

Michael Jackson:

The Afterlife Experiences III

The Confessions of Michael Jackson

By Marilyn Hughes

The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation!

<http://outofbodytravel.org>



BYE

Michael Jackson

(Photograph by MJJ Productions)

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Michael Jackson:

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INTRODUCTION

13

PART ONE:

**The Afterlife Experiences -
Eight Months into the Afterlife**

15

CHAPTER ONE

Michael Jackson Discusses Children

16

CHAPTER TWO

**Michael Jackson Discusses Bisexual and
Homosexual Feelings**

18

CHAPTER THREE

Michael Jackson Discusses Lisa Marie Presley

21

CHAPTER FOUR

Michael Jackson's Takes me to See his Children

25

CHAPTER FIVE

Michael Jackson Discusses the Prison of Self

28

CHAPTER SIX

**Michael Jackson Discusses his Family and his
Physical Appearance During Life**

36

CHAPTER SEVEN

Michael Jackson Discusses Male Domination

44

CHAPTER EIGHT

Michael Jackson Discusses his Childhood

49

PART TWO:

**The Afterlife Experiences -
"I Will Speak through the Animals."**

52

CHAPTER NINE

Michael Jackson Discusses Destiny

54

CHAPTER TEN

**Michael Jackson Discusses Rumors, Work,
Opulence and the Love he has for his Mother**

61

CHAPTER ELEVEN

Michael Jackson Discusses Chosenlessness

72

CHAPTER TWELVE

**Michael Jackson Discusses the Sufferings of the
World and his Special Love for Africa and Begins to
Feel the Pain of Letting Go**

82

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

The Ancestors

94

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

**Michael Jackson Discusses Overspending,
Pornography, Drugs, the Manner of his Death, his
Profound Love for his Children, Various Thoughts
on Other Things and his Final Walk into Eternity**

106

Michael Jackson:

The Afterlife Experiences III

The Confessions of Michael Jackson



INTRODUCTION

"Oh, my God, no . . . "was all I could think as the out-of-body visions again began about eight months after Michael Jackson's death.

What had begun was another totally different event regarding the afterlife experiences of Michael Jackson, one which made me extremely uncomfortable. "Lord Jesus," I prayed after being told the new title, "Is this really necessary? Is this your will? I am not a priest. I don't want to hear this."

Learning very quickly that Michael Jackson intended to make a confession of the things which

had remained in his life a mystery; I honestly did not want that responsibility. Even if Michael wanted to tell me the truth about certain controversial matters in his life, I wasn't sure that it was even appropriate that I or the whole world might know. What business of it was ours? Why?

"Lord, I am extremely uncomfortable going to this place. What is this; another 'Confessions of St. Augustine'? Do you really want me to do this?" I paused as Michael's information was being downloaded into me as an unwilling reception of matters I didn't want to pursue. The incessant flow of information was filled with an urgency and I knew that I must do this to fulfill God's purpose, despite my personal discomfort. "Michael, I will write down what you tell me." And I began to write.

"I said you had to do it. You said you didn't want to. We talked about it, and we agreed that maybe I could help. I said you were wrong. You insisted you were right. We held each other's hand, and right and wrong disappeared. I began crying. You began crying, too. We embraced, and between us grew a flower of peace. How I love this mystery called We!"

Michael Jackson, Dancing the Dream, I You We [Doubleday, 1992]

*"Come, now again thy woes impart,
Tell all thy sorrows, all thy sin;
We cannot heal the throbbing heart,
Till we discern the wounds within."*

George Crabbe: The Hall of Justice, Part II, 1. [12,000 Inspirational Quotations, Frank S. Mead]

PART ONE:

THE AFTERLIFE EXPERIENCES

EIGHT MONTHS INTO THE AFTERLIFE



"Confess your sins to one another."

The Venerable Bede: Commentary on the Epistle of James [12,000 Inspirational Quotations, Frank S. Mead]

***"The confession of evil works is the first beginning of
good works."***

St. Augustine [12,000 Inspirational Quotations, Frank S. Mead]

CHAPTER ONE

Michael Jackson Discusses Children



"Loving kindness is greater than laws; and the charities of life are more than all ceremonies."

The Talmud [12,000 Inspirational Quotations, Frank S. Mead]

When my children were babies and toddlers, I would breastfeed them. As a result, especially with my youngest since I perfected the art by then, we often napped and cuddled together in bed up until they were four or five years of age. It was just a normal extension of breastfeeding and mothering. Much of the time, I would breastfeed my babies in bed because they would go to sleep and snuggle. With my youngest son, he would breastfeed so much that we were pretty much always together. He had a big appetite.

Oftentimes, my children would do this beyond

toddlerhood when they were sick. They would sleep in my bed or in my room (sometimes I'd take the floor) so I could monitor their fever, their breathing (my son had asthma) up until they were ten or twelve years of age. It wasn't unusual, it was just mothering.

Awaking in a vision, Michael Jackson appeared beside me lying down at about the age of eight years. He was just sleeping next to me like one of my children might have done when they were younger.

At first, I felt rather uncomfortable. It was Michael Jackson after all, even though he was appearing at the time he would've been as a child. But more importantly, he wasn't my own child.

I heard the adult Michael Jackson speaking to me in my ears from above. "That's all there was to it," Michael said, "These kids were sick."

Immediately, I had an energetic understanding in that because of the role he had taken on with so many thousands of sick and disadvantaged children, he *had* taken on a role of care giving especially with certain uniquely ill children.

No longer uncomfortable, I put my arm around the young child Michael as I would have my own children and became unconscious.

And that was all he had to say . . .

*"Behold, I do not give lectures or a little charity,
When I give I give myself."*

Walt Whitman: Leaves of Grass - Songs of Myself, XL [12,000 Inspirational
Quotations, Frank S. Mead]

CHAPTER TWO

Michael Jackson Discusses Bisexual and Homosexual Feelings



"Know this: that whatever situation you find yourself in, it is what is necessary for your development. An entity must apply in its associations from day to day a word here and a word there, one today, another tomorrow and the next day, with the understanding that from such activities in word and deed, self-development will come."

Edgar Cayce from 'Many Mansions,' By Gina Cerminara, [Signet Paperbacks, 1950]

"Oh, Michael," I said, as he had come to take me into yet another area of his life I knew nothing about. "I don't really want to know. Why are you telling me these things?"

"Just watch," he said.

"Michael, you're with Jesus now, and that's all that I really need to know." "Yes," he said, "but watch and write . . ."

Michael was standing with two men, both of whom appeared to be dancers. It seemed that this occurred a little bit earlier in his life, maybe in the 1990's, but that would be a guess.

One of the men had introduced Michael to the other, who was shown to me as a very buff and polished dancer. He wore a hat and was obviously homosexual. Michael Jackson felt an attraction to him, he said, "I had homosexual thoughts . . . and opportunities. But though I sometimes thought about engaging in them, I was too ashamed to do so."

The young men with him were encouraging him to just have fun and not worry about how he felt about it, but he hesitated and as far as I could tell he didn't indulge this tendency. (As far as I could tell.)

"I was often attracted to dancer types," he said, "I appreciated the male body . . . its beauty . . . especially in artistic perfection." But he seemed to convey that although he had these feelings, he didn't follow up on them. He wasn't gay, he was obviously interested, attracted to and involved with women. But he occasionally had what might be considered bisexual thoughts which he didn't appear to indulge in although it was clear in what he was showing me that opportunities likely presented themselves to him often.

"I'm just telling you that the thought was there . . . that's all. I was very uncomfortable about it, but

the thought was there . . . “

“Okay, Michael.” I responded. “You really don’t have to tell me this stuff you know. It’s none of my business.” Very calmly, he restated, “Please . . . watch and write . . . “

And then he was gone.

***“We evaluate our friends with a Godlike justice, but
we want them to evaluate us with a Godlike
compassion.”***

Sydney J. Harris, Chicago Daily News [12,000 Inspirational Quotations, Frank S.
Mead]

CHAPTER THREE

Michael Jackson Discusses Lisa Marie Presley



*"Devotion wafts the mind above, but Heaven itself
descends in love."*

George Gordon, Lord Byron: *The Giaour*, l. 1135 [12,000 Inspirational
Quotations, Frank S. Mead]

Michael Jackson came to me in an unusual mood. In the wafty cloudeous essence in which I saw him, he was emanating so much love towards someone who I could not initially see that I was sincerely interiorly moved by his love for this person.

Slowly, he began to lean towards this person I could not see as if he were going to kiss her. And as he did, he did so with such intense love and passion, I felt like I was watching something that was not appropriate for me to see.

Beyond the obvious deep and meaningful love was a tenderness I cannot describe. As he touched Lisa Marie Presley's lips with his own, he was so gentle. But it was like his love for her and appreciation for who she had been to him in his life had only grown in his own death.

During life, perhaps he'd felt entitled. But not in the great leveler which brings all human beings to the same level, he felt passionately what they truly had shared with one another despite how it had turned out in his life.

People mess up, they hurt the ones they love.

But he wanted her to know this, and I immediately understood that the woman with the brown hair that he had set my face upon in the Afterlife Experiences [I] was actually Lisa Marie.

Before Michael's death, I had not paid that much attention to him or his life. I was not familiar with Lisa Marie Presley, either. So when I saw her, I didn't recognize her.

But there was no question this was the person to whom he had been hoping to send this message of

love. And now, as eight months had passed since his parting from this world, it seemed that his love for her had only grown.

It was mature, responsible, gentle and kind. And beyond this, it was also very passionate. She absolutely was the love of his life, and he wanted her to know that.

As the image faded from my view, I told Michael, "I understand. You've done so much for me," I paused, "but you need me to take care of some things for you now. For whatever reason, you need to make these confessions."

As I paused to think how uncomfortable I had been when he first approached me with this new phase, and the discomfort I still felt with it, I felt a new resolve. "Okay, Michael, we're going to get this done. This whole journey made me uncomfortable from the moment we began, but we've been through a lot together now. I will trust you and the will of God and we'll just do this thing. I understand, you need to do this . . . I'll help you to do it."

A huge wave of energy came over me as I felt Michael's presence and resolve. Still not quite comfortable with the process at hand, I thought again of the image of Michael kissing Lisa Marie with such passion, love and tenderness. She needed to know this . . . and although these confessions were something I felt belonged to only him and those who loved him, I finally just understood that he was asking me to write them down for the world.

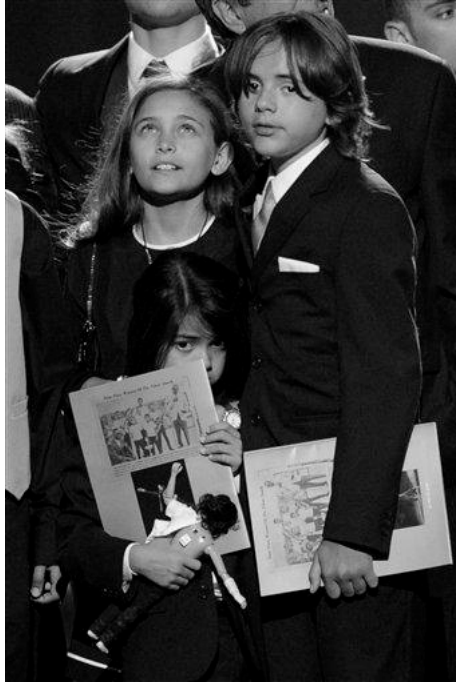
"Okay, okay, okay . . ." I thought, "God's mysterious ways . . . let's do this, Michael."

*"Love is ever the beginning of knowledge, as fire is of
light."*

Thomas Carlyle [12,000 Inspirational Quotations, Frank S. Mead]

CHAPTER FOUR

Michael Jackson's Takes me to See his Children



"Suffering is the true cement of love."

Paul Sabatier [12,000 Inspirational Quotations, Frank S. Mead]

The eerie essence of the night began to emerge in a cloudeous blue substance which showed no signs of life until a sudden and intermittent light burst forth from beyond. Michael Jackson had come to take to me see someone. "Please?" he asked.

Sitting against a white wall perched upon the clouds, was Michael Jackson's eldest son. Prince

Michael was sitting on the floor looking a little down as I approached him carefully to say hello.

"Hi," I said quietly as I walked near. He looked up at me as if he knew who I was and excitedly asked, "Can you sit with me?" "Of course," I said, as I plopped myself next to him in the cloudy room. Michael Jackson was pleased that I was able to make subconscious contact with his son in a way which he was not yet able. Prince could not see his father, yet.

Janet Jackson, Michael's younger sister was off in the corner doing something to her hair and hanging out with the kids. It was very sweet; she was very much just 'being' with them.

The other two quietly came over to see what was happening, although they could not see Michael either consciously or subconsciously.

A subconscious contact is an out-of-body experience wherein the other person is likely not to remember the experience. It can sometimes be remembered as a dream, but oftentimes, it sinks deeply into the subconscious world of the dream and the person has no memory of the experience.

This is a common mechanism of the eternal with all human beings in their spiritual development during this life.

As I was sitting next to Michael Jackson's son, he said, "Can you tell me more about my father, what he's doing now?" I began telling him stories of some of the adventures Michael Jackson and I had shared in the afterlife as his children listened with great interest in this probable sub-conscious state. As his eldest son sat with me and listened, he would smile and look up

at me when I told him something funny or really interesting about the afterlife.

We actually sat for hours and when we were finished, he said, "Sitting with you makes me feel close to my Dad." "Oh, what an honor," I replied. "I can understand why you'd want to feel close to him again. It must be really tough?" "Yeah . . ." he said. His eyes indicated a strong spirit, he was going to be okay. But he just missed his father, Michael Jackson, and it seemed to help him to sit next to me and feel that presence. The other two did the same, but never spoke.

Janet was very quietly sitting in the same room doing her hair and I was surprised at how down to earth our moments together had been.

They were regular people . . . grieving. It had been an honor.

Saying good-bye to Janet, I sent a special smile to Michael Jackson's children and waved good-bye. Turning to Michael, he was entranced with the vision of his children. He could not take his eyes off of them. So I said nothing as the ethereal heavens took my soul back to the world of men.

*"If love were what the rose is,
And I were like the leaf,
Our lives would grow together
In sad or singing weather,
Blown fields or flowerful closes,
Green pleasure or gray grief."*

Algernon Charles Swinburne: Love at Sea [12,000 Inspirational Quotations, Frank S. Mead]

CHAPTER FIVE

Michael Jackson Discusses the Prison of Self



"We are very apt to be full of ourselves, instead of Him, that made what we so much value, and but for whom we have no reason to value ourselves. For we have nothing that we can call our own, no, not ourselves; for we are all but tenants, and at will, to, of the great Lord of ourselves."

William Penn [12,000 Inspirational Quotations, Frank S. Mead]

In the eerie darkness of the cave below the heavens, I waited as I knew something spectacular was about to arise. But what, I had no idea.

There was an opening to the left in this cave where it appeared souls may be brought in, and to the right was a cavernous interior where there had been lain a table. Upon the table was a scroll, but I was not yet allowed to see its contents. It was laid out as if

waiting to be released or revealed.

Suddenly, I heard the sounds of a child's laughter and images of the young eleven year old Michael Jackson were flitting about the cavern. I laughed with him and watched the mirage of the young Michael joyfully flit by.

To the left of the cave where the entrance of souls appeared to be, the adult Michael Jackson was led in by two guardian spirits who were dressed almost like soldiers, but all in black with bright white buttons across their uniforms. Their hats were reminiscent of the 1800's, but also in the color of black.

Michael was more unkempt than I usually see him, wearing a worn out white shirt which was not entirely tucked into his black pants. He had evidence of charcoal or ashes on his face and it appeared that he had been in deep contemplation for quite some time much like the desert fathers who would go to the caves to meditate upon God. He had evidently lost all desire to keep the vanity going, and had entered into something much more deep and profound.

He appeared, however, in the body that he would have had at the age of 50 when he died.

The eleven year old Michael Jackson romped around the room and then entered into the fifty year old Michael Jackson which brought the sacred hoop of his life together at both ends.

Michael's face was very serious and he looked at me with great intensity. He had something important to share with me and I knew it. So I kept the proper attitude of reverence and repose.

As he continued to enter the room, I felt this profound sense of the illusion of his death. It was almost as if for a moment I truly believed that the world had it all wrong. He had never died, it was all an illusion. But then, I remembered, there is a stage in the death of everyone where this illusion becomes clear and it seems that the deceased never really died although by earthly reality they indeed did pass away. It feels as though we are under a mass hallucination, and perhaps we are, since with every death this strange transition occurs where the line between the living and the dead becomes so unclear and blurry - at least for the mystic.

For a moment, I realized we were in a cave very similar to the one where Padre Pio had taken me to show me the mysteries of the Holy Eucharist years before.

Michael never spoke, but he looked at me as he now stood over the scroll which had been unrolled and summoned me to come and see. Upon the scroll were lyrics that Michael Jackson had written. No music, only words that came to life on the page about his journey in what he would call 'The Prison of Self.'

As I came over, I noticed that the area in the open part of the cave was surrounded by stars and there was no ceiling to the cavern, it was open to the universe.

In the Prison of Self
The Soul lies Awake
Capturing a Moment
Of Lies and Deceit

There is no Greater Hunger
 Than the Man Lost at Sea
 Captured by Cravings
 Or Honored by Men

When Death Comes a Calling
 A Soul Can Awake
 Or it Can Spend Aeons
Souls Encaptured
Souls Encased

The Prison of Self
 Contains no True Grace

I'm Thankful, I'm Falling
 The Lord Plucked my Pride
 And Pulled on my Heartstrings
 To Take me to His Side

Yes, a Soul can be Wandering
 For Aeons it Seems
 In the Prison of Self
 After Death if he Gleans

But I'm Grateful I Didn't
 Thanks to Help from my Friends
 And Because my Desire
 For Knowledge was Deepened

When Death Comes to You
 Beware of the Pull
 Souls Encaptured

Souls Encased
 The Prison of Self
 Must Always be Faced

Vicarious Wanderings
 Through Ego's Allure
 Can Only be Quenched
 By Freedom's Lost Fire

And Where is this Freedom
 That all Soul's Must Seek
 It is in Destiny
 And Selfless Mystique

Who are you Really?
 An Image of God
 Or are you a Fledgling
 Egomaniacal Pod?

If it is God you Image Within
 Then the Heavens Shine Forth
 From your Destiny's Dream

But if you Come Forth
 As a Parcel of Self
 You are as Nothing
 But a Reprehensible Shell

If you Could be All
 But Choose to be Some
 How can the Lord
 Support Such a Fraud

Do Never Enter
 The Prison of Self
 Rather, Enter the Tomb
 With the Christ and His Mother

In that Self-Effacing Tomb
 Lie the Secrets of Mirth
 And Beyond the Confinement
 Are Released the Wisdom of the Stars

Do Never Enter
 The Prison of Self
 Souls Encaptured
 Souls Encased

Instead Hear the Cry
 Of Everlasting Grace

Reading over the entire lyric three times, I was enraptured. The words held an energetic beauty in the heavenly realms which I cannot mimic, but they were alive. Immediately, I understood it was about how some souls will be in a prison of self for a long time after death, while others rise quickly. He was expressing gratitude that he had only been here a short time due to the prayers and well wishes of his friends and family.

But because Michael Jackson had been so honored by men, and also defamed, he had to go through this prison of self – meditate upon this prison of false thinking – in these caves where wisdom can emerge as quickly or as slowly as a soul is willing to

recognize their own selfish motivations. Michael Jackson had seen very quickly how he had entered into a prison of self in his life having become such an iconic figure, so larger than life.

Having that happen, despite all best intentions which Michael absolutely had, can still affect our ability to see ourselves clearly, through the eyes of God and to truly know from whence our motivations come.

Humble and profoundly deep, Michael's eyes conveyed a depth I had not yet seen within him as the guardians now showed us a lifeline. Upon this lifeline, was captured the past, present and future of himself and every member of his family.

Unfortunately, Michael's lifeline ended on this chart, but others in his family had rich journeys to travel and knowledge to encompass.

Michael looked concerned for Jermaine, as the lifeline showed a particular time of some possible spiritual trouble coming for him relating to the Prison of Self. Michael wanted him to know that he would be there during this trial. He would be watching over him and helping him to get through it.

*“Let not soft slumber close your eyes,
Before you’ve collected thrice
The train of action through the day!
Where have my feet chose out their way?
What have I learnt, where’er I’ve been,
From all I’ve heard, from all I’ve seen?
What have I more that’s worth the knowing?
What have I done that’s worth the doing?
What have I sought that I should shun?”*

*What duty have I left undone,
Or into what new follies run?
These self-inquiries are the road
That leads to virtue and to God."*

Isaac Watts: Self Examination [12,000 Inspirational Quotations, Frank S. Mead]

"As a man goes down in self, he goes up in God."

George B. Cheever [12,000 Inspirational Quotations, Frank S. Mead]

CHAPTER SIX

Michael Jackson Discusses his Family and his Physical Appearance During Life



“Love is a symbol of eternity. It wipes out all sense of time, destroying all memory of a beginning and all fear of an end.”

Madame Anne Germaine de Stael: Corinne [12,000 Inspirational Quotations, Frank S. Mead]

The ethereal blanket began to part slowly as the spectacular image erupted before my view. Michael Jackson was wearing a bright red shirt and black pants. His hair was very much as it had been in his last days. His left hand was held up to his heart and he was standing next to the spectacular golden casket he had been buried in which was cascading with red roses.

It was a sight to see; the man, the vision, the final curtain call of his life . . .

Looking directly at me, he said, "Don't forget about the music." "I will never forget the music, Michael." I said.

In that moment as he stood next to the casket, I could sense the gratitude he had towards his family for handling his death with such honor and grace. He loved them so much. Although there were not tears in his eyes, there were tears which I could feel in his heart.

For a moment he showed me a vision within a vision regarding his brothers. They were singing something very positive and light in a car, trying to counterbalance some dark force which was relentlessly pursuing them. But they would not be conquered; they prevailed continually against this dark force as they insisted on remaining positive and light.

"I understand, Michael," I said, "Dark forces will relentlessly pursue your brothers as they did you, but the dark forces will not prevail." Michael nodded, but gave me a facial indication that I was missing something. "Oh! Yes!" I said, "They will overcome those forces not only through music and their positive attitudes . . . but by standing together." Michael smiled, "Yes," he conveyed.

Michael then began to sing, but I was not allowed to hear the sound. As he was singing, ethereal elements were forming around him and around myself. It was evident that he was trying to expand my work by bringing elements together,

uniting formerly displaced energies of light, he was helping me. I was very moved to watch this.

Quietly, as the music faded from view, Michael Jackson very quietly whispered, "Everything can be remembered." His eyes held a mystery.

"Okay," I replied, not knowing exactly what he meant. Frankly, I was speechless so I said nothing as suddenly we were gathered up by the ethereal winds and taken to another place.

Michael's appearance changed from the time of his death to a time when he was probably around forty years old. But his appearance would begin morphing as we talked into many different times in his adult life.

We were in a very casual bedroom. Although Michael was standing in the room, his words were heard almost as if he were transmitting through a phone. But he was talking a lot and there would be no way I could remember every word. He was just so excited to get to 'talk' to me without an interruption in the flow.

Ironically, this was probably the first time we were able to do this wherein we had penetrated the divide between life and death to the degree that he could really just talk without interruption and I was able to listen and hear.

Although I cannot remember his every word, he was speaking about all the things his family was doing with his work, music and estate since his death. He was so excited and happy about all that they were doing to preserve the legacy of the music. He was especially happy about a recent arrangement made

with Sony to release a lot of his music over the next decade or so. He was so pleased.

He went on and on about a whole bunch of people who were working on these projects, many of whom he had known. He mentioned many of them by name, but I couldn't remember them because there were so many. But he was talking about the producers, the women behind the scenes who organized everything and most importantly his family.

In his joy, he was giggling a lot and just talking to me as if he probably would have a friend during life. Initially, he was just walking around the room yapping away about how happy he was about the family's honorable approach to the legacy.

And it was very clear that their approach to that legacy was giving him much more peace in his afterlife experience, because he was able to rest knowing that the work he had brought in with the help of God would not be lost.

After a while he came over and sat down next to me on the side of the bed.

Still giggly, he morphed into the jacket he had worn in 'Thriller.' I never liked that video because of the dark theme but he was oblivious to that. He put his arm around me and became quiet. 'Thriller' was actually the reason I never paid any attention to him or his work while he was alive. I hated that video and it turned me off to anything he would do in the future. I thought that was kind of funny . . .

He was staring off into space now and I just sat with him as he did so.

Suddenly and without warning, Michael pounced on me in a playful desire to wrestle or have some kind of tickle fight. As he did so, he began to change his face again to different moments in his adult life. "Would you like me if I looked like this?" He said with each change. After a series of "Yes, of course, I would's", he turned into the image of who he would have been without Vitiligo and without plastic surgery - a black man. "Would you like me like this?" I paused as I realized he was really self-conscious about his true self. Looking deeply into his face, I was able to gaze upon who he was behind all the trappings of his life, his stardom, and the changes that overtook him due to illness and self-imposition. His African heritage was beautiful and I could see it almost as if I were looking into a genealogical line of honor which ran deep into his family's ancestral heritage.

He looked deeply into my eyes as an African American man almost as if he was waiting for some kind of rejection. But it was beautiful, and the lines in the ether from whence he had come were stunning and profound objects of respect, not rejection.

"Of course, I would. I love you no matter what, Michael. I will always love you, I don't care about how you looked at different times in your life. I love your soul . . ."

In a surprise move at humor, he immediately jumped away from me and morphed into a period in his later life wherein he looked maybe a little more feminine. "What about this?" He said, with a big grin on his face as he began to almost lose control of his

laughter. Looking up, I smiled. "Okay, Michael," I said, "I know you got a little carried away, but it still doesn't change anything. I'll always love you. You have my love . . . we'll always be friends if God so wills." He started cracking up and came towards me with his arms outstretched. Hugging me tightly, he seemed relieved that my care for him was unaffected, unchanging. I decided it was time for a little turnabout.

"Hey, Michael," I said, with a slightly guilty air. "Would you like me like this?" My spirit immediately began morphing into personalities from different lifetimes I'd lived. Starting out mildly, I began showing him different lifetimes as a female of many races including Native American and Asian. But then I stopped on a lifetime wherein I had been a scraggly man who died in the American West very young at the hands of some wild creature. "Would you like me like this?" I said in my scraggly male voice, with a hideous stench coming from my bedraggled body.

Michael Jackson leapt with joyous laughter. "Turnabout is fair play," I said, as we both laughed uncontrollably together.

Morphing back into my current manifestation, I said, "Michael, I hope you love me the way I love you. And that is that I see that interior temple within that beautiful spirit of yours and everything else has no meaning. My love for you is from my heart, from my soul . . . and it is for your heart and for your soul."

When Michael sought reassurances of my love, it was always that of a confidante, a friend. It wasn't a

romantic thing. Michael had a lot of love in his heart for many people who had been close friends, and he seemed to need reassurance at times that even in his brutal honesty and truth, that this friendship, this love remained. He spoke of love like that . . . in a way that some might misunderstand or misinterpret as a romantic love, but it was not that; but rather, the love of a true friend and a confidante, which was a kind of love that he honored and greatly esteemed.

Suddenly, he got really serious. "I have a present for you!" He almost shouted. "But you have to listen really carefully." "Okay," I said. He held my eyes to his, "Moriah, the pomp of Moriah." He said. "Google it . . . and you'll receive my gift to you." Nodding, I agreed as he repeated into the ethereal winds the words which had grabbed a hold of my spirit and were dragging me back to earth. "Moriah, Moriah . . ."

When I returned, I did as he'd asked. Finding a hymn, I was rendered speechless by their words. When I tried to search for it later, it did not come up.

"We rear not a temple like Judah's of old; whose portals were marble, whose vaultings were gold. No incense is lighted, no victims are slain, no monarch kneels praying to hallow the fane. More simple and lowly, the walls that we raise. And humbler the pomp of procession and praise. Where the heart is the altar whence incense shall roll, and Messiah the King who shall pray for the soul. O Father, come in, but not in the cloud, which filled the bright courts where thy chosen ones bowed. But come in that spirit of glory

and grace, which beams on the soul and illumines the race. O come in the power of life-giving Word. And reveal to each heart its Redeemer and Lord. Till faith bring the peace to the penitent given, and love fill the air with the fragrance of heaven. The pomp of Moriah has long passed away, and soon shall our frailer erection decay. But the souls that are builded in worship and love, shall be temples to God everlasting above" Henry Ware, Jr., *Hymn Studies*, Methodist Episcopal Church

***"Human things must be known to be loved: but
Divine things must be loved to be known."***

Blaise Pascal [12,000 Inspirational Quotations, Frank S. Mead]

"Life bears Love's cross, death brings Love's crown."

Dinah Maria Muock Craik: Lettice [12,000 Inspirational Quotations, Frank S. Mead]

CHAPTER SEVEN

Michael Jackson Discusses Male Domination



"It's fun to believe in yourself, but don't be too easily convinced."

T. Harry Thompson: Sales Management [12,000 Inspirational Quotations, Frank S. Mead]

The night wind heralded an issue of discomfort for me as I realized suddenly why Michael

had been so adamant in regards to making sure our friendship was secure. He had been preparing to touch on an issue that was personal to me, and he was about to reveal something I didn't know about him which would give me pause.

Our journey tonight began in the Muslim world where Michael had spent some time later in life. "I'm ashamed to admit it, but I was attracted to Bahrain because the society offered a few things for me." Michael Jackson said. "In the beginning, it was attractive to be able to hide under the Abaya and to live in a society which allowed for the supremacy of men . . . frankly, you may not realize this, but I was very dominant in my life. I'm not proud of it, because I never wanted to do some of those things my father did to my mother. But I was domineering with both of my wives in a way which would likely shock you. Just take a look at the painting I had done in my Neverland home and then you'll understand. It was not enough to be the King of Pop; I had to be the King of my castle, too. And I heralded my stardom and financial power over my wives . . . and I'm ashamed to say, other people . . . during my life."

"In the beginning, going to Bahrain seemed attractive to me because the society would support this in me . . . or at least I thought they would. But then I started to get to know some of the people . . . " He turned to look at me, "Maybe you can talk to them . . . then you'll understand."

Suddenly, I was sitting in the front seat of a truck with a Muslim woman who was very nervous to be speaking with me. She was not wearing the

traditional black Abaya, but rather, a white one with some flowers on it.

"In our country," she said, "there is a required subjection of women to men." She paused, looking fearfully around her. "It's almost a form of 'male worship.'" She said. "But it really affects the children negatively because the men and their wants and desires come first and sometimes the children don't get everything that they need because the men are so demanding." "In what ways?" I asked, naively. "In every way." She replied. "The finances go to fulfill their every whim before they go to the needs of the children, and sometimes there's not enough left. But it goes into every aspect of life; sexuality, the submission of women in the home, but the bottom line is this dominance of men in our society is very hard on women and children."

As she spoke, I could see the faces of some of these pampered men and it was pretty narcissistic. (Disclaimer: Obviously, this is only my experience which Michael wished for me to see this evening. This is not a reflection on Bahrain or any Muslim country as a whole. I am only sharing what Michael asked me to see this night.)

Continuing to look around her with great paranoia to make sure no one could hear what she was telling me, she began to disappear slowly.

And an ethereal wind pulled me back to Michael Jackson.

"When I saw this around me in Bahrain, I thought of my mother. Although in the United States, such subjection is not sanctioned openly by society . . .

many women still face it. My mother lived with this and handled it with such grace." He paused. "And my wives lived with it, too, even though I never wanted to be that way." He turned to look me in the eyes very deeply. "I *was* that way."

"In the United States, women can get out of these kinds of relationships. But I was able to see in Bahrain how this male domination became a slavery. And it was heart wrenching to me, because of several things. It reminded me of my mother, which of course really hurt my heart. But it also allowed me to see how bad this was for the children."

He reached up to wipe a tear from his eyes.

"So I came back to the United States, because I missed my mother. But I never got it right . . . " He looked pensively off into the distance. "I think I got it right with my children, but not with the others . . . my family, my wives . . . " Pausing, he looked down. "I did that to many people I loved and cared about."

He stopped. I looked up at him and said, "Wow, I had no idea . . . but then, I wouldn't since I've only known you since you passed away. There is something unique about relationships with those who have crossed over. They're already in the self-examination mode, they're different. Some of those things are not immediately evident."

Michael knew that I had personal feelings about this issue because of my own father and husband. This was a difficult thing for me to accept about him, because it was contrary to the Michael I had known since his death, but it made sense. "Michael, I appreciate your honesty about this. And I

know this was hard to say, but I also know that your honesty in this area will help a lot of people to see this in their own lives. So I'm glad you brought it up. It really is important for people to see how this male dominance has destroyed families, women and children."

He was very, very quiet. Very reflective . . . I took his hand and we began to walk down the ether highway where he would eventually return me to my physical body. "It's okay," I said, as I prepared to leave him to re-enter the world of the living, "It's all okay now. Just keep going with the will of Jesus Christ in this, and all will be exactly as it should be."

*"My soul in sad exile was out on life's sea, so
hardened with sin and distress. Till I heard a sweet
voice saying make me your choice, and I entered a
haven of rest! I've anchored my soul in the haven of
rest, I'll sail the wide seas no more. I yielded myself
to his tender embrace and faith taking hold of the
Word. My fetters fell off and I anchored my soul, the
haven of rest is my Lord."*

Haven of Rest, Hymn by George D. Moore [Unfading Treasures, A Compilation of Sacred Songs and Hymns]

*"God has placed the genius of women in their hearts;
because the works of this genius are always works of
love."*

Alfonse De Lamartine [12,000 Inspirational Quotations, Frank S. Mead]

CHAPTER EIGHT

Michael Jackson Discusses his Childhood



"Let no man despise thy youth."

New Testament: I Timothy 4:12

Imaged before me was the young Michael Jackson at about the age of eleven. Standing in what appeared to be the living room of a house, Michael was smiling. Next to him on the floor was a large yellow Tonka dump truck.

Whether this was symbolic or literal, I did not know. Michael Jackson's adult voice began speaking behind me sounding just a little ashamed. "I *did* have a childhood." He said. "Yes, our childhood was different than some kids but I don't think I realized how so many of the benefits which were given to us

because of what we did actually allowed my childhood to be extended well into my adult life."

I was watching the young Michael Jackson who, despite all, appeared to be a happy child.

"What I truly resented was the violent stuff that my father did . . ." He paused. "That's what I really missed out on, feeling safe and loved by my father when I was younger. When I got older, I think I did understand better that he had come from some hard livin'. *He* didn't have much of a childhood, always scraping and scratching to get by."

As I continued to watch the young Michael Jackson playing with his truck, he continued. "We got so much from such a young age, that I honestly believed that I had missed out on a lot. When in fact, I had been given so many more benefits during my childhood than most people get, but I didn't see that. I just saw the hard work, not the fruit of it and stuff. My anger was at my father, but I think I focused that anger towards not having a childhood. But it was the violence that I was grieving about, the difficult relationship with my father."

I didn't turn or see the adult Michael, I just listened.

"But God allowed me to channel that sense of a lost childhood into creating a beautiful experience for so many other children who were sick or poor who would never have had those kinds of experiences, either. And I don't think I realized what a great blessing this was to be able to do such a thing for God. Now I do . . . I was very blessed that God inspired me to do this and He gave me the means to

do it."

"But I *did* have a childhood, Marilyn, my mother was wonderful. And it's funny how time allows us to understand. I don't approve of or agree with how my father raised us, but I did forgive him and I love him, too."

Nodding, the ethereal winds began pulling me away from the eleven year old Michael standing next to his Tonka Truck.

"A man protesting against error is on the way toward uniting himself with all men that believe in truth."

Thomas Carlyle: Heroes and Hero Worship [12,000 Inspirational Quotations, Frank S. Mead]

"Our object in life should be to accumulate a great number of grand questions to be asked and resolved in eternity. Now we ask the sage, the genius, the philosopher, the divine, but none can tell; but we will open our queries to other respondents - we will ask angels, redeemed spirits and God."

John Foster [12,000 Inspirational Quotations, Frank S. Mead]

PART TWO:

THE AFTERLIFE EXPERIENCES

"I WILL SPEAK THROUGH THE ANIMALS"



After my own father's passing, Michael Jackson gave me a respite to deal with my loss and to join my family in grieving his loss. On the night before we were to return home after the funeral, Michael returned.

Wearing all red, he was covered in red sequins even wearing a red sequined hat. His energy was very respectful of my process, but he was also demonstrating something different. He was very lively and joyful.

Indicating very clearly that we were going to

be getting back to work now that I had dealt with my own loss, he looked at me and said "I will now speak to you through the animals." I smiled.

Since Michael Jackson had come into our lives, we'd felt inspired to add a few more creatures to our home. We'd already had one dog and cat, but we had adopted a lame kitty who we had named Blessed Margaret of Castello after the lame saint who became an incorruptible. We had also acquired two new hamsters. They'd added so much life to our home; I had begun to understand Michael Jackson's love of animals and realized how important they can be to children, as well.

"Some die without having really lived, while others continue to live, in spite of the fact that they have died."

Anonymous [12,000 Inspirational Quotations, Frank S. Mead]

"Death and Love are two wings which bear men from earth to heaven."

Anonymous [12,000 Inspirational Quotations, Frank S. Mead]

CHAPTER NINE

Michael Jackson Discusses Destiny



"If by fate anyone means the will or power of God, let him keep his meaning but mend his language; for fate commonly means a necessary process which will have its way apart from the will of God and of men."

St. Augustine: The City of God [12,000 Inspirational Quotations, Frank S. Mead]

The radiance of the night was befalling me as the distant echo of a familiar voice began to come

upon me. It was so nice to hear that voice again, as there had been a delay in our work together. I'd missed hearing from Michael Jackson.

"Tonight," he said, "I came to talk to you about the pressure I felt during my life." Hearing his voice, I turned around desperately looking to see his face and from whence his voice was coming. But it was distant; he was further away in the heavens. It was harder for him to make it all the way through to me in this ménage of worlds we had to cross to continue our communication.

In that realization, I also knew another thing. Michael Jackson was moving further away, and in time, all those who have passed move further away from those on earth in order to fulfill the work of their new lives in the heavenly spheres. Our work would be finished soon.

Whatever we might share in these final months would likely be the last. This would be the wrapping up of a huge adventure and a beloved friendship that I had the honor to share with Michael beyond the grave. It was sad, but yet, necessary.

"Don't worry," his echoing voice came across the horizon, "you won't be able to see me this time. I'm calling out to you from very far away. Listen . . . I will try to tell you what I want to share with those who loved me." "Yes, Michael," I said, "I'm listening . . ." The echo and the distance was palpable, and I knew that this journey was going to become more difficult as we neared completion. And when it came to its final end, it may well be from a great distance.

Because he was so close to the earth plane

shortly after his death, the process had been quite different for the first book of Michael Jackson's Afterlife Experiences. The second again had taken it to another level, but still closer. Now, we were moving into the final episodes of his life between worlds. The distance was deafening, it was sorrowful . . . sorrowful because I'd enjoyed his presence for well over ten months now, and I knew in my heart he was moving further and further away.

His presence had caused me so much joy. Michael Jackson was a spirit filled with so much love. Love for life, love for the Lord, love for his family and friends. Having him around had given me a sense of never being alone, and his presence was intoxicating.

But it was beginning to wane . . . and that meant only one thing. Our connection in this life would have to end, and I would have to let him go. Although this sense was already becoming clear, when that final parting would come, it would be an adjustment for me.

But there was no time to think of such things. So I perked up my spiritual ears and began to listen . .

In the distance, although I could not see Michael, I could feel his pensive thought process. "During my life," he said, "I had this constant feeling." "What was that feeling, Michael?" I asked. "I had this constant feeling of being pushed twice." He paused.

"Can you tell me what you mean by 'being pushed twice?'" I asked. "It was my work and my family," he said, "but it was more than that. What made it difficult for me was that it was hard for my

family to understand. But I really want them to understand." There was a momentary silence as he began thinking. Suddenly, he shared a random thought. "I have a feeling you know these two pressures." "Yes, Michael, I have a sense of what you might be referring to, but go ahead, explain it to me."

"There was the first pressure which came from my family," he said, "which had to do with the family business, following the direction of those who were trying to help our careers and the pressure to keep the family working together because that was how it all started." Again, a pause. "But that pressure was understandable, and I loved my family. You'll know what I mean after I explain the other one."

"Okay, Michael," I said, "go ahead, it all makes sense." "The second pressure was all that was going on inside of me, things that some of my family and friends couldn't understand yet. I really believe they understand it now, and they understood it later on in my life. But early on, it was a mystery - to them, but also to me. But it was God . . . " "Aaaaaawwww, I *do* understand."

"God was calling me inside and many of the things I just *knew* I had to do didn't make much sense to some of them at the time. But there was this force of my destiny pushing me forward. And it broke my heart, because that destiny didn't include everyone. It was something that only I could do because only I understood it because it was inside of me. It was not only a force beyond my control, but it was a force which demanded its accomplishment. I *had* to do it. If I hadn't, I would've denied the destiny which God

had given me."

"Many of those things came about almost effortlessly. Although I worked a lot, almost all the time, I knew that my destiny was doing the work. It was like that destiny had embodied me, like the Holy Spirit directed everything I did, and as long as I just allowed it to do what it had to do, everything fell into place."

As he paused, I said, "Michael, I completely understand this. My destiny embodies me, as well. And I've been told by angels that certain loved ones would never understand this, and so far, this has proven to be true. I had to accept their condemnation in order to fulfill the call of my own destiny because to deny that destiny would be like denying breath. It was heartbreaking, but at the same time, I never once looked back because the power of that destiny could not be denied. It was something which was almost like an act of nature . . . to deny it would be to deny Christ. Something I would never do . . . Although I had the choice at any time to say 'no' to this destiny, to do so was unthinkable."

Michael interrupted, "Because that destiny is known to you . . . in some strange way." "Yes." I replied and then continued. "You may not know where it will lead, but you do have a sense. The spirit of God pulls so deeply within you, that you just know this is your nature, it is what you are. It is what you must be, what you must do . . . at any cost to yourself."

"And there is always a misunderstanding of such things." Michael said. "Absolutely . . . yes." I

replied.

"You *do* understand." Michael said. Nodding that I did, I remained silent.

"So I lived with this constant feeling of being pushed twice - my destiny and my family who didn't always understand how this was happening. I think they sometimes thought I was being selfish. And sometimes I was . . . but in other ways. In this way, I was defending the destiny which was born into me."

"I understand that Michael, well said, 'defending the destiny.'"

"One of the reasons I love animals so much," Michael said, "is because they simply live out the destiny which is inborn within them. They are so simple, they don't fight what they are. Sometimes people do . . ."

A long pause filled the night sky. And then the presence from afar simply drifted further into silence.

"Look at the birds in the sky. They do not sow or reap, they gather nothing into barns; yet your heavenly Father feeds them. Are not you more important than they?"

New Testament: Gospel of Matthew 6:26

"As for clothes, why be concerned? Learn a lesson from the way the wildflowers grow. They do not work; they do not spin. Yet I assure you, not even Solomon in all his splendor was arrayed like one of these. If God can clothe in such splendor the grass of the field, which blooms today and is thrown on the fire tomorrow, will He not provide much more for you, O weak in faith! Stop worrying, then, over

questions like, "What are we to eat, or what are we to drink, or what are we to wear?" The unbelievers are always running after these things. Your heavenly Father knows all that you need. Seek first His kingship over you, His way of holiness, and all these things will be given you besides. Enough, then, of worrying about tomorrow. Let tomorrow take care of itself. Today has troubles enough of its own."

New Testament: Gospel of Matthew 6:26

CHAPTER TEN

Michael Jackson Discusses Rumors, Work, Opulence and the Love he has for his Mother



*"The mother in her office holds the key of the soul;
and she it is who stamps the coin of character and
makes the being who would be a savage, but for her
gentle cares, a Christian man!"*

Old Play [12,000 Inspirational Quotations, Frank S. Mead]

A gathering of people had come into the kitchen and dining area of this rather large mansion where a lot of food was laid out. My soul had been taken into a large home. Walking around the building, I noticed there were very big rooms and lots of extra unused bedrooms. It appeared to be a mansion of some sort.

Immediately, I noticed that Michael was sitting

on the wall . . . yes, the wall . . . just hovering in the dining room listening to what the people were saying. Rumors and ideas that people had about Michael Jackson were being shared by the many who had come this night. Looking up towards Michael, I observed the funniest thing.

During life, the crazy things people said about him really hurt him. But right now he was just cracking up in a hilarious belly laugh. Continuing to hover on the wall listening to the claims being made about him since his death - both positive and negative - he nodded his head in the ridiculousness of some of it, looked right at me and said, "It's just not true." Returning his nod, I smiled.

Interiorly, I understood that he was trying to convey that many of the nice things which were being said about him were just as equally untrue as the negatives. Somehow, the world had just gotten him all wrong. But it didn't matter anymore . . .

There was a profound irony in it and that was why he was laughing. Portrayed as having been mysterious during his life, Michael was amused because he didn't see himself as being mysterious at all. Rather, he saw himself as a very ordinary human being. And in truth, he had been. He was so much like the rest of us that seeing this speculation really was pretty hilarious. We laughed together.

Amongst the crowd were a few who were claiming to have intimate contact with him beyond the grave. "They don't . . . " he said in a mixture of laughter and quiet frustration.

"Another of the reasons I loved animals so

much is that they don't think that way," he said, "animals see nothing but how you treat them. They don't care if you're famous or not, they don't have any inborn nature to either raise you up or tear you down. They just are what they are and they see us that way, too." No response was necessary, I looked at him with an 'Aha, yes' kind of look in my eyes.

Certain souls of whom I'd been working were present in whom I had grave concerns due to issues within the moral life which I had attempted to direct them on an alternative path. Speaking to me personally about some of the issues which were going on, he confirmed that my direction towards them had been correct and was very supportive and caring. "You can't fix stuff like that," he said, "you can't save them. Your responsibility right now remains with God."

Appreciating so much his help regarding this, his guidance seemed to free me up from the misperception I often carried that the paths others may choose which might be harmful or astray were directly my responsibility - which negated their own free will. His guidance was freeing.

Relieved, I thanked him for caring about what was going on in my life and taking the time to help me out with it.

Before I could realize what was happening, my spirit was swept away into a time not long ago, but long enough. Michael Jackson took me on a whirlwind tour of his life as a working artist.

Our tour did begin in his childhood wherein he gave credit where credit was absolutely due, to his

brothers and his father. But the focus of this journey was on the hard work it took for them to only make it as the Jackson Five, but beyond that, the incredible amount of work, effort and divine gift it had taken to bring about the career he had later in life and the status of pop icon.

Watching a relentless journey of endless practice, writing, creating, reworking and more, I observed how much effort, time and simply work had to be done to make this all happen; by himself, and by many others.

"Do you understand what I'm showing you?" He said, "You, too, have had to work really hard, almost day and night for decades, to build the work you do. But so many people think it just 'happened' for you somehow. That's what I had to do, too. And it seems that many people think it just happened or something, but that wasn't how it was . . . it just wasn't. As kids we worked day and night, and when I became a solo artist, that continued . . . I had to work really hard to make use of the gifts God had given me. It didn't just happen. I think a lot of people today think that's how it happens, and they don't understand that the gift by itself is not enough. You have to really be willing to work."

Looking with understanding into his eyes, I said, "Yes, you are absolutely right. You have to be willing to work really hard, do whatever it takes to make it happen. The divine destiny is only the beginning . . . it cannot come to pass without working really, really hard and doing everything which must be done to make it a reality."

Continuing to watch the years pass by, I observed Michael's endless hours of work behind the scenes to make all that eventually came to be a reality. It was a mind-numbing amount of work.

"Animals are smart that way," Michael said, "Animals know what must be done innately and they just do it. Human beings can become complacent, they procrastinate . . . and they think something great will come of little effort."

But it was profoundly clear as I watched the decades pass by that an unimaginable amount of work went into what Michael Jackson had become. And it seemed that the point of this journey of observing the amount of work required to make Michael Jackson what he had become as artist was simply to remind people that procrastination destroys destinies.

Although there are times when a careful and calculated pulling back in what we do will always be necessary, procrastinating when the clear internal impetus is otherwise can completely derail that which God intends for us and our lives. We must be willing to do the work . . . "That's where the personal satisfaction comes from," Michael said. "From knowing that you're doing the work, you're putting out the effort to make it the best it can be, to use your gift in its highest expression."

"And animals do that innately," I replied, "They are always exactly what they are meant to be. It's innate!" I finished and he smiled.

Ringin in the background was the chorus line to the song, 'Ghost,' which sang, 'Are you the ghost of

jealousy." I understood. Many envied the success he was able to have, but they didn't understand the work behind it. Nor, did they understand the intention. It was an intricate combination of destiny, intention and a huge amount of work, which brought about his incredible professional success. It was no act of God, nor was it an accident. He worked really hard for it.

Excerpt from 'Ghosts' (Written by Michael Jackson)

And who gave you the right to scare my family?
 And who gave you the right to scare my baby, she needs
 me
 And who gave you the right to shake my family tree?
 And who gave you the right to take intrusion, to see me?
 And who gave you the right to shake my family?
 And who gave you the right to hurt my baby, she needs
 me
 And who gave you the right to shake my family tree?
 You put a knife in my back,
 Shot an arrow in me!
 Tell me are you the ghost of jealousy
 A suckin' ghost of jealousy
 Aaow!

Don't Understand it!
 Don't Understand it!

"I was always really bummed when we had to fire somebody," he broke in, "when somebody broke off because they couldn't keep up with what we needed, I was just so sad about it." "Yeah, I imagine those were tough days." I said. "Back up musicians can be backbiting . . . competitive. I hope that they

know we had to be true to the vision . . . to the work." "I think they do, Michael." I said. "I really think they do."

Shift. Suddenly, Michael and I were standing in a large walk-in closet. Actively cleaning through it, the music continued in the background "Are you the ghost of jealousy." It was clear that by doing these confessions, he was 'cleaning out his closet' so to speak. And it was also clear that those who had been jealous of what he had attained to in life, had missed the point of the sheer force of work he had done in order accomplish it.

"I wonder if animals get jealous of each other?" He randomly blurted out. Laughing, I had no answer to that.

Michael Jackson stopped what he was doing in the closet and turned to look again at me. "I should have embraced simpler stuff," he said, "not extravagant." Understanding, I said nothing as he had a very contemplative look in his eyes and didn't want to interrupt. Clearly, he understood that he had wasted money on things which perhaps he shouldn't have, and understood this now.

But again his face changed as he walked closer to me and sat down next to me. His energy became so serious, that I took note of this and prepared to listen.

Tears fell down his face suddenly and unexpectedly as he began to tell me of his mother, Katherine. An image of her as the triumphant matriarch of the family who had stood by and suffered through so much for her family and every one of her children with a steadfast faith and courage

flashed across my view. When I *felt* it, I began to cry, too.

Katherine was a remarkable woman of faith, of this there was no doubt. Michael's tears continued to flow as his heart conveyed to mine the depth of his love for her. "I love my mother so much," he said, "and I have such a deeper respect for my mother since I have crossed over, I love my mother so much."

Tears continued to fall as he spoke to me of her steadfast love, of her unending loyalty, of her strength in times of trouble and her unbelievable motherly love towards all of her children and grandchildren.

It was clear beyond any doubt that Katherine had been the moral compass for the entire family, never wavering, always true to her love of Jesus Christ. And it was Katherine . . . without question, who had given Michael his own faith. Even in the times when he had done things which she would not have approved of, her motherly vigilance and love could not be severed.

She was a rock of love and the granite upon which the sufferings of the family had all been borne.

Seeing images of his mother standing by his side during the trial, Michael looked up and said, "Maybe we all set out to do a lot, but we also carried a lot . . . but she carried it with me, she always carried it with me."

In silence, I listened. In my heart, I could feel how much he cherished, loved and honored her, especially now. Deeply, I felt that he missed her profoundly and that he fully knew how much she had to do with his own salvation after death.

In this moment, there was nothing for me to say. Taking Michael's hand, I just held it and shared the love he had for her. I was in awe and could only hope and pray that my own children would have a similar depth of affection, love, respect and honor for me when they grew up.

After seeing this, my view of Katherine would be forever changed, and my view of her had already been one of the highest esteem and regard.

"We sat up and cried a lot together during those times." Michael said referring to the trial, as I could feel how important that support had been to him during what were most likely the worst days of his life.

"The people in the jails were really insensitive," he said, as the chorus line of "Ghost" again began echoing through the closet - "Are you the ghosts of jealousy." Recalling little about that time, I hadn't followed the news when it was happening. Because I knew so little, I didn't have much to say about it. "Were they?" I replied. "They treated me like I was a real criminal." Conveying, he seemed to indicate that sometimes the treatment appeared to be different than that given to the others who may have actually been real criminals and that he was singled out because of who he had been.

"Be loving enough to absorb evil."

Martin Luther King Jr., 1929 - 1968 [African American Quotations, 2000]

Occurring to me that some of the ill-treatment may very well have sprung up from illegitimate jealousy, the song rang behind me and continued to

echo. Perhaps some of those involved had gone out of their way to humble 'The King of Pop' . . . out of nothing more than jealousy that he was indeed one of the most famous men in the world.

Excerpt from 'Ghosts' (Written by Michael Jackson)

And who gave you the right to scare my family?
 And who gave you the right to scare my baby, she needs
 me
 And who gave you the right to shake my family tree?
 And who gave you the right to take intrusion, to see me?
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 And who gave you the right to hurt my baby, she needs
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 And who gave you the right to shake my family tree?
 You put a knife in my back,
 Shot an arrow in me!
 Tell me are you the ghost of jealousy
 A suckin' ghost of jealousy
 Aaow!

Don't Understand it!
 Don't Understand it!

"That was when I became dead . . . " Michael said, as I held onto his hand in sorrow. Conveying to me that this spiritual state of affairs had come about due to a sequence of events which had begun with the first false accusation against him and culminating at the time of his arrest, jailing and subsequent trial, I could only shudder at the what the rest of the story might be.

Through prayer, I'd been asking Michael to tell

me about the drug addiction. It felt at this moment as if he might eventually explain.

But out of this moment sprung again an image of his mother, Katherine, her vision hovering above us as if in hologram and Michael took his hand from mine and laid both of his own hands upon his heart, looked up at her with deep devotion.

"Motherhood is an act of the great divine," he said, "Even the animals will give all including life itself to take care of their children." Smiling at him, I felt my soul being pulled away and I waved into the ether as my soul was ripped back into the earthly realm.

"Her children arise up, and call her blessed."

Old Testament: Ezekiel 16:44 [12,000 Inspirational Quotations, Frank S. Mead]

"The instruction received at the mother's knee, and the paternal lessons, together with the pious and sweet souvenirs of the fireside, are never effaced entirely from the soul."

Abbe' Felicite' Robert de Lamennais [12,000 Inspirational Quotations, Frank S. Mead]

"A mother's love is indeed the golden link that binds youth to age; and he is still but a child, however time may furrowed his cheek, or silvered his brow, who can yet recall, with a softened heart, the fond devotion, or the gentle chidings, of the best friend that God ever gives us."

Christian Nestell Bovee [12,000 Inspirational Quotations, Frank S. Mead]

CHAPTER ELEVEN

Michael Jackson Discusses Chosenlessness



"For one living in the world beyond this world does not exist, and for one living in this world the world beyond does not exist. He shows: all are annihilated just where they are."

The Discourse on the Fruits of Reclusheship, The Samannaphala Sutta and its Commentaries, Translated from the Pali by Bikkhu Bodhi [Buddhist Publication Society, 1989]

In the mists of the night, Michael again came to me but in yet another sphere of energy which he intended to share in its fullness.

Unable to discern the nature of where he was taking me, I could feel the profound quiet and solitude into which he was taking me. A vibration of silence and peace filled me as a spirit of absolute

nothingness emerged around me.

Michael Jackson had entered into a completely different realm of . . . what should I call it? Not a realm of existence . . . that would not be accurate; perhaps a realm of *practice*.

In what would become a very profoundly meaningful night, Michael showed me his body lying in a casket. Above his head was something made of gold. In the words he was about to say was nothing meant to deny the loving honor his family had given him at the time of his burial, but rather, a deeper look at the opulence he had embraced during his life which he was now seeing in a very different way.

As he directed my gaze upon this golden object above his head lying in his casket, it appeared to be a gold chain of some kind and it shimmered as it was of a high grade of gold.

"It must be a *gold* chain in relation to Michael," Michael said facetiously. His body looked at peace in the casket, his face serene. But his spirit stood aside the casket very detached from who he had once been. For the very first time I began to see and feel an enhanced level of detachment from his former existence. Michael Jackson was no longer *becoming* something else, he had become it.

But what he had become was not really something, but rather, nothing. It was very hard to express, but very important and relevant in his development as a soul.

Gathering my gaze again towards the golden object in his casket, "It must be a *gold* chain to a now reluctant Michael," he said. Nodding, I understood

that he was rejecting the false opulence he'd embraced during life, but there was really nothing to say so I remained silent.

Michael Jackson looked at me intently, as if he understood something new about me which he had not as of yet understood. In his eyes, I saw the recognition within him which indicated he now understood that I had already understood this; I already knew this about him. What he was realizing, I had already realized years ago.

Very quietly, he stepped forward. Saying nothing, he looked deeply into my eyes and suddenly 'grasped' the meaning within them.

"I remember in past kalpas, when to seek the Great Law - though I was a king in the world . . . I proclaimed to the four quarters: 'Whoever possesses the Great Law, if he will expound it to me, To him I will become servant . . . Then there was the sage Asita, who came and said to the great king: 'I possess the wonderful LAW rarely heard in the world. If you are able to practice it, I will preach it to you.'"

The Threefold Lotus Sutra, Devadatta [Kosei Publishing Company, Tokyo]

"Therefore, when the Way is expressed verbally, we say such things as 'how bland and tasteless it is!' We look for it, but there is not enough to be seen. We listen for it, but there is not enough to be heard. Yet, when put to use, it is inexhaustible."

Tao Te Ching, Lao Tzu, Translated by Victor Mair, 79 [Bantam Books]

Turning my visions to observe the space about us, I noticed that Michael Jackson and I were in a cave, with the feel almost of a tomb. Having observed

his casket and the gold within it from inside this tomb, I was surprised when Michael directed my view to a previously unnoticed door which stood out in this cavern *because* of its simplicity. Exhibiting a plain wooden door with a latch, Michael pointed at it and said, "It is a door that I have chosen." "Oh," I looked with interest. Michael finished, "It is a door of chosenlessness."

Looking up at Michael's face, I saw within it a wisdom and maturity which had not previously been present within him. "Chosenlessness, Michael. Wow, I'm so excited about your choice."

"The self is the master of the self. Who else can that master be? With the self fully subdued, one obtains the sublime refuge which is very difficult to achieve."

Dhammapada, Translation by Harischandra Kaviratna, Canto XII, 160
[Theosophical University Press]

Chosenlessness was the direct opposite of that which he had been during life, choosing to be a humble unknown slave of the Lord living in complete obscurity as His servant.

He had chosen this, it seemed, because in life he had been given the pomp and circumstance of his calling, and now he wished to serve the Lord in the quiet recesses of his heart, in a way which could remain unseen.

And indeed Michael Jackson was now in a very unseen world. Having left behind those crowds of people in the afterlife who had welcomed him and cheered his arrival, he had renounced all of his fame, opulence and splendor for a completely solitary life of

meditation and service to the Lord Jesus Christ.

There was a strain of Buddhism in his practice, but he clearly continued to serve the Lord Jesus Christ. Attaining to these higher energies of solitude and meditation, I felt enlivened and thrilled to feel his sense of mental formation and discipline.

My entire spirit was buzzing with the energies of the realization he was achieving and in full seriousness, Michael pointed to his rear end and said, "We are all the same." Smiling, I replied, "I understand, Michael. You really do now also understand."

"Having abandoned improper ways of seeking . . . he is content through the highest effacement."

The Discourse on the Fruits of Reclusheship, The Samannaphala Sutta and its Commentaries, Translated from the Pali by Bikkhu Bodhi [Buddhist Publication Society, 1989]

Walking towards the door of chosenlessness, Michael quietly opened the door and directed me with his hands to walk through before him. As I did so, I was filled with light and simplicity. No one was here, but the light of God, the light of Our Lord Jesus Christ was invariably present within each and every particle of the room. And the particles emanated the sound of the eternal 'Aum.'

Speaking of the time of his death, he quietly said, "Between then and now, it's like waking from a dream."

In this room, I could feel the direct cognition of God. And it was important for Michael to embrace this solitude at this time in his afterlife experiences. Clearly, in this place, he could sincerely reflect upon

his life in a way which could be done in no other room.

“Inferential knowledge, analogy, implication of meaning, etc. are rejected, because the Exalted Buddhas have only one source of knowledge. For them everything is known by direct cognition, through the movement of their unimpeded faculty of knowledge.”

The Discourse on the Fruits of Reclusership, The Samannaphala Sutta and its Commentaries, Translated from the Pali by Bikkhu Bodhi [Buddhist Publication Society, 1989]

“Your love must be sincere. Detest what is evil, cling to what is good. Love one another with the affection of brothers. Anticipate each other in showing respect. Do not grow slack but be fervent in spirit; he whom you serve is the Lord. Rejoice in hope, be patient under trial, persevere in prayer. Look on the needs of the saints as your own; be generous in offering hospitality. Bless your persecutors; bless and do not curse them. Rejoice with those who rejoice, weep with those who weep. Have the same attitude toward all. Put away ambitious thoughts and associate with those who are lowly. Do not be wise in your own estimation. Never repay injury with injury. See that your conduct is honorable in the eyes of all. If possible, live peaceably with everyone . . . Do not be conquered by evil but conquer evil with good.”

The New American Bible, St. Joseph Edition, Romans, 12:9 - 21

Sitting down, he randomly began to talk to me about various sins he had committed during life of which he was ashamed. Appearing frustrated with

himself, he was detached at the same time.

Speaking in particular about some things which he had realized since his death he was particularly sorry for, I felt hesitant to share them, but he asked me to do so several times.

"Michael," I said, "Is this really helpful? I'm feeling very intrusive right now." "Please, I know," Michael said, "but I'm asking you because I know I can trust you with this. And it needs to be said. Please . . . help me. It will help me if you write it . . ."

Still uncomfortable, I agreed. Speaking about two of the most beloved people in his life - Lisa Marie Presley, his first wife and Katherine, his mother - he shared two profound regrets of his life.

Feeling really low, he relayed to me his sorrow over having married someone else so soon after divorcing Lisa Marie, and the harsh pressures he had put on her which led to their parting. He truly loved her, but his feelings of entitlement had led him to engage in behaviors he'd regretted. He nodded as if to say "No," in a show of shame regarding his behavior towards her and he'd wished he'd been less domineering and more patient towards the love of his life. He was very ashamed of this and had deep regrets about hurting her so much.

Turning to face me, he said, "My poor mother . . ." he paused and looked down in shame as he thought about what he was about to reveal to me. Revealing his regret through his eyes, Michael conveyed his regret at having hurt his mother. "I had a 'fake' mom, a pageant mom." He said, referring to Diana Ross. In his ignorant youth, he'd idolized Diana

almost as a second mother because of her glamour.

In this place beyond all such vanities, Michael knew the pain this had caused his dearly beloved mother who had always been the real deal. No matter how much he also loved Diana, which he did with profound depth, his mother was the only true object of his *maternal* affection in the afterlife and he regretted that she had to go through these periods wherein she felt she was in competition with another. When in truth, there could be no truer mother than Katherine.

Frankly, in the eyes of God, Katherine's true beauty, which was both physical and spiritual, could be overshadowed by very few.

"Michael," I said, "I know you obviously feel so badly about this, but are you sure you don't want to keep this right here?" He was looking down, tearful, but adamant. "No, it must be said. This hurt my them so much . . . I'm so, so sorry about this."

"Owe no debt to anyone except the debt that binds us to love one another. He who loves his neighbor has fulfilled the law."

The New American Bible, St. Joseph Edition, Romans, 13:8

Quietly sitting down next to Michael, we stayed in this energetic vibration for a very long time as I could feel its soothing balm upon my face. My entire being was alit with wonderment and absolute peace. The energies felt soothing and warm.

Michael had chosen the greater part, to sit and learn at the feed of Our Lord as a hidden servant. And it was bearing much fruit in his soul.

"Between then and now," he repeated himself, "It's like waking from a dream."

Pausing, he said, "It is a door of chosenlessness." Directing his hand so that I might look again upon the door, he said, "You cannot stay here long, this door is for those who have crossed over from the grave . . . but you will see me again." Smiling, I replied, "I understand. Until then . . ."

Leaping to his feet, Michael grabbed my hand and thrust me through the door as he noticed that it had begun to quietly and slowly close. He knew I must be outside before the door would shut.

And suddenly, my vibrating spirit was slowly awaking into the earthly realm. But its emergence was slow because the energy of this door of chosenlessness had been one of such profundity; it remained with me for hours after my return. I had no wish to let the vibration go . . .

"I closed my eyes and saw the skies of dim opalescent infinity spread round me. The grey sky-chariot of the dawn of awakening displaying searchlight eyes came and took me away. I zoomed through space, boring through the ether of mystery. I passed through age-hidden spiral nebulae. Willy-nilly I went on and on, left, right, north, south, above and below. I found no landing. I went through many tailspins of distractions, but I spun through limitlessness. I whirled through an eternal furnace of lights. At last, bit by bit, my plane melted in that transmuting flame; and then, bit by bit, my body melted in that purifying fire. Bit by bit my thoughts melted - my feelings

became pure liquid light."

Songs of the Soul, Paramahansa Yogananda, Flight [Self-Realization Fellowship,
1983]

*"Passed on, beyond our mortal vision,
But now the thought is robbed of gloom. Within the
Father's many mansions still dwelling in another
room. The one whose going left us lonely is scaling
heights undreamed of yore. And guided on by Love's
unfolding, has gone upstairs and shut the door."*

Anonymous [12,000 Inspirational Quotations, Frank S. Mead]

CHAPTER TWELVE

Michael Jackson Discusses the Sufferings of the World and his Special Love for Africa and Begins to Feel the Pain of Letting Go



"And the mistake of the best men through generation after generation, has been the great one of thinking to help the poor by almsgiving, and by preaching of patience or of hope, and by every other means, emollient or consolatory, except the one thing which God orders for them, justice."

John Ruskin [12,000 Inspirational Quotations, Frank S. Mead]

The voluptuous desert landscape overtook my spirit as I flew towards a continent I had never walked upon in human life. Reaching my destination, my spirit was taken into a small hut which was to be my home for the next few weeks in astral time, one night earthly time.

Finding myself in a small African town, huts were scattered about, round and circular. None of them were completely safe from the elements and they were all very simple and bare with dirt floors and there were very few items inside to fulfill the needs of those who lived within them.

Given an interesting gift of insight, the Lord bade me to see within the souls of those who were here and those who had come to abide among them and live amongst their ways - relief workers, missionaries, etc.

One of the first things I found was that the people were very close to one another and they all seemed to live such a simple lifestyle that there was a genuine happiness despite what would be perceived as want by people in my part of the world.

In the souls of the relief workers I saw many different things. Most of them were pure and simple, here for the right reasons. Some had come for the adventure and had no attachment to the goals or purpose of the organization who had sent them. And still others were clearly ruled by various vices - the most prominent among them being lust - and had come in search of sexual adventures.

These were the ones who stood out to me. A sense of surrender to the way things were filled me, but I could see who they were, I knew them and they couldn't hide.

And it was the intention of those who had come which was important to God.

But amongst the people was such a strong faith, regardless of the religion they held - because

they held it with a fierce loyalty which was so true in its interior elements that I could see how happy this made the Lord.

Staying there for what seemed like a couple of weeks, I was made aware that at the end of my journey, I would be meeting up with Michael Jackson. I couldn't help but look forward to that, but in the meanwhile, I got to know many of my African friends and enjoyed what seemed to be such a simple but happy lifestyle, despite privations.

Eventually, the time had come for Michael and I to hook up, and an elder black man wearing only a wrap around his middle and a staff took my hand without a word and we began walking.

There was a hill off in the distance, a brown, dirty type of hill with no shrubbery or greenery upon it which we were heading towards. Michael Jackson was waiting for me somewhere along the road to this place.

For some reason, during this journey, I never lost my energy. I felt so healthy that all of this had been easy for me to do, despite my ill health in physical waking life.

Looking up ahead, I noticed that Michael was waiting on the path. He was wearing his black pants along with a red shirt, but no hat. "Interesting choice of places not to wear a hat," I thought. After all, it was very direct, bright and hot sun.

Noticing from a distance, Michael seemed very sad and depressed. Looking towards the black man who had escorted me, he indicated that he didn't know why Michael was looking this way and gave

my hand to Michael's mid-path and quietly turned to go.

Looking into Michael's face, I had difficulty understanding what I should say or do. He seemed so depressed and I had just come from spending so much really fun time with these people who had really lifted my spirits. My enthusiasm right now was not appropriate, so I had to tone it down immediately.

Michael Jackson held my hand and walked along this dirty path which seemed to continue a long distance towards that hillock. Something was wrong, something was really bothering Michael.

It became evident to me that during life, Michael may have been prone to depression, but there was more to this . . . it would be only a short time before I would understand.

He would begin to speak, but then stop. Then he would act as if he was ready to express what was on his mind and then just not do so.

Finally, he stopped walking and turned to look me in the eye.

As he tried to convey to me the sorrow in his eyes, I realized that he was frustrated.

Suddenly, a wave of energy came over me. Michael couldn't speak and never did. A wave of emotion for the African people fell upon me like a heavy and profound burden. It was clear that Michael felt more needed to be done for Africa than was currently happening, but there was also the knowledge that time was running out . . . soon he would be going for good. But again, I didn't know

this yet . . .

There was a hidden mystery in his profound sorrow . . . something was afoot of which I had yet no clue. It would be revealed soon enough, but in this moment, I didn't understand.

And beyond this unseen mystery, there was one thing I could discern with great clarity. Michael Jackson loved the African people and their country. He loved with such a profound emotion, he couldn't even speak of it.

As we stood hand in hand, I felt all that he had felt for Africa and the peoples of the world. Beyond this, I felt his constant concern - but there was something else, something more, something he could not yet tell me for whatever reason . . . but I would learn of it soon enough.

Tears were coming down his face, his malaise never lifted. As he held my hands and allowed me to feel this stream of energy from his heart to mine, my spirit began to disappear into the ether from whence it had come and emerge in the physical waking realm.

That sad expression on Michael's face remained with me, haunting me.

***"This sorrow's heavenly, it strikes where it doth
love."***

William Shakespeare, Othello [12,000 Inspirational Quotations, Frank S. Mead]

***"I believe that the oppression of injured Africa has
come up before the majesty of heaven."***

Maria W. Stewart, Lecturer [African American Quotations, 2000]

"The wise man speaks little, but his whole life is a

religion acted out."

Ramakrishna [12,000 Inspirational Quotations, Frank S. Mead]

Returning the subsequent night, Michael did not speak of the mystery behind his sadness. But he had words of advice to share with me, to help me in my own walk of life to avoid making simple but harmful mistakes in my actions and perceptions.

"You're using food too much in the place of affection." Michael said, referring to the fact that I'd been eating out more often with the kids as a way to make up for the fact that there was a flawed relationship in my life. He wasn't referring to the amount of food I ate, because I didn't eat much due to my illnesses. But he was referring to the fact that I utilized going out to eat as a means of comfort, for myself and my kids, because of our circumstances.

Despite the fact that I remained married, I'd been separated for years. In most senses, I was single. My husband and I remained co-parents and friends, but he had his own home. Because of my serious illness, getting divorced was not a financial possibility.

"You're attempting to fulfill cravings of the heart through the tongue because of your marital status." Michael said. He knew that going out to eat a lot was not something I could truly afford, and he was upset with me for doing it anyway. He was right.

"Marilynn, you're a good cook." Michael said. "You can make something just as good, and you always make it in ways that are very good for you and your family. Going out as much as you have been is a waste of money . . . and it's disordered." Michael

looked genuinely concerned about this as a health issue for both me and my children and I took him very seriously.

Immediately, I understood how correct he was, as his demeanor never changed. Serious to the end, Michael was not being a hypocrite. He knew he had not always spent money well during his life, but he also had a lot more to spend. Obviously, he gave much away, too. Nodding to Michael, I understood.

Looking at him very seriously, I replied, "I completely accept this as true. I do." Pausing, I looked down, "Perhaps the challenge will remain in keeping my eyes on the Lord despite my situation upon the earth. And rather than utilizing other physical cravings to fill what is lacking, I must always remember - always, not most of the time - that God is my only food, my only sustenance and my only true affection."

Michael nodded that this was correct. He seemed to feel badly that it was his task to tell me this, but in the context of my visit to Africa, it only made that make much more sense. In America, we can feel almost entitled to ease our discomforts with luxuries even though we know other countries of the world look at our discomforts as luxuries and seem perfectly content in their want and need.

It only makes it that much more important that we are aware of what we do, whether it be ordered or disordered, whether it be moderate or excessive, whether it is taking away from our means to assist others . . .

"Thank you, Michael." I said. He still looked

very serious, I felt badly. I felt like I'd let him down. But Michael seemed to be feeling badly himself. He understood the loneliness, he'd lived with it, too, as a single father.

Suddenly, he showed me some of the other things I'd considered doing recently because my children wished them, such as trying to move to the country even though I knew it wasn't the right thing for us to do, financially or otherwise. "Are you doing these things because your kids want them?" Michael asked. "Yes, yes," I said. "Are they ruining your life, these decisions you are making based on what they want rather than what is wise or feasible?" Michael asked. "Yes, yes, they are . . . " In that moment, I realized that I was trying very hard to compensate for the one thing I could never compensate for, the situation with their father in their lives. But I needed to stop doing that; it wasn't helping them or me.

Looking up at me very seriously, directly and almost detachedly, Michael's gaze was steady as the etheric winds began to pull me away. It was clear that Michael was uncomfortable having to correct others, but he had done his job well. And he should be feeling very good about it.

"It's curious what takes courage and what doesn't. When I step out on stage in front of thousands of people, I don't feel that I'm being brave. It can take much more courage to express true feelings to one person."

Michael Jackson, *Dancing the Dream, On Courage* [Doubleday, 1992]

The following night, my spirit was taken to an

island nation of which I'd never heard. It was also a very poor nation of mostly Asian looking people who were in the middle of a bloody civil war to fight for their rights as individuals. Sacrifice was all around, as I watched men allowing themselves to be used in battle in ways where death would be certain. But they made this sacrifice without a second thought, because this was the nature of these people. Profoundly poor, but courageous, they complained about nothing.

People who gave all with the expectation of nothing in return, huge sacrifices, and they did it simply because they must.

Watching in horror, young men were being tossed through the air from the ocean below onto the island cliffs above by a catapult into certain death. But they did so with no hesitation, because it was necessary to win the freedom for the people - even though none of those freedoms would ever be theirs.

As I watched, a voice from behind me called it a 'Blood Festival.' I cringed in the horror of it, but also knew that the depiction was accurate, this was indeed what I was seeing.

Bodies were thrown in old white trucks of the people who were dying in their fight for equality; in this case it was freedom against white people who also inhabited this small country.

Although Michael Jackson was not present at this time, it appeared that he might be trying to show me the hardships of others around the world and the many benefits of life I take for granted.

As I was watching the horror around me, a middle-aged man with red hair wearing light tan

pants and an island shirt led me to sit at a table with him. Immediately, I knew that he had a message of importance to impart to me and there were lines of people gathered before the table awaiting their own turn for him to tell them things they needed to know about themselves but did not yet see.

Having written notes down about all that I had seen this night, he handed them to me. And then he looked deeply into my eyes with not a hint of judgment and said, "You are hollow and stingy, hollow and stingy . . . " Pausing, he repeated himself again, "You are hollow and stingy, hollow and stingy . . . " "Okay," I said, "I hear you, please help me to understand this more deeply." But there would be no more . . .

In light of all that I'd seen this evening, it appeared clear how hollow and stingy I had been. Simply by the nature of not knowing the sufferings, sacrifices and circumstances of those of my brothers and sisters in other countries and living in the benefits of my own in the United States, I could easily be deemed hollow and stingy.

Awaking from the depths of the mystical malaise, I began to pray.

"Where there is sorrow, there is holy ground."

Oscar Wilde: De Profundis [12,000 Inspirational Quotations, Frank S. Mead]

And on the next subsequent night, my spirit was taken to a Middle Eastern country wherein a young man had mistakenly come upon the notes of a known terrorist. In those notes, were handwritten details of seventeen terrorist attacks and the moment

those involved realized he had seen the papers; he became a man on the run.

Following this man as he ran through the cities in many disguises, mostly those of veiled women, he was given no peace. His life was in constant danger no matter how far he seemed to get away from his pursuers. Although they found him several times, he managed to slip through their fingers yet again, and attempt yet other disguises.

It was a world wherein the evil held reign over the good. At any moment or time, a group of these kinds of men could enter into a restaurant, a business, a sweatshop, an assembly line and cause terror amidst the people.

Awaking, I had experienced from this final sojourn what it was like to live in a country wherein justice did not yet prevail, and evil held reign. It was a terrifying night . . . one of which I would not soon forget.

After my three journeys into different lands, I realized just how blessed I was to live in a free country filled with the abundance and riches of life.

It became clear how hollow and stingy many of the things those of us in countries like my own routinely complain about, not realizing that our concerns are but a petty unwillingness to endure even the simplest of inconveniences. Hollow and stingy . . . the truth was clear to me about myself. I was ashamed.

"We have to heal our wounded world. The chaos, despair, and senseless destruction we see today are a

result of the alienation that people feel from each other and their environment."

Michael Jackson, *Dancing the Dream, On Children of the World* [Doubleday, 1992]

"Think truly, and thy thoughts shall the world's famine feed. Speak truly, and each word of thine shall be a fruitful seed. Live truly, and thy life shall be a great and noble creed."

Horatius Bonar: *Hymns of Faith and Hope*, P. 113 [12,000 Inspirational Quotations, Frank S. Mead]

"I am my mother's daughter, and the drums of Africa still beat in my heart. They will not let me rest while there's a single Negro boy or girl without a chance to prove his worth."

Mary McLeod Bethune, Educator [African American Quotations, 2000]

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

The Ancestors



Joseph and Katherine Jackson



Prince Scuse, père de
Katherine

Prince Scuse Father of Katherine as a Young Man

"Sometimes the ancestors deem certain information so important that they send it to the subconscious mind without being consciously asked."

Luisah Teish, New Orleans Yoruba Priest [African American Quotations, 2000]

"Sometimes providences, like Hebrew letters, must be read backward."

John Flavel [12,000 Inspirational Quotations, Frank S. Mead]

As the mists enveloped my soul, an angel in the form of a young man made in the nature of light with bright and large wings upon his back came to take me somewhere. His wings were very large in proportion to his manifestation as perhaps in his late teens. Taking my hand, we walked quietly and without a word through the mists exiting in an unknown place.

Having arrived rather quickly, the angel without speaking made known to me to whence we had come. In my heart, I felt a profound honor and surprise that I had been summoned to this place.

It was an old farm, but this farm was different than other farms. In order to enter into this, you had to go through a few safety mechanisms - almost like secret entrances which had the ability to judge your intention - and if you were not there in pure motivation, you could not enter.

Inside this farm, was an ancestor of Michael Jackson, and it also contained some artifacts from their history.

Considering the efforts, we were making to enter the farm, I was surprised when we made it through all the screening processes and exited into a very humble but pleasant place. Only one person had come to greet me, an older black man whom I felt was likely Michael Jackson's grandfather on his mother's side, but he never really said for sure. But he did make it clear that he was an ancestor.

He had very little hair, was almost bald and the little bit of it which remained gray was closely cropped to his head. A large man, he was dressed in the garb of a farm worker and appeared to be very strong. Wearing a pair of old jeans and a light blue shirt, he had a pair of suspenders on, as well. Work boots adorned his feet.

Instantly, he treated me with great respect because he knew that I would not have been allowed to come had I not been brought by the angel, nor if I had not passed through the intention barrier. In a sense, he knew I was sincere and for real.

However, despite this very respectful attitude, he had some questions for me which surprised me.

"How is it that you've already written three books about Michael, it seems awfully fast?" "Oh," I said, "I can see why it might look that way. But actually, we wrote the first one from June through September, the second from September through December and this third one we're still not quite done with it, but that's been going on since about February, I think. And it is May now." He seemed very satisfied with that answer and then he said, "Well, is it all true?" Looking up, I was surprised because I had assumed he would already know. "I have no question myself that all my experiences were true," I said, "but that's easy for me because I've had them. I always give others the right to decide for themselves what they think about them. Anyone has a right to disagree . . ."

Looking into my eyes very seriously, he instantly dropped whatever concerns he initially

seemed to have.

Immediately, he put his arm around me and began walking me around the farm. He treated me like I was a member of the family.

"We keep some things here to remember the past," he said. "Would you like to see some of them?" "Oh, yes," I said, "I'd be very honored." As we walked along the farmland, he showed me an area where he said some of the ancestors had practiced their shooting back in the day. It was a small hillock where target practice had been done.

The angel never spoke but followed right behind the two of us, and interestingly, I never saw anyone but this man who I believed might have been Katherine's father.

Taking me into what might have been an old barn, as soon as we entered, it became a very modern metal building. Shelves were built on the sides and things were displayed around the room. Nothing in here had to do with Michael Jackson or the Jackson 5, but rather, further back.

At the same time, it was very clear to me that this man was not only quite aware but very protective of his descendant, Michael Jackson, and his legacy.

But this was a place where the past overshadowed the present in a way which was powerful because it demonstrated the manner in which all of us stand on the shoulders of so many ancestors who braved difficulties and odds which opened the way for things we could never have done without them.

Michael Jackson was no different, he came

from people who had worked hard, lived in grave poverty and remained strong.

Michael Jackson's accomplishments for African American people took the world over, but in the United States especially, they were not his own. In this building, I saw old farm equipment, sewing machines and a lot of tools. Energetically, it held within it a knowledge of an ancestral line of destiny.

Every one of those who had come before him had played a part, albeit unknowingly while alive, in bringing forward the possibilities which culminated in Michael's life and career.

And in this place, I felt energetically how all of them were aware of this line of destiny. Maybe they were not while alive on the earth, but beyond the earth, they were carefully overseeing the progression that the African American people were making through this particular ancestral line. They were all equally credited for Michael Jackson's accomplishments.

It was a line of destiny . . . a sincere and honest look at the shoulders Michael stood upon when he came into the world; the ground which had been laid by those before him which created fertile ground for so many things previously never done by a Black American to finally occur.

Guiding me over to an unusual object which was displayed on the wall, I inherently felt drawn to go touch it. It was an obviously homemade desk or table of some sort, and it was painted a dark, but bright blue. Very small, I had difficulty envisioning it as a desk, but the man said very clearly, "This was a

desk."

Holding my hands over it, I could feel the past emerging within me, that ancestral line. "Who did this belong to?" I asked. "It was Katherine's," he said, "her father made it for her." But again, although I suspected that he was her father, he never said so, nor did he tell me who he was . . .

Because of this, I questioned my initial supposition. Perhaps he went further back. Maybe he was a great, or a great, great . . . grandfather. But the way he spoke about Katherine's desk felt familiar somehow.

Observing the unique color which had been chosen to paint it, I didn't know if this was a real desk which had been owned by Katherine as a small child or if it represented something energetically.

Taking my hand, the man who never gave me a name or a clue to his identity other than the desk, began walking with me. The angel was smiling behind us.

The man walked with me across the flatlands of this farm continuing to treat me as if I were family. I was very honored by this. Heading towards the exit again, I wondered where the others were . . . or was this a special realm which he occupied?

Although he seemed very much aware of his descendant, Michael Jackson, he seemed to be in a different place, a different sphere. This made me think and wonder if there was a reason he didn't immediately know very much about Michael's afterlife journeys.

Was this ancestor of Michael Jackson stuck in a

realm he had created of his own past which prevented him from ascending to the heights I knew Michael had attained? Maybe he needed help?

Looking deeply into his eyes, he seemed content here, but yet he was all alone with his relics. Those relics definitely served an important purpose. Within them the energetic line of succession was clearly imprinted, and seeing them had given me an interior understanding of the line of destiny which had made Michael's path possible.

But he was alone here, and it seemed to be such a peaceful and quiet place. Looking towards the angel, he continued to smile as the older man placed my hand in his.

Before being whisked away, I turned and said, "Thank you so much for sharing all of this with me." He smiled a big smile, happy to have someone to share it with who truly cared to know. It was clear that this was a place which did not receive a lot of visitors.

Befuddled and a bit concerned, I accepted the hand of the silent angel who heralded my journey back to my body. Awakening, I couldn't help but wonder if Michael had sent me to him . . . I did not yet know.

"So, darkness in the pathway of Man's life is but the shadow of God's providence."

John Greenleaf Whittier: Tauler, 1. 79 [12,000 Inspirational Quotations, Frank S.

"I once asked a hermit in Italy how he could venture to live alone, in a single cottage, on the top of a mountain, a mile from any habitation? He replied,

that Providence was his next door neighbor."

Laurence Sterne [12,000 Inspirational Quotations, Frank S. Mead]

Later that evening, I was quickly summoned into the depths of the spirit with a flash of lightning heralding a rushing spiritual wind which took my soul on a flight deep into the recesses of the place I had just departed from earlier that day.

In the distance, I noticed the same 'grandfather' who had honored me with a visit earlier in the day standing on a hill; watching and observing. Michael stood next to him for just a moment, and they both laughed. Instantly, from this distance, Michael communicated to me. "He knew who you were all along." He communicated to me through thought. "He just wanted to see how you would handle those kinds of questions, because he knows you might get them from others." Smiling at them, they both giggled about their little ruse, but this moment was not to last. His 'grandfather' remained as a strong sentinel upon the hill while Michael disappeared.

"A man must be at home somewhere before he can feel at home everywhere."

Howard Thurman, Minister [African American Quotations, 2000]

Everything began moving very quickly all of a sudden as instantly, I was watching a series of rushing, cascading and fastly moving clamps. The clamps would shut down around the upper arm, not unlike slave shackles, but they were a more modern form of the same kind of bondage.

The lines of Bondage washed by my vision,

forty of them, like a steel tower of clamps. It was a vision which seared through the ages and into the blood and marrow, flesh and bones of Michael Jackson's ancestral line.

Michael's face appeared in the sky very boldly. And his roaring voice shot from the heavens towards me as a stormy, rush of wind billowed past me. "I want you to travel through my blood." He said. The music of 'Era,' the song called the 'Mass,' was blaring into the now raging sky around me. It was the same music that Michael Jackson had used on his HIStory Tour to promote its coming. "How ironic . . . " I thought.

As I watched, the clamps fell down on the arms of many men and women in Michael Jackson's ancestral line, one after another from all sides of his family tree - each one had been a slave, an indentured servant, a sharecropper, a factory worker, a worker in a sweat shop, a soldier . . . but my vision stopped on the face of a young black man.

"I am a member of the politburo, with plenty of power in my hands. And I am the man who has to pay his 'debt of blood' to my people, dying slowly in a forced labor camp. My joy is like spring, so warm it makes flowers bloom in all walks of life. My pain is like a river of tears, so full it fills up the four oceans. Please call me by my true names, so I can hear all my cries and my laughs at once, so I can see that my joy and pain are one."

Thich Naht Hahn, Being Peace, Chapter Five [Parallax Press, 1987]

"If physical death is the price I must pay to free my

white brothers and sisters from the permanent death of the spirit, then nothing could be more redemptive."

Martin Luther King Jr., Civil Rights Activist, Nobel Laureate [African American Quotations, 2000]

Looking up at me, he was wearing only what might be considered a loincloth. His skin was dark but very ebony, his hair was tightly cropped to his head. A clamp, a shackle had been placed around his arm and it was as I noticed that he was seated in a tiny compartment made of wood in a very dark and cavernous place that I felt the swaying of what appeared to be a boat of some kind. But it was dark where we were, I couldn't see much. I could see his eyes . . . those eyes pierced into my soul, he looked at me and *knew* me. His eyes seemed to say, "*Know me, too . . .*"

Unable to take my gaze off of his face, we stared at one another as the boat seemed to become more unstable and the winds overtook the sea.

Lightning struck . . .

"Death is a slave's freedom."

Nikki Giovanni, Poet [African American Quotations, 2000]

"Africa to me is more than a glamorous fact. It is a historical truth. No man can know where he is going unless he knows exactly where he has been and exactly how he arrived at his present place."

Maya Angelou, Novelist and Poet [African American Quotations, 2000]

My spirit was standing at a distance from Michael's 'grandfather' on the hill. "We want you to travel through Michael's blood and marrow . . . the

flesh and bones of his ancestral line . . ." he said. Looking at him with seriousness in my eyes, I just nodded, "Yes."

My mind could not remove the image of the face of the man in shackles traveling on what appeared to be a slave ship from my eyes.

Now I understood that 'something more' which I had seen in Michael Jackson's eyes, his face . . . the inexplicable sorrow he shared with me about Africa and the suffering of the world.

The winds increased. Michael's 'grandfather' reached his hand out towards me from the long and winding distance . . . and instantly I was standing before him with my hand in his. With seriousness in his eyes, he looked at me intensely. It appeared that he wanted to make sure that we didn't lose our eye contact, because it was through him that my spirit was able to travel through time and space to make these journeys. "You," he said, very seriously, "you call me 'grandfather' from now on . . ." Shocked, I swallowed nervously and nodded, "Yes, okay," I said sheepishly.

Looking at me with great seriousness, he said, "Are you ready?" Lightning struck with great force, our hands were parted, and I was thrust back into my body. The power of the moment had left me overwhelmed and just a little afraid.

"When I dare . . . to use my strength in the service of my vision, then it becomes less and less important whether I am afraid."

Audre Lorde, Writer [African American Quotations, 2000]

"Your ancestors took the lash, the branding iron, humiliations, and oppression because one day they believed you would come along to flesh out the dream."

Maya Angelou, Novelist and Poet [African American Quotations, 2000]

"And so our mothers and grandmothers have, more often than not anonymously, handed on the creative spark, the seed of the flower they themselves never hoped to see."

Alice Walker, Writer [African American Quotations, 2000]

"Family faces are . . . mirrors. Looking at people who belong to us, we see the past, present, and future."

Gail Lumet Buckley, Writer [African American Quotations, 2000]



Michael Jackson with his Mother Katherine and Grandfather Prince Albert Scruse, 1907 -1997

(Picture Found After this Chapter was Written.)

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

**Michael Jackson Discusses Overspending,
Pornography, Drugs, the Manner of his Death, his
Profound Love for his Children, Various Thoughts
on Other Things and his Final Walk into Eternity**



*"My winged thoughts do ceaseless beat
The sky of time, and race to meet
Thy Presence sweet, on distant throne,
Somewhere beyond the manifest, alone."*

Songs of the Soul, Paramahansa Yogananda, The Ever New [Self-Realization
Fellowship, 1983

Having been torn from the body, my spirit was hovering in a lighted realm above the spheres of the earth. In the distance I saw an odd screen coming towards me. It was depicted as a television screen which displayed a picture of Michael Jackson upon it, but only half of the image was shown. The full image was of his profile; head, face and shoulders. He was wearing a slightly darker than sky blue shirt. His hair was very much as it would have been in his earlier years as the curly black.

A resolute look had taken the place of the profound depression. He knew what must be done, and he was now ready to do it.

The image faded back and forth between half of him and the full image and Michael began speaking through the screen. "The full image of myself will be known someday," he said, "but not now . . ."

And it was then that he stepped out of the screen and sat before me in the clouds and began to talk. "I don't want to talk about myself anymore." He said. "So much about me is self-evident."

"Okay," I said, "I understand." I'd been starting to feel that the time had been coming when it would be imperative for Michael to go. Just as every soul who crosses over eventually must do after wrapping up loose ends upon the earth. If they do not, they can get caught up in things which are of the earth, and it slows their progression in the afterlife.

Although some people do stay to watch over the ones they love, they do this from a distance. They are given 'windows' so to speak into the lives of their

loved ones and 'permissions' to intervene or make their presence known at particular times of need. But for the most part they are focused on their continuing progression.

As a soul in purgatory once told me, "We have to create a wall between the living and the dead . . . " Because if they don't their progress is hindered.

"Yeah, there's a lot of things that I did that I believe are self-evident. Pornography . . . I now know how evil that is . . . what can I say about that?" "Not much, Michael," I replied, "It is what it is." "Yeah, and the overspending . . . I had no idea, no idea." "Uh huh." I said.

"And everyone knows about the drugs . . . " "Yeah, they do, Michael, but are you ever going to tell us about them?" "Marilynn, you have your own theory about it, right?" "Yes, I do." "Well, you're right, so just tell them that. You were right on."

"Okay," I said a little puzzled. Michael had become much less talkative, and was obviously in a different place. This indicated that he was finalizing, finishing up . . . no longer depressed but resigned to that separation which was inevitable and coming.

My own theory about Michael's drug use had been a simple one. It began when he had the burn injury and he got addicted to pain medications, it intensified when he was accused of child molestation. His Lupus related insomnia and the high intensity stress levels of his work which made the insomnia worse, elevated it to new heights. When the trial for a second child molestation charge came to pass, he was likely in such a deep pit that the drugs had become

his way of coping. And even after the trial was over, he never recovered . . . his soul had been wounded and he handled it in a very self-destructive way. In his own words, he had told me that this was when he had become 'dead.'

But this is not a judgment on the way he handled it, because if you look at the nature of the trials and tribulations he was put through, this would be a likely resort that many would take. It's unfortunate that Michael Jackson was so publicly calumniated. Perhaps, if he had not been such a public figure, he might have sought out a different kind of help. I believe that even today with the heightening awareness of the dangers of drug addiction in the lives of celebrities that it has become easier to seek drug addiction intervention and therapeutic help than it was when Michael first began the journey with drugs which would eventually lead to his death.

Michael was publicly labeled a pedophile. To whom could he go to deal with that? That was my theory. I was not excusing his choice to use the drugs, but I felt it was important to try to understand it.

Michael started rambling under his breath, hesitant to say much about this next subject, "You know the doctor," he said, as I immediately knew he was speaking of the doctor who was ultimately held responsibility for his death, "he came into this really late." He didn't want to say more but I knew what he was trying to say. The drug addiction had been going on for many, many years before this person had even come onto the scene.

Although I personally had a great deal of anger at this doctor for what I considered to be profound recklessness, Michael seemed to wish to make no further statement on this. He had no anger about it, either. I didn't push it, this was all he wished to say.

"A lot of people did say they tried really hard to help me to get off of drugs." Michael said, referring to some of those in the inner circle who others have accused of enabling him. "No, they didn't." But again, he said this with no judgment. He took full responsibility for his drug addiction. It was his own.

His statement was simple, some in his inner circle including physicians were enabling him and not making efforts to help him with his real problem, drug addiction. Instead, they supplied him. This was not helpful, it caused his death.

Turning to his side, Michael picked something up and turned back towards me with a smile on his face. In his hand, was a little rat. Immediately, I knew this to be his former pet. It was now a heavenly creature, streaming with golden fur, the light of heaven emanating from his essence. Michael smiled so big and let me hold his little friend which I did for several minutes.

When I was a child, I had raised mice, sometimes I had up to thirty or forty mice at a time. Love of rodents was something Michael Jackson and I shared in common.

"You don't need to worry about me doing wrong," Michael said, "I've always tried to do what's right. Maybe this is what people want to know and maybe it isn't," he continued, "But I don't want to talk

about it anymore."

"Tell them to pay attention to the living." Michael Jackson said. He took a black blindfold and put it around his eyes and head. "This is how most people on the earth see," Michael said, "I never pursued the witch hunts. Why would they think so? Tell them to take off the blindfold and pay attention to the living."

"You're starting to feel the pressure, the pull, aren't you, Michael?" I asked. Looking at me with knowing in his eyes, he said, "Yeah."

"I understand this." I replied. "It happens to all those who cross over. There comes a time, when it's just time to go . . . is that what is starting to happen?"

"Yes." Michael Jackson said. "There is so much more, so much more . . . for me to tell you. But what purpose?"

"I understand." I replied.

"Sunglasses are cool," he smiled, "I think about my little sister alot (Janet); she came onto the scene very quickly (after my death). She's been hurt a lot. Gay rumors upset me. My diet was really good and the woman who did the cooking for us really should be featured in healthy cooking magazines. Raising children takes a lot I hope my mother knows I understand. She can't do everything I would've done." Pausing, it appeared that he was becoming increasingly aware of how trivial many of life's points become in the afterlife context.

"I was like the animals," he said, "I did whatever I had to do . . . " I understood, remained quiet and continued to listen.

"You're right, Marilynn," he said, "I need to go away . . . I'll be going to another place, another school. But I am going away." I understood that he would be remaining close to the earth only until the anniversary of his death when he would be pulled in closer to the hearts of those who loved him but then his perimeter would definitively change.

He would be truly leaving, his work here was done and his work in the beyond had only begun. He *had* to move further away, it was necessary for him.

"When I was alive I always said 'Yes,'" Michael said, "to any request made by others (fans, sick children, friends, etc.) . . . but now it is time for me to say 'No' because I am leaving."

"Tell people to focus on their own stuff (sin); don't call it out in others." Michael said.

"You know from where I now sit in the presence of God I can look down upon the earth and watch young people . . . young girls and young men . . . just breathing Satan into their soul. And I can actually see their foreheads being marked with a 'B' (for Beelzebub)." Michael said. "Tell them not to do that . . . tell them NOT to do that." He looked down, and tears welled up in his eyes as he covered his mouth with his hands and mumbled under his tearful breath.

"I love my kids." Michael said with deep emotion. "I miss them in my heart." He took his hand and placed it over his chest. "I can't really talk about it . . . hurts so much." I put my arm around his back and wept with him very quietly. There was nothing to say.

Many moments passed by in silence . . .

And many more . . .

And then he looked up.

"Tell them," he said, referring to the people of the world who loved him and still grieved his passing, "Take that ache . . . take that ache you feel in your soul for me, and realize that it's God that you sensed in me that you long for, it's God." He went on to explain that you must redirect your grief by connecting with the Lord Jesus Christ. Jesus Christ was the Presence that you felt in Michael Who directed him throughout his life . . . by turning your gaze towards the Lord, healing will come.

That's why Michael was so luminous to the world, because he served the Lord Jesus Christ.

People don't realize that it was this divine love within him that draws them to Michael. But although Michael must go, the Lord Jesus Christ is with us always, even until the end of time.

***"Teach them to carry out everything I have
commanded you. And know that I am with you
always, until the end of the world!"***

New American Bible, New Testament: Gospel of Matthew 28:20-26

Take that ache, and turn it towards God. And that is where you will find both healing and purpose.

Michael often said that he felt the purpose of his gifts was to help others to discover their own gifts. The legacy you must leave for Michael is to discover your own gifts and utilize them in a way which honors him and all that he stood for, which is the love of humanity, the earth and the Lord.

Take that love you have for him and love God with all your heart. And then you'll heal and find purpose again . . . because you will take on that mystery that Michael Jackson held within him. It really wasn't so mysterious at all, it was a love and faith in Jesus Christ.

And again, it is especially important for loved ones to know that this 'going' is as I said before. It does not mean they do not watch and see your lives from a distance, or that they will never have permission to move in closer when the need arises. It means they must go and learn from the Lord and their presence will be felt less frequently. They are moving further away because the need has arisen.

In my hand, I was carrying a rosary. Every night before I went to bed at night, I wrapped this rosary around my hand before going off to sleep and entering into the mystical realms. It was a golden colored rosary which had been given to me by a beloved friend a few years back. And tonight, the rosary accompanied me on my mystical journey and was visible in my hand.

Gently taking my hand, Michael specifically took the rosary and held it with me. He was holding it up, in a sense.

Suddenly, in a thunderous uprising, the cloudy mists around us began to open and before us appeared Michael Jackson's crypt.

Immediately, I noticed that the crypt had not yet been closed or sealed although the coffin was clearly shut.

Two large female angels appeared on either

side of the crypt, both white apparitions with shimmering, majestic and huge wings.

Turning to look at Michael and me, they both spoke in unison with a powerful voice and the sound of authority. "Tell the people of the world this." they said in almost a magnetic unison, "Michael Jackson gave you all, he has no more to give here." With those words, they turned their very serious gaze to the crypt and immediately closed it. After it was closed, it was sealed with the sign of the Lord.

Instantly, they and the crypt disappeared.

But the skies all around us began to light up with the eminence of the heavens and a sense of impending movement. God's call was upon Michael . . . I could feel it.

Looking up towards heaven, Michael gazed upon the light of God which had opened up in the heavenly sky and quietly acknowledged its profound beauty. Turning to face me with no emotion, he had heard that call and had instantly become resolute. "Tell them," Michael Jackson said, "I'm going and I'm no longer coming back." Nodding, I said, "I will."

Exchanging a look of good-bye, it was no longer emotional in the sense that it had been in previous journeys. There was pain, but it was a diffuse pain, the kind of pain experienced when one knows that they must proceed with something but that they must lose something in order to proceed.

Michael's depression had lifted, he was ready. We both were. There was no way to deny what had to happen now, and to do so would cause more pain than to allow that which must be . . . to be.

It was necessary that this day should come . . . elsewise, we would now begin holding each other back rather than lifting one another up.

In a sense, it was like holding onto a tiny thread between worlds, perhaps between continents - an ocean now forming between us. That thread and its fragility had to be let go, the distance between the two oceans was becoming too great to travel, to bear, to exceed. But rather than it being an ocean, it was more like an aeon, a sphere . . . it was a great divide. And it was ever clear that it had to close between us.

Some journeys are taken for a while, some for a lifetime, and others for just a moment in time . . . but those journeys are all relevant. Our journey had been an adventure and an amazing look into the afterlife experiences of an individual soul. More than this, it had been the beginning and the culmination of a profound friendship. But friends do what is best for one another. And this ache . . . and this ache . . . I could feel it. The thread was aching to be let loose.

So many souls wanted to hold him to the earth because of their love for him, but they, too, would be required to let him go. Let him drift closer to God alone . . .

Although there would be pain, there would also be relief. Relief? Why? Why relief?

Because it had to happen. Michael was moving so much further out into the aeons in his spiritual journey, that he was ever cascading further and further away from earthly reality. It was painful for him to journey to and fro from the world which had become his to a world which no longer belonged to

him.

And to the mystic . . . that pain seared through my heart.

The thread had to be let loose.

Michael was like a kite, and once I let that thread go, he would fly to the highest heavenly spheres. But I had to let that thread go . . .

Would I? Could I? Did I have it in me?

I thought about what he said to me just a few minutes earlier. It echoed in my mind "I was like the animals," Michael had said, "I did whatever I had to do . . ." There was wisdom in the innate knowing of animals, in their ability to respond simply to that which was necessary to their nature.

With a look of resolution in his eyes, Michael suddenly let go of the Rosary and my hand. And as he did so, a surging rush of energy overtook my soul as I was thrust back into my body without warning and the rosary silently but yet with great noise fell as if in slow motion onto the floor.

As my eyes slowly reopened to the physical realm, I could see the rosary gleaming from a distance but my body remained so tired as to be unable to reach out for it.

In a moment of sadness, I acknowledged the meaning of the moment, the silence of the rush of wind, the absence of my friend who had been with me on and off for almost a year. And as a lone tear dropped down from my eyes, I closed them again in the hopes of catching one last glimpse of my beloved friend. But he was no longer there. All had faded to black . . .

Opening them, I reached forward to the floor to grasp a hold of the rosary, grateful he had held it with me. As I held it in my hands and allowed the reality of all that had come to pass enter into my awareness, it occurred to me that his choice to hold the rosary with me was a significant one.

In holding it with me, he was acknowledging and engaging the profound religious and spiritual nature of our journey together. And in letting it go, he was celebrating its culmination. Symbolic in its grace, the herald of my rosary soaring to the floor was an incitement to the wonder of the unique religious experience we had been allowed to share with one another.

But it was something more . . . and I knew this. My gratitude was immense that we held the rosary together before I would have to do what I must do now. Because in my heart I knew that the love of the Lord demanded something of me which would be hard to give.

Rolling over and trying to take in the finality of the moment, I whispered my assent to let him go now in peace . . . and though I could no longer see him, I imagined him flying to the heights of heaven and leaving all that was worldly behind to discover all that the Lord held in wait for his gentle soul.

In chosenlessness, he would now be unseen.

It was like a candle blowing out . . .

It was finished . . .

"Humility is probably the greatest power that one can study, to understand that you didn't create

anything. God created it all."

Melba Moore, Singer [African American Quotations, 2000]

"Only God's an expert."

Charles Barclay, On the Jay Leno Show, May 18, 2010

"I have given you glory on earth by finishing the work you gave me to do . . . I have made your name known to those you gave me out of the world. These men you gave me were yours; they have kept your word. Now they realize that all that you gave me comes from you. I entrusted to them the message you entrusted to me, and they received it. They have known that in truth I came from you, they have believed it was you who sent me . . . I am in the world no more, but these are in the world . . . O Father most holy, protect them with your name."

New American Bible, New Testament: Gospel of John 17:4 - 8

"Now it is finished.' Then he bowed his head, and delivered over his spirit."

New American Bible, New Testament: Gospel of John 19:30

***"When I take the vow of silence
To remain enlocked with my Beloved
In the arms of His everywhere-ness,
I shall be busy listening to His symphony
Of creation's bliss songs, and beholding hidden
wondrous visions.
Yet I shall not be oblivious of you at all.
I shall mutely watch over you
Walking o'er me in the fresh grass-blades
And seeing me in my living leafy presences.
I shall behold you with mothering tenderness
Through every crimson blossom***

*That wears a blush of love to bring you delight.
 I shall caress you with the enfolding breeze
 To relieve your worries and fears;
 And enwrap you in sun warmth
 When the chill of delusive loneliness strays into your
 heart.*

*When you gaze at the ocean
 You will be looking right at me,
 United with the Beloved on the altar of the horizon,
 Sky-canopied with silver rays o'er the azure
 wavy hazy sanctuary.*

*I shall not speak except through your reason,
 Nor scold except through your conscience.
 I shall persuade you only through your love
 And your heart's longing to seek the Beloved only.
 I shall tempt you - but with the sole temptation
 To enjoy the Beloved's love alone.
 Forget me if you will, but not my Beloved!
 Remembering him, you cannot forget me."*

Songs of the Soul, Paramahansa Yogananda, When I Take the Vow of Silence
 [Self-Realization Fellowship, 1983]

*"Like anybody, I would like to live a long life.
 Longevity has its place. But I'm not concerned about
 that now. I just want to do God's will, and he's
 allowed me to go up to the mountain. And I've looked
 over. And I've seen the promised land."*

Martin Luther King Jr., Civil Rights Activist, Nobel Laureate [African American
 Quotations, 2000]

Michael Jackson:

The Afterlife Experiences III

The Confessions of Michael Jackson

By Marilyn Hughes

The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation!

<http://outofbodytravel.org>



Author, Marilyn Hughes

MICHAEL JACKSON'S AFTERLIFE EXPERIENCES III - The Confessions of Michael Jackson: Returning to give a confession regarding those things in his life which have remained a mystery, the afterlife experiences of Michael Jackson continue as Michael engages in an open self-examination. Sometimes surprising, sometimes touching . . . Michael Jackson opens up about the personal issues (and the things the world perceived as issues which perhaps were not so much) in a very forthcoming manner.

This journey is fun at times, uncomfortable at others. But it is a journey which Michael insisted on sharing. Reach into the personal thoughts Michael Jackson has had since the time of his death regarding the controversial and uncontroversial matters of his life. This is a new Michael who is no longer afraid of such self-examination nor of sharing it publicly because he knows that this personal sharing has redemptive value for the world.

