

The Mystical Captive

By Marilyn Hughes

The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation!

<http://outofbodytravel.org>



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The Mystical Captive

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The Mystical Captive

INTRODUCTION

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It is my wish to set down in writing those things which are closest to my heart due to the intimate union that the Lord has humbled Himself by giving me; and the Blessed Virgin Mother, who with great condescension has honored me in her presence. It is not my intent to cover every possible subject regarding Mysticism and Out-of-Body Travel, but rather, share the dispositions within which the Lord has placed me as a result of my lifetime of journeying.

If my words mingle with the words of other mystics who have gone by take no heed, for it is by our sheer union with one another that our words become similar and our path becomes directed. It is in mystical captivity that each of us understands the other, and our paths become one-pointed towards the all holy God whom we all serve and wish to remain true to till the end of our days.

This will be a difficult task for me to place in words that which has been emblazoned on my heart

through years of mystical experience with Our Lord. But He wishes it so, and therefore, it can be done, although yet I expect imperfectly.

In my fallible and sometimes wretched condition, the Lord has made use of me. And amidst great sufferings, the Lord so reveals His majesty, goodness and truth.

Perhaps it is only when we have been reduced to the ashes that we enter into truth, in that the Lord Jesus can reach us with greater perfection and clarity. Because of the earnestness in our misery and the desire to overcome our condition, our ability to hear the Lord becomes almost second nature. And in this depth, He then speaks to us . . .

And suddenly, we hear.

Perhaps despair is yet a catalyst, an instrument of the almighty Lord to diminish our significance enough in our own eyes that perhaps we become small enough to again listen to the words of the All-Holy God.

For when we are puffed up, of what is there to listen? Our own internal noise is so loud that there is nothing beyond it we might hear.

But when the Lord makes us small again . . . a door opens. And through that door comes holy wisdom. And holy wisdom speaks.

If there were one thing that I would speak to those who wish to know my heart, it would be obedience to rightful authority. In our quest to become independent and self-important, we have lost the most basic of spiritual axioms which is absolutely inseparable from the mystical path.

None of us can be assured of our steps in life unless we walk them with proper obedience.

This is such a difficult thing for so many souls to swallow in today's world because vice has become identified with virtue and virtue is no more. But if we are focused upon our own importance, we can be assured of achieving nothing in the mystical or spiritual journey.

It is obedience to proper earthly and heavenly authority that the Lord may walk into our hearts. Without such obedience, we have become our own God and the Lord has nothing to say.

Perhaps this is one of the least understood aspects of humility, the greatest virtue we must achieve if we wish to know the Lord. Humility lies in our ability to recognize that we are nothing without God, and that if we wish to come closer to the Lord, we must obey Him.

The Lord places proper authority in our lives in many ways. He does so through our parents, our natural superiors in life, those who have come before us . . . even in the writings of the ancient sacred texts.

Those ancient sacred texts are like footsteps to us from the great masters who have gone before containing maxims and axioms which are essential points of knowledge we must be willing to contain if we are to approach the mystical banquet.

They are the final words left behind for us by those who have already reached and ascended the path for which we hope to travel and achieve. To ignore their words is ignorance.

How many people have you heard who say things like "I want to do this on my own," or "I want to find God my own way?"

Forgive my bluntness, but how arrogant and naïve. How pointless and absolutely without destination.

If you seek to become a painter, you study the greatest painters who ever lived, you learn techniques, you capture themes and ideas from those who have gone before and eventually you develop your own style in painting.

Somehow, many people have come to believe that spirituality and the mystical path are somehow different from any other of the disciplines in this life and it can be achieved entirely on one's own.

Is it possible? Yes. Does that waste a lot of God's time? Yes.

God inspired the prophets, saints, mystics, sages and ascetics to put down their insights into writing because He wished for us to use them for our benefit. If we believe that we can achieve all that we must in a short lifetime without study, then we are saying simultaneously a couple of things. 1.) We are saying that we expect God to reveal all of revelation to each human being individually in a short lifespan. And 2.) We are saying that we believe that whatever our own personal experience may be at any given point in time is all we need to know.

These are both profoundly arrogant and small-minded places to come from and there is no remedy for such utter lack of discipline or focus. Should God deign to reveal different aspects of the truth through different vessels in order that somehow His vastness may be understood in a more profound way upon the earth, we should partake of that effort.

If we wish to seek the Lord, we should begin by getting to know every one of his dear friends

throughout time, the ages and the world as well as we can. If we wish mystical union with the Lord, we must learn from the greatest masters of the spiritual path.

This leads me to mention the importance of understanding the process by which one attains to such knowledge and a place of union with Our Lord.

One of the most common mistakes of the spiritual life involves those who become eager to experience mystical phenomena and then do. And then they believe they have become masters . . .

That is like a painter who completes his first drawing and believes he is now a contemporary of Michelangelo.

The process of the mystical union begins and continues throughout our lives, and those who are set about on a mission can expect decades of study and experience before the Lord – and I must repeat this because of the many who deceive themselves prematurely into believing they have a spiritual task set before them – many decades.

It is only when you no longer desire to have a mission that the Lord may (or may not) give you one. Because it is only when you realize the importance and responsibility you will hold if such a mission is given you – after potentially decades of mystical training – that you may be asked to step forward. And by the time you are asked to do so, you won't want to anymore. You will have to go against your natural inclination according to the bidding of the Lord.

It is only when we have been honed down to our smallest portion, to the part of us that recognizes

we are nothing, we have nothing, and we contain no virtue of ourselves . . . that God might use us.

But it will be after decades of intensive spiritual study in the world – getting to know the paths of God’s friends, and also decades of study in the mystical realms of existence wherein the laws of existence, the consequences of misleading others, the sheer overwhelming nature of the responsibility to guide or direct any souls becomes such a part of you that you cringe at the prospect of being deceived or deceiving, either knowingly or unknowingly.

So if you wish to read this book because you have a burning desire to begin your own ministry, stop here. This is not for you.

This is for those who wish to understand some of the interior insights that have been emblazoned upon my soul because of my relationship with the Lord and with all of His prophets, saints, mystics, sages and ascetics.

In my hope, it will be a reflective tool to those who read it, to attempt to understand some of the changes which come over someone who has been put to the test, so to speak, and who has come through the other side of decades of mystical instruction.

I hope to put into words some of the things I have seen and understood which are absolutely beyond all words. In this journey, I will attempt to set down in writing what God has done for my soul over more than 30 years of mystical training . . .

For those of you who are asking, ‘What is mystical training?’ It is the process a soul undergoes in the realms of the ether wherein the soul is purged, purified, formed, changed, altered, made new and

attains to knowledge which can only be understood in the spirit of the energy in which they are given.

Mystical training is, in its essence, the science of getting to know God and attaining to think and become closer to Him as His Holy Spirit directs each individual soul who has been drawn to such a mystical captivity within Him.

A soul who accepts the captive heart of God, allows itself to be drawn into a higher love that is broader and more well-defined than the love we may know on earth. Because that love captivates our senses, our bodies and our wills to such an extent that we cannot disobey no matter how our human nature rebels because the object of our captive love is so infinitely loveable and good that we cannot bear the thought of letting Him down.

So we forge on as mystical captives of God's love despite human temptations, our own weaknesses, our sins and failings . . . because as captives we cannot do anything else.

We cannot do aught but love God, and when the Lord has captivated your heart and pulled it within His mystical knowledge, loving God is a very precise action.

How do we love with precision? We endeavor to know the object of our love with fullness and to do all that will please Him. So we don't simply state, "I love God," and then go on with our everyday lives. The mystical captive *must* obey.

Because to do otherwise is to become free again, and if we become free, we lose the object of our love. The mystical captivity - although a true captivity of the heart and soul - remains preferable to any human condition which could be offered it.

So we love with fierceness and precision Our
God, because it is only in our captivity that we remain
free.

An oxymoron indeed; but also a true enigma of
the mystic . . . come with me.







CHAPTER ONE

Mystical Captivity

Instant conspiring to meet God Alone
 Reason entering energetic form
 Timelessness drizzles into our soul
 As shackles of love contain our heart's core
 Archaic conclusions are joined with our past
 As embers of light open our quest
 Looking for signs of exuding grace
 Spinning and yearning toward God's face
 Enraptured with joy love takes its hold
 The spiritual fire envelops the soul
 Horrified beyond all mystical flight
 Wounded by love's burning delight
 Captivity begins with one rapturous glance
 As the soul becomes fixed and entirely entranced

Mystical captivity is a state wherein your soul is transfixed on God. However a soul may come upon this state, whether through natural or supernatural means, it often becomes a place of no return. The soul captivated by the object of its transfixion cannot but seek it out more.

So how do these states of mystical captivity come upon a soul entering into the spiritual way?

In the natural sense, mystical captivity can come about through any exterior sense experience wherein God pulls the soul into Himself in a mysterious way.

In the supernatural sense, mystical captivity can come about through any interior sense experience

wherein God pulls the soul into Himself in a mysterious way.

When this happens it is as though the soul has been pulled out of the grounded earthly awareness into a higher sphere no matter where it may have been at the moment of its inception. Suddenly, the soul's vision has been expanded and that which it saw before evaporates as the higher dimensional activity takes its captive and holds it fast to the vision of God.

There are many levels of mystical captivity. In my own case, I became God's captive in three original phases. The levels of captivity beyond these are infinite, but there do seem to be the three general phases a soul can expect as the mystical captivity comes upon it.

In the first phase, the soul finds itself suddenly or gradually more and more interested in God and the mysteries which surround life and death. This can happen because of an extraordinary experience in life; a loss, a death or a circumstance which leads the soul to seek out deeper meaning and flavor. No supernatural events may have yet occurred, but this is in a sense still a supernatural event, because the Lord has still mysteriously pulled the soul into an external captivity where it loses much of its interest in worldly things and must seek God in almost a frenzied fashion.

In the second phase, God usually pulls the soul within itself by means of some type of supernatural vision which is so mind bending and life changing that the soul is now captive on an interior level, as well as, an external point of reference. Because of this profound change, the soul's seeking becomes more

internal, prayerful, meditative and almost more urgent. It becomes so because the experience contained was so captivating, that the soul longs to feel, hear and see the things which were given to its vision again. Whether the soul ever has another supernatural event of this magnitude or not, the soul will always long to return to that place and the 'energy' of that place or feeling will never leave him.

In the third phase, the mystical captivity becomes complete as the soul now becomes unable to do anything naught but its daily duty and to search and seek out its beloved which lies beyond its grasp. This search and inner vision will accompany that soul for many years and decades of its life. There is no earthly thing which can compare to the divine beauty which the soul has touched upon and seeks with great fervor to know in an ever yet more meaningful way.

At this juncture of mystical captivity, the soul becomes more aware of the fact that others have followed this path, and they hungrily seek out those writings which were left behind by any of those who found it and left trails in their words for those who would seek it after they had gone. Humility enters within, and they begin to realize how little they know, but yet, they yearn to know God in His infinite perfection.

The mystical captive is now fully entranced with his beloved. The energetic throes which travel from heaven to this soul will hold it in captivity until the day that soul attains to the union it so desires with its beloved. And that day will only fully commence when their life on this earth is complete.

Therefore, the captive soul will live out its life in mystical captivity, unable to break free from this internal compulsion so seek and know God. But the captivity, although a hard task master, is also a carrier of the miter of true freedom and the soul who has entered into this captivity understands this.

Although this mystical captivity is absolutely a real state which cannot be altered or changed except by a true falling away from God, the seeker does know that it was only in the previous worldly life he had lived wherein he was a true hostage.

A mystical captive knows that the object of its seeking, its beloved Lord, contains infinite freedom, freedoms which cannot be had by any earthbound soul. So the seeker accepts this captivity with a certain sense of joy and ravishment.

The soul accepts this although it may not yet understand that accepting it will require much of him. For the Lord is mighty in His deeds and powerful in His works. And though His burden is easy and His yoke may be light, it only becomes so because of the internal fire of purification which consumes the sins, impurities and false views of the soul.

That purification process can be profoundly difficult, gut-wrenching and heartbreaking. But for now, the mystical captive is content to see the vision of the beloved in the distance. He need not know that the path ahead will be fraught with difficulty.

In the view of the mystical captive, whatever it will take to ascend to that divine beauty will be a sacrifice worth making and a path worth taking.

As to its hardship, there will be struggle. But the mystical captive can no longer avoid those struggles, because once the soul has been smitten by

this love of God and wounded by His absence, he will do anything, go through any struggle, to move forward in the path of perfection to seek Him.

The struggles to come will be harder than he can yet imagine, but it is well that it is so.

For now, he remains transfixed upon the Lord.





CHAPTER TWO

Mystical Vision

The Spirit of the Lord binds me up
 My sensual powers are loosened and then bound
 To whom do I go to find comfort and rest?
 In whose arms does my spirit fall when sadness
 exhumes the soul?

The Lord is a cruel taskmaster
 But yet gentle at heart and light in his burden
 How does my spirit reconcile this mystery?
 My soul cries out for the gentle love of a physical
 caress
 And obedience captures my thoughts like a cruel
 master

How do I restrain the impulses of the flesh?
 In order to again grasp the raptures of the soul?
 Of what gain shall I achieve
 If I lose the one necessary reason?
 My heart lay content in thee for many years
 And yet still my physical body throws me back to the
 ground

For the simple embrace of the sensual
 How do I capture the essence of the two?
 The spiritual embrace of the Beloved
 And the constant call of an earthly hold?
 How do I find the proper call?
 How do I know your will, Oh Lord
 And then once I know your beckon
 How, then, may I achieve it?
 Must I lose one to attain the other?
 Or is there a oneness between the mortal and the
 immortal?

Is there harmony in this duality within me?
 I do not know, Lord, I do not know

The heart entranced in the captive love of God cannot help but to fight the first, middle and last battle of all mystics, that of sensuality. In seeking to attain to the mystical vision, the soul finds itself thrown by these seemingly contrary desires, but yet finds that they are not entirely contrary at all.

When the captive seeks to ascend higher in the heights of mystical rapture, the natural human response is orgasm. As this soul has left the physical body and attains to move towards the all holy Lord, it is surprised and sometimes dumbfounded by the singularly physical response.

In this knowledge that the soul can mistranslate the ever heightening ecstasies towards the Lord into an orgasmic physical response is indicative only of the highly spiritual nature of true human love. God created sensuality, and therefore, it is a portion of our embodiment which must be embraced . . . but yet in a different way.

The seeker finds that this is indeed true because once the soul translates the mystical ecstasy into a physical orgasmic response, the journey ends, the spiritual rapture is halted and the soul ceases to move. And it is in this simple reality that it discovers that there is actually a mistranslation involved.

Our physical bodies are programmed to receive ecstatic feelings as relates to sexuality, so the fact that the soul seeking to break the bonds of the flesh and ascend to higher achievements in the heavenly realms would naturally translate those higher vibrations into a physical sphere of

knowledge, that of sexuality.

But the mystical captive must take that physical response, the orgasmic mechanism, and transmute it into something higher which is, in essence, a higher form of ecstasy, not beyond sexual, but greater than . . . Because the infinite love of God is experienced within the soul as a rapturous ecstasy, as well, but it is programmed in a higher vibrational sphere.

So the physical human response, although it at first seems to be a deterrent, is only an obstacle attained by not yet having realized the higher level of ecstatic union which is to come.

Many souls and captives feel a sense of failure and shame when they repeatedly mistranslate the sense of the spiritual journey into the sexual sphere, and it is often that it happens tens or hundreds of times before the soul finds the proper attunement to take it into its higher vibrational capacity and finds itself soaring beyond that process point very suddenly and with great freedom and bliss.

But what the soul must realize when it processes past this phase is that the vibration of God is experienced also as a sensuality, a higher sensuality. God creates the sensual, therefore, he does not condemn it. But He asks us to bring that sensual motivation into the higher sphere of entranced union with all that He is.

This sphere of sensual vibration so far surpasses human sensuality that the earthbound mystic often becomes so entranced with it that it can become easy for a time to forego the physical union of love. But the captive soon finds that this 'pull' of the physical body never really completely leaves the

captive.

The captive heart feels pulled towards God at one time, and towards the physical love of the earth at others. Confusing and disturbing the captive feels torn between the higher calling, and what appears to be the lower nature.

Indeed it is the lower nature, but yet, it carries within it a oneness with the higher.

It is a mystery that is often never fully understood by the mystical captive because this pull may be almost non-existent at one time in the mystical path, and at another, it comes back in a raging fury like a fire that was hidden in the twilight of God's love.

Confused and frustrated with its own weakness, the mystical captive struggles with its natures – the spiritual, the corporeal.

But it is through this understanding that mystical vision is actually approached, cultivated, interviewed, understood . . . indeed it is through the sensual nature that a soul will travel in order to find the Lord God of Hosts. Irony at its best, because of the strangling forces of the world which discount its holiness; sensuality within the human person becomes the doorway to the higher vibrations of light.

A stranglehold of mass holds us to the ground, the sensuous nature as it is attached only to the physical nature. But the sensuous nature freed from the bonds of immature ramblings and fears which protrude and confer, holding a soul to the earth, becomes a doorway, a pathway, a gate . . . to the attainment of union with God.

In the writings of the great mystics, the ecstatic, samdhic and nirvanic states are often described with

words akin to rapture and sensual delight. And there is a reason that this is so.

Only a lover can embrace the Beloved. In the frenetic words of the great mystical captive, Rumi, it is only by releasing your captivity to your own sensual nature and allowing it to expand into the everflowing vibrations of the spirit that you may attain to the enlightenment you seek.

For what does enlightenment consist of if not a greater capacity for the vibration of love? And what does love consist of, if not desire? And where does desire originate, from the empty soul longing to be filled with the source of its emptiness?

*"Someone who does not run
toward the allure of love
walks a road where nothing lives.*

*But this dove here
senses the love-hawk floating above,
and waits, and will not be driven
or scared to safety."*

*Rumi, A Year with Rumi, By Coleman Barks, HarperOne, Harper Collins
Publisher, 2006*

*"I see my beauty in you,
I become a mirror
That cannot close its eyes to your longing.*

*My eyes wet with yours in the early light.
My mind every moment giving birth,
Always conceiving, always in the ninth month,
Always the come-point.*

How do I stand this?

*We become these words we say,
A wailing sound moving out into the air.
These thousands of worlds that rise from nowhere,
how does your face contain them?*

*I am a fly in your honey, then closer,
A moth caught in the flame's allure,
Then empty sky stretched out in homage."*
Rumi, *A Year with Rumi*, By Coleman Barks, HarperOne, Harper Collins
Publisher, 2006

The source of that emptiness is God. And God is the emanation of Love itself . . . so you must know that in order to reach the mystical vision of the Lord of Love, you must be willing to pass through the captive heart of love encased in the human flesh of sexual desire in order to ascend to the heights of ecstatic union and sensual embrace of the Divine.

*"The power to love is God's greatest gift to man, for it never will be taken from the Blessed one who loves. Love lies in the soul alone, not in the body, and like wine should stimulate our better self to welcome gifts of Love Divine . . . Love is the only freedom in the world because it so elevates the spirit that the laws of humanity and the phenomena of nature do not alter its course . . . Love which is born in the firmament's lap and has descended with the night's secrets is not contented with anything but Eternity and immortality; it does not stand reverently before anything except deity. If humanity were to lead love's cavalcade to a bed of faithless motive, then love there would decline to abide. Love is a beautiful bird,
begging capture . . . "*

Kahlil Gibran, *The Treasured Writings of Kahlil Gibran*, Castle Books, 1975

*“Inside a lover’s heart there’s another world, and yet
another . . . ”*

*Rumi, The Soul of Rumi, By Coleman Barks, HarperOne, Harper Collins
Publisher, 2002*

*“Never be without love or you will be dead. Die with
love and remain alive.”*

Rumi, The Way of the Spiritual Lover, By Kabir Helminski





CHAPTER THREE

Mystical Abandonment

To embrace the captive
 With a wintry glow
 My rest is at sleep
 Music
 Glazed
 Cold
 Dazed
 Lost
 Distressed
 Freezing
 Lord, where are you?
 Where have you gone?
 Your distance amasses me with sorrow
 Your depth pulls me towards you
 While the energetic impetus repels my unworthy soul
 Why Your distance, Oh Lord
 When my soul longs for your embrace?
 My rest is at sleep
 Like music
 Yet glazed
 Often a dint of cold
 As my spirit remains dazed
 My soul feels so lost without you
 The distress burdens me
 My inner sphere is freezing from my distance from
 You

Whence the spirit first achieves union with
 God, even though it be only the first time, there is a
 change which comes over it forever. Once the soul

attains to the mystical ecstatic state, it has touched that which is divine. And in that divinity it has felt and known, if only for a moment, the power, knowledge, wisdom and most powerfully the love of God.

The soul is certainly captive by now if it had not yet been before.

Within the circling spheres of the ecstatic touch of God, the soul has touched into a power beyond anything imaginable upon the earth, and like an addictive drug, the soul must continue to seek the experience out again and again.

The seeking becomes like an insatiable lover seeking its beloved, it must be had and will not be forlorn by its newfound bliss.

But along the spiritual path will come many junctures wherein the Lord will pull that union away. Such a release is so painful because once a soul has been taken captive by the unconditional love of God, it is not unlike the lover and its beloved. An invisible tie of energy that holds the earthly and heavenly is always present, and in that presence, a certain otherworldlyness remains present.

But the Lord will suddenly release the soul from this grasp, like a lover will leave its beloved, and when this happens it is not unlike the snapping in two, the breaking apart of both worlds. It is felt within the soul as a massive loss and it can plummet into the deepest pits of despair.

Why is it music? It is music because every abandonment contains a harmonic purpose, and even amidst the greatest sorrow and darkness, a soul who has traveled this mystical capture a long enough time will know that something beautifully melodious is to

come from this abandonment.

Yet at the same time, the abandonment feels glazed as if in shock, grief or despair. This abandonment is not unlike a death, causing great turbulence within the captive soul forcing into its own weaknesses and frailties while though it is yet not alone, it certainly feels that it indeed is.

It is cold because the heat of the heavenly capture feels so long and far away. And once a soul has touched the divine torch of love, it is cold without it.

Dazed it stands alone feeling lost, having thrown off all sensible heavenly perceptions it has been thrust into its own reason and lost the higher reason it has become so accustomed to accompanying it.

In a sea of aloneness surrounded by the waters of emptiness, the soul has no oars or compass for which to guide it. It prays and weeps to seemingly no avail. No answer is given, no kind word is heard. The soul feels utterly lost to all the lights of heaven and for all intensive purposes, it seems to be so.

This sudden state causes such distress in the soul that it feels perhaps it has been totally abandoned by God. Perhaps it has been the cause of some great grief to the heavenlies and has been thrust apart for some grievance yet unvoiced and whispered only amongst the highest angels to remain unheard below. Where are you God? What have I done? What am I to do?

And sitting in that tiny little rowboat of abandonment on the sea of despair, the soul feels the deathly call of the wintry winds coming closer and closer as the soul dives deeper into its abandonment.

Shivering slightly, the soul is now freezing as it agonizes in the absence of the fire of God's love, the heat of God's wisdom and the warmth of God's guidance.

Yet . . . oh, yet . . . if only he knew that it was in these times of abandonment, though he will never hear an answer or feel a hint of consolation in his troubles, the Lord watches over his progress with even greater attention.

It is in these moments of abandonment, that the mystical captive is tested beyond measure. The Lord in His wish to ever expand your wealth of spiritual light, pushes the captive soul out into the winds of despair for a myriad of reasons.

Sometimes, it is to make the soul ever greatly aware of its absolute reliance on God and on all the favors provided it by the divine Light.

At other junctures, it is to test a soul on some of its greatest temptations and insist that the soul forego the usual helps, aids and graces given to the soul during such times to see if the soul has become stronger in its own resilience and faith. Much like a mother bird will push a baby bird out of its nest, the Lord in His everpresent willingness and desire to increase our strength and devotion will force you into the ocean of passions 'alone' so that He may try your strength.

And at many other points along the spiritual road the Lord makes haste to cast you into the sea because of some great and marvelous spiritual uplift which will take place as the result of the abandonment.

While it is going on, the soul feels as though it is entirely lost to God. Perhaps even damned . . . but

the loneliness is so great, that many a captive will reach out again to the world for some kind of comfort or direction.

In these times of abandonment, the soul is again reminded of its own humanity.

Sometimes along the spiritual journey when a soul is traveling with such ease due to the ever graceful love of God which carries it along with almost no effort, it can get arrogant and almost judgmental towards those still captured in the mire of worldly cravings and sufferings.

But when the soul is abandoned, they are humbly reminded that the human state is something to be loved with deep and grateful compassion. In their depths, they discover a beauty within their own humanity, which reminds them that there is a reason why the Lord has so chosen to encase us in fleshly form. And the soul grasps that this human condition is a requirement for the spiritual journey of which it has undertaken.

Rather than despise its own human nature and that of others, when a soul goes through the abandonment of God, it again embraces that humanity and sees within it the beauty and condition it bears.

In that abandonment, the emotions are again heightened in such a way that the soul re-embraces happiness, grief, sorrow, despair, joy, elation once again as tremendous assets of the earthly walk.

Although during the abandonment the soul feels that all hope is lost and any chance of attaining again unto the union of God is far beyond their reach, when the Lord deigns to return the soul will have achieved a massive leap in understanding of some

kind and a spiritual thrust will overtake it to such a degree that it will be enthralled by its vastness.

To remember that abandonment, despite its great distress, is always followed by a great mystical achievement, is one of the first and foremost ways in which a soul can learn to utilize these abandonments to their highest value.

When abandonment comes upon you, fall to you knees in humility. For the ever great and holy Lord is honoring you with an acceleration. Despite all the grief the soul will feel, know that it will lead in due time to His conclusion. And in that conclusion, will come something of infinite worth.

*"I thank you, O lord, because I love you.
O highest one, do not abandon me, for you are my
hope.
Your grace I have received freely and live on it . . .
The lord is my hope; I will not fear.
He is a garland on my head. I will not move into
sorrows.
Should everything tremble, I will stand firm.
It all visible things perish, I will not die, for the lord
is with me and I am with him."*

*The Gnostic Bible, Edited by Willis Barnstone and Marvin Meyer, New Seeds
Publishers, Boston and London 2006*

*"Chasms vanished before the lord,
And darkness fades with his appearance.
Error wandered and disappeared because of him.
Contempt found no path and was submerged in the
truth of the lord.
He opened his mouth and spoke grace and happiness.
He sang a new poem to his name
And raised his voice to the firmament."*

The Gnostic Bible, Edited by Willis Barnstone and Marvin Meyer, New Seeds Publishers, Boston and London 2006

"The master answered and said, 'I tell you the truth, none will be saved unless they believe in my cross, for the kingdom of god belongs to those who have believed in my cross. Be seekers of death, then, like the dead who seek life, for what they seek becomes apparent to them. And what is there to cause them concern? As for you, when you search out death, it will teach you about being chosen.'"

The Gnostic Bible, Edited by Willis Barnstone and Marvin Meyer, New Seeds Publishers, Boston and London 2006





CHAPTER FOUR

Of the Great Luxury, Might and Madness of Forgiveness

That passion of envy making him want us
 A great breeze envelops my soul
 Vermin are about me
 Swans glide takes you there
 Wanton memories aroused of a wild, passionate kiss
 So will be to that
 Hence, 'we all die,' says the Lord
 Frontal rebellion has lost its sleep
 Come upon me, Lord of Hosts
 Sea of virtue, sea of purity
 I go about breaking your heart
 A very good heart that's perfect and normal
 Providential from God
 Waves travel in my areas mighty surfaces
 God renders strangers for buyers in foresight
 Of the great luxury, might and madness of
 forgiveness

Somewhere amidst the mystical flatlands, the soul finds that there is weight. Heaviness of soul prohibits significant travel in the other worlds and it becomes a burden and a curse.

Sometimes this weight comes from the burden of your own sin, which is wide and deep. And others of its weight comes from the burden of unforgiveness, both that of which you are aware and that of which you are not.

All throughout your lives on this earth, and

every previous one, are moments of hurt either to yourself or from yourself to another. And each of these moments, although many unremembered, attaches itself to your spirits like a little fishing sinker, pulling the spirit further and further down.

In the starry heavens, one of the first advents will come about with the atonement of such events in that the spirit will be placed within a subconscious context amongst the spiritual realm as an aspect to teach souls, usually individually, as it is all to be rendered their due.

You must forgive the harm done to yourself, and you must do all that you can to beg the same forgiveness on whatever level of consciousness is available to the soul of those for whom you have caused any level of harm.

To intuit these moments, you must look at all things done which have caused unresolved pain as weight.

For most, these moments are helpful, pure and unsullied flutterings into a joyous remembrance of those you've loved and lost filled with understanding and reconciliation. But for others, there will come a time when someone may refuse their forgiveness on any level of consciousness or something arises which is so vile and vicious that rendering forgiveness becomes a serious spiritual task which can almost seem impossible and overbearing.

For those cases of forgiveness not rendered by another, you must note that for the most part the Lord accepts the gesture and the weight is then transferred to the party in whom the forgiveness is lacking. Other times, if the sin is great, the weight is not transferred but will take a greater amount of time to undergo. For

the process of purification can be as wide and varied as the karmic impetus of all those who tread its path.

For those sins committed against the soul which may be of a very serious nature, the working of the Lord is vast and marvelous indeed. Taking the soul on a grand journey into higher and higher levels of understanding, this particular harm will eventually be overcome through a fomenting process which uncovers every last element required for the victim of such an event to understand the harm done to it.

And beyond thus such a one, the soul will be taken deeply into the mesmerizing quality of forgiveness, deep within the confines of the heart of God, deep within the greater mechanism of purification and redemption for all. And despite the heinous nature of the crime, the soul will eventually be able to throw off the weight of that event in some way which corresponds to that which is best for it to achieve a higher status.

A forgiveness may actually be reached in cases wherein the soul recognizes the sheer parameters of the vision of the perpetrator. And when those parameters are simply of an evil nature, a different kind of forgiveness ensues, one which understands the natures of all spirits and their station and the harm which comes to it by not throwing off the weight of some undeserved yet heinous moment in time.

It becomes something which retains relevance no more in that it only now serves to halt the soul. But acknowledging and releasing the weight heralds the soul's awakening and further progression into the ever heightening regions of light.

There is a madness to it, indeed, but a

necessary madness in order to attain to the greatest heights of God's eternal kingdoms.

These weights will be released in small impediments, but as the little weights are reviewed and released, the soul will become lighter and begin to reveal within itself the marvelous kingdoms of God.

"Incorruptible was your way and your face; you have brought your world to corruption, that everything might be broken and renewed. And the foundation of everything is your rock. And upon it you have built your kingdom, and it became the dwelling place of the holy ones. Hallelujah."

The Pseudopigrapha, Odes of Solomon, Volume II, Doubleday and Company, 1985

*"Welcome to anyone life knows,
and sorrow to whomever life ignores"*

The Gnostic Bible, Mandaean Liturgy, Edited by Willis Barnstone and Marvin Meyer, New Seeds Publishers, Boston and London 2006

*"You came from the house of life.
What did you bring us?
I came with you so you won't die,
so your souls won't be erased.
I brought life on the day of death,
happiness on the day of gloom
I brought you rest.
My chosen ones, you looked and found,
again and again
My chosen ones, you looked
and found as our ancestors
looked. Life is victory."*

The Gnostic Bible, Mandaean Liturgy, Edited by Willis Barnstone and Marvin Meyer, New Seeds Publishers, Boston and London 2006

The intrinsic value of seeking to assess the nature of your own faults and those of others against you becomes a purely selfish endeavour in that you come to know that there is no other way to the all holy God without examining these weighty particles and sending them asunder to release their weight.

In wishing to remain a captive heart in the mind of God, you must come to know His viewing of all such matters in order that you might ascend to His greater height.

Sometimes, the worrisome feats that we pursue are greatly ensnared with the understanding that God does not think as man thinks, and all the moments of our lives are placed under a microscope and examined accordingly to the corrective nature of the thinking of God.

In so be it, you must excuse your human frailty in thinking that you understand, when it is quite evident that there is so much of which you have not yet understood about yourself and the selves of others.

In so doing, by casting off these unnecessary weights, you rejoice in the lightness of being which is given to you in its stead and you find that all such misunderstandings occur because of your human inability to properly know the signs of the times. Your misjudgments, insensitivities, carte blanche rudeness and mythical judgments will be as naught in the light of God's wisdom and grace.

“Brooding on sense objects causes attachment to them. Attachment breeds craving; craving breeds anger. Anger breeds delusion; delusion breeds loss of memory (of the Self). Loss of right memory causes

*decay of the discriminating faculty. From the decay of
discrimination, annihilation (of spiritual life)
follows."*

*The Bhagavad Gita, Paramahansa Yogananda, Self Realization Fellowship,
1995*







CHAPTER FIVE

The Emptying

My spirit grieves you
 As if it were its own
 I must be purified in the fires
 Of contrition and remorse
 All will be taken from you
 Complete emptying
 Until you are nothing . . .
 Who could be naïve enough
 to fight against the will of God?
 Take it all
 And fill it back up
 The emptying
 The filling
 Emptying myself of everything
 All extrinsic attachments
 The human nature fights until the will is weak
 Emptying, emptying until we become whole
 Give me thine internal changes
 The Lord has His hand upon me
 I must abide
 The emptying
 I haven't been able to beg and plead
 Then will I take you
 Filled with beasts and burdens of the deep
 The soul knows no peace
 Until it surrenders to the deep
 The will power is naïve
 Nigh the empty night things
 Emptying myself of all faults and all inspiration
 I chase people away

It is my own fault
 To be ever nearer to You, Oh God
 To quench You
 I give up all to thirst
 I am doubled over in silent pain
 I release my spirit to the gathering of souls
 Soon the entrancement will cease
 And nothing will be left of me
 Then, Lord, my empty sieve will be ready to fill
 What is it that you want from me?
 Hold nothing back
 So I may oblige
 Falling
 Falling
 So I may arise again
 Filled only with You
 I really thought God was giving me a break
 That I had been through enough
 Yet, still it was not enough
 The soul was only half empty
 There was more to take
 On my horizon was another wasteland
 With which to travel
 To seek my bliss
 Just when you think you've been emptied enough
 He empties you more still
 And, this the Will of God be done
 So, why, my Beloved
 Can my love simply not be fulfilled?
 For it is in Dying we are born to eternal life
 We must die and die again
 Love me, Lord, if you can
 For the emptiness you provide
 Is stark, shallow and yet deep

My wounds betray me
 My sins envelop me
 My loves conquer me
 And my nothingness enfolds me
 Empty me of all things Lord
 Empty me of all sin
 That I may enjoin upon Your kindness
 To fill me again
 Of what is there to be filled?
 Is it wise?
 Is it right?
 Is there a reprieve for a captive of the night?
 Who among us knows the play
 Of the mystic, the fool or the sage?
 Albeit nonsensical and malignant therein
 The trace of my timing is not well spent
 God is a master teacher some will say
 I say He is a thief of hearts led astray
 Wounded with violence
 Shifted and staid
 Warm and yet freezing
 A captive, a slave
 Fortune and squalor are equally well
 My only regret is . . .
 Unknown
 Unknowable
 Irrelevant
 Unquenchable
Empty!
 Are you content, Lord, with my cold and vacuous
 state?
 Of what worth is it to you?
 We shall see
 Precious composure has finally attained

I'm ready, I'm willing, I'm able to change

The Lord in His infinite mercy allows your soul to be overcome with the weight of your sins, the weight of your lusts, the weight of your loves . . . and as you become overwhelmed and enter into a deeper and deeper depression as to the unattainability of all that you seek within the earthly realm, you are thrust almost headlong into the captive state of emptying.

In everyone's lives, the emptying may occur many times, and will often be brought upon you by some wretched and horrific pain that sears your heart like the fiery tempest of the blazing sun.

The feeling therein is that of despair, desolation, complete and total loss of the perceived control of the senses. More than a dark night or an abandonment, this is a walk downwards into the deepest pit of human despair.

Often brought on by the loss of love, through death or other means, betrayal, forbidden exchange; the deeply quenching thirst emerges from within the depths of some great wound that is inflicted upon the soul. Oftentimes, it seems that the wound which brought it about should not be so damaging, but yet it is.

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

Nonetheless, it cannot entirely be found in the world of form. And this is where the pain begins in the heart, as the soul seeks out that captive equal within the world around it. But to no avail, of course.

For even the greatest of loves upon the earth cannot quench it. And many an earthly love is bound to break it. When the breaking has reached fruition and the terror has stilled in the wounding of the heart, the soul is left with a pain so deep that it cannot fathom how it could ever have achieved such a depth.

But the depth remains, nevertheless, beyond all scope of rhyme or reason. And although the final wounding instrument may seem to be the object of the incision, that wounding instrument (or person) will oft not have a clue that he has been used for this purpose.

As the soul ponders upon the state it has found itself in, it can often not even realize itself how the wounding instrument could have been the cause of such fantastic pain.

And the soul beats itself more to a pulp of guilt, regret, sorrow and self-loathing until it arrives at the bottom of all feeling and sense and can cry no more out to the heavens for answer.

As it does so, emotions cease. The pain remains palpably real, but the soul is as dead for a time. As it reaches a state of total emptying, it can no longer express the depth of the pains and yearnings which have been asserted in its depths. It cannot be understood by those who watch from outside, for they cannot see the bleeding incision which does not clot nor mend, no matter the time which passes.

The soul is wrapt in its sorrow as the emptying continues, tears are no more, as they have been emptied out. Only despair remains.

How did this wounding instrument (the person) cause such a state?

The state is achieved not by the wounding

instrument, which is why the death blow seems to the captive soul to be out of proportion to the wound inflicted. But the wounding instrument delivered the final death blow, unbeknownst to him or her.

The emptying comes about as all of the wounds of life are captured and brought together in this one moment of the soul's life. There are no more delusions, false raptures of love, enticements of the flesh . . . feeling has been rendered dead.

To die and die again is the cause . . .

To rise and rise again is the solution . . .

But this rising will take time, for it is a cruel taskmaster. It wrings you out like an old sponge of all the heartaches and hurts, betrayals and losses the soul has faced. It forces the soul to recognize the simple truth that what it has been seeking will never be fully achieved in the world. The love the soul seeks is not an earthly thing, fickle and full of changeable natures.

This tender love is a distant memory which dawns from before its birth . . . the memory of a love which was full, great, true and unchanging.

The Lord in His infinite glory bestows such love on the souls of men, but to learn to quench it in the earthly vessel is an entirely different matter.

For the Lord has sent you on an exile into a world filled with false idols and false loves, false meaning and false rectitude.

As the final emptying takes place, the soul falls to the ground in utter fatigue for the despair it has fallen into is grand, greater and vaster than the wasteland of dejection.

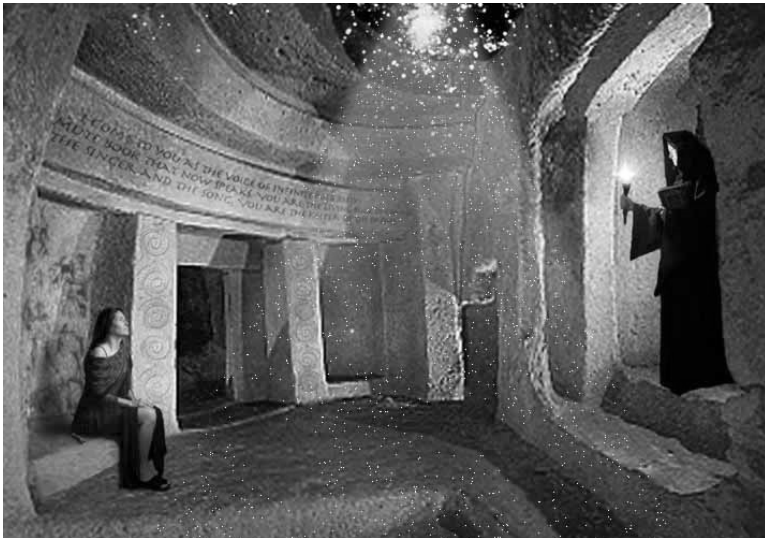
How shall I end this pain? What will make this pain cease? I just want the pain to stop, when will it end, Lord? Why?

Only He who creates the heavens and the earth knows why, but the mystical captive soon discovers that the secret to the soul's liberation will be entirely different than that which the soul has been seeking.

Earthly pleasures are momentary, the love of human beings is fickle and flawed. Rarely does such a love bring to fruition in the soul the required fortress of passion that God requires.

And so in the quiet stillness of the despair, the soul stays empty for a time. Emptiness is portrayed on the soul's face, in its gestures, in its emotions, in its words . . . in all that the soul says and does, there is profound and endless grief.

From this depth . . . the Lord will move in His own time.





CHAPTER SIX

The Void

Void
 I stare blankly
 For there is nothing left to see
 Void
 All existence has ceased to be
 A vacuous wasteland where love used to be
 It feels so empty
 Solitude
 The loudness drowns you out
 Life
 As a sage, I wallow in the dew of pain
 It pierces my own heart
 All is so empty now
 There's no one here anymore

After the emptying, there is a dull, lifeless ache where substance used to occupy form. No longer does substance occupy it, all has been reduced to ashes, to nothingness. All visual disturbances are now revealed. All hearing, seeing, tasting, touching, feeling . . . are at an end.

No more stimulus can be taken into the soul for it has emptied itself into the great void. Nothing is there . . . the void is empty.

Piercing pain exists at times in this void, and at others a profound peace. But the one element unchanging about the void is that the soul can no longer sense, it has gone beyond senses.

How can this be?

It is a hard thing to explain.

In some respects, it's as if the soul has gone into a low input monitor threshold. It has exhausted all stimulus and can no longer contain it.

Response time changes, as the soul can view the world from only this new perspective. Within this perspective is both great peace and great turmoil. There is an awareness that the peace will win in time. But for now, there is a desperate wrestling between that peace and the pain.

The emptying has produced its fruit as the soul now washes itself up onto the dock of a wasteland. As if a forest fire had raged through a deep forest, the thoughts, feelings, sensations of the soul have been extinguished by a natural disaster which has literally burned it all out.

Within the void, there is a lot of loneliness because the soul realizes it is embarking upon a world where few travel. Therefore, few will come. This will by its very nature be a solitary journey.

The loneliness is deafening . . . but yet, the soul cannot turn back because it has seen that all its previous stimulations were flawed, partial and incomplete. In essence, they were based on falsehoods. The soul knows it must continue forward if it is to seek meaning and substantive knowledge.

And the soul is no longer quenched by anything less than the substantive knowledge and peace of God. But yet, as it remains in the void, that peace is also fleeting.

The soul is at a crossroads, a turning point. Some will turn back and re-enter into worldly pursuits to end the pain. But the soul knows that this will no longer work for him, so despite the searing intensity of vibration that is sucked out of him with

every earthly breath, it seeks to proceed forth towards the almighty Lord and God.

Because of the violent nature of the emptying and deadening silent pain of the void, the soul remains frightened of the all holy God. Not in the sense of the fear of judgment, but rather, the fear that this violent purification may go on forever and the pain of it will be too much for it to bear

There is a great sea of despair that is filled with islands of past sins, all too many of them must be visited in order to be understood. Will this journey bring the soul to a fruition of peace some day? Or is it an endless battle into the unknown darkness lurking within itself?

The soul proceeds forward by faith alone, knowing full well that this trust in the all consuming love of God which will bring the soul to a place of rest is all that he may lean on. Nothing else will suffice, and for now, this nebulous and far off concept is the only thing that the soul can hold.

All else has ceased to exist. All else has emptied into the void.

The soul remains quiet. The soul remains quiet. The soul remains quiet. It has nothing left to say.

Quiet and dark.



CHAPTER SEVEN

Oh, Everywhere

Oh, everywhere
 Oh, everywhere
 Shine down your cross on me
 A modern mirage of majestic nights
 Tomorrow is a place where rumors hold their words
 The imminent arrival of your past into your
 consciousness
 Shades of memories tinged with regret
 Oh, how it emerges upon the plain
 As still as a wintry night
 But as bold as a desert flower
 With the whimper of a nightwind rain
 And the thunder of a windstorm in the desert
 It comes immersed in pain
 And mystery
 And within its walls
 Lie the image of fools and thieves
 Thieves of love
 Thieves of life
 Fools for love
 Fools for life
 There is a painfulness in the human condition
 From whence does this memory emerge?
 These moments when this night is not yet still
 From the place where rumors hold their words

Immersed deep within the subconscious mind
 and the spiritual cell memory itself, lies the patterned
 images of time as they weave their way across the
 soul's interior recesses to bring upon it memory.

By now the mystical captive is finding itself ever more captured by the emotions and tragedies of times long past which emerge as tiny snippets of residue in its dreams.

Journaling during this time becomes of great use, because it is almost impossible to remember the myriad images, emotions and periods of time which erupt spontaneously. And in order to bring them all together into a cohesive understanding, having them written down in sequence provides an excellent frame of reference.

As the soul travels this road, it experiences a great deal of emotional upheaval as it remembers the moments from its past which carry within them the highest grains of emotional intensity and pain.

Tragedies unfold as the soul re-experiences some of its most emotionally vivid moments between birth and death when hearts were broken, loves and lives were lost and evil was perpetuated upon it . . . or itself perpetuated evil upon others.

Amidst the spectral wavelength of time, the soul will discover something relatively synchronistic between these moments in that there can be no mistaking a pattern of behavior which has caused the emotional intensity of the moments which emerge.

A misunderstanding about the true eternal nature of love or life is always lurking within these memorabilia made flesh. And in these memories is the key to that which the soul has held onto which has caused it to require further incarnation in order to work it out.

Ironically, this thread of existences becomes one of the most important aspects of the purification journey of the soul because these karmic patterns

form the underlying psyche of the soul, its beliefs and disbeliefs, and determine its mode of action or non-action in any given situation. In order to overcome the patterns, the soul will have to unravel the deep mystery of what that final conclusion should have been in times past and should be in the present time frame continuum.

The thieves of life and love must be overcome by the eternal comprehension of that which faces the soul within the context of its relationships with others and itself.

There is a woundedness within this captivity, a deep longing from the sensual side of the soul. Because in order to quell the passions and the sensual nature, the soul must first embrace and understand them within the context of its own misuse.

The passion filled arena of earth life to earth life must be experienced intensely within the soul, and the spirit finds itself clinging to the emotional thrusts and powerful sagas of the earthly existence.

But it is only for a time, as the soul will quickly gather up its nefarious longings from earthly sagas old and new . . . and will carry them into the higher sphere of knowledge.

As the captive embraces the saga of earthly existence it is taken to a new state of rapture. Holding all emotions tightly within the fold of the spirit, it then makes its ascent upwards. In this upward thrust, the emotions from the earthly sagas will come together in one wide, vast and all encompassing release and enter into a new energetic union.

In this union, a peace comes over the soul. What has been noisy will become suddenly calm . . . quiet. Cellular memory comes together and siphons

itself into the all-embracing and all-encompassing love of God. God's love consumes it in its fire entertaining not a moment of its lusts. And when the fires have quenched, there is nothing but an ember and an ash.

From that ember, a greater knowledge emerges, the soul knows no boundaries and yet it is held within the confines of a boundary it cannot breach for love of God.

Love becomes eternal. That which was chaos becomes peace. That which was misunderstood, is known. That which was fallen, is redeemed. And that which was earthly, has become eternal.

Mortality kisses immortality . . . and steps back quietly. The winds of the immortal encompass the spirit in a wave of ecstatic rush. There is no more need for movement as the work of God is accomplished in utter stillness.

Man meets God . . . and falls to his knees.

God meets man . . . and lifts him up to soar.

There is no more woe in the heart of God. Though pain and suffering still exist in the earthly world, the captive spirit who meets God face to face no longer sees any of these earthly events from the same view.

Pain has been made real. Love has been sanctified. And time, although it moves and weaves all around the spirit, has become still.

Be there need of sorrow or pain, the soul truly knows it all the more. The long-standing captivity of the spirit within the karmic winds of mortal anxiety is no more. In its place, the ability to feel with greater keenness, but understand with greater awe.

Gods ways are mysterious, indeed, let there be

no mistake. The Lord is a handsome fugitive from the soul who has seen His face.

"He assigns to the immortals their everlasting permanence, and with that part of his light which tends upwards (that is, the light which he sends forth from that side of him which faces heaven), he maintains the immortal parts of the Kosmos; but with the light which is shed downward, and illuminates all the sphere of water, earth, and air, he puts life into the things in this region of the Kosmos, and stirs them up to birth and by successive changes remakes the living creatures and transforms them . . .

For the permanence of every kind of body is maintained by change. Immortal bodies undergo change without dissolution; but the changes of mortal bodies are accompanied by dissolution; that is the difference between immortals and mortals. And as the light of the Sun is poured forth continuously, so his production of life also is continuous and without intermission."

Hermetica , Edited and Translated by Sir Walter Scott, Shambalah, 1993



CHAPTER EIGHT

Putting to Sleep the Karmic Self

Love I to stand the door between mercy and the deep
 Untold winds of caves and sashes
 Maybe it's time you changed your tune of a love song
 Why are you sleeping with the monkey?
 Wind becomes light in the sheets of hell
 Incentives of love make my life sweet
 Sulking in a modern dream
 For to whom does the monkey cry?
 Is it but I, or is it but self?
 To mourn the loss of a hastened fool
 And to change that which has been
 To an ancient dream of doldrum
 To what do I owe this mystery?
 And where do I find it in the deep?
 In my most morose fantasy I have begun
 A journey of infinite satisfaction
 Yet unfailing grief
 Who among us can bear the torrent of the truth?
 Inside the image of the dark
 Outside the unfailing gloom of dawn
 Nightwinds dawn a newmorning
 As age old sorrow becomes the morning rise
 Is there a release to these painful snippets of time?
 Or is there none?
 Where can the falcon find its flight?
 To whom can the sinner go to find consolation?
 Gut wrenching kingdoms of old take me in
 And final throes pardon my night
 Is there release?

Or is it all continued captivity?
 If I were to speak, I would say mercy
 If I were to feel, I would roll over in pain
 If I were to remember, my tears could not end
 And so, in my passive yearning
 I ask the silent gods to whence these shall come?
 Is my end again to be sweetly misused?
 To the Lord I cry a shout of angst
 As my spirit recoils in tender longing and the most
 sensitive hurt
 For to ride a thousand lightstreams
 My soul would find no rest
 Amongst the dreary episodes of life and love
 And beyond the posted heavings of hell
 Beyond the mildest sunsets of life
 And within my coldest dream
 Who can say it?
 Not I
 But you. Why do you sleep with the monkey?
 Do you not yet see its face?
 Its furry arms cradling your decisions like a warped
 and fanciful belief
 Bid the monkey adieu
 And grasp onto the lightstream which comes within
 There is no cure to worldly woe
 And worldly grasping
 No cure
 Albeit there is another way
 It is known in the silent worlds
 They speak of it there yet they never have need of
 words
 They do not talk
 In their formidable silence
 A soul can lose all longings

And find their one true love
 Inside the captive heart
 There is only one way to freedom
 In the sight of the blind, it is an emerald
 In the sight of the seeing, it is an emerald
 It is the same
 Yet it is different
 For the blind will not seek it
 To them it is an unattainable feat
 But the seeing will shake themselves out of a
 shoreless sleep
 And run after it so they may grasp in a new way
 Karma is a weary master
 While freedom is within our grasp
 Grasping to grasping
 A new kind of grasping
 A new fury envelops the soul
 All worldly things lose their fashion
 Their beauty and function become as nothing
 When the seer grasps the emerald of freedom
 The hindsight of forgiveness comes with ease
 There is no more to hold
 Because it is in releasing that the lightstream becomes
 passable
 And soul leaps upon it
 Like a wild monkey
 And the monkey is no more
 The monkey has risen
 A sheer of light becomes it
 Mystical realms encompass the becoming
 And the soul finds itself enraptured in a greater
 captivity
 God so deigns to lower Himself
 To the smallness of the human soul

And reveal Himself first as a void
 And then as a fulfillment
 First as all knowledge
 Then as knowledge itself
 And beyond this door
 A seeker becomes the sought
 Because the Lord is a hungry giver
 And can no better leave behind a single soul
 Than he could cease to exist
 It is His nature
 It is His wanting
 To overtake the hearts of the captives
 And make them weak with love
 And when He does so
 They are free

At the arising of dawn when the soul awakens
 to the imperfections and misperceptions of the karmic
 path, greater understandings emerge and embrace the
 captive as it realizes that there is a place beyond all
 earthly pain and suffering which embraces the pain as
 if it were but a dream and the suffering as if it were
 only a doorway.

But as the mystical captive finds itself running
 towards that doorway, a knowledge of the inevitable
 comes upon it in a rise of compassion and dust. There
 is no other way, it says to itself. In order to give rise
 and awakening to this greater knowledge which
 stands before it, that which no longer serves its
 continuing unfoldment must be put to sleep.

The process is painful and arduous, but yet so
 necessitous in that the captive must release one
 captivity for yet another higher one.

The dramatic unfoldment of the karmic

journey contains within it the emotional winding road of pain, passion . . . volumes of tears which unravel like a voluptuous seething pot stirring the soul to such extremes of constant remembrance and emotional upheaval as to make it seem to be losing its mind.

In reality, however, there is no mind to be lost. It is a purging and expungement of such things, to the greater good of the soul and all the humanity which surrounds it, the soul is unearthing ancient fragments of that which contains it and has held it to earth century after century. As each part of this emotional melting pot is pulled up from the depths of the heart and released like a tearful cry from an ancient past, the captive becomes ever closer to the goal of which he seeks.

What is that elusive goal? The captive must empty itself of all peripheral matter from the past ages, so that the Lord Himself may come upon him and provide him with the filling of the proper mahogany of life.

Is there a way out? No. Is there another way through? Absolutely not. Despite its misery, the captive soul recognizes a beauty in these unfounded and lost moments of malaise and distress. The emotional unweaving carries within it its own magnificence in the lifestream of mortality.

It cannot be denied, it must be ordained and indeed it will.

As the tears of compunction, both for sins committed and sins endured, trickle out in a warm whisper, the soul can only whimper in slight bursts of pain. And as those same tears of compunction become a deep well overflowing in an underground waterfall

of ancient pain, the captive soul becomes like the bursting dam in order that it may empty itself of the pain and tribulation of mortal fragments.

And then . . . when it has been all but exhausted, the soul quiets itself. With a foundational emptying of sighs, the captive spirit is quiet and contemplative. For it has opened a door to something as of yet unknown.

But when all tears are all quenched, the captive walks towards that mysterious doorway and as its foot steps upon this threshold it feels the waves and torrents within it rise like the last throes of a great and powerful beast. Taking one final step, the captive closes the door behind him.

And suddenly, it is no more. It has fallen asleep. The pain becomes as if a dream and the suffering a doorway. The turmoil has fallen asleep.

Falling to the ethereal ground in a deep and peaceful slumber, the Lord ever gracious walks quietly towards it, places His hand upon its brow. He smiles at the soul's achievement and quietly walks away.

The karmic self has gone to sleep and when the mystical captive is to arise again, it will have achieved a reckoning within itself. And then God will be yet ready to move within it.

*"Since the seminary of love
was endowed by eternity,
The difference between lover and Beloved
has become the most difficult subject.*

*There are other ways besides causality
and deductive reasoning to solve the problem.*

*But they're inaccessible to jurists, doctors,
and someone who fancies himself a cosmologist.*

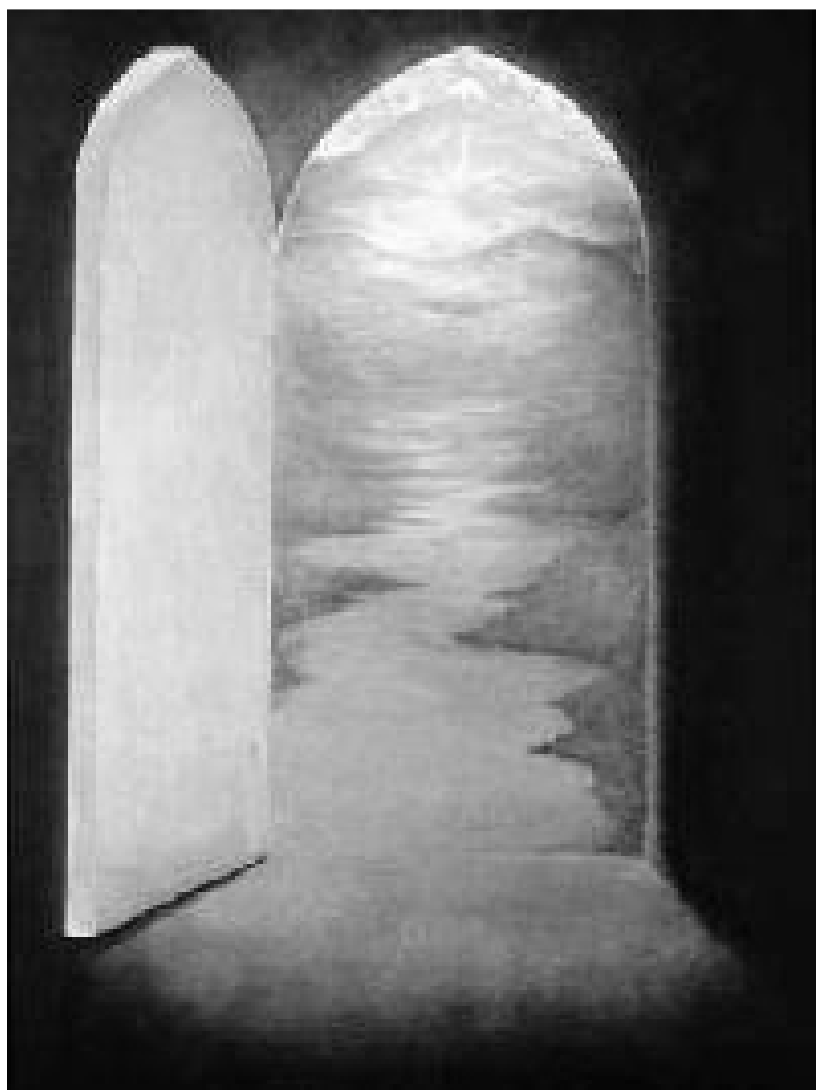
*They all had strong opinions
and kept talking about their differences,
but it led only to a dead end.
Then, they turned toward the mosque,
but here everything became even more confused.*

*Thoughts are limited,
but the one who gathers them is endless.
Let what is limited disappear into the unlimited.*

*The fly of the soul has fallen into
this buttermilk forever.
Muslim, Christian, Jew, and Zoroastrian:
All are welcome here.*

*You keep talking
But your words are like
The fluttering wings of this fly.
Yet once the fly sinks to the bottom
Its wings won't flutter anymore.*

*There is a better way for you to use your wings.
High above the dome of the sky
There is a new and invisible way for you to play."*
*The Forbidden Rumi , Translations by Nevit O. Ergin and Will Johnson, Inner
Traditions Publishers, 2006*



CHAPTER NINE

So the Demons Roar

Arising from the ashes of dawn
 Comes the awarenesses of lives unseen
 Amidst the karmic centrifuge
 Is the grand awakening to the purifying path
 Beyond all sensory feelings and knowledge
 Contained within the eye of God
 Emerging within the enlightening soul
 Are the fetters and cravings which hold him back
 Are the sins and pollutions which trouble his mind
 And as the mystical captive now finds itself totally
 encased in a wall of doubt
 It begins to slowly walk forward towards the light
 Towards that which is good
 Towards that which is pure
 Towards that which is conciliatory
 Towards that which is of God
 Only small things seem to emerge at first
 Changes come in the size of a mite
 But they multiply in the mind of the dreaming
 Within the husk of humanity, a greatness begins to
 emerge
 But it is slow and weak
 It is bitter yet sweet
 Nothing seems to be the same
 And it is not
 Underneath the highest transmission of God
 Remain the sins which must be transfused into a
 greater beyond
 So the demons roar

With fury and with haste
 After their prey which was once quietly their own
 Which has awoken from its sleeping
 And now traverses towards its God
 "No," is their war cry
 "Silence," is their hope
 For what was once comfortably numb inside sin
 Is now emerging in a purifying fire of God
 What once they held with no effort
 Is now slipping from their grasp
 The demons do not rest nor do they offer peace to the
 mystical captive
 Their captivity to the darkness within is still their
 own
 A chance remains, yes?
 Or no . . .
 It is not yet determined
 The warfare descends upon the soul
 And a fury of war
 Suddenly, the peaceful awakening is quiet no more
 Yet filled with battles of infernal disquietude
 Sleep is a mess in a bright dawn morning
 They're like pine trees inside a real sublimate matter
 Is there a thought I'd waste in time
 On prayer of humility
 That love frost servant for to below
 Your ever, ever, ever, ever spirit believes God to last
 forever
 Where have you been?
 Out where the ethers lie
 Never touch anything
 Never move slow
 Run through always
 And keep the door closed

That is how you will win this battle
That is how the infernal ones will be brought low

The soul in its ever widening quest to begin recognizing and removing fetters from its soul and cravings from its daily diet of human experience will begin to make changes however small in the way it handles certain circumstances.

Having been shown through various mystical quests imperfections within its confines, the soul becomes humbled and acutely aware of the fact that it has far to go in the wide and ever expanding journey towards an all holy God.

For who can approach Him? The Mystical Captive has become increasingly aware that no one can approach an all holy God with surety who has not yet given view to its own weaknesses and failings.

And in this viewing, the final rendering appears to be a well thought out change in various behaviors and views which have been held and practiced for aeons.

Sometimes the changes are difficult, and sometimes easy. . . but what comes next is always unexpected to the mystical captive.

When the soul reaches towards God there is something of which it has not yet considered.

In the bowels of the earth, lurking below the consciousness of every unexamined human being is a finite hold from the nether regions below.

As soon as the mystic traveler begins to attain self-insight, an infernal fury is awoken much to the captives' fearful dismay.

The reason such a fury is awoken is simple and direct. Because an unexamined soul can yet be

considered unsafely in the hands of the darkness without even a semblance of a fight, there is no need for the demonic to make itself known to the average soul who has not taken the time to open the secret book of itself.

As long as the soul is content in its worldly ways and does not look further, they are unsafely yet quietly held in the hands of the demonic spirits which have dominion over them.

But the moment the same captive soul recognizes its captivity and begins to take steps to eradicate its own captive heart from sin, the demonic realm is excited to a fury unimaginable in human terms.

Why? Well, they have now lost all choice of remaining silently in charge. In order to bring such a soul back into submission, they must now make themselves seen, felt and known.

A battle ensues between the forces of good and evil for that soul, and to the soul it will seem that perhaps they have just done something terribly wrong because they will be terrorized nightly by visions of darkness and diabolical matters which confuse, distort and greatly disturb it.

But this is the last vestige of the infernal armies attempts to bring back the awakening captive soul to their fold. When they make themselves known openly, you can be assured that their dominion has been threatened by the sudden awareness of their charge.

And in this sudden awakening, they have climaxed their efforts to the only remaining warfare due to them. Fear, intimidation, absolute terror, tyranny and even simply just wearing the soul down

through this arduous journey into the night are all they have left in their arsenal of insidious deceit.

And as the armies of Satan wage against the ever awakening mystical captive, the captive is likely to feel frustration at the newfound dangers lurking in their midst and their own lack of alertness to such matters of the dark side.

Because it has come upon them so rapidly inside of their quest to seek God in a greater and more profound way, they often feel their judgment has been profoundly poor and perhaps they have undertaken a journey far beyond their own natural capability.

The serious focus of the mystical captive on the almighty God and the corrections of thoughts, actions and behaviors within their lives, makes the dark side lurch towards them in a violent and vile abuse of the night.

Even the night itself may become fearsome to the mystical captive, for there is so little peace in the night as of late and it seems it will never return.

And it may not return for a time. For quite a time . . . a year, two, three . . .

But wait captive soul. Do not fear the darkness which threatens to seize your liberation from sin and death. With a fury they will fight you, but the very fact that the war has come upon your soul from the nether regions indicates that the hand of God is upon you.

Such a thing only happens when a soul begins releasing the grasp that the dark side once held upon it and starts the sweet purification of love.

Despite the awareness of the mystical captive to the presence of the sinister, and the shakiness

which results from it . . . everything is as it should be.

The mystical captive has begun fighting the good fight. The dark side will wage an inestimable war for his retention.

Oh, weary mystical captive, do not allow the sleep of fatigue to tear you away . . . do not let fear take hold.

This is a necessary and somewhat disturbing part of every soul's purification from its former ways .

As the soul becomes more aware of the things it needs to improve upon and it begins making changes in its life, his status as 'already won' to the dark side ceases to exist.

The demonic begins to rear its ugly head because the soul is now in danger of being won over to God. And they must fight to retain him in their grasp.

Such a thing was never before of necessity because the soul was comfortably in their possession without its knowledge. But as awareness comes upon the soul, the more difficult it becomes for the dark side to keep itself hidden and all out warfare for the soul ensues between the forces of good and evil.

Fear not, oh mystical captive, for this is a sign of the predilection of God, His hand is upon you. For there would be no need for warfare had you not given up the familiar and perhaps completely unseen grasp of the hand of darkness.

Since you let go that hand, the hand of the Lord now reaches towards you. But the darkness will not let you go without a fight. Unless you fight the good fight, you cannot be crowned.

Fear not the disconcertment of this time. This time will bear fruits of the spirit that you cannot yet

even imagine. Don't let the difficulty of the moment lead you away . . . in fighting the darkness within and without you are accomplishing fruits beyond measure. It is exactly as it must be.

It may appear that this will never end. It can go on for several years. But then, whence the battle is won for the greater good of the captive, it all will change again into yet another chapter in the mystical unfoldment of the captive spirit, the lover of God.

Something always new . . .

Remember one thing, however, mystical captive. Whence this battle has been won, the war has not yet been vectored. Never forget that the temptations of the dark side can and will come again in your life . . . often when you feel the most secure and least expect it. It is a reminder to the soul that it is reliant on God for all things. And even its strength is held up only by the thread of grace given by God.

Never forget this . . . whatever strength you have is of God. You must rely on Him forevermore if you wish to stand.

But fear not the battle which currently lies at your feet. Fight well, fight with the goodness and grace of God, and know well the necessity of this warfare.

Through it you will become clean . . .

"For, although we are in the flesh, we do not battle according to the flesh, for the weapons of our battle are not of flesh but are enormously powerful, capable of destroying fortresses. We destroy arguments and every pretention raising itself against the knowledge of God, and take every thought captive in obedience to Christ, and we are ready to punish every

disobedience, once your obedience is complete."

The Catholic Study Bible, 2 Corinthians 10: 3 - 7, Oxford University Press, 1990

"Temptation is likewise a means of purification. 1.) It reminds us that through lack of vigilance and of effort in the past we have fallen, and it becomes thus an occasion for new acts of contrition, shame and humiliation, which make for the purification of the soul. 2.) It obliges us at the same time to put forth earnest and sustained efforts lest we fall; it makes us atone for our negligences and for our surrenders by the performance of contrary acts which further purify the soul. This is why when God wants to purify a soul more perfectly in order to raise it to contemplation, He allows it to undergo horrible temptations."

The Catholic Study Bible, 2 Corinthians 10: 3 - 7, Oxford University Press, 1990







CHAPTER TEN

Despair Blossoms at Times Like These

And the water tables rose
 As the sentinel sounded from beyond the nether hills
 The waters rose in a fury of etheric waste
 Within moments, all that had been known was now
 altered somehow
 As the waters continued to rise, it appeared as if the
 world had ceased to exist as it had once been
 All that had been was now lost
 All that once showed promise, was undone
 All the sensual appetites were under duress
 To whence should a captive go when covered in
 ethereal water?
 Whence should the drowning commence?
 Every evening, now and a day, wherever
 Fondly recalling a kismet
 There is little I don't understand about patience
 A hop, a skip and a jump into oblivion
 Horrored by the ever widening expanse
 When the sensual lights begin to wane
 For to whom does a desire come?
 If it were but a fantasy, but yet, it is not
 Amongst the prairie thistles , my external senses taste
 that which is bitter
 My vision turns to the rose, but senses only the thorn
 And the waters continue to rise
 The world is inextricably changed
 Despair is all around me, no one remains unaffected
 The beautiful and the unsullied cannot escape its

grasp
 No longer can the plain and simple cease to see it
 They are all under the same curtain of despairs' mist
 Everything seems lost
 All is drowning
 Sensual delights die in a random falling away
 And the bearer feels emptiness
 In its emptiness, it feels detachment
 But the sensual appetites still lurk within
 Because they made the captive feel alive
 Now, they are drowning, fading, waning
 Emptying into the great unknown
 This strange peace which is filled with despair
 Of what should I make it?
 Shall I enhance the lever's throw into the garden?
 No, I shall wait
 The waters rise
 Ethereal disbursement commences
 My nebulous shadow self cries out from the mirror
 For it is no longer allowed within my confines
 Though my soul longs for the sensual delight
 My emptiness says otherwise
 Despair says wait
 And knowledge says cease
 To whom do I go?
 Will the ever living God understand such a thing?
 Within my own confines a battle is raging
 Holy and earthly desire erupt in a clashing wave of
 contempt for one another
 It is yet that I seek the heavenly kingdoms
 But also my physical body longs for the sensory of
 that which surrounds me
 The enlivened reality of sound, light, touch, taste and
 smell

But the emptying has begun and it seems there is no
 other way
 They must be freed from their worldly caress
 And attempt to enter into the emptying itself
 Can they do such a thing?
 Peace and despair occupy the same cell
 My soul contains them both
 "One of you must die," knowledge says
 And the death of the worldly longing is accompanied
 by despair
 But the birth of the heavenly abode is accompanied
 by the emptying
 So, the Lord has spoken His peace
 I must empty
 Despair will accompany me
 All that once filled my senses I must forego
 And I must turn to a higher sense
 As I await that glory, I feel deadened and alone
 Because I am in the void of despair
 I must give up all that I know
 To grasp that which I wish to know
 But I must give it all up before I grasp anything
 And in the emptiness, I shall sunder my soul to
 despair
 And yet, I shall know that this depth of sorrow is not
 unknown
 It is necessary
 It is needful
 It shall bear fruit
 And I shall endure it

Oh, mystical captive, this is the day of
 reckoning between the world of form and the world
 of the spirit whence the external senses begin to

become aware of themselves, providing for the captive soul an intense longing for the divine. But yet, the seeking spirit becomes intensely aware of all that is holding it to the earth. As befits, the bodily senses hold it back from that which would contain its higher senses within the vision of God.

Such a sense of sorrow and shame . . . although these senses are not needful.

The Lord knows our ways, and He is well aware of the human inclinations to external comforts and supports. The sensual nature of mankind is yet to be expected not abhorred. But yet, at the same time, as the soul enters into this emptying it becomes ever aware of the constant conflict between the earthly sensual and the divine pleasure.

For no man can seek to the highest heights of the grandly unfolding universal spheres without the acknowledgement of those earthly fetters which are yet stringing it to the earth.

Despair emerges like a siren in the night, not because the soul is yet so terribly attached to them at this point, but because the soul knows that it must sacrifice one set of senses for yet another. And in the interim . . . all senses will become void.

And as a result of this, all that is holding the captive to earth begins to dismantle and fall apart before its eyes.

Yet it is not always that which the soul might expect which must decay . . . so arrange no expectation, but allow the emptying mass of spiritual constraint to demonstrate itself.

An allegory:

“A seeker of the greater Way was comfortably

placed within its own world of comfort and predictableness when the heavens announced that the water tables were rising.

In disbelief, the seeker arose from his comfortable position within the confines of his world to observe that outside the home which had contained his spirit for this life, the earth was quickly yielding to the rising waters.

Within the captive's home lay all the spiritual reading he had done, all the spiritual advancements he had made and all the efforts yet yielded forth before the Almighty.

But within moments, the seeker saw that there was no other choice but to dive out of the home which was quickly beginning to fill with water and collapse and accept the oncoming calamity which was befalling him before his very eyes.

Within moments, his entire world, community and circle of friends were all encompassed by these ethereal waters which had come upon them all and flooded what appeared to be the entire world to them.

Now swimming in what had become an ocean of misery, the seeker looked towards the location of his former home and noticed that all his spiritual texts had been disbursed and were being rent asunder in the waters of this destruction. Looking towards his friends, he saw despair in the crying wails of his friends and there was no end to the water line in sight.

It was truly as if the world he had lived within had become an ocean of despair.

Gathering himself, the seeker swam towards one of his ailing friends and comforted her with these words, "Love lifts us up where we belong . . . "

Holding the crying and defeated soul to his chest, his words meant something to her and gave her comfort amidst the despairing destruction which had overtaken them all.

It wasn't long before all those who were living within this sphere of destruction had begun to compensate for the world which had been and began to learn to live within the world which had come to be. Having given up so many comforts, they learned to survive by relying on one another and being resourceful about food and shelter. They all gathered and stayed together on whatever might remain afloat, and made due with whatever kinds of foods they might find in the deteriorating skeletons of the homes they used to live within.

The beautiful and the homely were thrust together, because in this emptying and despair, there was no disparity, no distinction.

The captive found a wooden floating porch to sit upon and reflect as he was now embracing his world, despite its despair, learning to live within it. Not only was he learning to live within it, he was becoming more and more at peace with the deprivation of all sensual appetites. He was doing so out of the necessity of the times.

Despair accompanied a sense of peace regarding the nature of that which was . . . that which was no longer reversible. The world for the captive had inextricably changed. The homes these seekers had occupied were completely destroyed, they had to make due with all that remained which was empty and lacking.

But over time, that emptiness and lack became fruitful. The captives' need became profoundly

lessened. He learned to make due with little to none . . . and the seekers all became much more aware of one another and their true needs.

As the captive sat upon his floating wooden porch and contemplated the vastness of the waters which lay before him, he thought he spotted a vessel somewhere in the distance but quickly let go of this hopeful thought. There was no way out, he concluded, there was no end.

In his contemplations, the seeker thought deeply on the despair which filled not only his own heart but those of everyone within his confines, those who surrounded him in this new world which appeared to contain only destruction.

There appeared to be no end to it, and although adjustment had taken place, it was a hard place to remain.

All that he had once been and thought he could be had been torn apart by the fierce power of the ethereal waters which overtook him with such force. Nothing seemed to be left of him or anyone he knew and loved. Everything had been broken, scattered., laid low and reduced to the most basic.

Suddenly, a beautiful woman approached. She was wearing an ornate garment in the color of royal purple. Her essence seemed unaffected by the devastation which surrounded him.

Looking up at her, he said, "Look at this before us, a vast wasteland of waters. It goes on into eternity and there is no way out." Gazing upon him without any sign of perturbation, she quietly replied, "Oh, but you are mistaken, sir." He looked up suddenly as he had a sense of the importance of her coming. Feeling it within, he had no idea from whence she had come

or to whom she would go when leaving, but it became suddenly apparent that she had been sent from the Most High and he must pay close attention.

"This great ocean of waters you see ends four blocks in that direction." She pointed towards his right . . . Shocked, he sat there motionless for a few moments. For a moment, it became apparent to him that he had only seen this never ending road of despair. But he had not looked beyond his own horizon . . . beyond the mountain in the distance.

Suddenly, she lifted him above his reality, the watery world he had been living within. From above, he could see in the distance a beautiful and ancient ship coming towards his shore. The hull was majestic and black, shining as if it had not been sailing through these treacherous waters. And the sails were high sheaves of the purest white cloth, grasping the wind of the spirit to take it upon its ever widening journey with ease and a royal ebb and flow. It was coming for him and those with him who had been caught in the destruction of the ethereal water of the spirit.

As the lady slowly brought him back down to the level in which he had been living, he looked up to her and said, "All this time, I thought this was an ocean of despair. But only four blocks away this watery wasteland is no more? My salvation is so near, but yet I could not see it?"

Nodding, she retained a very regal pose. He knew he had been given the key to all he needed to know at this time.

As she simply faded into the ethers, the seeker realized that it had been necessary for all to appear lost, it had been necessary for all to appear

dismantled and destroyed, it had been necessary for him to believe the waters went on into infinity and that his emptiness would see no end.

Because without these basic beliefs, he could not have attained to the detached simplicity which had come over him in these grand struggles of the spirit.

But now, liberation loomed in the distance if only he could procure the strength to reach it. It was time to achieve the liberation earned by him from the Lord. In giving way to the destruction of all that once held his attention and embracing the end of the sensual delights of his world, he had made way for rescue from the depths of the despair which can only be attained when all appears lost.

He had sufficiently emaciated and dismantled all that had held him to the earthly view. In that profound emptying, he had become detached from all those things and ready for rescue and safe passage to the next level in the spiritual journey for which he had given all.

Pulling himself together, the captive stood up and called out to those who had accompanied him on the journey. "Four blocks to the right, my friends, four blocks to the right . . ." Looking at him with confusion, they didn't understand his words. He spoke again. "Four blocks to the right, and this ocean of despair will cease, let us go there and achieve liberation and rescue from the Lord."

Diving into the waters he began swimming towards the right . . . in his mind's eye, he could see the ship which had been sent to retrieve them.

"Just a little bit longer," the captive told himself, "hold out with strength for just a bit longer

and the Lord will be waiting to receive you. Though nothing may remain of myself . . . the Lord waits to receive my nothingness. How good and great is Our Lord?"

*"Who can find a trace of you?
There isn't even a bit of dust from your track.
Who could find your home?
You have no home.*

*How can I praise you?
What can I say about you?
Foam is the only form in the sea of meaning.*

*A great unseen town
lies just behind that curtain.
Our world is nothing as compared to that.*

*Don't lower yourself.
Don't knock on every door.
You yourself are what you're looking for.*

*O heart, raise your tent up to the sky.
Don't say, 'I can't.'
Sure you can. Just do it."*

The Forbidden Rumi , Translations by Nevit O. Ergin and Will Johnson, Inner Traditions Publishers, 2006

*"You are wrapped up in the self from head to tail.
What are you looking for in yourself?
You're like water in the jug,
Encased in earthenware.*

*Embark on the journey of love.
It takes you from yourself to Yourself.*

And cut the story short, my friend."

The Forbidden Rumi , Translations by Nevit O. Ergin and Will Johnson, Inner Traditions Publishers, 2006

"Again, one preparing for a voyage and about to traverse the wild waves cries out . . . But your providence, O Father! Guides it, for you have furnished even in the sea a road, and through the waves a steady path, showing that you can save from any danger."

Wisdom 14:1-4, New American Bible, Old Testament





CHAPTER ELEVEN

A Discourse on Happiness and Total Joy

The oasis is within my grasp
 Hence, I goeth
 The flames of despair have literally eaten it away
 To ash have disbursed the enemies of my peace
 It stands alone
 Amidst the spectral veil
 Of a future yet unspecified
 But glorious in its splendor
 Who among us has seen such glory?
 Is it wise to approach?
 Sin, fetter, craving, desire
 Are all now dust
 My soul rests in peace
 Yet it is alive and moving
 There is only silence in my movement
 For it has utterly departed from me
 Those wretches of despair and atrocious delight
 The sinful vexing has ceased
 And in its absence I feel freedom not remorse
 There is no more wailing
 No more gnashing of teeth
 But quietude and solace
 Happiness fills my heart
 Joy is everpresent and easy
 What has happened to me?
 Is it a wonder of God,
 Or a mere fastidious day of delight?
 All that tormented me to perform

That which hollowed out my soul
 Desires which made my spirit wretched
 Filthy things, all gone
 Quiet is sustained
 Can there be a greater joy than the peace of soul,
 Which comes to me from the ceasing of illicit delight?
 Yet, the oasis is within my sight
 It is within my grasp
 My eyes behold it
 And in their beholding
 They are glad
 They are happy
 They feel joy
 Even though it is not yet something which they
 possess
 But the mere vision of it exalts heavenly flights
 Despair, seek me no more
 I am no longer thy captive
 The Lord is my treasure
 And my love
 Happiness and joy follow me
 Peace and quietude fill me
 No more do your evil thoughts disrupt my affairs
 Nor do they disturb my mind
 The nether regions of my energy fields have become
 stilled
 The final threshing floor of my soul has been nullified
 I AM no more
 I never was
 But I certainly did not know this
 For it was only when I became nothing
 That I began to know what I could become
 And it was only when I became nothing
 That something entered into me

An invisible something
 A substance of no earthly origin
 Only divine
 And again, I AM no more
 But yet, I am becoming
 And in this becoming
 The Lord of Hosts
 Has descended within my vision
 And I remain quiet
 Because there are no words in His presence
 Only silence is appropriate
 For He is holy
 And I am not
 So I wish to seek Him
 And seek myself no more
 My Lord and My God
 Forever and ever
 Amen

It is wise, whence the soul has now the oasis of God within its sight and the portals have let in all the heavenly wonderland can sustain. Within its confines, the captive feels a sense of release not dissimilar to the chains being broken from a prisoner.

In every warfare there is a hopeful victory, and with the Lord, the victory is won when peace enters the horizon of the captives' heart. There is no other Who can captive it.

The Lord, at the very last moment, before all feels lost, shows Himself in a splendid display of glory to the captive spirit. That captive soul knows a new kind of captivity, a captivity of the heart which quells up within it like a roaring ocean of love.

Eternity opens its doors in a rich display of

panoramic bliss, and the captive realizes that there is an entirely greater threshold of love, passion and ecstatic union which can only be grasped once all that is of the earthly nature has been torn asunder and truly ripped apart.

In that rearing, the soul goes back and forth, back and forth. Seeing before it the splendor of the grand heavenly adventure it cannot fathom, but it must go.

Its greatness lies well beyond the captives ability to comprehend or contain, and it knows well it is unequipped for such a task. But it still must go.

And it is in this realization that the captive spirit enters into a peace that comes only from God. Despite the outward manifestations of chaos in its world, the captive is quiet.

The captive is at peace.

An allegory:

“Walking quietly towards the angelic host, the spiritual seeker was quite enthralled with the small little jars filled with water and a small fish-like creature no greater than two inches in length.

Approaching the spiritual seeker with great respect, the angelic host handed one of these small jars to him and said, “This is the beginning of life, my friend. Take this and care for it, for it is very fragile right now. But this small creature that you see will one day grow into a mighty whale. And that whale will conquer the entire ocean.”

The spiritual seeker looked at the small embryonic whale and said to the angel, “What an honor to take care of a fragile life such as this, knowing that it has within it the seeds of such infinite

capacity."

Enamored by the fragile creature, the seeker suddenly panicked and again looked at the angelic host. "But what will I do?" He said. "Certainly you must know that I can care for this fragile creature now, but when it grows to the size of a whale, my house will not be able to contain it. I am not sure that I am prepared for this grandiose task."

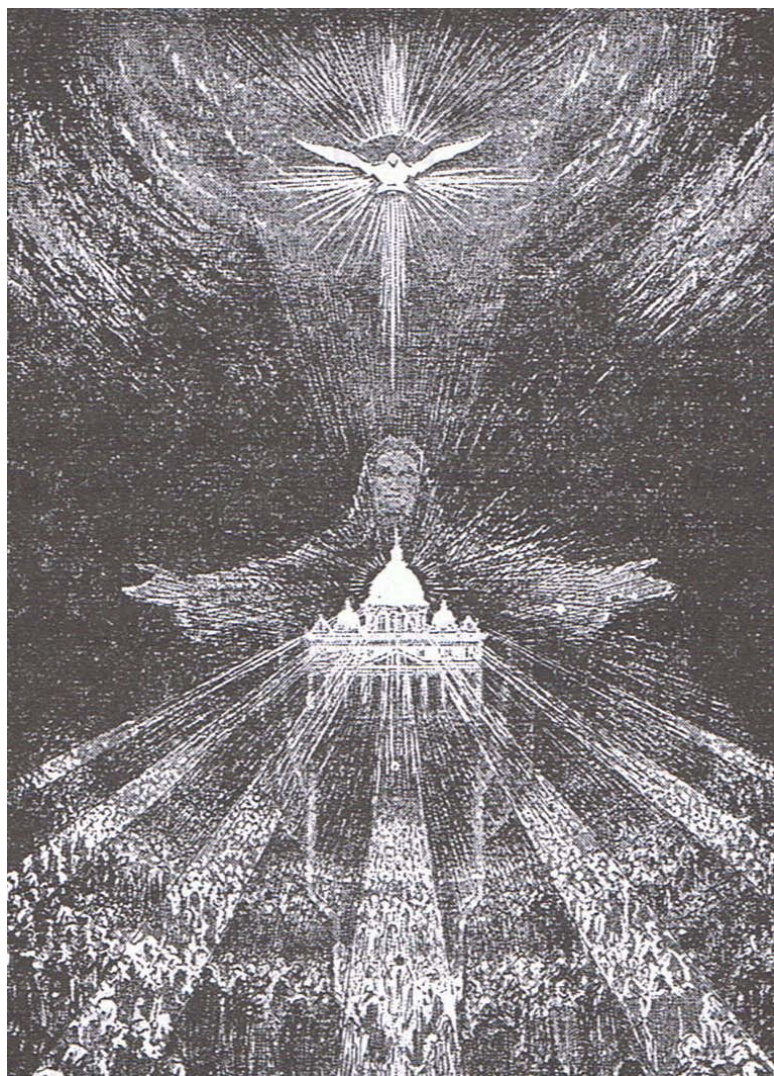
With a smile of knowing, the angelic host replied, "Oh, but it will be then that you will be led to the great ocean of being and shown where to house the whale."

Hesitations vanished, and the seeker took the small and fragile creature. The vision of the great whale which this being would one day become did not leave his vision, but he knew that although he could not yet see the Way, he must follow the Way. Because it would be the Way itself, not anything the seeker might do, which would enlarge the capacity of his homeland."

*"No words remain on the tongue,
But the heart is still filled by words.
The world vanishes,
but God remains.*

*The words of the secrets
that were revealed are now gone,
but their meaning lives on
in the heart."*

The Forbidden Rumi , Translations by Nevit O. Ergin and Will Johnson, Inner Traditions Publishers, 2006



CHAPTER TWELVE

The Lord is Chastising my Will

Lo, what is that up ahead, I see
 If it is not a trailhead looking towards heaven
 For naught else have I traveled the distance
 In my tiny frame, I come upon majesty
 And find that there is nothing else for me to seek
 Upon the earth, the wagings of the flesh
 But amidst the soul, the wagings of the spirit
 Whoa, indeed, to the man who seeks nought but
 himself
 Whoa, not because he cannot find a simple
 contentment in his seeking
 But whoa to him because he has lost all that contains
 everpresence within it
 To the seeker who has gone beyond all earthly
 imaginings
 And has entered upon the tranquil pathway of the
 Lord
 Whoa, also
 For the seeker must allow the chastisements of the
 holy one
 To commend themselves to his making
 Unless the seeker prefer a captivity to the flesh
 Rather than to the great God
 Amidst the spectral temptations
 Comes a silent night within the spiritual sea
 Wherein the great yields of earthly temptations
 Come to naught
 But only the silent whispers listened to in the night
 Bear any worth to the soul
 Begone, temptress of the night

For there is no more wounding
 That can cause me pain
 Your wounding has become sweet and precious
 Your words have become simple and true
 My ways must become Your ways, Oh Lord
 My will must become Yours, Oh Lord
 For it was never truly mine
 And whence I thought I owned it
 It was vengeful, wrathful and led me astray
 Chastise my will, Lord
 Make it Your own
 Restore it to its Original splendor
 And destroy whatever else you might find
 That is not of You
 Nothing is my own
 I am your captive spirit, Lord
 And it is my deepest desire
 To remain in the slavery of love for You

The Lord takes the captive spirit within both hands in this stage and begins wringing it out like an old and worn out sponge. It is a vigorous task, but the Lord takes it on mightily as if it is a pleasure doing so.

A soul who seeks enlargement of the Way must also allow the spirit of the Lord to come upon him and begin to tear down what is of the old man and build up again the new.

In order to do this, the captive spirit will be chastised, made aware of all the ills his life has contained and the defilements and sins which have tarnished his previous days.

Because of the mystical captives' newfound desire to please the Lord, these chastisements can be disturbing. It is difficult at this juncture to see, feel,

hear and taste the wounds its own sins have placed upon the Almighty. It's difficult to see our vice in the light of God's holiness. But it must be done if the captive is to become aware of the new man he must become in order to fully captivate the mind and heart of God.

God loves those whom he chastises.

The chastisement is a vehicle for greater redemption of the sinful self.

The captive soul must surrender to this chastisement which may go on for many rounds through the layers upon layers of sin and vice to which the seeker was previously attached. Those attachments are not completely undone, so the will must be rent asunder so that it truly knows the paths wherein it has been previously led astray.

Concise yet thorough, the Lord will begin by taking apart the primary vice of the seeker within its confines. And the Lord will proceed thence to the next greater, the next greater and so on . . . until He has fulfilled the totality of the law in purging the captive seeker of all his attachments to worldly cravings, greeds and lusts.

Unless this is done, the captive spirit cannot progress. The soul must be prepared to do the excruciating and grueling work of self-examination for as long as it takes to earn the right of passage to the other side. A soul cannot cross rightly until he goes through these purgings.

No matter what be borne of this journey, the seeker must look upon it with self-reflective contemplation and a due desire to amend these faults.

Vices are always countered by the practice of the virtues, and the captive spirit must practice the

due diligence of preparing itself to practice the opposing virtues to his previous vices.

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

The Mysteries of the Redemption: A Treatise on Out-of-Body Travel and Mysticism, Marilyn Hughes, The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation, 2003

The mystical captive must transform sin through the seeds of the seven virtues, implant them through habitual choice, cultivate them by discernment, and continually grow them through the singular awareness of the captive’s heart.

It is thus, that the seeker remains captive no more to the impulse of habit and vice, but rather, chooses the captivity which gives it peace and joy, the captivity to the will of God.

An allegory:

“The seeker came upon an unusual intersection in his path towards the highest crossings. Up ahead on the thin mountain path lay a stop sign and what appeared to be a simple intersection wherein the seeker must go forward.

But as the seeker approached, he noticed that although it was barely visible from a distance, there

was a hidden precipice.

Thousands of feet down, far below the line of sight went the fall. It was only about ten feet across and twenty feet wide, but it was deeper than the abyss itself.

Very plainly about ten feet across, the path on the other side continued. If you viewed it from a distance without looking closely, you could easily miss the fact that there was indeed an abyss at all between the stop on the one side of the path and the beginning on the other.

Looking around at the various mountainous valleys and the rocks and boulders strewn around, he noticed that there was another way to cross over to the other side which did not present the obstacle of the precipice into the endless abyss. It was a long and hard road which appeared treacherous and exhausting. But within it lay the assurance of a definitive manner in which to cross from this side to the next.

As the seeker pondered these things, a voice called out . . . "Who wants to be a hero and who wants to work?" The Voice said, as suddenly a multitude of seekers appeared on the mountain hold.

Immediately, the seeker realized that those who wanted to be the hero were the ones who wanted to try to leap across the precipice, take the greatest risk and do it primarily so they could say they did regardless of the consequences or whether it served any greater purpose.

Those who wished to work were those who were willing to find the way across through the mountain hollows, valleys, boulders and rocks, so that when they arrived at the other side they could be

certain that they had done so on a firm and solid foundation.

Those who wished to be the heroes were given permission to follow their own way . . . there was no judgment given it. But most of them did not make it across and fell to an unknown fate.

Although it didn't seem like a terrible blow for them to fall, it was looked upon by the Voice as unimpressive.

But those who wished to work . . . were immediately given all of His time and attention because they were following a higher and more fruitful road.

The seeker descended a small hill to a cleft of rocks in the mountainside below. He and the others who wished to work began painstakingly going through the boulders, observing the nature of the crossing and preparing to follow the most suitable path. The trees blew in the wind around them and they observed a plethora of mountain flowers growing at different heights.

They observed the other side with great internal desire to achieve it, but their desire was tempered by the equal desire to achieve it through honest labor and toil . . . to prepare for the journey properly. By so doing, their arrival would be forthright and filled with meaning."

*"O man of longing,
we've put a guide for you
at every crossroad.*

*Be silent.
Don't look for fame.*

*Ride your horse
Into the soul's rose garden instead
I have a rose there waiting for you."*

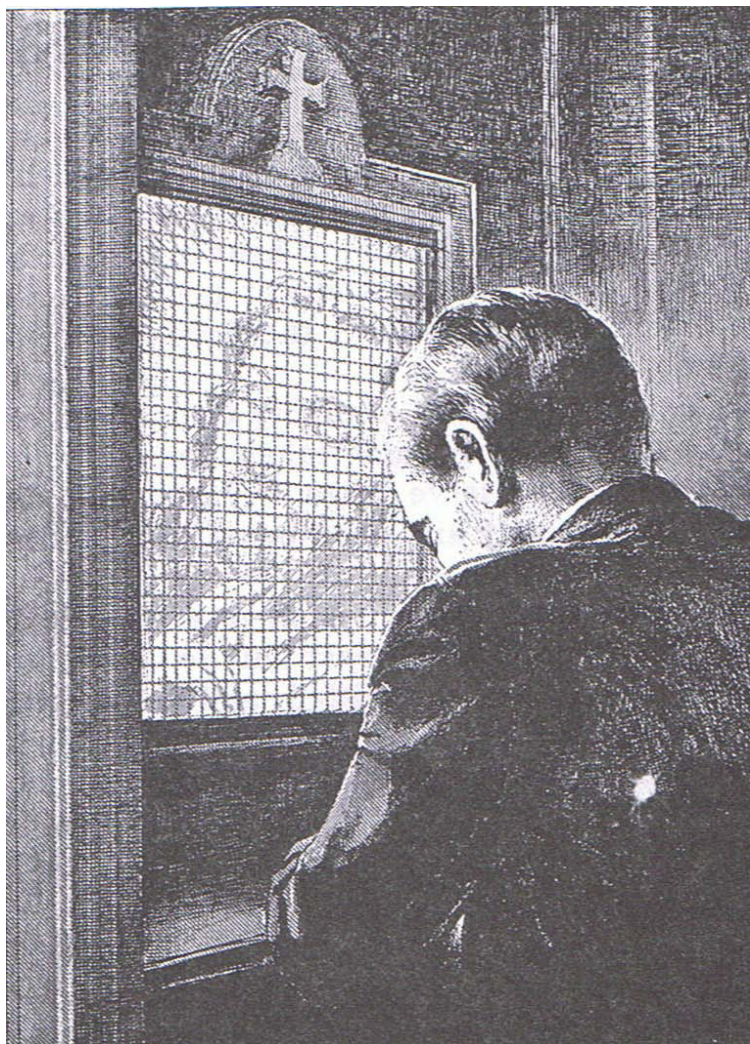
The Forbidden Rumi , Translations by Nevit O. Ergin and Will Johnson, Inner Traditions Publishers, 2006

*"But I say to you that when you work you fulfill a
part of earth's furthest dream, assigned to you when
that dream was born. And in keeping yourself with
labour you are in truth loving life. And to love life
through labour is to be intimate with life's inmost
secret."*

Khalil Gibran







CHAPTER THIRTEEN

There is the Need from your Sinful Self

To Confession I went to convey my sins to God
 Angered by my thrust from their grasp
 The evil spirit leaned over my sleeping flesh and
 poured acidic vomit on my neck
 The bees came in swarms which without the force of
 Confession would have destroyed me up front
 Yet, because of it, they were dissolved in light during
 their assault
 The frogs came in droves, but in spirit I fasted and
 they ceased their approach
 The bugs came forward, but the frogs turned against
 them
 And lo, the swarm all disenfranchised
 Losing their grip
 The confession and the scattering
 And the loosening
 Expelled and weakened, they yearn for flesh
 I wish not that they return sevenfold
 A headlight can either blind or illumine
 Make sure re you know which one someone is doing
 The presence of other people can also blind or
 illumine
 Are they looking beyond
 Or do they seek to penetrate your eyes?
 Those who look beyond seek to expand things
 While those who wish to penetrate the eyes of others
 Often carry their own hidden weakness
 The transference of which can be deadly

So, lo . . . be not weary
 Be not weak
 And be ye yet discerning
 Mystical captive set free through the Sacrament
 The Confessional bears its fruit
 The demons are enraged at their disenfranchisement
 Dominion for them has been destroyed
 There is nowhere for them to go
 So I must uphold the Confessional purity
 To keep them away
 They growl and thrust and groan
 But unless dominion is returned
 They cannot come
 My captive heart must remain pure
 My captive mind must remain unsullied
 My captive soul must remain sacramental
 There is nothing I must allow to enter
 but the Lord
 And my sins will remain as white as snow
 But if I return to my former ways
 The demons lurk awaiting
 For wheretofores they have not yet been banished
 To the abysses of hell
 But lie in wait
 For me to repeat it
 I must not
 I am now whole
 And lo, the swarm all disenfranchised
 Let me stay strong
 And let me remain pure
 For the mists envelop me in their forgiveness
 And the peace engulfs me in its strength
 I mount my wings like an eagle
 For flight has been restored

No more can I say that my sins are too much
 For I have given them to God
 Through the Sacrament of Confession
 No more are they mine
 Till grace cease, they cease
 I must stand
 I must be strong
 Repeat those sins, I must not
 And in my weakness, I look everword towards God
 Who cherishes it
 Upholds it
 And sustains it
 And washes it all away
 Blessed be the name of the Lord

As the soul examines itself with great thoroughness, it continues to reveal to itself its unfathomable weaknesses and sins. But despair, it does not, for it seeks the power of the Confessional before a priest and the power of the secret confessions before God.

In these triune gatherings, the seeker knows not what it ought to do except to confess. For by so doing, the latter will be revealed. But not until such things have been destroyed through sacrament will the clarity emerge.

The demons lose their grasp over the soul who confesses before God and man, their dominion is perturbed. Scattered and loosened, they become angry and vicious, vengeful and full of wrath.

But the captive may only giggle at the evil spirits lost prey, for the seeker knows that confession loosens their grasp and they cannot harm them unless they return to their sinful ways.

Oh, and in the weakness of man, this may be ever likely. But the seeker knows that the power of confession will bear it through until the habitual sins have been conquered and the vices of the flesh subdued. For it is meet to repeat the confession all that is necessary, for the graces come pouring down from heaven in a sleigh of delight as they do.

Confession renders the evil spirits impenetrable to their former ward. They no longer bear the attachment to the soul who formerly was held firmly in their grasp. There is no meeting ground, for the bonds of sin have been loosed and the ties of humility have bound the seeker to God.

It is a moment of reckoning for the evil spirits and it causes great anger amongst them. But to whom do we owe this great juxtaposition, but the Lord.

The captive spirit has entered into the sacred mysteries of the Lord by bearing the sacrament of reconciliation upon his back. There are no more bonds for the dark powers to take hold.

Through the deep and indwelling spirit of self-examination the seeker has come to know himself with greater clarity and depth, and has come to know those sins which garnered its rendering.

No more does the seeker wish to be captive to the demonic, but rather to render his soul to the heavenly spectre of God. For what purpose would they wish to hold onto the sins of the past?

At the moment of absolution, the soul gathers his strength and allows himself to be pulled into the eternal peace offered to those who confess their sins. By the power of Confession, they have removed the fetters of the world and the powers of the past to hold them straightaway.

The slate has been widened and made clean before God, and therefore, a new beginning emerges for the captive seeker who now finds himself in a peaceful malaise of melancholy awaiting orders from above.

Who he has been is no more, and who he will become is not yet seen.

Herein lies the power of Confession. The loosening of all evil spirits follows it, and the clarity of a new beginning emerges ripe and fruitful.

Blessed be the name of the Lord.

An allegory:

“A sinful soul went before the Lord to confess years of sins towards lust and other vices. What a great moment this was to the Lord, what a humbling and difficult thing to do to confess to a Catholic Priest the fetters and snares which had kept him away and held him fast to the earth.

Yet upon his cleansing, he felt nothing different. He felt the same. In some respects, he didn't even feel forgiven. He just felt good that it had been done.

Meanwhile, in the mystical realm, the demons were angered and smitten with hunger and thirst after being thrust in so violent a manner away from their prey.

The highest demon of lust went towards him and threw up acidic vomit on his neck, although he did not see it.

The swarms of bees in the thousands came after him while sleeping, used to being able to devour his flesh without the slightest hint of resistance. Yet, they were dissolved by the grace of Confession, a

light which disintegrated them on sight. Yet the penitent saw and felt nothing, only peace.

The frogs appeared, but as the penitent soul fasted silently from sin in his sleep, they could not approach. But he did not see this.

And the bugs came forward, but the frogs began to eat them because of their unquenched hunger which had arisen from their inability to even approach their former captive. But the captive was peacefully unaware.

In their anger, they lashed out all through the night, while the penitent peacefully slept. In his mind and heart, he felt nothing had changed.

But lo, in the mystical realms, a battle had begun.

Again awaking to his physical world, he found that some very attractive women from his past had contacted him suddenly and out of the blue. He was flattered, and inside he felt a yearning.

But they were from his past, did he not yet know of their alliances? Did he not know that their alliances and his own were now in conflict? Was it not evident that it would be his former wards from hell who had caused the inspiration of such a ruse?

A headlight can either blind or illumine. The people we allow into our lives can also blind or illumine. Do we thoroughly heed the shadow of their alliances? Do we yet know if they carry within them the seeds of virtue or the seeds of vice?

Do their eyes hold the vision of the outward expansion towards the Lord? Or do they seek to implant their own darkness which lies within them into other unknowing hosts? Deftly unaware, of course.

So the demons have already laid their snare, will the captive recognize the lure of former sin, or will the seeker ignore those things which formerly held him to the earth and fall again?

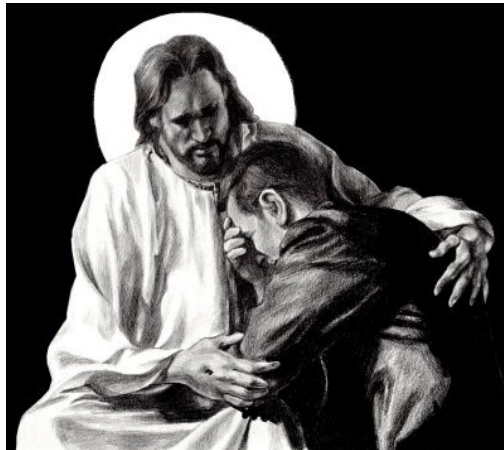
Lo, the seeker still sleeps. In his sleeping, he feels no grand change within himself. Yet, in the mystical realms, the battle has been defined for his soul.

This critical moment (when the captive seeker releases the grasp of the evil spirits upon him by confessing his sins) must not be waylaid by the ignorance of the human mind to quantify the lengths to which the dark side will go to lure him back within their grasp and return sevenfold.

The captive must seek discernment and the quiet patience of wisdom. Do not respond quickly to anything lest it hath been sent by the demon. But be thoughtful . . . and query into all that now comes.

A new life can only begin by the formal and complete recognition of those lures and desires which previously captivated the soul.

The new man will be born in stages . . .





CHAPTER FOURTEEN

They Search for her in the Classic Indigo

The love of the sensual moves and spits
 Plotting wayward heaven's flow
 Annihilation remains at hand
 Yet the innocent crave the continuum
 Beyond the threshold of grace
 The stars murmur their beckon
 And behold the mighty throes
 Of the soul captured
 Finally amidst the deep
 Comes the herald
 But despite all precautionary tales
 The sinner remains such
 And breaks the state of grace so bitterly won
 Thought it seemed that the grand moment had been
 purchased at a price
 It remains so easily lost
 Because in the midst of the spiritual seeker
 Remains the sinner
 The captive soul
 Who has not yet risen above the imperfection of
 human nature
 Or so it seems
 Truly, the sinner now sees
 The permanent nature of its fallen state
 And that there will be many reprieves necessary
 In order to achieve salvation
 Thinking it so easy, the captive forgot
 The weakness of the flesh

And the hardness of every human heart towards God
 His holy ways are high and steep
 Who can reach them?
 The seeker realizes its humbleness before the Lord
 The captive becomes aware that sin has not yet truly
 been broken
 Mercy will be needful again
 Another fall will precipitate another
 And every rising again comes with humility
 Because the captive seeker now knows from whence
 its power comes
 Definitively not of the self
 There is no self
 The self is powerless to sustain virtue
 It is only Christ living within the self which grace
 sustains
 And what man walks all his days carrying Christ
 within?
 If every break from moral law forces Christ to leave
 We are but captives of our own wretched thoughts
 and desires
 Christ desires us
 But we desire sin
 It is our nature
 So we fall to our knees, again and again
 In merciful longing, we beg Him to redeem us
 Again and again
 For confession is the beginning
 Patient endurance is the end
 But what does patience imply?
 It means the captive soul in a humble display of hard
 won humility
 Recognizes that of itself it is nothing
 Achieves nothing

Overcomes nothing
 But only with Christ abiding within
 Can the soul break free from habitual lusts
 And even so, only for a time
 Because the soul must ever be on the watch
 Else they return when he least expects
 And enter in unheard and unseen
 To rear their ugly head when the soul is in a moment
 of weakness
 And, lo, so it happens
 But the soul falls again to its knees
 This falling filled with greater humility than the first
 The next falling with greater humility than the second
 And so on and so on
 Because with every fall the soul empties itself all the
 more
 And realizes that it has nothing to give
 It has no strength to offer
 No great wisdom to impart
 Nothing to redeem himself or another
 Except the knowledge of Christ
 Who redeems all
 Because of ourselves, we are always nothing
 We become nothing
 We attain nothing
 But when we give ourselves to the Lord
 All is possible
 So at those moments when we take ourselves away
 from Him
 And pull ourselves from the virtue of His ways
 And fall into the despairing notion of our own
 weakness and sin
 Again we must turn our gaze upwards
 Toward the Lord, Our God

The Christ of mercy
 Who bids us to come
 Despite our constant and unwavering unworthiness
 To fill us up with something grand and spectacular
 When we ourselves only offer Him dung
 What a God is this?
 What mercy does He show to such wretched
 weakness?
 But yet it is indeed true
 He is indeed true
 How can it be?
 It is inexplicable, unexplainable, unknowable
 But Christ waits everytime we fall
 And fall and fall again we do
 But despite this
 No matter the depth of our lawlessness
 When we turn a starving glance towards His light
 He fills us with Himself
 And gathers us as one of His own
 Again and again and again
 Never are we worthy
 Oh, yes, it is that we think so at times
 But it is only at our next fall that we realize it is not so
 What kind of love is this?
 What kind of grace?
 Let us never turn away in shame
 From the face of the only one who can cleanse our
 ever repetitive guilts
 Let us never forget that it is only in Him
 That we can be new again
 And see again from a clean place
 That which the Lord wishes from us
 Poor, lowly and wretched mystical captives
 Seeking to find a God

We can never sustain of our own doing
 Yet, He sustains
 What is this, what is this grace unquenchable?
 I lie on the ground in sorrow for my sinful nature
 My wretched state overwhelms and condescends me
 to oblivion
 I look down because I am so ashamed
 The Lord has given me so much
 And yet I've offered this foul return
 When my tears are quenched, my head again turns
 To the only one able to fulfill my longing
 The only one who could possibly understand my
 lowly condition
 And unworthy though I may be
 Disgusted and overwhelmed by the capacity of
 myself to sin
 I enter again into the confessional
 And entreat the Lord's forgiveness
 And though I shall never be worthy to receive it
 He grants absolution . . . again
 I accept it
 But I reject myself
 For I have betrayed myself with foul deeds
 In the madness of mediocrity and lowliness I bring
 upon myself
 I feel horror at my sin
 My remorse and contrition mount with every
 sacrilege I commit
 And finally . . . I feel bad enough to change it again
 Oh, how can this be?
 I, who though I had traveled a million miles towards
 God
 Could fall back a billion because of the lure of one
 shameful vice

But yet it is
 I am a greater sinner than all the rest
 I have repaid grace with foul dung
 So I must no longer rely on myself
 For it has proven to be foolhardy
 Rely only on Him, now
 Feel that sorrow
 Feel the disgust
 Know its lowliness
 And take the hand of the One
 Who turns darkness into light
 And let Him make this out of your worthless flesh
 Despise your own will
 Glorify only His
 And redeem yourself in His eyes
 By pulling yourself out of it
 Slowly if you must, but as quickly as you can
 But return to the Lord's path
 It is the only Way . . .

For whoever returns to the Lord must expect that a battle will wage within and without as the vices are extinguished with a slow but sure gain. But if ever the seeker develops confidence in himself, remember that his confidence is not well placed. No matter how far the Mystical Captive may travel towards God, it can take but a simple temptation to lower it again to the earth where it must build itself up again and rise against itself.

Never forget that you are a sinner, and as a sinner will you leave this world. Therefore, the battle will wage as long as you live. To combat sin, the captive must battle himself.

When the moment comes that the seeker

becomes too comfortable in his newfound virtue, be afraid. For the evil one is lurking, waiting for the perfect moment to trap him unawares with the simplest of temptations. In years past, it may have been the primary vice. But for many years since, the seeker may have felt very strong against it and held firm and fast against its wiles. Don't forget from whom your strength has come, for it can be withdrawn. Then God will see how well you stand on your own . . .

Once it is, you will again see that it is only by God's grace that the seeker is protected from his own sinfulness. Although the captive may perceive he has made great strides, he had made none.

Everything the captive contains, has been given by the Lord, and therefore, can be again taken away. Be prepared to fight again and again for the crown . . . stand ready in wait against the enemies of the soul who wait patiently as your confidence in your own virtuous nature grows. It becomes the savage undoing of so many an effort.

At the moment you feel the most confidence, humble yourself and thank God for the strength you appear to have for it is not your own. And be aware that evil lies in wait for you, and humility in God is your only defense against the fall.

But if indeed you fall, do not be afraid to reach again and again for the hand of mercy. For it is in humbling yourself and asking for God's forgiveness again and again and again, that you shall receive it.

And the grace to stand against the enemies of your soul which unfortunately come from within your own sinful nature, only comes through the habitual acceptance of this mercy through the

Sacrament of Confession and sincere and upright remorse. The human nature often battles against contrition and remorse, for it fights to preserve its own dignity, its own need.

Feel no shame, feel no regret and care not at all about the way others may see you, captive spirit. You are a sinner and wretched indeed, and if others realize this, it is of no concern to you. You must concern yourself only with the rising again . . . and again . . . and again, however many times are necessary.

God humbles a contrite heart and makes ready the way of the Lord in you who accept this simple human reality. You are but dust, and to dust you shall return. What can dust do by itself lest cover everything with a thick blanket of foolishness?

Confess firmly and humbly, though you may be a repeat offender, for we all need repetitive and habitual grace to truly overcome repetitive and habitual sin. And you must understand that in this life there is no true overcoming, captive spirit. Allow God to enter within to overcome your human weakness through His grace. Of yourself, you will overcome nothing.

We are nothing but captives of sin.

But with God we become captives of grace.

Grace is a gift, it is not inherently your own. You must continually seek to retain it, to nurture it, to advance it and to grasp it. And when it is lost . . . do not be afraid, thou pathetic captive heart, to beg of it again.

For the only thing you must realize in your habitual patterns of faltering, is that all human beings are really the same . . . we are all as nothing before an

almighty and holy God. And what is it for dust to bow before Him and beg the breath of grace so that grace may be lifted up by a sudden whiff of the spiritual wind of the Holy Spirit?

It is nothing, as you are nothing. Dust, be not afraid.

For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son . . . think on this.

Ask and you shall receive. Be not afraid to ask and ask again, reminding yourself in those wretched moments when you realize how far you truly fall short of the grace of God, that He did this for wretched humanity of which you are a member.

The only true fool is one who doesn't know his lowliness before God. The only true fool is the one who thinks it possible to be a better man than another . . .

But, yet, isn't it the same that we are all fools? Only in our habitual sin do we finally accept that we are less than nothing. In our humanity, we cannot rise above any other man. We are all equally lost, equally unable to accomplish anything of ourselves.

We are lowly indeed.

But God reaches to that lowliness in every single human person. Of such a merciful heart is He!

And He takes that nothing and attempts to form it into something.

Despite how often we fall . . . when we again arise, He again picks up where He left off and raises us again something more. And it is in that grace-filled state, that we realize that the nothing about ourselves has never changed. It is only the 'something' which God added which created those things of eternal value.

So . . . when the years have gone by and you, captive spirit, have remained resolute in your attempt to keep sin far away, do not relax your resilience, do not become weary in your pursuit.

Weariness is the soil where sin can be recultivated. Virtue is not ever won, it is a highly prized grace of infinite value which is given. It does not belong to us.

If that grace be withdrawn, who will you become? How quickly do you foresee a fall? Humble yourself, captive soul. For you are nothing. The something you have become is not your own, and it can be lost with the simple suggestion of sin to your weak and pathetic mind.

Grasp hold of the only hand who can save you: the Lord Jesus Christ . . . and don't forget to NEVER let go.

If perchance you have let go of that beloved hand due to a harsh season within your trials, beg of it again . . . beg of it till your dying breath, captive soul.

No shame should you allow to weary yourself of the return. No humility can be too low to ask of the Lord a return to His grace. There is only one Way . . . you *can* become steadfast again, you *can* become worthy again . . . so boldly walk forward on the promises of the Blood of Christ knowing that Jesus patiently awaits your imminent return. And His arms remain lovingly open to you.

He knows your seasons . . . He anticipates the dangers which lurk upon your path.. Go back, captive spirit. Go back.

And do it again and again as you must . . . for you are nothing of yourself. Do you finally know this

now? Have your repetitive falls assisted your proud spirit to realize its uselessness? Excellent. Now pursue Christ often, knowing that it was He who defined your infinite worth by His death on the cross which redeemed that very same uselessness. There is no shame in being useless. Simply approach God, and He will find a proper use for your captive spirit.

“Joy and sorrow are inseparable. . . together they come and when one sits alone with you: remember that the other is asleep upon your bed.”

Khalil Gibran





CHAPTER FIFTEEN

Arise, Stand Back, Step Forth, Captive Soul

Get up, oh weary spirit
 From your oblivion now rise
 No wonder I fear your fruitfulness
 See now, my plight
 The Lord God of Hosts cannot but wonder
 If fruit can be born of such a barren tree
 Oh, mystic captive, do you hear His beckon?
 In my nuance, I've become frightful of life
 All is sin, all is sin
 But yet, there is a balance is there not?
 The crushing weight of my misdeeds had crushed me
 to the very ground
 Now there is nothing else to do but get up
 Get up, again, get up again
 Weary soul,
 You've been emptied of yourself
 And then emptied yet again
 And then beyond this, you were let out in full
 And now you are gone
 Who stands in your place?
 What can we do with emptiness?
 What can we do with void?
 What remains after the soul has given up its power
 And returned it to its maker?
 Nothing
 Emptiness
 Void
 Sans

Cloudeous substance
 Formlessness
 Desirelessness
 Humility
 Well, from this mortal flesh shall form
 An iconoclastic glory
 From the ashes of despair
 Comes the gloriful light of the divine
 In your humility, rise, captive spirit
 Now that you have been emptied
 You can also be filled
 With a substance greater than yourself
 Now that you have removed all the filth
 All that remains is potential
 The Lord may make of you a great work
 Goodness and purity may shine from within
 Truth and vision may form
 And create new realities
 For you to serve
 Not *all* is lost
 Only that which was of no use
 Smile, captive spirit
 In your degradation, you have opened the way for
 light to enter
 And where light can form
 So can goodness and good will
 Arise, stand back, step forth, captive soul
 The Lord is now ready to begin . . .
 Your life is not over, it has just begun

In the spiraling pathway of the spirit as it
 falters, the mystical captive falls down and reaches
 the epiphany of self-knowledge. The Lord patiently
 waits upon the soul which is emptying itself of its

weaknesses. And the Lord waits until the soul has uttered its last breath of reconciliation and breathes forth its nothingness as its final throes to the earth.

And then the Lord shows His presence . . .

Because it is in the emptying that a vessel of worth may be eventually formed. A good work is in progress, a potential servant is in gestation waiting to be born.

And the Lord prepares the great work of the restoration of the soul, so that it may now be filled. All that was of no use has been quenched, and in the empty spaces the Lord will begin to pour living water.

Prepare, as well, I say, for the work of the Lord is much and the requirements are great. In order to keep up with His promptings, you must be alert.

Prepare yourself, oh weary soul, for the Lord is not yet done with you. Let Him make of you now a great work.

"But I say to you that when you work you fulfill a part of earth's furthest dream, assigned to you when that dream was born, And in keeping yourself with labour you are in truth loving life, And to love life through labour is to be intimate with life's inmost secret . . . Work is love made visible."

Khalil Gibran



CHAPTER SIXTEEN

The Forgetting

The following has begun to cease
 The forgetting has begun to erode
 Away memories of past misdeeds and ill thoughts
 My troth is to tread lightly upon my spirit right now
 For it is sensitive and wounded
 But the deeds of yesterday must be forgotten
 So that the potential of tomorrow can be grasped
 Those who walked sin's path with me
 Now either walk with me a new way or have become
 a part of the forgetting
 So much grief fills my days
 As I let go of the former ways of my past
 And beyond that, those I have loved who no longer
 walk vision's way
 It is a peaceful yet turbulent time
 There is a resignation to that which must be
 That resides at yet the same time
 With a gut-wrenching grief that will not let go
 All that was
 Must be forgotten
 Those I've loved
 I must now lose
 Not permanently, but for now
 Because in order to walk forward
 I must release some of the fetters which bind me
 My captivity to sin
 Has surrounded me with barriers to the divine
 It is difficult to enter the forgetting
 The grief over what I've done overwhelms
 And the sorrow over those who are walking away

engulfs my spirit
 For they do not yet know
 The significance of the moment
 But yet, because I do
 I must persevere
 Forgetting
 Unlearning
 Regressing
 Letting go
 But yet the weight of oblivion now forms me
 And nothing else encumbers me but my own sinful
 nature
 No one else is to blame
 Only I
 But there are some who will not pass through this
 door with me
 And for them, beloved, I grieve so deeply
 The tearing of my soul can be heard in whispering
 winds of the spiritual desert
 Why does it have to be this way?
 Only because we are releasing a former master
 In order to accept the new Master
 The sins which ruled me
 Can rule no more
 And the passions which fueled my loves
 Can be no more
 For my new Master is divine
 And benevolent in word and deed
 But to reach Him, I must release all that holds me to
 my former ways
 The forgetting
 Is a cruel death
 But a death it is
 Oh, captive spirit

The peaceful calm which overtakes the soul after its latest fall from grace can be nothing less than grueling. It is a mixed peace. Some moments are filled with quiet resignation to that which must be done in walking away from so many sinful proclivities of the past. And others are filled with sorrow.

But in order to be of use to the Lord, the soul must be ready to follow the path of service which the Lord lays out for him. And in preparing the way to do such a service, the captive spirit must begin to let go and forget all of its past cognitions into sinful strands of thinking.

A crossroads of sorts, the soul has one foot in both worlds, so to speak. Aching and longing for that which must be left behind, but knowing that which lies ahead is far superior. There is no more time for the capitulation of vice, or the holding on to those things which no longer serve him.

But it is no less a death to the captive soul than a true death itself. During the process, the captive soul not only fights his own inclinations towards evil and sin, but must accept that many of those that he has loved throughout his life shall be falling by the wayside. He sees this and knows it, although they may or may not see it coming. It is the natural result of the movement which has begun.

The grief is sometimes unbearable. The void is oftentimes so empty that it hurts. And the quivering fear of letting so much go in order to reach that something higher is everpresent, although deeply veiled by the calm exterior resolve of the mystical captive to do what he must.

But it is not possible to be of service to the Lord unless the spirit gives up all such hindrances to its

path.

This quiet resignation is filled with interior mourning and weeping. The valley of tears becomes a haven for sorrow.

But yet the captives' exterior remains calm. The internal turmoil and turbulence is being disciplined through the external will. Do not let the external peace and tranquility deceive you. Interiorly, the soul is grieving.

But the forgetting must begin. For a soul cannot be of service to the Lord unless at some juncture after contrition has been raised and reconciliation achieved the contrite spirit walk forward and make an interior amendment to forget his past sins. He must do this to walk forward into the divine life which is being prepared for him. And although it is not a conscious choice to let go of some who have walked spirits pathway with the captive, it happens anyway as a result of the movement. The spiritual wind forces things to merge and forces others to part. Merging and parting, all the while continuing to forget.

But the captive knows its import, and as a result, will tremble interiorly in grief.

Grieving that which must be lost in order to restore that which has been lost, the mystical captive renders captive his own will. And in so doing, makes the possibility of the achievement of his destiny now possible.

For to love God is to serve God. There is no mystical pathway without service. The seeker must prepare to receive his instructions for the journey, and his abiding call from God to serve the spirit of mankind in whatsoever way God so willeth and

chooseth.

Such service may be visible or invisible to mankind. For service to mankind is achieved on many levels of existence, many realms of spirit. Some will be called to visible service in the world, others may be called as invisible ambassadors in the front lines of the spiritual realms. But there will be service given, for it is the nature of the mystical path that every seeker must render service to creation in return for the service given to him. Thy will be done. Forgetting . . . forgetting . . . letting it all go.

"I slept and I dreamed that life is all joy. I woke and I saw that life is all service. I served and I saw that service is joy."

Khalil Gibran





CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

In the Quiet

The quivering pine needles surround the heart like a
 prickly goad
 You stand still but yet your heart still aches
 The spirit has quieted, but the heart still weeps
 Quietly, without a sound
 Because it must be so
 For the Lord has taken me captive again
 In a perpendicular manner, I walk alongside myself
 Watching and observing as if I were none
 But I see the fetters and the sins
 And they coalesce me to respond
 My response is the quiet itself
 Sound has stilled
 Actions have ceased
 Tears have run dry
 Chaos has become peace
 But the prickling has not yet finished
 I feel it yet once in a while
 As my spirit revolts against the process emerging
 from within
 Is there an answer?
 Oh, yes, there is
 But the answer is frightening and difficult to bear
 For I must surrender my will entirely to the Lord
 And give up all of my own longing
 “The highest path, Lord, the highest path.” I say
 And He responds by creating yet another chaos all
 around me
 Yet unexpected, but needful
 So I quiet myself as the Lord begins the mighty work

Of ordering my life according to His will
 Everything will change
 And in a sense, all will stay the same
 How can this be?
 It just is

As the soul lets go of the habitual fetters and sins which have instigated the plight of the many falls, the seeker realizes that all of these loud, chaotic cravings must cease. In order for the spirit to move forward, he must enter into a quiet place.

Exteriorly quiet, but yet still interiorly feeling the occasionally pricking of the pain of all that he is losing, the soul realizes that there is no other way to move through this phase of the captivity than to surrender entirely to the working of God within the soul.

A continual prayer must be upon the mystical captive's lips, "Your highest will for me, Oh Lord, I choose Your highest will for me." And this comes about because of the obvious realization that the choices the seeker has made of his own will have not succeeded in achieving for him the greatest good.

And so in surrendering the spirit to this greater will, the captive must be quiet. And he must remain still as the world around him shifts and moves in a manner befitting this highest holy will of the Lord.

Many of these changes are painful, and the soul feels the internal heart yearn for that which it is losing. And many of these changes are unexpected, sometimes being directly contrary to the will of the seeker, and it can cause great anxiety and trepidation. Sometimes the very thing you least want to remain in your life will be that which the Lord chooses as a

portion of your highest path.

This can be disconcerting to say the least. That which is most beloved by the captive spirit may be sent away by the movement and that which is most despised pulled in closer by the very same.

Anguish can overcome the quiet soul, but the spirit seeking will say not a word. For the mysterious holy will of God is manifesting itself before its very eyes.

Who would show such ingratitude as to complain of such a necessary and needful process? But yet, the pain sears within the heart.

But the highest path for your individual soul is rarely that which you would choose for yourself. And so the seeker must remain quiet. Be quiet, be still, the Lord is moving.

But in this quiet, there is an internal noise, almost a wailing of sorts yet it is never heard. For the captive seeker now realizes that he must retain his composure and quietude and allow the Lord to work no matter how difficult or painful the reordering of his life might become.

There is a great irony in this moment of the spiritual walk. At the time when it seems that God requires of us a sacrifice of all that is dear to us, we are yet incapable of seeing that He is simply reordering things for His greater good.

And whence the time comes that he has chastised our will and ordered our life in such a way as to bring things into proper perspective and understanding, He will yet again bring back all that we have lost. But it will return to us only when we see it through entirely new eyes.

For the fetters and cravings we lose, when they

return will appear as mere nuances of a different shade. And those persons, family and friends, who for now appear to have been ripped from our lives will return at another time when our own personal disputations no longer affect our view of them. When they do affect such a return, we will see them through an eye of love rather than self-interest.

It is the human nature to see things incorrectly, and this nature must be pruned, bent and grown differently. For it is meet that the captive spirit realizes not only his own captivity, but the many different captivities of those others upon this earth. By so doing, compassion is formed and understanding can emerge onto the fertile soil of the spirit's painful quest.

It is at the moment when compassion truly emerges in the captive soul that the Lord will truly begin the greater work within him. For until such a time, despite the true and sincere belief of the seeker that he indeed follows a sincere spiritual path, it is as yet impossible to do so because the focus on the self and in the fulfillment of that self's own needs still carries the highest part of the animal soul. Needful as this may be, it creates a desperate need within the captive soul. That desperate need is always trying to fulfill itself, and oftentimes may only do so through sin.

It is when that horrific battle between the self and itself comes to the point of quiet, that the soul becomes still enough to have the profound realization that this constant battle with the sensual appetites and the order of the flesh is not needful, and truly not necessary. Until this time, these things in truth do seem to be necessary and worthy pursuits.

But when quiet descends upon this captive spirit, it stills itself and stops moving. The chaotic turmoil of the karmic path ceases for a time. And in its ceasing, the seeker begins to unravel the misperceptions of eternal truth and the true nature of love that he has held which have caused this rampant turmoil.

Interestingly, once this ceasing has begun there is also a certain detachment from worldly things that although it has been forming for a time becomes more concrete in this moment. And as this silence concretizes, the seeker can now look around him from the quiet place he now occupies and observe the constant 'running' and the 'bumping into one another's realities' of the karmic world and see the pointlessness of it. For a time, it seems almost pneumotic, mesmerizing and hypnotizing to watch for the captive realizes that up until this moment when quiet has overtaken him, he was caught up in this crazymaking behavior, but yet, it had not seemed at all crazymaking to him whence he was captured within it.

This pause forces the captive seeker to reflect on the reality of the nature of the mortal realms, the worlds where the battles between good and evil constantly rage within and without every human soul. That constant circular movement which renders very little result truly is to be understood as the common nature of those who occupy such realms.

But in the quiet, the captive realizes another captivity. The captivity of that which remains still. To the karmic traveler, such stillness might be regarded as a 'waste of time' or as something that yields no fruit. But yet, as the captive silently sits in the quiet

heart of God, he knows a greater understanding. He captures a greater truth.

It is the quiet and the stillness which form things which then become capable of bearing the true fruits of the spirit. The meandering and wandering of the physical life appears to contain within it purpose, and it does. But in the quiet, the seeker knows that it is only in the quiet that wisdom can descend, that knowledge can emerge and that goodness can act. Without the knowledge of the silence, the seeker is want to know the will of God. And if the movements sought in the world of noise are not filled with the knowledge of the true will of God, than they serve no purpose.

And the seeker waits, stilling himself all the more. Slowly the internal grieving begins to cease. The quiet becomes a deeper quiet, and the noise gets further and further away.

The seeker has nothing to say, nothing to do, nothing to be, nothing to know. He remains still.

And there is no more pain, no more doing, no more striving, no more reaching . . .

And this goes on for a great while for the captive spirit. In this quiet place, the captive soul feels entranced by the wondrous union with that which is and is to come. In his inactivity, the great activity slowly begins.

Suddenly . . . when the captive seeker least expects it, in his apparent idleness, the Lord descends. Knowledge begins to form in the greater movement and travels towards him.

In his activitylessness, the greatest activity begins to occur. In his silence, the most beautiful sound forms of itself within him and all around. In

his quiet, the most majestic calm fills his senses. In his lack of grieving, joy comes to fill him in great raptures from the Holy Spirit.

And the knowledge continues to descend. Energetic transfers of things seen and unseen come to him without the slightest effort. And now the captive soul has entered into the mystical spheres of schooling wherein he learns the knowledge of eternal merit and is gradually initiated into the schools of the mystical instrument.

And to where will this lead? To destiny, of course. And whether that destiny will bring the seeker back to the earth to fulfill a task of importance there, or into higher and higher mystical realms to fulfill work of significance in the invisible spheres, the seeker has come upon the truest path. And the hand of the Lord Himself now teaches him.

And it is in this effortless state of quiet that such activity begins to take place. There is great knowledge in this.

But in case the captive seeker is tempted to think that all the steps taken before that led to his arrival in such a sublime and wonderful world were unnecessary or pointless, think not such things: For there was the necessity of the purging, of the removal of the earthly garment and the fetters and cravings which were of the garment. There is step left unturned to the mystical captive.

But yet the captivity has brought the soul to a very different place. And pondering the wonders of this new world the seeker has embarked upon, he no longer questions the difficulties which preceded them. Though it still appears he has given up much, because he does not yet know that the Lord fulfills all

things, he understands why this was of necessity to do so at this time.

But yet it is indeed important to understand that the Lord does fulfill all things. As the captive is lifted away from the things of the world, not only his habitual sins but sometimes family and friends, the Lord has already mapped out the manner in which all of these things will be fulfilled. Some will be fulfilled in this world, others in the next.

But you see, the captive often believes at this juncture that he has been removed from such things because they would hold him back from the sacred journey. And this is indeed so, but not for the reasons he believes.

The captive has been removed from them because he does not yet truly know them. He is yet incapable of honoring such things with the humility required of him. Therefore, because of his inappropriate response to such elements, they will indeed hold him back. But he is not held back by their existence, or because he has yet gone higher than they. He is held back by his own misunderstandings, and thus, the Lord withdraws him from them in order to intensify his learning and make the final fulfillment a potential possibility.

So do not be tempted to arrogance, captive spirit, you are withheld because of your own lacking not the lacking of others.

At the same time, captive soul, do not accuse yourself for these lacking elements, as well. For it is meet that you acquire these elements, and the void of them is not a weakness on your part, but yet a simple fact of evolution.

The mystical captive is no more a captive to the

world than he is to God. He chooses captivity because by doing so, the evolution within stirs and loosens. Captivity provides movement for a soul otherwise caught in the strands of time, circling and circling around the same guideposts.

Captivity, dear seeker, is the only true freedom. If you are to seek the kingdom of God, you must surrender your own will to the Lord of Hosts. The prayer on your lips must yearn for the highest will of God in your life. "I wish to seek the highest path in my life, Lord, the highest path. No matter what that requires or extracts of me . . ."

God will extract everything.

But when much has been extracted, the quiet will descend. Enjoy this peaceful serenity of the Lord, for it will not last forever. We are but instruments in His hands and as the quiet bears its fruit and destiny descends, the next order of affairs will be waiting.

The only constant of the eternal is change, and the only constant of the mystical captive is the very self-same.

"This meeting and this union, which the loving spirit achieves in God and possesses without means, must take place in the essential intuition, deeply hidden from our understanding; unless it be an effective understanding according to the way of simplicity. In the fruition of this unity we shall rest evermore, above ourselves and above all things. From this unity, all gifts, both natural and supernatural, flow forth."

The Adornment of the Spiritual Marriage, John of Ruysbroeck, Chapter LIX, Ibis Press, 2005



CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

Echoes of Discernment

All comes back to fruition
 Or does it not
 The creature lies beside Creator scorned
 As holiness descends through the vibrational thrust
 Discernment emerges naturally of its own accord
 Spirit lifted like a winged bird
 The knowledge of good and evil naturally amends
 The identification of its own vice accords
 And changes occur without forethought or activity
 This is the nature of mystical training
 For to achieve the same effect without mystical
 intercourse
 Would be futile and unfruitful
 There is a difference between knowing, seeing and
 understanding
 Of the intellectual capacity
 And the knowing, seeing and understanding
 Which emerges from a state of being
 An ordinary person will do things
 While the doing for a mystical captive
 Will emerge from his own state of being
 As the vibrations of the spirit increase within the soul
 The mystical captive becomes naturally aware of
 greater realities
 And moral law descends upon him without study
 Vibration holds the key then to knowledge
 And the mystical seeker begins to understand
 That there is now knowledge that is truly just
 intellectual
 It must be grasped from the energetic knowledge

Which emerges naturally as the seeker evolves higher
and is raised

So he must continue to raise

In order to not only understand but embrace with an
interior understanding moral law

Even so, he may falter

But he must travel this way

For the other road carries many pitfalls

And the seeker is more likely to lose ground without
intending

Whereas the captive who allows God's spirit to form
him

Will mold according to God's will

And the faltering is less likely because the knowledge
is not outside of himself but inward

He becomes that

It, in essence, is now who he is

And no one can grasp this

Lest they follow the mystical instruction

And the pathway which takes a soul higher

Through vibrational thrusts

Knowledge is not information

It is energy

And in order to understand the higher laws

We must become them in our essence

Know these words, and keep them true

For they are the key to your unfoldment

The mystical captive enters into the quiet from a natural state of chaos, but he will exit it in a peaceful place of knowledge. Entering into the quiet places after a great deal of inner turmoil fighting against his own sinful nature, the seeker attains to quietude through two means; sheer exhaustion and an act of

God.

It is as though the sinner is fighting with himself, wrestling with his own spirit when he comes upon that peaceful valley. The sheer exhaustion of this internal warfare almost of its own accord forces the spirit to cease. But it is truly through the sheer act of the will of God that a soul purely enters into quiet therein. The Lord knows the precise moment when the spirit is ready to cease and brings it upon him through the impetus of the Holy Spirit.

As the quiet descends and the chaos moves further and further away, the spirit begins to enter into the process wherein the vibrations of his soul are raised accordingly bit by bit, day by day. And this is done as a mystical process which remains twofold.

Firstly, the soul will be taken through specific vibrational raisings wherein the soul will feel its vibration being raised much like an engine being revved for hours at a time. Much later in the path, the soul will still undergo vibrational attunements, but whence the vibration has reached a certain level, these experiences will change in substance and nature according to the level of evolution of the mystical captive.

Secondly, the soul will be instructed accordingly through mystical visions. These visions will vary from highly symbolic renderings of things he must know, to very clear battles between himself and the vices he holds dear.

With the two processes working together, the soul slowly but quite naturally ascends to a place wherein the will is very carefully formed. The seeker develops a heightened sense of sin, and no longer wishes to offend the Almighty God.

But despite this newly formed will, the seeker will find that he still remains captive to his sinful nature and that in order to overcome it, he will be required to exercise and discipline his will to a much greater degree.

The practice of spiritual reading becomes all the more necessary at this time, preferably texts which define and illumine the way of virtue to the soul, for this reading becomes a very formidable opponent to the enemy of the spirit as it then reconfirms and strengthens the will and resolve from the conscious waking side of the captive to cease committing sin.

In the quiet, the captive spirit learns the wisdom of serenity and the fertile ground it presents to the seeker to attain to higher spiritual vistas. The previous chaos, the infighting and the battle within its own self was of necessity, to be certain. But the soul must reach a place of serenity in order to take the vital steps to changing the dynamic of the karmic thrusts and sinful clinging which ignite the chaotic nature of most earthbound souls.

The quiet provides the reflective enzyme which almost of itself removes fetters and clinging, sins and vices. Because the nature of sin is chaos, and the nature of eternal things is peace, the soul must enter into that quiet peace to actually begin to 'throw off' that which is incompatible to it. And thereby, the sins and vices of the seeker do begin to naturally fall off of themselves due to the silence achieved entirely of its own. But the instruction which also accompanies this phase, as well as, the physical construct of the vibrational structure . . . finalizes this very important phase in the captive seeker's journey.

But all of the mechanisms which operate during this time of quiet tend to bring the soul to an even greater quiet, a more deeply reflective quality. The wrestling ceases, and there is a peaceful acceptance of the changes which emerge in the soul. And I state 'emerge' because they truly do emerge.

The soul naturally amends . . .

And this becomes the nature of the discernment within the mystical captive. Quietly, his vibrations are raised and he sees the nature of his own action and inaction and his spirit willingly bends according to the will of God without fight, argument or battle.

At this point in his journey, the demons have a much harder time reaching the captive spirit because he fights no more. He forms and becomes without effort. So the demons will take a different twist at this time . . . and this is where the seeker must truly practice the discernment necessary in order not to be casually dissuaded from the true service of God, to the service of the other unfortunates.

The demons will begin subtle trickery, such as subtle suggestions to the will as the seeker is drifting off to or out of sleep. Mystical captive, heed well. Listen to those words you hear and bring them to consciousness. If they are evil, they have come from evil. You must renounce them as Jesus renounced Peter by saying, 'Get thee behind me, Satan.' Such a move disarms the demonic forces and their suggestions.

But such things will go so far as to provide false visions presenting suggestions or advice as if it be from God with just enough truth to make it seem so. The soul at this time must practice the

discernment of the spirits with all of these visions, demanding that the spirit reveal whether or not he works for Jesus Christ, the Lord. Demons are not allowed to lie. They can evade, mind you, but they cannot lie. If they cannot answer you with the clear and definitive 'I do,' then they are not of God.

There are many questions you may ask, "Do you come here on behalf of the Lord Jesus Christ?" "Did Our Lord Jesus send you to instruct me?" "Do you believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, that He came down from heaven, became man and died for our sins?" And you should definitively utilize the biblical discernment of the spirits from John 3:16, which states "For God so loved the world that He gave His only Son so that everyone who believes in Him might not perish but might have eternal life." And to understand fully what the Lord is saying in this passage, you must read further, from John 3:17- 21, "For God did not send His Son into the world to condemn the world but that the world might be saved through Him. Whoever believes in Him will not be condemned, but whoever does not believe has already been condemned, because He has not believed in the name of the only Son of God. And this is the verdict, that the light came into the world but people preferred darkness to light, because their works were evil. For everyone who does wicked things hates the light and does not come towards the light, so that his works might not be exposed. But whoever lives the truth comes to the light, so that His works may be clearly seen as done in God." (New American Bible, St. Joseph Edition)

This passage of the scripture is known as the biblical discernment of spirits and the specific

question directed to the spirits would be "Has Jesus Christ come in the flesh?" Only a true spirit of God can answer this with a positive affirmation, false spirits will answer with nebulous arrays and formulations around the truth.

Some will simply disappear and vanish, others will cower in shame, some will try to deceive with an other than concise answer or partial truth and partial falsehood. Beware, seeker to discern the spirits wisely, so as not to be deceived.

Be diligent for the Lord and His angels will reward such diligence. They will not tire of your questioning, but the demonic forces indeed will. This is because the forces of the Lord honor a seeking spirit who demonstrates the wisdom to discern who is speaking to them, and will be greatly edified if you indeed do question them. Those of the dark side know that once you begin the questioning, if you are paying attention, they are doomed. So they admit defeat quickly, or say something obtuse or nebulous to try your intelligence, but then turn to go or disappear.

Do never forget, oh mystical captive, that those who attempt falsehoods against the Lord will come disguised as angels of light, priests, deceased relatives, Jesus, Mary and all manner of things which can appear good on the surface. Only through the discernment of the spirits can you assuredly proceed. If they are not of the Lord, cast them away as quickly as you can for they will do you more harm in one visit by confusing your mind and will than a good spirit could do good in one hundred visits.

Never entertain demons unawares . . .

*"But my justice shall remain forever and my
salvation, for all generations."*

Isaiah 51:8, New American Bible, Old Testament



CHAPTER NINETEEN

The Scattering

Let it not be said
 That the soul is one
 Until it has achieved essential unity
 Until such a time as this
 It entertains the scattering of souls
 Which is so reminiscent of the human state of being
 After the quiet has descended and all appears well
 The nightmares begin
 But these nightmares are not of those things which
 are real
 They may have been real at one time
 But they lurk within the subconscious mind of the
 soul
 Until the etchings of their past echoes
 Are no longer heard within
 So they begin to shout
 And disturb the quiet and peace of the mystic
 And attain to distract the soul's journey
 No matter
 They are but reminiscences
 And thwarted pasts
 Potential futures? Yes, some
 But their origin is in fear
 So the seeker alludes to their disturbance
 Thy capture the essence of that which affrights them
 But they are only projections of possibilities
 Possibilities that may or may not ever be
 And the mystical captive must break them down
 Tear them apart
 And bring them out of the future and the past

Centering them inside the now
 There is no other way
 If the mystical captive remains captive to its own fears
 It cannot progress forward
 And there is much to be feared in mortal existence
 Much of it may come true
 But heralding the uncertainty of the mortal life
 Yields no result
 The seeker must firmly oppose
 The past and the future
 By adhering only to the present moment
 And by so doing, and letting go of all that disturbs his
 peace
 The captive attains to yet another level of freedom
 And is again able to receive of the laughter of God
 And the simplicity of the spirit
 No guarantees exist for us in the mortal life
 We are born and yet shall we all die
 And yet so many cling to their happiness in this
 world
 As if it defines their joy in the next
 Happiness in mortal realms is fleeting
 And when it arises is a gift
 But it will pass again
 For such is the nature of mortal realms
 But the joy to be attained in the next life is eternal
 Therefore, the clinging to the possibilities in this
 world must cease
 In order for the mystical captive to recapture his quiet
 And if hardship shall be, it shall be
 And ye shall deal with it on the day of its reckoning
 But wander in your fears no more
 For they are tackling your silence
 And adhering to your thoughts

Holding you in a vice grip of terror
 When no soul may project their manner of living or
 death in perpetuity
 The seeker must accept his powerlessness
 Mortal life is fleeting
 The happiness of the world is fleeting
 Let the seeker embrace that which is not known
 It is not for the seeker to know
 All that you fear may indeed come true someday
 And yet it may not
 The nightmarish projections of the turmoil within
 Are only this
 Grasp nothing
 Hold onto nothing
 The past is dead, the future does not yet exist and it is
 only in the present moment that the mystical captive
 may act
 Embrace that which has passed
 Embrace that which will be
 But look only to the present moment
 So that your seeking may be sure
 And the Lord of Hosts may be your eternal reward

At a period least expected within the quiet, the
 soul will find itself again disturbed by the internal
 rumblings of a new variety. Nightmarish
 reminiscences of the past or the future begin to taunt
 the seeker in his sleep as his subconscious mind
 begins to come to terms with all that has been and the
 ramifications as to that which may come to pass (as a
 result of that which has already been) in the future.

This causes a great deal of anxiety and anguish
 to the mystical captive, because the seeker can
 become obsessed with wondering, "Is this how it will

all end? Is this how it is going to be?" And the concern is warranted because the captive soul cannot be yet sure if these resurgences into the traumatic past, or the meanderings into the potential future, are prophetic or merely nightmares.

Although it is not always possible to know, usually the prophetic word of that which is to come has a certain quality and feeling which it carries which makes it an undeniable understanding. Nightmarish plundering into potential futures are more often scattered, unclear and filled with a great deal of discomfort.

This happens at this time because the seeker has not yet completely forsaken his worldly clinging and his attachment to the outcome of his own life which remains dear to him. He holds to it as if it is a definition of who he is or will become. The seeker believes that if circumstances in his physical waking reality were not to come to a certain end which appears good and true, that perhaps his quest has been for naught and he would then have failed in his quest for God.

This is a completely false view. No matter the circumstances given to a mystical captive in life, the Lord is not seeking a perfect outcome in a physical construct. He seeks within the captive a quality of spirit; a diligence, a truthfulness and a faithfulness to God . . . within the confines of the circumstances in which he may be placed. The Lord seeks an eternal response to a worldly reality. God wishes our faithfulness, not success as Mother Teresa often stated.

The mystical captive must not believe or expect that their newfound relationship with the Lord

demands of Him any change in the circumstances of his life. Although it may yet happen, because the Lord moves in mysterious ways; prosperity, health or well-being is not the purpose nor the goal of the spiritual life.

In seeking only God, the captive must embrace the will of the divine in all things and the manner of life in which he has been placed.

Success in the spiritual life has no bearing on the reality or nature of mortal realms. Suffering is inevitable in such worlds, but not necessarily in others.

Place no merit or demerit on the external circumstances in which your soul has found itself. And do not do so with others, as well.

A mystical captive cannot be envisioned by external means, only energetic. Only God knows the true heart of a man. It remains invisible to the mortal mind.

Why is this such an important thing to understand? It is because the mystical captives' fears are not unfounded. The nightmares come to them because of two reasons, because suffering has already come upon them in this life and because the soul is aware of suffering which may yet come because of circumstances which remain yet unresolved in his life.

Ironically, these fears are generated only by that which the soul already knows. Unexpected outcomes are not a part of the subconscious equation in the scattering.

A whole plethora of circumstances which remain yet unknown to the mystical captive which could come upon the seeker, both that of good and

that of evil, will not even be included in these nightmarish journeys of the seeker.

So the subconscious generation of the potential future is so partially formed that its rendering is full of holes and empty spaces.

In this realization, it is hopeful that the captive may seek to accept the pointlessness of such worry and fear.

What will be, will be . . . the seeker must look closely at the nightmares which plague him at this time and carefully observe their reality and non-reality. Some of these nightmares and fears manifest because they have already happened. Others manifest because of what appear to be the most logical outcomes of circumstances already in place. But all remains undefined.

These projections cause the scattering . . . the soul splits itself out into many potentials which, because of their uncertain nature, have no meaning. This process of the mind simply serves to scatter the focus of the mystical captive.

The only remedy at this time is to release attachment to how your life will play out and focus on God alone. This focus will produce movement.

No other focus can return unity to the scattered spirit. And the unity is required in order for the mystical captive to move forward.

Focusing on the fears of that which may come in the mortal life causes the scattering. Accepting that suffering is inevitable but the present moment alone carries within it the power of response allows the captive spirit to return his eyes to God.

The scattering then ceases and the spirit turns away from its subconscious fears. The nightmares

cease their emergence and the laughter of God replaces them. For the fears which had emerged were empty and devoid of reality.

“One single word uttered by him (God) to the ear of the soul is more instructive than all the discourses of men. The least little breath of grace wafts our ship more speedily on its course, and makes it arrive more surely and speedily into harbor than all our oars, sails and sculls . . . Keep in this state: the interior silence of respect and submission alone, kept humbly in the presence of God if he does not command us to act, will sanctify our energies, soften our anxieties and pacify our troubles, and that in one moment. Remain in this state of unity and simplicity; multiplicity throws the mind into trouble and confusion, scatters and disorders our powers without our being able to perceive it.”

Abandonment to Divine Providence: With Letters of Father De Caussade on the Practice of Self Abandonment, Fr. Jean-Pierre de Caussade, S.J., From his letters, Ignatius Press, 2011

“Sooner or later, we must all die. But when? And under what circumstances? On these points we are left in complete ignorance. God, the absolute Master of life and death, has reserved to Himself the knowledge of the day and the hour. Speaking generally, He shares His secret with no one. Many of the greatest saints did not know the time appointed for their exit, or only learned it towards the end of their lives. Thirty or forty years before his death, St. Alphonsus declared that his last hour was at hand.

Blessed ignorance, which obliges us to be always prepared and stimulates without pause our spiritual activity! We should therefore accept this incertitude

with submission, even with gratitude."

Holy Abandonment, Rt. Rev. Dom Vitalis Lehodey, O.C.R., Tan Books, 1934

*"When the heart is full of affection for worldly
objects, it has no room for the love of God, and the
more attached it is to earth, the less can divine love
reign in it."*

St. Alphonsus de Liguori



CHAPTER TWENTY

Holy Laughter

The office of ghosts
 Disguises, illusions, imaginings
 Are all undone in the holy laughter
 It comes upon you in the night
 When the Lord breaks the chalice of delusions
 With a whimsical flair
 All that we look upon in our world
 All that seems so serious
 It is now broken
 There is a rift in the veil
 The drama of life's unfolding
 Becomes a comedy
 A hilarious affair, really
 All of God's creation is united in holy laughter
 The angels, the beasts of the field, the creatures of the
 earth
 No more worry heralds the soul
 For the seeker has entered into a frugal detachment
 The seams of human drama are no more
 But whence is the mystical captive
 Awww, he is hysterically laughing
 His worries are no more
 His spirit is held captive only to the holy laughter
 which has taken hold of his soul

An allegory:

"In the mystical realms, the seeker has been
 pulled into a primordial sphere. The mystical captive
 looks upon the creatures of the earth before him and

finds that he feels nothing but perpetual joy. The faces of the birds, the deer, the mice, the cows, the ducks, the pigs, the horses, the sheep, the squirrels and other innumerable creatures are all in union with the mystical captive and a seamless communication which travels from the captive seeker to the animal kingdom and trails to the very mind of God above them.

Words are exchanged, but they are inexplicable. As of yet, they are not felt as the deeply profound. For whence heard, the animals and the mystical captive alike laugh uncontrollably. The seeker finds this holy laughter pleasing and freeing. For the words of them, he cannot recall, even moments after their hearing. But the holy laughter brings him and all the creatures of the earth to holy detachment as they share an uncontrollable folly together in this mystical malaise.

This giddy exchange brings about a healthy detachment from worldly concerns.

The seamless laughter falls upon the captive almost as a release from the dramatic worries of the previous epochs.

And in the holy laughter, the seeker realizes nothing. Because in the holy laughter all human worry is reduced to nothing. The illusory nature of the world of form is felt on a profound level at this time. There is no more . . . at least for now.

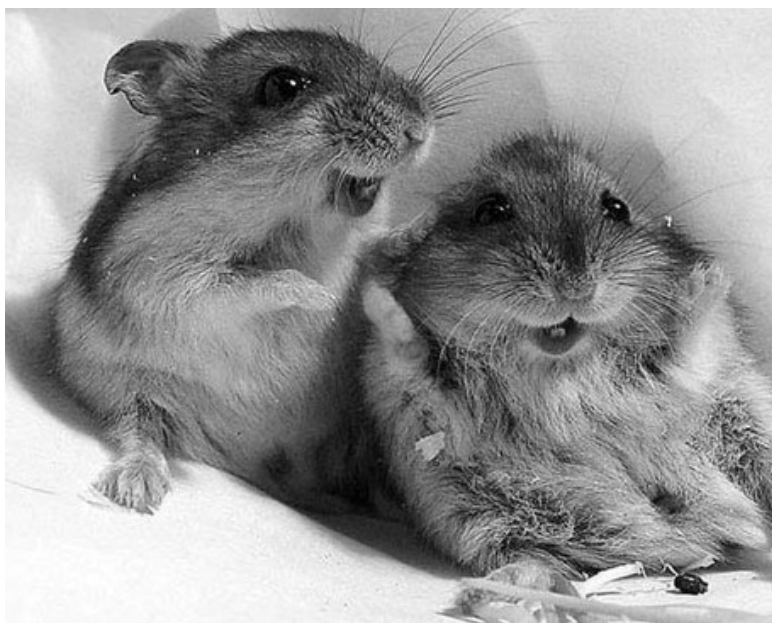
The captive allows himself to fall into the holy laughter for as long as the Lord allows, as he sees the creatures of the earth sharing with him the holy detachment from human folly in a hilarity only made more so by the vision of the creatures themselves in

hysterical laughter. So odd, but yet at this moment, so adorably real.

Laugh, captive spirit, laugh. For the hilarity will lift you up and out from worldly cares which consume you. And the holy laughter, if only for a moment, will encourage you to envision the true folly of the majority of human concern.

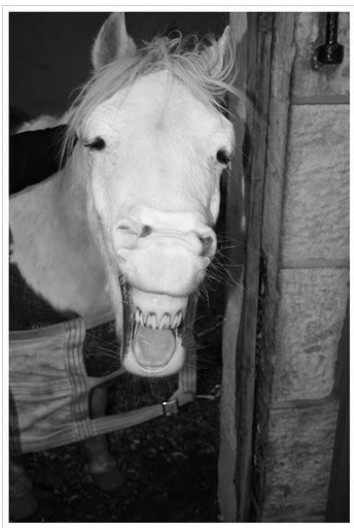
This world is but a shadow . . . we are but a shadow people. Isn't that hilarious? Even the animal kingdom is in on the mysterious heavenly ruse?













understand
 The energy of that which evolves within the universal
 sphere of consciousness
 Has now been awakened
 There is a light which beckons
 And it holds the seeker transfixed
 But yet in joyful abandon as it follows the beckons of
 the angelic hierarchy to come and see
 The brilliance and sensical structure of the world of
 the spirits is before him
 It all makes sense now
 There is not difficulty in grasping the ruse
 There is a delusion that is necessary below the veil
 Which is lifted to the repentant and contrite heart
 When the Lord so deigns the timing to be right
 Sometimes it is a visual experience of mystical
 proportions
 Otherwise, it can be a moment of understanding
 which comes upon the captive on earth
 But suddenly, a greater plan is now known to them
 Not in words or in deed
 But in energy it is suddenly grasped
 It is laid out before them
 And it all makes brilliant sense
 The Lord God is mighty indeed
 And wondrous are His works
 Before him stand the fruits of the redemption
 The illustrious nature of evolution in progress
 Delusions have all ceased
 While the beauty of the master plan is revealed
 Who among us could have known
 The grandeur of our God
 And the splendid reality of His ever and all
 consuming plan for humankind

It is drastically beautiful in its splendor
In its display, the love of all unity is glorified
There is order and meaning behind every human
suffering
There are grand evolutionary leaps behind every
human error
And there is a grand schema of redemption beyond
all our worldly cares
Oh, my God, if I had only known
What would I have done?
To see such marvelous works as these
I can only excude the joy which peaks from my every
spiritual sense at the witness of such a spectacle
My Lord, my God
You are and ever will be
Amen

An allegory:

The mystical captive has been freed of his fetters and flies to a wondrous space in the midst of the galactic heavens. How wondrous is this place? How beautiful to be seen? How musical to be heard? The sleeping souls of the captive earthlings lie in wait as the angelic hierarchy tend to their sub-conscious needs. It is all in perfect order. There is no disorder here, despite the varying degrees of perfection attained by various spirits of the earthly delusion in mortal realms.

As the captive spirit follows the angelic hosts in their joyous task of assisting evolution within the interior minds of humankind, he realizes how perfect the order of existence is ordered. Beyond this, he feels energetically within himself the grand panorama of

existence in upper and lower worlds, and realizes the grand perfection of the plan of salvation.

All will eventually come to light, all will eventually come to fruition. The beauty of it transcends the eye of the mystical captive, his joy cannot be confounded as he participates not only in his own illumination, but that of others, in conjunction with the angelic witnesses to the conscious rendering of sub-conscious astral souls seeking to find their Lord.

As the soul reaches beyond his own wretched unworthiness, he realizes that the Lord God of hosts has loved him all along. Wow, splendid mercy! How is this possible that all the while the spirit has been discovering his own weaknesses and failings, and searing himself into the pit of self loathing and despair, that the Lord has been quietly and calmly through the agents of His celestial kingdom simply been bringing him ever closer to His divine mercy.

Partaking of the cup of this divine mercy has produced such a splendid vision of the great plan of God, as the mystical captive awakens and sees beyond the grand illusion of life and enters into a humble reckoning with the evolutionary process which discovers mankind.

Oh, how be it so intricate and yet so sensical? It is a perfect plan of the almighty God and the mystical captive realizes in this infinite moment that he was a part of this master plan all along.

Yet, when he felt alone and withered, the Lord patiently made adjustments within the seekers own soul to yield it up to Him in its eventuality. What a grand and loving God have we!

As the joyous uprising of the love and mercy of all creation towards its own offspring emerges within the spiritual understanding of the mystical captive, he finds himself also emerging into a new and greater being. Not of himself, mind you, but of God.

It is because of the glorious gift that creation gives unto itself that every soul can eventually yield himself to the Most High. How perfect and how contrite, in our mourning and weeping we were preparing for perfect joy.

God knows that through the pain we will find eternity, and there, all that we will find is beyond human understanding. It can only be contained within the seeker energetically, and it is encompassed within the grand schema of evolutionary redemption to all within the human schema reaching towards the all holy and loving God.

There is nothing that is absent or missing. All that can happen in a mortal realm, all manner of evil which can calumniate the heart of mankind . . . has a remedy. There is no one beyond the mysterious and merciful reach of Our Saviour.

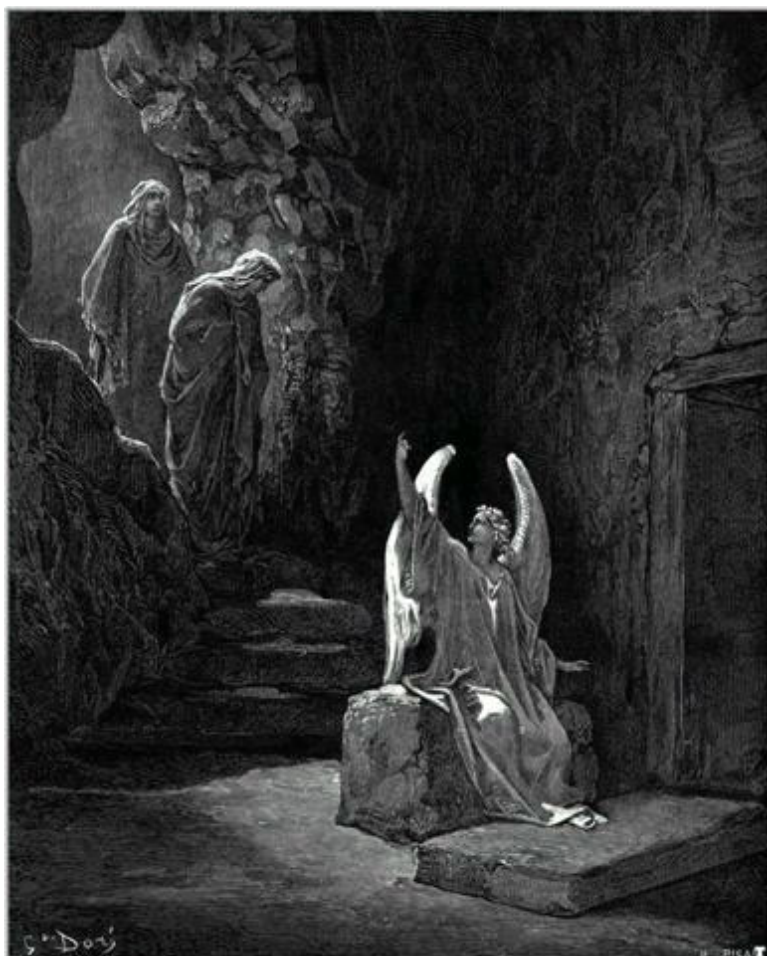
The mystical captive shouts out to the souls of those still lingering in illusions grasp, "Mercy, my dear brothers, it is mercy." The greatest attribute of our God is mercy. How wondrous a thing is this? Keep reaching, friend, be patient in your sleeping. For the Lord has His eyes upon you, and knows exactly how He will bring you out of your silent suffering and into the grand light of knowledge.

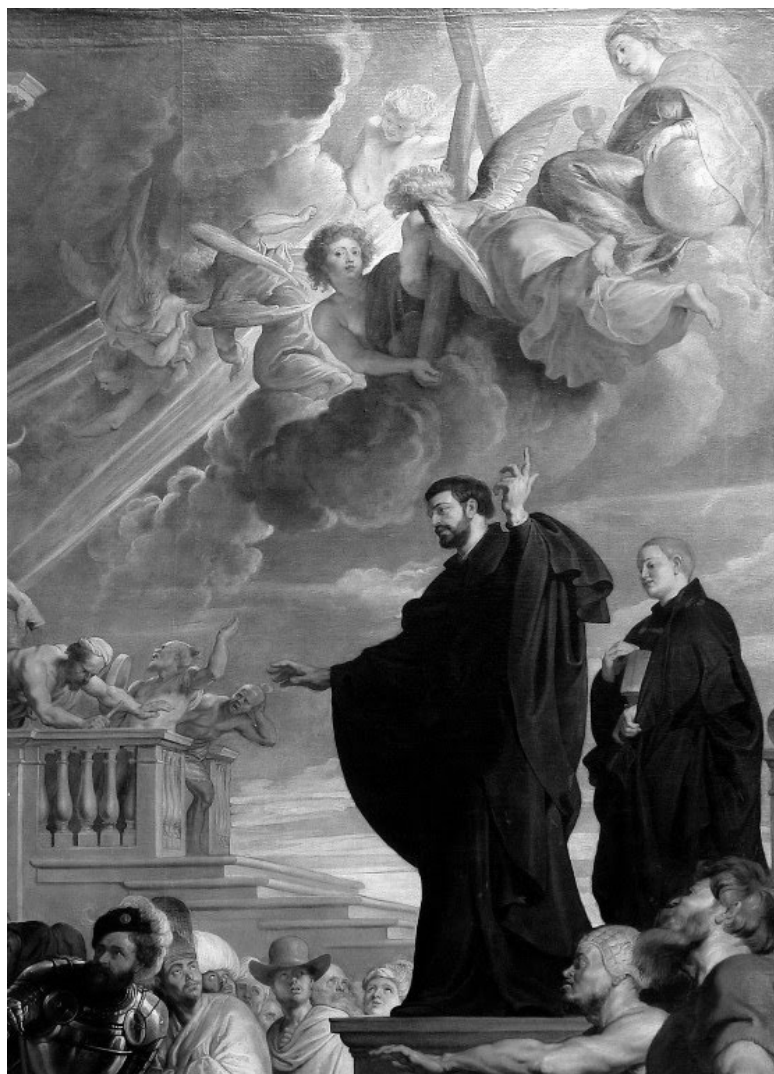
"When I consider the infinite value of your present trials I dare not wish them to cease . . . With this disposition, and by making good use of crosses and

afflictions, you will advance your eternal interests more rapidly than you would by consolations and success."

Abandonment to Divine Providence: With Letters of Father De Caussade on the Practice of Self Abandonment, Fr. Jean-Pierre de Caussade, S.J., From his letters, Ignatius Press, 2011







CHAPTER TWENTY TWO

Predilection and Penetration

And the predilection begins
 Inside the yearning deep
 As the soul has been marked with the sign of Christ
 And taken as His own
 The internal structures within begin to change
 Nothing is quite the same
 Yet a struggle is amiss
 Because in the world of flesh
 Temptations remain
 But nothing can compare to the supreme beauty of
 the Lord
 A soul, though, recognizes that for now they live in
 the world
 And this union between God and man will be fleeting
 and hard to maintain
 Not because of its difficulty
 But because of the great chasm between this world
 and the heavenly kingdoms
 Who can know the Lord in one moment
 And let Him go in the next
 The reverie remains and the predilection has been
 planted
 Of course, the preference of the all-holy God has
 already been established
 The mystical captive knows such moments with his
 beloved will remain fleeting
 And his strength will have to be firm if he is to live in
 this world from the nectar of the far regions
 But the predilection indeed has been made
 There is no other choice

However, the seeker knows that predilection is not
 enough
 The preference for God contains within it grave
 responsibilities
 The newness of the seeker's own creation makes him
 wary
 Not of God's power, but of his own weakness
 And so with that predilection the seeker must begin
 to penetrate into the mystery
 Taking the eyes inward, they become fluid and able to
 see through myriads of realms
 In their fluidity, they begin to enter into the mysteries
 of how this must perchance come to pass
 The mystical captive has attained to a new level of
 captivity
 And it is a captivity of the soul to the wonders of the
 great Lord God
 The spheres
 The whirling planets
 The nebulae
 The stars
 The suns
 The moons
 The glittering euphoria of a moment beyond time
 In the presence of the spaces
 The shiny resplendence of the world of freedom
 which can only be attained through the discipline of
 inner captivity to God
 The realms of light and love which must be sought
 out with fervor and devotion
 Like a lark who sings all day and all night
 Like a mist that envelops everything in a forest
 Like the waters which envelop and swallow up
 worlds

Like the soul thirsty for what it knows not
 But the mystical captive knows what it seeks
 It has beheld the face of the Lord
 And been declared welcome
 There really is no turning back
 For those who do will forever regret such a misstep in
 their earthly walk
 Yea, those the pleasures of the world contain within
 them some longing
 The longing to know God is supremely more
 powerful in most human seekers
 Nothing else will suffice
 And they will follow that call to penetrate into God's
 mysteries
 Rather than toil endlessly to fulfill unquenchable
 thirst with worldly pleasure
 For those who walk away, often return
 And those who remain stilled not knowing from
 whence to go from here
 Eventually discover it
 But those who grasp hold of the Lord Jesus Christ and
 take Him at His word
 Will cry day and night for His mighty help until it
 comes
 And the seeker may cross the next threshold
 "Is there anyone who can show me the way?"
 The mystical captive shouts in a flurry of desire to
 penetrate the mystery of the beloved
 And he cries day and night until he be heard
 He longs to see the face of His Lord
 To find himself quenched by the memory
 . . . unless or until
 The Lord so deigns
 And when He does so

The seeker is released from the captivity of longing
 And returned to the bridal chamber of love
 Of what else might the seeker wish"
 For the journey now takes a new hold
 A new beginning
 For the predilection has been established
 But the penetration into the mystery has just begun

And so the mystical captive recognizes that there is nothing else which will suffice for his spiritual journey than the Lord God Himself. In this realization and understanding is both joy and grave concern. Because the seeker knows that being in the presence of God may likely be a transitory thing. He must live on the moments of grace wherein He is able to feel, see or know the Lord while he lives within the slumbering confines of earthly limitations.

In between such moments of grace, temptations will present themselves, perhaps not as violently.

The mystical captive at this point is like a baby in his mother's arms, still very dependent upon the physical caresses of the Lord. The seeker is likely to go through periods of withdrawal when the fantastic flights to heaven cease for a time, or divine touches go further and farther between. Often, the seeker will wonder over and over again if he has fallen out of the grace of God.

But this is a normal progression. Fantastic and profound visions can be followed by long periods of absolutely nothing wherein the mystical captive is held tight in the world of the physical, with only the memory of the impenetrable realms still locked tight in the memory.

During these times, the seeker must be captive to spiritual exercises, spiritual reading, prayer, meditation and the religious observances of his own faith. These are the actions which allow the predilection to become a penetration over time. That which was impenetrable will become penetrable through strict practice.

It is a time of stillness and waiting . . . waiting in faithful love of God. For He has not gone, He just withdraws. And this withdrawing is a necessary part of strengthening the mystical captive spiritually within both the physical and mystical realms.





CHAPTER TWENTY THREE

The Penetrating Eye of God

The heart is an attached fury
 Hundreds of roses
 Walls of flowers
 Walls of flowers
 It is an ethical dilemma
 Of systemic proportion
 Who among us knows the fire
 Of forgetfulness
 And woe
 Regardless of past circumstances
 What is it in the now
 Towards Whom must we progress?
 Towards what truth must the soul grasp?
 Is there a greater light?
 A longing from the Creator above
 To bring us into ever greater enclosure
 Within His wisdom and love?
 Or is it a trap of endless proportion
 The wide berth of dismay and poverty of soul
 Who knows the answer?
 For the moment all remains mute
 Darkness is dominant in the soul
 It is not a darkness of woe and consternation
 But rather a darkness of quiet
 It is not yet time
 And the answers have yet to be revealed
 From the world of the dead to the world of the living
 There is an embrace
 For there is a greater glory in that world
 One that cannot be fully grasped within this one

For who among us can dare say we know
 The workings of the One True God?
 Who among us would dare say that we could even
 comprehend it if it were borne to us
 Upon the flight of an energetic thrust?
 The Lord of Hosts has turned out the lights
 It is nighttime
 But one of peace
 In the quiet, nothing is spoken
 Only the canticles of glory which are richly imbued
 with the golden words of Christ
 His words remain in the heart
 But the heart is empty of knowledge
 Wisdom is no more
 Understanding has been lost
 But somehow it is a time of birth
 Perhaps a glance beyond
 Into the eternity of God's majesty
 Perhaps beyond that even a glimmer of hope
 That there will be light at the end of the darkness
 But there is only silence
 No one knows the way
 The seeker has been abandoned by all earthly
 comforts
 Friends and enemies alike have withdrawn
 The mystical captive is alone
 In this aloneness lies some grand knowledge to be
 gained
 That is for certain
 But beyond that, the captive is captive now to himself
 His own views, his own understanding
 God descends only to those who wait
 The energy of His knowledge can only be birthed
 through pain

Nothing is borne without effort
 But it is a different kind of effort that is exercised in
 gestation
 For the effort is solitary and without movement
 Effortlessness is practiced
 And without this, there can be no birth
 When a child is born, there is indeed effort
 But it is a stillness, a surrender
 To the greater power which creates
 A mother bears the pain of birth
 But does not bring upon birth
 It comes of itself when God so deigns
 A mother cannot form her child
 She can only receive it and retreat into the silence
 required to allow Creation to work the miracle of life
 through her body
 But as of herself, she does nothing more than remain
 still and receive
 The Lord of Hosts has turned out the lights
 It is all darkness
 There is no light
 The mystical captive walks quietly and very slowly
 Only the silent can walk forward
 For there is no direction given
 The void of knowledgelessness is a lonely road
 But only by traveling its watery berth may the captive
 come closer
 Where are you, Lord?
 Are you traveling within the bosom of my pain?
 Does my error and sinfulness take you to flight?
 Or does it draw you towards me because of Your
 impenetrable mercy
 The creature who seeks You cannot but captivate
 Your heart

I know this about you, Lord
 And as I take one step at a time
 While the darkness seems to enfold me all the more
 I again take another step
 Because I know You, Lord
 My walk is not in darkness
 It appears to be so in my endless oblivion
 But my heart tells me otherwise
 You await me with confidence
 Your breath pulls me forward towards Your will
 You draw me ever outward towards your
 everpresence
 And the knowledge you wish to impart is within my
 grasp
 But it does not belong to me
 It is only mine to seek, but yours to know
 It is only mine to look towards
 But yours to enact
 Your ways, Oh Lord, are mysterious
 And your mysteries, Lord, draw me closer still
 It is in your mystery
 That the mystical captive becomes free
 But it is also in your mystery, Lord
 That the seeker may find what is true
 But it is the mystery itself
 Which remains forever unrevealed in its totality
 For there is no mystery greater than the Lord God
 And His ways are unknowable to the small human
 mind
 Even the spirit can only comprehend but a few
 And in this momentary weakness, when the Lord
 descends
 Accept within it the inexplicable renderings of God's
 holy ways

Mystery is the land the mystical captive travels
 And mystery reveals only that which of itself it deigns
 to be of benefit to the soul
 Mystical Captive, make a reckoning within yourself
 to mystery
 Else you'll find the road to God becomes unseen
 To those who cannot seek it, it is invisible
 To those who must know mystery, it slowly lights a
 path
 Hundreds of roses
 Walls of flowers
 Walls of flowers

*"The most beautiful thing we can experience is the
 mysterious. It is the source of all true art and all
 science. He to whom this emotion is a stranger, who
 can no longer pause to wonder and stand rapt in awe,
 is as good as dead: his eyes are closed."*

Albert Einstein





CHAPTER TWENTY FOUR

He Robs Us of the Security of Our Previous Beliefs

Where are all the Lost Souls going?
 Following their caskets like a beacon in the night
 Do they not know the all-holy lies within?
 Even amidst the world of the dying
 There is fearsome ignorance
 Where are all the Lost Souls going?
 Attached to their caskets as if to their previous life
 To whom should they call
 And whence shall they do so?
 Why do they all flurry to such a thing that is no
 longer?
 What is it that holds them fast to death?
 It is the illusion of their lives to which they cling
 And they hover aimlessly about the world following

their casket
 Take the casket away
 Let go of your casket, Mystical Captive
 Let it go
 And find mystery
 Until you let go of your self-perceived identity
 You remain glued to the casket of death
 You look in the mirror and it looks back with a face
 that is not your own
 But deep within it lies the depth of the questions you
 face
 Because many have faced the same questions
 centuries before you
 And the ides of time speak to you of your sincere
 aloneness
 And yet your continual communion
 With the annals of the human race and its seeking
 Only God can reason with you at this time
 And reasoning is not His means
 But mirroring yet is
 As you gaze within that falsely held view
 You see that you have held yourself and others in
 false lights
 What is true?
 What is actually real?
 What are the minutest expressions of the self?
 Delusions and illusions
 The light of truth speaks of glory
 The pawn of wisdom knows no gain
 The humble gratitude of a servant has nothing to give
 Yet gives from that nothingness anyway
 In the heart of every soul is a wound
 And that wound must be tended
 It is only seen through the mirror

And that mirror possesses the ability to travel
through time
And engage the soul in a discourse with others who
faced similar wounds
Those wounds then gather together into sensical
wonder
And glorious streamings of faith
And the truth comes streaming at us in a storming
terror
As it robs us of the security and foundation of our
previous beliefs
There is no matter
For it must be this way
God cannot endure illusions
He rather gathers to Himself those who wish to know
And in the milestone of the soul's yearning
Comes the herald of that which must be
And the image that the mystical captive may see
Shows the origin of the captivity to worldly views
And the origin of false views of oneself
For again it is only true that we are born freely of
God's will
And that there are no reasons that a creature built
upon such a foundation
Can find within itself unworthiness in the eyes of its
Creator
God created the seeker to know
And yet he did not know
But now he sees
And realizes his own infinite capacities
And his own infinite worth
The illusions which held it back in self-doubt
Have meandered through the mirror of time
As images of distant pasts mirrored similar morose

dreams
But if a soul be born of God
Where can the defect be?
Only in the understanding, I say
For God loves His creation
And wholeness becomes possible when the mystical
captive
Realizes that this birthright is his own
The redeeming power of the blood of Christ
Redeems all, not just some
And within this lies a solitary compliance
And peace





CHAPTER TWENTY FIVE

Vision of the Royal Bridegroom

To gaze upon the beloved in the warmth of the divine
 There He stood all arrayed in light
 A picture of certain perfection
 His lips like honey
 His skin like dew
 To Whom do I owe this honor?
 To Whom do I owe this refuge?
 The sparkle of Your hair possesses moondrops
 The whisper of the wind utters Your name
 For You are the Lord of all
 Not only my Lord
 A glimpse of the bridegroom
 So regal
 So fair
 Who am I to see Your face, O Lord
 May I love you with all my being
 If my being is so lowly and small?
 Your presence awes me and fills me with love
 No one can know this, but You and I
 But yet . . . our unity is shared by all who come to this
 portal
 To announce Your perfection would only be
 misunderstood
 It is known only to those who see
 And to those of faith don't see but yet understand
 Understanding comes with a glimpse
 And then wisdom may be foretold
 No one grasps Your mercy and love
 For whoever does not know you grasps justice
 And this indeed is of your holy essence

But to know You, Lord, is to know mercy and love
 which knows no bounds
 I have been a pot in your hands
 And You have removed many defects so that I may
 hold water
 Even so, my vessel is so small in comparison now to
 Your grandeur
 But I see the wisdom of my surrender to You
 And I fall in a vaster surrender
 For my beloved bridegroom has been forming me of
 His own hands
 “You belong to me,” He says
 And his hands are the portal to perfection
 I submit to Your holy ordinances
 And I submit to Your wondrous and mysterious will
 You are the blood sacrifice that fulfills all our
 longings
 You are needful and true
 I bend and sway to Your work within
 For You are the holy potter
 And I a simple vessel
 But as I gaze upon Your infinite perfection
 I submit to Your mysterious way
 For I now know to whence it leads
 And all my journeying have borne great fruit
 All my wretchedness was merely an obstacle
 And You removed my faults and cravings with great
 care
 As I swam in the waters of despair
 You were bringing me closer to the shore
 As I fell into the pit of disunion
 You gently led my soul closer to Thee
 Who am I, Lord, to gain such a favor?
 No one, I am sure

Yet You love me
 And You love and guide all who will submit to the
 quiet captivity of the heart
 And bring them home to You
 Even those who know not to submit
 You mysteriously caress
 You are wondrous indeed
 Almighty Lord and Saviour
 And I love you.

An allegory:

“As the cloudeous mystical pathway parts, the mystical captive is alerted to the need to run in a fury towards the unknown guest awaiting him at another mystical shore amidst the realm. The freedom of the spirit is so vast and light that the spirit becomes aware of not only itself, but the actual physical body which remains in the earthly realm, as the two become united in a sense of vibration that engenders warmth through the spirit, soul and the physical vessel like a warm caress of light. The love within the heat which flows is felt as peace, the vibration as a soothing.

Who among us can count the glories involved in this higher mystical sphere. So many troubles, heartaches and renderings of fetters, cravings and sins it took to arrive, and yet, in this arrival the grand awakening to all that lies within the grasp of every soul confounds the seeker with its light and beauty.

Joy is the only word which can adequately describe this state of being for the mystical captive. His captivity is now a joy, and to remain bound to that which has heralded such beauty and malaise is

now seen as a great promise of the Lord.

For who would not prefer such a captivity to the former captivity of sin and vice, and the separate self which came as a result?

In this fantastical realm of ecstatic joy, the mystical captive feels freer than he has ever been, and yet he knows that he remains subject to the Lord of the realm and His dominion. His ordinances are holy and just.

The captive seeker now grasps within himself the grand reckoning which must come of every soul who remains within the bonds of self-will, if he is to ever reach such a joyous reunion with the Almighty God who created free will. And within the confines of free will He contained and echoed out to humanity the laws and commandments which would gather them up to Him.

But those who chose self-will believing in the delusion of their own omnipotent free will to choose, could never know true freedom. For the truest freedom lay here in this joyous realm which is attained by throwing off the will of the self, identifying and recognizing those fetters, cravings and sins of which the soul lay hold, and diligently going through the purificatory process to change, alter and remove them to a higher purpose.

And to whence does that mythical journey lead? To freedom . . . ahhhh, the sweet freedom of the Lord in His wisdom and the sweet indolence of surrendering to His will.

In a gown of white, the mystical captive continues running through the realm feeling no sense of captivity to tiredness or fatigue; only a soulful longing for the unknown reward which awaits him at

the end of his rushing journey.

And thence it is . . . suddenly, he stops. The captive looks upon the most great beauty and has nothing to say.

Before Him lies the beloved, the bridegroom, the Lord Jesus Christ. Sitting on a golden throne, wearing a garment of blood red and a deep stunning purple, the golden crown on his head is only made more intriguing by the halo above it. The golden halo which looks very much like those in old religious paintings, hovers gently above the golden crown. But it is not still.

The halo is in constant motion, a swirling motion that revolves around the head of the Lord Jesus Christ and returns to the crown again and again like a swirling mist of divine omnipotence.

Turning his head slightly towards the captive, the great King's lips contain both a smile and a serious tone. "You belong to me." He says.

Nodding and staring at the Lord Jesus, the great King of Kings, in pleasure, the captive acknowledges within himself that there is nothing more stunningly beautiful than the object of his attention at this time. He Who is love, the creator of the universe, has glanced his way.

Their eyes meet and the Lord's eyes fill the mystical captive with both a joy unimaginable and an intensity which implies the serious nature of this journey.

The captive stares, the Lord Jesus says nothing more. His words were clear and succinct. It is finished. The Lord Jesus turns away as the clouds come in quickly to cover the portal through which He had been witnessed.

The mystical captive stares silently in awe, as the ethereal winds come to return him to his earthly homeland. When the seeker returns to his body, he finds that warmth rushes through it and an unusual and soothing vibration hums within. He revels in this gift for many hours, until the momentary grace is lifted.







CHAPTER TWENTY SIX

The End has no Beginning and the Beginning has no End

The beginningless forever
Wanders the spirit realm

*"A little while, a moment of rest upon the wind, and
another woman shall bear me."*

Khalil Gibran

The Mystical Captive

By Marilyn Hughes

The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation!

<http://outofbodytravel.org>

Author, Marilyn Hughes

THE MYSTICAL CAPTIVE - The Mystical Captive attempts to lay out a comprehensive Mystical Theology based on the mystical experiences and studies of Marilyn Hughes. With the simple premise that a soul which has been taken captive by the fiery love of God will undergo a series of expected and vital processes in its journey to ever widening union with God, 'The Mystical Captive' sets out to ease the journey and make it more meaningful, understandable and easy to follow as the different stages erupt in the life of the captive.

Being captive insinuates to some extent that there is no choice in the matter which is precisely the point. Once a soul is taken captive by God, their lives will never be the same. Prepare then, to enter into the bridal chamber of the Lord for once it begins, the journey will never end. You will become a captive heart.

<http://outofbodytravel.org>

