a great many purgatories, as well. These were worlds where souls were engaged in a variety of purifications. For instance, there are a great many Chaos worlds. *"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."*

But other purgatories might serve a particular vice, like lust, for instance. " *In another realm, Andy had been convinced to accept this man's offer of trading our small home (not our current one) in a usual neighborhood, for his huge mansion set aside on a piece of land which was quite secluded and serene . . . at least in appearance. My suspicions were very high, as it made no sense to me that this man would make this offer unless there was something wrong with the house - first suspicion being that of a haunting. Andy had been impressed by the four Steinway grand pianos, and a very large gym which contained a basketball court which he considered to be something wonderful for our son. Admittedly, I was impressed with the grandeur of the home and its privacy, but it was clear that something was amiss. The individual rooms in this house, in particular the living room, were each larger than our entire current home as this was truly a mansion. Planning to go through the home, room by room, and fix it up according to our tastes, there was a great deal to be cleaned up as many things had been stored up and taken care of in somewhat shoddy manner.*

*"Because of the suspicious nature of this interaction, I wasn't surprised that the man and his wife left the house in an abrupt manner, but their manner of*

*leaving held interest to me. A beautiful and ornate horse-drawn carriage carried the two who were dressed almost as royalty, perhaps extreme upper class, of those who might have lived during the time of the Russian Revolution, early 1900's or so. As they departed, a crowd suddenly appeared all around the grounds bidding them adieu with gratefulness and joy. This was the first sign that we were not alone. As I worked my way through the rooms, I'd begun in the very entry of the house and worked towards the other end. Being a true mansion, I'd accomplished the reordering and cleaning of the first three to four rooms, but still had at least thirty to go. These three or four rooms were immense, and the process began to make me aware that perhaps I didn't have the energy for such a huge task. Living in such a huge mansion might not be so desirable to me (and perhaps Andy, as well). As we'd just looked at the Steinway pianos in a storage room which was larger than most houses, and were peering in on the gym, something happened. Looking around this large, ornate fitness area, I noticed that there were people hiding behind stashes of storage items and in the rafters. Because they noticed that I had seen them, many began to come out of their hiding places, approaching me. My middle child, Mary, was with me at this time, and one man approached with what appeared to be malicious intent. "Back off!" I said, holding my hand up in the sign of 'stop,' "In the name of Jesus Christ, leave her alone!" Obediently, he pulled himself back, lowered his head, and placed his hands before him in penitential manner. Within moments, I began to realize that these people were obliged to obey my every word, and did so with the very least of promptings. My first inkling of their*

*presence had been that they were servants, but this theory was quickly becoming evidently incorrect. Without warning, a gale wind assaulted Andy, Mary and I which began to bring us up towards the ceiling much like a gigantic ocean wave filling the room. At this moment, I turned to Andy and said, "This house is haunted, that's why they wanted to leave." Conclusions premature, the gale wind subsided and we were let to the ground, as I began to walk around the house suspiciously. Noticing that it was now full of people in every room, this formerly empty house had become lit to the full with at least four to five hundred souls. In one room, I found about fifteen spirits who were clearly criminals. Without any resistance, I ordered them to turn themselves into their police immediately. Doing so, I noticed that their police were also spirit beings who were dressed in the attire of police officers of the early 1900's. Taken out of the house to an undisclosed location, I began to notice something very unusual which began to shed light as to my purpose here.*

*"Beginning with a woman who made an inappropriate sexual gesture to a gentleman, before she could take this seemingly minute act of lust any further, her body and face began to transform into the pinkish-red, reptilian face of a demon. Horns began to protrude from her forehead and within seconds, she disappeared. Those around her went on as if nothing had happened, going about their business, trying to behave in a most upright manner. Seeing this happen again and again . . . and again, those who made overtures towards others which were lustful or inappropriate in the slightest of ways, turned into horribly disfigured demons,*

*disappearing from the scene. A man who had quickly reached his hand towards me in a very vulgar manner . . . also turned into a demon and disappeared, at the very moment I ordered him to back off. Looking towards a very tall man dressed very astutely and with obvious prestige, he tipped his top hat and bowed to me very politely. "This house isn't haunted, is it?" I asked him with grave concern. "No," he quietly said. "But you people are not servants, either, are you? You are all dead, aren't you?" I asked timidly. "Yes," he quietly said, with no change of expression on his face, except for a very subtle smile coming from the corner of his lips. "This is a purgatory, isn't it?" I asked. "Yes," he quietly replied. "This purgatory is kind of a last resort for those souls who struggled with lust on Earth, isn't it?" I asked. "Yes," he quietly said. Pausing a moment, I thought deeply. "Those who turn into demons and disappear are being sent straight to hell, aren't they?" At this time, his head lowered a bit in sadness. "Yes," he said quietly.*

*"Suddenly, I understood why these souls were so obedient. Because this was their last resort, if they showed that lust remained in their hearts to even the slightest of degrees, there were no further chances. Approaching an older black woman who was dressed as if from Cajun country in the early 1900's, I listened as she began to tell me about her life. As I listened, my mind couldn't help but wander to the others in the room who were acting with great gentility in an attempt to save their soul. Interrupting this very charming older woman's story, I shouted out to Jesus for help. "This place needs transformation!" My soul was transported to a heavenly highway outside of this*

*realm. Sitting at the side of a wide cosmic tunnel, the light formed a roadway through space. Andy and I sat at the side, watching in the distance as a huge vehicle began to approach. Six times larger than a fire engine, and in the color of the whitest white, it held within it transformative assistance which we knew would be arriving at the purgatorial mansion. Lifted from the spinning lighted tunnel, I was returned to my body on Earth."*

Finally, I can only say that I'm not even touching the tip of the iceberg in terms of what is possible in out-of-body experiences. Imagine spending years flying through the galactic heavens listening to the music of the spheres. I shared in 'Galactica: A Treatise on Death, Dying and the Afterlife,' that *"Rushing energies were filling my head like a torrential river flooding its banks. Catching an ecstatic wave of energy, I was immediately transported towards the blackness of space. With the rushing stars cascading by my soul, I flew at the speed of light towards an unknown heavenly destination. Within my sight were nebulae, galaxies, stars, planets, suns . . . and all were resonating a holy spectral vision to my soul. Heavenly music was playing, the music of the spheres, which resonated from all of the heavenly bodies; a sacred music filled with voices which sang in a language I did not understand."*

In 'The Christ of the Redemption', I noted my journeys to the Pure Lands which were initially taken on an extraterrestrial craft and, *"I was excited to see that the beings who lived in this world were of a line of masters . . . but there were many other forms of life*

*in the manner of animals, plants, waters and what appeared to also be extraterrestrial beings. There was such a sense of excitement being here, and I was with an unseen guide who spoke to my mind and directed my observations to the skies. "Look," came the interior voice, as I felt a hand on my back and could internally see the white robed inhabitant pointing to the sky, "Look." His hands directed me to observe the entire horizon which allowed me to witness that which he had come to show. "We have two suns and several moons." He said. The suns were on opposite sides of the horizon, and I saw what appeared to be three very distinct moons which were formed in a cluster pretty close together towards the first horizon, and another partial moon much further away which was harder to observe and appeared as if setting. The three moons, though brightly lit up in the daytime twilight by the two suns which were just slightly larger than our own sun, each seemed to have a sister star – three stars forming a pattern aside each of the moons like constellation. Somehow, each star belonged with its individual moon, and the clusters of the moon/stars all required the presence of the others nearby in order to fulfill themselves. The other moon was shadowed off in the distance in a darker sphere of the planet. When I saw these things, my spirit leapt within my soul with glee. I was guided to my new log home which had been built upon a small hill in this wonderful world, it was very sunny but not hot feeling at all – a very perfect and moderate temperature - and it would be from there that I would continue to observe all the intricacies of all that would be revealed around me. In a world filled with dragons, deities, gods and goddesses of worlds gone long by . . . . I simply marveled at the ostentatiousness of this plane."*

In ‘The Lord of the Redemption’, I was taken to the Tachyon fields, the worlds where particles vibrate beyond the speed of light. *“The energy was powerful, extant and there was a hollowness to it which cannot be described adequately. It was not a hollowness which would come about due to an absence, although that was part of it. But this hollowness, this vacuous emptying literally opened fields of pure particulate expression. Perhaps one way to express the hollowness would be that the molecular structure of the soul would enliven and expand to a point, and then the atomic life within the structures would separate out. By so doing, there would be borne in the heaven’s vast fields of emptiness. What was once crowded was now vast open fields of diminution. It came in hard and fast from the above, but quickly transluced into a very deep vibration which settled into the mid-section of the soul and grounded the spirit into this stance of continual existence within the divine. There was no visual presence of the Lord, but the presence of the Lord was in all aspects of the adoration. It was something beyond all fields, and it was a tachyon field – it moved beyond the speed of light. I would even venture to gather that it would be quite unlikely to be possible to touch into the tachyon fields beyond the speeds of light unless you knew, embraced and acknowledged the Almighty God. I wasn’t sure of this, but it seemed a self-evident truth in realizing that the tachyon field resided in adoration of the Lord. Science would have a hard time breaking the speed of light barrier without understanding this as there is no other infinite energy in the universe other than God itself; the universal field of being, the origin of all things.”*

So here we are, having barely touched the surface, but tried to touch as much as we can. I leave you with this.

Inside the heart of every man is the simplest of desires and needs, and every human soul will seek after it its entire life to one degree or another. And shant a many of them ever find it, because it is a rare and precious gem.

An experience I had years ago demonstrated this so very well, and I wrote about it in 'The Solitary Series, "*Only an instant had passed, but the simple acceptance of the energetic consequences of the free will vibration of others had taken me immediately in a realm of The Solitaries. Sitting in meditative posture and facing forward towards the Universal Good, my spirit had become like a smooth outline of simple light. (All the Soltaries were sitting in meditative posture like buddhas facing forward towards a universal sun which radiated and emanated towards us a glistening goodness.) My eyes were closed, my hands on my knees and coins were scattered all around me. Others had joined me in this new abode of the righteous. They, too, were facing forward in a meditative posture but keenly aware of their aloneness among the Solitaries as I was indeed. These were others who had simply chosen to release the worldly vibrations of those unable to walk a path in this manner towards God – behind - and walk forward. That act of simplicity had vibrationally altered each of our spirits in an instant. We disappeared from the world as if we had never been. We reappeared in this abode of the righteous with an entirely altered energy body. All was silent . . . there was no thought, no words, no deeds, no doing, not even being. We had released all attachments to worldly cares and concerns. And in this emptiness we had become the state, essence and vibration of peace – emanating. The silence was calming. It filled this new energy body I carried with light. Every one of the*

*Solitaries emanated a brilliant light, like transcendent suns. And our eyes remained fixed forward . . . on the Universal Good, which we knew was God.*

*"Momentarily, although the other Solitaries remained fixed in time and space in perfect peace, I was energetically released from stillness in order to gather from the treasures which were lying around my light body – the coins. Moving slowly, I began to pick one coin up at a time. Instantly, I realized that every one of these coins had engraved upon them holy words of wisdom, aphorisms, to tend to me as I would continue my journey in this righteous abode and those which would follow. I was honored, and I bowed to the Universal Good which remained ahead of me, which I knew to be present and residing in that sphere in a special way, and I knew to be God. The first coin read:*

*"Uncontrolled people pierce one with words*
*As a battle-elephant is pierced with arrows*
*On hearing harsh words being uttered to him*
*A biddhu (disciple) should endure them without hate."*
*(From the Udana, Translated by by John D. Ireland, 1990 Buddhist Publication Society)*

*"In the piercing arrows of my heart, a vision erupted. Allowed to see the pain and anguish caused by . . . people for whom my spirit had to leave behind, much harm had been caused . . . Before me, another coin captured my attention and I raised it to my new light body so that I could read it. The second coin read:*

*"As a man with good eyesight, on a journey,*
*Would endeavor to avoid any dangerous place,*
*So too a wise man living in the world*
*Should avoid demeritorious deeds."*
*(The Udana, Translated by John D. Ireland, 1990 Buddhist Publication Society)*

*"Pulling my energy inward, I allowed the force of the new light body which had smoothly engendered a peaceful vibration above and apart from all that had happened below, I quietly picked up another coin. The third coin read:*

*"If you fear pain, if you dislike pain,*
*Do not do a bad deed openly or in secret.*
*If you have done a bad deed or do one now,*
*You will not escape pain, though you try to flee."*
*(The Udana, Translated by John D. Ireland, 1990 Buddhist Publication Society)*

*"My spirit moved inward and felt the sorrow and contrition for the many sins I had committed in my many past times, and I felt deep, deep compassion for them. Despite the hurt and betrayal which had been bestowed upon my spirit during this horrific journey, I knew that we all pay for our deeds in this life and others, and that my redemption could only come at the cost of really understanding and knowing in my own heart the pain that others had felt at my hands in times past or times left unremembered. But this powerful searing focus remained on my soul, as I allowed the energy of the Universal Good Who emanated into my light body from ahead. And in this emanation, my spirit was cleansed of the hurt and pain I had endured in order to travel this journey to the abode of the Solitaries. And I quietly accepted God's forgiveness for the pain my soul had caused others in its earthly wanderings, as the searing roar of the light cleansed that pain. And it became as though it had never been. And my spirit was pure, unsullied . . . the familiar peace returned. Again, I noticed that the others around me were silent . . . there was no thought, no*

*words, no deeds, no doing, not even being.Quietly, I looked upon the ground and picked up another coin. The fourth coin read:*

*"Whose life causes no remorse*
*And who sorrows not at death.*
*The wise one who has seen that state*
*Sorrows not in the midst of sorrow.*
*A bikkhu whose mind is calmed,*
*Who has destroyed the craving for being,*
*Finished with wandering on in births*
*There is no further state of being for him."*
*(The Udana, Translated by John D. Ireland, 1990 Buddhist Publication Society)*

*"The worldly part of my soul would have wished them harm for the harm they had done to me, but in this newfound abode of the solitaries, it was not possible or even within the realm of consciousness to do so. Great compassion was bestowed on those caught up in the worldly wanderings of life. And for those who had warranted justice, there was a solemn respect for the process which inevitably must follow . . . And so I bowed again . . . And a rush of wind came through my spirit in a calm grace of sorrow. Picking up another coin, the fifth one read:"*

*"Seeing the world as unsatisfying*
*Knowing the state without clinging,*
*A noble one does not delight in evil;*
*In evil a pure one finds no delight."*
*(The Udana, Translated by John D. Ireland, 1990 Buddhist Publication Society)*

*"Picking up another coin, the sixth one read:*

*"For the good to do what is good is easy,*

*For the bad to do what is good is difficult:*
*For the bad to do what is bad is easy,*
*For the noble to do what is bad is difficult."*
*(The Udana, Translated by John D. Ireland, 1990 Buddhist Publication Society)*

*"Picking up another coin, the seventh one read:*

*"Whatever doubts as to here or beyond*
*In one's own or another's experience,*
*All are abandoned by the meditator,*
*By one ardent, leading the holy life."*
*(The Udana, Translated by John D. Ireland, 1990 Buddhist Publication Society)*

*"Again, I noticed that the others around me were silent . . . there was no thought, no words, no deeds, no doing, not even being.Picking up the final coin, the eighth one read:*

*"With body controlled and mind controlled,*
*Whether standing, sitting, or lying down,*
*A bhikku (disciple) making this mindfulness firm*
*Shall obtain successive distinctions.*
*On obtaining distinctions in succession*
*He goes beyond sight of the King of Death."*
*(The Udana, Translated by John D. Ireland, 1990 Buddhist Publication Society)*

*"And thus it was so . . . "*

Let's break it down.

Love
God.
Vibration
The Universal Field of Being

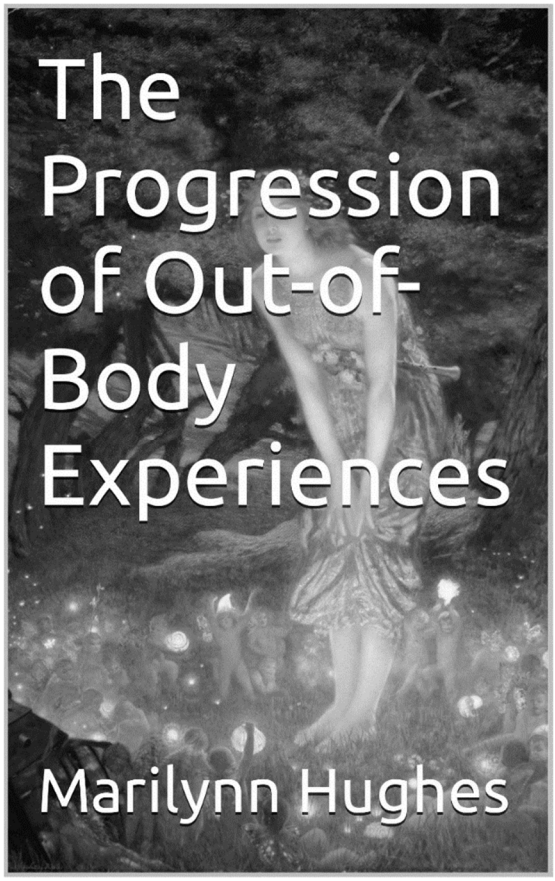
These are all one and the same. What did I tell you about Vibration? It must needs be continually raised .

. . that is the key. As you do this, you will be uplifted into the higher and finer frequencies of light and all will be made known to you.

There is no other way, nor could it be simpler. Out-of-Body Travel can help you to find that rare and precious gem.

# The Progression of Out-of-Body Experiences

***By Marilynn Hughes***

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